Inappropriate behavior

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Summary

The main difference between Peter Parker and Wade Wilson was that Wade was awkwardly inappropriate and peter was inappropriately awkward.

-In which Peter is in love with the seemingly straight Wade Wilson-
Chapter 1

“Why do people say ‘go suck a dick’ as an insult?”

Peter nearly dropped his text books on the ground, like he did last time Wade had mysteriously appeared and practically yelled an equally random question straight in his ear.

“Hi, Wade.” Peter always had a tone with Wade. A “why do you insist on talking to me please stop now” tone. Wade, of course, ignored the tone.

“Like I can think of a million worse things than that to say to a person I’m angry at. Like ‘Go read a Nicholas Sparks book!’ . I think the phrase should be changed to mean fond farewell.” Wade wasn’t just rambling, he was genuinely frustrated about the subject.

“I don’t know, probably the same reason people say ‘Go fuck yourself’ “ Peter replied attempting to soothe Wade’s fascination with the matter “Or really why does anyone say anything” he finished trying to bring the conversation to a close before his next class.

Wade seemed to contemplate Peter’s response for a moment

“That doesn’t make any sense, Im trying to have a serious conversation here, Petey !” Wade had the same determined look in his eye as he did the time he was dared to eat the entire cafeteria’s supply of Tacos. Mary Jane has dared him too because he wouldn’t stop flirting with her and she knew he couldn’t turn down a dare or tacos.

“I’d love to continue this sparkling little chat but I have to go to History” Peter said gesturing to the door he has lead both of them too without Wade noticing they were even walking.

“Alright nerd. “ Wade mocked and began to walk away and then “go suck a dick!” he said cheerfully.

Peter could feel his face go red as the few stragglers left in the hall all turned their heads slightly towards him in confusion.

Peter settled himself into his desk, if he had just met Wade he would wonder why Wade wasn’t in class himself but Peter knew better than that now.

Wade has transferred to Peter’s school in the fall, since then he had done nothing but annoy Peter as well as make Peter fall endlessly more in love with him. Just days after arriving he quickly made it clear that he was going to glue himself to Peter with some sort of mutant strength glue. Which at first Peter really didn’t mind cause, well, Wade is ridiculously hot, in a ‘please take me right here in the boys locker’ kind of way. But it became all too clear that Wade didn’t play for the same team as Peter.

Which brings us to the current situation of ‘Peter is annoyed and sexually frustrated and Wade is clueless’. It wasn’t a fun place to be stuck.

As per usual the ever sucky History teacher assigned homework over the weekend.

“Fabulous” Peter thought out loud after the bell rang

“Whats up, tall, dark, and lanky” Ah, Gwen Stacy. God only knows why she talks to Him but they had been friends for years. Even if she was head cheerleader and he was a walking embodiment of every nerd like stereotype there was .
“Thrilled to be writing a ten page report on the fall of the Roman empire” she asked smirking

“Well, it was what I was planning to do this weekend anyway so at least now I’ll get credit for it” Peter had long since decided it wasn’t worth responding to questions like that with anything other than sarcasm

“Good, so you can help me out?” she pouted her lip a little bit, enough to drive a straight man a little hard.
Now, Peter knew Gwen was smart, possibly smarter than himself so clearly she had another agenda.

“I don’t want to meet you’re ridiculously attractive and snobby friend” Gwen had long been trying to hook Peter up with multiple partners.

“Tony isn’t snobby. Ok he is. And he is a bit of a dick. But you could actually have fun this weekend! Im having a party hes going to be there and you’re going to be there” Gwen stated confidently and then grabbed her bag and walked away all ‘I just told you what to do so suck it up’ type way.

The only thing Peter hated more than Wades stupid face and perfect body was going to parties. Parties are where teenagers gather to try and out-stupid one another.

“Did you know Math is a required course in order to graduate ?”

“Yes, Wade. Please tell me you did too” Peter could already sense a long weekend of prepping Wade for a math test was near.

“I do now. Math classes are boring. “ Wade stated matter of factly as if it were a legitment excuse for skipping them

“So how much do you have to catch up on?”

“four assignments and three tests” Wade was looking up at the sky which always made Peter get lost in his goddamn jawline which had to have been fashioned from marble . They were already almost to Peters house

“Ok, come over tonight and we’ll see what we can get done. “ Not all bad, he had an excuse to give Gwen for skipping her party. But also his excuse was spending more one on one time with the most maddening man on earth and his stupid jawline.

Peter walked through the door, gave Aunt May a quick hug before she headed out to the hospital and then collapsed on the couch

“4:42, I have time for a nap” .

Peters dream was warm and happy, he cant remember what it was about but it was definitely warm and snuggly. Which is probably why he shrieked like a baby pig when he woke up to Wade Wilsons face in his face as well as---

‘oh my god, Wade is sitting on me’ Peter panicked and shifted as best he could

“Wade! What the hell are you doing?” he wasn’t yelling, he couldn’t yell, he was too tired and too..oh god hes getting hard

“Dude its almost 7, why are you asleep? Are you sick? Do you need me to take your temperature
or bring you soup?” Wade was half mocking but with a hint of sincerity

“Im fine, I just fell asleep” Peter responded, pushing Wade off of him “did you bring the assignments we have to do?”

Wade slammed a partially broken binder onto the table with a grin “Ta-fucking-da!” Wade began to wonder his head around “Your aunt home?”

Peter was always perplexed by Wade’s infinity towards Aunt May, he loved her. He brought her flowers on mother’s day. It was weird as fuck. But Aunt May seemed to enjoy his company, of course she did he was an absolute fucking delight when she was around.

“No she had work” Peter replied grabbing for the binder and finally pushing it open as Wade made a dramatic shriek of horror “Calm down you giant baby, it’s just Algebra 2”

“Really? I thought I was still in geometry?” Wade looked somewhat perplexed “How have you not gotten expelled “ Peter asked rhetorically

“Im fucking the principal “ Wade replied stoically to which Peter choked on air. “whow, calm down, Pete it was a joke. The guys like 60. Is that your thing? Old dudes? “ He asked curiously as Peter caught his breath “No. Can we please get to studying now?” Peter pleaded

The next few hours went exactly as Peter had presumed they would, he would try and explain basic equations to Wade and Wade would in turn either make an innuendo or simply collapse on top of him claiming his brain exploded.

“Can we take a break now?” Wade almost whispered “you just took a break? In fact, if you havnt noticed you’ve been taking a break for the past hour while I sit here and do it for you. “ Peter was furious, well not really. He actually liked the fact that Wade needed him for something.

“Im no good at this stuff and you are. I know what I need to, all this stuff is just ‘blah blah blah..” Wade continued to make ‘blah’ noises until peter threw a pencil at his face. “Seriously, Pete. Thanks for…you know …and…stuff” Wade sucked at actual genuine conversations. For as much as he talked he really never said anything.

“Im expecting at least a pizza out of this” Peter replied in the special tone he used for Wade “It’s like, Ten o’clock, did you not eat dinner?” Wade asked in horror, as if skipping a meal was akin to incest or something

“If you can remember all the way back to three hours ago you will recall I was asleeeep when you got here.” Peter answered placing the binder down “Oh you poor child” Wade slung his arms around pete in a slightly octopus like manner, “Its ok, Im here now. You shall feast”

Almost as quickly as Wade had attacked Peter he had retreated to digging around in his backpack, pulling out his cellphone he scrolled furiously ,
As Wade ordered the pizza and simultaneously told the poor employee on the phone all about the process in which pepperoni is made, Peter sprawled out on the floor hearing his back make sounds that reminded him of pop rocks and coke.

Another fact about Wade Wilson, he has zero sense of personal space. As soon as he hung up the phone he laid himself right down next to Peter, on his stomach, resting his face in Peters outstretched hand. Like a cat when it wants attention.

“They said it would be forty five minutes to an hour” He announced lifting his face off of Peters hand only enough to be able to speak, and Peter could feel his lips barely gracing his palm as he spoke, which nearly caused his to shiver.

After their dinner which consisted pizza, Cheetos, and a strange mixture of pepsi and coke, which Wade claimed to invent and also that It would change the world, they called it a night and Wade departed. Leaving his binder on the coffee table.
Chapter 2

Peter woke up to three texts from Gwen and thirteen from Wade. Gwen’s texts were all related to the party tonight and Peter only read about three of the ones from Wade.

It almost pained Peter to type the words ‘sorry I can’t make it tonight. Helping Wade study’ out to Gwen and send it. Not cause he was actually sorry but because he was slightly afraid of her wrath -you’re coming over to finish studying tonight.- he sent the message to Wade and almost instantly he got back a frowney face followed by -but Gwen is having a party-

Goddammit, Wade is definitely not allowed to go to the party cause then he has no excuse -but you need to graduate-

-I could live a life of piracy, Id make a good pirate-

‘you’d make a good anything’ Peter thought -even pirates need a highschool education these days-

-Fine, I’ll be there at 6-

Well that was weird, Peter had never received such a ..well…normal response from Wade. Ever.  -Are you ok?-

Wade was also never this slow to respond, now Peter was actually getting worried. Minutes passed now and still no response and Peters finger hovered over the call button. He cant actually be upset about coming over tonight, can he? The only thing that kept Peter from calling him was the fact that he really had no reason too, what would he say “oh you didn’t answer your phone in the last ten minutes so I panicked “ He already sounded like a clingy boyfriend .  

Just as Peter was getting up to take a shower he heard his phone go off, what a sweet sound.  -Just fine-

Okay so maybe not so sweet.

A not talking Wade is one of the scariest things Peter has ever been faced with. Wade did this once before and Peter still doesn’t know why. He still sat with Peter at lunch, and in the few classes they had together, but didn’t say a word for the whole day but the next day it was as if it never happened.  

When it had first happened Peter assumed family problems, but Wade assured him he didn’t have family problems because he didn’t have a family. Wade was eighteen but had been living on his own for the last year or so from what Peter could gather, that seemed to be all Wade wanted to share so he didn’t press the matter.

Aunt May was still asleep, as usual when she had to cover a night shift she wouldn’t be awake till at least two.  
Peter tip toed around the kitchen making breakfast and then retreated back to his room 

Still no message back from Gwen, she was probably plotting his death.
-We don’t have to study tonight If there’s something going on-
-I’ll be there at 6-

Peter couldn’t stand the sulking, he couldn’t stand Wade not being Wade.

-Actually, you can get here around 5? That is when Aunt May goes into work and you can make sure I don’t fall asleep again- Maybe he just needed to act normal and Wade would too

Although Peter never heard back from him, he did show up at five instead of six and just like that the worst night of Peters life started.

As predicted Wade didn’t talk, he did actually pay attention it seemed like which only added to the bizarre behavior. Peter watched as Wade tried to work out one of the problems on the paper, he looked so lost but Peter honestly couldn’t tell if it was the math or if it was…whatever it was that was making him worse company that a cactus.

“stop staring at me” Wades voice was calmer than usual but still irritable

“what? Oh sorry” Peter blushed a little he hadn’t even realized he was staring

“I don’t know if you know this but it’s hard to concentrate when giant brown doe eyes are staring at you” Wade replied, still not looking up from the paper.

Peter looked down at his hands “My eyes arnt that big” he muttered “Is It girl troubles?” Peter question escaped his lips before he even knew they were coming out

“What?” Wade finally looked up

“you know, why you’re being all…reclusive. Is it girl trouble?” Peter asked squirming a little at his own intrusiveness

Wade let out a smiley sound that was almost kin to a chuckle “No, it’s not girl troubles. Drop it alright, Petey?” his head dropped back down to the paper

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to sound like a dick or anything I just –“

“Just drop it” Wade cut in, but it wasn’t a snap., there was no venom in his words. It was more of a plea and Peter wanted nothing more than to not drop it and to wrap his around him and kiss him and tell him everything was okay even though he still didn’t know what the fuck was happening.

The night went by slowly, brief conversations, mostly about Algebra and long intervals of silence which was unbearable. Untill finally Wade called it a night and started collecting his things

And that’s when it happened, Wade reached out to grab his pen when his hoodie sleeve slid up revealing an unkind sight, it was a wristband from mercy clinic downtown. Aunt May use to moonlight there.

“Holy shit, Wade” Peter was terrified and you could hear it.

Wade immediately knew what the problem was and pulled his sleeve back down

“Any chance you can just let it go?” Wade asked bluntly

Peter swallowed hard, no fucking way,
“Just tell me you’re ok, really ok. 100% healthy type of ok, and I’ll let it go“

Wade sat back down on the couch and looked up at the ceiling, he always looked up when he was concentrating like somewhere in the sky would be the answer to life.

“Wade….” Peter didn’t know where his sentence was going but Wade cut him off

“I am fine, Not 100% healthy, but fine” Wade was still staring at the ceiling, but not at the same spot, his eyes were moving between different spots across the room “I just don’t want you to freak out, alright. So are you going to freak out more if I don’t tell you?” his voice was somewhat back to his normal self

“Im already freaking out”

“Well that settles it then. I have a really sucky body.” Wade let out a laugh and finally stopped staring at the ceiling “Without all the clinical terms that are too long to remember anyway, I have a shitty immune system which means I’m much more susceptible to any and all the random shit that float around. Something to do with the woman who gave birth to me being on crack or something. It was a lot worse when I was a kid, I couldn’t really do anything. Now I just have to go get tested every few months to make sure I haven’t caught anything”

“Oh” was literally the only sound Peter could make, even though his mind was formulating about a million questions none of them came out

“That’s why as you so lovingly put it I’m being ‘reclusive’ I know got tested and now I’m just kinda waiting to see if I’ve caught something that could potentially kill me”

Peter thought for a moment “You talk incessantly every single day about everything from pickled eggs too the theory of black holes and it never crossed your mind to tell me that?”

Wade let out a laugh, which for some reason just seeing Wade laugh calmed Peter down

“To be fair, you never told me your parents died in a plane crash” Wade rebuttled “Some things just arnt meant to be shared”

Now Peter was the silent one

“How did you know that?” Peter wasn’t angry, he was at peace with his parents passing, it had happened when he was a child and although he missed them both every day he was happy with his life.

“Aunt May told me awhile back ago”

“Just exactly how much do you talk to my Aunt?” Peter jeered trying to grab ahold of the conversation

They both sat in silence, not the awkward, uncomfortable silence like before, both of them clearly thinking about the last few minutes.

“Do you want to come with me tomorrow? To get the results?” In the whole time Peter had known Wade he had never seen him come close to this kind of sincerity

“Yes” Peter blurted out “I mean, if you want me to” he quickly regained his cool

Wade smiled, not the type of smile that says ‘I’m happy’ but the type that says ‘thank you’
“So can I leave now or would you like my entire medical history first?” Wade finally spoke up after another round of silence.

Peter really had to learn how to communicate better, the problem was he got lost in all the conversations and questions in his mind he would forget that other people were around just kind of waiting for him to say something.

“I’ll see you tomorrow “ Peter handed Wade the rest of his paper, Wade carelessly shoved them in his backpack and left.
Peter didn’t sleep that night, not really. His whole view on Wade had changed, before he was just this arrogant man baby who Peter wanted nothing more than to jump him on the nearest hard surface, but now Wade was an actual person with feelings and shitty life problems and probably a slew of abandonment issues. All of this only made Peter love Wade more, why? Peter had no idea. Peter never really had an idea about anything when it came to that guy.

He did actually pass out at some point and woke up only to the sound of – what the hell was that?

“AND DO I DREAM AGAIN FOR NOW I FIND

THE PHANTOOOOOOOOOOOM OF THE OPERAAAAAAA IS
THEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRREEEEE

INSIDE MY MIND”

Wade Wilson was in his kitchen belting out (very poorly) Phantom of the opera.

Peter jolted out of bed and grabbed the nearest shirt and slung it over his head while walking towards the sound of dying whales

“What the hell, Wade?” Peters voice didn’t sound as rough as he wanted it too, he still sounded like a sleepy mess

“Making pancakes? Aunt May said to tell you she had to fill in a shift this morning but she’ll be off all day tomorrow and the next day” The entire time Wade spoke he was fumbling around with two pancakes cooking in the skillet

“How long have you been here?” Peter asked, scratching at the back of his head

Wade merely shrugged his shoulders in response and slung a pancake towards Peter, using the spatula as a catapult.

The pancake missile merely smacked Peter’s chest then plopped to the ground, Peter couldn’t be bothered to care.

“We need to work on your reflexes” Wade stated pouring more batter

“Or we could work on your manners” Peter replied grabbing the at the coffee pot and pouring himself a cup

“I’m sorry, who is the one who made you breakfast? And made the coffee? And changed you into comfy pajamas? And who hasn’t said ‘thank you yet’?”

Oh shit. Peter did fall asleep in his clothes last night and he woke up In pajama pants. Holy fuck no no no no not happening. Peter could feel his face growing red and Wade must have noticed too

“Don’t worry you perv you’re still a graceful virgin. All I did was change you out of those god awful skinny jeans”

Only Wade could so casually mention he had just undressed and then dressed someone as if it were nothing

They finally sat down to eat breakfast, Wade talked about, well Peter didn’t really know what
Wade was talking about but he was happy he was talking

“—and that’s why crocodiles are bastards” Wade concluded a story Peter was half listening too and then grabbed the plates off the table and shoved them in the sink

“What time to we have to be at Mercy?” Peter asked

“About ten minutes” Wade replied looking at his watch

“Shit, why didn’t you tell me I still have to get dressed!” Peter screamed rushing back to his room to throw on clothes that were somewhat decent

Wade drove a 1982 oldsmobile. That barely functioned, Peter suggested he get a new car once and Wade proceeded to hurl a wrench at him claiming ‘ohana means family’.

On the way to the Clinic Peter couldn’t help the tiny tinge of fear growing inside of him, what was he going to do if there was something wrong with Wade?

The waiting room was a disaster, children were screaming, nurses were frazzled, and Wade was concentrating soundly on a ‘highlights for kids’ magazine.

“Mr Wilson? Doctor Grey will see you now” one of the nurses announced

“Thanks Angel face” Wade smiled as he walked past her, why did Peter agree to come with him again? ‘Angel face’ seemed to be able to comfort him just fine. Peter wasn’t jealous, nope, not at all.

Peter sat on his phone pretending to be doing something urgent so no one would talk to him. After only ten minutes went by Wade came back out.

“Well It looks like you’re stuck with me for the foreseeable future” Wade said delighted and slapped Peter on the back, which hurt more than Peter would have liked

“Lucky me” Peter said trying to muster a tone that wasn’t sarcasm as he rubbed the sore spot on his back

“We should go get food “ Wade declared as they got to the car

Although Peter had just seen him take on a stack of pancakes higher than Peters GPA he had long since let the mystery of ‘where does all this junk food even go?’ lay to rest

“Food sounds good. “

Peter didn’t even bother asking where they were going. They were going to the taco truck downtown, just like they always did.

“I’ll have two monster tacos and he’ll have two loco burritos” Wade had no trouble ordering for Peter, which Peter found it adorable.

They gathered their order and sat at the picnic table they had both grown attached too

“Can I ask you a question?” Peter asked hesitantly

“Yes, my hair is naturally blonde the roots are just darker” Wade replied, mouth full of taco.

“Be serious with me for five seconds and then we can talk about your bad dye job ok?” Peter requested placing his taco on the table
“uh oh, you’re not pregnant are you?”

“Wade.”

“Oh, okay. What’s up?” Wade made his most serious face, which wasn’t really serious considering his mouth was smeared in hot sauce and nacho cheese which a tiny part of Peter wanted to lick off.

“Why did you ask me to come with you today?”

Wade chuckled, not the response Peter had expected or hoped for. Secretly he was hoping Wade might confess his undying love for Peter and then drive them to Vegas to get married and live happily ever after.

“Do we really have to have the bromance moment? I wanted you there cause you’re my best friend and I want to frolic in a field with you and drink milkshakes out of each other’s glasses and take cheesy pictures on a beach somewhere” Wade was painting a vivid picture, drenching in sarcasm

“Whatever dude” Peter frowned at him, trying his best to regain his pride. He knew he shouldn’t have tried to have a conversation that involved actual human emotions

“Ok look seriously…please don’t talk about this at school. It’s embarrassing enough now that you know ---”

“Wait why is it embarrassing?” Peter was curious but also offended Wade would think he would tell, and also overjoyed Wade trusted him enough to tell him

“Because bimbo, people treat you differently when they found out you’re sick. It’s awkward and I get all the awkward I can handle from you”

“Well that’s true” Peter thought “I wasn’t going to tell anyone. I’m actually a great secret keeper, mostly because I have no one to tell them too”

“I don’t own a single pair of underwear”

Wade’s statement took Peter by surprise and once again he found himself choking

“You what?!” Peter coughed out

“You said you were a good secret keeper! I was offering a secret. I don’t wear underwear, not boxers, not briefs, not a lacey thong, nothing” Wade announced, louder than Peter would have liked

“I get the picture, Wade thank you for clarifying. “

“Well you seemed confused “.

Wade was back to his normal self. Which was all Peter asked for, but now Peter was constantly worried for Wade. Every time he saw Wade touch a door handle he wanted to Purell his entire body. He had to remember not to treat him differently cause clearly he hated that, but it was harder than he thought because all he wanted to do was protect Wade from anything that could hurt him.

When Peter got home he quickly engorged himself in the homework he hadn’t done because he was doing someone else’s.
“Do you even know what happened last night because you ditched?” Gwen stacy had cornered him first thing when he got to school

“Um? Im going to assume at least one person got drunk and jumped off the balcony and another one puked in your rose bushes?” Peter knew his response was only aggravating her more but he had already dug his grave

“Tony was there, like I said he would be, but because you didn’t show up he got bored and a bored Tony is a very dangerous thing. He did end up leaving with someone, and guess who that someone was” She was clearly terrified at whatever the answer was

Peter made a shrugging motion to try and convey his apathy towards the subject

“Steve rogers” She whispered as if just saying it was a sin

“Holy shit!” Peter exclaimed, causing Gwen to make ‘shut up’ motions with her hands

Peter didn’t know Steve, he knew of Steve. He was a legend, star baseball player, football player, track, and ballroom dance. The last one finally made sense.

“I thought he was going out with Natasha?” Peter had lowered his voice now

“Apparently not. Or at least not anymore. Oh this is a disaster.” Gwen placed her hand on her face in a forlorn gesture

“Wait, why is this a disaster? Arnt we all a little old for the social class difference shit?” Peter spotted Wade coming in through the doors and gave him a Wave

“Clearly I have taught you nothing” Gwen stated as she turned on her heel and walked away, probably to start a prayer circle for Steve.

“I have never seen you here on time, someone clearly needs to alert the press” Peter jeered when Wade finally reached him

“Well I had to actually turn in those assignments I worked so hard on, don’t worry Im planning to sleep till third period” Wade said beginning to yawn, he looked like hell. Which was hard for Peter to think but really, he was in the same shirt he was wearing yesterday and hadn’t shaved and his usually carefully styled hair was all over the place

“Long night?” Peter asked gesturing to all of Wade, who in return smiled fondly

“Buddy of mine is in town and is staying at my place, haven’t seen each other in a while so clearly celebration of the not so legal nature was in order”
Peter felt a tinge of jealousy for this allusive friend who was apparently worthy of staying at Wades house. Peter had never been to Wades house, for all he knew Wade lived in his car.

“Sounds cool, how old is your friend?” Peter asked after realizing he’d had left an awkward pause

“Why you interested?” Wade asked smiling like he had just caught Peter with a dirty magazine

“Wha—What? No just, making a conversation!” Peter responded horrified

“Good cause he’s already taken, although his boyfriend is basically you only a pinch taller. “ Wade said marking the height distance in the air next to Peter

“by ‘like me’ do you mean ridiculously handsome and a delight to be around? “ Peter asked giving Wade his best model face

“Tall, nerdy, and awkward “ Wade blurted out, too fast for Peter’s liking

“Bitch”

Just before Wade was going to deliver a tactful response the bell rang and Peter ran off for his class room, and Wade wondered around aimlessly.

The school day was boring, painfully boring. Like not even Wade’s twenty minute long speech on the slowly decreasing quality of the modern lemon production was interesting enough to keep Peter alert. But finally, like all horrible things, it was finally over and Wade was walking Peter home.

“You should come over tonight” Wade stated, not asked.

Its happening, they’re getting married.

“Oh should I?” Peter tried to play it cool

“Yea, Alex is going to be here a few more days so we are going to hang, and I’m sure you and Hank could talk about how you find numbers sexually attractive or whatever nerds do”

“I do not find number sexually attractive. Letters though that’s a different story” Peter snarked

“So you coming or what? “

Wow he is really persistent, please don’t let this be a joke

“Sure, I mean, what are we going to do?” Peter inquired as they crossed the street

“Braid each other’s hair and sing into hairbrushes, what do you think we’re going to do?” Wade gave Peter one of those playful boyish shoves that no one but Wade was allowed to. Peter wasn’t a prude, he had had his fair share of alcohol induced frivolities but never with Wade. He knew if he drank too much he would say something stupid, or worse, do something stupid. He had a habit of being handsy when he was drunk.

“I guess I could come over for a bit” Peter decided to play hard to get, or really he just was extremely uncomfortable with being stuck in a small space with two guys he hardly knew and Wade who made everything feel uncomfortable

“Good. Cause here we are!” Wade spread his arms out in a dramatic ‘this is it’ way
Chapter 5

The building he lived in was literally two streets down from Peters, how did he not know this? He could see the top of the building from his house!

“You live here? Why didn’t you tell me we lived so close?” Peter asked as he entered the stairwell. Wade shrugged.

Peter hated when Wade didn’t respond to a question because that meant he touched some kind of nerve.

Oh god please not let Wade live on the top floor, no more stairs.

Wade lived on the top floor.

“Peter you sound like a dying lawn mower do you ever exercise?” Wade was nearly pissing himself laughing so hard.

“Fuck. You” Peter said threw labored breathing.

This pulled a howling laugh out of Wade who was fishing the key out of his apartment, he place the key in the door, but then proceeded to bang violently against the door.

“Im giving you twenty seconds to put your clothes on and clean up whatever you broke and or soiled!” Wade clearly didn’t care if the neighbors heard.

A strikingly handsome blonde swung the door open, wearing a scowl that made Peter throw up in his mouth a little bit. He was shorter than Wade but by no means less built, no he was really jealous.

“we break one couch and you cant let it go.” There was no emotion in his voice that Peter could register.

“I had emotionally attachment to that couch, I had to burn it after I saw what you two were doing on it” Wade’s voice was filled with disgust and amusement “This is Peter BTW” he said shoving past Alex and leading Peter into the apartment.

“Peter this is Alex, Alex this is Peter. Don’t scare him off we like him” Wade threw his back pack onto the kitchen counter and quickly made route to the fridge where he pulled out two beers and popped the lids off.

“Hello old friend” he whispered to the beer bottle before he took a drink, handing Peter the other one.

“Uh, thanks” Peter said taking a sip, beer was not his fav and frankly he wasn’t going to be able to keep anything down with Alex staring at him like a hawk ready to claw his eyes out and hang them as trophies.

“So. Where’s wonderboy?” Wade asked which managed to break Alex’s glare.

“He’s at the university Library, he should be back soon.” Alex grabbed his already half gone beer off the counter and went back to the couch.
Peter was still standing basically in the door way while Wade plopped himself in the recliner and changed the tv channel to what looked like the Gilmer girls.

“Petey, sweetums. You can sit down, Alex only bites to draw blood, or of course you could always sit on my lap” Wade used the remote to wave him over

Peter sat himself as far away from Alex as he could on the burnt orange couch, which looked fairly new. Oh right he had to burn the other one

“If I have to sit through one more Gilmer girls episode I will break every bone in your body” Alex voice was still emotionless.

“It’s educational, shut up and learn”

And so they sat there, in mostly silence save for Wade’s occasional commentary, watching a show that had been off the air for god knows how long.

Alex looked like he was just about to make good on his promise when someone knocked on the door to which Alex and Wade both shouted “COME IN HANK” in almost perfect unison.

Walking through the door was the first thing Peter noted was he was taller than him, dark brown hair, but sea blue eyes, like legit eyes the color of the Caribbean sea. Even with the giant rimmed glasses he was wearing peter could tell they sparkled.

Alex got off the couch and for the first time he showed a glint of a smile pulling across his face as he reached out to hank and pulled him into a kiss.

“God, get a room you two” Wade covered his eyes “I still don’t know what a smart cookie like you puts up with Alex”

Hank let out an embarrassed ‘ha’ noise and Peter immediately felt a kindred spirit.

“That’s Peter! He likes books and shit like you do” Wade made the introduction without even looking away from the tv

“It’s nice to meet you “ Hanks voice was a little shaky, either his anxiety level was higher than Peters or that kiss was really something

Did Wade have any straight friends?

Hank hung his Messenger bag up next to the door and took Alex’s hand and followed him to the couch

“What do you want for dinner tonight, Pete?” Wade asked during the next commercial break

Peter played with his still mostly full bottle for a second

“I don’t know, whatever you guys want is fine” he decided to stick with a diplomatic answer.

“Please no more tacos” Hank said squinting his eyes shut as if he were actually praying

“Who hurt you!!” Wade shrieked

“Im with Hank on this one” Alex said much to Wades obvious dismay

“Fine, have no taste” Wade replied defiantly
What they actually ended up having for dinner was a very broke version of ‘my drunk kitchen’ starring Wade Wilson.

Alex laughed a lot more now that Hank was around but Hank still seemed somewhat sullen. Wade was in full entertainers mode and Peter had no problem watching his make a fool of himself.

“How the hell did he end up so dizzy? I should really get home, Aunt May is probably already freaking out”

Nah I told her you were staying over tonight, she said to be sure to brush your teeth.” Wade relayed the message as he threw a dart towards the makeshift dartboard Alex had constructed out of a paper plate.

“Why the hell would you do that I have homework!” Peter knew just how nerdy he actually sounded and my god did he always sound like this?

“Relax, you can get it done! Hank manages to get his shit done every night” Alex sounded somewhat more concerned for Peter’s education than Wade was.

“The key is to not buckle when they ask you to play the cleverly named ‘who can drink the most without passing out’” Hank said with an endearing half smile, he was a pretty chill guy. Peter could easily see himself being friends with him.

Peter laughed, like really laughed. That wasn’t even funny stop laughing!

“I think I’m already losing then.” Peter finally said.

“from what Wade has said you could solve the mystery of black holes with a blind fold on before your morning coffee” Alex was wobbling from side to side, clearly tipsy.

Wait, Wade was talking about him? What context? Clearly it was a good context. Warm fuzzy feelings were spreading quickly through Peter’s stomach.

Peter avoided looking at Wade’s reaction and instead walked over to his backpack and pulled out his notes from English class and began trying to answer the essay questions at the bottom of the page.

He managed to complete four of them before Hank scooted the papers over to his lap desk.

“Hey I totally had that!” Peter whined.

“You did, but I was actually taking pity on the poor teacher who was going to have to decipher your drunken hand writing, I’m just going to neaten it, scouts honor” Hank said holding up two fingers.

Wow his handwriting really did suck.

“Thanks” Peter said slightly shamed.

Wade ripped his ipod out plugged it up to the dock which started playing ‘Hips don’t lie’

“Might I have this dance young prince” Wade didn’t even let Peter answer before he slung him up by his arms and started what felt like a mix between a fox trot and the chicken dance. But Peter wasn’t complaining because Wade Wilson was dancing with him, the big tease.

Peter looked over to the couch where Alex had apparently decided to startle Hank and was in the
middle of an extremely intense make out session
“Maybe we should give them some privacy” Peter whispered close to Wades ear but not in a too gay way

Wade looked over and made a ‘ew face’ and grabbed peter by the wrist. Soon they were in Wades room.
“This is where the cheap illusions and bad tricks happens!” Wade snorted flinging himself on the bed, Peter took a seat on the moon chair (which had to have been from 1962). Wade was positioned on his stomach with his legs up in the air and honest to god smirking at Peter like he was the last slice of turkey on Thanksgiving.

“Um, can I help you” Peter asked raising an eyebrow. To this Wade got off the bed and walked to the chair, bending down.

“I can think of a few ways you could help” Wade was already pressing his lips onto Peter’s. It wasn’t a soft or passive kiss, this was a bedroom kiss and Peter was just about to lean into it before he realized what was happening.

“Wade!” He broke away and was standing pressed up against Wade, oh lord his body, how does he have such a firm body when his idea of a fresh veggies is salsa.

Wade looked sad, like a puppy who had just been scolded.

“You’re straight, you’re just drunk and I should go” Peter was just about to move away when Wade, very calmly sat back down on the bed, and started laughing so hard he actually was crying.

“Where the hell did you get that idea?!” Wade scoffed out trying to regain his breath.

Peter literally had no idea what the last three minutes even was.

“Where I got what idea? Wade, you are clearly wasted you just ---”

“I know what I just did, I know I’m as trashed as Kiefer Sutherland on a Tuesday night. Where did you get the idea I was straight?” At this point Wade had stopped laughing but was still clearly amused.

“You…wait you’re not straight?” Peter felt his voice go almost soprano level in shock.

“I’ve probably fucked more dudes than you have” Wade replied.

That didn’t soothe Peter at all. How many guys had he ‘fucked’ was he just going to leave Peter too? Fuck that.

“I’m going home” Peter actually didn’t get his feet to move this time and was out the door, using his hand to shield his eyes from whatever was happening on the couch.

“Peter!” Wade followed him out of the apartment and Peter stopped to hear him out “if you don’t want to that’s fine, you don’t have to leave though” He looked sincere which made it even harder for Peter not to take him up on the offer.

Peter did really want to though, that was the problem. How could he tell Wade he was already a jealous bastard and was pissed even thinking about all the other men he’d been with. He didn’t want to be a quickie for Wade.

“I’m leaving.” Peter said finally turning back around towards the stairwell.

He heard Wade slam the apartment door, now he felt Wade slam the apartment door. Peter managed to make it down the five flights of stairs with only tripping a few times and...
from then on it was basically a straight line (or the best straight line peter could manage) home.

Wade wasn’t at school the next day, which was fair. When Peter had woken up that morning he didn’t want to move, much less actually get up and participate in society. Still Peter was worried, Wade didn’t usually just skip school all together, late yes, leave early, yes. But never just not go.

“Its actually disgusting” Gwen said at the lunch table

“What’s disgusting” Peter examined his plate to see if he could guess which cafeteria delight she was ranting about this time

“Not the food, stupid. Tony and Steve, I heard they hooked up again last night. How are they even attracted to each other they are basically polar opposites” She continued her rant even though it was clear Peter wasn’t interested

“Maybe Tony is a nicer person than you think? And if he’s such a dick why were you trying to set him up with me?” Peter asked, still only slightly interested

Gwen shrugged, apparently she didn’t know the answer. She hadn’t even asked where Wade was, but then again Gwen was never Wade’s biggest fan.

After school Peter found himself walking home alone for the first time in months and it felt like he was the star of some depressing emo music video. He got to the street he would turn to go to Wade’s apartment and goddammit did he want to go see him, but he should give him space.

The last thing Peter expect to hear when he got home was Wade and his Aunt laughing like maniacs in the kitchen.

“Well look who’s home!” Wade said with a coy smile

“Hi, sweety.” Aunt may said getting up to give him a hug “I was just about to head out to pick up somethings, you boys need anything?”

“No we’re fine” Peter still hadn’t taken his eyes off Wade, not like the idiot noticed

“Wade, why weren’t you at school today” Peters tone wasn’t even angry, he sounded like a concerned parent which made him cringe a little.

Wade stood up from the table where he looked far too comfortable for Peters liking

“I didn’t feel like vomiting my insides out at school, seemed much more pleasurable at home” He said casually

“Do you want to talk about last night?” Peter tried to stay as calm as possible with those all too majestic eyes staring straight at him.

Before Peter even knew it Wade was making his way past Peter and out the front door.

“How does a grown man just walk away like that.
"What the actual hell is happening to my life" Peter said to the empty house before dramatically flinging himself onto the couch.
The first thing Peter saw when he arrived to school, his usual thirty minutes early, was a crowd of people all hovered around something that was clearly entertaining. All to quickly Peter realized what it was.

“Wade!” Peter exclaimed loudly pushing through the circle of people. Logan was clearly winning, but that didn’t stop Wade from swinging violently and landing one right on Logan’s jaw. Which only succeeded in making him angrier.

“Wade stop!” Peter was in the middle of the circle now, doing his best to pull Wade away. Peter wasn’t strong, but he could handle his own and could definitely handle an already bashed up Wade

“Keep him away from me Parker!” Logan spat out as he walked away.

The crowd had dispersed, apparently no longer entertained and now it was just Wade and Peter

“What the hell were you thinking” Peter scolded while reaching into his back pack and pulling out a wad of Kleenexes and shoving them towards Wade’s nose the was currently spewing an amount of blood that made Peter uneasy.

“I’m fine” Wade barked trying to push Peter’s hand away

“Oh clearly! “ This wasn’t the first time Logan and Wade had gotten into it but it was more brutal this time, something must have snapped “What if a teacher had caught you? You’d be suspended !” Wade gave up trying to keep Doctor Peter from examining every inch of his face to assess the damage

“Pete, I’ve had worse stop worrying so much” Wade’s voice was calm now.

Wade was gesturing wildly with his hands at the lunch table and Peter dreaded to know what had him so worked up, from the look on Gwen’s face it was something retarded.

“I mean imagine you’re just chilling, doing banana stuff and all the sudden this giant monster starts just ripping your skin off and eating you! “ Wade demonstrated with Gwen’s banana she had tossed on the table in frustration

“I’ve never seen anyone react so emotionally when I started to peel my banana” Gwen whispered towards Peter as he sat down

“Peter agrees with me don’t you? “ Wade asked

“I don’t think Bananas have feelings, and if they did they’d probably just be happy to be put out of their misery” Peter stated trying to meet Wade’s serious tone

“Wade has to go see Mrs Frost” Gwen interjected clearly trying to sway the subject.

“I said don’t tell him!” Wade frowned at her
Mrs Frost was true to her name, she was the coldest and most frightening counselor in the school, probably the universe too.

“What? Why?” Peter asked taking Wade’s smoothie

“Dunno” Wade responded shrugging.

“I’ll see you boys later” Gwen said waiving to a group of girls coming in to the cafeteria

“Wade, your lip is beginning to swell” Peter had noticed when he first sat down, Wade was definitely going to have some marks from this fight

“What do bananas have to be miserable about?” Wade asked thoughtfully

“What?”

“You said bananas would just be happy to be put out of misery, what is a banana miserable about?” Wade was growing slightly more heated about the topic again.

“I don’t know, they are shaped like a penis that has to get embarrassing after awhile” Peter finally replied

Wade merely made a thoughtful head nod.

Peter tried his best to get comfortable in Mrs Frosts waiting room but it was virtually impossible, clearly she had made the chairs harshly painful to sit in on purpose. Finally, after what felt like hours Peter could hear Wade opening the door and saying good bye.

“She gave me the hibbie jebbies” Wade whispered once the door was shut.

“I’ll buy you ice cream just for not pissing your pants at the mere sight of her.” Peter said stretching out of the torture device he’d been seated in.

They actually did go out for ice cream, Wade paid though.

‘Where does all his money even come from’ Peter thought as they sat down on the park bench

“So, how many kids are we going to have?” Wade asked contently licking his ice cream cone

“Is that your idea of an apology for the other night?” a few days ago Peter would have choked to death on his ‘death by chocolate’ ice cream had Wade even said anything remotely like that but now there is literally nothing Wade can say that will take him by surprise

“Why should I apologize? You were the one making bedroom eyes and then ran out the moment I touched you” Wade seemed to wince slightly

“First of all! I was not making bedroom eyes, these are just my eyes, they don’t change. Second of all you were the one who just moments after you kissed me began talking about all the guys you fucked!”

Wade was looking at him, with the exact same fucking look he had before he kissed him the other night. Goddamnit those eyes, and those check bones, and…what were they fighting about?
“I didn’t mean it to sound like I was such a dick” Wade said not breaking his ‘I want to fuck you on this bench’ face “and you were probably right for leaving anyway”

No, don’t do it, don’t you dare do it Wade Wilson! One thing Peter cannot resist is a self-hating asshole with a heart of gold

“I was drunk, and I don’t know, I just really thought you liked me so----“ Peter cut Wade off with the biggest kiss he could muster with a mouth full of ice cream

Now Wade was the one shocked, and Peter took a little more pride in that than he should have

“I don’t like chocolate” Wade said finally, wiping the smear of ice cream off his face and the wiping it onto Peters cheek

“I take it back”

“What?”

“I take back my kiss, who the hell doesn’t like chocolate. Freak.” Peter said trying his best to seductively lick the ice cream cone, cause this is his life now.

“No take backs, baby boy” Wade smirked giving Peter a cute little peck on the cheek that made Peter’s heart melt more than the actual kiss Wade had given him before.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Im sorry the smut sucks so horribly. I will get better I promise ^_^

Peter let the last few moments sweep over him, he couldn’t help feeling that if the world ended this very second he would be 100000% ok with these being his last seconds.

“So are Alex and Hank still staying with you?”

“Why? Wanting to resume activities from the other night?” Wade asked with a twinkle of hope

Peter shoved at him but then couldn’t help thinking about what a great idea that was.

“Wellll, I wouldn’t mind kissing you without it tasting like Beer and nacho cheese”

“Yea, cause you slapping chocolate ice cream all over me was so much better.” Wade retorted “I guess we could chill at my place for a bit, Aunt May working tonight?”

“Yea, shes trying to get switched to a day shift but its hard cause that’s when everyone wants to work” Peter said tossing his empty cone into the bin beside them

“I don’t like how much she works” Wade stated seriously, this wasn’t the first time Wade has brought up his concern for Aunt May’s health

“Me either, but I think she just likes to stay busy”

The pair wondered around the park for a bit, Wade rambling about the dangers of squirrels. Eventually they ended up back at Wade’s apartment

“Where is Alex?” Wade asked

Hank looked more disgruntled than usual

“I don’t know, we got in a fight and he stormed out about a half hour ago” Hanks was on the edge of frustration

“What about this time ?” Wade sounded less concerned and more annoyed

Hank slammed the book he was reading shut and seemed to notice Peter for the first time

“Hi Peter, Are you feeling better?” Hank asked casually changing the subject

“What?”

“Wade said you left the other night cause you weren’t feeling well?” Hank asked curiously

Peter gave Wade his best ‘are you fucking kidding’ look before responding

“I’m actually starting to feel a little nauseas again “ Peter made another pointed look towards Wade
who was blushing ever so slightly

At that point Alex violently bust through the door, almost plowing said door into Peter’s face.

“And another thing!” Alex exclaimed pointing a finger towards a very apathetic looking Hank “Where the hell do you get off bitching about my past, huh?! what about you and Charles?”

“For the last fucking time! Nothing ever happened between me and Charles! He was my professor that’s it, that’s all. You and Wade however, that did happen, that was something. I think its ok for me to be a little jealous! Especially the way you two act around each other”

At the mention of his own name Wade attempted to cover Peters ears, who slapped them away in an embarrassingly gay way.

“Wait, Alex and Wade were a thing?” Peter asked directly at Hank who began to answer but was cut off by Alex

“No! we were not a thing, we hooked up once, forever ago. And we both agreed it was the dumbest thing we’d ever done which for one of us is a rather extensive list. “ Alex was still basically foaming at the mouth

“Oh! Well we are going to leave you two lovebirds alone to peck it out” Wade said taking Peters hand and quickly jerking him outside and shutting the door behind them

“Wow, you and Alex? Really ?” Peter said as they began to descend down the staircase of death.

Wade clearly was trying to think of a way to wipe Peters memory of the last five minutes

“Like he said, it was really stupid”

“How long ago?” Peter asked pointedly, he didn’t really want to Wade more uncomfortable than he clearly already was with the situation, but he really needed to know to ease his own jealousy

“I guess you could say we were uh…kinda of….each other’s first. We were sixteen, very drunk, and he had recently come out to his parents who kicked him out.”

“Oh, I see…” Peter was actually somewhat at eased, maybe it was because Alex had another boyfriend now or something but he actually wasn’t too upset about it.

“You aren’t going to run off again are you?” Wade asked, probably more concerned than Peter had ever seen him.

Peters only response was grabbing Wade by the hips, pushing him against the wall of the stairwell and kissing the stupid out of him.

Wade grabbed at Peters hair like it was the last life saver on the titanic. He pulled Peter’s head back by his hair to expose his neck and quickly started working his mouth around the soft skin, leaving Peter quietly moaning and pulling on the waist line of Wade’s pants.

“Easy there baby boy” Wade said pulling Peters hands off his waist and placing them onto his shoulders and then continuing to swirl his tongue in circles around Peter’s collarbone.

“No chance “ Peter retorted finally catching his breath, he gripped back at Wade’s pants and pulled them down just enough to release his throbbing cock.
“Holy shit, Petey” Wade gasped out as Peter made his way down to his knees, kissing at Wade’s hips and torso on the way.

“Thank god you don’t wear underwear.” Peter said teasing his lips against Wade’s fantastic dick, making him grunt and rut his hips in an all to animalistic fashion.

“Jesus, stop being such a tease” Wade sounded desperate and Peter was loving every second of it, finally Wade was looked as tormented as Peter had felt since the first time he had laid eyes on him.

“Stop being so bossy and I won’t be such a tease.” Peter said taking the tip of Wades cock into his mouth with his tongue then slowly taking the rest of it in.

Wade through his head back so hard Peter worried for a second he might have cracked the wall.

“Fuck, oh fuck, that feels so good” Wade gasped out as he guided Peter against him, still pulling tight against his hair.

Peter sucked harder, bobbing up and down, tasting the pre cum dripping into his mouth.

“Good, baby so good” Peter made a satisfied moan which made Wade bite against his lip.

Wade came hard down Peter’s throat, babbling something unintelligible and slumping against the wall like a rag doll.

Peter made a cheeky smile up at Wade who helped hoist him up.

“Where did that come from?” Wade asked finally regaining his breath.

“I have a lot of pent up sexual frustration towards you Mr. Wilson” Peter said pecking at Wade’s neck, he felt Wade smile and it made his insides all squishy to know he was the reason behind the ear to ear grin.

Peter began to feel his own erection raging hard beneath his jeans.

“Want me to help with that?” Wade teased groping at the front of Peter’s pants, cause a deep hiss to escape Peter’s lips.

“Blow jobs in the staircase is one thing, anything else we need to find a room for. Or at the least a closet” Wade hummed slightly in agreement.

“Think they are done bickering?” Wade asked pointing up.

“Hmm, I doubt it. They were pretty pissed.” Peter replied pouting his lips.

Wade incased Peters mouth and his, sucking on his tongue and stroking at the front of his pants.

“on second thought” Peter said breaking away from Wade “let’s go check”
They chased each other upstairs till they got back into the apartment, Alex and Hank still hadn’t let up. They were in each other’s faces screaming about something or other and Hank just looked really tired, Peter wanted to help but he also really freaking needed to get laid.

Wade grabbed Peter by the hand and they slipped into Wade’s room unnoticed

Wade threw Peter onto the bed gently, Peter watched as Wade peeled his shirt. Oh god those Abs, that skin, everything glowed. Peter followed suit, taking his own shirt off then sitting up to pull Wade on top of him.

“Ugh, Wade I cannot get off while listening to those two bitch at each other” Peter grunted between Wade’s kisses

Wade let his head drop

“Guys! Can you please Shut. The. Fuck . Up. You’re are killing the sexy times in here!” Wade yelled, causing silence to wash over the apartment

“Sorry” Peter heard Alex shout from the other room

“Oh? So you do know the word ‘sorry’? interesting!” Hank snapped and just like that the fighting began again.

Wade seemed to have given up and plopped down on top of Peter chuckling slightly

“Im so sorry, babe” Wade said finally rolling off him, allowing Peter to breath normally again

“I should get going anyway, Aunt may is probably starting to worry.” Peter said pulling his shirt back on

“I knew you were a tease “ Wade said pouting as Peter got off the bed and made his way to the door

“I’ll see you at school tomorrow” Peter said with a wink before exiting and making his way back home.

Peter had five new texts from Wade by the time he got home, most of them said cute things like “I miss you” And one of them was asking whether or not Peter had a functioning blow torch. Peter decided not to respond to that one.

-I miss you too :) –

Peter did his best to concentrate on his homework that night. Wade did his best to distract Peter from his homework that night, mostly through crude sexting attempts . Peter already loved Wade, maybe because Peter had been in the relationship for months, mentally. He also worried for Wade, there was so much he didn't know about his new boyfriend (was he his boyfriend?) I mean just the other day he found out he was gay! And that apparently he can catch an illness at any time and drop dead, that last part made Peter grow nauseas . He wanted nothing more than to hold Wade right this second, but it was already past midnight by the time the unwelcomed thoughts entered his mind and left him restless.
-You still awake?-  

Wade must be a mind reader, not the first time Peter had thought that.  

-yea, what are you still doing up? You need to go to bed so you can sleep through half your classes tomorrow-  

Peter hoped whatever it was that had Wade up wasn’t as unpleasant as what had him awake  

-Alex and Hank are making up, loudly :(-  

Oh, so it was as unpleasant  

-hahaha! Im so sorry. –  

Peter realized he was grinning just texting Wade, he hated being so corny but he could just picture Wade with a pillow wrapped firmly around his head trying to drown out the explicit noises.  

-Did you know Penguins have knees?-  

-Ok, Im going to bed now . I’ll see you in the morning –  

Peter slapped the phone down and quickly changed into his Pjs, maybe he could actually sleep tonight for more than a few hours.  

Peter stirred in his sleep, momentarily, something was moving but he couldn’t be bothered. The sun wasn’t even fully out yet no way he was getting up.  

“I hate mornings “ Wades familiar voice whispered straight into Peter’s ear.  

Oh, that’s what was moving.  

Peter tried to respond but all that came out was a grunt/sigh before he fell back to sleep  

The next time Peter came to consciousness was much more pleasant. He felt Wades muscley arms practically burying him and he was kissing his way down Peter’s neck. A normal person would ask stupid questions like ‘How did you get in my house?’ or ‘Why are you here?’ or even ‘why are you not wearing a shirt’ but not Peter, he knows better.  

“Good morning angel face” Wade said when Peter finally opened his eyes  

“I thought you hated mornings” Peter teased lifting Wades chin and kissing him softly  

“You have a distinct way of brightening the hopelessness that is a school day morning “ Wade pulled Peter on top of him and landed and much more passionate kiss than Peter was completely ready for “You know, you fell asleep before we could properly discus the knee placement of penguins “  

Peter could not be getting this hot and bothered, not now, he had to get up and shower, his Aunt would be home from the Hospital at any second, he had to get ready for school.  

“Goddammit Wade, why do you always do this when there is literally no way I can—“ Whatever Peter was about to say was quickly forgotten when Wade abruptly removed Peters pajama bottoms, taking his boxers with them.  

“You seem worked up about something, anything I can do to help” Wade’s voice was far to calm
for a man who had his hand wrapped around another man’s dick “This might come in handy….get it handy” Wade laughed at his own horrible joke as he pulled out the small bottle of lube from the pocket of his sweat pants.

“Wade” Peter hissed, trying to get Wade to hurry up

“Yes, light of my life?” Wade smirked up at Peter.

Peter moaned like a porn star in heat when Wade finally started stroking him. His hands where perfect, slightly rough and bulky Peter wanted to lick every single finger, he also didn’t want to distract them from their current job

“God, Wade go faster!” Peter pleaded

Wade just smiled up at him and began jerking him off harder, Peter bucked at the friction.

“God I can’t wait to get in your ass” Wade grunted out, apparently he was starting to lose his calm and cool composure

“Fuck, Im so close “ Peter grunted out

“Cum for me baby boy”

Peter came shooting white spurts along his and Wade’s stomach before collapsing on top of him.

“Is it too early to say I love you?” Peter said trying to catch his breath and letting out a slight chuckle

Wade kissed the top of Peter’s head then slipped out from under him. When he came back he had a damp wash cloth and began wiping himself and Peter off.

“You sure do make a mess, should I start laying down tarps?” Wade teased, earning a weak slap on the arm from Peter

“Shit, Im going to be late for school” Peter said making an effort to get up

Peter got showered and dressed in record timing while Wade laid on the bed doing his impression of a snail apparently.

“Wade, stop clowning you still have to go get dressed school starts in like twenty minutes” Peter huffed trying his best to pull Wade up

“But I don’t want to go, I like this bed, we’ve become attached!” Wade moaned when Peter finally had him on his feet

Wade dropped to his knees and at first Peter just thought he was being dramatic, then he pulled a small duffle bag out from under his bed and proceeded to pull an entire outfit out of it.

“Wade, why do you have a fully packed overnight bag under my bed?” Peter asked while Wade started to dress himself

“Its been there for like a month how have you not noticed it?” Wade responded, as if Peter was the one invading his privacy.

If Peter had the time he would have pressed the matter further, however he had to hand it to Wade for being so prepared.
Walking to school with Wade was a nightmare. He dragged his feet the whole way and when they finally arrived he clutched himself fully spider-monkey style on to the tree outside the school refused to go inside. Peter had to coerce him with a juice box to get him to let go.

“Im dating a toddler” Peter grumbled when they finally got inside

“What was that ? I cant hear you over the sound of the Teenage mutant ninja turtle boxers you’re wearing” Wade replied

Peter flushed a little bit, now everyone in ear shot know not only what type of underwear he has own but also that Wad has seen them.

When the bell rang Wade gave Peter a quick peck on the cheek and skipped off, yes, he actually skipped
Chapter 10

Peter laid onto of Wade, lazily brushing his thumb back and forth on this chest. It had been over two weeks since “The chocolate kiss of awkward” As Wade lovingly referred to it.

“Wade?”

Wade hadn’t said anything in at least three minutes, which could mean the end of days.

“Jesus, Pete. Im trying to remember how I made those pancake tacos the other night!”

Peter rolled on to his side to get a better view of his pissy, but ever so attractive, boyfriend

“You mean that monstrosity you made after consuming enough alcohol to kill a baby deer?”

“A: Why would you use that analogy? Now I have to think of kittens wearing sombreros to get the image of poor dead baby deer out of my head. And 2: Yes, they were the single greatest thing I have ever created and I’m thinking about making a shrine to the ‘Pantaco’ or ‘Tacocake’ I haven’t decided on a name yet”

“Whatever, it still made Hank throw up for three hours straight “ Peter replied apathetically

“Poor little guy, he clearly had food poisoning from whatever filth he brought home that night “

“That was a kale salad. I had some, it was actually pretty good “

Wade made an ‘ew’ face and then rolled over to give Peter a quick kiss before getting up, offering Peter a wonderful view of his ass.

Just as Peter was beginning to will himself to get up he heard Wade’s phone go off, which reminded him he needed to change Wade’s god awful ringtone to something less annoying than ‘holla back girl’.

“What? No Logan, I don’t have your stupid leather jacket. Its 80 degrees outside the fuck would I do with it?”

Why does Logan have Wade’s number? They hate each other, right?

“Maybe its hidden under your hair products!” Wade said enthusiastically, to that apparently Logan ended the conversation

“What was that all about? “ Peter asked, trying not to sound too needy

“I stole Logan’s jacket the other day to bedazzle it” Wade was breaking into a smile that conveyed pure unadulterated glee

“You know he is actually going to murder you, right?” Peter stated decisively

“Nah, he loves me. We’re best of friends”

Wade’s delusions aside Peter did have to wonder why Logan had Wade’s number.

“I have to see Frosty again, I think she wants to meet during lunch” Wade said when they arrived at school, a slight pout on his face
“Gross, what for this time?”

Wade shrugged, he had never told Peter what they talked about the first time.

At lunch Peter was left to brave the cafeteria alone, Gwen was at home sick and Wade was in the office with Mrs. frost. ‘just don’t make eye contact, eat, then run.’ Peter told himself as he stumbled through the line

The odds were not in Peter’s favor that day though, before even got seated he heard some rather obscene comments being half-shouted, the commotion was coming from the corner of the lunch room where Flash had a poor freshmen pinned against the wall.

“Problem over here?” It didn’t take long for Peter to make it over there

“Yea, this faggot thinks its ok for him to eat in my cafeteria “ Flash responded, gripping tighter around the kids shirt

From some of the comments Peter had already overheard he had assumed what the problem was, now that it was confirmed that Flash was being a dick headed homophobic shitbag, Peter had no problem doing what was necessary.

“Well, that’s awfully kind of you, but we don’t need any special treatment or anything” Peter responded sarcastically, as was his specialty. Even when his blood was boiling he could still keep a somewhat calm demeanor when needed.

Flash loosened his grip on the kid squirmed away, who gave Peter a worried look.

“We? So what you’re some Fairy fuck too?” Flash was now in Peter’s face, clearly trying to intimidate him, but Peter only offered him a smirk

“You have a very colorful vocabulary” Peter motioned for the kid to leave, who didn’t seem to question it “If, you’ll excuse me I’ve got a horrible lunch to get back to” Peter concluded and began to walk away when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder spin him around

“I don’t think I remember saying you could leave” Flash spat out

Peter shoved Flash’s arms off him

“I don’t think I remember giving a flying fuck!” Well shit there went his cool and calm demeanor “Lay a finger on me again and I’ll–––“

“You’ll what, cocksucker?” Flash was again shoving at Peter

Before Peter could even think of a response Flash was on the ground, and Peters boyfriend was on top of him holding the slightly smaller Flash down by the throat with one hand and pounding at the right side of his face with the other.

“ WADE” Peter yelled trying to pull Wade off of the boy, whose face was already bleeding bad enough to stain the white tiles of the cafeteria

“Wade, please come on get off!” Peter tried pulling him off again but Wade didn’t budge, That’s when Logan appeared out of nowhere offering the extra muscle Peter needed to remove Wade and drag him away
“You even so much as look at him again I’ll break your fucking neck!” Wade screamed as Logan and Peter hoisted him as far away as they could, Wade still struggling “You hear me, you little prick!”

“Get off me” Wade barked, once they had him in the hall outside the lunch room

“Calm the fuck down, bub” Logan replied, letting go of Wade

Peter felt sick, he knew Wade was going to get in trouble, he knew Wade didn’t care, and he also knew it was his fault.

“Wade,” Peter swallowed hard looking at Wade’s cracked knuckles “I had that under control, you didn’t need to do that”

Wade looked straight into Peter’s eyes and it was everything Peter could do not to shiver, he looked brutal, something purely savage was in his eyes.

“He could have hurt you” Wade said through gritted teeth

Logan took this as his cue to exit, awkwardly patting Wade on the shoulder.

Peter couldn’t think of a single word to say but he couldn’t not wrap his arms around Wade’s waist

“I’m sorry. I just, you know I couldn’t let him-“ Wade was cut off by the cold and monotone voice of Mrs. Frost

“Mr Wilson”

“Yea, yea. You want to see me in your office. I’m on my way, Frosty”

Peter heard her heels walking away, but didn’t care to move his head off of Wade’s chest

“I’m coming with you” Peter declared, still not moving.

“No you’re not, you have classes and if you fall behind you’ll never let me hear the end of it “ Wade said gently removing Peter from him but still keeping placed around the side of his face “I’ll see you after school” He pulled Peter in for a kiss and then made his way to the office.

Peter was halfway listening to his English teacher’s endless lecture on Victorian poetry when he felt his phone buzz

He cautiously opened the text from Alex, shielding his phone with his text book

_ What the hell happened ??_

Huh, news travels fast even when you aren’t a student here

_ Wade got in a fight, no biggie. Not the first time_ 

_Not the first time he’s been in jail either_ 

Peter all but dropped his phone in his lap

_Wade’s in jail??_
Peters heart was racing, what happened and why did Alex know and not him

_Whatever snot nose kid he put in his place earlier apparently has an equally snot nosed dad who is pressing for assault charges_

Fuck no, Wade was just sticking up for him. Great, this was all his fault and now Wade was paying the price

_BE there in 15_ Peter jumped up, startling the half asleep kid next to him, and made his way out of class and then sprinted the whole way to the bus stop downtown.
When Peter arrived at the station he quickly spotted Alex and Hank at the window, engaging in a somewhat heated conversation.

“Hey” Hank said offering Peter an apologetic smile

“What’s going on?”

“Apparently “ Alex interrupted before hank could say anything “We can’t see Wade unless someone posts his bail” Alex was giving the lady behind the glass his signature bitch face

The three made their way to a grouping of chairs off to the side

“How much is it? “ Peter finally asked

“I don’t know, they are going to have a hearing tomorrow so he has to spend the night in jail” Alex spat the words out while moving around in his seat

“Its not going to be cheap though, plus we should probably be getting a lawyer. The worst possible thing would be Wade representing himself in a courtroom.” Hank concluded

“Yea, they’d probably have him in a crazy house the moment he opened his mouth” Alex mused

“Who’s in there with him now?” Peter interjected after a moment of silence

“Emma Frost, That dick bag father, and Gwen Stacy’s dad, or at least that’s all Wade mentioned when he called “ Alex replied

It started eating Peter alive almost the second Alex said that Wade had called him. Why didn’t he call Peter? Oh yea, he was in school and virtually useless to him

“He said Mr. Stacy and Mrs. Frost were trying to talk dick bag out of pressing charges but it wasn’t looking good” Alex continued

“We should call Charles, he’s loaded. At the least he could help with getting a lawyer “ Hanks said clearly either avoiding Alex’s growing murdery facial expression or just used to it “Don’t give me that look, Charles could help and you know it”

“Over my dead body” Alex’s tone matched the hate in his eyes

“God, I just want to know what’s going on” Peter sulked into the chair

Alex gave Peter a reassuring pat on the back, that Peter made Alex think helped but really he just began to wonder if he would have a bruise there later.

They were in the waiting room for almost an hour before Mrs Frost finally came out, looking particularly more bitchy than usual. Peter immediately jumped up and walked towards her

“What happened? Is he ok? “ Peter had more questions but Emma raised her hand in a ‘stop talking or I will kill you’ way

“Mr Thompson is doing everything he can to have Wade triad as an adult, which means jail time and a whole shit storm of other problems. However, Gwen’s father seems to be talking him down “
“Wait, Wade is an adult He’s 18” Peter wanted to sound more sure of himself but the looks everyone was giving him was making him doubt more and more that he even knew how old Wade was.

“No, sugar. Wade is 17.” Emma responded

“Did that Bastard lie to you about his age? Jeezuz that’s low even for Wade” Alex huffed a short laugh

“Wait if hes still a minor how is he living by himself?” Peter knew the instant he said that he had done something horrible wrong, Alex’s eyes turned the size of grapefruits and Hank put his hand over his face

“Wade’s living by himself?” Emma repeated pointing her gaze straight into Peter’s

“Uhhh…well” Peter stammered

“Shit” Alex mumbled

“We’ll get back to that later. Right now I need Peter to come with me. Explain to the officer that you were in distress and Eugene was threatening you when Wade intervened “ Emma elaborated

“But he wasn’t exactly” Peter said

“Yes, he was. You’re going to tell them you were in distress and that Wade reacted in your best interest.” Emma demanded “Peter, I know how this will play out if there is even a hint of doubt that Wade wasn’t protecting himself or someone he cared about. You can’t let that happen” Her voice had shifted to almost a caring tone, almost.

“Ok, I’ll do whatever it takes” Peter was still mostly terrified, his boyfriend was on the verge of being thrown in jail and all that stood between that was apparently his statement

Emma gestured for Peter to follow her, and giving one final glance to Alex he did.

“Officer Stacy” Peter immediately recognized Gwen’s father and gave him a shy smile

“Hi, Peter. How are you holding up?” he asked, he actually seemed genuinely concerned which eased Peters nerves a bit

“Um, alright I guess” Peter stammered his words around for added ‘innocent victim effect’

“If you don’t mind Officer, I would like to get this over with and have my students home as soon as possible” Mrs. Frost managed to keep her icy composure while still simultaneously sounding like a mother bear who was about to eat someone who was messing with her cubs

The briefing didn’t take long, Peter explained what happened, going into detail about flash berating him with offensive comments and even physically lashing out. He even added a teary eyed moments and how he was scared to think what would have happened to him if Wade hadn’t shown up.

After he was done he was escorted back outside to an extremely worried looking Hank, Alex was missing from the scene though
“He went for a walk, it was that or he was going to do something that would have gotten him arrested to” Hank answered Peter’s question before he even asked it

“Oh” Peter responded sitting back down

“How did it go?”

“Ok, they didn’t tell me anything though” Peter groaned popping one arm up in frustration

When Alex came back he had coffee for everyone, Peter told him he still didn’t know anything and the cold waiting room was quiet once again.

Peter was half way through his coffee when the door to the police station swung open and a shorter looking man with tousled dark hair came through, followed by an extremely tall man who looked to Peter like the type of guy that eats puppies for breakfast.

“Charles” Hank stood up and greeted the man with a handshake

“Hank, Lovely to see you “ Charles replied with a warm smile

“I wish it were under better circumstances “

So this is Charles, damn no wonder Alex was jealous. Sure he was short, but his eyes were an almost painful bright blue and his accent made Peter want to melt in the chair just listening to him. Peter looked over to Alex who was glaring at the floor.

“Oh, excuse me my manners seem to have been left at home. This is Erik, he has some legal experience I thought might be useful “ Charles added gesturing to puppy eating man

“Nice to meet you” Hank extended his hand, Erik looked down at it for a moment then begrudgingly shook it “You wouldn’t happen to be a lawyer would you?” Hank asked hopefully

“No, Iv been arrested before though. Many times actually” Erik’s voice was harsh, he seemed annoyed with the whole situation already, and did he just say he’d been arrested?

“Oh, Hi, Im Peter” Peter deduced it was about time he introduce himself.

“Peter, yes Hank mentioned you! How are you? “ Charles asked, first delighted but then concerned

Peter looked down at his shoes, why the hell did everyone keep asking that? He was fine. His boyfriend however..

“Im peachy, listen I don’t mean to sound rude or anything but uh, arnt you one of Hanks professors ? Why would you drive all the way downtown just to help Wade out” Peter knew it might sound rude but seriously no one is just that nice.

“because his boyfriend couldn't convince him not too” Erik mumbled under his breath, catching a look from Charles that Peter liked to call the ‘you’re so not getting any look’

“Erik, do shut up. Peter, darling, can I speak with you outside , please?” Charles added a smile to the end of his sentence. Peter nodded and the two made their way outside
The air had gotten colder since nightfall and Peter pulled his hoodie tight around him as he stepped on to the stairs of the precinct.

“I understand you and Wade are currently dating correct?” Charles asked.

“Yea, well I mean for a few weeks at least” Peter replied.

Charles nodded his head.

“Im sure you know by now Wade is slightly …unorthodox. His life has been as erratic and strange as his train of thought Im afraid .”

“Oh really? How do you know that?” Peter didn’t mean to sound that bitchy but so far today has proved that apparently he knows nothing about the guy hes been sleeping with.

“Well to answer your first question from earlier. The reason I drove all the way downtown for Wade is because for a brief time Wade slept on my couch while he was, more or less, recuperating from the last foster home he was thrown into. “

“Wait, what? How did you even meet Wade? And why was he in a foster home ?” Peter noticed he was raising his voice a little and tried to calm himself down.

“I met Wade through Hank, Hank was my assistant on a research paper about a year ago. Hank had just started to see Alex . So Alex was always with Hank, Wade was always with Alex, and Hank was always with me. As you can imagine it was a very long few months for me. Because Alex had been kicked out he was emancipated and lived with Hank, but Wade, because of the nature of his case was still bouncing around foster homes at the time”

Charles took in a breath and Peter realized he had literally not taken his eyes off Charles the whole time he was talking, he probably looked horrified, he was horrified.

“Anyway, as you can imagine with His uh, well quirks not very many people could put up with him for long. Shame really though cause he is a splendid young man. But anyways once this particular home had, well shall we say, expressed their dislike for Wade and kicked him out before even letting the system know, I took him in for a few days. Of course when the system was alerted he was taken away and placed somewhere else.”

Peter was still just standing there, completely dumbfounded. He felt like he was just hit by a train. Charles apparently took notice.

“Now, Im telling you all this because Im sure none of these boys have the capability of having an adult conversation in order to explain these things to you” Charles said, obviously hoping to lighten the mood.
“What happened to Wade’s parents?” Peter asked, finally relieving the awkward silence that was creeping up
Charles looked down for a moment “I don’t believe Wade has shared that with anyone, certainly not me. Perhaps Alex but I’m afraid Alex isn’t too fond of me. “

“I see” Peter stretched at his head “you’ll excuse my dumb silence I just..it’s been a long day”

“Its ok, take your time if you want. I’m going to head back in before my own unstable boyfriend eats one of our friends with a side of fava beans”

Charles proceeded back inside and Peter leaned against the railing of the stairs.

“So, what do we do now?” Peter asked when he finally made it back inside

Alex and Erik seemed to be in the midst of a ‘who can stare into each other’s soul the longest’ contest and Hank and Charles were rattling on about something or other that had them both geeking out.

“Well I posted Wade’s bail so I suppose now we wait” Charles responded before going back to hank and his conversation, leaving Peter more time to sit and think about literally every moment of that day on repeat

It wasn’t long before Peter finally heard the familiar sound of his boyfriend complaining about something

“The conditions here where awful I’d like to speak to the manager about adding a spa” The poor guard escorting Wade out looked like he was about to slit his own throat

“Wade!” Peter exclaimed, if he weren’t so excited he would be worried about how high pitched that sounded.

“Hello, uh..literally everyone I know.” Wade looked confused, and a little uncomfortable

Peter wrapped his arms around Wade’s neck as tight as he would let him and Wade dropped a kiss on to his neck

“Seriously though what the hell are you all doing here, Charles? When and why did you grow a beard, and who the hell is Tall, dark, and creepy as fuck” Wade asked , Peter noticed Erik smirk a little at his new title.

“Wade, how are you feeling? I’m so sorry I didn’t get here sooner, Hank didn’t contact me till a bit ago” Charles shot Hank a playfully disappointed look

“Its alright, chuck. I guess its you who I’ll be in debt to for the rest of my adult life then? “ Wade said grabbing for Peter’s hand

“Think nothing of it. When is court date?” Charles asked

“Tomorrow at five, they said I would probably get some community service hours but that’s about it” Wade replied, Peter could hear how tired he was “Also, they found out I’m living by myself now so I’ve got to get back in the system till I’m 18” Wade was shuffling his feet and slightly leaning
on Peter.

“We can deal with that another time, right now we need to get all of you some rest. “ Charles pat Wade on the shoulder “I’ll see you tomorrow, if you need anything before then call me”

Charles collected his psychopath before exiting the police station

Alex finally came over and gave Wade a ‘bro hug’. They didn’t say anything. God Charles was right no one in this group communicates anything.

The walk home was mostly silent, Peter had texted Aunt May about the situation and insisted Wade sleep there tonight. Peter had a million questions to ask, probably a million and one, but he kept silent. He knew that was the last thing Wade needed right now.

“Whats up buttercup?” Wade plopped himself on the bed as Peter changed

“Hm?” Peter responded trying not to sound like his insides where knotting up as they spoke

“You’ve had this look on your face since we left the station that looks like you just poured lemon juice on a giant paper cut across your dick”

Peter cringed a little bit at the vivid analogy

“I’m just tired I guess. “ Peter replied trying to seem sincere

“Oh…..ok then let’s go to sleep…after I wash the jail off of me. “ Wade proceeded to strip and make his way to the shower.

Peter’s mind still reeling he drifted off to sleep before Wade even got out of the shower.
Chapter 13

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Peter woke up alone, even though it was only six am he immediately got up to find Wade. He isn’t a hard man to find, even in his sleep Wade talks.

“Hey” Peter asked, gently shaking Wade, “What are you doing on the couch?”

Wade slowly opened one eye, looking adorable as ever.

“’cause you were asleep on the bed? And well…I wasn’t sure you told Aunt May about me and you..fondue” Wade’s answer was half muffled by the pillow in his face

Peter brushed his fingers through his ridicules, exhausted, handsome, boyfriends hair

“Come on get in bed” Peter tugged on Wade’s hand

Wade followed Peter back to his bedroom and then crawled into bed, Peter noted how he didn’t make zombie sounds as they walked like he normally does this early. A clear sign that yesterday had exhausted him mentally as well as physically.

“How are you feeling?” Peter snuggled up against Wade

“Like going back to sleep. “ Wade mumbled

“How long were you suspended for?“

“two glorious weeks” this time Wade’s voice showed a hint of excitement

“You know, you arnt supposed to be happy about it? Its meant as a punishment “ Peter stated rolling onto his back

“Maybe, Im a masochist? Wouldn’t be the first time the thought has crossed my mind” Wade’s tone went from sleepy to full out porn star in 0.5 seconds .
“Not happening, I still have a higher education to achieve “ Peter replied, offering Wade a chaste kiss

“Teeeeassssse” Wade groaned, nesting his head underneath the pillow

It wasn’t long before Wade fell back asleep and Peter got up to get ready for school

Peter immediately felt the buzz at school, basically everyone was talking about what happened yesterday, and Peter had to deal with an unusual amount of people openly staring at him.

“Hey” Gwen asked leaning against the locker next to Peter’s “How’s he doing?”

It was one of the first times Peter saw Gwen crack her outer shell and reveal actual emotion, why did that make him feel like crying??

“He’s ok, I guess. We haven’t talked much…” Peter replied shoving his books in, hopefully emphasizing his frustration

“My dad said some English, hobbit looking dude bailed him out?” Gwen questioned, cocking an eyebrow

“Yea, that was one of Hank’s professors. It’s a really long story”

After that Peter spent basically his entire day explaining to Gwen the nights events, and ranting about the amount of strangers that know more about Wade than him, and also expressing his guilt about what happen, oh and then becoming a blubbering mess talking about how much he’s worried about Wade.

Gwen endured by the grace of god, but Peter noticed her replies becoming more and more shorten till eventually it was just a mindless “uh huh” and “that’s not fair” thrown in at the right moment.

She looked all too relieved when school was let out.

“Text me and let me know how he is ok? “ She said with a smile before waving and taking off with a group of girls that reminded Peter all too much of Regina George.

Wade was gone when Peter got there, probably getting ready for his court appearance. Aunt May however was there, another unfortunate soul caught lending ear to Peters emotional instability

Peter stopped mid rant noticing it was almost four thirty

“I gotta go meet Wade for court” he said jolting up and giving Aunt May a kiss before running, well, awkward nerd fast walking, towards Wade’s apartment

“Do you ever just stop and think about how weird clouds are?” Wade snuck up behind Peter before Peter had even made it to his apartment.

“Jeezus, you really have to stop doing that!” Peter exclaimed gripping at his chest “we should get going, you should probably get there early “ he continued once his heart regained normal speed

“Yea…about that. You know, I uh, you don’t need to come” Wade stumbled around his words nervously

Peter sensed something else was on Wade’s mind that he wasn’t sharing. Peter didn’t think Wade ever had a thought he didn’t share.

“Why wouldn’t I go with you?”
Wade grabbed Peter’s hand softly and just stared at it their hands intertwined ….Peter knew better than to expect normal behavior from Wade but this was beyond abnormal

“Wade?” Peter asked trying to break whatever train of thought had Wade in silence

“Petey, There are a lot of things about my life I’ve kept from you. Not just cause I didn’t want you to know or that I was hiding something but….for the most part… I just never wanted you caught up in that shit, ya know? I wanted to leave it all behind me when I moved here. I know you probably found out some stuff last night and I’m sorry you had to hear all that in such a strange way. “

Peter felt Wade tremble a little bit, or was that him? Was he crying? He couldn’t tell all he knew is he wanted all of this to be over, he wanted them to live happily ever after and this to have never happened. For nothing bad to ever have happened to Wade.

“Im going with you. I don’t care about any of that bullshit from the past. I like who you are now. I was a little upset, but its not like you ever lied to me. Except about your age but we’ll get back to that, the point is nothing you’ve done so far has scared me off, and nothing ever will” Peter declared, pulling Wade into the tightest hug he could handle.

“Can we please pretend we never had this little heart to heart ? Talking about things makes me feel icky” Wade pleaded

Peter was still hugging Wade but he hoped he could sense his massive eye role

“Alright, lets go Law and order this bitch!” Wad exclaimed excitedly taking Peter’s hand once again and Heading toward the bus stop.
“Fifty community service hours really isn’t that bad. We can find some marvelous places for you to volunteer” Charles Beamed when court was dismissed
Wade huffed, the whole experience wasn’t pleasant for him, mainly because he wasn’t allowed to talk.

“How about dinner?” Peter asked after hearing Wade’s stomach make a sound he once heard in the woods on a camping trip.

“Excellent Idea, We need to discuss living arrangements for a certain juvenile delinquent “

Wade made another uncomfortable groaning noise and leaned against Peter, who almost fell over at the sudden impact

Charles picked an all too fancy restaurant that he insisted was casual

“They’re staring at me like vultures waiting to pluck out my beautiful eyes” Wade whispered to Peter as they sat down

“Someone’s paranoid “ Peter rebutted, although he was noticing a bit of uneasy staring as well

“Its not you two they are gawking at, last time I was hear I got slightly inebriated and made a rather unfortunate scene.” Charles remarked giving a slight wave to the waiter

“Glad to hear you haven’t changed “ Wade laughed “can we get a reenactment?”

Charles ignored Wade as he ordered, apparently for all three of them. Peter got the impression Charles was used to taking care of other people, like it was his second nature.

Peter was immensely uncomfortable, he hardly knew Charles, and Wade was being no help steering the conversation towards anything appropriate.

“Peter, what are you planning on doing after you graduate? “ Charles asked taking a sip of wine

“Well..Im already enrolled in some Web design classes so I guess I’ll see where that takes me. “ Peter responded, he hated being asked that question, how was he supposed to pick a career he would be doing the rest of his life when he was only 17? What was society thinking.

“You have plenty of time to figure out what you want in life. Hank tells me you’re incredibly gifted academically”

Peter squirmed a little, he never knew how to react when people complimented him. He glanced over to Wade when he realized how quiet he was being, apparently he was constructing Napkin Penises. A dutiful task indeed.

“Thanks, I uh.. Hank let me look over you guys paper the other day, it was remarkable”

“It was definitely worth the hassle” Charles remarked whilst snatching Wade’s art work out of his hands and unfolding them discreetly

Wade sunk into the chair, clearly sulking.

“What in fresh hell is this” Wade asked horrified when their food was delivered
“Rosemary chicken” Charles and Peter replied simultaneously

Wade made a disgusting face and began to pick at it with his fork

“Wade, I know you don’t like the idea of living with another family, but I’ve already checked it out and with your situation there’s no way around it”

Peter noted how Charles waited for the food to arrive before springing important talk onto Wade, a method Peter had used a few times himself.

“However, I can fill out the necessary paperwork in order to gain temporary custody over you, should the court allow me too. Which they should, really all they look for is money.” Charles added emphasizes to the last statement by gesturing around him

“Let’s get one thing straight. I don’t need you, or anybody babysitting me” Wade’s tone was more stern than possibly Peter had ever heard it.

Charles chugged the rest of his wine and began pouring another glass

“Wade,” Peter said trying to sound not terrified “You do need somewhere to stay, you heard them back there. If you don’t they can throw you into whatever shitty home they want to”

“It may not be the most likeable of situations, Erik may actually attempt to disembowel me for this. But it’s the best out of the two options” Charles reasoned

“how did you end up with that jackass?” Wade pondered finally digging into his food

“It’s a long and terrible story, It can be your bedtime story tonight” Charles said not missing a beat

Wade grumbled but didn’t say anything more, is that how these people solve things? Food, alcohol and sarcasm?

Wade recruited Alex to help him move, Peter was attempting to sort through the mountains of takeout salsa and what appeared to be chocolate pudding cups that were stored in Wade’s nightstand.

Underneath all the trash was a scrapbook, yes an actual scrapbook. He must have missed the part where he was dating a 13 year old girl.

Inside were a few old pics of him and Alex, a few of Alex and Hank, a plethora of various Mexican cuisine, and then towards the back there were some pictures of the school, some of Peter and Gwen, a few random shots of garbage bins, and then some majorly unsettling ones of Peter sleeping.

Peter was disturbed from his perusing by sharp pterodactyl sounds being made behind him, turning towards the invasive noise he found Wade in the door way wearing a look of betrayal

“Don’t you know not to pry into others affairs?” Wade demanded, using his downton abbey voice.

“ME? You took pictures of me sleeping. That’s an invasion of privacy” Peter tried to sound offended but really since he had met Wade his privacy had been invaded.

“Tis none of your concern!” Wade huffed, ripping the book away from Peter and stomping off.

The actual moving process didn’t get wrapped up till almost one in the morning, Charles insisted Peter sleep there that night under the condition Wade and Peter definitely did not have sex on his
little sisters old bed.
Chapter 15

The next morning Peter woke to the unpleasant, slightly entertaining, noises of Charles and Erik bickering. Much to Charles prediction the night before, Erik was indeed unhappy with Wade’s appearance in the apartment.

There wasn’t an actual fight, just raised, sarcastic voices.

“They’ve been at it almost an hour now, Erik came over for ‘breakfast’ which he said all to sexually” Wade whispered as if he was catching Peter up on his favorite soap opera.

“What time is it?” Peter grumbled, too lazy to grab his phone from the nightstand

“Time to make an entrance” Wade stated whilst flinging the sheets off of him and combing his fingers through his hair.

“Wade, there a lot of sharp objects out there does this really seem like a good idea to you?”

Wade seemed to ponder for a moment before abruptly throwing the door open and beginning to sing what sounded like a dead cats rendition of ‘tick tock’

Peter collapsed into his pillow laughing when Wade almost immediately flung himself back into the room.

“I have never seen that look in a man’s eyes before, I think he took my soul, quick check and see if my souls still here” Wade crawled back on the bed, curling into Peter’s arms

“look, now you’ve scared him, can you please act like a decent human being for once ?” Charles bitched

“He’s almost an adult not an abandon puppy!” Erik replied

“Thank heavens for that or you would probably eat him!” Charles voice was raising now, Peter and Wade heard a door slam.

“I think I should go get ready for school” Peter said giving Wade a kiss on the head

“what and leave me alone with the lovebirds? You’re heartless, parker”

Peter loved it when Wade called him by his last name, it was incredibly sexy. But school, and education.

“Get off me you big baby, I’m sure Erik’s a softy underneath all that….pure evil” Peter hoisted himself up and threw his clothes on.

Giving one last kiss to Wade he left the sanctuary of their room and he immediately felt the tension in the room, Erik was faced up against Charles’ door trying to coax him out. God, they have a dysfunctional relationship.

“Hey Aunt May,” Peter greeted his Aunt with a kiss on the check “You don’t have work today?” Peter noted she was still in Pjs

“one of the other girls wanted my shift so I figured I could do with a day off. How is Wade doing? Who did you say he was moving in with?” she asked making Peter a bowl of cereal
“This friend of his, it’s a really long story. I’ll tell you after school. I really need to get going” Peter said grabbing the bowl of cereal and eating it while shoving the remaining books he needed into his backpack

“I want my jacket back” Logan growled when he sat across from Peter at the lunch table, which itself was enough to scare the piss out of him.

“Wade, is great thanks for asking.” Peter replied hopping Logan wouldn’t eat him

“I’m serious here, I want it in my locker tomorrow or your boyfriend is going to be scrapping up his teeth with what’s left of his hand by diner time” Normally after making a threat of such manor a person would walk away triumphantly. Not Logan he sat right across from Peter and finished eating.

Peter smiled every now and then when he would catch Logan looking at him but Logan remained silent. Peter had forgotten how awkward school was without Wade there.

Peter texted Wade all through his classes, mostly about how boring all the community service options looked, a little bit about the golden girls marathon. Eventually they decided Wade would volunteer at the local animal shelter.

When Peter got home from school he spent most of the afternoon catching Aunt May up on everything from the last few days.

“Honey, do you think Wade is ok ? Mentally?” Aunt May asked after Peter had ranted for a bit “I know hes a bit eccentric but…after all this. Clearly something happened to him when he was a child “

Peter felt himself immediately getting defensive of Wade, unfortunately there was more evidence supporting him as crazy than sane.

“I just wish I knew what happened. I don’t want to be nosy, or pressure Wade into sharing something if hes not ready but…I just want to help him, ya know? “

Aunt May offered an understanding head nod, she was good at those.

“Well, Wade should be back from the shelter by now so Im going to go see how his day went” Peter expressed , hoisting himself up from the couch and giving Aunt May a hug.

----

“Let’s fuck and listen to Pink Floyd” Wade said greeting Peter at the door

Peter chose to avoid the proposition and focused his attention on the giant orange tabby cat nestled in Wade’s arms

“Whos your friend?” Peter questioned as they moved into the apartment

“This little fella, is Victor von snugglepuss. He’s my first subject in operation ‘Scare the evil out of Mr Psychopants’ “ Wade was grinning and snuggling his friend tightly

Peter could only imagine what Wade was planning and really didn’t want to know, although he should probably get the details so he can be used as a valuable witness during the murder trial

“Might I be privy to your plans, general ?” Peter mocked a salute as he sat down
“You may indeed, Private hotass. It all starts off slowly…Erik will hear random but faint meows coming from various places…then purring…then we release snugglepuss here into the bathroom while Erik is showering. From then on it’s a full blown attack. Cats in the pantry, ready to strike at a moment’s notice, in the laundry room, under the bed. You get the idea” Wade was drumming his fingers together in delight now having let ‘snugglepuss’ wonder on the counter

“ah, so it won’t be an open casket funeral then” Peter said after letting out a stifled laugh

“Don’t be silly, Erik needs to learn to lighten up. Maybe he’ll even crack a smile….which now that I think about it could be actually terrifying…do we know if he has teeth?” Wade planted himself on the couch next to Peter

“He smiled briefly the other night at the station…I think it was a smile anyway it was slightly reminiscent of that shark on finding Nemo that tried to eat Dory”

“I’ve got another Doctors appointment this Friday, care to join me for an afternoon of uncomfortable waiting rooms and repulsive smells?”

As always, Wade Segue from the mundane to the critically important conversations flawlessly.

“sounds like every other date we’ve been on.” Peter knew any sort of serious reply would get a pout from Wade so he stuck with what he knew best.

They heard Erik outside the door talking to some…brutally.

“Missions a go! “ Wade leaped up and grabbed snugglepuss off the counter and bolted to his bedroom, returning and flinging himself over the back of the couch and resting next to Peter before Erik had opened the door.

“I just want to see my goddamn children, Magda! I know you’re going to be in town this weekend your assistant told me. Just let me have lunch with them for fucks sake!”

Peter and Wade gave each other confused look and Wade mouthed the words ‘What the fuck’.

Erik hung up the Phone and threw it against the wall, leaving a rather pointed dent in it and the phone shattered on the floor.

“Um” Peter gulped out, finally earning a glare from Erik who until that moment hadn’t even acknowledged their presence “Can I, uh, get you a warm beverage?”

The only way Peter could explain the noise came after that was a growl, a grown man just growled at him. Wade was surprisingly silent.

“Are you two going to be here all the time?” Erik asked pinching the bridge of his nose, no doubt feeling a headache coming on

“Umm…Well I live here” Wade finally piped up

Erik made another low growling noise and stalked off to the back of the apartment. Peter couldn’t help but laugh, quietly though.

“Who reproduced with him?” Peter whispered through laughter

“I mean, according to Charles he is really good in the sack but seriously I don’t even want to imagine that.” Wade made a dramatic shudder
Just then a muffled meow could be heard ringing through the apartment and almost immediately afterward’s they heard a door swing open.

“WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT” Erik shouted

Peter and Wade both remained nonchalant on the couch

“What was what?” Peter replied calmly flipping the page of his history book

Erik eyed them both suspiciously before retreating back into his room

“Snugglepuss: 1, Psychopants: 0” Wade mumbled victoriously.

It was going to be a very exciting week
Peter was all too excited the next morning when he realized it was finally Saturday and he didn’t have to suffer through another tedious day at school. He was less excited when he rolled over to check his phone and there were no new texts from Wade, odd since usually there was no less than ten.

-Morning, you ok?-

After an agonizing four minutes he finally received a text from a number he didn’t recognize

-Hi Peter, would you mind coming over ? Wade is well..not himself? This is Charles btw-

Wade’s not himself? What does that even mean? Did he actually put his cereal bowl in the dishwasher for once? Did he fling himself off the roof? There were to many interpretations for that sentence to ease Peter’s racing mind.

Peter began dressing as fast as he could and then it hit him, hard enough to make him fall back on the bed.

“Shit” he murmured out loud. Wade’s appointment was yesterday, Wade’s appointment that he forgot all about. Why hadn’t Wade said anything yesterday? He had asked if he was cool with not hanging out cause he had to study and then had a test the next morning. Of course Peter did this, cause he was the worst boyfriend, no the worst person alive. Now Wade may or may not be actually dying.

Peter’s train of thought didn’t get much better as he raced to the other end of town.

Erik answered the door, he looked less murdery today, still scary as shit and not someone Peter wanted to deal with

“Bedroom” Erik stated monotonously and resumed his position at the breakfast nook, perhaps he didn’t look so murdery because he was in purple plaid pajamas.

Peter knocked gently on the door, nothing. Peter knocked a little louder on the door, nothing.

“Wade?” Peter called through the door, hoping to get some sort of reply “Wade, Im so sorry. Can I please just come in?”

Wade had never been this quiet in his whole life. Or at least Peter assumed, he certainly had never been this quiet since he has known him. Charles entered into the hallway and leaned against the wall adjacent to Peter.

“Has he said anything?” Peter asked slumping against the door

Charles shook his head and ran his fingers through his already messy hair.

“I left for work yesterday morning he was fine, I got back just before he left for his appointment. He locked himself in after he got back, hasn’t been out since. “Charles’ voice sounded to Peter like he has been up most of the night trying to get Wade to open up.

“This is my fault, I told him I’d go with him to his appointment the other day but then yesterday I forgot. He didn’t say anything when I asked if it was ok if we didn’t hang out last night, I didn’t
even remember till after you texted me.”

Charles looked deep in thought for a moment

“I don’t think it’s just that. Something like that Wade has experience in sweeping under the rug. I doubt he would go catatonic because he was sulking “

Well fuck, make things worse you stupid English bastard.

Peter flopped back onto the wall Charles was leaning on and dropped down. Charles stayed standing but bent down to give Peter a consoling pat on the back.

Just as Peter was about to get up and knock on the door again Erik came into the hallway, looking deadly again now that he was dressed. He assessed the situations quietly, and then walked over to Wade’s door, turned around, and kicked it open. All without changing facial expressions.

“ERIK” Charles screamed pushing his boyfriend away from the dismantled door “I don’t even know where to begin, that was inappropriate, rude, and also I have to pay for that door now!”

Peter toned out the rest of the fight and stepped into Wade’s room, at first he didn’t see Wade but then he noticed the bathroom door was slightly cracked. Peter walked over and opened the door, prepared for the worst

“Jesus Christ, Wade” Peter whispered in shock, Wade was basically curled into the fetal position on the floor of the running shower, still fully clothed.

Wade didn’t move and for a second Peter thought he had passed out

“Erik broke down the door didn’t he” Wade’s voice was barely higher than a whisper

“Wade” Peter walked over and sat down under the running water with his boyfriend, the water was ice cold “what happened” Peter brushed Wades hair out of his face, even under the freezing water Peter could tell Wade had a fever.

Wade didn’t reply, it clearly hurt Wade to move but Peter did his best to position Wade’s head in his lap. After a few minutes Wade reached up and turned off the water

“You should go” He said trying to sit up

“What the fuck are you talking about Im not leaving you hear like this” Peter felt offended but it didn’t outweigh the immeasurable amount of worry he had for Wade.

“Nuthin you can do just got to wait for it to pass” Wade’s eyes would close for a few seconds before he would look at Peter again

“Wait for what to pass? Wade, what happened? “ Peter was growing increasingly more concerned by the second and he was sure his heart was about to explode out of his chest

Wade groaned, trying to stand up again.

“Just” Wade took in a deep breath “help me back to my bed”

Peter did his best to help Wade, seeing as Wade outweighed him by a good amount it didn’t feel like he was helping much
“We need to get you into dry clothes or you’ll catch pneumonia” Peter said pulling Wade’s shirt off

“Too late, genius” Wade started to shimmy his pants off and then pointed towards the nightstand, there was a few sheets of paper and two bright orange pill bottles.

Peter went to the dresser to get some more comfortable clothes out and handed them to Wade then looked over the papers.

“Why arnt you in the hospital?” Peter asked helping Wade re dress.

“They gave me a shit ton of antibiotics and said if it doesn’t pass in a few days to come back” he responded through short breaths “It’s also incredibly infectious so would you get the fuck out “

Peter thought for a moment, he didn’t want to catch pneumonia. He also wasn’t going to leave his boyfriend alone like this.

“I actually have a great immune system, not to brag or anything. I’m not leaving and in your current condition there is nothing you can do to make me” Peter declared

“Whatever, just let me sleep” Wade rolled over and pulled the covers over his head, Peter took that as his cue to leave for now
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Erik and Peter have a touching moment, Charles delivers brunch.

“He has Pneumonia.” Peter interjected between the two older men arguing in the kitchen “I don’t know why they don’t have him in the hospital considering all of his other issues…”

“Do you think we should convince him to try and go?” Charles asked immediately switching from outraged boyfriend to concerned mother hen

Peter shrugged his shoulders, he would love to be able to answer that question. The biggest problem he thought he would be facing this morning was his makeup test from the day Wade got arrested, which wasn’t really a problem seeing as he’s three weeks ahead of the rest of the class.

“It had to be a contagious disease..” Erik muttered whipping his hands on his jacket

“You don’t get to talk” Charles snapped “Is he sleeping now?” he directed towards Peter

“Yea, hes not looking great but I made him take his meds so…” Peter still wasn’t sure how to talk to Charles and Erik, Charles was nice for the most part but he also slightly frightened Peter because he must have some deep dark shit to be able to deal with Mr psychopants.

Erik walked to the coffee maker and poured a cup then handed it towards Peter, in an all to robotic but still heartwarming gesture. Peter made sure to drink every drop of the horrible bitter concoction not wanting to risk insulting him and ending up dead in a dumpster.

After exchanging some somewhat meaningless pleasantries Peter went back to check on Wade. He had barely gotten in the room when he heard Wade shuffle under the covers and then peak his head out.

“You have a test. Go” Wade said shortly, His breath resembled that of a lawn mower that wouldn’t start

“I told you I’m staying. You’re more important and you should get used to that” Peter tried to sound comforting but could sense he was failing.

Wade let out a laugh, or at least Peter assumed that’s what he was going for

“Petey” he coughed for a painfully long time before continuing “Sooner rather than later something is going to get me. You know it, I know it. You can’t place something as a priority when its only temporary”

“Don’t” Was all Peter could force out, for the first time it all made sense. Wade saw himself as temporary, that’s why he said all the shit and acted how he did. He knew he could literally be dead the next day. Everyone knows death is inevitable but Wade knew death as the only certainty in his life.
“Please, don’t say that too me. You are my priority and you always will be so just….don’t” Peter felt his voice trembling as he tried to talk over Wade’s coughing.

Wade retreated back under his blanket and Peter exited the room once again, doing his best not to express the overwhelming emotions bottling up

Peter wanted nothing more than to run out of that house and not stop running, but he couldn’t leave Wade, not even for a second. Thus he opted to sit on the couch in miserable silence broken only by Wade’s coughing and occasional swearing.

“Charles went out to get brunch” Erik’s sudden interjection startled Peter to the point of nearly jumping off the couch

“Oh, good for Charles. “ Peter replied trying to match Erik’s own apathetic tone

Erik stood over the Chair across the room, he had his hands in his pockets and looked more distressed than usual. Maybe it was the human emotion that radiate from Peter.

“Look, I am not the...comforting type like Charles is. And as bad as I am at that I am even worse at communicating. Charles is one of the few people who actually understands what I’m trying to say even when I say the complete opposite”

“Is there a point to all of this?” Peter sniffled, feeling the previous emotions he was containing start to leak out against his will

“We’re all going to die. “ Erik gripped the chair “eventually everyone does. Wade has come to terms with that, and has accepted his own mortality which for kids your age its….difficult. What I’m trying to get at is that Wade has accepted that and if he did kick it tomorrow he wants to know that you’ll be ok without him. When you fall apart like this when he catches a cold that only shows him you wouldn’t be, you have to accept it too.”

Worst pep talk ever, leave it to Mr. psychopants to actually push Peter to the point of sobbing on an unfamiliar couch. He did his best to wipe the tears away before they became all to noticeable.

“I don’t want to accept that one day I’ll wake up and he’ll just be gone. I can’t just be ok with that” Peter said after leaving Erik in awkward silence

As Erik began to walk away Charles came through the door juggling a drink holder and several bags

“Darling, would you mind help---- oh god, what happened ?” Charles immediately asked after looking up at the scene before him, Peter’s eyes no doubt were puffy and bloodshot and Erik looked like he had just been informed his favorite turtle neck had shrunk

“Erik’s helping” Peter huffed as he buried his head into the nearest pillow

“Erik” Charles groaned “What did you say?” he asked as Erik relieved his boyfriend of the drink holder and the remaining bags that hadn’t dropped

“That we are all going to die so I should get used to it” Peter shouted, face still planted firmly into the pillow

Peter of course couldn’t see but he imagined Charles giving a sullen look towards Erik. They really are the oddest couple.
“Alright, I got soup, lots of soup actually. There is chicken, turkey, and tomato mozzarella flatbreads. There is a package of blueberry scones around here somewhere and then we have two green tea’s, peter you must try them they’re amazing. And for Doctor Phil we have an Earl grey.” Charles handed off the steaming tea to Erik and gave him a kiss so adorable it made Peter’s stomach knot

“You do realize there’s only like four of us, and I doubt Wade is in the eating mood” Peter said finally getting off the couch to inspect the feast, there were at least four of each type of sandwich and about thirty fruit cups

“The soup is for, Wade once hes feeling better. And Erik has to eat a substantial amount or he gets grumpy” Charles replied attempting to lay out everything neatly “Also I called Hank and Alex and they may be coming by later”

That exuded a low grumble from Erik as he sipped his tea, Peter had never witnessed someone drink tea so aggressively

“Fantastic, more people” Erik said after finish his sip

The rest of lunch was mostly just silent. Peter felt a tinge of repulsion when Charles actually wiped mustard off of Erik’s face with his napkin, it was sick.

“I suppose I should go see if Wade wants something to eat” Peter stated pulling himself off the bar stool and grabbing one of the takeout bowls of soup and a plastic spoon

“Hey? You awake?”

Wade peeked out from under the blanket and mumbled something unintelligible

“I come bearing gifts” peter held out the bag, Wade sat up slightly more

“Is it chicken noodle?” Wade asked eyeing the bag curiously

“I honestly have no idea its some fancy shit Charles got, its probably infused with angel feathers or something “ Peter replied

Wade waited a moment before snatching the bag and huddling back under the blanket of solitude

“Thank you “ Wade said before Peter had completely left the room

“Need anything else let me know, ok?” Peter finally felt a little relief from the stress

Exhausted, Peter himself soon passed out for a midafternoon nap on his new favorite couch.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Really just some filler I was going to cut but there is some cute fluffiness in it i didnt want to get rid of ;) sorry, things are happening I promise

When Peter woke up he got the innate feeling something was wrong, probably caused by the intense mumbled swearing coming from the kitchen, Peter peaked his head over the couch to examine the situation.

“oh thank heavens your awake, would you mind grabbing that pot that looks like it's about to explode and putting it away from the open flames please?” Charles himself was rushing to pull out a smoking rack of something that no loner existed from the oven

Peter leapt up and managed to get pot under running water before it burnt the kitchen down

“Science experiment ?” Peter asked Cooley once the situation had dwindled


“Right, of course. “ Peter finally felt ok to laugh when he noticed Charles glimmer a smile, until then he was all too sure if he laugh Charles would fling a spatula at him

“Wade got up for a minute about an hour ago, he looked a little better but still sounds like hell, Im afraid” Charles stated

“I’ll go check in on him, I guess.” Peter grabbed a bottle of Water from the fridge to bring to Wade and headed to his room.

Wade had his Lamp on which was a nice gesture, the bowl of soup was empty and tossed on the floor.

“permission to enter the infirmary ?” Peter asked even though he was already in

“Granted” Wade said before resuming a coughing fit

“Still that bad, huh?” was all Peter could find to say

Wade looked at him like he was an actual idiot, wasn’t the first time though so Peter didn’t take too much offense to it

“Here let me just sit on your lungs for a little while, see how you feel” Wade finally concluded coughing for the moment

“God, someone touchy when they’re sick” Peter once again found himself playing with Wade’s hair, he really needed a haircut “have you taken your temperature recently? You don’t feel as hot”

“Finally, after all these years, finally I have a hot nurse” Wade groaned letting out a few shorter
“Im going to go see if Charles even owns a thermometer, need anything else?” Peter asked placing the water bottle on Wade’s nightstand and giving him a kiss on the head.

“No, that’s okay. I think I just need a pair of working lungs.” Wade said under his breath.

Back in the kitchen Charles was attempting to salvage what was left from the dish in the sink.

“Thermometer?” Peter asked.

“Oh….ummm. I’ll send Erik out to get one when he comes back” Charles reasoned.

Not a minute later Erik was entering the apartment, clearly just coming from the gym. Peter couldn’t help but stare a little too long for his own liking.

“Pot roast?” Erik questioned nonchalantly as he entered the kitchen.

“I don’t want to talk about it” Charles replied bitterly “can you run back out and pick up a thermometer? ……and a bottle of wine” Charles added after giving one last weary look to the disaster zone.

They ate leftovers that night.

Peter had run home and grabbed what he needed for the night and was soon making a comfy little nest on the couch, after having a thermometer thrown at his forehead by his overly sensitive boyfriend when he suggested he sleep in there with him.

He was stirred awake by clinking and hushed slamming in the kitchen, it’s still fucking dark outside, someone is about to die for this crime against humanity. Peter lifted his head over the back of the couch to see who he was going to have to kill.

“Go back to sleep” Erik grumbled steeping a cup of tea, leaning against the counter all seductively with his plaid pajama pants sans top. What a bastard.

“I will if you will. What time is it?” Peter wasn’t even sure Erik heard him, his voice didn’t even want to be awake.

“3:47.”

Erik clearly didn’t want to have a conversation. But neither did Peter so he accepted that fact graciously and resumed his former position.

When Peter woke up for good it was too the much louder noise of the fresh prince theme song. Wade must be awake and found the remote to his tv.

Charles stumbled out of his bedroom, yawning and somehow smiling at the same time. Erik followed right behind him grabbing his waist and pecking his cheek, there was no denying they had just done the deed. Disgusting.

“Morning, Peter “ Charles hummed

Peter groaned back a ‘morning’ before going to check on Wade.
“I want ice cream” Wade demanded before Peter even got to greet him, Wade was sitting up with the assistance of about ten pillows.

“Not happening, you’re not having ice cream for breakfast. Especially when you’re sick” Peter scolded turning down the tv.

“You’re worse than my mother, and that’s saying a lot!” Wade said patting the bed next to him.

Ah, a glimmer into Wade’s past. Don’t push him, just let the comment slide away no matter how much you want to know.

The rest of the weekend past slowly and uneventfully, Wade began to look sound a little better, but still occasionally asked for a noose to hang himself with.

Peter waited till Wade fell asleep Sunday night till he went home. He was up till four am studying and finishing his homework, then woke up again at six am to shower and have a chance to go check on Wade before school.

The only person awake when he arrived was Charles, who actually looked like he hadn’t gone to bed at all.

“He ok?” Peter whispered as he entered the living room.

Charles was perched in the giant arm chair in the corner of the living room with about fifty different books scattered around him and his laptop placed in his lap.

“He hasn’t got up yet, I have a lecture at in a few hours but Erik doesn’t have to go in to work till noon so he’ll be here in case something happens” Charles spoke much quicker than usual, the mountain of coffee mugs in the sink were no doubt the culprit.

“Ok…I’m just going to go check on him then I have to get to school”.

Charles nodded and began typing away again.

Peter still couldn’t get over how cute Wade was when he slept, all curled up under his covers. It was adorable and always made Peter’s tummy feel all warm and sweet. He shut the door quietly after peaking in and tiptoed back into the living room.

“see ya later” Peter waved to a non-responsive Charles.
Chapter 19

It was finally the day Wade was coming back to school, and Peter could not be more ecstatic. Apart from the happiness that finally being able to spend the whole day with his boyfriend again, he also wouldn’t have to deal with the growing awkwardness that was being at school without him. Somehow he had completely forgot that before Wade came into his life he didn’t have anyone to sit with at lunch, talk to during periods, or text when classes were boring. Gwen always hung around when she could but Peter constantly felt like he was just keeping her from doing something else.

“Fuck school, fuck life, fuck this oddly shaped cereal bowl!” Wade did not share Peter’s excitement

“It’s a normal shaped cereal bowl, Wade. It just happens to be smaller than the typical casserole dish you use” Charles replied cooly as Wade finished eating his breakfast in contempt

“Get a move on it we’re going to be late” Peter said waiting by the door with his and Wade’s backpacks in hand

“Fuck off “ Wade snapped, reluctantly meandering towards the door and grabbing his backpack

“Bye, boys” Charles waved picking up his and Wade’s bowls and moving them to the sink

“The tragedy of my life never ends!” Was Wade’s farewell, Peter chose instead to merely wave back.

No one really seemed to care much that Wade was back. The cafeteria debacle was old news for the attention span of high school students.

“Can we at least have a quickie in the janitors closet?” Wade pleaded once they got inside

Ah, ever the romantic

“Actually, I have to go talk to my teacher about making up my makeup test.” Peter stated

Wade grumbled something as he banged his head against Peter’s locker

“I have to be at the animal shelter at four so you won’t be out of your last class”

Of course he waits till now to say something

“Ugh, fine. I’ll meet you back at the apartment at eight-ish?” Peter questioned beginning to walk away

“Sounds peachy. Adios sweetsies !” Wade pulled Peter back for one more kiss before they parted

Wade was still sulking at lunch, the only excitement there was when Wade jolted under the table to avoid Logan. They said their goodbyes after lunch, Wade gave Peter a flower he fashioned from a tortilla, it was actually rather impressive.

“Oh, by the way I have Logan’s jacket hidden in your closet under your box of socks, who do you have a box dedicated to socks? Nevermind. Just bring the jacket when you come over. “
“Ughggg, fine. Please tell me you’re giving it back before both of us end up dead?” Peter whined
Wade didn’t reply, he was good at not talking when it suited him.

“Parker” The chilled voice could not be mistaken
“Oh, hi Mrs. Frost.” Peter greeted her as he shoved his books into his locker
“I’d like to see you in my office after your last period.” She replied not offering so much as a
glimmer of emotion on her face
“What did I do?” Peter asked curiously
“We’ll discuss it later. My office. Don’t keep me waiting”
And just like that she strutting off leaving Peter with an uncomfortable amount of curiosity and fear
The rest of Peter’s school day dragged on maliciously slow. Peter would break out into a sweat
anytime he started thinking about having to have a one on one with Emma Frost.
Finally the moment came, Peter walked the agonizingly long hallway towards Mrs frost’s office
and stood in front of the door, saying a silent prayer for his safety as he went in.
“How is Wade doing?” She said not even looking up to see who it was
“Umm…I mean, hes Wade so. He was sick for a few days but hes alright for the most part” Peter
shifted around trying to dispel some of the nervous energy fluttering inside him
“And his living arrangements, hes staying with Charles, correct?”
Peter nodded his head in response.
“Good, I need you to check in with me every now and again to let me know how hes doing so I can
report to CPS. “ she began typing at her computer, breaking the uncomfortable
glare
“So, can I go now?”
“Please.” She replied not looking up.
Well, that was uncomfortable and nerve shattering. Why the hell cant she just ask Wade all this, or
He knew Wade was already at work but he still texted him about what happened, then went home
and told Aunt May what happened, then called Gwen to tell her about it. When he was done
venting to whomever would listen he cracked open his text book and whiled away the rest of the
afternoon reading about the French revolution. Nothing he didn’t already know from Les mis.
It wasn’t till almost 8:30 when he finally received a text back from Wade
-Agent Frost has you working a double agent? Will I be able to use so enhanced integration on you
:-)
‘My boyfriends so classy’ Peter thought smiling dumbly at his phone
-sounds tempting :p. You home?-

-nah I’m thinking about stopping to get something to eat. Want to just meet me at the taco hut?-  
-Really? Again?-  
-okay, see you in a few –

The taco hut was an agonizing fifteen minute walk that nearly killed Peter every time.

“Good evening, young sir may I take your coat?” Wade greeted him at the door of the tiny establishment

“I’m not wearing a coat” Peter replied briskly, trying to not sound like he was completely out of breath and on the verge of collapsing

Wade ordered for them as usual and Peter procured a spot that looked the least e.coli ridden

“Wade, why is your backpack meowing?” Peter as they began to eat

“snugglepuss needs a second in command.” Wade always talked while chewing, if there was one thing Peter could change about him it was that.

“Oh God. I havn’t even seen snugglepuss in forever, where are you keeping that poor cat?”

“he’s nested in the coat closet for now” Wade grinned, obviously proud of himself “But soon operations will begin again”

The walk back to the apartment was considerably less torturous, Wade even offered to give Peter a piggy back ride. Peter declined on principle.

Wade and Peter were in the middle of a heated debate over the platypus’ usefulness in a domestic environment when it happened. It all happened so quickly but it replayed in Peters head in slow motion, one minute they were opening the door, the next they were screaming in poor horror.

Peter had no choice but to shield his eyes, he was just eating breakfast on that table and now…

“HOLY FUCK WHAT THE---- OH MY GOD THAT’S SO UNSANITARY GET A ROOM. OH SWEET MERCIFUL GOD WHY ” Wade managed to screech out before covering his own eyes

“MY EYES! I CANT USE THEM ANYMORE “ Peter added backing away

They both ran out and slammed the door behind them, hearing Erik let out a barrage of curses.

And thus they waited in silence outside the door, almost paralyzed.

They eventually shrank down against the wall, still in silence. Wade would occasionally open his mouth to say something but nothing ever came out.

It could have been minutes, it could have been days, the whole idea of time was lost now, but eventually Charles opened the door and invited them back inside.

It only got more awkward from there, Charles invited them to sit on the couch. He clearly wanted
to talk things out.

“First of all. Knocking is something we need to start establishing around here. Second of all we’re sorry you had to see that” Charles said diplomatically speaking for him and Erik now, Erik waltzed in, still not wearing a shirt.

“Im not. Learn to knock or pay the consequences “ He looked all to smug, it caused the tacos in Peter’s stomach to threaten to come up

“I don’t feel safe in my own home.” Wade’s voice was hardly up to its normal decimal

Charles let out a deep sigh and ran his hand through his hair, Peter couldn’t tell if he was uncomfortable or just bored

“I promise not to have sex with Erik in the kitchen anymore, happy?” Charles shot Erik a look before he could protest

“I’ll be happy when we get a new breakfast nook” Peter added

Peter and Wade stayed in their room for the rest of the night, afraid to venture out again.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Bit of a cliffhanger...sorry xD

The next morning held its usual promise for a good day when Peter woke up. Wade was snuggled up next to him, his alarm hadn’t gone off yet. He laid a few kisses on Wade’s neck and shoulders in an attempt to wake him up.

“five more minutes” Wade muttered into the sheets.

“aww, but if you wake up now we can get a pre breakfast ‘work out’ in” Peter continued to kiss further down Wade’s chest.

That seemed to perk Wade right up and he quickly got to work, climbing on top of Peter and beginning to kiss softly at his neck.

Things were just starting to heat up when a sudden crash came from inside the kitchen.

“What the fuck! WADE!?” Erik shouted, his voice was scratchy which means he probably had just woke up.

Wade immediately stopped what he was doing, much to Peter’s disappointment.

“He found Beatrice “ Wade began grinning as he heard more crashing and the sound of a cat being molested.

“Erik, it’s a kitten not a nuclear war head stop holding it like that” They heard Charles scolded.

“Wade, Darling can you please come collect your pet?”

Wade rolled off the bed and slide a shirt on. I guess it was time to get up.

Peter waltzed into the kitchen, Charles was cuddling the baby cat, Erik was looking at it like it was going to explode, and Wade was drinking milk out of the carton like a barbarian.

“What’s wrong with you?” Peter said snatching the carton away from Wade.

“Oh, don’t worry. We get him his own carton” Charles cooed still playing with the little fur ball in his arm.

“ugh, don’t indulge him” Peter replied.

“I was tired of tasting his back wash in my cereal and Charles refused to let me poison him. This was our compromise “ Erik remarked finally breaking his death stare on the kitten.

“Wade, do you have anything I can feed her?” Charles asked.

“I usually just feed em left overs? Can you not do that? They seem to like it “ Wade looked mildly concerned.
Charles heaved out a discouraged sigh  
“I’ll stop at the pet store this afternoon “  

When Peter finally got himself and Wade ready for school it was already almost eight o’clock, Charles offered them a ride to school so they wouldn’t be late. It felt all too domesticated for Peter’s liking. Especially since given that one of their surrogate ‘parents’ was a surly grandpa in the body of a ripped thirty year old and the other was an alcoholic puppy.  

“Hey, what exactly does Erik….ya know, do for a living?” Peter asked cautiously, up until now Wade and Peter had thought of many theories ranging from professional hit man to used car sales men.  

“He runs an architectural engineer firm and occasionally does some free-lance work as a mercenary “ Charles replied stoically  

“What?” Both of the boys snapped their full attention towards Charles who smiled cockily  

“It was a joke, you two should lighten up about Erik he hasn’t physically injured anyone in almost four months now” Charles actually sounded like he thought that was an accomplishment, which if anything made Peter more petrified of the man.  

“Why are the birds so angry, they should try some yoga ” Wade pondered while playing on his phone as they rolled up to the front of the school  

Peter exited the vehicle and began mentally preparing himself for another day in hell, Wade began to throw his usual temper tantrum sprouting political dribble about the failure of the American education system.  

Peter and Wade actually had two classes together today which Peter was looking forward to, but they weren’t till second period.  

He kissed his boyfriend goodbye and scuttled to his classroom before the tardy sweep  

“Apparently Tony is coming to have lunch with Steve today. They’re social lives will officially be over.” Gwen addressed Peter after class without so much as a hello  

“Oh fabulous, so I’ll finally meet your friend” Peter replied  

“Not under the circumstances I had intended “ She said mournfully  

Peter tried his best not to make his eye roll too dramatic as they walked to their next class.  

The lunch room was all a twitter with the arrival of the infamous Tony stark, Peter really didn’t know why he was so popular in a school he didn’t even go to but apparently he just had that kind of aura  

“That dude owes me money” Wade bite into his hamburger viciously, staring at Tony  

“Wait, how do you know Tony?” Peter asked befuddled  

“Eh, we played a game of hold ‘em awhile back at a party. Mr fancy pants with a Rolex passed out over a barstool before he paid up”  

“For fucks sake. What were you doing with your life before we met?” Peter was only half joking, the other half desperately wanted to know every single detail about his boyfriends past
“WILSON” They heard the growling voice of Logan carry through the cafeteria

“Oh by the way, I put Logan’s Jacket back in his locker” Wade barely had time to say as he started sprinting away, Logan chasing after him

Peter pondered the situation for a moment, he could sit here and finish his lunch, maybe meet Tony and Steve, the new power couple. Or he could go watch his boyfriend get the shit kicked out of him.

Before he had made up his mind Wade came sauntering back in, looking proudly unmolested .

“I must be dreaming, cause you still have all your limbs” Peter smirked when Wade sat back down

“Frosty showed up before I could be physically assaulted…although he did mention something about seeking revenge but I wouldn’t worry, he’s actually just a sweet teddy bear”

Wade had resumed his blatant staring at Tony

“Why don’t you just go talk to him?” Peter finally chirped up, unable to contain the awkwardness of his boyfriend staring at another man

“Because hes with Steve” Wade blushed

Why did Wade blush, nothing makes Wade blush. Does Wade like Steve? I mean its understandable Steve basically a God but

“What about Steve?” Peter tried not to sound like a jealous twelve year old

Wade did his patented look up at the sealing to avoid eye contact and began tapping his foot against the table

“Well…you know….hes just..kind of a fucking legend” Wade finally spat the words out

Oh jesus, Wade is basically star struck. Its slightly adorable.

“Come on I’ll go over there with you “

The pair walked to the other end of the cafeteria where Steve, Tony, Gwen, and a few faces Peter had scene once at a football game Gwen dragged him too

“Peter!” Gwen perked up from her spot and gave him a kiss on the cheek “here, sit down” She patted the seat next to her

Peter opted to stand next to his all too quiet boyfriend, Peter gestured to Gwen to introduce them

“This is Peter” Gwen said smiling “And that’s Wade” she added as an afterthought

Gwen still hadn’t warmed up to Wade

Wade took the seat Gwen had previously offered Peter and cast his eyes between Steve and Tony

“Peter, Gwen’s told us quite a bit about you! “ Steve got up from his chair to shake Peters hand. What high schooler shakes hands?

Peter smiled and was about to reply when Wade grabbed his arm and yanked him down onto his lap
Tony actually looked up briefly from his tablet, only offering a look of apathy before returning.

Steve gave Tony a nudge with his elbow…and then kicked him under the table

“Oh. my. god. Fine. Hi, it’s a pleasure to meet whoever you are” Tony’s tone sounded rehearsed and he gave Steve a ‘there, happy?’ look, it was returned with a staggeringly threatening jaw clench which Tony seemed to ignore as he continued “Don’t I know you from something? “ Tony asked leaning over to see past Peter to make eye contact with Wade

“Yea, you owe me seven hondo, bub.” Peter could hear Wade trying his best to channel his inner Logan, which he always did when he was trying to sound threatening

“That’s right, Pepper pott’s party, you had a unicycle and spiked the punch. That was supposed to be my job” Tony reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a wad of cash and slid it towards Wade who accepted it graciously

“Well, you were taking too long.” Wade tucked the money in his pocket and gestured for Peter to get off of him. Peter did not

“So, Tony what are you uh…studying?”

It was well known that Tony stark was a fucking genius, he graduated like three years early.

“Engineeing.” Tony replied shortly, returning back to his screen

After lunch Wade and Peter made their way to their next class and planted themselves in the two desks in the back of the classroom, Wade scooted his a little more towards Peter and they held hands through the entire period.

Today was the only day Wade didn’t have to go in for volunteering so they decided to make the best of it..by running home and having as much sexy times as they could before Erik and Charles got home for work.

They had begun the making out all the way home and were still intertwined when they opened the door, only to behold something almost as disturbing as last nights events.....
“Dude.” Wade stated blankly staring

Erik had a little girl with vibrant chestnut hair tucked away on his shoulder and was pouring a glass of scotch, there was another toddler running about attempting to climb Charles’ extremely high and unstable bookshelf.

“Pietro, don’t break Charles’ things I already told you that” Erik’s tone wasn’t that of a parents scolding their child, it was that of a parent 100% don’t with their child.

The blonde headed boy plopped down in a dramatic flop and started waddling towards the couch

“Um, hello?” Peter said dumbly, placing his backpack on the hook next to the door

“Have you moved up from full time creep to kidnapper?” Wade asked still standing in the door

Erik took a sip of scotch and sat down in the arm chair that faced the TV, the opposite direction of overly excited toddler that was headed towards the door.
Wade scooped down and grabbed the escaping toddler, who continued to kick his feet even when lifted off the ground.

“There is no way you produced kids this adorbs” Wade laughed tossing Pietro up in the air, a little too high for Peter’s comfort

“Wade, Peter, this is Wanda and Pietro. Try not to step on either of them” Erik said finally standing back up and setting the girl he had been coddling on the floor in a circle of white bunnies and other various stuffed creatures

Wade was still swinging the kid around and the kid was in a full blown giggle fest.

“Are they twins? How old are they? Can we keep them?” Wade rattled off to a bewildered Erik

“no shit they are twin. They’re two and a half, their mother is picking them up tomorrow afternoon” Erik hissed out the word ‘mother’ in a way that sent a shiver up Peter’s spin
Wade pouted his lip out and Pietro copied and then started giggling again

“Daddy said we go to the park later, is later right, Daddy?” Pietro spoke almost as fast as Wade did and began climbing down Wade’s legs

Erik cracked a short and almost unnoticeable smile and then muttered something in what sounded to Peter like German.

Whatever he said excited the little boy who started hoping up and down and pulling at his sister till she stood up and gave her father a baffled expression.
“Can we get ice cream too, daddy? Ice creams my favorite, but only the blue kind. The pink is bad, but wandy likes it, daddy are you listening” Pietro was holding his little sisters hand and swaying around

Erik hummed a halfhearted ‘yes’ as he began collecting various things off the ground and shoving them in one of the twins backpacks

“Well are we going or not?” Erik challenged the little boy who immediately starting running towards the door, sister still in hand.

“Well that was weird as fuck” Peter declared once the little family had left

“Agreed.” Wade let the moment pass over them before attacking Peter once again, pushing him down on the couch and taking his time crawling on top of him

“you’re really pretty, have I told you that before” Wade whispered against Peter’s collarbone

Peter started rolling up Wade’s shirt when there was a knock at the door

They both turned to find that Charles had indeed already entered the apartment and was smiling broadly

“I’d call you both hypocrites but honestly Im just happy I didn’t get here five minutes later” he greeted them rolling his jacket off and throwing it at them

Peter could basically taste the alcohol radiating off of him

“Oh my god dude its like four in the afternoon, where did you even get hammered this time of day?” Peter groaned, pushing Wade off of him

Charles released a giggle that sounded like it was coming from four year old.

“Where’s Erik? And the little hell raisers? “ He asked peering into the kitchen

“They went to the park, you should definitely join them “ Wade suggested, gesturing to Charles to get the fuck out

“Wade, we are not sending drunk Charles to induce further chaos on Erik’s life right now.

Peter got up and helped Charles reach the counter so he could steady himself

“Maybe you should take a nap?” he asked once he was sure Charles wouldn’t fall over

Wade remained incredibly unhelpful, still sulking on the couch

“No, no ,no” Charles protested “ I want to go out tonight, there’s a fair downtown, doesn’t that sound fun? And we could ride the little spinnny wheel thing and the other spinnny wheel thing with the horses and dragons and things on it”

“Ferris wheel, and carousel” Wade informed a befuddled looking Peter

“Yes! That, thank you. Peter dial Erik for me we are doing this” Charles handing him his phone

Peter sullenly scrolled through Charles’ contacts till he found ‘German sausage’ And pressed the call button, quickly handing off the phone before he threw up on it

Peter returned back to the couch and reclined on the perched up Wade as they listened to Charles
drunkenly try to explain his plan for their night.

Charles hung up the phone, basically hopping with glee.

“Erik will be back soon, or at least that’s what I think he said. After Pietro overheard Ferris wheel all I heard was loud screeching and Erik muttering death threats in German., That’s always so sexy like you should hear him when he gets going in the bedroom”

“WHOA” Wade shoved his hands up over Peters ears “There are children present, and also GROSS”

Charles waved them off, staggering towards the hallway

“I need to change, I spilt guacamole on my pants earlier” He shouted from his room

Peter and Wade gave each other troubling looks

“What the hell does he get up too? I thought he was a professor ?” Peter questioned slightly amused with the eccentric brits antics

Wade shrugged his shoulders and pulled a bag of chips out from under the couch

“Im just pissed he was eating guacamole and didn’t invite me “ he replied shoving a handful of Doritos into his mouth

Peter grabbed his own handful out of the bag and began munching, he noticed a slight disapproving stare from his boyfriend

“What?” He asked once he had swallowed, cause he’s not a barbarian

“You just chew so goddamn loud”

Peter snatched the chip bag away from him earning protest from Wade

Their little tussle was cut short by Pietro barreling through the door screaming something funnel cakes and starships. Wanda followed behind him, skipping and looking like she’d perked up a bit

“Where’s Charlie sheen at? “ Erik looking slightly entertained by his own joke

“He’s changing his pants” Wade replied, snatching the chip bag back from a distracted Peter

“She’s a disaster” Erik muttered walked towards their bedroom, once again leaving his rambunctious children unattended

Wade sprawled out on the carpet and grabbed Pietro by the leg dragging the giggling child towards him.

Wanda smirked from her own position on the arm chair clutching her knees she then crawled on to the floor next to Wade, deciding to help him trap her brother in a tickle fight

Peter could have melted right into the couch with all the feels he had in that moment.

It was a perfect moment ruined by Erik proudly exclaiming Charles was ‘Drunk as fuck’ when the two reentered the room.

“Daddy, Wade’s going to kill Pietro!” Wanda proudly exclaimed from her position atop Wade’s stomach
“Finally, he’s made himself useful” Erik smiled broadly holding up a gleeful Charles

“Erik, be sweet” Charles said pushing himself away from Erik and going to pick up Pietro.

Pietro practically jumped into Charles’ arms, throwing him even further off balance.

“Charles’ make daddy take us to the fair” Pietro whined loudly.

“Of course you’re going to the fair, Daddy was only joking when he told you he’d hang you upside down from your toes if you mentioned it again” Charles made a winky face at Erik and Peter began questioning his parenting once again.

That night after three of them had vomited profusely, Wade and Pietro because they had a funnel cake eating contest and Charles because rapid motion and heights don’t mix well with vodka, Erik called it and herded the group into an all to sketchy Taxi.

Wade and Pietro talked over each other the entire way home, which was only ten minutes but felt like an eternity.

Erik carried a passed out Charles inside and Wade carried both the twins in. Wanda already falling asleep and Pietro playing with a stuffed dinosaur they had won.

“Wait, where are they sleeping?” Peter asked once he had helped Erik get Wanda and Pietro in their pajamas.

Erik pondered the question for a moment before shrugging his shoulders.

“I just assumed they could sleep with us but I’m not subjecting the innocents to Charles hangovers”

“But you’ll subject them to the inebriated Charles?” Wade asked from the kitchen where he was making himself what looked like a sandwich, a very disgusting sandwich.

“He’s harmless when he’s smashed. Hungover Charles however is a force not to be reckoned with” Erik replied gravely. “Unfortunately for you that means their sleeping in your room”

“What?” Peter chimed in.

Erik replied with a smirk and pulled the air mattress out of the coat closet, visibly jumping when he opened it to find Snugglepuss and Beatrice.

After Erik had verbally abused Wade, he gathered his protesting children and took them into Wade’s room.

“This is an outrage!” Wade plopped himself on the couch next to Peter.

Peter did his best to consult his disheveled boyfriend with a kiss.

Erik came strutting back in tossing something towards Wade.

“I thought it best they didn’t get a hold of this. “ Erik said and began to straighten up the apparent bomb that exploded in their living room.

Peter scooted away to observe the small plastic ziplock bag containing an all too familiar looking white substance.

“Wade, what the fuck is that” Peter paused between his words for emphasis.
“On second thought I can pick all this up later, Good night. “ Erik quickly retreating to his bedroom

Peter wanted to approach the situation diplomatically, unfortunately his emotions wanted to punch the shit out of Wade.

“Listen, Pete” Wade started,

“You know what? No, Im not doing this right now” Peter got up off the couch and as calmly as he could made his way out of the apartment.
Chapter 22

Peter knew Wade hid things from him, and he’d mostly just come to accept it as part of being with Wade. Wade had no brain to mouth filter, he was lazy and irresponsible, sometimes peter was pretty sure wade liked food more than he liked peter, and Wade kept things from Peter. And Peter was getting used to it, he could handle small things or write them off as just another thing wade forgot to mention. But he was pretty sure wade didn’t just “forget to mention” the fact that he’s snorting fucking cocaine, and he also knew he couldn’t just ignore it or toss it aside like it was nothing.

And seriously, why the fuck was Wade using anyways? When did he even use it? Peter was with him almost all the time, unless wade was getting up in the middle of the night to snort coke there wasn’t any time for him to use it. Peter had a lot of questions for wade but he wasn’t sure he would be able to handle the answers. He wasn’t sure wade wouldn’t just lie to him about it.

It was torture, he wanted to scream, he wanted to know why, and he wanted Wade to just tell him the goddamn truth. Actually no, he didn’t want Wade to tell him anything, he didn’t want to ever speak to him again.

By the time Peter got home he had fourteen missed calls and twenty text messages all from Wade, he took a page out of Erik’s book and threw his phone against the wall. Much more gentle though because he can’t just replace phones whenever he gets pissed.

He took an angry shower, than ate an angry midnight snack, then collapsed on his bed, angrily.

When Peter woke up the next morning he felt it was time to act like an adult and go kick his boyfriends ass for being the dumbest of dumbasses.

He took the bus and arrived at the door of the apartment at six thirty a.m. He could hear the TV in the living room so he proceeded to walk open the door because none of these motherfuckers ever locked the front door

“Pete!” Wanda exclaimed, waving to him from the couch.

Pietro barrel rolled into his leg and clutched on trying to pull him down

“Hey, uh, where’s your dad? And Wade? Is there an adult even in this house?” Peter asked, hoping two year olds understood sarcasm

“Daddy went back to sleep after Charles threw up on the toaster” Wanda replied, not taking an eye off of the tv.

“Why was he..never mind. Just uh, don’t break anything Im going to talk to Wade”

Peter purposefully slammed the door open, causing it to crash into the wall.

“The hell? Peter?” Wade groaned sitting up

“where you expecting someone else?” Peter shot a pointed look at Wade, who got help him still looked fucking adorable stupid bastard.

Wade threw his feet over the side of the bed and gestured for Peter to sit next to him, he remained defiantly at the door.
“Oh come on Petey, are you actually that upset about a little smidgen of coocoo dust?” Wade asked cracking a smile, as if Peter was the one being moronic

“Just tell me why, and when….and how…” Peter tried to remain calm but the emotions that kept him up almost all night began creeping their way back

“Look, I really don’t use it that often. In fact that’s still left over from when Alex and Hank were in town”

“Oh, well if you only do it every now and again that totally fine what was I thinking!” Peter shot back

Wade slammed his hand down on the mattress and slowly stood up

“I use a few times when Im out with friends because why the fuck not, right? But I haven’t used since we got together, officially that is” Wade blurted out in his best serious tone

“Then why would you even just have it laying around in your bedroom?” Peter moved a little further away from the door but not too close to Wade

Wade picked up a shirt off the ground and threw it on, shoving past Peter and walking out of the room

“Really? You’re just going to fuck off? “ Peter growled following him

“Oh my bad, I thought that’s what we did? I mean is that not what you did last night?” Wade bit out

They had reached the kitchen, Peter observed that the twins were still unsupervised

“I was doing you a favor trust me”

“By not talking to me? Im starting to wish you wouldn’t”

Peter had never heard Wade be so cruel, not to him. It took him back for a moment, then just made him furious. Wade wasn’t allowed to be catty when he was the one fucking up.

“Well don’t worry maybe you never will” Peter clamped his jaw shut and began to walk out when Wade called behind him

“Surprise, surprise, Peter is walking out yet again! Is that your only defense mechanism ?” Wade’s tone was all too calm as fuck and that’s what irritated Peter the most, he turned on his heel and was back in Wade’s face again

“You have no room to talk! You once walked right up out of my house after TRYING TO DRUNKENLY HOOK UP WITH ME”

They heard a door slam behind them

“Will you two please, shut your fucking mouths before I shove the blender down your throats” Charles spoke so softly, only making the threat that much creeper

“Uh oh” Pietro giggled “You woke him in his hungd’over “

Peter chose to ignore Charles’ pathetic look of desperation
“Did you know he’s been using?” Peter cocked his head at Charles suspiciously

“Anything good?” Charles mumbled, holding his forehead with his hand and slouching up against the wall

Peter couldn’t help but throw his hands in the air in frustration why is he the only one upset about this? Is he making a big deal out of nothing? Maybe..he does that sometimes

“Jesus christ, does anyone here even know what a functioning adult even is?” Peter had just gotten the words out when a more sinister than usual looking Erik strolled out of the room behind Charles.

“Peter, you’re being a little bitch. Your boyfriend got high, big fucking deal everyone in high school does some stupid shit at some point or they’d kill themselves. Stop acting like you’re his mother for five seconds and get off your goddamn high horse.”

Every word out of Charles’ mouth sounded like it was causing him more and more pain. He leaned back against Erik who begrudgingly caught him

Peter let the words sink in for a minute, having Charles just verbally bash him was shocking in itself but for the words to actually confirm that he’s overreacting made him want to melt into the floor.

“If I wanted advise from a thirty year old man who just rolled out of his own vomit I’d be sure to ask you.” Peter said pretending the harshness of his words didn’t actual break him

Wanda took it upon herself to crawl off the couch and wrap her arms around Charles’ leg, which Peter is convinced the only reason he is still alive

“Daddy, make Charles feel better” She demanded with much more authority than most children her age

Charles whispered something into Erik’s ear and then retreated back into the bedroom, leaving Erik to scoop his daughter into his arms. He walked in between Wade and Peter and began pouring two bowls of cereal

“Wade, are you going to do it again?” Peter asked taking in a deep breath

Wade looked him dead in the eye, with those marvelous eyes of his.

“I cant make any promises there, Pete. But scouts honor, if I do I’ll invite you over, it would do you some good maybe you’ll chill the fuck out for once”

Peter let the last bit go for the time being, he hadn’t forgiven Wade but luckily he wasn’t going to have to see him much today at school so he had time to reevaluate his stance on the subject

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Unfortunately by the end of the school day Peter was only more aggravated with the hand life had dealt him. He wasn’t allowed to retake the makeup test which meant he was going to have to accept the zero, he had to write a seven page essay on the works of Robert frost, and get a ninety five on it in order to keep his grade from plummeting downwards even further. Oh, and he had to go get his backpack he conveniently left at Charles’ apartment, a place he was actively trying to avoid.

As the first positive thing that happened to him all fucking day, the apartment was empty when he got there.
He searched at the front door where he remembers throwing it off, but nothing. He huffed out a few curses on his way to check in Wade’s room. Snugglepuss and Beatrice were both sprawled out on his bed and gave him a haughty look when Peter started shoving things around in search of his bag.
He sat on the bed and pulled out his phone

- Hey, got my backpack? -

Wade replied instantly

- yea, I tried to give it to you at lunch but someone decided to avoid me all fucking day. If you're still mad just say it -

Peter flopped the rest of his body down on the bed

- I’m still mad. But where is my backpack I have a report to write -

- Its up at the shelter with my stuff, you want it you gotta come get it. Also you owe me lunch and try not to poison it. All though when I die it wouldn’t be the worst thing if the cause of death was tacos -

Great, now he was going to have to walk all the way to the fucking animal shelter then all the way back home, he was going to be exhausted and the paper is going to turn out like shit.

He got off the bed and started back to the front door, then almost pissed his pants when he nearly ran straight into Erik coming around the corner

“The fuck? What’re you doing here?” Erik groaned

Peter noted how nice he always looked coming from work, dapper as fuck.

“I thought I left my backpack here, turns out Wade has it. “ Peter squeaked out after regaining control of his bladder “Hey…can you, uh, give me a ride to the animal shelter by any chance?”

Erik glared at him like Peter had just asked him to shoot his best friend, but then started to show signs of contemplation

“I want you and Wade both out of the house the entire weekend. No excuses, no take backs.” Erik bargained

Peter thought it through for a minute, he was pretty pissed at Wade but knowing Wade he would probably Charm Peter back in love with him in the next twenty four hours so a nice weekend together somewhere would be nice.

“Deal” Peter responded hesitantly

“Excellent, now get a move on it I want to be back before Charles is so I can at least get five minutes of solitude “

Peter grimaced at the thought of Erik just sitting alone in the dark drumming his fingers together and smiling maliciously but none the less exited the apartment and they began their uncomfortably silent car ride downtown.
Chapter 23

Erik didn’t even let the car come to a complete stop to let Peter out, but he made it inside safely and was greeted by an all to ecstatic Wade Wilson

“Hello, love of my life” wade greeted him with a peck on the cheek, he was holding what looked like German Sheppard puppy

Peter grunted in return

“See Wilford , this is what Im talking about “ Wade addressed the puppy

“I kinda bargained with Erik for a ride over here…we owe him an entire us free weekend” Peter finally broke the silence

Wade grinned, not the reaction he was expecting

“So…make up sex tonight?” Wade asked glimmering with hope

“What makes you think we’ve made up?”

“You were giving me that humpy look you get!” Wade pouted

It was true..Peter was feeling incredibly horney at the moment. Damn teenage hormones .

“I wish. But I have a feeling I’m not getting any sleep tonight due to something much more depressing” Peter said tugging the back pack off of Wade’s shoulder and then gave him a quick smooch on the lips to maybe make him as sexually frustrated as himself.

It was unnecessarily cold that night as peter walked home, thinking he should have pushed Erik for a ride back to. To be honest he kind of thought that was implied. No matter, he made it home, poured the biggest mug of coffee he could find and began his paper.

Although he was sure he fell asleep at his desk, he woke up in his bed. As much as he knew he should get up he couldn’t help wanting to stay exactly where he was, it felt warm and safe and smelled like…..tacos?

“Wade?” he asked groggily as he opened his eyes

He didn’t get a response but his suspicion was confirmed when he rolled over, he must have snuck in again last night. He wasn’t even mad, mostly just happy Wade spared him from the all too familiar crick in his neck he knew he would wake up with if he had slept at his desk all night. He wasn’t happy about Wade drooling on his favorite pillow though.

“Waaaaaaade” Peter moaned flopping himself onto Wade’s torso

Wade took in a heavy breath and tried to roll over but Peter kept him pinned

“Ugh, I think you’re getting fatter” Wade mused looking up at Peter with half opened eyes

“Rude. No more morning sex for you” Peter stated defiantly and crawled back off him and proceeded to attempt to leave the bed. Attempt because Wade grabbed him by the waist and jerked him back
“Is that anyway to thank the man who carried your fat ass to bed last night?” Wade gave Peter his best smolder which Peter returned with a look of disdain.

Peter finally returned the kiss in hope he would be released to go shower. Wade reluctantly let him go and Peter wiggled away.

“You know, you could join me in here?” Peter called from the shower

After an awkwardly painful attempt at shower sex the pair made it to school with only two minutes to spare.

Peter caught up with Wade before he got seated at the lunch table and threw his food at the table with an aggressive amount of force.

“Whow. What did that poor half hamburger half cat meat ever do to you?” Wade shrieked

“My life is a fucking disaster and my only stress release his slamming my food tray, leave me be” Peter growled lowly

Wade gave him a look that conveyed confusion and concern

“What happened?” He asked cooley even though Peter was sure he just told him to leave him alone

“Its just….Im graduating in less than a year right? I still have no fucking idea what I want to do with my life. Oh and I need to get a job so my Aunt doesn’t keep having to work herself to death every fucking night. I have an unstable boyfriend who I can’t live without and oh yea, some asshole in the hall just asked if Id blow him for twenty bucks”

Wade went from looking concerned to predatory

“How?” He spat out beginning to stand up

“Sit the fuck down Im not having you go to jail again just cause of some punk.” Peter replied carelessly pulling his rabid boyfriend back down

Wade clenched the side of the table so hard Peter was sure it was going to break

“Really, Wade. I had never seen the kid before so he must be new or something. Kids are assholes you can’t just beat the shit out of em for that” Peter soothed

Wade didn’t say much for the rest of lunch, he was too busy clenching his jaw and death staring the ceiling.

“Am I really that stressful?” Wade asked as they began walking home

“huh?” Peter replied perplexed

“Earlier, you were listing all this shit that stressed you out and I was on the list” Wade reminded him

Peter breathed in deeply remembering conversation, how could he say something so stupid?

“No, well, sometimes. But I wouldn’t trade all that stress for anything in the world” Peter hoped that would seal some of the damage from earlier
Wade merely nodded and plunged his hand into Peters and led them towards Charles’ house.

They knocked about forty times before entering, no one was in eye sight.

Wade headed straight for the kitchen, Peter for the closest soft surface for a much needed nap. Wade scooted Peters feet into his lap and turned on the tv. Peter drifted off to sleep as his boyfriend sang the theme song to the golden girls.

When he woke up there was no comforting smell of tacos, nor familiar weight of Wade’s arm over Peters waist. There was however the unfortunately familiar sound of Charles and Erik fighting in the kitchen

“I told you our reservation was at seven, you never listen and now we wont get in! you really want to eat my leftovers again?” Charles said haughtily

“I do listen and I would have been here earlier except you never even fucking mentioned going out!” Erik retorted dryly

Peter heard something slam and Charles storm off muttering about punctuality

“Where’s Wade?” Peter asked propping himself up after a moment, just in case Erik felt the need to throw another phone, he didn’t feel like having a concussion tonight

Erik always looked at Peter like he a termite infestation he just couldn’t get rid of

“How the hell should I know” He growled

Peter slumped back down, using the couch as a shield against the look of terrorism on Erik’s face.

Peter pulled out his phone in hopes Wade might have texted him to let him know where he is, no such luck.

-where you at? I think Erik is prepping to eat me, and not in the fun way, in the full Hannibal Lecter fashion-

After an hour without a response Peter was growing more and more concerned by the second, he had already sent three more messages and still nothing.

He scrolled through his contacts till he found Alex’s number and texted both him and Hank to see if they heard from him. They hadn’t. Peter tried to calm himself down, Wade wasn’t a lost toddler he would could handle himself fine. But why wasn’t he texting Peter back if he was fine?

He couldn’t take it anymore, he grabbed his hoodie and went to find him
Jesus Christ, look how fucking cute he is all cuddly and sleepy. You know what you have to do right? Act like a fucking adult for once and make the hard decision, he’d be so much more successful in the long run if he wasn’t taking care of you every day. It was a stupid ass idea to begin with. Thinking you could actually handle something like this..like him.

You’ve had' screw up' genetically coded into you and you thought you could play house. Now look at what you’ve done, hes going to be heart broken, he’ll never forgive you. But he cant keep living like this, being your fucking care taker. Why did he have to be so caring? People arnt supposed to put you first and this idiot did now look at him.

Wade gently removed Peter’s slightly twitching feet from his lap and paced the rug for a minute before turning his dredging down the hall and into his room, he grabbed a duffel from the closet and shoved a few necessary items in. Grabbing the scrapbook he had under his bed he ripped his favorite picture of him and Peter out, it was actually taken before they had officially been together but it was perfect. Peter was helping him with his homework and had the goofiest grin on his face and was holding up Wade’s report card. He had gotten his first A thanks to Pete.

Wade slammed the bag on his shoulder and then crept out into the living room, Peters feet were still twitching when Wade planted his last kiss on top Peters messy chestnut hair.

The walk to the bus station felt longer than usual, usually when Wade is this upset he finds someone to take it out on. No such luck today, today he had to get on the first bus headed the fuck away from here without causing a scene.

“Lady, Im not going to fucking Denver! Whats closer than that, but not too close and ISNT cold as shit?” Wade argued with the half asleep woman behind the counter

She huffed and began clicking away at the computer again

“How about Vermont? Tropical enough for you?” She said cocking her head to the side

 Normally Wade would find her coy attitude amusing but right now he felt like drowning her and possibly himself in a bath tub

“Print the damn ticket” Wade said sliding her a wad of cash

He jerked the ticket away and sat down on a near bench, he now had three miss calls and four texts from Peter. Another two from Alex

-Peter’s worried bout you, running again?-

Wade debated on whether to let Alex know, but he trusted Alex not to blab to anyone if he did.

-Yep. Its whats best, ya know?-
-I don’t get you man, but I guess you’ve thought it out and I aint gunna change your mind. Where you off to this time?-

Again, if he told Alex that means Hank could find out and Hank would definitely tell Peter. Nerds stick together. He shoved his phone back in his pocket when the call for his bus came. He picked the seat furthest from the manic looking man who seemed to be mumbling about ferrets.

Everything in him wanted to jump back out of that bus and run back home, give Pete a big sloppy kiss and make breakfast tacos and watch Peter chew through pen after pen while doing homework. But he knew he couldn’t, he knew down the road Peter would eventually get hurt, really hurt, and Wade couldn’t bare to be the cause.

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It didn’t take long for Wade to find a place in Vermont, it was probably shittier than the last apartment he had but it actually had a nice view, everywhere in Vermont seemed to have a nice view.

Within three weeks he had a job at a mechanic shop where he only got verbally abused maybe three times a day, he had a place to stay, and he had a new friend named Bill….no wait it was Bob, Bob was a bit weird but seemed to worship the ground Wade stepped on. Dr grey was even nice enough to refer him to a doctor in town that could keep him alive. Aside from the soul crushing agony he felt every morning when he woke and realized Peter wasn’t there, it wasn’t that bad.

“So bob, any special lady friends? Male friends? Rubber plants?” Wade asked cracking open a beer and sliding onto bobs couch, he had some surprisingly nice things for a guy who worked at a mechanic shop.

Bob laughed nervously, he always did that. He was more awkward than...

“uh..no. There was a girl but she didn’t exactly return my affection”

Surprise, surprise

“Well that’s a damn shame, you’re a catch “

Bob smiled shyly and played with the beer in his hand

“Why don’t we go out? “ Wade propositioned

“Out? Like outside?” Bob replied with a look of horror

“Yes, like outside you dumbass. I need a night out on the town to strut my stuff” Wade gestured to himself as he stood up, tossing bob a jacket

The unfortunate thing about Vermont was there was literally nowhere to have a good time, eventually they ended up in a bar that was crawling with desperation and diseases. Wade felt right at home

“I don’t understand how drinking beer here is better than drinking beer at home?” Bob asked paying the bartender

“That hottie over there give you the dumby eyes is why” She wasn’t, but if Wade was anything, he was a great wing man.

That night Wade was slapped twice, and kneed in the crotch three times. But he did end up getting
Bob a blow job and the girls number. Plus he won an exceptional game of darts that would pay his rent for the next month. On the downside he had to carry his cohort back like a ragdoll.

Wade glanced at his phone one last time before sprawling into bed. For the first week or two after he left he constantly got texts from Peter. At first Peter was mad, he told Wade to stop being stupid and just talk to him. Then he began apologizing for everything (which was stupid, none of this was his fault he was perfect) Then a few ‘I miss you” texts and “Why would you do this” and then silence. Wade hoped whatever kept Peter pre occupied now days was better than he was.
Chapter 25

Peter woke up eternally grateful it was Saturday. Saturdays meant he didn’t have to carry on like nothing was wrong. During the week he had school and friends and still tried to keep up with Charles, but on Saturdays he didn’t even get out of bed if he didn’t want to. Waking up was still the hardest part of his day though, every morning rolling over to kiss the love of his life and be reminded that he left him. Three weeks had gone by and it still stung just as bad when he woke up and remembered Wade was gone.

Charles texted Peter at least once a day to make sure he was alright, Peter had even stayed at Charles’ the first week and a half after Wade had left hoping that maybe he would come back.

This morning, however it wasn’t Charles who texted but Gwen. Sweet, kind, Gwen who let Peter cry and rant and vent for days on end without growing irritated with him.

-Steve wants you to hang out with him and Tony tonight, something about trying to cheer you up. I wasn’t really listening-

blabber mouth, Gwen who had to tell fucking Steve Rodgers how he can’t even keep a basket case of a boyfriend around.

-Gweeeeeeen. Is there anyone you havnt told?-

Peter typed as he slung himself out of bed, he would be an idiot to turn down an invitation from Steve Rodgers no matter how melancholy he felt. He probably never got invited cause he uses words like ‘melancholy’

-Its not my fault, Steve asked if you were ok the other day. Was I supposed to lie?-

-What, is he a camp consular in his spare time? –

-If you’re going to be rude I can just tell him youre too depressed to get out of bed. Although knowing Steve he’d probably show up at your house with cookies-

-I guess I could use some social interaction. Are you going to be there?-

-hahaha! No. You’re on your own. Have fun. I’ll text you Tonys address later-

Oh shit no, he could handle Steve. Not Tony, why Tony.

Peter somehow managed to make it to the shower and actually shaved before noon. When he got out of the shower Gwen had texted him Tony’s address as well as a list of things not to do.

Nighttime came far too quickly, that happens when you take two naps a day but honestly Peter couldn’t find anything else to do and simply being awake made him want to hang himself. If a single person even says the name ‘Wade’ tonight Peter was sure he would kill them.

“Where’s the fucking doorbell ?” Peter whispered pressing anything that looked like a button

Just when Peter was going to give up and leave there was a screechy noise that made Peter want to punch himself.

“Hello, My name is Jarvis. Can I assist you?”

There was an overly robotic voice coming from a box above the door, it sounded like it had been
dropped under water then dragged through the mud

“Um. I’m here to see Tony?” Peter was surprised he could even form a sentence that wasn’t just ‘what the fuck’

A few seconds later the door swung open and Tony was positively gleaming and holding up his phone

“Cool, isn’t it? Soon Jarvis will be able to run the whole house. Right now we’re just operating on a security bases.”

“and you aren’t worried he’ll one day become self-aware and decide to re build humanity from the ground up after mass genocide? “ Peter was really only trying to humor Tony, unfortunately it sounded exactly like some Wade would say and now he wanted to throw up.

Tony looked like he was contemplating Peter’s thought a little too seriously

“Everyone’s is down stairs” He finally said although his attention was now devoted to his phone.

Everyone? Fabulous. It’s a party.

A really weird ass Party. When they got down stairs Peter saw four people he didn’t know, one guy playing darts, another who was just as glued to his laptop as Tony was to his phone, a girl who was probably the most impressive looking female Peter had ever laid eyes on, and lately there seemed to be a hippy male version of goldie locks playing a ukulele in the corner

“Peter, glad you could make it!” Steve put his book down, which Peter noted was an excellent hard back edition of Great Gatsby.

After introductions Peter sat as close to Steve as he possibly could without looking overly clingy, but to be fair Steve did invite him and everyone seemed to be doing their own thing and Peter didn’t have a thing.

“Strip poker!” Clint, dart guy, proudly exclaimed against the pounding silence

“No” Steve replied not looking up from his book

“I’ll go get a card deck” Tony leaped up, finally shoving his phone in his pocket

“Tony, I will throw you out of the window!” Steve slammed the book down but it was no use Tony was already back with the cards

“Why do we always end up playing strip poker? Natasha, perfect female specimen, said lazily joining around the coffee table

Eventually everyone did end up gathered around, even Steve who was blushing madly and the game hadn’t even started yet. Peter sat next to Bruce, the quiet nerd.

“I uh, never played poker” Peter mumbled, hoping only Steve and Bruce could hear.

“You’re adorable, Peter. We’re keeping him” Natasha addressed Tony who returned a shrug and started dealing

Natasha and Clint were obviously a thing, or at least Peter assumed that was why she was sitting on his lap the whole time and making kissy faces
Thor, hippie goldie locks, was out first. Which wasn’t a surprise because he hardly had any clothes when the game started.

“Peter, how many layers do you have on? Were you expecting us to go on an artic exploration?” Tony Questioned

“Don’t embarrass the kid its fashionable, right Pete?” Clint popped up from behind Natasha

“at least he was wearing clothes, Thor” Bruce through his jacket at goldie locks in a plea to get him to re cloth himself.

Natasha won, and after an hour of refusing to give anyone their underwear back except for Peter she relented and Tony and Clint had to be forced back into their pants. Peter watched with a glint of amusement and a whole lot of questions.

“Peter come look at this” Tony gestured to him to come over to the computer his and Bruce were clustered around

“Tony, is that….What the fuck” Peter glared from the computer to Tony then back to the computer

“Bruce bet me I couldn’t break into the Pentagons security system. Guess whos laughing now!”

“And I suddenly feel much less safe knowing the height of our nation’s security “ Bruce mocked

“Well, I’m going to leave before the Secret Service shows up” Peter interjected

He was met by several waves and mumbled byes and soon he was out the door.

“Hey, wait up “ Bruce called just before Peter had reached the street, he looked more nervous than when they were playing strip poker

“Can I uh, get your phone number?”
Chapter 26

There's nothing wrong with texting Bruce, he's a really nice guy, and he's funny, and smart, and always makes Peter smile more than he has since Wade left him.

“You should not lead him on, if you’re not planning on taking this anywhere you should tell him why so we don't have another person getting hurt in all of this” Charles stated soundly, it was day eight of his ‘no more drinking’ resolution and he was constantly dulling out responsible advice now. It was weird.

Peter sat at the newly replaced breakfast nook picking through take out

“But I actually had fun last night. Like fun, fun. What if Wade never comes back? I mean its almost a month and no ones heard from him, not even Alex! What if Im supposed to move on now?” Peter grunted out, words almost burning. It felt sick just thinking about forgetting about Wade

“Because you know you arnt emotionally ready to move on from Wade. Maybe on the first date, maybe two months from now, you’ll end up sobbing in Bruce's arms about your last boyfriend because deep down inside you still need resolution” Charles reached for his glass filled to the brim with water

“I know you’re right, but you also havnt SEEN this guy. Hes really cute. Not cuter than Wade, no one is…”

“See? Thats why you're not ready for this because you're still comparing everyone to Wade”

“Oh for the love of God” Erik piped up from behind the newspaper he'd been reading for the past ten minutes “Charles, you’re not that kind of doctor you do realise that right? And why is the kid even still here? Dont you have a home?”

To be fair, Peter didn't know why he was there. Charles just knew the situation best and he was afraid if he talked to Aunt May about it she would start crying again about Wade then he would cry and it would be a whole thing.

“Erik, I'm convinced you’re the reason I drink. Act like the well mannered gentlemen you tricked me into thinking you were the first night I went home with you”

Erik did his ‘I fucking hate the world’ growl and propped the newspaper back over his face

“So I shouldn't keep texting Bruce? “ Peter eased back into the conversation while collecting the dishes off the table, because he was a great fucking house guest

“Im not saying cut all communication with the boy, just explain to him what happened so he knows what hes getting into” Charles replied

Peter made sure the conversation lasted at least thirty minutes longer than it needed to in order to aggravate Erik

“I have a science paper due tomorrow I should finish up” Peter grabbed his hoodie off the back of the couch

“When does your school year, should be soon right?” Charles questioned, following Peter toward
the front door

“One more month “ Peter gave a silent prayer of thanks

“Ok, well see you later. Call if you need anything”

“Or Dont!” Erik chimed in from the bedroom

Peter rolled his eyes and shut the door, checking his phone as soon as he did. Just as he thought he had a text from Bruce

-You want to hang out at Tony’s again tonight? Tony built something that’s probably going to end with him in the hospital and no one wants to miss it-

-IV got a report to finish, pictures if the fire department shows up though?-

Peter reluctantly replied and soon he was at his desk once again. A small part of him wishing to just hear from Wade again, it was always like this, during the day when he was surrounded by people and things were happening he could almost forget but when he was by himself it was all that wrecked his brain.

He knew if he fell asleep writing his report he would wake up in the same place, he would have the unbearable back pain and he wouldn’t be snuggled up warm next to Wade who would have changed him into pajamas without even waking him up. How did he even do that? There were still millions of things Peter didn’t know about Wade. What his real family was like, what made him so wacky, why he was constantly running from something.

He still had so many questions and they only grew every time he was left by himself, which is probably what lead to him reaching back out to Bruce

-Hey, you want to come help me with my report? I can’t promise a hospital visit but maybe some stale doritos?-

It took one hour and seven minutes from the time Bruce got there for them to start making out.

He wasn’t entirely ignoring Charles’ advice, he had told Bruce he was just getting out of a bad relationship, that sums it up right? Without making him sound too baggage filled. And it just felt so damn good.

Bruce was making his way down Peter’s neck, pecking a little at his collar bone. Peter tried to ease him back up to his mouth, hoping he would catch on to the fact that he didn’t want to go much further.

“I guess it’s getting kind of late..” Bruce trailed off planting another kiss between Peter’s neck

Apparently he took a different kind of hint

“Oh, okay” Peter said sitting up and re situating his clothes

“Uh, yea. well. I’ll text you tomorrow “ Bruce said straightening his glasses and offering a half smile as he got up

“At this rate my paper is never getting done” Peter said hoping to defuse the sudden tension

“Sorry I couldn’t be of more help “
“Oh trust me you were more than helpful” Peter bit his lip at the end to make sure Bruce caught on to what he meant

Bruce smiled a little wider and then exited the premises. Peter honestly never thought he would meet someone as awkward or possibly more awkward than himself but there he was.

Luckily the make out session rendered Peter too exhausted to do anything but finish his paper and then pass out. It was the first night in three weeks he didn’t lay awake for hours thinking about Wade.
The next week was filled with fun make out sessions, and a few near death experiences thanks to Tony and his robotic friends. Peter also actively avoided Charles’ calls.

If you had asked him two weeks ago if he would be hanging out at Starks house playing ping pong with Steve rodgers he would have laughed in your face, then probably broke down crying, then fallen asleep. But that's exactly what he was doing, he was even winning.

“Steve, you're losing to a dude with as much upper body strength as a flamingo” Clint mocked from resting on the top of the Fridge, the dude had a weird thing for nesting in high places

“But like, wouldn't flamingos have really good upper body strength? Cause they do that perch thing all the time? “ Thor retaliated

“Shut up” was Clint's only argument

The conversation must have distracted Steve because Peter made the final point he needed

Peter had already picked up on the fact that someone had clued Bruce into Peter's situation because he seemed to stop pressing for anything more than Peter wanted, not that he really was before but now he always waited for Peter to instigate.

In moments like this he couldn't give a shit what Wade was doing, he left him. Then every night like clockwork he would lay down and immediately feel like he had the breath taken out of him, everything would hit him at that moment and he would either call Bruce for a quicky or just lay there and hope he had it in him to get through the next day.

“Good game, Pete” Steve was even perfect when he lost.

“Peter, you and me, clubbing. Tomorrow night?” Natasha propositioned once Peter returned to the couch

“What? why Peter? We’re supposed to do those things!” Clint climbed down from the fridge in order to throw his tantrum

“Because last time we went clubbing together you got us kicked out for trying to climb onto the Light display”

“I dont know...clubbing isnt really my thing” Peter replied trying to politely decline

Natasha made a frowny face that almost made Peter reconsider but instead of opening his stupid mouth he opted for a hopefully apologetic smile.

Bruce and Peter didn't waste time when they got back to Peter’s. The almost never really talked, Peter didn't really want to talk. There was the typical pillow chat afterwards, Bruce was always polite and sweet, it honestly kinda freaked Peter out how nice he was like who is that well mannered to the person they're sleeping with?

“I could get used to this” Bruce said, rolling over to give Peter a kiss “Do you want to the music festive coming into town? Thor’s got tickets for everyone and I kinda thought we could go together?”
This guy really knows how to ruin a moment with his date proposals. Answer dammit hes getting nervous!

“ummmm” Peter managed to squeeze out

“I mean its ok if you dont! I totally understand “

Peter really didnt feel up to that yet but at this point he had to at least try, right?

“Yea, sure lets do it”

Bruce’s eyes lit up like they did when him and Tony were talking about nerd stuff and Peter was hardly keeping up.

“Ok, I guess we can go on sunday, the real hippies should be mostly cleared out by then.” Bruce said calculating their plan “I guess I’ll pick you up at around one? “

Peter nodded his head in agreement and Bruce started putting his clothes back on, a real pity.

“Oh my god. what the fuck did I just do?” Peter asked the empty room after Bruce left

His first thought was to call Charles but the last thing he wanted to hear was a condescending ‘I told you so’ so he opted for marshmellow vodka.

And that was the last thing Peter remembered. He woke up and before even opening his eyes he started throwing up. Where ever he was laying wasnt his bed but it was familiar

“First of all Id like to say I told you so” Charles familiar voice sounded much louder than usual, was that a fan or a jet engine on the ceiling ?

Peter let out a painful moan as he attempted to hoist himself up but ended exactly in the same position, face down in the couch.

“How did I get here” he stumbled through the words best he could

“Apparently you walked here, you showed up around three completely wammed and yes you told me about Bruce, you utter moron.”

Just then the sound of a thousand screaming ringwraiths sounded through the appartment cause Peter to throw up again, luckily Charles had apparently prepared for this having the couch lined with trash cans

“Erik, turn the blender off, you dont even drink smoothies” Charles shouted over the noise

“WHAT? I CANT HEAR YOU” Erik yelled even louder, cause another bout of nausea from Peter

Charles walked away and a few moments later the sounds of the damned stopped. .

“So are you going to continue to lead this nice boy on even though its cruel, low, dirty thing to do?” Charles asked when he got back

Ugh, never again with the marshmallow vodka.

“I dont knoooooooooow” Peter grunted, pulling a pillow over his head, he didnt need this right now.
“I for one like Bruce, you should stick with him. Wake him up at three in the morning” Erik was obviously still trying to make as much noise as he could in the kitchen

“I just want to sleep, just leave me alone to die”

Charles let out a long suffering sigh

“Go sleep in the spare room we’ll talk about it when you have full control of your brain cells again”

Peter noted how Charles was no longer calling it ‘Wade’s room’ it hurt almost as much as the throbbing headache he had. He made it to the back room, clutching the wall the whole time and barely got all of his body onto the bed before falling asleep
The next time Peter woke up he was still disoriented but no longer felt the pain of death crawling over him.

Charles was on the couch nestled between a laptop, at least thirty different notebooks and roughly three gallons of tea worth of mugs.

“I am so, so sorry” Peter said in his most sincere voice.

“I’m sure you’ve seen me do much worse, how are you feeling?” Charles glanced up at Peter from his overly large black rimmed glasses.

“I still feel awful, Erik must hate me” Peter shuffled his feet, is this what a walk of shame is like? he didn’t want to know.

Charles let out a snort like he always did when he found something particularly amusing.

“My dear boy, Erik hates everyone. He even hates me, just ever so slightly less than everyone else. Its what you and I would call love” Charles hummed “Now sit down and tell me what you’re thinking leading Bruce about like this”.

Peter shuffled around some less important looking papers on the couch and plopped into it.

“I dont know. Its like I know how wrong it is and I know I’m going to hurt him but hes just the only thing that keeps me distracted “

Charles looked like he was carefully considering what to say next.

“You selfish little bitch”

Oh great, another lecture. Abort, Abort!

“I know you’re hurting and I know you have a lot of questions. I cant even begin to understand how painful all this must be for you, but do you really think dragging someone else into hell with you is the answer? “

“Nooooo” Peter slumped into the couch like a scolded child.

Charles went back to typing away on his computer giving Peter a minute to think. He couldn’t just call everything off with Bruce, well he could but he didn’t want to burn that bridge. He liked all his new weird ass friends.

“Ok smart ass, how the hell do you presume I call things off with Bruce and still stay friends with everyone? I couldn't handle that awkwardness “

Charles was still typing away. Peter briefly considered he was giving him the silent treatment but then he remembered who he was talking about.

“Well obviously you have to tell Bruce you're still emotionally incapable of moving on from the last douche bag you went out with and you just need some more time and space. He is a smart kid he should understand. But whatever you do don't even think of uttering the words ‘its not you, its me’. “
How did it come to this? Taking dating advice from an erratic laberdoodle

“Ugh. This is stupid. Life is stupid and I want to take a nap” Peter groaned

“Not until you call Bruce” Charles snapped

Peter groaned again pulling out his phone and walked outside.

His fingers protested the whole time he dialed Bruce’s number

“Hello” Bruce answered, even over the phone he was cute

“Uh, hey, Bruce”

“Peter! I was just going to call you. Thor just dropped off our tickets turns out his crazy ass brother is going to. God knows why I thought he just sat in a dark basement all day dissecting hamsters or some shit but turns out he's a fan of indie rock music too. Go figure right? “

ughhh no stop talking just let me get through this you adorable bastard

“Wait, Thor has a brother? The hell?” Peter stalled

“I dont know I think hes adopted. We met once, we didnt exactly get along. Thank God you’re going to be there “

Nope, he cant do this. He’ll deal with this after, it would be rude to make plans and cancel and hes not a rude person.

“Yes, Definitely going to be there. Just calling to make sure you’re picking me up tomorrow?”

“Yea, I’ll just text you when Im on my way” Bruce responded still sounding so chipper and hopeful

“Ok, well I’ll see you then. Bye!” Peter hung up the phone almost before Bruce could say goodbye.

Great, he was a little bitch. A cowardly little bitch . And now he was going to have to think of something to tell Charles. He opened the door to retreat back inside, first thing he sees is Charles standing right in front of the door shaking his head in disgrace.

“I’m going to do it! Just after the festival. Its rude to make plans and cancel last minute” Peter said

“Fine, but you’re just prolonging the inevitable and making it harder for herself “ Charles said rolling his eyes

“I know.” Peter replied indignantly

“Alright, thats enough adult talk for a few months. What do people do in the afternoon when they’re bored and dont drink?” Charles asked solemnly

“Nothing fun.” Peter pouted

Charles looked deeply concerned for a moment and then grabbed his jacket off the hook.

“We can always bother Erik at work, he’ll love it. and there's always a 70% chance of it leading to office sex” Charles said with glee
“Yea, you guys have fun with that. I'm just going to go home and reevaluate my life choices” Peter ignored the nausea in his stomach and the mental image just planted

“Well suit yourself. Want a ride?” Charles offered when they got out on the porch

“I'll walk”

Charles shrugged and headed for his car.

The main reason Peter didn't accept the offer was because he knew every minute of the ride would be filled with Charles explaining the intercut ways of having sex on a desk. He had less disturbing things to think about.

When he got home he tried his best to concentrate on his research paper, it was much easier to focus on the impending disaster headed towards Bruce because he's a complete dumbass.

Again, that night brought little sleep and lots of anxiety.
Waking up exhausted is probably the worst thing. Peter slung his feet over the bed and peeked up at his clock.

“Come on Parker, it’s almost noon.” He attempted to motivate himself but to little avail. It was no help that he was dreading every second of the day as it got closer and closer to the time Bruce was going to pick him up. He mentally cursed himself all day for being such a careless, selfish asshat.

Peter was lying on his bed half reading his history book when he heard his phone go off and his heart sank a little bit, it was time.

-Hey, almost to your house!-

Bruce was the type of guy to always punctuate his text messages. Peter slammed his book shut and tossed on a hoodie.

“Hey” Peter said climbing into the car

“Are you excited to watch some mediocre music played by wanna be hippies?” Bruce greeted him after a kiss on the cheek

“Well that is my favorite” Peter responded

Bruce tried to catch Peter up on Thors brother, he seemed like a real piece of daddy issues and mental problems.

It wasn’t a long drive out to the fair grounds but boy was it immediate excitement from the moment they got out of the car

“Steve and Tony have been fight for the last two hours” Natasha said when she spotted Bruce and Peter walking up

“What about this time?” Bruce asked apathetically

“Who the fuck knows anymore. It all started by Steve asking Tony if he wanted ice cream or a snow cone, that got them bickering about which was better and at the current moment Steve is bitching Tony out because he never communicates when he’s upset.” Natasha shrugged her shoulders, thoroughly done with the whole situation.

The group was planted on two tiny little picnic blankets, tony and steve were standing up and clearly engaged in a heated discussion while Clint was rummaging through a to go bag. Thor was sitting cross legged, eyes closed, and swaying even though there was no music playing at that particular moment.

“Peter!” Thor exclaimed finally realizing the music had stopped “I’m so glad you could join us, have you met my brother? “ thor slapped the back of the unamused looking stick next to him

There is no denying his brother is adopted, he was as skinny as Peter with dark hair, pale skin and piercing blue eyes.
Loki barely glanced up from the book he was reading, Peter noted he was wearing ear plugs.

Bruce rolled his eyes and the two perched next to Clint and Natasha

“What the hell is this shit” Clint said angrily searching in the to go bag that smelled like the inside of a slaughter house

“I don't know Tony bought it”

Clint frowned at the bag before tossing it away and laying down in defeat

“So when is the next band playing?” Peter asked

“They were supposed to start a half hour ago, everyone's on stoner time here though “ Natasha replied

Eventually the band did start playing and it wasn't half bad. He and Natasha even danced for a little bit, she was way better then him, it was embarrassing.

unfortunately the escalating fight between Tony and Steve resulted in them pretending the other didn't exist

“You two quarrel like children “ Loki said his first sentence since Peter got there over an hour ago

“How about you mind you're own business, Twilight!” Tony snapped back

Peter noticed Thor give his brother a 'dont fucking do it' look and Loki went back to his book

The whole day was a lot more bug bite filled that Peter had prepared for but by the time it was over he could at least say it could have been worse

“Something bother you?” Bruce asked once they were on the road again

“hmm? No, why?” Peter knew he sounded suspicious at this point

“You've just havnt talked much, at all. “ Bruce continued

The last thing Peter wanted was to have this discussion in an inclosed space barreling down the highway where he couldn't jump out or walk away, but like Charles said it never will be a good time.

Just as Peter was working out exactly how to word 'I never really liked you all that much just used you because I’m a prick’ he noticed his phone buzz

He had left it in the car because Steve had implemented a strict ‘no gadgets rule’ after Tony had decided to program everyone's devices to play Jefferson starships classic 'Miracles' at random times .

“Shit.” Peter mumbled looking at the screen

“What's wrong?”

“I have 23 missed calls from Charles…”

Peter hit redial and it rang once before Charles answered
“Where the fuck have you been?? Nevermind I need you at my flat in ten minutes” Charles was using his drunk voice

“What this time?” Peter rolled his eyes, offering bruce a whispered ‘sorry’

“We got a call from a hospital in Vermont, they have Wade there”
Chapter 30

Peter felt sick immediately. He was either going to throw up, scream, or cry, possibly all three.

“Is everything ok?” Bruce must have sensed Peters distress

Peter didn't even know how to respond, nothing was ok.

“Can you drop me off at the bus stop up here please?” Peter tried to remain as calm as possible, the last thing he wanted was for Bruce to be worried

“Is everything alright?” Bruce asked again

“I just, I need to get over to Charles’ apartment, there's something i need to take care of.” Peter snapped back, not trying to sound rude but god help him if he didn't get out of that car now he was going to implode

“Just, pull over I’ll walk its fine really just pull over!” Peter’s voice was shaky he could feel the impending mental breakdown coming at full force

Bruce pulled off to the side of the road and grabbed Peter's arm which was frantically trying to unbuckle his seatbelt.

“Do you want me to drive you to Charles’?” Bruce was so damn calm, how did he remain so calm all the time?

“No! I mean...thats nice of you but I dont need you caught up in all this I just need to get over there as soon as possible” Peter’s voice was no cracking like a 13 year old boy

“Alright, then I’ll just drop you off. is that ok? I dont want you out alone this late. I would feel better if you let me drive you over there” Bruce said even more calmly, like he was talking to a fucking mental patient

Peter nodded his head and clicked his seatbelt back on. Aside from Peter giving directions the car ride was silent and what seemed like an eternity they were finally there.

Peter lept out of the car and had almost shut the door

“Text me when you can so I know you’re ok. I dont care if you tell me whats going on, I wont ask any questions. Just let me know you’re ok”

Peter couldnt help but smile at the perfect gentleman that Bruce was, half of him wanted to crawl right back in that car and drive off into the sunset with him.

“Ok” Peter replied shutting the door and waving as he drove off

Peter could hear Charles shouting about something even before he opened the door

“What do we know?” Peter asked when Erik answered the door

Erik pointed towards Charles who was in the Kitchen with a duffle bag slung over one shoulder and a glass of wine in his hand

“One of his friends or something found him passed out in his apartment after not showing up for
work and called 911, they said thats all they could tell me till we get there and fill out some forms to verify my guardianship. " Charles recited the whole thing off like he had it playing on an endless loop

“What hospital is he at? Did they say if he was Ok?” Peter asked, one of many questions on his mind

“I’ll tell you on the way, we’re leaving now and Erik is driving” Charles pronounced, slamming his glass down and heading for the door.

Erik, who still hadn't said a word, followed behind Charles

“I think he made it clear he didnt want to see me anymore, maybe I shouldn't go” Peter commented once they were in the car

“if you dont want to go I understand, but this may be your only chance to get closure” Charles replied, once again sounding far too adult like for the guy who once threw a pear at his boyfriend whilst drinking tequila from said boyfriends child's sippy cup.

Peter took a deep breath and climbed into the backseat

The six hour car ride wasnt easy, Peter broke down crying twice, Erik pulled over four times threatening to throw one of them out of the car, and Charles vomited once. They even had to turn around and drive back twenty minutes to a gas station because Charles thought he left his phone there, it was later discovered under the seat.

When they pulled up to the hospital Peter felt it all again, the pain of Wade leaving him, the hate he felt for himself, everything creeped back up but amplified by a thousand as they began to walk into the hospital. Erik chose to drop them off and go find a hotel

“Are you going to be ok?” Charles asked, noticing a visibly shaking Peter

Peter wanted to respond verbally but the lump in his throat made it nearly impossible so he just nodded

Peter grabbed the nearest seat he could while Charles went to the desk to talk to the Nurse. After a few minutes of violent hand gestures from Charles and pointed fingers from the overly worked nurse behind the counter Charles returned with a stack of papers

The look on Charles’ face wasnt doing anything to help calm Peter’s nerves

“Wade, stubborn dumbass that he is, got into a crash on a motorcycle that he apparentl owns now. He didnt go the the hospital right away even though he had three cracked ribs and a shit load of other problems and now apparently he has an infection from both of his hands being broken and untreated.” Charles said shifting through the papers

It could be worse

“Is he awake?” Peter asked, not that he wanted to see him or anything..

“They said hes in and out, on a lot of different medication blah blah blah. Here start initialing my name on these things will you so I can get the right to go in there and kick his ass” Charles said handing Peter a pen
“I’m pretty sure that’s illegal. Do you think they’ll let me see him?” Peter said handing the paper and pen back.

“I don’t know, they won’t even let me back there till I finish this. If not I’m sure I can persuade the nurse.” Charles said all too seductively “Or Erik, he actually rather good with the ladies.”

Peter let a soft laugh escape, he couldn’t help it at the idea of Erik flirting with anyone.

“I know this whole night hasn’t been easy for you, your nerves are probably shot. If you want you can just go back to the hotel and get some sleep?” Charles said pausing from his work and offering a reassuring hand on Peter’s shoulder.

Peter actually considered it for a moment, then he thought about having another sleepless night tossing and turning when all the answers he wanted were right there.

“I’ll stay.” He finally replied.

Erik arrived back at the waiting room right before Charles finished signing all the forms, he carelessly draped his hand onto his boyfriend’s thigh and started flicking through the papers, Peter wasn’t sure if he was reading them or just trying to stay awake.

Charles returned the papers to the front desk and exchanged a brief chat with the nurse again.

“They said we won’t be able to see him till the morning anyways, we may as well go back to the room” Charles mumbled defeated.

Peter couldn’t help but feel his heart sink even further. Up till now he didn’t think that it was possible for him to be more disappointed.

“You going to make it another night?” Erik asked, sounding completely sarcastic but Peter knew there was a hint of sincerity in his question.

“Oh yea, I’ll be totally fine, no biggie. My ex boyfriend who left me alone with no indication of why or where he was going is just passed out in a hospital bed probably a few feet from me and I can’t get to him even though it’s all I want to do in the world is hold him even though he apparently doesn’t even care about me enough to say goodbye and I’m just now realizing how pathetic I really am” Peter ranted, screaming at himself to shut up and not make a scene but the words just poured out.

“Ok come on, lets take this little mental breakdown back to the hotel” Charles said Calmly helping Peter up.

“you’re not pathetic for still being in love with him, what you guys had was special and I knew that from the moment I saw you two together. I had never seen Wade so open with anyone like that. You deserve to know why he did what he did and you deserve to be happy” Charles continued as they walked to the car.

Ugh, too many feeling, must retaliate with emotionless sarcasm.

“Thanks, mom” Peter replied smirking.

Suddenly he felt a slap on the back of his head that honestly left his ear ringing a bit and Erik was to blame.
“Don’t talk to your mother like that” Erik snarked, deadpan as usual

“I just cannot have a moment with you two can I? “ Charles shook his head

Just as Peter predicted it was indeed a sleepless night, luckily Erik got Peter his own room. He could cry and mutter and throw pillows till his heart was content, and he did. He was sure his heart was going to explode that night, so many questions plagued him again, many of the same ones he had the first few nights after Wade left but also new and scarier ones. Like what would Wade be like tomorrow? Would he throw Peter out? would he even care Peter was there? Would Peter break down the moment he saw Wade’s face or when he heard his voice?

Peter felt like the night wasn’t going to end and this was where he was stuck for eternity, like his own personal hell
Peter got up to answer the light knocking at his door, it was almost seven so obviously it was Erik because Charles is incapable of motion before eight.

“The breakfast here is shit” Erik greeted when Peter cracked open the door

“Thanks for the update” Peter replied confused

Erik grabbed Peter by the shoulder and hoisted him into the hall, Peter briefly saw his life pass before his eyes

“Then obviously we need to find somewhere else to eat dont we?” Erik said walking slightly in front of a still pajama clad Peter

“Most people would have just said that before, you know, ripping someone out of their rooms” Peter sulked

Erik again chose not to reply, when Peter would do that it would be awkward but with Erik it was just terrifying

Peter wanted to hijack the car and drive straight through the hospital and find Wade, he decided against it until he had coffee.

“This is a liquor store” Peter observed as they pulled into a sketchy ass parking lot

“Stay” Erik commanded, like Peter was a rowdy puppy

A few minutes passed and Erik returned with a paper bag in hand

“I thought you wanted Charles to stop drinking?” Peter said after realizing Erik had no intention of breaking the awkward silence

“I couldnt care less if Charles drank or not. But that is beside the point because its not for him its for you” Erik replied

“Say who now? I dont think thats a great idea” Peter responsibility retorted

“The only way youre making it through today without fainting is for you to get as smashed as possible without being too obvious, I’ll cut you off when the time is right but until then its all yours” Erik handed Peter a small bottle of orange juice and a bigger bottle of grey goose

Peter ignored the insulting comment about fainting and timidly accepted the offering

“its not even 11, I havnt even had anything to eat. Arnt you an actual parent?” Peter cracked open
the orange juice

Erik didn't reply other than a short deadly look and Peter took that as his cue to start drinking.

They did stop at a bagel shop for breakfast, Peter opted out of the bacon coated something or other and went with the plain jane of bagels. The last thing he needed was to throw up.

Charles was just waking up when they arrived back at the hotel, he was uncomfortably without hardly any clothing and Peter stared at the curtains till he found a robe.

No one said anything, it was the most painful breakfast Peter ever had to endure. Until, Charles the alcoholic bloodhound started sniffing Peter.

“Have you been drinking?” Charles inquired with a husky voice.

“It was Erik's idea!” Peter cringed at how quickly he threw Erik under the bus, he was a horrible person.

To both of their surprise Charles simply rolled his eyes and went to shower.

Erik was definitely on to something, the car ride to the hospital was actually kind of nice, he saw someone walking a laberdoodle and taco stand called ‘lets taco’bout it’ which caused him to nearly piss himself laughing so hard. That was however about the time Erik snatched his to go cup away from him and tossed it out the window.

The walk into the hospital was a little difficult, Charles kept talking about something that seemed extremely important but for the love of god Peter couldn't understand him.

“Alright, they said hes awake and the blonde nurse said I was more than welcome to go see him...Peter, you ready?” Charles asked abruptly.

“No time like the present” Peters voice was a little shaky, so where his knees actually too..

Erik waited in the lobby as Charles and Peter headed upstairs to try and find Wade's room, it felt like it took forever and Peter grew more and more terrified by the second. They finally arrived in front of room 2238, Peters hands were sweaty and he wished with everything Erik hadn't taken away his cup.

“Ready?” Charles sounded much more concerned than he had a few minutes ago which lead Peter to wonder what he looked like.

Peter nodded, trying to keep his bagel down. Charles swung the door open like it was on fire.

Wade was on the bed, plugged up to at least five different machines and looked like he had literally just been hit by a bus. His face as almost unrecognizable injured, everything had gauze wrapped around it, even four of his fingers. Peter still thought he was the most beautiful man he would ever lay eyes on.

Despite Charles’ grand entrance Wade didn't seem to be awake.

“Wade?” Peter asked softly, coming out from behind Charles and heading for the bed.

Every single ill thought he had ever had about Wade was put on hold the moment he stepped into that room, he could barely stomach seeing him hurt so badly.

“Wade, you awake?” Peter continued when he reached the bed, stretching out a hand onto his
Wade roused slightly but still didn't open his eyes

“Oh god, I've missed you” Peter whispered, burying his head next to Wade’s

“Peter?”
The second Peter heard Wade’s voice he broke, it could have been the fact that he missed it so much, it could have been because Wade's normally lively voice was somehow now dead.

“How did you get here?” Wade asked

Peter opened his mouth to answer but nothing came out

“Still listed as your guardian, or did you forget? They called as soon as you arrived at the hospital “ Charles voice only hinted at the frustrated state he was in yesterday

“God, Im so happy to see you again “ Wade said doing his best to get Peter closer to him

It was probably the happiest Peter had felt in weeks. But also the most confused, if he was so happy to see him why did he leave in the first place?

“Ok will you both stop staring at me like I killed JFK or something.” Wade shifted under the crushing weight of silent judgement

“If you didnt already look like you're in an inhuman amount of pain I might punch you” Peter said suddenly jerking back “Where the fuck did you--No WHY the fuck did you leave?”

Peter began seething once more, he finally got to ask every single one of the questions that kept him awake

Wade attempted to pull the covers over his head, Peter snatched them back.

“Wade, stop acting like a child for five seconds and tell me!” Peter hadn't noticed Charles casually slip out of the room until the door clicked shut

“I never thought Id see you again” Wade stared anxiously at the ceiling

“No shit you made it damn near impossible!” Peter was ready to unleash again

“Let me finish. I never thought Id see you again so I never thought about having to explain to you face to face why I left. Why do you think I just disappeared ? Because if I had to look into your fucking perfect face and tell you what a shitty life you will have if I stay with you I would…..I wouldnt be able to. I wouldn't ever be able to live with myself if I ever saw you hate me. I know you probably do and I know you have every right to but….I never wanted to see it.” Wade blurted his words out as eloquently as usual.

Peter leaned against the wall, even though Wade’s words were complete gibberish he understood exactly what he was saying. He left because he thought it was best for Peter, he actually thought Peter was better off without him and he was willing to sacrifice his own happiness for what he seemed to think would be Peters greater good. What a fucking jackass.

“You are seriously so stupid I cannot even form words to describe the level of stupid you are functioning on. Where did you get this dumbass martyr idea anyway? Dont you think I know whats best for me ? Heres a funny thought but maybe whats best for me is to NOT HAVE THE PERSON I LOVE LEAVE ME WHILE IM SLEEPING AND NEVER RETURN MY NUMEROUS ATTEMPTS TO CONTACT HIM” Peters noticed Wade’s heart rate beating faster on the monitor
Peter ran his fingers through his hair and let himself take a moment to breathe, he felt like he had been holding his breath for an hour. Wade didn't seem to want to say anything else, he just stared up and down and just about everywhere except in Peter’s direction.

“Why are you here?” Wade finally broke silence

Peter was almost offended at first, until he remembered what Wade said earlier. Wade actually believed Peter hated him, it was understandable because for awhile even Peter thought he hated him.

“Because you’re a dumbass who doesn't go the hospital when you are in an accident” Peter's sarcastic default got the better of him, that was the perfect opportunity to make so bold statement like ‘because I’ll always be here’ but no now he was the jackass

“I've missed your sweet words of encouragement” Wade mumbled, clearly starting to drift off again

“I guess I should let you sleep before verbally abusing you again” Peter said slumping into a chair placed across the tiny room

Wade mumbled something Peter couldn't catch, but he was pretty sure it wasn't terribly important.

Peter waited till he was sure Wade was out before making his way back to the lobby

“Where's Erik?” Peter asked to the lonely looking Charles

“He doesn't like hospitals, or Doctors, or anyone in a white coat really.” Charles replied flipping shut his people magazin “How did it go?”

“Well…..I have my answer. He left cause he thought he would ruin my life. So in order to not ruin my life he abandoned me while I was sleeping, makes perfect sense.” Peter said pushing down as much sarcasm as he could

“I was afraid it would be something like that. He really isn't well...and I'm not talking about his current hospitalization. “ Charles stood up and stretched his back

“Let's go get erik and find somewhere to eat and more importantly, drink.”

It was kind of refreshing to see Charles back to his old self.

“Did they say when he would be released?” Peter asked once they got seated

“Not sure, I'll ask when we go back” Charles was busily looking over the drinks menu

Erik didn't look particularly thrilled to be alive today. Actually the only one at the table who looked semi decent was Charles, for once.

“Can we have him transferred to a different hospital so I can go home? “ Erik questioned absently

“The boy can't even get out of bed what makes you think he can be moved to a different hospital? Think, Erik” Charles was slightly more snippy than usual but Erik didn't seem to take issue with it

After lunch Erik suggested going back to the hotel, probably so Charles could sober up before releasing him back into society. Peter was grateful for it though, all he had wanted to do for the last hour was crawl back into bed and finally get some sleep.
Chapter Summary

Ok, this was originally supposed to be a one shot and it got away from me, obviously. But now the time has come to say good bye and as promised here is your happy ending, for everybody.

Love and kisses

Emma <3

It's amazing how much can happen in just a few weeks. It had been almost a month since Peter had walked through that hospital door, nerves so shot he felt like puking. They had finally been able to take Wade back home, he had physical rehab today and Peter knew he was going to have to basically drag him there. But for now he was comfortable to just lay in there bed and watch Wade sleep, after so many nights in the hospital being craned up against a poorly cushioned chair trying to sleep with various beeping and buzzing it was almost hard to sleep in an actual bed now.

Charles made Wade apologize at least forty times for leaving like he did. Peter and Wade talked for hours about what they did in each others absence, Peter even told Wade about Brue. He didn't seem to upset at first but does have a pretty deep seeded resentment toward poor bruce. Bruce of course didn't really care now that he had started having relations with Gwen, much to just about everyone's surprise.

“Hey, its almost noon you need to get up” Peter whispered, rolling up closer to Wade

“I'll wake up at noon, no earlier” Wade grumbled

“Come on, Eriks taking you to your appointment because Charles has a mid terms to supervise and if you arnt ready when he gets here he is liable to throw you out of a window” Peter started pulling Wade out of bed, not an easy task.

“Not to mention I have a class to get to myself “ Peter looked at his phone again to check the time, he had missed so much school Charles had to pull a great deal of strings and donate a new bathroom to the school for Peter to be able to just test out of most of his classes.

Wade had decided to just get his GED, a decision Peter was 100% supportive of due to the amount of work it took to get Wade into a classroom. They both got dressed and Wade made breakfast, well Wade poured them a ‘Sharing size’ bowl of cereal. It wasn't long before they heard Erik honking and they both received a text describing in detail what he would do to them if Wade didn't get his ass down immediately.

“Goodbye my sweet prince” Wade said gallantly kissing Peter with a mouth full of cereal

Peters life wasn't perfect at all, but at least now he could say he had everything he wanted. Except a ride to school.....well shit he should have thought about that.
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