## Dissonance

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### Summary

(IFIC UNDER REVISION: DON’T MIND THE TEMPORARY POV DISCREPANCIAS AS I CHANGE EVERYTHING TO THIRD-PERSON OMNISCIENT)

Wherein Deadpool protects Peter Parker from an organization out to hunt him, with varying success on both ends and quite a lot of feelings.

### Notes
Hi, folks.

This is my first Spideypool fic, but I've been following their comics since forever, and I am VERY excited to finally write this.

In this fic, I'll be pulling information from all canon sources (various comics and story lines, cartoons, etc.).

I hope you all like it!
Close Encounters.

Peter darts across the street, giving a twitchy wave as a car slows to let him pass. He bounces over the gutter on the other end of the street, slowing to a walk as his tattered vans hit the pavement, tucking his skateboard under his arm.

The chilly autumn wind kicks up and scatters crisp brown leaves underfoot, and Peter pulls his woolen beanie further down over his ears, pushing his glasses up on his nose. He really doesn't need them, actually, not since being bitten, but they've always been there, and Peter's not fond of change.

He's tired, to say the least. At nineteen, working as a biomedical intern for Tony Stark was one thing. But, interning, taking pictures of Spider-Man for The Bugle on weekends, balancing his upcoming first year of college in a few months, putting on a hero suit every night to protect the city, and managing to hide being Spider-Man from Tony-fucking-Stark?

It's kind of bullshit, to be honest. Sometimes he's so exhausted after patrolling that he just webs himself a little hammock on some abandoned roof, falling asleep with the starry sky as his blanket. Yet, even so, Peter doesn't want it any other way, not really.

He slips his Stark Intern ID badge out of his pocket and clips it to his waistband, nearly approaching the security gates to the Tower.

Tucking his hands into his jacket pockets, he teeters forward on the balls of his feet as he stands in front of the electronic check-in connected to Jarvis, brandishing his ID. “Good morning, Mister Parker. Tony and Bruce are in the Lab.” Jarvis greets cooly but merrily. Peter thanks the voice, still unsure where to actually direct everything he says to the software.

Jarvis is an incredible piece of technology, programmed to Tony’s liking, even incorporating a wry sense of humor in his answers, which is unsurprising.

"Y'know, you can call me Peter, Jarvis. I'm nineteen."

"Alright, Peter. If I may, it appears you've grown thinner as of late. I don't mean to pry, Peter, but are you well?"

He scrunches his nose, looking down at himself. He's lean, sure, but not...skinny. "Huh. Guess living off instant noodles just aren't cuttin' it."

He'd like to think that Jarvis would chuckle at that if he could. "You're a growing boy; you should be eating at least 2,400 calories per day, even more since you're fairly active. And your metabolism is astronomically fast, from my initial scans of all Mister Stark's interns." Jarvis presses, and he wonders if Jarvis has any idea that he's actually Spider-Man. "I'll try harder, Jarvis. Thanks."

Moving past the check-in, he stands and waits for the elevator, agents and top-secret business men and women alike darting across the lobby to get on with more important things, the bustle and noise never seeming to end as it all gets hurled at his heightened senses.

The first elevator is full, packed with men and women in dark suits and high-clearance ID badges, speaking a jumble of things that surely must be important.

I could literally scale this entire tower right now in thirty seconds flat, he thinks, blowing out a breath as he waits for the next elevator, his back toward the wall of windows in Stark's lobby.
In a split second, his body goes rigid, a shiver going through his spine and pounding into the base of his skull. He feels eyes on him, tension suddenly thick in the air. He tightens his grip on his skateboard, narrowing his eyes and listening intently.

_Something’s wrong._

“Pretty boy! Heads up!” Someone shouts. Before he can even whip his head around, the windows shatter with a single gunshot, shards falling to the floor and ricocheting into the lobby. Immediately, there’s a wild flash of red, and he’s tackled to the ground, the breath rushing out of him as he collides with the hard linoleum floor. His head knocks back into it.

As soon as he's down, a full round of deafening shots go off, civilians and SHIELD members alike shouting and ducking for cover.

The shots ring closer to him, ringing in his ears, and the figure above him ducks his head in the crook of Peter's shoulder, using his forearms to cover his head. His body straddles Peter tightly in the same way _Spider-Man_ does to protect civilians. It's unnerving. He grits his teeth, squirming under him for leverage. He resists the urge to use his strength and push the larger man off. But he doesn't, because, if he didn't know better, these assassins were trying to shoot at him.

The shots are coming out less frequently now, more precise and closer to the two of them. He looks down at Peter, and Peter's decidedly shocked. Dumbfounded. His mouth opens and shuts, brows furrowing. "Deadpool." He says lamely.

As Spider-Man, they've spent a considerable amount of time with Deadpool, the most recent being only three weeks ago. Even worse, they've actually grown close after several years, a strange sort of inscrutable bond.

Spider-Man and Deadpool are friends, or something close, at least. So this is bad. This is really bad. The two men have a sort of... _compatibility _that is entirely unfounded, and thoroughly surprising to Peter. Deadpool has an astonishing modicum of respect for Spider-Man. They have a shared knowledge of obscure references, and their banter comes unnervingly easy to Peter. After a while, Peter even started tolerating him.

When Peter tag-teams with The Avengers and Deadpool is needed too, they always regard Deadpool as if he is an explosive ready to combust. That’s just not true, though. Sure, Deadpool’s beliefs don’t always align with the Avenger’s, but they both have the same goals and intentions. Wade is inappropriate, definitely, and crude and spontaneous, and sometimes _gross._ But he is, admittedly, a good friend, if not a bit unreliable.

Christ. This was bad. Bad bad bad.

What if he recognizes his voice? His attitude? His body?

“What the _hell_ -” A large hand is clamped over his mouth, an expressive mask looking down at him. “Shut your beautiful mouth, kid! Wait - _are _you a kid? How old are you? You’re too pretty to be a minor. You’re kind of scrawny, but, like, not child scrawny, y’know?

"And," Deadpool says, squirming for a moment above him. Peter makes a disgruntled sound and wants to punch Wade in his dumb face. “And,” he continues, “you have an ID badge on your pants. So, hopefully, you’re not a kid, or else - _OUCH!_”

Peter had bit down hard on Deadpool's fingers. He pulls them away with a hiss. “Did you - did you just _bite _me?” Deadpool asks, cocking his head.
He stares up at him adamantly. Deadpool doesn't scare Peter anymore; he's too familiar with him.

“I gotta say, I didn’t peg you as the type. But, hey, I’m all for biting. What’s your safeword, and do you believe in aftercare?” Deadpool hums, and he clenches his jaw in indignation.

“I bit you because you were covering my mouth,” he says, breathless, his head stinging.

“How come you’re not terrified of doing something like that to me? I could kill you. Easily.” Deadpool says, but it comes out hesitant.

“I think shielding me with your body negates that threat,” he argues, nonplussed, and Deadpool watches him thoughtfully for a moment before shrugging.

“True that.” He agrees, but Peter knows there’s more to what he’s thinking.

At least ten seconds pass of mostly uninterrupted gunfire, Deadpool humming what he swears is Hollaback Girl under his breath, until there is a buzzing, blissful silence. “They ran out of ammo. Either they’re done for now, or they’re reloading.” The mercenary says quietly.

Deadpool jumps into action immediately, standing up and pulling Peter with him, turning them toward the elevators and pushing him along. He stands directly behind Peter to deflect the gunfire as they run to the doors of the elevator. Peter has to resist properly defending himself; a civilian wouldn't do that, and right now, that's what he is to Wade.

Shots blare out again, hitting hard linoleum and ricocheting off the ground, making Peter jolt, the movements making his vision double momentarily and his head pound. This is very not good.

“Use those gorgeous legs and run!” Deadpool pushes, getting a running start before he grabs onto Peter's waist and quite literally shoves them into the open elevator doors.

Peter lands gracefully, but pretends to stumble to keep up the act. He presses himself against the elevator wall just as the doors slide shut.

Through breathless pants, they hear bullets pinging against the closed metal doors. Deadpool presses the button for the 92nd floor, containing the Avenger’s conference rooms and Tony’s penthouse. Peter had only been there twice; once, when Tony explained the potential risks of his intern position, and a second time, many years prior as Spider-Man. Deadpool rocks back on his heels, humming again as he stares straight ahead.

Floor 12.

Peter blinks at him, mouth parted as he stares in shock. His head is pounding and several parts of his body sting unpleasantly where glass must be embedded in his skin. But Deadpool is far worse. The arms and back of his suit are torn slightly, blood seeping through the red material, although the scarred skin beneath it is merely that - scarred.

“Are - are you okay? Your suit is kind of banged up, and there’s blood, but no wounds.” He asks. Deadpool starts, turning to Peter and cocking his head.

“Me? Aren't you sweet. I'm fine, Baby Boy, I heal.”

“Like, a healing factor?” He lies. He knows what a healing factor is, of course, and Deadpool's is the best out of all of them. Peter's healing factor is very decidedly shit, which sucks.
“You could say that, I guess?” Wade hums, looks off to the left as if listening to someone before turning back to him.

“Uh, thanks. For, you know, shielding me, and, uh...” His head is pounding in time with his heartbeat, and it’s hard to vocalize any thoughts. He lets his head loll against the back wall.

“Yeah, don’t mention it, kid. If I’m right, we’ll be seeing a lot of each other.” Deadpool shrugs, picking at a loose seam on his suit. “From what I saw in the lobby - hey, wait, you good?” Deadpool asks, and suddenly he’s very close.

Floor 27.

“I - hey!” he jumps as Deadpool places hands on his waist.

“Ah, shut it. I’m not gonna hurt you any.” Deadpool says, and it’s probably the most serious thing he’s said thus far.

He grits my teeth and forces himself to relax. This is Deadpool. He wouldn't do anything too bad. To him, at least. Although, just because *Peter* knows Deadpool from being Spider-Man, Deadpool is still unaware that he knows *him*. He not-so-successfully chooses to ignore that nagging thought.

“I’m going to feel for broken bones.” The mercenary says sternly, and, far more gentle than anticipated, Deadpool runs his gloved fingers over his ribs, pressing along each arm and rotating his wrists for sprains or fractures, sliding his index finger down his spine for bulges or stiffness, making quick work of prodding at his hips, knees, and ankles. Deadpool winces in sympathy as he pokes at several small shards of glass wedged in his pant leg, and a cluster on his chest, little pools of blood dotting them.

The elevator dings open at the 42nd floor, and two women with earpieces and suits on stare at the scene in front of them, a man in spandex on his knees in front of him, his head tossed back against the wall. They quickly press the elevator door closed, saying they’ll take the next one.

“Why did they...” he falters. "Oh. I - uh, I think they thought you were -”

“Probably.” Wade agrees.

“But I work here," he says pitifully.

He springs back up, several inches taller and staring down at him with what Peter thinks is a grin.

“Well, now your reputation will precede you. Wait - seriously, how old are you?” Deadpool says as an afterthought, slowly reaching his hands up to press against Peter's skull, starting from his forehead and working back, feeling for blood or bumps. He turns his face with one finger, examining his left temple, making a sound of distaste. “Ouch. That’s a nasty one,” he mumbles, peering closer.

He holds Peter's chin with one hand and moves a finger side to side in front of his face, watching as his eyes follow the finger. Peter lets him; Deadpool's always been surprisingly good at doctor-ing.

Deadpool snaps his fingers in front of his face, moving their position slightly with each snap. A wave of dizziness washes over him, and he stumbles. Deadpool immediately has his hands out, catching Peter's arms and pressing his back against the wall. “Didn’t know you’d swoon for me,” Deadpool says, and Peter can practically hear his smile. Peter wants to say something devastatingly snarky, but he's too dizzy for that.
“I think you have a concussion. I’m not a doctor, or anything like that, ’cause, you know, mercenary, but I’m pretty sure your head got a little jumbled. There’s an angry looking bruise on your temple. And you’ve got some glass in you. Nothin’ permanent, though.” Deadpool shrugs. “How old are you?” he repeats.

“Twenty-one,” he lies.

“Yeah, okay. Sure. D’you wanna try that again?” Deadpool hums. “How old are you really?”

He hesitates. “Nineteen.”

“Oh-em-gee.” Deadpool says in a high-pitched voice, bringing his hands to his face in a shocked gesture. “Barely legal.”

Peter wonders if he should pretend to be scared and disgusted, or hit Deadpool in the chest like Spider-Man would. “Uh -”

“So, that begs the question, who is trying to un-alive you, Baby Boy? Who did you piss off at nineteen years old?”

Floor 84.

Peter frowns, narrowing his eyes at the mercenary. Good point, he thinks. Could somebody know he's Spider-Man? What if some organization wants to use his DNA or take him hostage and force him to join some type of league? Is Weapon X still active in America? What if someone wants to kill him to impersonate Spider-Man.

Or, what if they truly think he's only Peter Parker, a photographer for The Daily Bugle who captures Spidey's glory, and want to interrogate him on where Spider-Man could be?

“I - I don't...” his vision is blurring around the edges, blood rushing through his ears as his knees buckle. He can hear everything with hyper-sensitivity, his powers always out of control when he's weak or sick.

“Alright, then. I've got you.” Deadpool soothes, dipping down to lift him effortlessly, one gloved hand under his knees and the other against his back.

“Hey. Deadpool! I’m fine,” he argues, though his head is spinning where it’s resting on Deadpool’s shoulder. He's been through worse. Way worse. He could walk to the end of a hall.

“Right. No, of course you’re fine. Is that why you’re looking three inches to my left at my eye-level, where you’re seeing doubles?” Deadpool asks, like he’s pleased with himself for being right.

Peter decides to keep his damn mouth shut around Deadpool right now.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head, Baby Boy. Let’s get you to Dr. Smashy.” Deadpool says excitedly, hefting him up a bit.

Doctor What? "D’you mean Dr. Banner?” He asks shrilly.

“Obviously. And let’s find out what the ever-loving fuck is going on today.”
The doors slide open, and Deadpool strides out, carrying Peter like he doesn't weigh a thing, which is a real testament to just how strong Deadpool is. He’s still humming *Hollaback Girl* and Peter's tempted to just make a run for it.
Wade's POV is incredibly hard to write, because I'm essentially writing three POV's in one (Yellow, White, and Wade), so tell me how you liked it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

[Yellow's text box]

[White's text box]

“How d’you know I was planning on seeing Tony and Bruce t’day?” He slurs, and Wade glances down at him. His temple isn’t bleeding anymore, but he looks drunk. Which Wade assume isn’t normal.

“Well, Boy Wonder, I saw your ID card. You’re too young to be an agent, so intern it is. And, I was called in for some super special mega-secret mission to protect some kid. When you got shot at, I figured you’re the kid I’m supposed to be protecting,” he shrugs. “Could be wrong, though. I’m wrong a lot.”

The kid doesn’t respond.

“Kid?”

“’M not a kid. We established that already.” The kid - sorry, the man, mumbles.

[Look how cute, trying to be all grown-up.]

[Talk about jailbait central.]

Don’t joke about that, he thinks to the boxes.

[Touchy, touchy.]

"Whatever you say, kid," Wade smiles.

[What if we drop him?]

[The big guy wouldn't drop him! He's too pretty to fall. Look at him.]

Yellow’s right. Kid’s a looker. He got dark, scruffy hair. And pretty brown eyes, like a doe. Wade thinks dark eyes are underrated, especially on him. He has a lithe frame, but there’s definitely some lean muscle under there.

[He’s fit. But not, like, body-builder fit.]

[Maybe he's a runner? Oh! Gymnast? Acrobat?]

[Sweet and sour Jesus. A gymnast.]
And, look at those lips. 

Those lips could do all sorts of things. Like -

“Ah, shut up.” He grunts, glancing down at the kid, who doesn't seem to pay any mind to his internal monologue.

He should eat more. He doesn’t weigh a thing.

We could make him some of our banana pancakes. Those would fill him up.

I know something else that would fill him up real good.

Wade adamantly ignores them.

His head is lolling against Wade's shoulder, again. He hefts him up a bit roughly to rouse him. “You, uh, you should stay awake. What's your name?” He asks.

He seems to hesitate for a moment, his eyebrows knitting, a frown taking place on his lips. It’s like he’s contemplating telling Wade his name to protect some identity.

Wow. I mean, wow. You’re in for a surprise.

Maybe he has a worse concussion than we thought... Has he forgotten his name?

‘M Peter Parker.” The boy - Peter, mumbles after some time.

Peter.

Oh! His name is an alliteration like ours! He must be important.

“Peter,” he says, sounding it out as he walks to Tony’s conference room.

So, is this the Tobey Maguire version of Peter? Andrew Garfield? Or the Dylan O’brien version?


We’re still Ryan Reynolds, though, right?

Dude, we're always Ryan Reynolds. Plus the gross scars, but, you know.

Well, yeah.

“Well, alright then, Peter Parker,” Wade says, "you ready?"

“I’m so confused,” he mumbles.

“Adorable,” Wade says off-handedly, before kicking the door open with his foot.

Tony, Steve, and Banner stop their frantic damage control to turn wide-eyed at them.

Surprise! I've brought a package, with a great package.

Deadpool,” Peter says, “shut up.”

“Peter,” Tony says shrilly, coming forward in quick strides, Bruce and Steve close behind. “What the holy hell happened? 'Pool?”
“Cool it, Tin Man, Petey is fine. Or, he’s fine-ish. A little fine. He’s - well, he’s mostly fine. Just a concussion,” Wade resigns.

The three men are immediately crowded around them, Bruce reaching out to do gods know what, and Tony, the short little tyke, seething at Wade, with Steve towering over all of them, reaching a palm out to take the kid’s temperature, or something old people do.

Peter makes a sound of discomfort, crossing his arms over his chest and turning his face away. It's a call for help if Wade's ever seen one, and he clutches Peter closer to his chest, stepping back with emphasis. "Give him a minute. You're freaking him out. He's like a new puppy or something."

“I am not like a puppy,” Peter says.

“We are not freaking him out,” Tony says at the same time.

But Peter still looks frazzled and the Avengers still looked stressed, so Wade still thinks he's right.

“Fine. You're freaking him out a little. Calm down. Dr. Smashy, you first. The boy needs a medic,” he dramatizes and walks over to the conference area - a circular couch with a fire pit in the middle of it, setting Peter down on the sofa.

“Someone better start explaining why my lobby became a firing range. Right now!”

Peter winces guiltily at the outburst, looking up at Wade.  

{ What’s he want? }

[I - um. I don’t know.]

Wade huffs, sitting next to him. Peter makes a contented sound, his shoulders relaxing minutely.

Woah, Wade thinks, and the boxes have similar reactions. He doesn't mind being so close?

“You good, Baby Boy?” Wade asks, and Peter nods, sitting cross-legged as Bruce crouches in front of him, tipping his chin up to stare at each other levelly. “I'm good,” he assures.

“Not really,” Bruce murmurs, narrowing his eyes as he shines a thin light in both of Peter’s eyes, "You definitely have a concussion.”

“It’s not like I said that or anything,” Wade murmurs petulantly, leaning back on the couch.

“Tell me what happened,” Steve says walking forward with Tony.

“Well,” he says, spreading his hands. “Picture this. A beautiful, crisp autumn day. There I am, in your lobby, because you called me in. And then, I spot this pretty boy with glasses and a decidedly cute ass -”

“Deadpool,” Tony gripes, and Wade holds his hands out in a placating gesture. “Calm down, Rusty, I’m setting the scene.”

Tony seethes. Peter looks meek, but a knowing smile ghosts his lips.

“Anyway. I’m taking in my surroundings, and then I see the kid. And then, I see the red laser dot on the kid’s back,” Wade says it slowly, like he's explaining it to kids.

{ They’re basically kids. }
“So I tackled the shit out of him, but his head hit the floor before I could slide a hand under there. So, concussion.”

Tony blows out a breath, sitting on the table in front of them and pinching the bridge of his nose.

“I shielded him with my body - by the way,” he cuts himself off, “do you feed this kid? It was way too easy to cover him.”

“Deadpool, continue,” Steve snaps, louder than usual, and he’s about to mock him, but Peter jumps.

"Hey," Wade grits, "Cool it, grandpa. You’re the only Avenger I really like, but damn. I know you’re all pissing yourselves trying to contain the situation, but tone it down a few notches. There's something wrong when I'm the calmest person in the room."

Nobody argues. Bruce clears his throat before prodding around Peter’s head, glancing up at the two Avengers. “Deadpool is, uh, right. Keep it down. He’s disoriented and hurt,” he says, moving to sit on the couch beside Peter.

“Is this all true, Peter?” Bruce asks, and Peter nods. “They kept shooting around me and Deadpool for a while, until they were reloading, and Deadpool grabbed me and ran into the elevator,” he mumbles, “and then he made sure I didn’t break anything.”

Everyone turns to Wade in surprise. Wade gawks, spluttering, “I was in the army, y’know? I had basic medical training. Or, enough to know that nothing’s broken or sprained.”

Bruce takes his word for it. "Tony, explain the mission, I guess."

Tony stares for a moment before sighing. “Right. So, for the past two weeks, Jarvis has noticed an unsettling about of suspicious behavior from an unknown source. This said unknown source has been surveilling you, Peter. We’ve uncovered videos of your commute to the Tower, of you approaching your apartment, even your Aunt’s home.”

Peter takes a sharp breath, immediately tense. “Why? I - what does anyone want with me?” he asks, instantly more alert. Something bright is in his eyes, sparking.

“It’s possible this is due to the fact of your intern position here. You’re at the forefront of every new scientific and genetic observation we make. That is considered highly valuable information to the right parties,” Bruce says quietly, lifting Peter’s arms to look at the spattering of blood on his waist from the glass shards.

“Hold up. What parties are we talking about? Illegal genetic testing parties?” Wade asks, instantly coiled, hands in tight fists at his sides.

“Perhaps. Which is why we called you here, Deadpool. We knew someone was watching Peter, but we didn’t know it would advance to this. You say you’ve wanted to change? Do you want to slowly leave the mercenary business? Do you want to prove yourself? Protect Peter. Give us any intel you discover about this party while we try to find them.” Steve says, crossing his arms in all his muscular patriotic glory.

{We’re not getting paid for this, are we? }

[I don’t think so.]
This is the exact opposite of his job description, but Wade does want to change, at least to an extent. Patrolling with Spider-Man has begrudgingly changed his outlook on things. Spider-Man is so good. Always good. And he trusts Deadpool when nobody else does. Wade wants to give him a reason to keep trusting him.

“Sure thing. I’ll be Baby Boy’s bodyguard.”

“I’m being serious,” Steve says.

“Oh, so am I,” he assures, "scout’s honor,” making the salute with his right hand.

“Were you really a boy scout?” Peter asks, voice laced with doubt.

“I can be anything you want me to be, Petey.” Wade says seriously, and he blushes this obscene shade of pink, glaring warningly at Wade.

“For fuck’s sake,” Tony says, huffing and moving behind his bar, pouring vodka into a shot glass. “Do you understand what we need you to do, Deadpool?”

“Yes, mom.”

“You will be with him in public, you will be aware of his whereabouts, you will take every precaution to keep both of you safe, you will report back to us every night on any changes…” Steve lists them off, staring at him intently. Wade dares to yawn and pretend to start snoring. Peter fights back a laugh.

“And,” Tony says, pausing to phrase his next words, his stern voice cutting through Wade's improv acting, “recreation wise, you will not do anything to make him uncomfortable,” he raises an eyebrow, waving his glass between Peter and Wade. Steve casts an angry look at Tony.

What the fuck did that alcoholic avenger just say?

Wade freezes, sitting up on the edge of the couch. “Really? D’you really think I’d do something like that? Just because I’m the occasional contract killer doesn’t mean I have no sense of morality. I wouldn’t hurt him,” he snaps.

Nobody says anything. Bruce leaves the scene to avoid the stress, returning with a cold compress and pressing it to Peter’s temple.

The lull in conversation continues. Either the super family feels guilty, or they’re mentally figuring out how to make sure he doesn’t harass Peter. In which case, ouch.

Peter then clears his throat. “I trust you,” he whispers hoarsely into silence. “Considering I’m the one you’ve all been talking about for the last twenty minutes, and that I’m the one who’ll be spending time with Deadpool, I think I’m really the only one who needs to trust him,” he says, looking across at Wade.

Someone trusts him? Someone he's just met.

“You don’t know him, Peter,” Tony looks like he’s one step away from calling Jarvis to find someone else to take Wade place.

Peter noticeably bites his cheeks to keep from saying something. "I know him enough," he elaborates, “He shielded me with his own body during open fire in your lobby. So far, I’m not dead, and pretty entertained.”
“You have a concussion and it’s been less than an hour,” Bruce says flatly.

“I could’ve been shot, so,” Peter says weakly, looking like he’d like to say more.

Judging by the faces of the hero trio, Peter doesn’t normally act like this.

“Right. Well,” Wade claps his hands together. "Should I know anything about him?” he asks, pointing to a still-dazed Peter on the couch.

“He’s smart,” Tony says.

“No, like, important stuff,” Wade amends.

“He’s observant, sarcastic, and quick on his feet. The concussion is making him sluggish and uncoordinated right now, but you’ll have to work to keep up with him usually. Don’t let him sleep longer than four hour stretches tonight. He probably needs to get the glass wounds on his chest cleaned, but it isn’t an immediate issue,” Bruce fills in.

Wade hums, stores the information away somewhere safe. “Anything else?”

“You know where to find us if something arises,” Bruce says, “go home, guys.”

Wade stands finally, stretching before staring down at Peter. “So, am I just gonna carry him home? I mean, don’t get me wrong, he doesn't weigh a thing, and he’s surprisingly cuddly, but people might shit bricks if they saw us walking across town."

*We should get a taxi back to his place,* he thinks.

Tony sighs, “Don’t be a smartass.”

“Impossible, that’s my default mode,” he says matter-of-factly. Tony ignores him. “Jarvis, have a car take Deadpool and Peter back to his apartment. Make sure they aren’t followed."

“A cab! You read my dirty mind, Tin Man!” Wade smiles, patting himself down to make sure all his pouches are still on his belt. “Alright, well, this has been fun, I guess. Not really." 

Peter, bless his slow-healing self, makes a move to stand up, getting to his feet before stumbling. “Not too fast,” Wade warns, catching him around the waist and throwing him over a shoulder. He makes a noise of indignation, but Wade wraps an arm around the back of his legs and starts walking to the door.

*He's a hot mess.*

[Oh! The title!]

“This has been amazeballs, really. We should catch up again sometime soon,” he calls out, and Jarvis opens the door, Peter’s arms swaying against the backs of Wade's thighs.

“Toodles!” he sing-songs.

“I - what just happened?” he hears Tony whisper.

“C’mon, Peter, let’s get you all comfy at home.”

[We’re gonna see Petey’s place! ]
“My apartment is small and cold. There’s always clothes on the floor. And no food in the fridge,” Peter murmurs, and Wade can just hear the frown on his face.

“Shut up,” Wade says, not angrily, sliding into the elevator and pressing the DOWN button with his hip.

“Fine,” Peter slurs.

“You really trust me?”

{Nobody trusts you, Wade.}

“Yeah. You’re like… a chaotic neutral,” Peter hums. Wade can feel him idly playing with the katanas sheathes.

Wade almost smiles, but not quite. He's just... surprised. “Aw, shucks. I’m blushing.”

Peter snorts out a laugh.

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked that!!
don't forget to leave comments and kudos.
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The ride back to Peter's apartment is a daze. The driver passed his apartment complex at least three times, but she insisted on taking a different route each time to assure that they weren’t being followed. Deadpool ducked down and sat by him in the backseat. Since then, he hasn’t stopped talking. The car reeks of cigarettes, leather, and cheap cologne, and Peter cradles his head against nausea and onslaught of sensory stuff. He’s slumped against Deadpool’s shoulder and too pained to care, knees curled to his chest. Deadpool has an arm around the back of the seat. For his part, he’s behaving and is even bordering on protective.

“D’you like Mexican food, Petey? Mexican is amazing. Chimichangas are my favorite. The word itself is the best part - chimichanga.” Deadpool says, sounding it out slowly as if savoring the word itself. Peter makes a sound of acknowledgment, tentatively touching his head, pressing at the temples and hissing in pain.

 Damn good-for-nothing healing factor.

Tony’s driver hits a speed bump and Peter lurches forward less than five inches before Deadpool whips a hand across his chest, pinning him back against the seat and reaching over to buckle him in before continuing.

“But, really, though, chimichangas are fucking gorgeous. They are the ultimate food, Peter. It’s just deep-fried, meaty goodness, all wrapped in a tight little package. And I really do love when things are tight, you know. I don’t even like the actual food itself too much, but the name is orgasmic. I know the spandex suit is a bitch, but I can get turned on just thinking about it,” he groans, and Peter looks at him questioningly, risking a quick glance at his lap.

“Just kidding!” he laughs, “mostly.”

“Didn’t know you were into meat,” Peter says off-handedly, and Deadpool gasps.

“Sassy, but not overt about it. I like it - the whole dirty humor thing. You’re like a friend of mine, called Spidey,” he nods to himself before continuing. Peter stays silent.

“Anyway, I’m into all sorts of people, Baby Boy. I don’t give two fucks about what’s between their legs. I mean, I’d be between their legs, on a good day, but whatever,” he shrugs.

It takes a moment for Peter’s foggy mind to realize what Wade said, but his cheeks flush then.
“Got it,” his voice cracks.

Deadpool finishes his discussion of various Mexican foods before turning to Peter again. “Y’know, I’m gonna have to patch you up a little once we get to your place,” Deadpool says, as soon as the cab screeches to a halt in front of his apartment building.

“I’ll be real gentle, though, so you don’t have to worry,” he assures, and Peter unbuckles his seatbelt.

“I won’t break, you know,” Peter counters. He thanks the driver before sliding out, the discreet black car driving off.

“Yeah, Peter, but...” he starts but stops short, seeming to change his mind. “Just letting you know,” he amends. Peter almost feels bad.

A wave of dizziness washes over him, vision darkening again, and Deadpool has a hand around his waist immediately. “Don’t get me wrong - pretty boys swooning over me is amazing, but I think you should take it easy. I forget that not everyone has amazing healing factors like me,” he says, and they slowly walk to the lobby, Deadpool taking most of Peter's weight in stride.

Agonizingly slow, they finally make it to Peter's door. He leans against Deadpool to fumble in his pockets for the keys, unlocking the door with blurred vision. He stumbles inside into the living room, immediately dropping his backpack onto the ground by his shoes and gesturing for Deadpool to follow.

The couch is worn out a bit, the coffee table has mug stains on it, and there's a litter of projects and Stark’s research assignments on the small desk. His bed in the other room isn't made. Polaroid photographs cover the wall his bed is pushed against, an array of sunsets and bridges, and steaming coffee and somber candid photos, rain drops and dust on rails, freckled cheeks and veiny arms, and, of course, Spider-Man, posing comedically to anger Jameson when he turns the photos in for extra money. The heater makes a pitiful sound in the winter and the windows shudder against the cold.

But, it's home. It's his.

Peter takes pride in the little place despite all its faults, because it's the only place he can truly call home. Peter knew he had to move out of Aunt May’s as soon as he turned 18; being Spider-Man is too dangerous. If he somehow ended up getting her hurt because he was under her roof, he would never forgive himself. It was out of the question.

“It's, uh, it's not much. It's always cold and the floor is creaky, but it's home,” he shrugs, feeling suddenly self-conscious that Deadpool is in his home. Spider-Man and Deadpool have hung out on rooftops all the time, but never in his own home.

Surely being a mercenary makes good money, and Peter has no fucking clue what he's thinking with that mask on; he probably thinks it's kind of pathetic.

Deadpool, however, takes a breath, looking around relaxedly and nodding. “Nah, ‘s nice. It fits you. It’s better than my place, that's for damn sure,” he shrugs, casually setting his katanas on the coffee table in front of the couch.

After a moment, Deadpool sits Peter on the couch before immediately scouring every corner of the place. He peers out every window from various angles, inspects every shelf and corner and alcove. He's looking for vantage points out the windows, and cameras in the apartment, knowing him. Peter watches him blearily from his spot on the couch as he removes a gun from the holster around his waist, and sets it on the coffee table. He takes one off the strap on his right thigh and places it in a
kitchen drawer.

“These are gonna stay here, Baby Boy, okay? And I’ll put one in your bedroom. Besides, who doesn’t love gun foreplay?” he says, pulling out a cloth from one of the pouches round his waist, removing a smaller gun from a strap on his ankle, stroking the barrel languidly, tipping his head up with a sigh. Peter looks from his masked face to his large hands wrapped around the gun’s barrel before instinctively resting his arms in his lap, mouth parted. "Um. I don’t?"

“Question - is getting you all flustered considered taking advantage of you while you’re in a weakened state?” he asks, and Peter thinks he expects an answer.

“I - I’m not... What? I’m not flustered," Peter argues.

_Convincing. Peter, really. Excellent performance. Spider-Man wouldn’t have been so bad at this._

“That’s cute, Petey, real cute.”

He finally puts the weapon under the couch.

“I - uh. Are - are you,” Peter coughs, scrubbing a hand over his neck, mentally forming his sentence.

Peter isn’t sure how, probably through experience, but he's absolutely sure Wade is grinning under his mask.

“Are you gonna kill someone?” he asks.

“If they try to kill you, yes,” he says it tersely.

Peter wants to argue. He has a no-kill rule; it's not necessary. Everyone deserves a second chance, an alternative punishment. But he also knows that Deadpool kills _bad people_ for a living, and there could be worse things. There’s really no use arguing.

“Anyway, where’s your first aid kit?” Deadpool asks, poking around in the kitchen.

“Bathroom medicine cabinet,” he mumbles, pointing to the bathroom door right off the bedroom. Deadpool skips off and Peter stares after him, his mind reeling with the events that took place this morning. He curls on his side on the couch, burrowing into the cushions. Sleep is creeping up quickly on him, his head throbbing in pain as his eyes fall shut.

“Aw, no, Petey, sorry. You’ve gotta stay awake for a few more minutes,” Deadpool says quietly, jolting him out of sleep. He sits on the coffee table directly in front of Peter, first aid kit in his lap. “You’ve gotta strip your shirt. Sorry,” he says, like _he’s guilty._

“‘S fine,” Peter shrugs, pulling the shirt off over his head, setting it down in a crumpled heap on the couch.

“Look at you.” Deadpool breathes, giving him a once over. Peter fidgets but doesn't exactly cover up. He's used to Deadpool fawning over Spider-Man in his costume. It's aggravating but Peter's set limits over the years and Deadpool does a decent job at not crossing them.

He looks down at himself. He's lanky, like a gymnast, with lean and defined musculature. There’s light scarring on his chest and belly, the occasional freckle, a fine trail of smooth dark hair dipping into his waistband. He's nothing special, aside from being, well, _The Amazing Spider-Man._ Which is pretty damn special, but, still.
And if Deadpool notices the scars, or cares, he doesn't say anything. Not that he would care about scars, seeing as how bad the rumors about him are.

"Seriously, you an athlete, or somethin'?" he asks, and heat rises to his cheeks, partly because he needs to bullshit an answer, fast.

"Acrobatics. I - I do acrobatics," he blurs, and it's not really a lie, exactly.

"I bet you do, Petey," he hums.

"Shut up," he argues unenthusiastically.

"Alright, alright," he resigns, and then he reaches out to grab him under each knee, pulling so that Peter is sitting at the very edge of the couch, much closer to Deadpool. They're face to face.

He opens the first aid kit on his lap, rummaging about and humming under his breath. He pulls out anti-bacterial cream, medical tape, and gauze, shutting the kit and quite literally tossing it onto the floor behind him. "Some of those look pretty nasty. I'll patch you up quick. Humans and their shitty healing factors," he mumbles, huffing out a laugh.

This is the first time Peter actually looks at himself. Deadpool is right. Covering his right hip is a network of lashes from the glass shards, blood smeared around them. Some cuts are deeper than others, more blood pooling by them in particular. With something other than the pain of his head to focus on, Peter realizes how much the cuts sting, his hip throbbing. God, he was never good at dealing with his own blood; Deadpool was usually the one to stitch him up and shove a rag in his mouth.

Deadpool unwraps a thick wad of gauze and pours alcohol onto it before looking back at him. "This - well, this is gonna hurt like a mother fucker, probably. You only have rubbing alcohol." He explains, and Peter swallows hard, nodding. Deadpool scoots forward further, bracketing Peter's legs with his own as if knowing that he would move. Peter grips the couch cushions to brace himself.

"Want a countdown? Safeword? I personally use 'go on', if that influences your decision in any way," Deadpool asks.

Peter gives him a hard stare. "Deadpool, just -"

Without hesitation, he presses the alcohol gauze onto his waist, splaying his hand over his stomach to cover the wound. Peter grits his teeth to muffle his groan, jolting back instinctively and pinning Wade's wrist to the table sharply before releasing.

Deadpool hisses, immediately reeling back, hands held up in a placating gesture. "Fuck me sideways, you're stronger than you look! Anybody ever fucking told you that?" he asks.

He squeezes his eyes shut against the stinging and the pounding of his head, curling his legs to his chest. This was ridiculous. If Deadpool wasn't here, he could just wash himself off and wait for them to heal on their own.

Deadpool backpedals. "Hey, it's alright. Uh, I'll tell you before I do everything, if you want, alright? Is that okay?" he asks warily.

Peter grits his teeth and bears it, nodding. "What's your name?"

He sits on the edge of the table, resting his elbows on his knees as he watches Peter. "Wade Wilson.

Some people even scream it, in varying degrees of pleasure.”

“Wade,” He repeats. He's never known his name until now. Peter wonders if he looks like a Wade. As Spider-Man, he's only ever seen his mouth when he’d pulled his mask up enough to eat tacos. The skin there was scarred - varying in intensity on any given day. Once it looked like new, raised nebulous scars, full of pain. Another time, they resembled scars of bad teenage acne, and that was all.

Physically, his body is in good shape. Tall, strong jaw beneath the scars, athletically muscular, but not like he pumps himself full of steroids. Peter can't help but wonder what he looked like before.

“Wade Wilson,” he sounds it out again.

“Well, that didn’t sound very pleasure-filled,” he says, crossing his arms.

“Well, that’s because I don't have a pain kink, Wade. Alcohol in open wounds isn’t particularly pleasant,” he murmurs, and Wade sits up straight, making a sound of surprise.

“Cheeky little shit, aren’t you? Is this how you usually are when you’re not hurting?” he asks with growing interest, “or are you always all quiet and nerdy?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” he huffs, clutching his side protectively, and then, “How come you were so willing to tell me your real name?”

Wade hums in thought before answering, “‘Cause I don’t have anyone I need to protect. Nobody can get to me if they know my name. I have nothing to lose,” he shrugs.

He says it so plainly, so normally, so resigned in his isolation.

“That - that’s horrible.”

“Yes, I do,” he thinks.

There's a lull in the conversation, and Wade waits patiently, swaying side to side melodically as if listening to a song, the gauze drenched with alcohol still in his gloved hands. He seems almost relaxed, his hands lax between his legs.

After a moment, he lowers his legs back down to the ground, sniffing, his shoulders slumping in tiredness and body pliant. "You can keep going."

Wade is instantly back in action, nodding. "I'll let you know before I do everything this time, ‘kay?” he says, pulling Peter to the edge of the couch once more, taking his place to bracket his legs with his.

"I'm going to put the alcohol on your cuts again, okay? And I'm going to do that to wipe off all the blood so I can see if you need a few stitches."

Peter nods again, shoving his hands between my legs to avoid reaching out to stop Wade.

“You ready?” he asks, and Peter nods, holding his breath.

Without hesitation, Deadpool presses the gauze onto his waist, one hand gripping Peter's knee to keep him still, the other tight on the gauze. “Pressing it here’ll loosen the dried blood,” he explains. Peter lets out a flow of curses, curling his toes.

He presses the gauze tighter against his skin and Pete squeezes his eyes shut and knocking his head
back.

“I sure wish you were doing that under different circumstances.”

“Shut up, Wade,” Peter grits out, white-knuckle grip on his thighs.

“I'm gonna start wiping now, okay? Just - ah, I don't fuckin’ know, Petey, just try not to hit me again. Remember, the safe word is ‘cock slut.’”

Peter gives him a warning look.

“Alrighty, understood. Moving on,” Wade says, and then he drags the gauze down, swiping up roughly to catch blood. Peter's body tenses, abdomen coiling under his hands, taking in a sharp breath as he sits up rigidly. Wade tosses the bloodied gauze aside and quickly soaks a new strip, sweeping it over the cuts again. Gross gross gross.

“I'm starting to feel like an ass,” Deadpool comments, “but, I’d love to feel your ass.”

“I hate you,” Peter informs him. Deadpool doesn't seem phased by this.

Something thick spreads over his stomach, making him scrunch up his nose in discomfort. "Money shot,” Wade comments. Peter clenches his hands to keep from breaking Wade's.

“Can you stop being so goddamn inappropriate and just please finish -”

“Finish this, you mean?” Wade cuts him off, crumpling up the second bloody gauze and setting it besides the first on the table, pulling out a clean one and ripping off two strips of medical tape. “I’m done.”

“I was seriously concerned you would pass out, and contrary to popular belief, I only like hearing people whine and writhe during very particular situations,” Deadpool hums, pressing the clean gauze onto Peter's wound, taping the sides and carefully flattening the tape over his hip. “Distracting you with inappropriate things and getting you all flustered seemed like a good solution.”

Peter furrows his brows, looking down at the clean, neat job done on his hip.

“I - thank you? Thank you,” he says, leaning back on the couch with renewed tiredness, his head pounding.

“My pleasure, Petey. Well, not really, but still,” He says, patting Peter's thigh before standing up and wandering around before finding the nearest garbage can, tossing all the wrappers and gauze into it before opening the fridge and rummaging around for something Peter is too tired to concern himself with. He slumps down against the cushions, his hands cradling the bandage around his waist.

Deadpool appears in front of him again, brandishing a cold water bottle. “Drink this,” he says, and Peter shakes his head. “I don’t want any,” he says, and Deadpool takes his hand and has Peter grasp the bottle.

“I usually say this in an entirely different context, but you should swallow.”

His eyes snap up to him, his cheeks turning a shade of crimson, ears tinged red.

There comes a point where Peter is too exhausted and can’t give Wade a witty retort in return. His head is swimming.

Peter was never able to be as confident out of the Spidey suit. Come on, Peter, say something
snarky. Bite back.

“That - that’s not...” his jaw clenches and he recoils, slamming the bottle roughly on the table right between Wade’s legs, making him jump. "Never mind. Too tired," he resigns.

“‘M going to bed,” he mumbles, but as soon as he takes five steps, his head immediately rushes, vision tunneling. He stumbles before tipping forward, darkness enveloping his vision.

Strong arms catch him from behind, one arm across his chest and the other gripping his waist. Blood is rushing through Peter's ears, but he hears Wade calling his name.

Wade stands him back up straight, loosening his hold, but his knees buckle on their own accord.

“Fuck, Petey, you shouldn’t have gotten up so fast," he curses something vile, grabbing Peter again and this time scooping him up into his arms. Peter lets it happen, his nausea hitting him like a truck. If Wade weren't here, he'd probably just sleep on the floor.

“It’s time for you to go to bed,” Wade says, carrying Peter into his room and setting him on the bed. He falls onto the pillow, sighing in relief. Wade kneels down beside him, reaching out before pulling his hand back to him again.

“My head hurts,” Peter groans, and he nods.

“Yeah, I bet. Listen, Dr. Smashy says that you can only get four hours of sleep at a time. So I’ve gotta wake you up every now and then to make sure you haven’t gone comatose, or whatever.” He only shrugs, and Wade nods.

I should be more concerned about that, he thinks.

No, that sounds like a tomorrow-Peter problem.

Eyes shut, he can feel Wade shifting beside him, hesitating on something.

“Peter, d’you want to wear some pajamas or something?” he asks, and the gentleness in his voice surprising.

“My jeans aren’t comfortable,” Peter says flatly, rolling over onto his side and curling up. He knows he’s not at my best right now, and he should focus, but the blankets are so soft, and his head is hurting so much, and -

“Peter, I need a hard yes, or no.”

Ah, consent, the evasive bastard.

He thinks back to Stark Tower when Tony was terrified that Wade would be too touchy with him. It's ridiculous, Peter thinks. Wade's gross sometimes, sure, but he wouldn't do things like that.

“Can you take them off? Please?” he asks, and when Wade stays where he is, he continues. “I trust you, okay? It's not like you roofied me.”

“I shouldn’t have been so inappropriate before,” Wade grunts, standing up and carefully, slowly, unbuttoning Peter's pants, unzipping them and making quick work of sliding the denim off his legs and tossing them in a corner.

"Oh, please," Peter scoffs, slurring just a little bit, a smile on his lips, "that was all you had?"
“You just let a mercenary strip you,” Wade ignores him.

“You’re not a mercenary right now, though,” Peter combats.

“And, besides, it’s not like you’re getting a look at anything really important,” Peter pats at his underwear for emphasis.

Wade grants himself a laugh. "You know, I pictured you for more of a tighty-whity boy. But the black boxer briefs are pretty damn great,” he says, lifting Peter's legs and pulling the blankets over him.

Warmth envelops Peter immediately, and he sighs into the covers. Sleep is taking over already, falling into a blissful nothingness. Peter can just barely still make out a red and black figure leaving his room when he rouses himself enough to speak.


Wade pauses in the doorway.

"If you want," Wade says clearly.

"I want."

And Peter falls asleep surrounded by a mix of calm and confusion.

But, that's a tomorrow-Peter problem.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that! DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE ME COMMENTS!!!!
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Expect an update soon :))
Who Ya Gonna Call?

Chapter Summary

Set basically right after the last chapter, Wade has a series of phone calls while Peter sleeps, and some... interesting events occur.

Chapter Notes

CHRIST ON A BICYCLE, THANK YOU FOR ALL THE KUDOS AND COMMENTS!!! I hope you like this update!! This chapter is a little shorter, but I feel like it was necessary for some domestic behavior development.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Uh, sir, Taco Bell doesn’t deliver.” A shaky, reedy voice tells Wade over the phone, like some sad, socially awkward twenty-year-old.

Wade gives a long-suffering sigh, slumping onto the window sill in Peter’s living room, facing an array of dilapidated buildings. It’s overcast, and fog covers the windows. He uses his finger to draw a dick with the condensation.

“Yes, Jack-Off, I know Taco Bell doesn’t deliver. But, I’m saying that I’ll personally give the lovely little fuck who gets their ass over here anyway one hundred dollars in cash as a tip.”

A pause.

He draws another dick next to the first one.

(Your artistic skills are fundamentally lacking.)

[At least our own dick is better than that.]

“I heard it might rain, though,” the pre-pubescent voice says over the phone after a moment.

Wade blinks, cocking his head. He rolls his mask up around the bridge of his nose in aggravation.

“Wh - are you - seriously? Is that what you’re doing? Are you bartering with me?” he blanches, surprised.

“It’s supposed to thunderstorm, too,” the voice adds.

Wade groans through his teeth, standing in indignation. “Fine! Fine. One hundred and fifty, but that’s my final offer!” he hisses.

“Road conditions will be dangerous. I could die,” the voice draws out.

Wade seethes, stroking the gun on his thigh desperately, taking a breath. “Two hundred dollars, but I
can’t assure you I won’t shove it up your -”

“Oh, yeah! It wasn’t gonna rain until midnight!” the voice on the phone says hurriedly, and Wade can practically see his proud, shit-eating grin, slapping his scrawny, khaki-covered knee.

“I hate you. Be here in an hour. 410 Chelsea Street, buzz for the highest apartment number, and ask for… hm,” Wade smiles curiously, and then, after a moment’s thought, “ask for Daddy when you buzz the bell. Bye, bye! Oh! And, throw in exactly one hundred hot sauce packets.”

“You won’t count that shit,” he says, incredulous.

“We’ll see about that. Toodles,” Wade hangs up, tucking his phone back into one of his pouches.

“What an aggravating fucker, he was. I loved him,” Wade says thoughtfully, stretching upward before sauntering over to check on Peter. For a while, he had stayed at the foot of his bed, playing on the DS he found on his desk for half an hour, until Wade was sure he’d knocked out. It didn’t take him long to fall asleep. He had curled onto his side, cocooned himself in blankets, and then the only sound in the small room had been soft, paced breaths. It almost felt intrusive, to be just sitting there while someone else slept.

Now Wade pokes his head into the open door, glancing in at a sleeping Peter without much thought, shutting the door softly behind him.

Wait.

“Wait. What?”

He pauses, walking back to his room slowly, opening the door again with one finger.

“What in the ass?” he questions desperately, voice going up an octave as he cocks a brow. Wade stands baffled in the doorway, staring at how ridiculous Peter is sleeping.

His torso is entirely off the bed, hanging over the side on his belly so that his back is curved. His arms are tucked up somewhere underneath him. His cheek is pressed into the carpeted floor, his legs on the bed, his ass propped up over the edge like the only thing stopping him from toppling down altogether.

“Sweet and sour Jesus,” Wade nods appreciatively. A curious part of his subconscious doesn’t want to move him, just watch in fascination and, admittedly, attraction. “Shit, you could bounce a quarter off that ass,” Wade nods, and then adds, as if Peter can hear him, “in a totally non-sexualized way.”

He steps closer, putting his hands out in an attempt to fix this… situation. “Totally not trying to cop a feel right now, Petey, I promise.”

“Okay!” he whisper-yells, clapping his hands together softly. “Let’s, uh, let’s just fix you up….” he crouches down, wrap an arm around Peter’s chest, pulling his torso off the floor so he’s horizontal again, half on the bed and half held up by Wade, off the bed.

“You sleep like a rock, huh?” Wade observes, maneuvering his grip so one arm is under Peter’s chest, the other sliding his legs where they’re supposed to be.

He finally manages to drop him on his stomach onto the bed, his head on the pillow where it belongs, but he winces.

“Oops,” Wade gripes. Remembering the glass cuts, he rolls him easily onto his back, reaching over
him to grab the blankets he’d shoved aside.

About to cover him back up and leave, he jumps when Peter grabs onto his wrist tightly. He’s still very much asleep, but his grip is insane. “Oh, hey, Baby Boy, it’s just me - what the shit, Parker!” Wade screeches.

With one hand on Wade’s wrist, the other on his bicep, he pulls, bracing his right foot on the indent of Wade’s hip. He pushes up and toward him, and in a single second, Wade is flipped onto the bed beside him, his leg over Wade’s stomach and his arm over his chest. His head is tucked somewhere near the mercenary’s shoulder before he can even register what happened.

He blinks, eyes wide as Wade take a breath, turning to stare at his still sleeping face, his expression relaxed and content. What the fuck.

That was wild. Well, Wade thinks, it was wild for a variety of reasons. Wade is tall; six feet and two inches, to be exact. He has an athletic build. He can’t just be tossed around like that, especially by a sleeping human. And especially by Peter. He’s shorter, about 5’10”, and can’t be more than 130 pounds, 145 on a good day. His body is lean and strong and lithé like a dancer, everything slip and tapering and elegant. Wade is none of that; he’s the bulk, the athlete, to Peter’s gymnast.

How poetic, he thinks as an afterthought.

“Are you on steroids or something?” he gapes at him. “You pinned me to the bed for a cuddle buddy?” To this, Peter shows no sign of waking up aside from burrowing closer under Wade’s arm.

Wade opens his mouth and shuts it, huffing, “This is super confusing and adorable, and don’t get me wrong, I love this bonding experience, but it’ll be a lot more gratifying if we could pick this up again when you’re awake,” he mumbles.

“So, I’m gonna need my arm back, and also the rest of my body. If you could just…” he trails off, attempting to slide Peter’s leg off of himself.

This is decidedly worse. In response to this, Peter shifts his waist so that his hips are pressed up against Wade’s, his arms wrapped around Wade’s shoulders.

Usually, this would be the time that Wade would hurl any living person off of him at a painful velocity. But Wade finds that he has to use much less patience to tolerate Peter than other humans. “You’re so… you’re just a big clingy mess, aren’t you?” he states not unfondly, staring down at him.

Something reminds him that he needs to be keeping a lookout.

“Okay, seriously, Baby Boy, I gotta get up…”

His phone rings.

“Peter,” Wade urges.

“Mm,” Peter rumbles, sniffing, but remaining asleep.

The ringing doesn’t stop.

Wade resolves to very carefully slipping his hand under Peter’s leg to reach the pouches at his belt, grabbing his phone and dragging his arm back up. It’s an unknown number.

“New York Sperm Bank; you jack it, we pack it. How may I help you on this orgasmically beautiful
day?” Wade greets cheerily.

“Wade Wilson, I swear to god, if you are jacking anything -” The voice on the phone threatens.

Shit. Wade widens his eyes.

“Tony! Hello! How’s my least favorite Avenger?” he asks brightly.

“What are you doing right now?” Tony asks, almost hesitantly.

“I’m in bed with Peter,” he says, petting the younger boy’s hair and grinning when he croons, nudging against Wade. He finds it akin to when a dog shakes their back leg during tummy scratches.

“You’re what?” Wade pulls the phone away from his ear when at least three people shout through the phone.

“Relax! You never let me finish!” he shouts, “Shit! Take a Xanax, you can find them anywhere,” he huffs, and is considering lying and terrifying them just because of how presumptuous they are. But that would probably get him killed by Tony.

“I cleaned the kid’s cuts, wrapped ‘em up, and put him to bed. He’s been sleeping this whole time. I came to check on him like Bruce suggested, and he grabbed my arm and flipped me onto the bed in his sleep. I can’t get up without waking him. He’s freakishly strong for a lab geek.”

Bruce takes the phone, “That’s, um, fine; he trains. But he’s alright, though?”

“He’s more than alright, Doc,” Wade says, looking down at him.

“Health wise.”

“That’s absolutely what I meant,” which is a lie.

“He’s fine, though, I swear,” which is not a lie.

“Just making sure, is all,” Tony amends, apparently stealing the phone back, though he can hear the tension in his voice.

“Look, Tony, you’re too short to be this passive-aggressive. It can’t be healthy,” Wade can almost see the carotid bulge on his forehead.

“I checked all the windows in his place. There are several buildings surrounding Peter’s that a sniper could use, so that’s no good, but there were no cameras in his place, so I’m assuming you had your people do a sweep before we got here. I put weapons in every room just in case,” he promises, and then when there’s not an answer yet, “Everything’s fine, Posh Spice.”

Wade hears Bruce chuckle in the background at that, and he feels some added satisfaction. “Am I on speaker? I charge extra for each additional person, handsome,”

“Shut the fuck up, Wilson,” Tony sighs, and he hears a rustle on their end of the line.

“Wade?” Someone asks.

“Captain! You’re my favorite, y’know? You’re kind of my childhood hero…” he hums, smiling under his mask.

“Thank you, son,” Steve chuckles. “And,” he says more sternly, “if it’s any consolation, I trust you,
Wade Wilson.”

Woah.

“Yeah?” He asks.

“Yes. We all do. Tony’s just… Tony. Keep us updated on any changes, and we’ll do the same. Bye, Wade.”

“Uh, bye, sir,” Wade mumbles.

Silence envelopes the room again, and Wade looks down at the sleeping boy wrapped around him.

“You’re somethin’ special, Petey. Y’know why? It’s because the boxes are a little more quiet around you. And my scars hurt a little less around you. And you’re strong as fuck, which is weird. And you’re not scared of me, even though you’re a science nerd who’s constantly around Tony. And, even better, you’re a sarcastic little asshole,” he says, his chin resting atop Peter’s head, sighing.

“So, who wants to kill you, huh?” he asks to a sleeping Peter, wrapping an arm around him, “and when are our tacos getting here?”

{The lights fade out…}

“And, will you ever release your super-strength grip on me?”

{NOW, the lights fade out…}

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it! Don't forget to leave comments and kudos! :) I LOVE reading what y'all liked!

follow me on ig: petr.prkr
I've made a music playlist for Dissonance on 8tracks!!

It's a load of songs that remind me of Peter, Wade, or Spideypool relating to this story and their characters!!

You can listen to it here!

Tell me what you think in the comments below!

I'll leave this update up so you folks can have a link permanently :)

The playlist starts with some songs I imagine Wade sings aloud to bother people, then it goes into angsty-hot songs, then sadder and more of Wade and Peter's inner monologue, ending it with some trippy instrumental stuff that I imagine would be their hero/anti-hero themes.
The problem with Peter being injured or sick, or temporarily not in the right mindset, is that his powers get somewhat… untrustworthy. Unreliable.

So when he’s shocked out of sleep by the sound of a soft snore, he jumps up out of bed with every intention of clinging to the ceiling, but the heavy arm slung around his chest prevents him from doing that.

He opens his eyes cautiously, immediately focusing on his surroundings. He’s in his own room, which is at least a little comforting. But he’s stripped down to his underwear, which is significantly less comforting.

“Peter, I need a hard yes, or no.”

“Can you take ‘em off? Please?”

Ah, right.

Peter asked him to take his jeans off.

Adjusting to his surroundings, he feels warm and calm. His spidey senses aren’t going off, and he’s… content? He’s enveloped in warmth and soft breaths blow over the top of his head.

He sighs, pressing himself closer to Wade, nuzzling under his arm. His hand tightens instinctively against Peter’s side, and...

Wait.

He’s spooning. With Wade. And Peter’s the one all over him. That never happens with Spider-Man and Deadpool.

Like, really, seriously, full-on spooning. His stomach is pressed against Wade side, leg wrapped over his waist, and arms over his chest. He has an arm wrapped around Peter’s shoulder.

He’d never known he was a sleep-cuddler; partly because he’s never slept with anyone who he didn’t want to go to bed cuddling. Peter gasps in shock, cheeks flushed, instinctively rolling off the side of the bed before he can think it through.

Wade has an arm around his stomach before he can even fall off the bed, pulling him back against him carefully.

“You sure are jumpy,” Wade comments off-handedly, and Peter groans, sitting up against the headboard with his knees curled to his chest, his hands covering his burning face.
“I - did I… was I sleeping like - like that?” he stammers, and Wade raises a masked brow, his arms crossed behind his head as he watches Peter curiously.

“Yeah. You kind of just… literally flipped me onto the bed and clung to me like a little baby koala. It was cute, Petey,” he says airily, before adding, “you drool in your sleep.”

“Sorry,” Peter murmurs, swiping a hand across his cheek.

“Nah; I’ve had worse on my suit,” he says, and Peter narrows his eyes.

“I meant blood,” he clarifies, “not other bodily fluids.”

He looks up thoughtfully. “No, you know what, I think I have been covered in -”

The hairs on the back of his neck prickle and a sharp tingle goes through his spine right before he hears the chime of his doorbell, sparing Peter from hearing whatever Wade was about to say.

Peter bolts up and out of bed before Wade has time to do anything.

“Petey - hey. Peter, do not answer that door!” Wade calls after him, but Peter is already stumbling out of bed and closer to the door, ignoring how his head pounds with every step. He gets lightheaded leaving his room and braces himself against the door frame for a moment before pushing off and striding forward again.

Wade is close behind him. “Peter, you can’t answer any doors. I’m supposed to be protecting you - Parker! ” he shouts, wrapping an arm around Peter’s waist hastily but carefully, avoiding the gauze, and pulling him away from the door.

He pulls Peter back so quickly that the momentum makes his legs swing out from under him, kicking the air and curling away, immediately angry at being grabbed.

“I can answer my own door, Wade!”

“Not when someone wants to kill you, you can't. Peter, I'm not kidding - someone could have a gun to the peephole! I've seen it happen before! I know things. I've seen things. Let me answer the fucking doors. I don't care who it is,” he says sternly.

The bell rings again.

Peter stares at him, then the doorknob. Wade makes a warning sound.

Peter feels bad for Wade. He's seen more and been through more than anyone should. He cares for Peter; he's worried.

But, still.

Careful to keep using human strength, he grits his teeth and roughly digs his backside into Wade’s stomach. He lets Peter go momentarily in shock.

“I can take care of the damn door!” Peter says adamantly, scrambling to the doorknob.

“Peter, don’t make me...”

He grabs Peter by the waistband of his boxer briefs, yanks him back close enough to pull his arms behind his back and kick out the backs of his knees. Peter drops to his knees, back arching away from Wade. "Would'ya let me handle the door?” Wade asks, exasperated.
For his part, Peter's been doing a decent job at concealing his powers, but he doesn't like feeling helpless, and he doesn't like needing to be taken care of. Other people putting themselves at risk for him is not okay, even if it's his job, and even if it's Deadpool.

"Stop tryna’ get yourself killed, and let me answer the door,” he says, akin to that of an adult placating with a child doing something precarious. Peter is unhappy with this, especially. It's more annoying than he thought, exceedingly so, to pretend like he's a somewhat-helpless human around someone who he knows as Spider-Man.

The door knocks.

While attempting to look as beginner-level as possible, Peter twists his wrists to hold onto Wade, too, before throwing his own body forward onto the ground, bringing his knees to his chest. Wade is thrown over him and lands on the floor, thoroughly confused.

Peter scrambles up. He unlocks and pulls the door open swiftly, his eyes wary. Wade steps in front of him immediately, pushing Peter completely behind him with a venomous glare in his direction.

They’re both breathless.

A short girl looks up at them in a Taco Bell uniform. Her blond hair is tucked up into her cap, and she’s armed with four large Taco Bell bags, plus bulging pockets. She can’t be taller than 5’4”.

“Oh,” Wade hums, and Peter peers over his shoulder before ducking under his arm and standing in front.

She looks Peter up and down approvingly and Peter makes a sound of indignation.

“Um. Hello?” he says.

“Are you Daddy?” she asks, glancing down at a receipt as tall as she is.

“What?”

“Oh, no, that’s me. I’m Daddy,” Wade says, waving.

“What?” Peter blanches, staring between Wade and the girl.

“Can't give the folks my real name, Petey,” Wade whispers loudly to him, as if Daddy is a perfectly acceptable substitute for Wade, “But, I mean, if you wanted to call me that, I wouldn't be opposed -”

“What’s going on?” he asks, taking a step back into his home. Wade has a hand on the small of his back in support.

“It’s okay, Petey. I ordered tacos, and some little twit got two-hundred dollar out of me for delivery,” Wade says, a bit bitterly, staring at the short girl in front of him.

She grins. “Yeah, that was my brother. Anyway, dude, pay up,” she says, holding out a hand.

Wade pulls Peter back by the waistband of his underwear, gentle this time, and steps in front of Peter again.

“No way, Youngest Jonas Brother,” he says, shaking his head.

“I’ll give you the two-hundred, and you’ll run away with my fucking tacos,” he accuses.
“Did you just refer to me as ‘Youngest Jonas Brother?’” The girl glares at Wade.

“Not the point! Here, it’ll be an equal trade. I hold out the cash, and you give Pretty Boy here the tacos, and that hot sauce in your pocket,” he says, pushing Peter into the doorway once again, a hand on his shoulder in case he needs to pull back. Peter sighs, ignoring the dull thud of his head, holding out his hands to the girl.

“Dunno how pretty ‘Pretty Boy’ is with those scars and bandages,” she says offhandedly to Wade, gesturing to Peter’s stomach. This doesn’t particularly hurt Peter’s feelings much; in fact, he couldn’t care less.

But, Wade. Well. “Hey! Nothin’ wrong with scars!” Peter hears a shuffle behind him, his mask peeling back slightly.

The girl’s eyes widen slightly.

Peter doesn’t turn around to face Wade.

“Can I, uh, have the tacos?” Peter asks instead, and plasters a smile on his face. She shoves them into Peter’s stomach and he sucks in a breath as they press into his cuts. Wade wordlessly reaches over and takes them into his own arms. He makes an irritated noise when he sees a dot of blood on the gauze.

She then immediately stuffs her hands into her pockets to take out heaps of hot sauce packets, balancing them all precariously in the crook of Peter’s left elbow.

Then, instead of shuffling away, she sticks her hand out, past Peter, at Wade.

“Pay up,” she says.

Deadpool grunts, reaching into one of his pouches. “Y’know, Smaller, Less Annoying Justin Bieber, I thought you were gonna run when I pulled up my mask. I gotta give it to you,” he says, like he’s almost approving.

“Your arson-victim mug isn’t gonna stop me from getting my two-hundred bucks,” she says.

“I’ll make him give you less money if you keep being a prick,” Peter bristles, and Wade peers at him over his shoulder, his mask covering his face again.

“You’d do that?” he asks.

“People wouldn’t?” Who wouldn’t stand up to someone being rude? Peter thinks.

“No. People wouldn’t,” Wade murmurs, almost as an afterthought.

“Yeah…” The girl hums, “so, I feel like I’ve interrupted a very gay moment so I’ll just take my cash and go.”

Wade slaps the money into her outstretched hand. “Have a good day, Sporty Spice,” Wade says. “Tell your brother he’s an asshole.”

With that, the girl leaves, her middle finger pointed up at as she strides down the hallway.

“That was… something,” Peter says, stepping back into his apartment and closing the door.

Wade says nothing.
“Wade?”

He sets the bags down on the small table by the door and turns to Peter. He’s quiet.

Peter regards him warily, on guard. His spidey senses aren’t going off, but Spider-Man has spent enough time with Deadpool to know that silence is worse than screaming.

He steps close, towering at least four inches taller than Peter. Before his eyes can even catch it, Wade grabs his biceps tightly, pulling him close, torsos inches apart.

Peter clenches his jaw, eyes trained on Wade’s mask. Subconsciously, he taps at his palms as if his web-shooters were there, a soothing gesture.

“Wade, look, I -”

But Wade goes off. “There are twenty-seven possible vantage points that a sniper could hide in that are adjacent to your back window. They can kill you there, the window is right in front of the television, which is right in front of the couch, where you sit. Somebody could have bugged your apartment, and they could have known I ordered food, and they could have been at the door instead of that girl. Looking in the peephole can cost you an eye, or your skull. And, last I checked, that’s how normal folks die!” Wade says, grabbing the base of Peter’s head, as if checking its strength.

Peter stares at him, eyes wide.

“When you open a door without knowing who it is, you’re at risk. And when you open the door when you think you already know who it is, you're even more at risk, because now your guard is down,” he says slowly, and Peter knows this all already, but somehow it’s different now, from Wade.

He puts his hands back on Peter’s arms. “In the moment it takes you to adjust after opening a door, someone could slam their elbow here,” Wade presses a finger between his shoulder blades, “or here,” he moves his finger to either side of the small of his back. “Those are your kidneys. You’ll drop in pain if you get kicked there.”

I know.

I know, he thinks, but Wade has a completely different way of explaining it, raw and open. He explains it as if it’s a duty, yet with a sort of urgency, of desperation and sternness. He’s speaking like he’s said it a thousand times before, like he’s trying to keep his own emotion out of it, but it creeps into each syllable anyway.

“Or, they could go straight for the head, and knock you out by hitting you here,” his fingers ghost over Peter’s already bruised temple. “They could reach out and press their fingers into your ribs, grab, and pull. And there goes your rib cage,” he says, and his fingers swipes a straight line under Peter’s sternum, prodding at the edges of his ribs. “And then you wouldn't even be able to fight back, because your ribs are fractured.”

Peter doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t know where to start.

“They could hit you right here,” he says, his hands around Peter’s waist and his thumbs pressing into the skin of his pelvis. Peter’s abdomen clenches under the force of his touch and he resists defending himself.

“Y’see? That already hurt. Imagine if someone was actually trying to incapacitate you.”

Peter stares up at him still, body pliant but aware, lax and trusting in his grip.
When did that happen?

“Or, if someone is particularly mad at your pretty face, they could knee you here.”

What’s worse than fractured ribs and a bruised pelvis? Peter thinks, but then Wade raises a knee with lightning speed and tucks it right between Peter’s legs, stopping right before he knees him hard in the groin. It’s snug enough to make him flinch, but not hard enough to hurt. He clenches his fists and remembers not to fight back. Peter takes a small, hard step back, swallowing.

“Trust me. If this is a mutant genetic testing corporation, they will do anything and everything to elicit the most pain out of you. Pain and stamina have a direct correlation to results. You are not a human to them,” he whispers the last part, putting his finger to Peter’s chest, poking hard enough to make him rock back slightly.

No. He’s not pressing a finger to Peter’s chest - he’s putting his finger over his heart.

“Do you understand me?” he asks, and he pulls his mask up to his nose for emphasis.

Peter sees his scars. But he also sees the curve of his lips, the grimace he portrays, the pain he holds beyond the scars.

“You are nothing but flesh and genetic variation to them. You are your pain tolerance, and you are your stamina, you are the most sensitive part of your body, and you are how long you can last in stress positions, and you are how loud you can scream until you faint. That is what you are to them. I don’t know why they want you. Maybe they don’t even know yet. But, oh,” Wade laughs a humorless, bitter sound, “they’ll sure as hell figure it out and take their sweet time doing it,” he breathes, and his finger stills its tapping and rests flatly over Peter’s heart.

Peter can almost hear it beating, trying to break out of the caverns of his ribs.

“They will try to break you. They will try to break you, and you will end up like…” his voice trails off in a bittersweet crescendo, and Peter knows exactly what he means. Like him.

“And so, you have to fucking listen to me,” he clears his throat.

He’s never serious, Peter thinks, he’s never serious, he’s never serious, but he cares, he cares hecareshecares -

“I - I’ll listen to you. I… Wade, I’m sorry,” Peter’s voice cracks.

This - the proximity, the breath they’re sharing - it’s far more intimate than it has any need to be.

Wade, although masked, gets distant for a moment, his focus going elsewhere, like he’s listening to someone, and then he turns back to Peter calm and composed once more, already back to his normal, joking self.

“Thanks, Baby Boy. I don’t know why they want you, but they have to have a reason. If they thought you were normal, they wouldn’t be targeting you like this,” he muses, eyeing Peter up and down before focusing on the tacos.

“Let’s go eat, Petey. Soggy tacos are no good. That’s life advice for you.”

“Huh?”
yO okay i’m proud as shit of this chapter. DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS :)))))))

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DON'T BE SHY TO TALK TO ME!!!!!
Tacos and Talks.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait! School is a bitch.

Anyway, I think you'll like this chapter. It's pretty gay. And kinda sad. But, that's life.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{Don’t ask. I’m the smart part of your brain. Listen to me.}

[Ask. Do it.]

“Wanna play Spin the Bottle?” Wade asks excitedly, stacking literally dozens of wrapped tacos onto the table in front of Peter, topping it all off with a mountain of hot sauce packets.

“We can braid each other’s hair - or, I can braid yours, at least. We can talk about our crushes. Or, have a sexy pillow fight. Or not sexy. Up to you.” The mercenary shrugs, leaning back on the couch beside Peter and taking three wrapped tacos into his own lap.

Peter tentatively takes one, fidgeting with the wrapper between his fingers. His nose is scrunched up in confusion.

[Awe.]

“You can always start slow if you’re unsure. There’s no rush.” Wade says, placing a hand on Peter’s thigh. “We don’t have to do this today.”

“Very funny.” Peter huffs, still picking at the wrapper.

[He’s probably nauseous. Concussions do that.]

“I usually start with some foreplay,” he offers.

“Suck a fuck, Wade.”

“How d’ya do that, Petey? Wanna show me?”

Peter glares at the other, leaning back on the couch and curling his knees to his chest. He looks very small, and very much like a child.

He is a child.

[No. He’s nineteen.]

Looking over at Peter again, Wade sees that he’s unwrapped his taco, and has finished about half of it in a single bite.

“When was the last time you ate, kid? You’re, like, two pounds,” Wade asks, prodding him in the ribs.
“Shut up,” Peter says defensively, eating the rest of the taco and sprawling out on the couch, shoving Wade roughly with his feet. The mercenary grins, Peter propping his feet on the other’s lap so he can stretch out.

“Seriously, though. Are you eating daily?” He asks.

“Most of the time.” Peter shrugs.

“Most of the time?” He splutters in return, and Peter bristles.

“Kid, you’re nineteen. And you’re strong as all fuck, which is really weird but also kind of hot - so, anyway, you really need to eat more than you do.”

“I guess I just forget.” He shrugs.

“Well, now you have twenty tacos to remind you,” Wade mutters.

[Now or never.]

[You have to eat, so you have to pull it up.]

Wade takes a breath before pulling his mask up to his nose, unwrapping a taco and finishing it in three bites.

He glances at Peter, and Peter’s watching him too, but what he asks Wade isn’t what he expected.

“Are you getting paid for this? For - protecting me?”

Wade furrows his brows. He was expecting him to get uncomfortable, or ask to eat in another room, or something.

But, apparently not.

“Uh. I don’t know, Petey. I don’t think so. I’m supposed to be doing things out of the goodness of my heart, or some shit like that, y’know?”

Peter seems satisfied with this answer, and he unwraps another taco, picking at the bread.

“Let’s play a game,” Wade says excitedly. “We can still braid each other’s hair or have a pillow fight, but food is more important right now, so we’ll do something sitting down.”

“Kay.” Peter shrugs, finishing his second taco.

“What’s your favorite color?” Wade asks.

“Gray.”

“Ew. Why?”

“Because gray is neutral. It’s like, almost as if gray can still turn into any color it wants.” Peter says, a bit softly. “I admire the anonymity.”

That’s the cutest fucking thing I’ve ever fucking heard.

[Unbelievable.]

“Favorite band?”
“Muse, probably.”

Wade grins, nodding along. “Nice”

He thinks of more questions, grabbing his fourth taco. “Morning person, or night owl?”

Peter hesitates. “Night owl.”

“How long have you been into acrobatics?” Wade asks, a smirk on his lips. Peter flushes, clearing his throat. “Since I was around… fifteen. Gotta start young, ya know?” He shrugs.

Wade hums in acknowledgment.

“Sexual orientation?”

Peter stops chewing.

Holy shit.

“W-Why d’you ask?” he questions, and swallows thickly.

“It’s 2016, Peter Parker. It’s not a weird question. We’re gettin’ to know each other, right?”

Peter watches the other warily for a moment.

“Unless,” Wade starts, voice low, “you’re homophobic?”

[I hate him.]

[Shut up.]

Peter’s eyes widen, putting his hands up. “No! No, god, no. That’s - no. I’m bi. Or - or something. I dunno. I never really gave a fuck about gender.” He shrugs.

[I love him.]

“That makes two of us,” Wade says happily, grabbing another taco.

Peter’s cheeks flush pink, and his ears tinge red.

[Kiss his neck. Give him hickies, and bite his lip, and drag your hands down to his waistband and watch him moan and writhe and -]

[Don’t do that - he doesn’t want you anyway.]

“Close with your parents?” Wade asks, changing the subject.

Peter shrugs. “I wouldn’t know. They’re dead. I’m close with my aunt though,” he says somewhat brightly, and he gets this toothy grin on his face, crumpling a taco wrapper and tossing it on the table.

[What the fuck.]

[What the fuck.]

What the fuck, why is he so cute.
“That’s adorable,” Wade breathes.

Peter shrugs, and proceeds to do the biggest stretch the mercenary has ever seen. He stretches his arms up and tips his head back, his back arching and his feet digging into the other’s side as he groans.

Wade blinks.

[I think we’re drooling.]

[Uh. I - that was - um.]

He’s beautiful.

He pulls himself up with a wince before smiling. “Hey, uh, thanks for the tacos. ‘S nice of you. I didn’t realize how hungry I was and I never have the money for so much food,” Peter says to Wade, handing him the rest of his tacos.

He stands up and faces the kitchen, probably going to get a drink, but as soon as he has one foot past Wade, the mercenary props his legs up on the table, tripping him.

He gasps, scrambling as he falls onto Wade’s thighs with an oof. He winces, glaring at the trickster from his position straddling his thighs.

[Hot. Hothothot. Look at him, straddling you in his underwear.]

[I have a better question - why hasn’t he gotten up?]

“Was that necessary, Wade?” he asks, crossing his arms.

“One more question,” Wade says, ignoring him.

[No, don’t.]

“Okay,” Peter hums warily, but he doesn’t move.

“Why don’t you care about my scars? Why aren’t you disgusted, or scared and pissing yourself and crying somewhere?”

Peter looks confused.

Like, really confused. And surprised. And then, a bit sad.

“That was more like three questions,” he says matter-of-factly, and then, “It’s kind of superficial to judge someone for their scars, y’know? We should be judging the people who put them there in the first place.”

Wade gapes at him disbelieving.

Clearly, Peter doesn’t register how much he fucking blew the man’s mind, because he continues, “Besides, they’re just scars. I can still tell what you look like - at least, the bottom of your nose, lips, and chin, since you won’t take the mask off all the way. It’s not like you grew a new face or something.”

“Really?” Wade asks. He thinks he whispers it. He’s not sure.
“Well, yeah.” Peter smiles just a little bit.

“Baby Boy, you’re pretty enough for the both of us,” Wade says frankly, and he huffs out a laugh.

“Okay, Wade.” Peter brushes it off, but his cheeks are rosy.

Peter stares at the other for a moment, and Wade stares back, holding back the urge to just pull him closer.

After a moment, Peter stands, carefully climbs over Wade’s legs, and grabs two water bottles from the kitchen, dropping one in the mercenary’s lap before striding to his bedroom.

“I’m gonna sleep s’more,” he mumbles tiredly, scrubbing a hand through his hair.

“I have to wake you in a few hours again, though,” Wade warns, and Peter nods.

As he’s about to close the door, he stops, standing halfway out of the doorway.

“I have a question for you .”

“Shoot, Petey.”

“Does it hurt?” he asks, quieter.

Wade swallows thickly, furrowing his brows.

{No shit, it hurts. You spend all your money on pain meds and ammo.}

{Nobody’s ever asked you that. They don’t care enough.}

“Yes. Yeah, it does. They, uhm,” Wade plans his thoughts out, taking a breath. Peter steps closer, leaning against his now shut door in interest.

“The scars are constantly shifting, because my skin is constantly healing and re-healing itself to combat the cancer, thanks to my healing factor. So, it always fuckin’ hurts like a bitch,” he mutters.

“Oh,” Peter says, rather lamely, but he actually looks like he cares.

{He cares?}

{I - I think so?}

“That sucks. Thank you for, y’know, telling me,” Peter says softly, and he returns to his bedroom, the door ajar.

And that was that. He didn’t apologize for the mercenary’s situation, he didn’t say he felt bad for him, there was no pity in his eyes, like some of the other dickheads.

He just agreed that it sucked; that it wasn’t fair and it was horrible, and it sucked.

“You’re a good one, Pete” Wade mouths, but he can’t hear him.

Wade is about to unglue himself from the couch and call Tony before he has an aneurysm, but something happens.

Peter sticks an arm out of the door, and tosses a small bottle high in the air, landing perfectly on Wade’s lap. He didn’t even look.
Wade picks up the bottle.

*Extra-strength Tylenol,* it reads.

The kid tossed him pain meds.

Wade chuckles, popping the cap off.

“I love you, Petey Boy,” he yells in a sing-song voice.

“Shut up, Wade.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that!

DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS - THEY KEEP MY BITTER LITTLE HEART BEATING.

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In his dream, scalding water sloshes against Peter’s face as he cries out, spitting boiling water out of his mouth and shrinking away from the steam desperately.

He lays weak and pliant and the only things keeping him upright are the restraints.

“Time how long it takes him to develop blisters, and then time how long it takes for them to heal again,” intones a cold, crisp voice from somewhere to his left.

“Yes, sir,” responds a meek voice.

Peter is tied to a vertical metal slab, buckled restraints on his spread arms, legs, and stomach. He’s stripped naked down to his plain underwear. There are surely bags under his eyes, and bruises and burns and cuts pepper his body. He can’t be sure how long he’s been here. In fact, he can’t remember how he got here, either.

A single electrode is attached to the skin under his left pectoral, over his heart, and a monitor keeping track of his steady heart rate sits beside a table near the meek-voiced man.

“Peter Parker,” the first voice begins. “Or, Spider-Man, that is,” he says, and chuckled to himself, like sharing a joke between two friends.

Peter groans, eyes half-lidded and head ducked, in whatever drug-riddled haze they put him in. Hot water drips from his hair, now horribly overgrown, hanging over his forehead in messy curls.

“I have to tell you, Peter, I’m quite thrilled to have you here. What phenomenal abilities, you must contain. We already know that you can stick to nearly any surface, you have increased speed, sight, agility, flexibility, even healing. And that’s just what we know already! Can you imagine what you’re hiding?” The man laughed, almost crazed.

Peter doesn’t know how to respond to someone with such grandiose delusions, so he says nothing, breathing heavily.

*Don’t respond - if you respond, he wins. Don’t speak, don’t entertain him.*

“I wonder, though,” he hums, turning to Peter again. He is unfamiliar, bland, a forgettable face with nothing particularly eye-catching about him, “how much you can take?”

The question rousers something deep in him from sleep, some old, dirty fear. His chest gets tight, eyes
widening as he fervently tests his restraints.

The man takes slow steps towards him, and his breaths become rapid.

He smiles.

“How old are you, Peter Parker?” he asks, and Peter bites his tongue.

“I’m curious. Perhaps your powers will strengthen with age - you’re already very impressive, and you appear young,” he says quietly.

And then, he’s right in front of Peter, a finger at his collarbone, dragging slowly down his stomach. He makes a shrill sound, clenching his fists and pulling at the buckled restraints.

His finger stopped at Peter's navel and Peter thrashes, practically growls. Peter holds his breath, and the man holds Peter’s gaze.

Don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t -

He slips his fingers into Peter’s waistband, his knuckles pressed against his pelvis, and his head snaps up, a desperate, wicked sound escaping him.

“Don’t! Don’t fucking touch me! Don’t touch me!” he screams at him, restraints creaking against his sudden force. Adrenaline and fear wakes him, his heart rate skyrocketing.

The man’s eyes light up when he looks at the heart monitor.

He dips his fingers lower and Peter squeezes his eyes shut, biting back a broken sound.

Too close, too close, too close, he’s too close too close too close, ohgod -

With one last sweep of his finger against the trail of hair on his pelvis, he removes his hand, clasping them behind his back. He looks excited, his eyes bright and mouth upturned in an amused smirk.

The heart monitor beeps rapidly.

“Take note,” he says, addressing the other man in the room, “that the Subject has a strong, negative reaction towards unwanted intimate contact. Mention that this has increased his adrenaline,” the man says, turning away from him.

Peter stares in bewilderment for a moment before he bites back a frustrated scream. “Nobody likes unwanted intimate contact, you disgusting excuse of a man! You - you’re, like, a poacher, for mutants and mutates, you know that?” he yells at him, bucking against the restraints again.

“That’s rude, Peter,” he says, tipping Peter’s chin up with his fingers.

Peter bites down with all his force, and he screams, pulling away.

He doubles over, holding his thumb with his other hand, tight-lipped curses streaming from his mouth.

When he stands, he’s a bloody mess.

And, oh, he is furious.

“Bad mutate!” he shouts, tearing off a corner of his white coat and wrapping it around his thumb
haphazardly.

He lands a sharp blow to Peter’s stomach with a strong fist, and the breath rushes out of him, curling in on himself as much as possible.

He punches again, swinging at his left cheek. The force of it knocks Peter’s head to the side, and he spits blood onto the sterile white floor.

The stark contrast in color makes his head rush.

He’s so exhausted that he doesn’t even anticipate it when the man kicks him hard in the groin. Heat rushes to Peter’s face immediately, and his breath catches in his throat, a low groan escaping him.

The man turned away suddenly, opening something dark rested on a metal table, near the quieter man.

He turned back to Peter with two thin metal rods, a bit under six inches each, including a handle. They’re red hot, clear smoke rising off of them.

Peter stares at them with double vision, mind reeling on what they could be used for.

He moves in dangerously close, smiling coolly, a dark glint in his icy eyes.

Within a single second, one rod is pressed against the inside of Peter’s thigh, and the other against his abdomen.

The pain is like nothing he’s ever felt before.

His vision flashes white hot, searing, and he screams, his throat raw as steam rises off his body.

“Please, please, please - take it off! Take it off!” He cries, pleading, face red as he shakes under the heat.

The heart monitor beeps incessantly.

He removes the rods, placing them back on the table.

There are blistering brand marks on him. A tear that trickled down my chin and onto his stomach sizzled when it came in contact with the brand mark.

He runs his fingers along the waistband of his underwear once more, skimming the burn, but Peter just whines, gritting his teeth.

“Perhaps you’ll be more compliant next time, hm?” He asks, and he doesn’t remove his hands.

In fact, he -

Peter wakes up screaming.

He feels suffocated, like can’t breathe, can’t move, and there are hands on him, covering him, grabbing at him and touching him, and everything is too hot, too hot too hot too hot.

He cries out something raw that burns his throat, damp hair sticking to his forehead, kicking the sheets and trying to untangle himself, thrashing and sobbing in the dark.

The bedroom door is kicked open.
It rushes back to him that, yes, he’s definitely at home, in his bed, amongst familiar surroundings, but god, it’s still so real. The hands are still on him, and touching him, and everything is burning and he can’t breathe and he can’t control how desperate he screams.

Deadpool storms into the room, his mask completely off, although only his silhouette is recognizable in the dark.

Peter cries hysterically, arching his hips off the bed to get the hands off, to get away. He shudders, scratching at his arms, his stomach and thighs, at the waistband of his underwear. He’s begging for something to stop, pleading for anything and everything.

“Petey, no,” he hears, barely a whisper through his cries.

“Get ‘em off, get ‘em off, oh, god - I - I can’t breathe,” he sobs, bolting upright in bed, and Wade walks calmly but hurriedly to the bed, his hands out in a soothing gesture.

He sits himself behind Peter, against the headboard, and wordlessly pulls Peter against him until he’s sitting in the V of his legs.

Peter jerks, writhing away and twisting against his grip. He’s not scared of Wade. Logically, he can never be scared of Wade. But it’s so much, and that lab is all around him, that man is right in front of him.

He shudders, a choked sob escaping him as he covers himself with his hands, curling his knees up tight. “No more. Enough, it’s enough,” he gags, scraping invisible hands off him.

“Peter, hey - oh, god, hey, kid. You’re okay. You’re fine, it’s just you and me. You and me. Nobody will do that to you.”

He ignores Peter’s thrashing, crossing their arms over each other on top of Peter’s chest, bracketing his body with his legs.

“You’re going to hurt yourself, Peter, you gotta stop.” Wade is shushing him, quiet and stern.

He must still be crying because Wade is whispering, “It’s me. You were dreaming. You’re fine, you’re fine, you’re fine...”

Peter doesn’t know how long it’s been but at some point he finds himself lying flat against Wade, his screams now broken sobs and hiccups.

Wade keeps shushing him, a startling amount of gentleness in his body, very slightly rocking them. He tucks wayward hair off Peter’s forehead occasionally, pressing back sweaty hair.

Peter just did that, whatever that was. He doesn’t even have it in him to be embarrassed, and he doesn’t think Wade cares, either.

“You’re okay, Peter,” Wade mumbles.

“I’m okay.”

“Yeah.” Peter can feel him nod, his chin atop his head.

Several moments later, when they’ve been very quiet and still, Wade presses two fingers to Peter’s neck with a quiet hum. “You’re still freaked out a little, huh?” he asks, and if Peter focuses, he can hear his rampant pulse too.
“Sorry.”

“No, hey, no, it’s fine, Peter. I don’t blame you. That sounded rough. I… I think I know what you were dreaming of. It was kind of obvious.” Wade doesn’t explain how he knows. “So I need you to know that nothing like that will happen to you, okay?” he says, looking right at him.

Right at him.

“Your eyes are so blue,” Peter says in astonishment.

Wade’s eyes widen, reaching up belatedly to touch his bare face. He almost unwraps himself from Peter to go get his mask, but then thinks better of it.

“Yeah. But you don’t wanna see this ugly mug, so.”

“I like your mug,” Peter murmurs. Because, really, scars aside, his face is a nice face, Peter thinks, his body settling finally.

“Well, ain’t that some weird shit.” Wade huffs out, astonished himself.

“What time is it?”

“A little past three in the morning. I woke you up a few times like Dr. Smashy said, but you went right back to sleep again each time.”

“I’m sorry for waking you.” Peter ducks his head.

“I wasn’t sleeping.” Wade doesn’t explain, but Peter feels less guilty.

As sleep seeps back into his bones, he dreads what will come next - going back to sleep. A heavy silence passes as Peter thinks, trying to calm his shaking hands.

Wade, as strangely adept as ever, notices. “Peter? Hey, you okay? Need some mouth-to-mouth, or something. That was a joke, I wouldn’t actually do that, especially after that dream. Wow, that was really insensitive.”

“Can you stay here?”

Wade stays silent for a moment before adjusting his grip.

“Yeah, of course. There’s nothin’ wrong with being scared sometimes, you know,” he says, and he swiftly pulls the blankets up over them.

“Lots of people don’t realize this, but you can be scared and brave at the same time. They don’t cancel each other out.” Wade says, and Peter finds himself breathing to the sound of Wade’s own breaths, “it actually just shows that you’re human. Isn’t that neat?”

It is neat.

“Goodnight,” he says, turning on his side, back pressed against Wade’s waist.

“Sweet dreams.”

Peter sleeps dreamlessly, soundly.

In some far-off, logical part of his brain, he knows it’s absurd that Spider-Man finds comfort in
sleeping beside Deadpool.

But, that’s another tomorrow-Peter problem.

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked that! DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS!

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Up and At 'Em.

Chapter Notes

hello. there is angst in this chapter. you're welcome.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

{Wake up, asshole.}
{Seriously, wake up. There’s a problem.}
{Either you really have to pee, or you’ve got a hard-on.}
{Maybe both.}
{Yeah, and Peter’s still laying against you.}
Wade’s eyes snap open, staying very still to assess the situation.
Liars! I don’t have a hard on, he thinks to the boxes.
{But you thought you did.}
{You liiikkkkeeeee him.}

“Ah, shaddup,” Wade grunts, and he rolls Peter off of himself carefully, laying him back on the bed. He sits up and turns to Peter, and his eyes focus in on something.

“Ah, kid. Uncle Stark and the Patriotic Geriatric are gonna piss themselves if they see that,” he mutters dolefully.

Peter has raised scratch marks on his torso and thighs, from where he was clawing at himself after his nightmare. When Wade remembers where he was actually trying to get the hands off of him, he groans.

“Damn. Damn, damn. Damn. Did you scratch yourself anywhere else I should be worried about?” He sucks his teeth, balancing between both feet anxiously.

{Strip him!}

{Mhm.}

“No, no. That’s not cool. I have to wake him up anyway, like the good Doc said.” Wade shrugs, tossing a blanket over the kid and putting his leg back onto the bed.

“Petey?” Wade asks.

He makes a soft sound, but nothing else.
“That’s adorable. Hey, kid, wake up,” he says, a bit louder, drawing his hands to his chest as he peers closer at Peter.

He groans, arching his back.

Wade raises a brow.

*Let’s see what happens next.*

“Right. As much as that is heavenly to watch, I feel like a pervert.”

Wade shakes Peter’s shoulders suddenly, and he kicks the mercenary square in the chest, bolting upright, eyes wide.

Wade staggers back, holding his stomach. “Ow!” he whines, throwing a pillow at the boy that he dodges.

“Kid, seriously, what the fuck are you on? Some new miracle steroid?” he asks, grabbing Peter’s leg and inspecting his calf for muscle.

Peter stares up at the other indignantly, snatching his foot back with a muddled expression. “You just scared me, is all.” He shrugs, rubbing at his eyes tiredly.

Cute.

“Anyway,” he says, rubbing his chest, “I just needed to wake you up for a bit, like the Doc said. Also, before you get freaked out later, you have scratch marks on you from last night. And as much as I wish they were from passionate sex, they were from your nightmare.”

Peter shoots the mercenary a confused glare before looking down at himself, examining his chest, his arm, his thighs, and very, very hesitantly peeking into the waistband of his underwear.

He breathes a sigh of relief. “There’s, uh - all good. Everything’s good,” Peter stammers.

“Glad to hear it,” Wade ruffles Peter’s hair, and he leans into it slightly.

Oh. Good to know.

“D’ya like that, Petey?” he hums, and Peter, Wade swears to fuck, mewls.

“You’re needy when you’re tired, d’ya know that?” In response, Peter just presses his head into Wade’s hand.

“I have a concussion. I’m allowed.”

“I’m a mercenary. I could snap your pretty little neck.”

Peter thinks about this for a moment. With one last hum of appreciation at the head rub, he grabs the mercenary’s arm and twists his body, flipping Wade onto the bed. Peter has a knee pressed to the other’s chest before he can even fight back.

*What the fuck.*

*How the fuck.*

“I call bullshit, Wade. You wouldn’t have taken this job if you wanted to keep killing,” Peter says,
staring down at Wade.

“Acrobatics, my ass!” Wade grunts in shock.

“Captain Grandpa is definitely teaching you how to fight at that internship of yours!” He puts his feet on the so-called acrobat’s hips and flips him over himself. Peter lands on the ground in front of Wade’s head with a soft *oof*, with the mercenary crouched on top of him.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about. I don’t know how to fight.” Peter huffs indignantly, crossing his arms and staring up at Wade.

“Yeah, right, and I can’t shoot a gun -” Wade starts, but Peter puts his hands on the other’s shoulders and slips out from under him, pulling his ankles out and flipping the man. He’s sitting criss-cross on the mercenary’s stomach, grinning.

“You’re having fun with this, aren’t you?” Wade asks, and Peter laughs. Quickly, Wade hooks his hands under Peter’s crossed knees, slipping out from under him. Wade is about to press Peter into the floor, but the kid wraps his legs around the other’s waist before his back can make contact with the ground, staring up at Wade with wide eyes, the man’s arms still on his legs.

“Still having fun?” Wade asks, a bit breathless.

“I - yeah.”

*[Why aren’t you moving?]*

*[Why isn’t he moving?]*

Peter’s phone rings suddenly, blaring through the silence of the room. Peter yelps, scrambling over Wade and tumbling off his back, sprinting to the living room and grabbing his phone.

“You know, you could’ve just got your phone like a normal person, instead of climbing over me...”

“Yes, Mr. Jameson. I know it’s nine o’clock - Yes, I know I was supposed to be there an *hour ago...*” Peter cringes, hopping anxiously, phone pressed to his ear and scrubbing a hand over his neck.

He looks instantly uncomfortable.

“I’m sorry, sir, I’ll be there as soon as possible...” There was a particularly loud shout over the phone, and Peter jumps. “That - that won’t be necessary, sir, I’ll be over soon,” Peter says, and then sets his phone back down.

Immediately, Peter is running around his apartment. “I have to go to work.” He manages to tell Wade, rifling through his drawers. He pulls out light torn jeans, slipping them over his lean frame and tugging them up haphazardly, wincing before buttoning the fly.

“Uh, no,” Wade says.

“What’s your actual job?” he asks, grabbing his arm to halt him. Peter sighs, turning to Wade.

“I’m a photographer for The Daily Bugle,” he says, gesturing around his room at the dozens of polaroid photos taped to the walls.

Wade takes the time to look at them now, and freezes. “Kid.”
“Yes?”

“How the holy fuck do you get Spidey to pose for you?”

Peter stills, stammering for a moment before answering. “I just… I know him. He lets me take pictures of him for my boss. He’s a cool dude.” Peter shrugs.

“Yeah, I know he’s a cool dude. I know him,” he says in exasperation.

“And, hello, his ass is gorgeous. You could bounce a quarter off that. His ass might rival yours, Petey Boy,” he hums.

Peter looks equally frustrated and flustered, his cheeks hot.

He tugs his arm away from Wade to rummage through his drawers again for a shirt, pulling out a worn black thermal with thumb holes cut into them. He slips the shirt on over his head and runs a hand through his wild hair, darting around hastily.

“This job stresses you out, huh?”

“What? No - how can you tell?” Peter asks, grabbing his camera off his nightstand and tossing it over his head, hanging on his neck.

“Look, usually I don’t mind hyperactivity, but I’m mildly worried you’re going to have an aneurysm. I think you’re a little stressed. Your boss sounds like a prick,” Wade says warily, eyeing one of the photographs of Spider-Man on the wall, giving a thumbs-up to the camera.

“Yeah, well, I like photography, and I like biomedical science, so I do both.” Peter shrugs, sliding under his bed and grabbing a pair of tattered vans, slipping them on and hooking his backpack over his shoulder.

He grabs his glasses and tucks them up his nose, making his way to the door.

“You look like a pretentious art major, did you know that?” Wade asks, “It’s adorable.”

“If by pretentious art major you mean broke college student, then, yes, I know,” Peter says, unlocking the door.

[No, no.]

“Whoa, Baby Boy,” Wade says, grabbing his shirt and pulling him back, “you can’t go on your own.”

Peter gives him a withering look. “It’s just The Bugle, Wade. I have to go.”

“If people were willing to get you in Tony Stark’s Tower, then what makes you think they wouldn’t try and hurt you in some little publications office?” Wade counters, staring at him sternly.

For the first time today, Wade feels a breeze hit his face and realizes his mask is off. He was wrestling close-contact with Peter, all without a mask? And Peter didn’t mind?

Peter stares at him with hard whiskey eyes before whining in resolve, snapping Wade out of his thoughts. “Fine. Then you’ll have to come with me.”

Wade perks up instantly. “Road trip!” He grabs his mask off the couch and pulls it over his head.
He slips out the door with Wade close behind him.

“And don’t you dare yell at my boss if he’s an ass to me,” Peter warns.

*Like hell,* Wade thinks fondly. “Sure thing.”

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked it :))))) I had a lot of fun writing this one. 
don't forget to leave kudos and comments!!!!
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The two men had to go back to Peter’s apartment halfway to work because Peter had taken one look at Deadpool and remembered he was in full mercenary gear, guns and all.

Now, Wade is skipping along in one of Peter’s red hoodies that’s just a bit too tight for him, and sweatpants that somehow managed to be long enough on him. His hood is up.

“This is going to be so much fun! It’s like Bring Your Mercenary To Work Day!”

Peter cringes, whipping around to face Wade, cornering him against the wall, outside The Daily Bugle’s building in a relatively secluded area.

“Wade, seriously, Jameson is… difficult. He isn’t a fan of mutants or mutates, or anyone affiliated with them. So, he already gives me a hard time as it is. He’s not going to like you or me much today, so you can’t piss him off, even if he screams at me or throws shit,” Peter pleads, eyes following a passerby warily, fidgeting.

Wade looks off to the distance for a moment before returning his gaze to Peter. “Does he normally scream and throw shit at you?” he asks, clipped.

He’s not happy.

“Yeah. But, I mean, it’s fine.”

Deadpool hums in acknowledgment. He glances to either side of him casually before grabbing Peter’s waist and flipping them, so now Peter is the one against the wall. The breath rushes out of him but he watches Wade adamantly, pupils blown.

Before Peter even has time to think, Wade leans in close, grabbing his chin so their eyes lock. When Peter looks off to the side out of irritation, very aware that he could easily knock Wade out, he puts a hand in Peter’s hair and tugs his head up. Not so rough that it hurts, exactly, but it gets his attention.

He pulls his mask up to his nose.

Is it hot outside? It’s hot outside, Peter thinks with varying degrees of certainty. He swallows thickly.

“People are not supposed to be aggressive with you to the point that you fear going to work. I know
damn well you can defend yourself, Peter, but for some dumb human reason, you’re not. So I will. And you'll shut up about it,” he says lowly, nodding his head in an effort to get Peter to reciprocate.

“I - uhm, okay,” Peter mumbles.

The distance between them is far more intimate than it has to be. Breaths are shared, heat is shared. Deadpool watches him, and after a moment of thought, he smiles wide.

He leans in even closer, slowly, giving Peter time to pull away.

“This okay?” Wade cocks his head.

Peter is nodding before he can even have time for a mental crisis. “’S okay…”

He presses his body closer still. Their hips brush and warmth pools in Peter’s stomach. Wade hums in interest, sweatpants brushing against the front of his jeans only slightly, very slightly, until Peter clenches his jaw against pressing forward. Wade croons at this.

His eyes glance down Peter’s frame before looking back. A smile curls on his lips and he brings his face close, his lips ghost Peter’s ear.

“Well, this isn’t leaving much room for Jesus, now, is it?” He purrs, and Peter’s eyes snap open.

What.

What?

“What,” he deadpans, and Wade pulls away slightly.

“You so want me,” Wade says smugly, pulling away entirely, slipping a finger through Peter’s belt loop and pulling them both inside the building.

Peter blinks hard, sufficiently and absolutely confused.

“I - I don’t - shut up, Wade,” he stammers, and Wade fucking giggles.

With resolve, Peter pushes past him to put in the code for the door, tugging at the front of his pants in discomfort.

He can feel more than see Wade peering over his shoulder curiously, his hairs standing on edge.

“What the problem there?” Wade hums, his voice low.

Yeah, kind of, he thinks bitterly.

“No,” he bites.

Way to avoid the obvious, Peter. You’ll have to admit it eventually.

Cheeks flushed, he punches in the code and shoves the door open.

He’s immediately stressed again.

All around him, people are darting about the office, papers flying, printers whirring, the smell of ink pungent in the air. Phones are ringing and the chatter of dozens of people speaking in tandem fill his ears.
He sighs, desperately wishing that his senses weren’t so advanced and alert all the time.

“Yikes,” Deadpool mutters, “what kind of shit show is this, Petey?”

“This is my life,” he says flatly, tugging him along to Peter’s tiny corner desk, when his mild peace is interrupted.

“Parker!” he hears, angry and sharp. Peter jumps, gripping the strap of his backpack tighter clenching his fists. Wade stays behind him, but he stands taller, more imposing than normal.

“Hello, sir, I’m sorry -”

“You show up over an hour late, and you bring a friend?” Jameson scolds, peering closer at Wade.

“He looks like a mugger with that hood on,” Jameson sneers.

“He has a hangover?” Peter offers weakly.

“Right,” Jameson says snidely, condescending. “He probably has something to do with that internship of yours. One of the mutants,” he spits, and his lungs are burning to scream.

“Oh, you’re right, sir! I am affiliated with The Avengers. I’m their personal escort. Peter is certainly a pleasure,” Wade purrs, slinging an arm over Peter’s shoulder and putting his hand over his chest for emphasis.

Peter’s eyes widen, unhooking Wade’s hand. “No - uh, no. That’s - no. He’s a… bodyguard for Stark.”

At this, Jameson looks even more irritated. “I don’t care what the hell it is that you mutant types and mutant enablers do in your spare time. Here, in my building, you two act human. Got that?” Jameson asks, but it’s not a question, leaning in too close for Peter’s liking.

You could punch him right now, Peter thinks, he’d pass out cold. You could web him to the wall, hang him over a building and watch him pee his pants. You could -

“Yessir.”

Jameson gives him a once-over before turning around and walking back to his office.

“And, Peter, you better have something for me on that Spider-Man of yours. I expect a written piece to accompany a picture,” he calls to Peter over his shoulder, and then, he’s gone, behind the doors of his office.

Peter whines, turning around and trudging over to his cluttered desk, dragging his feet until Deadpool puts a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

“We can go back to your place, y’know? ‘Cause I’m tempted to hurt your boss,” Wade says, watching him warily.

Peter almost scoffs. Of course Wade would suggest something like that; he can’t even imagine how much money mercenaries make. “Nah, I’m used to it. Plus, I need the money.” Wade looks bothered by this, but drops it.

For several, several hours, the day goes by without confrontation. Wade sits right beside him at his desk, swinging his feet like a child and tossing a wadded-up ball of paper in the air to keep entertained.
Peter writes about a picture he took of himself, in which he’s in full costume beside four bank robbers, tied together with webs, on the steps of the NYPD.

So, he writes, is Spider-Man’s cheery attitude the behavior of an arrogant vigilante, or merely that of a young man trying to do his best in a time where police justice falls horrendously short?

It’s almost nice, Peter thinks, writing about himself like this. It’s almost as though it’s a journal entry, but somehow with minimal bias.

Take our poll (p.12) and tell us what you think Spider-Man is - a kindly hero vigilante with much to learn, or is he a mere violent menace that simply has a knack for occasionally saving a citizen? We look forward to hearing your opinion!

Throughout his writing, Wade comments several dozen times how the spandex suit did wonders for Spider-Man’s ass, and how surely the Webbed Wonder is incredibly flexible. Peter ignored him with practiced expertise for his own sake.

Things continue on like that until it’s nearly time for them to go home. Nearly.

“Parker! Get me a coffee. Down the hall,” Jameson shouts from his office, and Peter stands abruptly. Wade is about to follow him down the corridor, but Peter waves him off. “’S just down the hall, don’t worry.”

This seems to work, because Wade sits back down, blowing Peter a kiss. “I’ll miss you, my sweet prince,” he coos, making a heart with his hands. At this, Peter manages a face halfway between a smile and a wince.

At the machine, he chews his lip. What the hell had he gotten himself into? And when had he gotten himself into it? It should be easy to hate Wade, to be afraid of Wade. Everyone does it.

For past reasons, people don’t like him. Except for Peter. Except for Spider-Man. Peter likes him just fine. Peter likes him more than fine.

Fuck him, Peter thinks, why does he have to be so good?

Deep down, past all the weapons and snarls, Wade is good, and kind, and understanding. The cognitive dissonance is horrendous for Peter. Wade has the potential to kill someone with a single finger, but talk people through panic attacks?

Why does he have to be so goddamn decent?

But Peter is a certified expert at putting aside his feelings.

He pulls his hand away with a jolt before the coffee overflows and he burns himself, capping the lid and walking back to the office.

When he gets back, Wade is unsurprisingly drawing crude pictures on the whiteboard in red marker, humming the Thong Song under his breath.

Jameson is watching his pictures with a disgusted sneer, holding his hand out expectedly when he sees the coffee cup. Peter collapses back into his desk chair, swiveling slightly as Jameson takes a sip.

Instantly, his face contorts, spitting the contents of the coffee out, his mustache dripping.
Peter’s eyes snap up to him in caution, and Deadpool’s head whips around but remains where he is, watching intently.

“This is black! I wanted milk and sugar!” he says, infuriated.

*Are you fucking kidding me?* Peter thinks, not for the first time with him.

“You didn’t specify what you wanted, so...” he starts, but then, Jameson uncaps the lid with fury, dumping the cup’s contents onto Peter. Searing, steaming, boiling coffee is splashed onto his lap.

The pain is white hot, his ears ringing. He yells out sharply, a shrill sound escaping him as he jumps out of his chair, hands shaking as he tugs his jeans away from his front desperately.

But the pain is almost tolerable - Peter gets beat up for a living. The thing that’s really making his heart race, his hands shake, is how reminiscent this scene is of his dream yesterday. Peter’s voice catches in his throat.

Within a second, Deadpool is right in front of Jameson, wrapping his tie twice tightly around his neck and shoving him into the nearest wall, grabbing a stapler from the desk and pinning his tie to the wall.

“You do that to him again, and your tie won’t be the thing I staple to the wall,” Wade warns.

Peter tries not to cry, because now he’s *totally* fired.

But right now he doesn’t care as much as he should, clenching his jaw, hands fisted in his jeans.

Deadpool grabs his backpack and camera before slinging an arm around Peter’s waist and carrying most of his weight to the bathroom. Setting his things down, he nudges Peter back until he sits on the bathroom counter.

“Oh my god,” Peter hisses.

“I know, Pete,” Wade soothes, not looking at him as he turns on the cold water faucet as much as it can go, wadding up paper towels and wetting them.

“Oh my fucking god.” He squeezes his eyes shut.

“I know,” Wade repeats, and he dumps a handful of freezing water onto his lap.

Peter exhales deeply at the sudden relief.

Wade hands him a giant wad of freezing, wet paper towels, and then, very unceremoniously says, “Shove those down your pants before you start blistering. Make sure they’re on your thighs, too.”

Peter complies, if not a bit awkwardly.

Moments later, Wade is still standing in front of him, his hands on either side of the counter where Peter sits, seething silently with his head bowed as he waits for the pain to stop.

“You didn’t have to staple him to the wall,” Peter mutters.

“He didn’t have to toss boiling coffee on you.”

“I’m sure it wasn’t completely boiling,” he tries, shrugging.
Wade looks up at him then with withering doubt, and Peter meets his gaze.

They break into laughter.

And they laugh.

And laugh. They laugh loud, and happy.

They laugh so hard that tears spring to Peter’s eyes, and his lap stops stinging so much, and Wade looks looser, calmer.

After what feels like hours, they sober, Peter giggling as he takes away the paper towels, tossing them in the trash.

Wade grabs him the spare change of clothes in his desk drawer, which Peter gratefully accepts, taking the jeans and boxer briefs into his open hands.

“Turn around,” Peter intones, looking back up at Wade.

Wade ducks his head, swiveling around on his feet and facing the wall without further question. Peter smiles at this; it’s such a small gesture, but so… comforting? Peter can’t exactly tell what he’s feeling.

He hops off the counter easily and peels his jeans off with a wince. His thighs are blotchy, with red raised borders in the shape of the coffee spill. It was painful, but nothing that wouldn’t go away. He risks a sheepish glance down his underwear before sighing in relief and pulling them off, too.


“Good, good. How’s your ass?” he asks, very concerned.

“The same as always, Wade,” Peter says flatly.

“Wonderful.” At this, Peter throws his cold jeans at him, landing with a wet smack by his feet.

“I deserved that,” Wade admits.

Peter nods and dries off hastily (he bounces around in a manic way to air-dry, and if Wade hears the tapping of his feet, he doesn’t mention it, thank God). He redresses, and to his joy, already notices his burns retreating minutely.

Peter nudges him. “You can turn. Thanks.”

“Yeah, ‘course,” Wade says easily. They wrap up everything they came with as neatly as possible, tuck them under various arms, and then head out the bathroom door.

Wade sticks out an elbow. Peter stares at him for a moment before giving in, looping his arm with Wade’s.

It hurts a bit to walk, and Peter winces as his legs rub together, but it’s not intolerable. As they pass the office again, Deadpool peaks his head in to see a very disgruntled, red-faced Jameson, and several employees around him, mumbling.

“If any of you lovely creatures unhook him from the wall, I will go after each and every one of you,”
Deadpool says airily, and then they leave.

They head in the direction of the nearest train station. Their shoulders bump every now and then, arms brushing occasionally, but it isn’t awkward.

After two minutes of walking in silence, Peter breaks.

“Why do people think you’re a killer with no compunction?”

“Because I’ve killed without compunction,” Wade says, and Peter simpers. He knew that much already, and he knew that it was a cop-out answer.

“But, you’re not - you’re not a sociopath. You have empathy, and emotion, and you’re compassionate. It’s just that you don’t...”

“I don’t have it for killers,” Wade finishes his thought for him, nodding. Peter can feel his shoulder tensing from their locked arms. “Yeah, Peter. But nobody really cares to think about that.”

Peter nods, humming in thought.

Wade stops abruptly, then, grabbing his arm lightly and turning Peter to face him. “Peter, are you scared of me?” he asks.

“No,” he says without thought.

“I’ve killed people. I’ve killed masses of people. And the people I’ve killed, I would kill them all again,” Wade says, staring hard at the younger.

Peter watches him, watches the range of emotions on his face.

Wade leans in. “Did you hear me? I would kill them again.”

Peter isn’t phased. In fact, as Spider-Man, he’s always understood Wade’s motives and there was no doubt that Wade had very decent morals; Peter could just never have them himself.

“Were they murderers?”

“Yes,” Wade answers.

“Were they torturers?”

“Yes.”

“Were they rapists?”

“Yes, some of them,” he nods.

“Were they horrible people with horrible plans? Would letting them live mean they would return to their old ways?”

“That’s how it always is.”

Peter pulls Wade’s hood off on the empty street. His eyes are a clear blue, wide and surprised.

“Well, then I’m still not scared of you.”

The breath leaves Wade.
“Peter, you don’t know.”

God! It’s so frustrating, he thinks. Yes, I do know! I know more than anyone! I know, side-by-side! But he can never reveal himself like that, can never endanger people.

“You’ve killed hundreds of people, yes, I know. But, I think anyone who has lived your life would kill those people, too. Killing people is by no means good, but the people who call you a mindless killer, well, they just don’t have your mind.”

Wade’s expression is… visceral.

“There is scum on this earth. You have experienced some of the worst of them. Some people shove these scum in jail and consider the problem solved, and some people just kill them. I don’t believe in killing, but that doesn’t mean their actions don’t justify their death,” Peter says adamantly. He’s never… explained himself to Deadpool like this.

Wade is silent, disbelieving.

“The point is, I could never kill. I don’t have it in me. But I don’t blame you for killing horrible people. I just think people are scared of you because you’re able to do what others aren’t, to people who really deserve it,” he says.

“You don’t scare me, Wade Wilson.”

Wade says nothing. And then, he lets out a breathless laugh. His frame relaxes, his eyes close, his head tips up in relief, in joy, in something ephemeral yet ethereal. Fleeting and lovely and healing.

Peter is kissing him before he even fully realizes it, closing their distance like it never had the right to be there in the first place.

Peter pulls away quickly, eyes wide and face prickling. He stares up at Wade in panic, lips parted in surprise. “Oh, my god. That was so bad, like, so creepy. I’m so sorry, I don’t know why I -”

And then, Wade has a hand at the base of his head, pulling him close again and kissing Peter this time. They pull away only slightly, heads ducked and noses brushing.

“Okay?” he breathes, and Peter nods. As if upon a mutual understanding, their lips crash together again in keening need.

It goes on in a way that neither of them clearly initiated, and Peter sighs into the kiss with his hands fisted in Wade’s shirt. One of Wade’s hands is cupping his jaw, the other gentle on the small of his back.

Wade tastes sweet like Red Vines, and safe like the carbonated fizz on soda.

They pull away eventually, and Wade’s thumb moves in smooth arches over Peter’s jaw, something soft in his eyes.

“We should go home now. ‘S getting late.”

“Yeah,” Wade agrees quietly. “Does this mean I get to talk about your ass more now?” he asks.

Peter stifles a laugh. “Shut up.”

“M’kay.” Wade says, slinging an arm over his shoulder. “You know, that didn’t leave any room for Jesus.”
He really *does* laugh now, tipping his head up at the graying sky.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that! TELL ME WHAT YOU THOUGHT! DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS/QUESTIONS/KUDOS!

Now, to business, I've been getting a lot of comments asking in rude ways about when I'll update each chapter and how they want me to hurry and how they're disappointed each time they check on my story and see that it hasn't been updated. And this isn't all of you, only a select 5-10 people. While I am delighted to see that so many people love my story, I urge you all to remember that 1) I have a life including school work and family issues, 2) Plot-heavy, interesting chapters take TIME, 3) it's not like I'm intentionally hiding my chapters from you - they're done when I think they're good enough, 4) if you look back, it's never taken me over four weeks to update, and that's a stretch, which is pretty damn decent, and 5) while it would be interesting, my body is unfortunately unable to produce finished chapters out of my ass. Bummer, I know.

I'm very thrilled that you like my story - I like sharing it with you! Spidey and DP have shaped my childhood and life so much.

I love writing and sharing this world with y'all, and I love all your happy comments, but please just ask yourself if you're being a prick or impatient before you comment. Thank you.

- Leo
Even Stickier.

Chapter Notes

:))))) things are happening...
also, i'm so glad y'all liked the last chapter so much wow

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{How the fuck.}
{He kissed us.}
{Like, a lot. Voluntarily. He even sighed into it.}
{He digs us.}
{Yeah, that's the weird part.}

“So, you really don't mind my mug?” Wade asks, glancing at him as they walk back to Peter’s apartment. They decided to abandon taking the subway home; walking was more serene right now, because of rush hour, according to Peter, and I don't like the crowds.

“If I didn't like your mug, I wouldn't have kissed it. And kissed it s'more,” Peter says decidedly, and Wade laughs.

“Oh, fair. But, I won’t hold it against you if you come to your senses later on, Petey. I won't be mad at you any. I’m kind of insane,” Wade reasons, and Peter sighs.

“I like you because you're caring, and funny, and an asshole, and selfless, and careful,” he says quietly, eyes determinedly on the ground.

Whoa.

“And,” Peter continues, “somehow, you have more humanity than anyone I've ever met, Wade Wilson. And that is saying something.”

Something heavy and warm settles in Wade’s heart, then, and he wishes it would stay forever.

“Also, you have incredible bone structure,” Peter adds on, kicking a pebble with his shoe.

Wade kicks it back to him.

There’s something soft in the gesture, the simple quiet exchange that feels so natural.

“You sure are somethin’, you know that?” Wade hums, and Peter brushes his cheek against his shoulder in response.

“I haven’t been exactly called that before,” Peter laughs.

“What do they usually call you?”
“Scrawny fucking nerd.”

Wade laughs abruptly, tipping his head up.

“So,” Peter starts, slow at first. “Does this mean we’re, like… dating? Am I your boyfriend?”

“Do you want to be my boyfriend?”

“Well, yeah - I mean, if you want to be my boyfriend, or if -”

“Stop working yourself up, boyfriend,” Wade grins, and Peter seems contented by this response, shoving Wade good-naturedly.

“Y’know, Petey, you're fucking strong. And you can fight. What's up with that? Like, I'm aware that acrobatics strengthens, essentially, your entire body, but fuck. And you've got freaky good reflexes,” he rambles.

Wade can feel Peter’s hesitance and immediately assumes it’s just embarrassment.

“I mean, I have to know some stuff if I'm gonna be working with the Avengers, right? They can't leave me totally defenseless. But, I can't fight, Wade,” he says.

“Bullshit. You had me matched this morning.”

“Did not,” Peter says petulantly.

“Uh, yeah, kid. And I'm a mercenary.”

“You're the trained one, Wade, not me.”

“I guess we’ll just have to have a rematch, then,” Wade says, glancing down to see him smile, ducking his head and scuffing his sneaker in the gravel again.

“Fine. I guess we will,” he laughs.

[He has a pretty laugh.]

[He has a pretty everything.]

Wade blinks back into focus, remember why they’re walking home in the first place before he turns to Peter. “How’s your lap doing? Numbness? Burning?”

“Huh? Oh, no, I think I'm fine,” Peter says, patting his thigh and shaking his head. “It doesn't hurt too bad anymore, so I think -”

A man that they hadn't been paying much attention to bumps into Peter’s shoulder. This alone is nothing out of the ordinary for a New York City street.

There is nothing particularly memorable about the man. He is average height, if not a bit lean, average frame and build, pale skin, and the type of hair that can either be blonde or light brown. The man is nothing special; he's average, at best.

But, as he brushes into Peter’s shoulder, the man reels back, clapping Peter on the arm with a slow smile. “My apologies,” he says, and locks eyes with a very silent Peter.

And that’s it. It was five seconds. Then the man is walking away, off to wherever he was going.
Peter comes to a halting stop, his eyes downcast and his brows furrowed, his breathing labored slightly.

“Wade,” Peter breathes, so soft he’s not sure if he imagined it or not.

“Peter?” Wade asks, but it comes out more of a statement, heavy with concern. When he doesn’t answer, Wade moves to stand in front of him.

“Hey. What happened? Let me help you,” Wade is more urgent now, putting a hand to his jaw, against his pulse.

Peter jumps slightly at the contact, and his hands come to fidget over his stomach, as if he isn’t sure what to do with them. He stumbles forward a step and Wade grabs his shoulders.

“Peter, tell me what's wrong.”

Within a second, Peter whips around with wild ferocity in his eyes, darting in the direction the man was walking in.

He’s not smart sometimes, Wade thinks, concern and irritation meshing together in his mind.

He has to sprint after him for a solid minute before he can catch up to him, grab him, and pull him back and against his chest.

Peter fights him for a moment, prying at Wade’s arms with a desperate sound.

Wade releases him and grabs his shoulders tightly, shaking him once. “What the fuck was that, huh?” Wade asks roughly, staring hard at him.

Peter doesn’t answer for a moment. His body is shaking with anger, or fear, or both, and it takes several moments until he relaxes under Wade’s grip and the violent glint in his eyes dissipates.

He finally lets him go once he looks meek, more scared than angry now.

“Th - the man. He - I know…” Peter stutters out, his hands crossed over his stomach now as he sucks in a ragged breath.

Wade peers behind him quickly, to see the man has long left.

His mind struggled between taking Peter and going him to make him feel safe, or to go after the man.

“He was in my, my dream. Him. Him,” Peter shudders, his jaw clenching.

Wade’s heart lurches. For the first time in a very long time, Deadpool’s instincts and Wade Wilson’s instincts rival each other.

Deadpool wants to heft Peter over his shoulder and get somewhere where they aren’t vulnerable.

Wade Wilson wants to pull Peter into his arms and tell him that everything is fine.

“He was in my dream. He was the one - the one who - who did… everything,” Peter chokes out a sob, drawing his arms against himself and looking very small. He’s sucking in ragged breaths and his hands are shaking so much he has to pull them into fists.

This is fairly new territory for Wade. And there’s no way that Wade could know how confused Peter is right now, seeing as a man from his dream seemingly appeared as a warning. But he lowers his
head and looks at Peter. “Peter - hey, it's going to be fine...”

“N-no! No, it was just a dream! He's not supposed to be real! This isn't possible - I've never seen anything like this...” He stops himself intentionally there instead of stuttering.

He continues, “But he's here, and he knew me, Wade, I could tell, and -” Peter cries out, loud. It’s an angry and frustrated and scared scream, and he crosses his hands over his groin out of habit, like he did last night.

Wade feels like he’s just swallowed a stone, hard and heavy in his belly.

“You don’t need to… please don’t do that, okay? It's fine. He’s gone, and that's not gonna happen, like, ever,” Wade says quietly.

Peter presses his face against Wade’s chest and just shudders. He doesn't cry - he's hiccupsing and sucking in air, and his eyes are glassy, but he doesn't cry.

Wade thinks Peter’s as angry as he is, and just as scared, too.

“I think Tin Man and Bruce were onto something. Someone wants you for somethin’.”

Wade pulls away slightly to look at him, cupping his face. There's an angry spark in his eyes that match his own, but his cheeks are blotchy and telling. Wade keeps his hands on his face until Peter doesn’t look close to panicking anymore, the touch firm and grounding.

“Listen to me. We’re going to fix this. We’re going to figure out why this dude is real, we’re going to figure out what he wants from you, and we're never going to give it to him,” Wade says lowly, stern, “do you understand me?”

“Yes,” Peter says guiltily, but he feels so guilty, because Wade is trying to help but he can never really help unless Peter reveals his identity.

“Alright.” Wade nods, slinging an arm over his shoulder once again and pulling him close, pressing his lips to Peter’s hair before taking out his phone.

“Deadpool? What is it?” Bruce asks, and Wade wants to comment that not every phone call has to be dramatic, but he's right.

“We’re heading over to the Tower. We’ll be there in about twenty. Tell the rest of your superhero knitting club.”

Peter laughs, which was all Wade wanted.

Chapter End Notes

kinda cliffhanger!! sorry (i'm not sorry)!

LEAVE ME COMMENTS - I LOVE READING THEM.

FOLLOW ME ON IG: blushy.dun
Webs.

Chapter Notes

IT’S HERE!!

sooo many things are about to happen.

ahaha.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter chews his lip worriedly as he and Wade make their way down the hall to the Avenger’s conference room. His arm is over Peter’s shoulder, holding him close. But even still, Peter’s fists are clenched and his side is pressed against the larger man just so that he can stop shaking.

Shaking out of fear, out of confusion, out of sheer anger and frustration, he doesn’t know. Perhaps it’s a mix of them all.

His mind is still reeling over the fact that the man from the dream is real. Have I seen him somewhere in real life before, and his face just attached to my dream? Peter thinks, doubting himself, could it be as simple as that?

Or, he thinks, eyes wide, maybe this is a different form of my spidey sense, and it actually somehow managed to produce that dream to warn me of what could happen involving that very real man.

Peter’s spidey senses have never done anything like that before, but it’s certainly possible, since it is just another way of forewarning him of danger.

It’s been over four days since he’s gone patrolling, four days since he put on the suit. He misses it; being out on rooftops, swinging from skyscraper to skyscraper, helping people and stopping crime - there’s a certain freedom and anonymity to it that Peter thrives on. The surge of fire in his veins when he helps someone, the fluidity of his body and the freedom he feels when he fights and swings from buildings - it’s like nothing else. Being Spider-Man is the biggest gift, the ultimate stress reliever, and a surefire way he’ll come home at four in the morning, tired as all hell, and more than a little bruised. But he loves it nonetheless.

But with Wade, Peter would have to sneak out at night to patrol, and only then could he maybe even get some insight on what the fuck is happening in his life right now. His main priorities are to distract himself and finally get back into the Spidey suit, and figure out who that man was.

His dream. That dream terrified him more than anything else ever had. It felt so real, so visceral. The more he thinks about it, the more it makes sense that the dream really was his Spidey senses forewarning him of danger - except his senses decided to warn him differently this time, which, by the way, he did not appreciate. Peter would gladly take the regular ten-second-warning brutal shiver instead of that dream any day.

But, he supposes darkly, drastic times call for drastic measures.

Peter is not an overly emotional person - at least, not outwardly so. He doesn’t cry in public and he doesn’t break down in public. He does not fear the world in the company of others; that’s partially
why he wears a mask in the first place. Not many dreams have ever brought him to tears, let alone a panic attack.

But, after that nightmare, Peter woke up and felt hands still on his thighs, electrodes still over his heart, the boiling water still dripping down his hair, fingers trailing along his waistband and brand marks on his leg and abdomen from the red-hot metal rods. He had felt cold, calculating eyes on him, on his entire body.

It was so brutal that if it were anyone other than Wade holding him down and consoling him, Peter was almost sure he would’ve hurt him in his half-awake state. Badly. It terrifies him.

“Baby Boy? You hearin’ me?” Wade asks, and he jolts so sharply that he has to physically restrain himself from jumping onto the ceiling.

“I’m sorry, I...” Peter isn’t sure what to say, what he can say. So instead he clenches his fists so hard that crescents are indented into his palms. He feels the skin break in an almost cathartic relief of stress before Wade snatches up his hands.

“Peter,” he soothes. There’s nothing special about the way he said his name. He didn’t phrase it as a question, or a command. He didn’t shout it, or whisper it. But merely Wade’s voice, saying Peter’s name, is sonance surrounded by dissonance.

“Peter,” he repeats, and maybe he sees that it’s working.

He opens Peter’s fists, keeping his fingers splayed to examine the curved cuts.

Peter pulls them away fast, though. The cuts are thin enough and shallow enough to begin healing soon, and he can’t let Wade see that happen.

It hurts bad, really bad, that he can’t let Wade know about his identity.

“Are you okay?”

I'm always okay. “Yes.”

“Are you lying to me?” He asks, not mad.

I'm not okay. “Yes,” he whispers.

He seems hesitant at first, keeping his distance before moving in close, a hand coming up to cup Peter’s cheek. He tilts Peter’s head up to look at him.

“We don’t have to be okay to persevere, Peter Parker. If we were always okay, we wouldn’t be human. You can be scared. Fuck, you can be terrified. But you can be mad, too. And you can be strong, and persevere. You can be both. ”

Peter wonders when Deadpool became a poet.

His lip trembles and he throws himself into Wade’s arms. Almost more of a tackle. “I am scared. And I am terrified. And I'm so fucking mad that I can feel my hands shaking because of it and my stomach burn because of it.”

“I know,” he says, and Peter believes that he does know. Of course he knows.

He pulls away and pecks Peter on the forehead. “We’re gonna go in there, and shit is gonna get worked out.”
Wade moves first, taking the last few steps to the conference room.

He opens the door with a finality and assurance that Peter wishes he had outside of the suit, but he follows him anyway.

Six heads turn to them in unison from around the fire pit. Tony, Steve, Bruce, Clint, and Natasha, and most surprisingly, Thor, who must be visiting. And although he’s met them all numerous times before, as Spider-Man and Peter, it’s still a bit of a rush each time he sees them. Today, though, he doesn’t have it in him to be as excited.

“Before we get started, I have a question,” Wade states, “do you guys just, like, have permanent sleepovers here? Do you have homes of your own?” he asks, gesturing to the whole of them.

Clint chuckles, and Banner rolls his eyes. Thor furrows his brows, gears turning in his mind.

“Hey, everyone,” Peter waves, trying to keep the discomfort out of his voice, sitting on the far end of the couch with his legs tucked under him, coiled. He always gets strange looks when he sits, but this is comfortable. Since becoming Spider-Man, he’s found that he needs to stretch his joints more, now that his flexibility has increased.

He blinks into focus when someone starts talking.

“You look distressed, young Peter,” Thor states, “What troubles you?”

“Well, my muscular friend, that’s what we’re here to talk about,” Wade says brightly, moving to sit beside Peter. He leaves a foot of space between them, and he must have noticed that Peter was keeping to myself, keeping some distance.

Peter sits tight, coiled as if ready to jump, feeling… off.

Bruce glances at him worriedly, quick, nonchalant, and Peter inclines his head at him briefly and knowingly. He needs to talk to him, soon.

“Anytime now, kiddos,” Tony says airily, voice thick with condescension, taking a seat beside Steve.

Peter takes a breath, fidgeting with his hands between his knees. Lying is nothing new to him when he’s surrounded by The Avengers all day. But lying about something so deeply intertwined with the caverns of his mind, and his life as Spider-Man, well, that’s a different story entirely, and it’s one that Peter’s uncomfortable with.

“I - last night, I had a dream…”

Thor breaks in with great laughter, reaching over and clapping Peter firmly on the shoulder. “You are a teenager! This dream, as you said, is understandable for individuals experiencing hormonal changes!” Thor says kindly, and Peter narrows his eyes.

Wade barks out a laugh, quickly sobering and clearing his throat.


“Not that kind of dream,” he frowns, raking a hand through his hair nervously. He can hear his heart pounding against his ribs, and suddenly it’s brighter in the conference room than he previously remembered. His enhanced senses are the only thing to blame - since he got bitten, the sensory overload he’d sometimes get whenever he was anxious became multiplied well past the range of
human limitation.

“I had a night terror that was probably about the people who are after me,” he says.

Bruce hums, rubbing his forehead. “It’s not uncommon for your subconscious to channel your current fears into dreams. It’s a very normal thing, Peter,” Bruce assures, and Peter groans, taking his head in his hands. “No, you don’t get it,” Peter stresses.

“I - the dream was… it was bad,” he mumbles.

“In the dream, there was this average guy with an average voice, and an average appearance. He was disturbingly average. I was tied to a metal vertical operating table, in my underwear, and they were just testing my strength and stamina by - by doing horrible things,” he croaks, rubbing his hands down his thighs worriedly.

Everyone is listening seriously now.

“He was -” he pauses, nearly mentioning his identity as Spider-Man. “He… was telling me that I was special, that I could already do so many different things even though they’d only just begun testing on me. He had me set up to a heart monitor, and another man was watching it. He - he threw boiling water on me to see if I ever developed blisters. He’d hit me, kick me,” Peter swallows hard, stilling his shaking hands, “he pressed these heated rods to my body, like - like branding me - and...” Peter chokes, pressing himself against the back of the couch, hands heavy in his lap.

“He...”

He can’t say it. A frustrated sound escapes him.

“Peter?” Natasha asks, watching him intently.

“His hands were cold, and his eyes were so calculating and distant, and he would - he was touching me,” he grits.

Steve leans forward, a dangerous spark in his eyes.

Peter goes off on a panicked tangent, “He’d drag his fingers down my stomach to watch my reaction, and he looked so amused, and then - then he’d slip his fingers into the waistband of my underwear, and I was screaming at him and cursing and trying to move but I couldn’t,” Peter takes a ragged breath, rubbing his throat as if trying to coaxing air through it.

Tony and Steve look positively livid, a quiet “shit” escaping Bruce’s lips.

Wade moves to sit beside him now, putting a hand on the nape of Peter’s neck and pushing his head between his knees. Peter lets it happen.

“Breathe, Peter,” he soothes, and Peter berates himself for losing his composure for something that could possibly just be a horrible dream and an insane coincidence. Wade’s presence comforts him nonetheless, and Peter sucks in air with his head ducked low, Wade’s fingers combing through the hair by his nape.

“He started screaming and I ran in. It was kinda a waking nightmare, I guess. I had to hold him down so he would hurt himself until he woke up,” Wade says lowly, and Bruce looks unsettled by this, Steve’s shoulders growing heavy like they do when he’s concerned.

“Then I…” I held him and rocked him, Wade thinks but doesn’t dare say, “he eventually calmed
down. But, seriously, the dream caused a major panic attack,” Wade finishes, a bit lamely, attempting to hide the fact that he essentially cuddled Peter back to sleep.

“Wait, are you telling me that you got Peter through his panic attack?” Natasha asks Wade, and Peter can feel his hand stiffen on his neck. “You know I’ve been tortured, right? And, like, traumatized, and all that? I do know how to help sometimes,” Wade says slowly before scoffing. He mutters something about fake fans, but Peter is too tired to care.

“Let's not get off track. We need to figure this out…” Steve starts, but Wade raises a hand.

“No done.”

Now the Avengers look even more distressed.

“Today, we went to Petey’s other job at The Bugle, and when we were finally walking back, someone bumps into the kid. He clasps his shoulder and says “apologies” before walking away. Peter freezes and starts panicking, and I damn near thought he was going pass out from the dazed look on his face. That would've been, what, the fourth time you swooned for me? Fifth? Three times the day we met, and the fourth would've been today, yeah?” Wade asks Peter, who makes a noncommittal sound, whacking his side.

“Anyway, the man that bumped into Peter is apparently a dead ringer for the man in Peter’s dream.”

At this, Clint sighs, rubbing his temples, all the others addressing their stress in similar ways. “You should've seen his face. He was angry and terrified and confused all at once - there's no way it's just a coincidence,” Wade finishes.

Silence blankets the team, the air thick with tension. Nobody speaks, nobody moves.

“I gotta retire,” Clint mutters, scrubbing a hand over his face before leaning back beside Natasha.

Peter looks up, watching them with wary eyes, indignation slowly covering his face. He braces his elbows on his knees, propping his face in his hands. “So - so, what? That’s it? Everybody’s just… lost?” Peter asks.

It hurts. For a lot of reasons, really. But Peter knows this is partially his own fault. He knows it is. And for that reason, he’s madder at himself than he is at the silence coming from The Avengers. If they knew he was Spider-Man, they’d surely have more suggestions - they would have a wider range of ideas to solve his problem - because that’s what they do. They help.

If only he could tell them who he is, what abilities he possesses, then they’d be able to help more.

To them, Peter is powerless. To them, he’s average. He’s starting college in the fall for biomedical science, and he is a photographer. To them, he is helpless and scared.

For them, Peter stifles his abilities and acts novice when they train him.

And it pisses him the fuck off sometimes.

Steve, ever helpful and positive, begins, “We should start with putting a 24/7 security detail on your home and your aunt’s home. You should pay special attention to every person you see on a daily basis; tell us or Wade anything out of the ordinary that they do -”

He zones out at some point, chest heaving.
Ears ringing, he stands up abruptly, pressing his palms to his eyes, gritting his teeth.

“Stop! Just - Just stop. Please,” he shudders, dragging his hands through his hair, only to find that his hands stick lighty to his scalp.

*Take control of your fucking powers,* he thinks, *now is not the time to expose yourself.*

“Petey, hey, you’re - things will work out,” Wade says, and even though his eyes are covered, Peter knows he’s about to touch him, he can feel it. But Wade pulls back; somehow he understands.

“I… I need - need to go,” he pants, breaths labored, crossing his arms over his chest. His hands instantly stick to the cotton material. *This is bad,* he thinks.

Peter brushes past Bruce as he darts out the door of the conference room to the bathroom, his fingers skimming Bruce’s shirt just long enough. And Peter hopes he gets the point.

Because Bruce is the only Avenger who knows he’s Spider-Man. It was almost laughable how much of a coincidence it was; Peter had gone into the city to help The Avengers with a group of Chitauri. They had gotten rid of them all, but Spider-Man had gotten stabbed, the blade skimming his neck. He didn't realize how bad it was until the situation was finally under control, and Peter had stumbled before collapsing, blood flowing from the neck of his costume.

Thankfully, none of the other Avengers were nearby, because Bruce had to perform a sort of field surgery on him. Peter kicked and screamed, but Bruce told him to shut up or he’d die, and then he took Peter’s mask off to examine the wound and stitch him.

He saw Peter’s face.

He acknowledged Peter’s face.

He said, “Peter, everything is going to be fine. Lay still.”

And they never really spoke of it again except for dire situations. Bruce knew his secret, and that was that.

But right now, Peter gets about ten paces into the hallway before he hears Bruce address the other fighters in the conference room, “It’s a panic attack - I’ll check on him. It’s better if only one person talks to him at a time,”

Bruce’s voice is a grenade exploding in his mind, plowing through his ear drums, the world ringing. Peter chokes out a pained sound, squeezing his eyes shut.

Peter runs the rest of the way to the bathroom blindly, and immediately doubles over, bracing one hand on the sink, the other against the wall in front of it. He’s about to stumble away again, but he gets pulled forward, his hand sticking to the wall.

“No,” he whispers, “oh, no, no, no, *nono!*** His nervous breaths echo against the tiled walls of the communal bathroom and Peter grinds his teeth together so hard that pain shoots up his jaw. He stares at his reflection through foggy glass and blurry vision, his eyes raw. He looks unrecognizable to himself.

Bruce is beside him suddenly, walking right up to him and pushing Peter’s head up to look at him. A flash of empathy crosses his face at Peter’s panic, but he sobers quickly, used to dealing with
situations involving loss of control.

“Listen to your own heartbeat,” Bruce soothes, taking hold of Peter’s arm, though not moving it from the wall just yet. Peter looks up at him warily, silent. His own heartbeat is erratic and fast, and he shakes his head. He tries again to pull his hand away before he feels tiles beginning to rip from the wall.

Bruce shoves his hand back, taming his own concern. “Okay. That’s alright, Peter. How about…” he pauses, watching Peter carefully, searching his face for something that escapes him.

“Listen to Wade’s heartbeat,” he says to Peter now, sure.

The statement astounds him, his eyes narrowing at Bruce. “I… I can’t -”

“Listen. I know you can, Peter. No use lying. Listen to his heart.”

Peter stifles his heavy breathing enough to hear over himself. Everything is silent, and yet, the world explodes with sound. He squeezes his eyes shut desperately. He can hear his own tripping heartbeat, he hears Bruce’s slow and steady one. He hears the drip of the faucet, making him flinch with each droplet colliding with the sink. His retinas seem to burn even though the bathroom lighting is dim and sporadic.

He hears the ding of the elevator. He hears chatter in the hallway of the floor below them.

And then, faintly, Peter hears Steve speaking, “I’m sure he’s fine, Deadpool.”

“Yeah,” Clint’s voice breaks in, “Bruce is good at dealing with that stuff.”

“I like Peter,” Natasha says smoothly, “he knows how to handle himself. We should’ve, you know, been more composed and prepared when we heard what was happening to him. Our silence probably freaked him out even more.”

Peter pushes past that noise. He pushes past the clinking of what must be one of Tony’s shot glasses. He pushes past the sound of Thor’s thumb running along Mjölnir’s surface, and past the shaking of Clint’s leg.

Peter can hear Wade’s hitched breath, he can practically hear his scars tormenting him.

He pushes everything back until he hears a lovely, rhythmic thud. He hears the resonance of his heart beat, thrumming softly against his ribs.

Sonance.

Peter begins the grating process of timing breaths with his, his face slowly relaxing, his eyes closed calmly, lips parting. His finger twitches against the tiled wall with every beat of Wade’s heart.

Vaguely, he feels Bruce pull his hand back, slowly, slowly, until his hand no longer adheres to the wall.

Peter blinks back into focus, seeing a knowing glint in Bruce’s eyes. He dutifully ignores him, squeezing his hand shut only to find that his palms no longer stick.

“Thank you,” Peter says, and Bruce just nods.

“I don’t think I’m the one to thank,” Bruce hums, but he shrugs his shoulders, presses a finger to Peter’s chest until he takes the hint and sits on the rim of the sink. “Take it easy for a minute, Peter.”
Peter scrubs a hand over his face, sighing. His heart rate has returned to normal, relief flooding over him.

In the other room, Wade is very busy having an internal crisis of conscience.

Peter was obviously distressed, and Wade could only respect his space and wait for it to pass. But now he’s in the bathroom, and he could be dying. Or worse, Wade thinks woefully, crying.

“You know, for totally unrelated reasons, I’m going to investigate your bathroom. Totally not checking on Peter, though. Absolutely not,” Wade smiles tightly.

“Wade, don’t, sit down,” Steve says tiredly, and Wade skips to the door.

“Hm. No can do, El Capitan. You may be America’s father, but my ass belongs to Canada. I don’t have to listen to you.” Wade shuts the door behind him, padding quietly to the bathroom.

A hand on the door and about to go in, he pauses, hearing a soft conversation through the door. He stands silently, face close against the heavy door.

“Take it easy for a minute, Peter,” Wade hears Bruce say, and then there’s silence for several moments.

“How often do you still lose control of your powers like that?” Bruce asks softly, and Wade’s back straightens.

What powers? Cute as fuck powers? Amazing ass powers? Pouty frowny lip powers?

{For a world-renowned, highly skilled mercenary, you’re really fucking oblivious sometimes.}

“Only when I’m really distracted or anxious or panicked.” Peter says, almost shamefully, embarrassed, “or, like, excited. I mean, excited excited. As in...”

“Okay,” Bruce cuts him off.

Wade raises a brow in sick curiosity before urging himself to focus.

Wade takes a breath, sighing and closing his eyes as he listens, his brows furrowed.

“If the others knew that your spidey senses, as you call them, might be responsible for that dream, they would have a lot more suggestions,” Bruce says.

“I know.”

Wade’s eyes snap open, mouth parted almost comically.

Holy shit, he thinks smartly, what the shit biscuit.

“I think the dream was my senses warning me of what could happen if I’m not careful. It was just... very vivid,” Peter says, and Wade crosses his arms over his chest.

“I - I’ve only been Spider-Man for just under three years now. ‘S still hard sometimes,” Peter mumbles.

“Oh, fuck! What the fuck!” Wade hiss suddenly, biting his fist to stay unheard.

“How are you managing to keep your identity a secret from Wade, especially?”
Oddly enough, and this surprises Wade more than he can comprehend, really. But he’s not… mad. He’s not exactly angry with Peter. He can’t be mad at a kid trying to keep his identity as a hero a secret, while balancing a life and two rigorous jobs.

Still, he thinks, not unfondly, Peter could have trusted me.

And all this time he’s been a blind idiot!

“Acrobatics, my ass!” he gasps. Peter’s been covering up Spidey’s story with a silly acrobatics one! He can fight, and he is insanely strong, and way too flexible and fast.

I was mother-fucking right, he grins.

He pauses for a moment in thought, imagining being with Peter once he doesn’t have to hide those powers, how freeing it would be. On the other end of the spectrum, Wade is imagining play-fighting with Peter without worrying about hurting him. He’s imagining an enormous game of tag, running on rooftops and swinging from porches. He’s imagining a training partner who can actually match him in endurance.

Also, spandex. But, that’s another thought altogether.

And, then, fuck, poor Peter. He’s all alone. For whatever goddamn reason, he feels like he has to hide his identity. He’s nineteen and he has to handle all of it alone. He has to handle the victories, the trauma, the nightmares, the powers, all alone.

Wade’s heart clenches again for him, which he’s still getting used to.

“It’s hard,” Peter says, and Wade snaps back to focusing, “I… I wanna tell him. God, I want to scream and tell everyone. I want to be able to web Tony’s mouth shut, and I want to scale the Tower in front of all of them. I hate hiding sometimes. And, Wade. I want to tell Wade, but…” Peter freezes, and Wade’s eyes widen.

How well can Spidey hear? And can he hear that well all the time, or does he have to try? Does he hear me? Wade thinks in panic.

“They’re probably getting suspicious. It’s a room full of assassins and heroes. They’re gonna start thinking something’s up any minute now,” Peter says with sad resignation.

Wade sprints back silently, and duck into the conference room again right before the bathroom door opens.

Still, Wade will be damned if he’s not gonna have some fun with this.

Chapter End Notes

LEAVE ME COMMENTS AND LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK!!!

FOLLOW MY IG: petr.prkr
Fun and Games (No, Seriously).

Chapter Notes

HOOOOO boy.

shit is about to go down in the next few chapters!!

also, thank you for the amazing comments and hits and kudos?? we're almost at 30 thousand hits. christ on a pogo stick that is awesome. these comics have acted as a blanket and a shield to me for so much of my life, and i'm so glad i can write a story about them that you all love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I hate them!” Peter huffs, his hands shoved deep in his jacket pockets, head ducked as they walk onto the subway platform.

“Oh, don't say that, Petey Boy. I'm sure they're, like, kinda good.” Wade offers before pausing. “Well, aside from the fact that they think leaving entire neighborhoods in ruins qualifies as saving the day, but, still.”

Peter blows out a breath before sitting on the train platform bench, his legs tucked under him.

“No. No, I still hate them,” he says decidedly.

“Well,” Wade sighs, sitting down beside him, clasping his thigh reassuringly.

{Spidey's thigh has tone for such a lean little thing.}

[Mmh. I just wanna bite him. I wanna nip up his leg until I get to his inner thigh, and then, real careful-]

“Well what?” Peter asks after a moment, turning to Wade.

Wade jolts, shakes his head. “Oh, no. I've got nothing, Baby Boy. That just sounded like something people say. Stark and the rest of the Gossip Girls were shit,” Wade amends.

Peter grunts in annoyance, standing up in front of Wade and facing the platform.

“I know! What, that's all they came up with? They just want us to take more precautions and watch the people we're around more closely? That's bullshit!” Peter says, and, yeah, Wade thinks, it's bullshit.

“It's like they were all drawing blanks!” A few people waiting for the train give Peter odd looks, which Peter immediately looks ashamed about.

Before Wade can even try to help, Peter throws his hands in his hair, his back arching languidly towards the sky. His shirt clings to his waist in ripples against the wind. His lithe frame is silhouetted against the bruising sky, and Peter blows out a breath. Peter’s anger seems to come in short bursts, outwardly exploding before resolving his emotions until they’re internalized, or until they break free
Wade shocks himself with his own perceptiveness. But then, why should he be shocked? *I’m a mercenary*, he thinks, *I get paid to understand people’s behaviors and what to expect from them.* The thought that perhaps he’s just never *cared* past a professional level until now is what shocks Wade more.

With the tension leaving his shoulders, Peter crouches down, his back hunched so that his fingertips touch the floor between his knees. His spine shows in slight ridges beneath his shirt, and he seems weirdly comfortable.

*Because he’s goddamn Spider-Man,* Wade reminds himself.

Peter stands back up after several moments, turning to Wade, standing right outside his knees’ reach.

“*This is - this is just… lazy.* It’s like, if they don’t immediately know what they’re looking for, they just ramble about increased security and ‘keeping an eye out.’” Peter rants.

“I’d never just send someone home when there’s such a clear and abnormal risk,” Peter says matter-of-factly, putting his hands to his chest before pausing starkly.

“I mean, if I were a hero, or something,” he adds coolly.

Wade nods his head, masking a wry smile. “*Yeah, ‘course.’*”

Peter clears his throat, the toes of his shoes kicking the cement before spinning around towards the setting sun again.

“You’re jumpy, Petey Pie,” Wade notes, and Peter waves him off with a belated “*probably the ADHD*” remark.

“Sometimes I just wanna grab Tony Stark and…” Peter’s in the middle of making a fairly violent gesture when Wade lunges forward quickly, grabbing his belt loops and pulling him back. Peter gasps, toppling between the V of Wade’s legs with a huff.

“*Wade,*” Peter says incredulously.

“D’you wanna get up?” Wade asks, hands on his waist.

“I - well, *no.*” Peter says, and Wade beams. Peter pauses for a moment before sighing contentedly, squirming a bit before getting comfortable, pressing himself closer against Wade.

Wade clenches his jaw. *His ass.*

“Damn seats, huh, Wade? Kinda uncomfortable,” Peter says, nudging against Wade again, his back arching.

*Fucker.*

*Whatever you do, don’t grab him and pull him closer.*

*Pull him closer!*

“Oh, Petey. We can play this, if you wanna.” Wade’s breath ghosts against the shell of his ear. Peter shudders, the pulse at his neck rocketing under his skin. He ducks his head, his hands gripping the
wood of the seat between his knees.

Wade can barely make it out, and he wouldn’t be sure later on, but he’s sure he can hear how the wood groans and splinters under Peter’s grip.

_Holy shit_, he thinks excitedly, _that is the hottest thing I’ve ever pretended not to see._

“Damn seats, huh, Petey?” Wade hums calmly, and Peter gives a breathless laugh, his eyes narrowing as he looks towards the sun. His hands cover the warped wood now and Wade grins. His head tipped up, Wade takes the opportunity to wrap his arms loosely around his waist, fingers faintly skimming up his abdomen. Peter makes a breathless sound, pressing himself back, closer.

The rumble of the 7 train bounding down the tracks comes fast, and Wade’s lips brush against his jaw before Peter stands abruptly.

Wade risks a glance behind him quickly, to find that there’s a ragged chunk of the bench barely hanging on. Wade stands right beside him, mind reeling and boxes silent before he grins.

“Was that your way of getting me back for pinning you against the wall earlier today in front of The Bugle? Because I think I won this round. Just sayin’.”

“I don't recall that at all,” Peter says airily, taking Wade’s hand and pulling him into the train behind him.

“You don’t?” Wade ask, and the train door close behind a herd of other people who enter. Peter leans back against the wall where the corner of the door and the seats meet, with Wade standing in front of him, his back facing the public as he holds onto a bar above Peter’s head. “Because I’m pretty sure you were three seconds away from makin’ some noise.” Wade says with a shrug, and Peter laughs, ducking his head.

“No.” He argues lamely, and Wade smiles.

After that, the ride is calm. Or, as calm as the 7 train just after rush hour _can_ be. Peter leans forward to lay against Wade’s chest, his hands in his pockets, and Wade brackets him so he doesn’t fall, one hand on the pole and the other against the door. Peter rambles about small things, how his aunt always knits him sweaters that he wears so he won’t hurt her feelings, how his aunt makes amazing food, how he has a lot of energy that he can never get rid of, but he always comes home tired after a day at the Bugle.

They go from Times Square, to Fifth Avenue.

Wade tells him some things, too, but he avoids the gore. Wade tells him that he makes the best damn pancakes in the entire world, tells him that he can recite all of _The Golden Girls_ verbatim, which he giggles at, his laughter resonating against Wade’s chest. Wade tells him that the line between good and bad is a lot more elusive than people think, and he nudges his cheek against Wade’s chest.

At Grand Central, a crowd of people so thick piles on that Peter just wraps his arms around Wade before pulling him closer. He doesn’t try and make Wade face the crowd.

Wade watches the crowd through the reflection in the door with piqued curiosity, effortlessly scanning the group. There’s a short man who’s clearly high, offering people pot. There’s several old women with groceries talking in another language. Indonesian. Several men in suits hug the poles, briefcases between their ankles and earbuds making them dead to the world. Kids with sticky fingers wrap themselves around the poles happily. A young couple are glued together, eyes shut and lips locked. Those are all the people in a five foot radius.
Several people get off at Vernon, shoving their way towards the doors. Many push themselves off the train, the doors sliding shut behind them.

Wade shakes off an unnerving feeling before narrowing his eyes at the crowd again, lips pursing.

Two people who pushed their way closer to the door near them did not get off the train.

In the same second, Peter’s body goes rigid, and Wade feels him shudder. Wade stifles the giddy childish glee he feels when he sees Peter’s spidey senses in action.

{That’s adorable.}

{It’s gonna be hilarious when we have to actually fight in a few minutes. How’s he gonna play his skills off?}

Peter takes a moment to peer over Wade’s shoulder, whiskey eyes cool and calculated as he searches the crowd. He must finally see the same people Wade saw, and what his senses warned him of, because he very calmly leans against Wade’s chest again, silent a moment as he gathers his words together.

“Wade?” He begins.

“Yes, snookums?” Wade muses, hand tightening on the metal rail.

“There’s two people, to your left...”

“We’ve got something stuck to our shoes. I know, Pete.” Wade watches them closely in the reflection, “I’m looking at them. They’ve been trailing since at least Grand Central. A man and a woman. Do either of them look familiar to you?”

Peter shakes his head.

“Alright. Well, I sure hope you were being modest when you said you couldn’t fight well. Because they’re not gonna leave without crossing paths with us.” Wade looks down at him, and Peter sighs. He can see every emotion, every thought, crossing through Peter’s mind, all plastered on his face, ricocheting ideas around like an open book. Wade can feel his heart pound against his own chest, as if he’s working out how to best look inexperienced.

“I’ll - uh. I’ll be fine.”

Wade smiles, kisses his hair, “I figured.” Peter flushes.

Time to kick some motherfucking ass.

At the Hunters Point stop, the man and women stand at either side of them, the man about five paces from me, and the woman three paces from Peter.

“They have ear buds.” Peter hums against Wade’s chest, “They’re part of whatever wants to take me.”

Wade nods at him discreetly and rolls his shoulders, stretching his back and groaning as joints pop. Peter furrows his brow at this.

“Don’t kill them,” he warns.

Wade slumps his shoulders, giving Peter pleading eyes.
“Ah, Petey, you’re no fun,” Wade whines but Peter just stares harder.

“I’m serious.”

“I know,” Wade concedes, and Peter cocks his head.

“No killing rule, right?”

Peter flushes, panic setting into his features before remembering their conversation about guns and killing when they first entered his apartment, and again earlier today.

Before he can scramble for an answer, Wade adds on, “Plus, I can’t kill them either way. We have to question them.”

“Right. Right, yeah, forgot,” Peter agrees, and then the woman starts moving away from Peter.

Peter’s eyes follow her cautiously, but Wade already knows what’s she’s going to do.

“Brace yourself. She’s going to pull the emergency brake. This train is going fast and people will go flying; people will fall on the ground, hit their heads, get hurt. Everyone will be down and out except them two. They’re expecting us to be surprised. They have no idea we know. When she pulls the brake, he’s going to come for us. Follow my lead,” Wade explains, but he thinks Peter’s on the same page. An excited glint sparks in Peter’s amber eyes, his face alight and ready.

{He is… so attractive.}

“I haven’t kicked some ass in a while. I’m pumped.” Wade exclaims, and Peter plants his feet.

“Now,” he intones.

And the train screeches to a deafening halt.

Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER HAHA.

yeah shit is about to get wild.

FOLLOW ME ON IG: jerk.punk

AND MAYBE I’LL GIVE YOU GUYS SOME SNEAK PEAKS IF YOU DM ME.
Train Safety 101.

Chapter Notes

this chapter is an equal balance of epic fight sequences, angst, crude comedy, and hurt/comfort.

you're welcome, but, sorry in advance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

PETER PARKER

“Now,” I intone.

And the train screeches to a deafening halt. All around us, people scream and fall, except for the four of us. They topple to the floor, their heads get hit, ribs fractured and arms crushed. Someone gets propelled forward, their head hitting the pole with a sickening clang.

“Use those legs, Baby Boy.” Wade quips, and he ducks just as I grab the rail and kick the man square in the chest as he lunges towards us, right where Wade’s face would’ve been.

Don’t use your full strength, don’t use your full strength, don’t use it -

I jump over Wade, who makes a beeline to his right, throwing a punch at the girl. They immediately start fighting, matching each other hit for hit.

The man, easily over six feet, with even more muscle mass than Wade, stumbles back but grabs my thigh, tugging me closer. I use the momentum and throw myself at him, wrapping my legs around the front of his neck. He can’t see, grappling at my shirt, and I use all my strength to swing him down onto the ground, straddling his chest.

“Oh! Hot!” Wade growls at me, ducking under a right hook from the woman.

“Who are you?” I ask, watching him curiously.

“Your worst nightmare.” He grits, a barking laughter escaping him.

I shudder, but my eyes narrow. “You know, that’s kind of cliche.” I say, shrugging. “I’d have gone for a more menacing first impression, but that works, I guess.” The man rolls his eyes and makes his move.

He attempts to headbutt me, but I pull back, and he instead shoves me down with his thigh, his hands pinning mine to the ground. Before I can react, he shoves a knee between my legs roughly, grabbing my wrists. My breath catches in my throat, a flush of red covering my face and neck. Pain flares out and across my lower stomach and groin, my eyes briefly screwing shut as I bite down a cry.

“What - hey! Not below the belt, fucker.” Wade growls, his arm twisted behind him and face slammed into the wall, before kicking his foot back and into her kneecap, making her collapse. He
puts her in a headlock, watching me worriedly. “Ooh, Baby Boy, you okay?” He asks, a hiss of sympathetic pain escaping him.

"Uh-huh." I squeak.

"Perhaps you're weaker than we thought?" The man questions me, his knee digging higher. A strangled cry escapes me, squirming under him, desperately resisting using my full strength. "You think I have balls of steal, or somethin'?" I shout.


"You, sir, are the personification of gas station sushi. I just want you to know that." I rasp.

"Stay down, Peter Parker." The man tells me, and I furrow my brows.

"Has that line actually worked on anyone yet?" I ask, and he looks livid. I try sliding out from under him, but his hands on my shoulders stop me. I barely use one-sixteenth of my full strength, and I hurl the man off of me. He crashes into the seats across from him, momentarily dazed.

"Jesus, man! What's wrong with you!" I scream, hands tentatively holding myself.

Wade stares blankly at this, looking between my lean frame and the hulk of a man that I easily tossed into a wall. I stare back widely as he stammers, “Uh. Okay, well, wow. Adrenaline does wild things. Uh.”

I swallow thickly, wincing and tugging at my pants. Wade watches me, nodding knowingly. "You, uh, okay? Down - down there -" Wade asks, voice high in question as he gestures to his groin.

My cheeks flush, but frankly I'm just glad Wade moves past my show of insane strength.

"Um, yeah." I clear my throat. "Any possible internal pain will heal." I shrug.

"Uh, what?" Wade asks, and he turns to check on the woman recovering from his latest blow, but I almost think he's grinning.

*Oh, fucking hell. Way to go, Peter.* "I - I mean, well, I'll heal. 'S not too bad."

"Right." Wade nods. "Right -"

The woman slams Wade’s head into the pole once. “*Ow!*” Wade screeches. “Rude, lady!” And he tosses her across the train car, falling onto a heap of other fallen passengers. “Was that sexist? Isn’t it more sexist if I don’t hit you? I mean, you’re clearly trained, and you’re trying to kidnap Petey, so…” Wade trails off, kneeling down and swiping her knees out when she storms towards him again.

“Do not kill her, Wade!” I warn as the man pushes himself up off the seats.

“Bossy!” Wade whines, grabbing the woman’s forearm and tugging her down onto the ground before she can punch him again.

“God, with all your preaching about not killing anyone, you sound like Spider-Man. You should hear Webs rant about all that.” Wade says, with a roll of his eyes.

“What.” I blurt, freezing with wide eyes, my cheeks flushed and heart pounding. Wade give me an
amused glance before turning his attention back to the woman.

The man takes that time to kick me hard in the stomach, sending me stumbling back before I focus again.

Wade is oddly silent again, fighting with the woman.

She gets up and comes at him again with full force, rage in her eyes. “Lady, you’re pissing me off.” Wade warns darkly, huffing out a breath, watching her warily with his head lowered.

That was… hot.

I can't focus on him now, ducking under a fist the man throws at me and kicking him in the back, sending him flying forward.

“Can we maybe, like, talk this through?” I ask, feigning confusion and parrying to the left to avoid the man’s swing.

“We’ll have plenty of time to talk later, trust me.” He grunts, and I still.

“What?” I breathe, goose flesh settling over my skin.

“Peter,” Wade says sternly, ducking under the woman’s punch and kicking her abdomen. “focus. You have to focus for me.”

My shock gives the man time to land an uppercut punch to my chin. After the moment of blinding pain dissipates, I can feel the muted buzz of the punch.

“Oh, shit. Not the face!” Wade cries, throwing an elbow in the woman’s nose.

I know I definitely have a split bottom lip, I can feel the wet sting of it. "Fuck," I hiss, licking my lips and tasting metallic. I dab at my bloodied lip with my sleeve urgently, pausing when the train intercom comes on.

“Sorry for that, folks. We’ll have EMT’s at the next stop if anyone needs them and emergency evacuation ready. We’re gonna start moving again.”

A string of curses slips through Wade’s teeth in vicious, tight-lipped mutters. “Fuckin’ hell. We’re gonna have to avoid them.”

I can’t answer him, because the man wipes his fists on his shirt and grimaces at me. “They told me not to hurt you.” The man grins, rolling up his sleeves. “Peter has a point,” Wade slurs, his face smashed between a seat and the woman’s knee. “At least this lady is giving me a run for my money.”

He barrels towards me again. He’s large and oafy, and even without using my powers, I’m much slimmer and faster than him. I duck under him, slamming my elbow into his back. I land a blow to the man's jaw, watching as he stumbles back before righting himself with a dangerous darkness in his eyes. The man quickly moves forward, aiming to punch my stomach.

I swipe to the left, kicking the man's knee out. The guy is quick on his feet, because he swivels on the knee he dropped and grabs my ankles, pulling me down to land with a thud.
Before I can get up the man is crawling over me, pinning my hands to the floor above my head. I can feel his body against mine, larger and heavier and damn near suffocating. My chest tightens and I press my feet against either of the man's hips, muscles coiling in my stomach as I push up and behind me, flipping us over so that the man lands with his back on the floor and me on top of him.

I pin him down by straddling his waist, land a punch to his ribs and another to his jaw again.

*God, if only I could've used all my skills. He'd have been out of the way five minutes ago.*

Wade has the woman on the floor, legs wrapped around her waist and very much in a headlock. Wade adds pressure and pulls, just a bit, and within moments, she faints. “Well, *fuck! About fucking time!*” Wade yells at her, slumped over in the train car now.

The train lumbers into the station then, and Wade pulls himself off the ground, standing beside me. “Tell me who you are.” I say, low, and the man sneers at me.

The train doors open.

I underestimate his strength, and he swings his torso up to headbutt me. Wade grabs me before I can fall, and then we're the first ones off the train, chasing the man.

I jump over strollers and carts, ducking under gesturing hands and skidding around platform performers. Wade is close behind me, following my path instead of shoving things aside. The man is always ten steps ahead of us.

Finally he hops clumsily over the turnstiles, myself flying over them moments behind, Wade on my tail. A comforting flame resides in the caverns of my ribs, determination in my eyes as we chase him.

I push the train station doors open to find that it's pouring rain outside, dark storm clouds gathering overhead. My hair is instantly wet, clothes sticking to my shoulders.

The man has more ground on us now, sprinting quickly down an alleyway cornered by an apartment complex.

“He's going down the block.” I say. “Go right. I'll go left and chase his tail. If I don't catch him your can intercept him.”

Wade casts a glance at me, unsure, before he seems to change his mind and deem my request safe. He turns away from me with a laugh and starts sprinting right, and myself left.

As soon as Wade is out of eyesight, I sprint down the less crowded block, and then stop chasing the man, who is now almost at the end of the block. Instead, I easily scale the wall of an old apartment building. On the roof, I see the man in the alley below me, running towards an intersection to a more crowded street. On the other side, Wade is turning the corner, about to meet him.

I crouch over the corner of the roof, peering down and taking a deep breath.

*I need to patrol tonight. This - doing this - it's beyond cathartic.*

With Wade distracted, peering at the man from the corner and waiting, I flip off the roof and land softly on the balls of my feet, right behind Wade.

I stand up, turning to him. With his eyes still on the man, Wade says, “Impressive, Petey. How’d you know he’d go this way? What, did you go on the roof, or somethin’?”

“He’s coming.” Wade says, and I hardly hear him before the man abruptly turns the corner, coming face-to-face with us.

He immediately headbutts Wade, trying to flee the other way, but I grab his elbow and tug him back, swinging him into the alley wall. “What, did your plan fail? Gonna go reconvene and plan something else?” I ask, voice clipped. The man chuckles, prying my hands from his chest and swinging at me, I block his hit, and twist his arm behind his back, kicking his knee out and dropping him to the floor.

“Your strength is impeccable, Peter.” The man croons, and I immediately loosen my grip, glancing at Wade, who is watching carefully while simultaneously cursing over a nosebleed.

“Maybe you’re just losing your touch.” I jeer back, and he laughs.

I press him down into the ground, twisting his arm higher against his back, until he yelps. “I want nothing to do with you. I want nothing to do with the woman we left in the train. I want nothing to do with your organization.” I take a breath, my face inches from his. “And I want nothing to do with whatever your boss will do to me.” A smile curls on his lips. “If you do this again, you’ll be in high-security prison faster than you can say jailbait.” I stress, and Wade makes an impressed sound.

“Do you hear me?” I ask.

“Loud and clear. After all, I’m merely the messenger.”

I let the man up, and Wade, pulls out a knot of zip-ties from one of his pockets.

“Did you - do you just have those with you?” I ask, and Wade narrows his eyes at me, like it’s an absurd question to ask. “Peter, you always have to be prepared to disarm a criminal. Or to have a bondage session.”

“I - okay.” I say flatly, and Wade ties the man’s wrists in front of him, putting the man between us.

I dial Steve’s number to tell him, my phone ringing, sighing as I take a few paces into the alley, back turned to them. “Peter? What’s wrong? Did something happen?” Steve asks worriedly.

“We have someone from -”

“But, remember, Peter Benjamín Parker,” The man starts, and I pause, my back going stiff as I turn to him, mouth parting.

“What did you say?” I breathe.

“Your middle name is Benjamín?” Wade gawks, unaware of the… the implications -

“How do you know, what else do you -”

Steve is speaking on the phone, shouting my name, trying to understand what’s happening.

“How did it go again, Peter? Ah, that’s right.” The man says, clears his throat with a curiously odd expression on his face as he watches me. “Peter. I know things have been difficult lately, and I’m sorry about that…” He trails off.

I drop my phone, clattering onto the dirty cement ground. Steve’s shouting grows muted over the phone. How does he know? How does he -
“Do not.” I choke, hands shaking.

Wade looks from the man to me, concern thick on his face. “Peter? What’s wrong - what’s he saying to you?”

The man continues, eyes growing wide with amusement, with a winning glow. “I think I know what you’re feeling. Ever since you were a little boy, you’ve been living with so many unresolved things.” The man says.

“Shut up. Shut up.” I warn, eyes red and glossy, my stance guarded. My sweater hangs open, a finger pointed at the man in warning, hair whipping against my forehead and surely pitiful expression on my face. Wade looks just about ready to staple the man’s mouth shut.

“Well, take it from an old man.” He continues mercilessly. “Those things send us down a road, they make us who we are. And, if anyone’s destined for greatness, it’s you, son.” The man says, his voice laced with bitter, feigned endearment.

“How - how do you know this?” I ask. I swipe a sleeve across my face, wiping my eyes. "How do you know what he said!"

“You owe the world your gifts. You just have to figure out how to use them.” The man says, his voice soft and affectionate.

“Don’t.” I say sharply, a plead, my voice wavering. “Just - don’t say -”

“And know that wherever they take you, well always be here.” He says, and a wide, knowing grin is plastered on his face.

“Shut up!” I scream, face hot with anguish, my ears ringing and my vision blurry with tears. I take a step closer but stop suddenly, keeping my distance.

Don’t get closer, I think. If you confront him, you’ll hurt him too badly. You won’t be able to control your powers. You’re too unstable.

“So come on home, Peter. You’re my hero, and I love you.” The man finishes, and he even mimics the beep of the voicemail ending.

Traitorous tears stream down my cheeks when I storm over to him, rushing him, punching him square in the jaw, nearly knocking him to the ground before Wade tosses the man down and grabs me. Wade takes the brunt of my force, holding me back. “Jesus fuck, Peter.” Wade gasps, grabbing me firmly, straining against my own strength. He oddly makes no comment about my strength, either because he doesn’t notice or doesn’t think anything of it.

“How the fuck do you know that!” I scream. “How - how do you know?” I gasp, my voice a ragged shout. I stop fighting against Wade, collapsing against him, feebly trying to get at the man. It turns into a sob. “How d’you know…” I mutter weakly, and Wade pulls me against him. “You’re okay, it’s okay, it's - it's going to be okay.” His hand is on the nape of my neck, shushing me distractedly as I sob tiredly, not exactly a cry but too tired to care if I were. Wade’s eyes still trained on the man, laughing lowly from the ground.

His lip is a bloody mess, and his white teeth are lined with crimson red as he chuckles.

“How do you know.” I whisper, and the man just laughs.

My heart pounds with rage, and, as if knowing, Wade holds me tighter. “Don’t.” He says sternly.
“You might be at an advantage physically, but for now, he has the upper hand.”

Within seconds, three black SUVs pull up around the alley, and Steve and Clint emerging from one, and Natasha and Banner from another. The middle van is a proxy, as always.

“I traced your call.” Steve says simply. “Well, Tony traced your call.” He seems to get a better understanding of the situation, looking closer at me. “Peter, what happened?” His voice is soft and careful, years of trouble broadcasted in his eyes.

Wade shakes his head fervently at Steve at the same time I turn away from him, swallowing thickly. “Not now. I’ll text one of you.” He says quietly, briskly.

“Just arrest him.” I mutter, and Natasha smiles widely at me, already hefting the large man up from the floor, reinforced handcuffs on his wrists. “Already done.” She walks away with him, opening the door of the middle SUV. Wade steps away from me for a moment, and stands beside Natasha in front of the man. “Now, Peter is against this, but, desperate times, right?” Wade begins with a laugh, nudging the man’s shoulder before sobering, grabbing his shirt collar. “I don’t know who you are, or what you just said to Peter, but if you do anything of the sort to him again, your head will be shipped to my best friend, Weasel, and your body will be in the morgue. Now, he’s an arms dealer, but I’m sure he’d be willing to find something to do with your pitiful brain.” Wade chuckles good-naturedly, rapping his knuckles on the man’s skull. I wouldn’t have been able to hear him speak if I were normal, but, somehow, I’m not exactly angry with him, partly because I’m too drained, and partly because I know Wade is at least trying to remain levelheaded.

Natasha shoves him into the car, and he disappears behind dark tinted windows.

Bruce glances at me from his spot by Steve, raising a brow. I nod gently, assuring him it’s fine, before he turns back to Steve.

The sky is bruised shades of dark blue now, the moon high in the sky and not a star in sight. Street lamps have now turned on, the chatter of the nighttime crowd growing audible. The brisk, late autumn coldness hits everyone now, wind rippling hair and coats alike. It scatters leaves and garbage and fliers, and everything lacks a sense of permanence in this wind. Steve and Bruce are talking near the lip of the alley, Natasha and Clint are near the car.

I take a shuddering breath, sinking down to the ground against the wall as the man’s words play back in my head. Peter, I know things have been difficult lately…

I squeeze my eyes shut, bracketing my face with my arms, gritting my teeth and forcing myself to stay composed. Everything’s too much. Wade hurries beside me once again, crouching down in front of me, looking patient, worried. I can’t see him, but I can feel his gaze.

“Petey? Can you open your eyes for me?” He asks, his hand on my leg.

“I want to go.” I say, and Wade sits down on the ground in front of me. “We’ll go. You just have to get up. Open your eyes, at least. Work with me, Baby Boy. I mean, I can carry you home. You’re a lean little thing.” He says, and I begrudgingly look up at him, my eyes narrowing.

Wade sighs when I look at him. I must look like a mess. My eyes bust be glossy, cheeks wet with angry tears. My nose must be red and my lips must be pouting, cheeks red and blotchy with anger. “Ah, Peter.” He says quietly. He curses lightly under his breath. I can tell he’s mad, but not at me.

“What happened? What’d he say to you?”

I don’t answer him at first, my eyes falling back into my lap. I wring my hoodie between my fingers,
sniffing. I take a breath, looking up at him from my lashes.

“He quoted the last thing my uncle ever told me before he was killed. A voicemail he left me. He -
he knew it.” I grit out. Wade just stares, eyes calculating and worried and angry.

“Fucking piece of shit.” Wade mutters, scrubbing a hand over his face.

“Your middle name, then -” Wade pieces together.

“His name was Benjamin.” I say, the name soft on my lips.

“What else do they know, then?” I ask, not expecting an answer.

“Well, Petey. If they don’t know it already, they’ll know it soon enough - they won’t win.” He says
confidently.

I laugh half-heartedly, wiping my eyes.

“Seriously.” Wade promises. “That whole attempt was so fucking weak. We’re like, at least a
thousand times better than them.” Wade shrugs, and I really laugh now, nodding in resignation.
“Okay, okay.”

“Let’s go home. I happen to be an amazing cheerer-upper.” Wade pulls me up effortlessly, slinging
an arm over my shoulder.

Half a block away from the alley, I pause, turning to Wade and throwing my arms around him in a
bear hug, knocking him back slightly. Wade wraps his arms around me, his chin resting atop my
head and my face buried in his neck. “Thanks.”

Thanks for being so sure, for being so nice, for being so damn patient, for being so respectful, for
trying, for being so funny, for being so strong, for being so caring, for being so attractive even if you
don’t think so.

“For what?”

For what, he asked. He has no fucking idea.

I don’t answer him.

“So, wanna tell me about your Uncle, kid?” He asks, lacing his hand with mine.

We walk home, and I know things will end up alright. Wade is right.

“I looked up to him. After my parents left the picture, he and my Aunt May basically raised me. He
was kinda stern sometimes, but he was always supportive…”

Chapter End Notes

this was sad, but, like, it turned out okay, yeah?

the next chapter will have fluff... and not fluff.

LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS.
(also, can you folks please not call me "bitch" to show your excitement for the story? i don't appreciate it and it makes me dysphoric. thanks.)

INSTAGRAM: jerk.punk
TUMBLR: scruffydun DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE SPIDEYPOOL TUMBLR PROMPTS
Singing in the Rain.

Chapter Notes

mm cute fluffy fluff and comfort

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

WADE WILSON

On our way home, I requested we make a quick detour. “As much as I love borrowing your clothes for an undeterminable amount of time, prolonged wear of your sweatpants will cut off circulation to all my special parts.” I announce, and Peter seems like he wants to argue until he looks down at my exposed ankles, how the front of his sweatpants stretch tight across my front. “A tragedy.” Peter comments with one last glance before he lets me lead him to the alley I keep my go-bag. He was totally checking me out.

Now, we’re padding back to Peter’s apartment, a duffel bag slung over my shoulder and rain chilling our bones.

“Wade,” Peter laughs, high and damn near musical. It’s not like his other laugh - where he ducks his head and huffs out this miserable chuckle, like he doesn’t deserve to laugh. No, this is a happy, melodic laugh, his head tipping up and eyes alight.

I’ve gotta say, I have never heard anything sunnier than this boy’s laugh in the entirety of my sad fucking life.

There’s a cadence to his voice, to the way his laugh is carefree and airy, the way his sighs are somber and his voice is tentative and steady.

No, not cadence, exactly. More like sonance.

Sonance.

What a foreign phrase.

[He’s smitten.]

“Wade, stop.” Peter giggles, and I’m brought back to the present.

I spin in front of him as we walk back to his apartment, landing gracefully and catching my duffel bag. The rain drenches us completely, coming down in merciless torrents. I blow him a kiss, pressing my hands to my heart. “There were moments of gold, and there were flashes of light. There were things I’d never do again, but then they always seemed right.” I sing jokingly, but to my full ability. Peter laughs again, watching me with an endearing and gleeful expression.

Thankfully, it’s late and we’re on a smaller street, because I’m putting on a goddamn show.

“There were nights of endless pleasure, it was more than any laws allowed.” I clutch my chest, walking ahead of Peter, grabbing an imaginary microphone stand and dragging it along with me.
I take a deep breath, and sing the next like. “Baby, baby!” I belt, and Peter stares with wide, bright eyes. I stride closer, ghosting the backs of my fingers down his cheek, winking at him. “If I kiss you like this, and if you whisper like that, it was lost long ago but it’s all coming back to me.” He watches with impressed amusement, grinning widely.

“If you want me like this,” I turn, sticking my backside out a bit, and Peter covers his mouth to stifle his giggle. “And if I need you like that,” I point to the ground in front of my feet, and Peter covers bright pink cheeks with his hands, eyes wide and brow raised. “It was gone long ago but it’s all coming back to me.”

I suck in a breath, taking a bow. Peter hops with enthralment, bounding with an immature energy that I forgot Peter had. He’s been so serious, but he’s just a kid. And he’s Spider-Man, which is bound to give him even more energy that he has no clue how to channel, stifling his emotions and abilities. It explains his panic attacks, the sensory overload.

[Hey, you get panic attacks.]
[And sensory overload.]
[Especially when your skin is hurting really bad.]
[You guys are, like, twins!]
[Fucked up twins.]

“Did you just hit the high note perfectly?” Peter asks shrilly, face glowing with surprise and excitement.

“I sure fuckin’ did, Baby Boy.” I grin, and he grabs my hoodie and tugs until we’re flush against each other, rain dripping from his auburn hair and pooling on his lashes. “I’m gonna kiss you.” He says quietly.

“I’m gonna let you.” I purr, and Peter pecks my lips at first before moving close again. I smile into the kiss, Peter slipping his arms around my shoulders, inclining his head to deepen the kiss. Our bodies fit like odd little puzzle pieces and his skin is soft against mine. Our bodies are heavy with rain yet light as air. I nip at his bottom lip before pulling away, Peter’s pupils blown wide.

“Come on, Boy Wonder. You’re lagging.” I tell him, and turn around in front of him, my back to him.

“Wh - I am not lagging!” Peter argues, but he hops on my back anyway. I heft him up a little, holding the backs of his knees and strolling down the street.

“You’re a scrawny little thing, Baby Boy. Do you like pancakes?” I hum, and Peter rests his chin atop my head. “Course I do. But, I - I don’t really have an appetite right now. It’s, uh, ‘M still kinda shook up from before…” He mumbles.

No shit, Webs.

“Alright, you win this round. But I’m making my famous pancakes tomorrow morning. Seriously, Baby Boy, I think those are your ribs I’m feelin’ back there.”

Peter crouches over me, so that the top of his head covers mine and his hair flops into my vision over my head in waves, staring at me with bright amber eyes. “Hey, I have a fast metabolism.” He says grudgingly, but this entire scenario is hilarious.
“He is… adorable.”

“I’ll bet.” I nod encouragingly, and Peter flips back up, my vision clear now.

I can feel the defensiveness radiating off him. I stifle a giggle. “What’s that mean?” He asks, keeping the paranoia out of his voice.

“You’re a teenager. Teenagers can eat whatever the fuck they want and they’ll have a better chance of losing weight than gaining it.” I amend, a smug grin on my face.

“Oh. Right. Yeah, you’re right.” Peter says, clearing his throat.

“This is hilarious.”

“He sucks at secret identities.”

“It’s kinda cute.”

Peter stirs suddenly, his phone ringing loudly against the New York silence. Luckily, I had put his phone back in his pocket when he dropped it in the alley.

Without even checking the screen, Peter answers the call. “H’lo?” He asks carefully, his hands on my head.

His posture straightens, abdomen against the ridges of my spine. “Oh! Hi, Aunt May!” He says brightly.

Through the static on the line, I hear his Aunt’s response. “Don’t you ‘hi, Aunt May’ me, Peter Benjamin Parker.” She chides in a way that suggests she isn’t really mad.

The guilt flows off Peter in waves, though. “’M sorry. These past few days have been… hectic. It started off -”

“Oh, I know how it started off.” Aunt May says deliberately, and Peter pauses. “You hadn’t been calling me like you always do each night.”

“Aww.”

“So I called Mr. Stark.” She continues.

Peter swallows hard, fidgeting with the drawstring of my hoodie. “Oh?” His voice tapers off into something high and questioning.

“Oh, yes. Apparently you were the target in a shooting at Stark Tower? And the lovely mercenary man Mr. Stark hired to protect you was thankfully in the lobby, and he shielded you.” She says with disbelief.

“I know.” Peter says remorsefully.

“He shielded you with his body.” She stresses.

“I know, I was under it.” Peter says flatly, and I bark out a laugh, clamping a hand over my mouth right before Peter does the same. Like the spider he is, he climbs effortlessly from my back to my shoulders, light and lean. I take it in stride, chuckling before holding his thighs.

“Oh, don’t give me sass, Peter. I’m too old.” Aunt May reprimands sharply, but she laughs. And
then Peter’s laughing with relief too, airy and light.

“Are you alright, dear?” She asks, her voice soft and worried. Peter sighs, and sympathy envelops me while something sadder, more nostalgic, wraps around Peter.

“Yeah. I’m alright, sure,” Peter says, and he tries to sound uplifting. He really does. He has a lilt to his voice that attempts happiness. But it comes out soft and sad, his throat rasped with secrets he simply can’t tell anyone. If Aunt May is as amazing as Peter has said, she definitely knows he’s lying.

I rub his thigh comfortingly, but that’s all I can do.

[Tell him you know his secret so you can make him feel at least a little relief!]

[No! Wait!]

“You know what, dear? You should invite the man protecting you over for dinner!”

Peter stills. I still. I can’t go out and talk to people. Especially his aunt. I - well. I’m revolting most of the time.

“I - Aunt May, I dunno.” Peter says hesitantly, glancing at me.

“But he saved your life! And Mr. Stark made him seem so interesting, so versed!” She continues.

“It’s true,” I whisper. “Mercenaries have worldly training beyond compare. I know, like, thirty languages.” Peter flexes his thighs at this, which I assume is some acrobat code for shut up.

“Well, it’s just that Wade doesn’t really like going out much. He’s more the strong and silent sort of guy, y’know?” Peter lies his beautiful ass off.

“Peter.” Aunt May says.

“Yes.” He croaks.

“Are you on a first-name basis with this mercenary man?” She asks, her voice high and knowing, and I can practically hear her smile.

“Oh, shit, she’s good!” I hiss, and Peter whacks my head with not nearly his full strength.

In response, I jump slightly, hefting him up more around my neck. Peter makes a short pained sound in the back of his throat before clenching his teeth. “Do you remember the six-foot-five man who kneed me there an hour ago?” Peter whispers shrilly, and I snort a laugh.

He leans forward over my left shoulder, letting his body go completely lax as he braces one hand on my left hip, the other on my waist. He flips himself off of me smoothly, practically scaling down my body. He lands lightly on his toes beside me, walking by my side.

All in four seconds.

Hhhh.

[Can you IMAGINE the possible positions he could -]

[Mmh.]
And finally a training partner, and partner in general, who can match me equally. Some who can play an ultimate game of tag and hide-and-seek.

Spider-Monkey.

“Uh, well, he told me his name, and we - he -”

“Where is he staying, dear?” She hums.

“With me. Together. Together with me.” Peter blurts.

“And he’s your friend?” She asks.

“Well, I - y’see, Aunt May -” Peter struggles.

“Is he kind?” She asks.

“Yes.”

“Is he respectful?”

“To people who deserve it, yes.”

“Good. Is he respectful of you?” She questions, and Peter’s entire frame stiffens, his eyes shutting briefly.

“He is. Very much so.” Peter promises.

What was that? What happened to him just now? Was that weird response because of his nightmare, or because of something else?

[Maybe you’re not the only one with a fucked past.]

“Does he make you smile?” Aunt May continues.

Peter laughs then, covering his mouth and nudging my shoulder. “Yeah.”

“Lovely! Invite your friend over for dinner on Sunday! Unless he goes to church on Sundays?” She asks, and Peter furrows his brows as he turns to me. “Do you, uh, go to church?”

“What’s God done for me?” I shrug, and Peter grins.

“Uh, alright. Sunday works, I guess.”

“Perfect. I’ll be off to bed now, dear. I’m glad you’re doing okay, Peter.” She says softly.

“Yeah, I - me too.”

“I love you, dear. Get some sleep. And eat something!”

“I love you, too. Bye.” Peter laughs lightly.

And then Peter tucks his phone away, turning to me.

“How do you feel about meeting my very gracious Aunt?” Peter asks tentatively.

[She’ll hate you!]
"How do you expect her to eat with your mug around?"

"It’s a miracle Peter’s fine with you - don’t push it."

"Uh…” I stammer. “Peter, I don’t want to give your aunt a heart attack. Bless your pretty little heart, but this face isn’t ‘meeting the family’ material.” I mutter.

Peter’s brows knit, mouth parted as he thinks of what to say. He’s trying so hard. For me.

“It’s just her. It’s just me and her left.” Peter says quietly, rain matting his hair to his forehead as he looks up at me.

"Aw shit."

"My Aunt is like no person I’ve ever met. You heard the phone call; she doesn’t care about what you look like. And I like your mug."

"You’re gonna kill his dear old auntie."

"What kind of horrible, sick fuck would knowingly kill an old lady-"

"You can keep your mask on. If you wanna. She won’t care either way.” Peter adds.

“If you’re sure.” I resign, and Peter beams, throwing his arms around me. “I’m pretty sure she already likes you, ’cause she knows you saved me. And we can leave whenever you’re not comfortable.”

I cup the back of his head, hugging him back tightly. “I’m better with parent figures than you think, Petey Boy.” I chuckle. “If they get past the mug, I’m not half bad with ’em.”

With that, we arrive at the front door of Peter’s apartment building, he unlocks the door with shaking fingers, shivering from the cold rain and the wet clothes enveloping him.

Upstairs, Peter makes a pitiful sounds in his apartment. “D’you hear that, Wade?”

I frown.

"Exactly. That’s my heater. Not on.” He sighs, shutting the door behind him.

The lights are off, the moon and various streetlights illuminating the room in a muted, soft glow, casting lazy strips of light across the living room. The windows rattle against the onslaught of rain pattering against them, and wind howls vehemently.

I saunter up to the windows after kicking my wet shoes off near the door, examining the buildings surrounding us and the vacant streets below before letting my guard down.

“Ah, damn,” Peter mutters, pulling off his wet sweater and working on the fly of his jeans, “Did your go-bag get wet?” He asks, and I can tell he’s already mentally mapping out all his clothes that may fit me.

I hold it up for him to look. “Waterproof, Baby Boy.” Peter grins, nodding his head and peeling off soaking jeans. He winces uncomfortably, gathering up his clothes in his hands and hanging them over his desk chair to dry. He then scurries to his bedroom, returning with towels for us. I take my hoodie off and swing it over the same chair, torso left exposed.

Peter doesn’t even blink at the scars.
“Yeah, I sure hope your clothes aren’t wet, ‘cause you’ve got more muscle than my clothes will fit.” He says before drying off his hair, towel draped over his head in a haphazard pile, covering his face partly.

[Cuteeee. Fuck.]

Peter sets his phone to charge, buzzing around the small apartment and wiping water droplets off his camera, fidgeting with the thermostat.

I touch his arm when he passes me for a third time, and he jumps, turning and focusing on me.

“How you holding up?” I ask him, pulling the towel off his head and draping it over his wet shoulders, using the ends to wipe at water on his cheeks and the tips of his hair.

Peter looks up at me dejectedly, nudging against the towel. “I - I didn’t like -” He stammers, breath short. “I was scared.”

“I know.” I hum, unfolding the towel and wrapping it around his shuddering frame, holding the ends tight.

“It’s hard not to be scared.” Peter says, and I finally understand why he’s always so skittish and awkward when he shares his feelings.

It’s because he never shares them.

I almost feel bad for continuing to pretend I don’t know that he’s Spider-Man. His aunt is his only family, and he certainly can’t tell her, and the Avengers are out of the question for emotional confidentiality, unless he wants them to know his identity. And, out of everyone, he trusts me?

{I am just as surprised as you, Big Guy.}

“I know.” I breathe, brushing locks of hair away from his forehead.

“It’s okay to be scared. It’s what you do with it that matters. And you did so good today, Peter.” I reassure, and he already looks soothed by this.

[Praise kink, anyone?]

“When fights get personal, it’s bound to make you scared. That was a scary thing.” I agree. “Hell, you handled it better than I would’ve.” Peter laughs half-heartedly.

I cup his face lightly with my hands. “We’re going to make those sorry dicktwitches regret ever going after you.” I promise, and Peter smiles down between us.

“But for now,” I say, “go take a hot shower. You’re skin is freezing, and you’re still shivering.” I note, pressing a kiss to his forehead before turning him in the direction of the bathroom. “And dress warm! None of that undies bullshit! You’ll get sick!” I call to him. He giggles.

Can he even get sick? To what extent does his healing factor help him?

When the shower faucets groan to life, water hitting tiled floor, I fully undress and put on my own pair of clothes. Finally, in my dry hoodie and sweats, I take a breath and gather all of Peter’s blankets that I can find.

“Time to build the best fuckin’ fort in the entire world. ‘Cause Peter looks like a fort kind of boy, and they make everyone cozy.”
{This is so gay.}

[Mh.]
Forts and Magic.

Chapter Notes

fluff!!! lots of fluff!! also some soft smut!
and cute cute romance and adorable things
there's also a brief and vague mention of Skip in this chapter, also…
LISTEN TO EDGE OF THE DARK BY ARMON JAY WHEN PETER ENTERS
THE ROOM AFTER HIS SHOWER!! I listened to that song while I wrote that bit and
it's cute!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

PETER PARKER

I pull my shirt off carelessly, stepping out of my jeans and dropping them in a crumpled heap on the
floor. I turn the shower faucet on without thought, leaving the cold faucet untouched. The shower
comes to life with a pitiful squeal, and then hot water is peppering the linoleum floor of the tub.

I wait for the water temperature to adjust, stepping out of my boxer briefs and dropping them on top
of the rest of my clothes. Now that I'm not distracted and the adrenaline has worn off, the dull pain in
my lower belly and abdomen is uncomfortable, though I know all injury will heal by morning. The
mirror calls out tauntingly to me as I pass it, and I freeze, doubling back.

I swipe a hand across the wet bathroom mirror, narrowing my eyes at the foggy glass. I stand back,
staring blankly at my naked reflection.

My mess of dark hair is already curling at the nape of my neck from the steam, a stark contrast
against my fair skin. My lips are dark, bottom lip split and still a bit bloody from where I got
punched on the train. The bruise on my temple is already a nebulous purple, fading fast. The glass
wound on my waist are just reddish cuts, healed over. Dark crescents find homes under my eyes. A
sprawling red and purple bruise blossoms on my abdomen, under my left pectoral.


Angry bruises take shelter between my thighs and over my pelvic muscles and groin, from where the
man kneed me. Tentatively, I prod at the bruises, and immediately bite down my cry, a shrill sound
climbing its way out of my throat. “Fuckin’ piece of shit.” I mutter.

I turn away from the mirror, resolving and unclipping the two web-shooters from my wrists. They
look exactly like normal black bracelets, tight metal sheathing bound in leather to look casual, when
really, they’re just modified web-shooters I can wear in an emergency. I set them on top of my
clothes.

Stepping into the shower, my tendons scream in protest against the scalding water pelting them,
working out knots and strains from the fight, and a hiss of pain escapes me as I roll my shoulders.
Steam fills the entire shower, but my I can tell my skin is pink now.
Beads of torrid water stream down my ducked head, down my sternum, a sluice against the plane of my back and thighs. Lamentably, it occurs to me that these past few years have been so entirely molded from heartache that the small comfort of soothed joints feels foreign and odd.

But good.

I shudder, ducking my head as the feverous water envelops me, soothing painful muscles and tired joints. A heavy, ragged exhale escapes me, my eyes fluttering shut on their own accord. If I were normal, I’d have minor burns because of the burning water and steam. But, to me, this is just enough to feel something. The water scalds me in a way that I don’t mind, face flushed and body tinged pink as the water work out kinks and soreness.

I take greedy breaths of warm steam, wishing the water to cleanse my torments, to expel the anguish and the fear and the energy. The water strips away all the physical grime of my emotions. The ripples cascading down my ribs carry my stress, and the water dripping from my jaw carries all the times I’d wished I could scream into the night sky. The water racing down the V of my abdomen carry my fear, and the water sluicing down my shoulder blades hold the tension my muscles build with each hit. All of that, water, saturated with my struggles, become lost down the drain.

And, still, I wouldn’t have been able to endure the day if not for Wade.

I wash myself quickly, tiredly. I pick up a plain shampoo bottle from the little shelf embedded in the shower wall, snapping the cap open with the push of my thumb, my head tipped up as I scrub it through my scalp. I grab body wash, running the smooth soap down the expanse of my body until I’m slick with it. It’s a dulcet scent, very faint vanilla and lavender. Anything stronger risks sensory overload or a horrible migraine when my senses are heightened. I stand with shut eyes as the water washes away all traces of soap, carding my hair back and away from my face.

I finally turn off the tap when the water begins running cold.

I pull back the curtain quickly, steam filling the bathroom, a rush of cool air hitting my body, goosebumps settling over my skin. “Perky.” I mutter, huffing out a weak laugh at my own jeer.

Good one, Peter. Nerd. Spider-Man wouldn’t make fun of nipples in the cold.

Wait, no. Yes, he would.

I dry off carelessly before wrapping a fluffy blue towel around my waist, grabbing my clothes pile and opening the door with a rush of steam.

“Shitfuck!” Wade promptly stands up, rushing to the doorway and blocking my view of the living room. I stare, eyes wide and hand clutching my towel’s tucked corner tightly as Wade tries to take up as much space as possible. He has his own pants on now, a pair of cuffed gray sweatpants and a dark black t-shirt that clings to his frame.

“Well! Anyway! Go, shoo! Get dressed!” He says loudly, a bit excitedly, and I jolt, my brows furrowed as I try to figure out what he’s doing.
I peer to the left, and his body moves with me. I sigh, looking through the other side, and Wade’s body covers my view again with a breathless laugh and a shrug.

“I’ll climb over you.” I threaten, a playful edge to my voice.

“Not in that towel, you won’t. But, by all means, try.” Wade hums, tugging on the towel loosely.

I think about it. I really do.

“C’mon,” Wade goads. “Try. Let’s see how that towel holds up with you pulling some Spider-Man flips.” He playfully tugs on the knot of the towel that hangs low on my hips, not strong enough to pull it off; gentle, in fact. I freeze at the mention of Spider-Man, but I know it wasn’t anything to be worried about. “Either way, it’ll be a sight to see.” Wade practically growls it.

I know his personality well enough to know that he’s just instigating - he’s just egging me on because he knows it’ll convince me to go back into my room.

“Fine.” I say, satisfying him, a ghost of a smile on my lips. I turn around, walking into my bedroom.

My back turned to him, I let the towel slip off before the door closes completely.

"Oh, heaven is real. Sweet jesus - wait, hey, that was uncalled for!” Wade nearly shrieks.

“I don’t like surprises!” I yell as means of explanation, stifling my giggle.

I hear rummaging in the living room as I put on underwear, followed by Wade’s remark. “You’ll like this surprise. But, anyway, so you try to foil my surprise by showing me two seconds of that pretty ass of yours?” Wade shouts. “Because, really, Baby Boy, that was the most spectacular thing I’ve ever had the brief pleasure of seeing. Not to hypersexualize you, or anything like that. I’d never do that.” Wade says seriously, and I smile to myself at his sincerity.

He’s rambling about Tony’s crush on Bruce from the living room, myself chuckling occasionally at all the examples of their romance Wade is recounting for me. I smile endearingly, poking my head out cautiously to see him hunched over a large thing I can’t see. I duck back inside before he can see me.

I clip on the web-shooter bracelets before brushing my hair, although it’s already beginning to curl.

Finally I open the door again in black joggers and a loose tank top, and Wade adapts to my door swinging open, jumping up from the ground and holding his arms up to the scene in front of him, cutting himself off. “Surprise!”

My mouth parts, looking at the scene around me with awe, a breathless grin breaking out into my face.

There I stand in the center of the room, eyes bright with whimsy as Wade watches me expectantly.

My entire living room, as small as it is, has been transformed into an ethereal place. All the lights are off except for fairy lights I had hung when I first moved in, lining the walls in uneven cords, illuminating the room in a muted glow. They flicker against the cream walls occasionally in subtle variations of gold and yellow. My sofa and loveseat are no longer such things, as three blankets have been draped across them, floral patterns and quilted swatches bathed in warm lights, forming a sprawling fort.

A fort!
A thrilled laugh bubbles up, a hand covering my mouth in excitement.

The blankets are propped up high over the sofa's back and a chair for height, stretching over the front of the sofa and draping over the coffee table. The fort itself is a chaotic thing, like the man beside me. It is a grand, patchwork mess, with dipping points and surprising heights, but soft and warm and structured. Blankets have been hung in such a way that they form a flap for a door, and cushions coat the hardwood floor inside, blankets tented high enough so that we can easily sit down inside. The back of the fort is against the foot space of the couch, so that there’s cushioning at all angles.

Inside the tent, at its entrance, is a lantern.

Except, I don’t own a lantern.

Upon peering closer, I realize the makeshift lantern is a glowing coffee mug on the plush floor. Wade had removed a cord of fairy lights from the wall and coiled it into the mug, a stunning gentle glow emitting from the cracked black mug. With glowing cheeks I smile widely, the storybook image of lightning bugs flitting through my mind.

I laugh delightedly, my cheeks rosy with excitement as I bring my attention to Wade.

“I - why?” I stammer softly, eyes glistening at the scene before me.

“Forts make everyone happier. At least for a little. They make you feel safe.” Wade explains, fidgeting with his fingers.

“You… So, you did this all just to make me happy?” I gesture widely with my arm at the luminous scene around me, enveloping me in a warm and glowing embrace.

“Of course.” Wade says, as if confused by my question, his blue eyes softer now in the warm light.

I close the distance between us and throw myself into his arms. Wade seems surprised at first, his fingertips ghosting my spine, until he holds me tight, his nose atop my damp hair, strong hands against my back. “Thank you.” I breathe.

“‘S my pleasure.” Wade mutters, pressing a kiss to the crown of my head. “Now, you’re gonna get your pretty little butt into that fort, and you’re gonna feel better. I can feel it in my loins.” Wade assures, and I laugh against his chest.

We separate, and Wade holds the blanket flap open so I can crawl inside, Wade following behind me. The inside is rather spacious; with enough room to sit up straight and stretch if we so need. The blankets and pillows blocking out the rain outside until it becomes a mere patter against the window panes. In front of me is my DS, and in front of Wade is a DS that must be his.

“Peter,” Wade says softly, looking at me with sincere blue eyes. I stifle my fond giggle at the absurdity of this; Wade, resembling a downtrodden puppy with nebulous skin and dark clothes, surrounded by soft warm colors and lights.

He is wonderful.

“Peter,” he continues, “will you do me the honor of racing me in Mario Kart?” He asks, taking my DS and kneeling on one knee, holding it out to me.

I laugh gleefully, nodding. “Of course.” I say, and he smiles.

“Okay, but I’m Princess Daisy.” Wade warns, and we lean back against the sofa on the floor,
laughing and playing.

After several minutes, we both have indents in our palms from the corner of the DS. I won the first two rounds, to Wade’s chagrin.

“I’m gonna win it all with this last round, you’ll see. Look, it’s Rainbow Road!” He exclaims excitedly, my head against his shoulder and our legs entangled.

“It’s the gayest of all the roads, Peter.”

“Explains why all the characters die on that round.” I huff, and Wade oohs at my statement, hissing as if something burns. “Too real.” He tsks. “But good job calling out shows that use queer people as plot devices! Fight the power.” He grins, smacking a kiss to my cheek.


“You sure?” He sing-songs. “Cause that’s a pretty grumpy pout on your face.” He says knowingly, and I scrunch my nose indignantly.

“No ‘s not.” I mutter, closing the DS altogether, and Wade gasps, his hands to his chest. “My pouty little prince.” He says, eyes wide with a knowing grin. “You are a sore loser! At least with video games.”

“Am not.” I argue, “I was just distracted, is all.” I lie.

“Liar, liar, form-fitting pants on fire.” Wade says matter-of-factly, and I raise a brow.

“Alright, alright.” Wade resigns, a certain edge to his voice that I’m unsure of. “You ticklish?” Wade asks, off topic.

I tense. I am very ticklish. But, I know that tactic. That’s the oldest tactic in the book; you ask if someone’s ticklish all innocently, and then go to town on them.

*If I accidentally kick him when he’s tickling me, he could break a bone. Or several.*

“Definitely not.” I splutter.

*Great lying skills, Peter. Stellar performance.*

“Oh, is that so?” Wade says, looking down at me.

I keep my lips pointedly shut, attempting to restrain my growing smile.

“Well, if you won’t ‘fess up, then I guess…” Wade pauses for dramatic effect, raising his hands over my stomach. “I guess the tickle monster’s gonna tell me!” Wade roars, his hands soaring down onto me. My eyes widen in excitement, smile breaking into a laugh as I yelp.

At the positive reaction, Wade continues, tickling my sides, my ribs, under my arms. I suck in a breath as I fight through laughter, toppling to the soft pillowed floor. Wade chuckles, crouching over me and straddling my thighs to get a better angle. His thighs straddling mine keep me in place, but we’re both aware that I could get out of I wanted to.

“You’re so squirmy!” Wade laughs, tickling my stomach as I laugh breathlessly, my abdomen hurting from laughter.
“Shut up,” I say, cut off by my own laughter. My cheeks flush with excitement as I squirm under him half-heartedly, the lantern illuminating our laughing faces and reflecting off the soft fort walls.

My eyes are watering, I’m laughing so hard. Wade aims for my lower belly and sides - because somehow he’s found nearly everywhere I’m ticklish. I arch my back, laughing infectiously as Wade laughs along with me; a soft, gleeful laugh that I wasn’t expecting from him.

He moves to tickle my inner thighs, and I squeal, laughing loud and melodic as I swat at him weakly. “Oh, my god.” I breathe, eyes squeezed shut and tears streaming from laughter now, attempting to scoot further up. “The thighs! The thighs and the belly are what gets you laughin’!” Wade exclaims proudly, endearing smile on his face as he continues his relentless tickling.

“W-Wade,” I giggle, “I can hardly breathe,” I say, cut off by another fit of laughter.

“So, just to get this straight,” Wade concludes, “you are ticklish?” He questions smugly, a grin on his face as I slam a hand on the floor in resignation, tossing my head with cheery laughter. “Y-yes! Hah - Yes, you win!”

Wade finally stops, and my giggles ebb away until I’m left breathless, the occasional huff of residual laughter bubbling up.

Wade wipes the tears from my cheeks with a smile.

Finally, I slip out from under him, resting to sit between his thighs, my legs wrapped loosely around his wait. I lean back, arms behind me and fingers splayed on the fluffy cushions to prop me up.

“Feelin’ better?”

“Cause of you.” I remind him, eyes bright as we watch each other lazily, light and airy and effortless. Wade looks entirely relaxed without his mask. After several moments, Wade rests calloused but careful hands on my thighs, pulling me closer to him.

I let him, watching him openly, curiously.

He seems to be full of loud thoughts for a moment before he slips a hand against my cheek, thumb brushed against my jaw, cupping the nape of my neck.

He looks at me with pride, in awe, astonishment, I don’t know. I like it.

He pulls me close then, and we meet in a kiss, soft and chaste at first before pressing closer, kisses growing in want.

This progresses until we hardly pull our lips away. My hands are fisted in Wade’s shirtfront, one of his splayed over the small of my back, the other still cupping my face.

He nips softly at my bottom lip and I make a keening sound, flushed hot. Wade croons, running his hands through my hair encouragingly at my responsiveness.

I press closer, and Wade lets one hand drop to the floor behind him to support us, the other against my back. I rake my fingers down his abdomen, smiling against his lips as he makes a soft sound. His fingers ghost over my spine, and I shudder, ducking my head and nosing against his neck as warmth pools in my belly.

His hands grip my thighs, pulling me closer still. Wade moves away from my lips, pressing trails of kisses against my cheek, my jaw, my neck, his lips greeting every nebulous beauty mark, warm
breath dancing across the shell of my ear as I shudder, a soft breath escaping my as I lean into it. *Peppered with affection.* Wade hums pridefully against my neck and I scrape my nails delicately down his back.

If I was gripping something other than Wade right now, I would've surely broken it with my strength.

*Too bad I didn't have my abilities a few years ago,* I think, and it's the briefest thought, the idea of *him* flirting through the dark corners of my mind for only a *millisecond.* But I go still, begrudgingly pulling away from Wade slightly, heart rate threatening to hammer.

“W-wait.” I say breathlessly, hands clutching the front of his shirt. Wade instantly pulls away, his lips off my body and hands no longer tracing my spine. He looks at me worriedly. For an instant he appears self-conscious before the idea is wiped from his mind, looking confused once more.

“You alright, Baby Boy?” He asks sincerely, cocking his head.

“I - it's not you.” I stammer. “Like, it's really not you. You did nothing wrong. At all.” I huff, pressing hands to my hot cheeks. Wade raises a brow curiously, proud but waiting for me to continue.

“I just - we were making out, and I got onto your lap, and I couldn't see your *face.* I couldn't see *you* for a minute when you were kissing my neck, and -” I groan in frustration, and Wade rubs his hand down my back in support, watching me with patience.

“I couldn't see who your were and it reminded me of something not-so-good. So, just -” I fidget with my fingers uncomfortably before looking up to him again. “Thanks for stopping, is all.” I finish, and Wade’s eyes sober in understanding. “Anytime, Petey.” He promises.

He holds his arm out, and I scoot beside him, curling up against his side as he brings his arm down around me. “I wasn't ready to do anything more than what we were just doing anyway, in case you were thinkin’ about it. And I'll always stop when you ask. Even if it's really, *really,* hot.” He assures, pressing a kiss to the top of my head. I laugh, nudging against his chest. “Thanks. Me too.”

He squeezes my shoulder in response. A mutual respect.

After a bubbly, calm silence, Wade seems to remember something. He reaches forward briefly, opening up the blanket flap of the fort’s “door.”

“Look.” He says softly, nudging his head to the outside.

I pull my eyes away from him, and my mouth parts in awe for the second time tonight.

"When I was looking into the buildings near your place for security purposes, I found out that the billboard lights turn on at 9 every night.” He says simply.

It's pitch black outside, my apartment bathed in a warm, subtle luminescence from the fairy lights, the lantern droning comfortingly between us.

Outside, against an apartment complex adjacent to mine, is a large billboard built onto the wall. In big neon blue letters, the phrase “DON'T WORRY” glows brightly and flickers soothingly, ebbing blue light filtering through the windows. It's a life insurance advertisement.

Soft blue light covers the both of us, and I smile widely. The message brings a resounding calm to me, reassurance settling over me like a warm blanket with Wade by my side. The notion that a
billboard message makes me feel safe is an absurd thing in and of itself, especially because I'm Spider-Man. I should know better. But I do feel safe, regardless of how odd it is. Because the sign is a night light and Wade is strong and kind and soft. “This,” I breathe, looking from him to the sign, “this is amazing, I - I - thank you.” I wrap my arms round his chest and we watch the scene before us.

Night slowly drags on, with Wade running slow circles into my back as I practically melt against him, my cheek smushed against his chest. I'm warm and tired and content. “Wade?” I mumble tiredly, and Wade looks down to me, watching me sweetly. “’S up, hot stuff?” He asks.

“How’d you get the fairy lights to work? They've been busted for a year.” I ask, and Wade chuckles. “Magic.” He says simply, wistfully, and I glance up at him.

“Nah; Have you tried knocking the battery pack violently against your palm a few times?” He hums, and I bark out a laugh.

We fall asleep sometime after, glowing patterns dancing across our faces at each flicker of the soft lights.

Chapter End Notes

THIS IS MY FAVORITE CHAPTER I'VE WRITTEN YET I'M SO PROUD.
LEAVE COMMENTS AND TELL ME HOW YOU LIKED THIS CHAPTER!!
there was a brief mention of Skip in this chap (which is what caused Peter to ask Wade to stop), and Skip will make an appearance sometime later...
INSTAGRAM: heathen.son & dissonance.fic
TUMBLR: scruffydun

(also, sorry for removing this chapter a few hours ago! i wrote the majority of it late at night, and when i re-read it, i found tyops and silly errors, so i took it down to fix it up a bit)
PETER PARKER

I wake up slowly, lazily, hazy glowing light and warm arms drawing me back into the vastness of sleep several times.

I finally startle awake at one in the morning. I mentally berate myself. I was supposed to go patrolling tonight. Now I’ll only have a few hours at most.

I’m in my bed. Wade must have carried me inside at some point. He’s sleeping beside me. I have no doubt that Wade started us out on our respectable sides of the bed, because Wade is all the way on the left, giving me more than enough space - I’m the one with my face buried in his chest and my leg notched between his. His arm is slung over me and dappled moonlight filters in through my window. At my movement, Wade pulls me gently back against him, shushing me in his sleep.

He must think I woke up over a nightmare. My heart swells with warmth at the sentiment, and I find myself resting against his chest for several more moments. I’m enveloped in his arms, senses filled merely with the reassuring constant of his steady heartbeat. My body rises and falls above him with each breath he takes. I tentatively reach past the sound of his heart to find that it is no longer raining.

Wade looks peaceful in his sleep, his face slack and eyes shut serenely. His lips are parted slightly, soft puffs of breath hitting the top of my head. His body is lax and his eyes aren’t cautioned. In his sleep, he isn’t burdened with consciousness of his body waging war on him.

He looks much calmer, more free.

After countless seconds, I pull myself away from Wade, holding my breath as I pause over him, trying to maneuver myself out of his grip. Wade certainly looks like a heavy sleeper, but he’s a highly trained mercenary and ex-military personnel, and I have no doubt that he’ll wake up instantly if he hears even the slightest disturbance.

How do I do this without waking him?

I begin with simply rolling over, so that my back is against him instead. I stay like this for several moments, so Wade will think I purely became restless in my sleep. His arm slips off of me, and after a minute, I’m sure he’s still fast asleep.

I wait another moment in this position, thinking of the best way to actually get my suit and leave the room. My floors are old and creak with every step, even with my light stride. This means walking on the ground is a non-starter.

Okay, Peter, time to scratch that itch and use your powers. You have to climb the walls.
Slowly, abhorrently slow, I move into a crouching position on the bed. Wade rolls onto his back but his breaths remain paced and slow. I carefully stand on the bed, making sure not to shift my weight, and then I place my hands flat on the wall against the headboard. My grip is strong. I'm glad my walls are sturdy, or else I would never be able to crawl on them.

I glance at Wade, who smacks his lips in his sleep lazily. With light agility, I finally press my feet onto the wall. Wade remains lost to the world of sleep.

I slowly pad my way up the wall, relishing in the feeling of climbing, of doing the impossible.

I make my agonizingly slow crawl to the ceiling, mentally fuming at their impressive height. I very carefully move until I’m directly over the bed. My heart beats heavily with the pressure in the room, and I hold my breath as I push up one of the ceiling panels, sliding it over.

With Wade snoring softly, I stick my hand inside the removed panel, grappling blindly for my Spidey suit. “Ah, c’mon…” I plead silently, my hand groping around the crawl space in the ceiling.

My suit topples out suddenly, and I scramble to catch it, eyes wide. I shoot a web at the ceiling with my left hand and lunge down head-first, grabbing my suit with my right hand inches away from Wade’s face. I hold my breath. My outstretched arm right clutches my suit for dear life above Wade, my other hand between my thighs suspending the web, legs bent on either side of the web.


I immediately swing myself back up, pressing my stomach flush against the cold ceiling, my suit clenched between my teeth to keep it from falling again. My heart hammers in my chest and I turn my head to watch Wade cautiously.

He rolls over onto his back, shifting uncomfortably. I stay deathly still, holding my breath as Wade opens his eyes blearily. I’m almost sure Wade tiredly looks at me on the ceiling, my eyes wide and panicked, but then he makes a content sound in his throat, a lazy smile, before rolling over onto his stomach.

I narrow my eyes. Weird. His breathing is still steady and paced, and his heart's still beating in a slow sleep rhythm, but that was odd.

Wasting no more time, I swing myself onto the ground with light feet, flipping into the living room and landing softly beside the sofa. I close my bedroom door carefully and sigh shakily in relief.

In front of me, the makeshift lantern is still flickering comfortingly, and the fort is still standing strong. The dulcet blue lights of the DON’T WORRY life insurance billboard are still an odd comfort to me outside my window.

Snapping my focus away from the window, I strip out of my clothes with haste, wadding them up and draping them over the patchy sofa carelessly. I stumble out of my underwear (I chafe in the suit with them) and pull the spandex suit up my legs with ease, crouching with discomfort as I roll the suit up my thighs and waist. I slip my arms through, tug up the concealed partial zipper on my back, and slip on my mask. Finally, I unclip the casual bracelet web-shooters, and clip on my higher-grade ones for the suit.

Thanks to Tony Stark, my suit is entirely and precisely adjusted for my needs, skills, and strengths. It did, however, take a lot of demeaning pleading in my raggedy old suit, and about two weeks of him studying my abilities and weakness to perfect the suit, but that mess is a different story.
altogether.

The suit is light and aerodynamic. The boots attached to the suit are weightless and the soles are thin, so that my feet can still adhere tenaciously to surfaces. The eye plates become tinted the moment any remotely harsh light comes into my path, so that my senses don’t go haywire. There’s a sturdy but malleable athletic cup built into the fabric that doesn’t affect my superior agility and flexibility. The web-shooters are black cuffs that wrap around my wrists, with a thin panel that extends slightly into my palm. By pressing the panel, webs shoot out at incredible speed. On an average person, the web-shooters would tear an arm clean off.

I sigh contentedly, grinning.

Before leaving, I grab my phone and swipe my tangled headphones off the table. I put on my Spidey playlist, which, yes, is admittedly lame. But if people can make playlists to go to work, I can damn well have a playlist for being Spider-Man. I tuck my phone into a skintight pocket by my waist and slip my headphones through my mask.

I saunter over to the window in my living room, pushing up and hopping out onto the fire escape. I climb up to the thirtieth floor, the very top, and push open the door to the roof.

I hop onto the ledge and immediately go into a dive roll to warm up, coming back up with a bright smile.

With arms outstretched at my sides and balancing on the tips of my toes, I drop from the sky.

As I plummet, wind roars against my ears, whipping against the front of my suit and embracing me as I drop from the top floor of my apartment building. I dive head-first, soaring past window after window against the indigo backdrop of the night sky.

Twenty-eighth floor.

My music starts playing. “I can ride my bike with no handlebars, no handlebars, no handlebars…” I grin delightedly.

I twist in the sky, arms tight at my sides to cut through the air.

“Look at me, look at me, hands in the air like it's good to be alive, and I'm a famous rapper, even when the paths are all crookedy.”

Twenty-fourth floor.

“I can show you how to doe-see-doe. I can show you how to scratch a record. I can take apart the remote control, and I can almost put it back together.”

I roll my wrists and ankles as I soar, stretching.

“I can keep rhythm with no metronome, no metronome, no metronome…” I hum along.

Eighteenth floor.

“Look at me, look at me. Just called to say that it's good to be alive in such a small world…”

It's cold today. Brisk late October air lashes against my cheeks and pricks my thighs through my suit.

Sixteenth floor.
“Movers, shakers, and producers, me and my friends understand the future. I see the strings that control the system. I can do anything with no resistance.” I relish those lines, my chest filling with determined warmth.

I pass a man on the thirteenth floor sitting at a small table, eyes glassy as he stares blankly out his window, steaming coffee fisted in his hand and laptop in front of him. His tired eyes widen and his coffee trembles in his white-knuckled grip, and I blow him a blurry kiss through the window as I drop past him.

“Look at me, look at me, diving and I won’t stop. And it feels so good to be alive and on top.” The singer’s voice crescendos strongly at the end of each sentence.

Sixth floor.

“My reach is global. My tower secure.”

Fourth floor.

The hard cement is quickly being pulled up to meet me, the ground approaching with haste.

“My cause is noble. My power is pure.”

Just as my face is feet away from the unforgiving ground, I shoot a web at a building across with me. I twist my body and curl my knees to my chest as I propel myself up, swinging towards the building and following the upward momentum with a wild smile.

“Woo!” I holler into the night sky, laughing giddily at my freeness as I arch my back and push myself forward, shooting another web at a building across from me.

“I can guide a missile by satellite, by satellite, by satellite. And I can hit a target through a telescope, through a telescope, through a telescope.” The song roars with a rallying cry of great expectations and infinite possibilities. These lines speak novels about great power and choosing to channel it for the greater good, not for destruction. Between webs, I flip in the air, plummeting low enough to wave at several passersby before shooting another web and rocketing into the sky again.

The song ends the same way it started, several other songs taking its place, and I finally swing down low before hopping lightly onto the ground in front of my favorite Chinese food joint several blocks away from my apartment, near Hell’s Kitchen.

I learned early on, when I was perhaps sixteen, this this restaurant is open 24/7. I push the door open to the welcoming chime of the bell, and a portly old man behind the counter smiles brightly at me. Warmth caresses my face as I step out of the harsh October air. I had intervened when he and his wife were being threatened with deportation, courtesy of a mob boss who wanted to assert his authority. Since then, this restaurant has become sort of a safe haven for me.

Not to mention, I’ve hidden here on more than one occasion. Mister Wu is surprisingly calm under pressure and has an impressive first aid kit.

“Mister Spider-Man! Hello!”

“Hi, Mister Wu, how are you?” I approach the counter, the restaurant vacant except for a very wide-eyed man who reeks of pot, watching me incredulously with a fork full of fried rice near his mouth.

“Good, good! The usual?”
“Yessir. Please.” I smile under my mask.

While Mister Wu shuffles away into the kitchen, I idle around the homely restaurant, tinkering with soy sauce containers. To my left, on the wall with the lunch specials, is a grainy photo of Mister Wu and myself. It was three years ago, and I was hanging upside down from the roof with my mask rolled up to my nose, biting down goofily on chopsticks, a toothy grin on my face. Beside me was Mister Wu, smiling cheerily right-side-up, his arm outstretched out of frame to take the picture.

Besides that picture is an older picture, of a man who I believe is Ryan Reynolds, winking into the camera and holding up a to-go container of an unrecognizable dish. In the background, sprinting past the door of the restaurant, is a blurry image of someone in a red and black suit that I can only imagine is Deadpool from several years ago.

On the opposite wall is a photo of me in my suit from only a few months ago in January. It’s a crisper, clearer image, my back against the wall and my legs sprawled out in front of the chair I was weakly sitting on. A scarf was draped over the back of my chair. My elbow was propped on the corner of the table, my head in my hand. I had an icepack to my temple, and bloody knees that were already scabbing. The entire left side of my suit was torn, angry red skin underneath. I can still remember how it burned and stung. Despite this, my mask was once again rolled up to my nose, and my tongue was out, giving the camera a thumbs-up. Steaming soup sat half finished on the table in front of me. I remember that I had an ice cube in my mouth after I had gotten punched in the jaw, a blossoming purple mess on my cheek, my lips wet with melting water that I was too tired to wipe away.

Later that night, I remember that I had to beg Stark to remake my suit within a week. He begrudgingly complied, and gave it back to me with completely reinforced material, impervious to light to moderate scratches, lashes, and gashes, as Stark told me. Once I began interning for him as Peter Parker, it got increasingly difficult asking him to fix my suit - he knew my voice, my height, my gait and body frame, my habits. Soon enough, he would realize Spider-Man’s mannerisms and measurements were exactly the same as Peter Parker's. So, I go to him as Spider-Man much more infrequently now, so he doesn’t catch on.

“Hey, my dude.” A lazy but curious voice calls to me.

I blink out of my reverie, turning to the stoner sitting at a single table.

“Yeah?” I turn toward him, head cocked.

“Are you, like... legit?” He asks me, and a crooked smile ghosts my lips.

“Well, yeah, man.” I say with a huff of laughter. “At least, I think so.” I ponder. “Does this look like me?” I ask, and shoot a web at the picture of me on the wall nearest his head, and his eyes widen as he whips around to peer at the picture, turning to me incredulously.

He nods vigorously. “Yeah. Yeah, it does look like you.”

“Cool, cool. I’m legit.” I assure, and he smiles wide, a pleasant and dopey look on his face.

“Mister Spider-Man!” Mister Wu calls, and I graciously take the styrofoam take-out container from him, full of heaping Lo Mein noodles. I thank him, folding my mask up to my nose once again.

I hand him money that he denies, nudging my hand away, but I put it in the tip jar when he turns away.

“Mind if I eat on your roof?” I ask, and he laughs at me.
“Go ahead.” He chuckles again, swiping a rag across the counter.

“Is this a prank?” I question, smiling confusedly.

“No! No, by all means, eat on the roof. I know how you like your heights. It’s just that, you were the second person to ask me that today.” He says, laughing again at the absurd coincidence, and he saunters back into the kitchen humming airily.

I stand tall in the middle of the quaint, sticky restaurant, frowning at his words, food container secure in my hands. A wary tension settles over me, and I exit the restaurant, making my way to the roof.

I hold the food in one hand and press my fingers against the chipping wall of the restaurant, testing its strength before climbing up deftly. I swing up onto the roof and immediately peer around the usually vacant space.

The ledges of the roof are empty, where I usually sit, and so is most of the vacant space towards the middle of the roof. However, a slight tingle down my spine tells me that while I’m not in danger, I’m also not alone.

I finally look between two old air vents, to see a dark figure idly eating out of a fried rice container, chopsticks flitting between his fingers with boredom. While I can see better than other humans in the dark, this figure is still shrouded by shadows.

So long to my nice empty roof, I think dejectedly, before making the most of this and assessing the situation.

“Is this a date?” I ask delightedly. “I would’ve worn something nicer!”

“Oh, that’s alright. You look perfect to me. Being blind leaves a lot to the imagination.” The man chuckles, standing up with a grin, and my eyes widen excitedly.

“Daredevil!” I beam, setting my food down and sprinting over towards the center of the roof. He holds his arms out for a hug and I run into him, clapping him on the back. He laughs, clasping the back of my head before letting go.

Ever since we had teamed up to help the Avengers with an alien mob boss two years ago, Daredevil and I have been on good terms. Since then, we’ve teamed up more than once on small-scale crimes, and we’ve had many planned and unplanned dinner outings.

“How’ve you been?” He asks me.

“I - well, pretty good, I guess. You?”

“Same old.” He shrugs. “You know the deal.”

The conversation is relaxed and comfortable, our feet swinging from the roof as we nurse our food languidly, night dragging on around us.

“Is there any reason why you’ve reeked of anxiety since you got here?” Daredevil asks me suddenly, and I stick my chopsticks into the container, turning to him.

“Have you been sniffing me with your crazy blind person senses?” I ask lightly.

“No, you’ve been leaking your emotions all over the place and I’ve been near you.” He says, his smile almost audible. “Penny for your thoughts?”
I hesitate at first, something that he no doubt picks up on, before beginning.

“Do you know of any active organizations currently trying to kidnap mutants, mutates, or anyone associated with them for genetic experimentation purposes?” I ask bluntly.

Daredevil seems taken aback, but sobers quickly. “I don't know what you're getting into, but people like that are dangerous, kid.”

“I know!” I hiss. “I - I know that.” I mutter, picking at my suit.

After some silence, Daredevil turns slightly to me. “Want to explain?” He adds.

“I've found myself in a… compromising situation involving one of these organizations, I think. Except, they've been targeting me in my normal life. You know, out of the suit…” I start, and Daredevil nods, humming. “So, now I don't know if they know my Spider-Man identity, or if they want regular me because they think I'm associated with someone else.” At this, Daredevil sighs, scrubbing his hand under the scruffy shadow on his chin.

“I… I can't tell you anymore without completely outing myself, but I told you most of the important stuff, I guess.” I finish, poking at my nearly finished food.

“And you did nothing to instigate this? This just… happened?” Daredevil asks.

“My internship may have put me at more of a risk at being noticed by those people, but I didn't do anything to instigate it.” I assure him.

“The wouldn't waste their time on someone who they thought was entirely human. They must know something, at least.” Daredevil grumbles. “These people don’t mess around. They will play dirty, they will play disgusting.”

“They already have.” My voice breaks.

Daredevil pauses. “I'm sorry.” His voice is low and gravelly with apology.

“'S okay.” I shrug. “This'll only end badly for them.”

Daredevil smiles at that. “Good attitude. But, here, listen, as far as my knowledge about organizations like this, I only know of Weapon X, and I'm not sure how strong they are anymore. I suggest looking smaller, more underground. They'll have people all over the place. Follow your instincts, I know you have that weird sense thing that you can do.” Daredevil waves in my general direction and I laugh weakly.

“Thanks.”

“Yeah. Sorry I couldn't help more. But keep your head down when you're being a civilian. Don't go anywhere you normally wouldn't, don't do anything that would make you look suspicious. Follow any leads you have. I'm assuming you’ve had altercations with the people after you already?” He ask me, and I nod before remembering and stammering out a yes.

He smiles wryly, in a way that makes me think he knows I nodded. “This may not sound smart, but stick to your routine. If they're really stalking you, they'll be following you. That means that you can hopefully intercept one of them again and take them to someone who can help you.” He says.

I don't tell him that we've already done this, and that Natasha is probably interrogating that man as we speak. As for the woman Wade left on the subway, well, I'm sure I'll see her again.
“Thank you.”

“Oh, of course. And, hey, if you happen to get one of them in custody, don’t underestimate the power of a good lawyer.” Daredevil suggests with a lilt to his voice that I can’t quite place. “If you start a legal case against them, it’ll threaten their entire organization.” He suggests, and I store his advice in the back of my mind for later.

“Everything will work out in the end, kid. Just have some faith.” He says softly, playfully punching my shoulder. I'm not sure of his life as a civilian, but with me, his voice is always helpful and reassuring, always seeing the best in a situation but still offering advice to resolve the issue. His friendly yet careful nature always sets me on ease, and I've found he's rather good at doling out support. As much as he jokes, he almost exudes a parental-like behavior under his snarky behavior. I wonder what life he leads when he's not a vigilante.

“Hey, really, thanks a lot for everything that you -” Daredevil suddenly goes very stiff, which makes me pause. A shudder runs up my spine.

“Did you hear that?” He asks me.

“No, but I can walk on walls, so we all have our thing.” I say flippantly, shrugging, but my senses are on high alert.

“It was someone getting pistol-whipped.” Daredevil tells me. “Three blocks down. At the bank on the corner.”

Daredevil pauses again, sighing. “Something else. There's a gang robbery at least four blocks in the other direction…” He says slowly, cocking his head as he listens.

“Which one do you wanna take?” I ask, smiling as I roll my mask back down over my face.

“I'll take the bank, you take the alley.” He says, rolling his shoulders. “You know, kid, as much as these jobs get our asses kicked, I’m glad I am who I am. I hope you are, too, despite the challenges you face.” He says to me, and I smile crookedly at him. “Yeah, I - yeah, I'm glad to be Spider-Man.” I say with pride.

Daredevil nods, clapping me on the shoulder before he flips off the roof. Now, he's explained how his blindness works to me before, with the deep red heat vision that helps him place objects and outlines of people, but I'm still surprised at the ease he does everything with.

“Hey, before you go,” I call, and Daredevil stops, turning to look up towards the roof. “How do you always know it's me when we run into each other?” I ask, and he smiles kindly, though his masked eyes and the devil horns on his forehead send a chill through me despite his friendly demeanor.

“Everyone's pulse beats just a little bit different from each other. I can hear it.” He says, and runs towards the bank.

With that, I grab our food containers, hop down from the roof, and poke my head into Mister Wu’s restaurant again, tossing them in the trash before sprinting away in the direction of the alley.

Three storefronts away, I can already hear the commotion; a woman screaming, a young boy crying out angrily, several men laughing darkly, cockily.

I skip surely into the gritty alleyway, pausing abruptly in front of the scene, the men pausing at the spectacle.
“Huh…” I frown, peering out on either side of the alley in mock confusion. “Well, this isn’t Denny’s.” I sigh, and the men look around at each other incredulously, two out of six still gripping tightly onto the woman and boy, who can’t be more than five.

“Get outta here, fag. This doesn’t have shit to do with your fake ass.”

Ouch.

“Hey! Rude! That’s a slur!” I accuse. “And, that’s funny. I didn’t know my ass was fake. I’ve been doing squats…” I pout, and shoot a web at the man holding the child, who was speaking to me. The web hurls him to the ground, back pinned. “Does my ass still look fake from this angle?” I ask, and the child sprints towards me, throwing himself into my arms with scared eyes. I carry him with one arm against me, swaying slightly.

“Spider-Man…” He says in awe, and promptly latches onto me, his eyes trained on his mother worriedly. “Please get my momma.” He tells me, and quickly sit him on the fire escape. “I will. Don’t move, okay? Stay right there unless I tell you to move.” I say patiently, and he nods his head, eyes wide under his sandy hair. I stay in front of him.

As for the man I webbed to the ground, his eyes are livid, enraged as he screams at me. “When I get my fucking hands on you, you’re -” He seethes, and I shoot another web at his mouth.

“You have to stop muttering. It’s not attractive.”

Immediately after that, several things happen at once.

One man barrels towards me, and I duck, tossing him over my shoulder. He lands somewhere to my side, dazed and groaning. One down.

Meanwhile, the other men lunge towards me while the man holding the woman shakes her around, grappling at her purse and body.

One of the men swings a punch at me, his fist colliding weakly to my stomach. I grab the sleeve of his jacket as he swings again at me, pulling the back hem up and over his eyes and twisting his sleeve around his front, spinning him before tossing him into a wall. He crumples onto the dirty ground, disoriented and nursing a concussion.

The next man bares a switchblade, and I fake a high scream. “A knife! Oh, god, I’m gonna die, aren’t I? How will I ever escape the wrath of that tiny blade?” I ask, shooting a web at the knife and pinning it high on the alley wall. The man pauses wide-eyed in front of me. “Did you not have anything else planned?” I ask him, and he stammers before I web him to the wall. He curses furiously at me from the wall, which isn’t very intimidating. I shoot a web at his crotch and he makes a shrill, panicked sound, promptly shutting his mouth.

Another two men rush at me, and I knock their heads together before shooting a web over the eyes of the man holding the mother.

I quickly grab her son from the fire escape, and hastily hand him to the shaking mother. “Did they hurt you?” I ask, and she shakes her head. “Not really. Thank you.” She breathes, and I nod. “Of course.” I hate to send her away, but I still have three men to deal with. I turn her around and nudge her out of the alley. “Run to the nearest store or restaurant and call the police. Go. Now.” I say, and she complies, clutching her son close to her chest and darting away, but not before spitting on one of the men on the floor. I huff out a laugh.

A shudder runs through my spine just as I turn back around to face the alley. The man who was
holding the woman has webs stuck to the corners of his eyes, his face red from scratching them off. He is livid. Before I can make any remarks, the two men whose heads were knocked together come up behind me, grabbing me tightly.

Now, I can easily get out of this. But that would severely injure them. Like, irreparable damage. Before I consider my best options, sharps bolts of electricity go through me, and I look down to see a taser, pressed to my stomach. The voltage is raised all the way, and curse over the fact that the robbers chose now to be smart.

A muffled cry escapes me, body shuddering as electricity jumps through my joints. I would be able to withstand a jolt or two, even at the highest voltage, but he’s not stopping. This seems to go on for hours.

By the time he stops, my knees have given out and my head is lolled forward, wincing and barely conscious. The two men release me and I drop to the ground, hunched over on my hands and knees before collapsing onto the ground, by body jolting occasionally.

There’s no eloquent way to say this, but they beat the shit out of me.

Every conceivable body part you can think of, they kicked. This went on for several minutes, the three of them doling out punches through laughter. Until finally, my body heals itself just enough, and I grab one of their legs and pull, tripping them all. They topple to the ground and I immediately web them together with blurry vision.

“Uhh…” I groan intelligently, pulling myself up from the ground. I don’t know which part of myself to clutch in pain; everything hurts. I stumble out of the alley, falling to the ground once more before dragging myself back up.

“Ow.” I mutter, leaning against the storefront on one side of the alley to gather my bearings. “Owowow.” I whine. I have no choice but to stay there, slumped against the store.

I finally stand up again shakily once my joints stop jerking from the aftershocks, and my entire body is just a shuddering, buzzing, bruised thing.

Getting home by web would normally take ten minutes from this location.

Instead, it takes me an hour.

It is three in the morning when I eventually get home. I swing myself weakly onto my fire escape, breathless and dizzy, swaying slightly before bracing myself. My muscles scream in protest as I pull the window open, and I bite down a cry.

I grunt when I finally get it open, and promptly tumble into my apartment, a mess of limbs collapsing onto the floor underneath my window in a slumped heap against the wall.

I stay there for another ten minutes, breathing shortly and curling on my side in pain, staying as quiet as possible.

“Not fun.” I wheeze.
I hope you liked that!!!! I'm rly proud of it and it was so fun to write :)) Let me know what you think!!

LEAVE COMMENTS!!

follow my ig: dissonance.fic
tumblr: scruffydun

And, hey!! A lot of people have been drawing fanart for my story!! That's incredible! Thank you all for how huge this story has become!! ALSO, the song Peter was listening to is Handlebars by Flobots!! one of my faves.
Surprise! Time for Tears!

Chapter Notes

this chapter had to be split up into two, or it would’ve been too long, and you'll see why i found it necessary to split them up. I also feel like what happens in the next chapter needs to have its own chapter, not be mixed with other things. You'll understand after reading this.

Hope you like it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

WADE WILSON

I wake up five minutes before Peter first startles against me, after hearing wind howling against the window panes.

I had no flashbacks, no nightmares. At least, not that I can remember. I swallow thickly at the sheer gravity of that fact. I never get a restful sleep.

For whatever reason, I didn’t have them tonight.

Which is good, because that would definitely scare Peter away.

My night terrors and his night terrors are two very different demons.

But there is a boy here now. Peter. He is soft and warm and a bit sad. He is different; a bit like me. His hair tickles my chin and his cold feet are on my calves. His legs are tangled with mine, and I worry he may stir his legs in his sleep. His fists are loosely round the front of my shirt, and his spine is ridged beneath my fingers. His body is lax, pressed against me as if seeking my warmth. His eyelids flutter with gentle dreams, long lashes casting sooty shadows against his cheeks. His paced breaths blow out against my chest, and his belly is warm against mine.

A feeling of warmth washes over me as I look down at the younger man. Sleep is a difficult notion to grasp, I’ve learned. Basically, you voluntarily go into a death-like state for, on average, eight hours. In sleep, you are entirely defenseless, unaware of your surroundings. Sleeping beside someone is a very special thing.

And I don't mean having sex.

I mean just sleeping next to someone.

Here is this completely defenseless person, sleeping soundlessly against me, his small frame curled perfectly within my larger one. He chose to lay his body down near me, completely entrusting me. Entrusting my arms to hold him carefully and reassuringly, enveloping him in a warm haze. Entrusting my body to not hurt his. Entrusting me to hold him close, but not closer than he would like. Entrusting me to be there when he wakes, or at least not far. Entrusting me to not crush him with my weight, and to wake with him if he’s scared.
I close my eyes right before Peter opens his. I keep my breathing paced and my heart beat steady, as I was trained to do. I know Peter would be able to hear any indications of me being awake.

I can tell Peter’s relaxed, watching me. Instead of feeling defensive of his stare, I don’t feel the need to. I don’t mind his gaze. Peter is radiating contentedness, warmth, not disgust.

Soon after that, it becomes very clear that Peter must think I’m sleeping.

*He’s gonna sneak out!*

*Or, he just has to use the bathroom.*

*Shut the fuck up. Sneaking out is a much better plot.*

After a painfully long time, Peter finally moves. He rolls over, so his back is against me.

*And his butt.*

And his butt.

After what feels like a goddamn hour, Peter crouches on the bed beside me.

What’s he doing? If he’s trying to sneak out, he should be smart enough not to walk on those creaky floors. Why would -

Ah.

Webs is going to climb the walls.

I have to remember to take calm breaths, because I have to admit, I’m kind of giddy at the prospect of Peter attempting this while I’m “asleep.” I resolve to begin snoring softly, to keep up the act.

*He’s such a goob.*

Before I know it, I can hear Peter directly above me, quietly grappling for what I can only assume is his suit.

There’s a rustle, a sharp intake of breath, and the unmistakable sound of Spidey’s web-shooters. Then, I can practically feel Peter’s warmth inches away from my face. It takes all my willpower not to burst out laughing. I can hear the rustle of Peter’s suit hovering somewhere above me, the stretch of the web’s as Peter is hanging from them.

“Oh my - god.” Peter gripes. “Bad. So bad.” I have to make sleepy sounds and smile softly to avoid chuckling.

Just to fuck with him, I frown, stirring in my sleep and rolling onto my back.

And really, Peter’s upward momentum is astounding, because he’s swung himself back onto the ceiling so fast his head must be spinning. I peak my eyes open, feining sleep, and Peter stares back at me, stomach flat against the ceiling and hair mussed, teeth bared as he bites down on his suit.

Satisfied with the look I got, I coo happily and fall back “asleep”.

I can practically hear Peter’s shock, and he stays in the ceiling for several seconds just assessing what just happened. Eventually, he swings himself down, landing in the living room by the sofa, shutting the bedroom door halfway.
With narrowed eyes, I can see that his back is turned toward me. Peter stares at the DON'T WORRY billboard for a minute, and I watch confusedly before my expression softens. Peter’s shoulders drop with a loud, relieved sigh. That billboard must’ve really calmed him down when I showed it to him. I’m glad.

And then Peter is hastily changing, tugging off his tank top and sweats, tossing them over the sofa. Peter slips his thumbs under the waistband of his underwear, and I blink distractedly for a moment, eyebrow raised.

[Look away, asshole!]

[What! No! Keep looking.]

I drop my eyes to his feet hastily, a bit begrudgingly, but I feel better when I do. This isn’t like when he dropped his towel for me to see his ass for two seconds; he doesn’t know that I’m awake this time.

Peter’s underwear drops around his ankles, and he kicks them up onto the sofa on top of his sweatpants.

[Why is he going commando anyway? Does he chafe?]

That’s cute.

And then he’s unfolding his suit, stepping into the boots and rolling the spandex up his thighs, wiggling them up over his hips (aw). He slips his arms through, rolls the suit up over his chest and back, and then struggles with the half zipper on his back that I didn’t even know was there.

“The more you know.” I hum quietly, burrowing warmly under the blankets.

Peter tugs the mask over his face.

[Hot.]

[Hot.]

Hot. His ass is stellar.

Peter unclips a pair of leather bound bracelets that I noticed earlier, before putting on wider, thicker, metal bracelets - no, webshooters.

“Oh! That’s what those bracelets were! Sneaky little fucker...” I hiss under the blankets, eyes wide.

Apparently Peter has a pocket in his suit, because his phone disappears by his belly, and he slips headphones under his mask.

He pulls open the window, and I purr as his lean muscles work under the suit.

He hops onto the fire escape, arms outstretched, his head up to the sky. His lithe frame in the suit is silhouetted by the dark night sky. He looks... ethereal.

And then he drops out of sight.

My eyes widen and I jolt upright, mouth parted in surprise.

“Holy shitfuck.” I breathe.
He’s gorgeous.

[He’s also gone.]

[Stop whispering.]

I whip the blankets off of me and scamp into the living room, sifting through the clothes he tossed before finding his webshooters.

“Huh.” I nod appreciatively, inspecting one leather-bound bracelet in my hand carefully. “How do these work?” I clip one onto my wrist curiously. It fits kind of tight for my taste, but Peter’s wrists are smaller, and these have to fit snug, I guess.

I tug lightly on one of the drawstrings of the bracelet, and immediately regret it. “McFuck!” I get hurled forward and onto the floor, my shoulder ripped out of its socket.

“Oh, sweet fuck.” I hiss, pushing myself up to a sitting position with my good arm.

Strings of thick web hang down my face and neck and I chuckle despite the situation. “Money shot.” I wince, tugging the web off of me and leaving it on the ground, knowing it’ll disintegrate soon after several occurrences of Spidey getting pissed and webbing my to an alley wall.

Now, I remember something about Spidey rambling to me, telling me how the strength of his webshooters could tear a normal person’s arm clean off their body.

Of course I remember after I dislocate my fucking shoulder.

I stand, hold my forearm against my chest with my opposite hand, and shove my shoulder into the wall.

I hear a distinctive pop, and a swell of pain, and then my arm is back in place.

“It’s too early for this.” I mutter, rolling my shoulder in resignation.

I carefully unclip Peter’s web shooter, set it down where I found it, and step away backwards, middle finger pointed angrily.

Humming to myself, I shuffle into the bathroom, turning on the faucets and undressing while the water adjusts.

I shower quickly, in case Webs comes back early, the hot water hell on my sore skin. I find a dark plush towel on Peter’s towel rack, drying off briskly and wrapping the fluffy thing around my waist. I saunter out of the steaming bathroom with my clothes under my arm, tossing them on top of a pile of clothes on Peter’s floor - what I assume is a laundry pile.

I passionately hum the lyrics to Gangsta’s Paradise, rummaging through my go-bag and pulling out relatively clean clothes. I sniff them briefly, and make a pleased sound to find that they smell like soap and traces of gunpowder.

Midway through pulling on black sweats, my phone makes an obnoxious FaceTime request sound from somewhere in the bed.

“What?” I blanch.

Who in the shit is face-timing me at one-thirty in the morning?
[A hooker?]

[Homeland Security?]

[Tony Stark, on a booty call?]

I pull my sweats up around my waist and throw on a thermal shirt before groping around the bed sheets for my phone.

“Where -” I swipe my hand in a long arch across the bed, “the shit biscuit is my phone?” I resolve to grab the blanket by the hem and flatten it out again, creating a wave of rippling sheets as they drape back on top of the bed again. I hear a clunk, and watch as my phone hits the floor by my feet.

[Found it.]

I grapple for it, and see that it’s Clint. I smile widely.

That’s why someone’s facetimeing me; because Clint can’t call.

[Why did the Marvel Cinematic Universe make Clint able to hear without a hearing aid in the movies?]

[...]

[Why didn’t they make him Deaf?]

[Because the MCU apparently thinks Deaf people are inept and cannot possibly be heroes. That’s why.]

[Mic drop.]

[Don’t worry, readers! Clint is comic-accurate and Deaf in this story! And he still kicks ass.]

I slide to accept the video call right before I miss it, throwing myself onto my belly and kicking my feet languidly behind me, a lazy, giddy smile on my face.

“Hey there, handsome.” Clint grins.

“Stop, I’m blushing. You can’t tell, ‘cause, you know, tumors, but I totally am.” I chuckle. He watches my lips intently.

“Sign or talk?” I ask him vocally.

“Sign. Please. I have a headache.” Clint says.

“Say no more.” Hah, literally.

I prop my phone against a pillow and sit in front of it, cross-legged.

“So, why have you graced me with your scruffy face at such an ungodly hour?” I sign to him.

[For all the readers who don’t know, Deadpool knows sign language.]

“Were you asleep?” Clint signs, raising a brow with doubt.

“No. I was making sweet love.”
“Sure hope not. You’re still babysitting Peter.” Clint signs, huffing out a laugh.

“Caught my bluff.” I sign, shrugging.

“Were you actually sleeping?” Clint signs, brows furrowed in question.

“No, I just showered.”

“Where’s Peter?”

I hesitate a moment. “Doing laundry downstairs.”

Clint scrunches his nose knowingly. “At two in the morning?”

“He’s a very particular boy. He says the washing machine caresses his clothes the best in the wee hours of the morning.” I explain. And, wow, lying isn’t as fun when you aren’t speaking.

Clint snorts out a laugh, shaking his head and looking to the sky as he downs at least a pint of black coffee straight from the coffee pot.

“Anyway. Stark told me to check in.” Clint shrugs.

“He doesn’t trust me for shit, huh?” I sign.

“It depends on the day. How’s the kid doing? He didn’t seem too good when he was here earlier.”

I stifle my grin.

[We made out with him!]

[Huuuuugggeelee romantic gesture via fort and fairy lights!]

[They gayest tickle fight in the multiverse!]

Haha! He’s not even in the apartment building right now! He’s doing god knows what, defending god knows who, like he does every night as fucking Spider-Man!

“He’s much better.” I settle with signing.

Clint seems satisfied with this. “Okay.” He says aloud. “Tell him we got a great lawyer making a case on the guy we arrested, who’ll need to talk to Pete at some point. Let him know we’re handling it.” Clint says, and his voice is somber, worried.

“Yeah. Yeah, I will.” I nod.

“And I think you’d really like this lawyer. We haven’t told him the specifics of the case yet, but I’m sure you two will get along…” Clint says knowingly, grinning.

My eyes brighten. “Oh! Is it - no, wait, don’t tell me.” I beam, and Clint shakes his head with a laugh.

“Anyway. I’m tired. I just stole a dog from a gang leader who was abusing him, so today has been a doozy.”

‘Wait, what?’ I say aloud, but sign at the same time, because Clint is still squinting at my lips.

“Yeah. Look at ‘im. Ain’t he cute.” Clint says, and there’s muffled static, and then the camera pans to
a massive gray Great Dane, sitting by Clint’s feet happily.

My jaw drops, and Clint turns the camera back to himself casually. “So, you’re saying that you stole that huge dog from a gang leader? How did you get him out of there?”

“I carried him! His life was in danger! He got knocked to the ground!” Clint says, like sprinting away carrying a 120 pound dog is the obvious answer.

“Well. Your moral standing towards dogs is impeccable.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Clint smiles fondly at the dog. “Alright, pal, I’m calling it a night. Tell Peter I said hi.”

“You got it. G’night.”

“Say goodnight, Peaches!” Clint coos, and the last thing I see is a hulking dog licking the camera.

He named a dog larger than most humans Peaches.

{He’s a good man.}

{Pure.}

I set my phone to charge, and check the digital clock on Peter’s nightstand.

2:45.

He’s been gone for nearly two hours. Where is he? I know that Webs can easily patrol for three, even four hours a night if there’s tons of crime, but Peter should also be overly cautious now that I’m here. He wouldn’t want to be out too long, in case I wake up.

So, this is odd.

{He’s dead.}

{Way to go. You let him die.}

Ah, shut up.

I busy myself by pacing Peter’s small apartment worriedly for several minutes. I resolve to eat a leftover taco, and then brush my teeth because sleeping people don’t eat tacos, and Peter would probably smell it.

I’m embarrassingly close to playing Nintendogs on my DS, when I hear a loud clatter on the fire escape.

Oh! He’s okay!

{Quick! Pretend you’re asleep!}

I sprint into the bedroom, and dive into the bed, pulling the blankets up around me and sprawling out on my back.

I immediately and easily pace my breaths, willing my heart to slow its excited hammering.

In all fairness, for a genius, he was kind of silly to think he could sneak out without waking me.

The window to the fire escape opens very slowly.
Why did he open it slowly? So it doesn’t creak? That window doesn’t make noise - it looked new.

Weird.

I hear a strained sound, followed immediately by a hard thump.

I frown.

This feels off.

It’s noticeably silent for several seconds. Why isn’t he coming inside the bedroom? Is he still right by the window?

I hold my breath, listening.

*Listen.*

The sound of faint, labored breaths fill the room, and I bolt upright when Peter whines weakly.

Something’s wrong.

I lean forward on the bed, quietly, to see a pair of feet sprawled out right in front of the window, unmoving.

Something is *very* wrong.

*{So much for pretending you don’t know his identity.}*  
*{Do we have to stop playing the game now?}*  

I dart out of the bed in an instant, kicking tangled blankets off my feet, my mind immediately resorting back to my training instincts as I survey the rest of the living room to make sure Peter is alone.

When my eyes land on him, my heart trips and my blood chills. I’m not even sure he’s *conscious*.

I’m angry and terrified at the same time.

*“Oh, Christ,’”* I whisper, voice thready as I rush to him.

---

**Chapter End Notes**

Ah, cliffhanger, my old friend.  
The next chapter will be THE BIG SAD HURT/COMFORT CHAPTER  
LEAVE COMMENTS!  
follow my ig: dissonance.fic  
tumblr: scruffydun
Well, This Sucks.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was deleted and re-uploaded for reasons explained in the end notes.

- ALSO: SLIGHT CHANGE: PETER IS NINETEEN.
  I ORIGINALLY WROTE HIM AS EIGHTEEN, BUT I NEEDED MORE ROOM FOR PLOT.
  HE IS NINETEEN.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

WADE WILSON

I rush to Peter, slumped against the wall, head lolled to the side.

“C’mon, Petey, wake up for me.” I breathe, taking his face in my hands, pulling his mask off. His jaw has a bruise blossoming on the left side, red and angry, and his right brow has a slash through it, blood matted in his hairline. His lip has split again, dried blood lining his lips in something that dares to imitate beauty.

“Fuck!” I hiss in frustration, hands hovering over Peter, scared to touch him, scared to hurt him more. I press my ear to his chest, hearing the soft, rhythmic thud of his heart. I move my hand to hover over his mouth, and feel very slow breaths hitting me. “Okay, kid, you’re okay. You’re going to be fine.” I say, crouching on the floor between his splayed legs hesitantly.

Did I say that for him or for me?

“Wake up, Peter.” I urge, louder than before. He doesn’t stir. And while he definitely isn’t awake, his body tremors slightly every few moments. I frown at that, scaling my eyes down his suit, to find char marks on his stomach. “Come on, Web Head, wake up for me.” I shake his shoulder slightly, and his body almost tips forward. I catch him before he topples, pressing him back against the wall. “Wake up, Parker!” I shout, and get no response.

“Damnit!” I curse, giving up for now. As long as he’s breathing, it’s fine.

Before I do anything else, I run my fingers over the base of his head, down his spine, over his skull and ribs, feeling for fractures or breaks.

I have to hit him.

[You have to hit him.]

[You have to keep him awake.]

“I’m sorry.” I mutter. I cup the left side of his face in my hand, hesitating. “Ah, sorrysorrysorry.”

My palm hits his cheek with a resounding smack, and Peter gasps, eyes fluttering open. His eyes
meet mine in a dizzy haze, eyebrows furrowed, breath labored. Slowly, wincing with effort, Peter slurs something unintelligible. “You’re okay, Webs.” I assure, but Peter probably isn’t entirely aware of his surroundings, because he isn’t panicking over the fact that I’m with him. Maybe he thinks his mask is still on.

He slurs something else out, and I nod my head and acknowledge him just to keep him calm. Finding no fractures or breaks, and now that he’s at least somewhat awake, I scoop him up effortlessly, and his head falls against my chest.

Now that he’s against me, I can tell he’s sweating, but shivers wrack his body. It occurs to me that I have no idea where he went, or how long it took him to get home in this state, in a New York November night. He’s probably freezing.

“What’d you do, Baby Boy, huh?” I ask. “What happened to you?”

I set him down on the closed toilet lid, plug the shower’s drain, and turn the water on.

His face is a mangled mess, dark cuts starkly contrasting the unusual paleness to him. I’m worried to see how bad the rest of him is.

“S okay. ‘S gonna be okay.” I mumble, more a plea, crouching down in front of him and hooking my chin over his shoulder to keep him upright.

I wrap my arms around him to grapple for the concealed partial zipped on his back and carefully pull the zipper down, his suit unraveling from his skin. I peel his suit off from his back, leaning him back against the toilet seat to slip the suit off his chest, pulling it down his waist.

{Oh, Christ.}

{That’s, uh, that’s bad. How good is Spidey's healing factor?}

“I don’t know.” I answer the boxes aloud. “Fuck! I don’t know.”

His entire torso is mottled with bruises. Blossoming bruises of red and blue and purple splash his sides, his lower belly, all over his ribs.

I take a deep breath, clenching my jaw, hot with anger and cold with fear.

Once again, Deadpool and Wade Wilson are having conflicting views, aligning in one sole location.

Deadpool wants to go after the group who were capable of beating Peter, and beat them just as badly, if not worse.

Wade Wilson wants to rush him to a hospital, but there are obvious issues with doing that, like, for one, what if he heals and the doctors have questions? Or, how do I fucking explain how he got beat up in the first place?

So, really, Wade Wilson wants to get Peter to a normal temperature, call Bruce, and clean and bandage his cuts.

Which is exactly what he’ll do.

Later, perhaps, when Wade Wilson and Deadpool's plans line up, he will make sure Peter is safe, he will assure Peter he isn’t mad at him for keeping his identity a secret, they will discuss Peter’s abilities and weaknesses, and then Wade will beat the shit out of everyone who hurt Peter. Perhaps,
I need to breathe. This isn’t like me; I’m too worked up about this. I fish my phone from my pocket and call Bruce.

In three seconds, he picks up. I don’t give him time to speak.

“Come to Peter’s apartment as soon as possible. I know he’s Spider-Man, and I know you do too. Just get here. Bring medical shit.” I say, voice stern.

“Wade, slow down, what -”

“Please.” I hang up when my voice cracks.

I’m clearly not a damn doctor, but I know Peter has to get warm fast.

Pushing my panic down, I grab the suit, now hanging low on his hips.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” I tell him. “I know you’re not totally awake right now, but someone really did a number on you, and I need to make sure you don’t get hypothermia. I’m just gonna put you in the bath, okay?” I promise him. “Just a bath.”

[Disgusting - you’re taking advantage of him.]

[He’s unconscious, you sick bastard. He probably thinks the person from his dream is undressing him. He’s going to be traumatized.]

Both of you, shut the fuck up. I would never hurt him. He’s going to get worse if he doesn’t get warm. Fuck off.

“If you can hear me, I’m putting you in the bath. Me. Wade. ‘S me. I’m just gonna get you in some warm water, okay, Petey? You know, most heroes wear undies under their suit. I’d feel a lot less like a creep.” I mutter, slipping his suit the rest of the way off, hanging round his feet.

I hiss in sympathy, clenching my fists tightly at my sides to avoid punching the wall. His legs aren’t in much better shape than his torso; his shins are bruised to hell, angry red bruises on his inner thighs, and - just - everywhere.

Beaten head-to-fucking-toe.

“I know I’m trying to be a better man, and more like a hero, and all that good shit, but that’s objective! I’m actually going to kill those sorry sons of -”

[[FOCUS!]]

I blink hard, focusing back on Peter, pulling the last of the suit off his feet, and picking him up as gingerly as possible. I set him in the tub, water level just under his pectorals.

Watching him is pure torture. He’s shaking, bruised, beaten and freezing, sweat matting his curls to his forehead. Peter stirs upon being placed in the water, but he mumbles something, makes a pitiful sound when he tries to twist his body, and falls back into an uneasy, semi-conscious state.

Grabbing the first aid kit, I move to sit on the edge of the tub, my feet in the water by his side. I can clean and bandage the cuts, but anything else, any internal damage to his ribs or bleeding from the bruises will have to be handled by Bruce.

My heart hangs heavy, suspended in my cavernous ribs and tripping over precipitous lungs. This is
weird. So weird. I’ve killed people… as my job. Gore is my specialty, my profession. But this, well.

It’s different.

This boy did nothing wrong.

This boy is Peter.

My chest burns with fury and my eyes burn with something else, my hands itching to hold him but too scared to hurt him and my heart hurting.

The swell of secondhand pain weighs my heart, tugging down my shoulders until they’re too heavy for me to keep straight. And I finally understand why Steve Rogers’ body, with all his strength, seems to melt, his shoulders low, when Bucky is hurting; because it hurts Steve, too.

And this, it must be, is why I feel so tired, so scared for Peter, while the contradictory feeling of rage pools in my belly to right this wrong.

It occurs to me then that I’ve known Peter far longer than just a few days; I’ve known him as Spider-Man for years. And they are one the same. Sure, Spider-Man is snarkier, confident, downright sassy. Wearing a suit gives everyone the power to act themselves; anonymity is strength. But Peter has always been those things.

I remember countless rooftop discussions with Spidey, and therefore, with Peter. Oddly, Peter never actually sat on the roof itself, but the roof’s edge. I would have to ask why someday.

Very early on, I realized that Spidey was strict with boundaries. Around a year ago, I’d fawned over his beautiful ass, which, hey, is anyone surprised? As we were walking, I’d smacked said ass. Spidey broke my wrist, a silent “no” on his lips, stance frightened and entire body stiff, before he backed himself away from me, hands tap-tap-tapping even more than they used to against his web-shooter. The ordeal worried me so much I didn’t see him for another month. Hell, I was contemplating leaving the state.

I did, actually. But only for one week. Then I just spent time avoiding him, worried I’d accidentally cause that to happen again. I didn’t know why it happened, what to call it, how to keep it from happening. We met up again, eventually. Peter didn’t really mention it.

After a few more occurrences of me overstepping, and Peter making it very clear that I did so, we developed a system: I would ask to touch him on his difficult days or “Bad Days” as Peter called them lamely, and he wouldn’t break my hand or kick me where the sun don’t shine.

Soon, it became a relatively non-issue. At least with me.

After that, I’d noticed other things, like how his leg would always shake rhythmically, probably because it provided a constant, timing his leg-swinging to something invisible that I could never pinpoint. The tap-tap-tap of of his fingers against his web-shooters, or the webbed ridges of his suit, were something I’d gotten used to. I didn’t question the weird touch thing that happened in the first few occurrences that we met. I assumed, and still do, that it was just a trust issue, but recently I have the quaking feeling that perhaps it's something rooted deeper than just a rightly cautious hero and a lack of trust. So long as the kid was eating, and we could just talk on whatever roof we’d stumble upon, I didn’t really care.

His brain and my brain are both messed up. Different kinds of messed up, but that’s okay. I realized after a few more injuries that Peter probably struggled with sensory overload, which makes a ton of damn sense now, what with the panic attacks and the noise and touch and light issues.
Hell, on really bad days, he wouldn't even speak, just eat his burrito pensively and swing his legs on
the gargoyle statue atop a roof that we often frequented. But that was okay too. I spoke enough for
the both of us.

Oddly, fighting is different; even before he let me be touchy and cuddly with him, he wouldn't mind
fighting. I think, deep down, he kind of likes fighting someone who has an equal advantage, even if
he is Queens' vigilant hero. He’ll fight me. Hell, he has fought me. Two years ago I had thrown a
burrito at him and he tackled me off the skyscraper roof we were on. We grappled at each other all
the way down to the first story. Sure, before we hit the ground Peter’s webs caught us, but still. And
that was only the third time we met.

After he'd established some boundries, we were fine. Sure, if I'd noticed he couldn't tolerate noise or
lights, I'd keep my distance for his and my sake. Such boundaries included, in the first few months
before he'd gotten used to me, "touch my ass and I'll neuter you" and, months later, after he’d
considered me a benign (haha) person, "okay, fine, you can touch me now. If you lose my trust, I will
not hesitate to cut nipple holes in your suit and break your fingers".

This - Spidey’s behavior being so strangely similar to Peter’s - all makes more sense now; they’re
literally the same boy. Now, after we’ve kissed, made out, after I’ve held him and hugged him, it’s
clear to me that Peter’s only comfortable when he initiates the contact, unless he’s too tired to care.

None of those meetings were ever planned, just coincidence, I guess. After a few sarcastic blows,
and a few real ones, sometimes, Spidey would settle onto the roof’s edge, the heaviness of the night
resting atop his body until he would just lay down on the roof’s edge. I would sit near him, but
keeping my distance, eating, cleaning my guns, counting ammo, dropping shells from the roof and
asking Peter if he could hear when they fell. That’s just what used to happen: we would randomly
run into each other, help solve some crime or another. I would convince him to eat, pester him, make
rude jokes, pick fights with him.

And he wouldn’t give up, wouldn’t grunt in annoyance or leave. Him talking with me, being seen by
the press fighting side-by-side with me, was never a bother to him.

And so, sometimes, we wouldn’t split up immediately after stopping some senseless crime. Peter, as
vaguely as possibly, would just ramble sometimes, talking about nothing of importance. And I’d
listen.

It was just something that ended up being a recurring theme if we happened to run into each other.

{You’re kind of an idiot for not realizing that Peter is Spider-Man sooner.}

{Yeah.}

Maybe it isn’t weird that I’m feeling so strongly about Peter getting hurt, why I feel so heavy with his
duress. My worry towards him resembles that of a much older partnership.

But that’s because it is an old partnership. We’ve known each other for years.

Feeling resolved and finally a little more clear-headed, at least for now, I snap out of my goddamn
romance movie internal monologue. I dip a cup into the water in the tub, blocking Peter’s eyes and
nose before pouring it over his head. I do this again over his chest and back, keeping him warm and
washing blood off of him.

I drip alcohol onto a swatch of cotton and disinfect the slash on his eyebrow. “S gonna leave a scar,
kid. You’ll maybe need a stitch or three. Bruce will do that, when he fucking gets here.” I talk to
him, half in the hope that he’ll wake up soon, and half because even if he can only barely understand, he deserves to know what's going on. “But you’ll look punk, at least. With a slash through your eyebrow.” I say brightly. I dip a new cotton ball in alcohol, and dab it to his lip, swiping dried blood off. Thankfully, the cut isn’t too bad. He won’t need stitches. I work down his body, cleaning cuts on his arms, washing dark blood off his knuckles. I inspect one slash on his belly surrounded by a swell of bruises. Tangled in the bruises are several mild scorch marks, each mark double-pronged.

“Taser?” I wonder aloud, pausing as if he would respond to me. “Fucking assholes.” I clean the area cautiously. I wipe clean scraped and bloody shins, carefully washing over bruises, which is hard, because he’s bruised and beaten everywhere.

“You really got into some trouble, huh, Webs?” I ask, not mad. Softly, even.

He’s not shivering nearly as much, and the jolts through his body aren’t happening anymore. His breathing is still hitched, but that confirms my guess - his ribs are either bruised or fractured.

The water in the tub is now a murky pink with blood, like it’s feigning beauty. With one hand on Peter’s shoulder so he doesn’t slump down, I unplug the drain to let the dirty water down, rinsing him off with the shower hose, wiping errant hair from his forehead.

A knock on the door startles me and Peter both, but Peter only jolts, flutters his eyelids.

“I did not think this through.” I say blankly. I can’t just leave the injured unconscious kid in the bathtub to get the door.

“Please, feel free to break in. The key is under the -” Before I finish, the door opens and shuts.

“Wade?” Bruce calls, and I poke my head out of the bathroom door.

“How did you get in?”

“I picked the lock.” Bruce says simply, a bit ruffled around the edges, which is understandable, seeing as it’s four in the morning.


Bruce doesn’t even look around the place, doesn’t question the state of disarray or anything, just shoves his way into the bathroom until he gets a look at Peter.

“Jesus Christ.” Bruce rasps, dropping his bag to the ground my by feet.

“No, it’s just Peter.”

“What happened to him? Tell me what you already know.” Bruce says, and Wade appreciates his calm demeanor.

As the drain slurps and splutters to drain the water, clogged with coagulated blood, Wade explains. “He snuck out of the apartment to go patrolling. I let him, since he’s clearly not defenseless biochemist intern Peter Parker. Three hours later, he comes back like this, passed out under the window. He’s been… vaguely conscience, before slipping under again. He was freezing and shaking so I got him in hot water. I felt for broken bones already. I think his ribs are fucked; his breathing is weird. I already cleaned and disinfected all the big cuts, but he needs stitches and proper rib binding and I can’t do that, I can't - I can’t help him any -”
“Okay, stop.” Bruce says, not rudely.

“Okay.”

“Breathe,” says Bruce.

“Okay.” I nod.

Bruce narrows his eyes. “You’re not breathing.”

“Whaa? That’s - that’s, no…”

Water now fully drained, Bruce sighs. “Okay, you need to calm down, or you need to leave…” Bruce says adamantly.

“No can do, Green Giant.” I joke to mask my discomfort. “I can’t leave. Or, I really shouldn’t…” While I’m contemplating telling Bruce why I don’t feel right leaving (Would Peter want me to tell him? Does Bruce already know?), Bruce moves past me in the cramped bathroom to grab a plush towel, crouching down next to me, pulling Peter into an upright sitting position and wrapping the towel round his front.

“Oh, wait.” I say, and Bruce turns beside me, cinching the towel closed with one fist but otherwise still. “Peter has a thing with touch. He just, I don’t know. For the most part, he’s fine. But if his powers are screwing with his sensory intake, he has a pretty decent aversion to being touched unless he’s controlling the situation, or there’s some serious trust involved, or his life depends on it.” I say, rather lamely.

He narrows his eyes.

I grunt. "Basically, if he wakes up right now, with his powers and senses all fucked because of the beating, no idea what's happening, and sees you touching him, he may or not rabbit punch you."

Bruce’s hair is curling in the humidity of the bathroom while he ponders, gears turning in his head, like he’s recounting his past experiences with Peter.

Dr. Smashy pulls the towel up to rest atop Peter’s head, draping down his back and enveloping his shoulders.

“Does Peter have PTSD? Anxiety disorders? Sensory issues from ADHD?” Bruce asks me simply. “I have to admit I’ve noticed odd behavioral patterns before, but there’s more than one explanation. Maybe he has Sensory Defensiveness.” He mutters. "I wouldn't worry much about it. The last one makes the most sense, given Peter's abilities."

I stare at him, brows furrowed and mouth in an o.

{PTSD? Sensory issues? Anxiety?}

{…}

[Ah.]

[We should have known this.]

[Stop thinking you can spot out mental illness on people. It’s fucked up and assumptious. ALSO, is nobody here remembering that Bruce isn't a MEDICAL doctor????]
“Uh. Sensory defensiveness would make a helluva lot of sense. He's never explicitly told me, but. Having his powers from such a young age, and all. Well, gee, Doc, that sure would make sense. Um -”

“Okay, you can be existential about this later. You can talk to him later. You said he can tolerate touch if his life depends on it, even though he may not like it or react uncomfortably?”

“Yes.”

“Well, his life may depend on it if I don’t make sure his ribs are alright.” Bruce says, terse but calm. I really fucking appreciate his calmness under pressure, because I am pissing blood right now.

We make quick work of drying him as carefully as possible while still being effective.

“How you want to carry him instead of me? Will that help?” He asks me, and the courtesy alone is astounding. I scoop Peter up, which is a plight, because most of his noninvasive contact points are heavily bruised.

I was a mess throughout the entirety of Bruce bandaging and examining Peter. At one point, when Bruce had three stitches in Peter already, he told me to go sit in the corner because I was blabbering so much.

{Mess is an understatement.}

[I think you cried.]

{More than once}

Shut the fuck up.

One hour later, at five in the morning, Peter is lying in bed, sleeping still. His ribs are heavily wrapped, and there are stitches in his eyebrow, right bicep, and on his stomach. There’s a brace on his foot, gauze around the cut on his arm and abdomen, and neosporin on the burns on his stomach. A thin butterfly bandage cinches his split lip. We managed to get underwear on him as soon as possible, because it felt wrong otherwise.

According to Green Giant, he dislocated two ribs, that, upon being popped back into place, Peter woke for a split moment to nearly throw Bruce across the room. He warns me that these ribs will dislocate again if Peter gets any smart ideas to do anything more strenuous than limp slowly. These ribs are also bruised.

Now, his blanket is pulled over him, and all that is left to see are the bruises on his cheekbone and the slowly spreading swell on his lip.

My anger is more sated now, storing it away in the pit of my belly for a more opportune time, and instead I watch Peter from my seat on his desk chair, elbows on my knees and head in my hands. The rise-and-fall of his breath are an interesting reassurance, and I find myself watching his chest more than anything else.

“Are you okay?” Bruce asks me, and I stir, pulling my eyes away from him and watching a very tired Bruce, setting rolls of gauze, bandages, and antibacterial cream down on the nightstand for us to keep.

Am I okay?
Did he just ask me that?

[Has anyone ever done that before?]

[What do we say?]

I review the way his mouth moved, the way his head cocked in question, and can confirm that he did in fact ask me if I was okay. I rifle through my mental archives, searching for an answer.


Why can’t my head work today? Is this what unbridled piss-worthy panic feels like? Gross.

Bruce rakes uncomely hair away from his face, sitting at the foot of the bed in front of me. I’m assuming you overheard Peter and I talking in the bathroom yesterday about his powers, and that’s how you found out who he was?”

I think I nod.

“And I’m assuming you care about him.”

I think I nod again, but warily.

“He stumbles home from a life you didn’t know he lived, beaten and bloody and unconscious. And, so, are you alright?” Bruce asks me again.

“I think so, Greenie.” I shrug. “I mean, I want to do some things to the fuckers that hurt him that I probably shouldn’t disclose in the presence of an Avenger. But, yeah.”

Bruce, bless his radioactive heart, smiles. He moves around the room to pick up the odds and ends of his medical equipment, and I peer closer at Peter, speaking low. “Are you gonna wake up soon, Pete?” I ask him. His lashes flutter, but nothing more interesting than that. “Is this your Spidey-Power way of healing? Is this what happens when you get hurt? D’ya powers just kick in and make you sleep through major healing?”

[Oh, hey, that kinda makes sense.]

[How strange of him to make sense.]

Bruce turns to me, inclining his head. “Actually, that’s not… Well. That actually makes sense. His senses are highly attuned and often do what’s best for him out of his own accord. Plus, if his senses are as defensive as you’ve told me, and from what I myself have notices, he may simply be sleeping because he can’t tolerate otherwise.” Bruce explains, and my chest feels heavy at that. He continues, “It’s not the first time a mutant or mutate has developed coping and healing mechanisms. Bucky eats like a pig after he’s been injured, and if I recall, so do you.” Bruce hums to himself.

“And we’ve all seen how much The Cap can sleep when he’s been injured.” He chuckles and my eyes widen.

_So you’re just saying Radioactive Broccoli said what now._

“What.”

He glances away from Peter and startles at my panic. “Oh. No! No, Wade, Christ, nothing like that. I assure you Peter won’t sleep for seventy years like Steve did. Their abilities are vastly different. I
apologize, I should’ve elaborated. I was just agreeing with you - it wouldn’t be odd if Peter’s powers kept him sleeping to heal uninterrupted as long as possible. He should be awake by tomorrow night the latest, I promise.”

“I almost pissed myself, Doc, c’mon.” I wheeze, clawing at my bare scalp. He shoots me an apologetic look and I grunt.

“I have a feeling you two will work things out. I recommend asking him to tell you the extent of his powers, his skills, his weaknesses. So you’ll both be better prepared, whether in his vigilante life, or his civilian life. I think he just needs someone to ask.”

I nod again at him.

Bruce stands then, clapping me on the shoulder. “Peter will be fine. I’m leaving you bandages and everything you need to keep his wounds clean. Assuming you don’t know, I’ll tell you: Peter has a healing factor, but not nearly as good as yours. If he eats well, sleeps, keeps his wounds clean, his ribs should heal in no longer than four days.” Bruce assures me, and I scrub a hand over my face. “Got it, Doc.”

Bruce hums in a tone I can’t understand. “Do not let him do anything illogical, such as climbing, jumping, running, stretching his arms too high up, or patrolling. Make him stay in bed as much as possible. I’ve had to treat him a year ago, when he was eighteen, and he was so antsy he almost reopened all his stitches.” Bruce tells me, and I look at him mildly panicked.

“I’ll make up some excuse to Tony as to why he can’t show up to intern. Although, I can’t be sure he isn’t already flying drones around here to keep an eye out for the both of you.” He finishes, and grabs his bag off the floor.

“He’s not. I check the windows every three hours. But tell the Tiny Tin Man to fuck off and chill out.”

Bruce narrows his eyes. “I’ll paraphrase.”

I snort out a laugh. “You’re alright, Dr. Smashy. I get why Petey doesn’t mind you. You’re not all touchy and invasive like the rest of ‘em.”

I walk him to the door, thank him roughly 7.3 times.

“You should sleep, Wade.”

“Hm. Thanks, but no.”

Three more thank-yous, and a tight hug, and one more reminder to keep him in bed and and and.

And finally we’re alone.

At first, the quiet weighed heavily on me. Not even the voices were talking. Which, wow, fuck them. The one time I want some company and they go mute.

So I do, really, the only thing that makes sense to me in the moment. I grab all three sheets Peter had on his bed, and very carefully and thoroughly re-tuck Peter the fuck in.

I move to turn the ceiling light off, leaving the night stand lamp on before taking the desk chair and moving to sit right beside Peter’s bed. I brace my elbows on my knees, resting my head in my hands again as I watch Peter.
I’m not tired. Or, maybe, I’m so tired that I can’t sleep.

{Shooting yourself usually helps you fall asleep.}

{And you wake up feeling so refreshed!}

Welcome back, fuckwads.

The kid looks really damn peaceful in his sleep. His face is void of worry and his lips are not turned down in hesitation. He’s not shaking his leg, he’s not tap-tapping his web-shooters or thumbing his pants fabric. His chest rises and falls with each small breath, breathing easier now, at least a bit, now that his ribs have been set again. His body is loose and his lashes flutter occasionally. He has no troubles plaguing him right now.

It stays calm and quiet in that way for almost an hour before I see Peter twitch in his sleep, brows drawing together. I watch him warily, hoping to be a natural movement in his sleep.

Another hour passes. Six in the morning.

Seven in the morning.

Seven-thirty.

Moments later, Peter drags in a shuddering breath, eyes screwing shut more tightly as he tosses his head with gritted teeth.

I watch him, my heart on the edge of my ribs and eyes searching for every micro expression.

His movements are moderate, slight, but difficult to watch. Because I don’t know what Peter is watching, what he’s seeing or reliving in his mind as his subconscious keeps him asleep to heal.

Nearly nine o’clock.

“What’s going on in that head of yours, hm? What the shit did you do to yourself?” I ask, not expecting an answer.

Peter sighs in his sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I deleted this chapter and reposted it, because of typos and my own apparently skewed analysis that I wrote at 4am. I feel like this is a better version, and I'm more proud of it.

In the draft, I had Bruce suggest that Peter MAY be on the spectrum, and, if any of you recall, Peter's behavior throughout various comics, cartoons, and animes, have left the idea of him being on the spectrum, or at least with some sensory processing issues, very ambiguous.

But I digress.

As a person who experiences sensory defensiveness, I'm aware that it's not always clear who has what, but I took it out anyway, since some of you got a bit ahead of yourselves.
And if you look back, he's had sensory defensiveness, at least to a certain scale, this entire time. This is just the first place I've had Wade actually be pensive about it.

Anyway. Enjoy.
THANKS FOR 50,000 HITS! That's incredible! I'm never confident in my writing, so this is pretty neat.

ALSO, it's not really necessary because it's nothing important, but you might want to read the last chapter again before starting this; I made some minor changes and I like the flow of it better.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

PETER PARKER

Tingles shoot up and down my spine like fireworks, rattling my brain and screaming danger danger DANGER.

My spidey senses rocket up my nervous system and I bolt upright with a pathetic yowl that I only barely hear, ears ringing violently.

Thick, scratchy texture covers my chest, vaguely similar to rope, and in my disoriented state I clutch my chest tightly in any attempt at relief. Before I can think about tearing the wraps off in confusion, a very awake Wade clears his throat from the desk chair in the corner. He looks very tired, blue eyes red-rimmed and face drawn. “Don’t take those off, Petey. You have no idea how hard it was to wrap you up the first time.” He says drily, but his eyes are wide and calculating, watching me.

I take the silence in a somewhat uncomfortable stride, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes and assessing the situation. My own bedroom. Good. Wade. Good. No pants. Not preferred when unconscious. Body feels like it was run over by a sixteen-wheeler. Very not good.

“Do you remember anything?” Wade asks, the desk chair creaking as he twists side-to-side. I wince, the sound scraping through my brain. Whatever happened, my powers are haywire right now, because all my senses are in overload. I doubt that not-super people would be able to hear the creaking well at all.

Wade stops moving the chair.

“What do you remember?” Wade asks again, like he’s almost afraid of the answer.

I take a minute to think, my mind sore with the effort, every conceivable part of my body on fire, pulsing and pounding and thrumming in time with my soaring heartbeat.

I got Chinese food from my usual place. I ate it on the roof with Daredevil, and we caught up. He heard two different crimes; we split up and took one each. I saved a mother and her child in an alley. One of the muggers had a taser. I got tazed. Multiple times, in multiple places, and got royally beat up. It took me over an hour to stumble home. I passed out. Blearily, as if through lidded eyes, Wade’s ear on my chest, and then his hands on my body to feel for breaks, probably. That hurt. He was being gentle but it hurt. My memory jumps to me on the toilet lid, suit around my ankles. Wade
was mad. Scared and mad. Then I’m surrounded by shallow water, naked. My body was dark, bruised, hurthurthurt. Wade talking to me, still talking, telling me soft things, informative things, cleaning wounds.

Loud noises, and then... Bruce? Yes. Bruce, wrapping me in a towel. Wade talking, Bruce thinking, responding. Bruce helping Wade, stitching me, Wade worried. Bruce pointed a finger, Wade moved to the corner, still worried. Ribs wrapped, bandages stuck, needles threaded. “Thank you… thank you… thank you.” Careful instructions. Wade nodding. Wade pulling up a chair. Wade saying little things. Sleep.

“Baby Boy? What do you remember?” Wade asks again, and his voice is hesitant. He watches me. I stare ahead. My eyes are wide. I must look horrible, shoulders hunched and hands between my splayed legs.

“Ev’rything.” I start crying.

It isn’t slow, or endearing. It is gut-wrenching and sad. A choked sob claws its way out of my sore throat, and then I’m crying.

“I couldn’t tell you! I - I couldn’t do that!” I scream it, my voice tapering off into something weak and ragged, a pathetic diminuendo. “Bad things happen! People - people have died, people have gotten hurt because of me. Because of Spider-Man.” I cry. Clumps of tears drip from my lashes and race down my blotchy cheeks.

“I can’t - I can’t knowingly put people at risk like that, and - and people would’ve gone after you, or tortured you! Someone always gets hurt!” I suck in a breath. “I can’t tell anyone! Do you - do you know what that’s like? I had nobody who knew both parts of my life. Nobody can know my identity because the risk - I can’t… I’m so sorry. ‘M sorry.” The heaving sends white hot pain through my ribs and head, and then I cry even harder.

“Oh, Peter.” Wade says quietly, a lament of sorts. His blue eyes are bright and soft.

I suck in greedy, burning lungfuls of air, and then Wade is beside me, gently pressing my back forward so he can wordlessly slip behind me. His arms around my chest are so gentle that they’re trembling, and I cry, and cry, and cry. Anguished sobs and coughing on my tears and crying even more because of the unbearable pain in my ribs, piercing with every shuddering breath.

I cry until my breaths are short and my body is worn and shaking, until my pulse is so fast that my lip starts bleeding again, and the pain in my chest is almost blinding. I’m curled into Wade’s chest, the vibrato in his sternum as he shushes me resonating against my ear. He sways slightly, his lips in my hair.

Minutes later, an hour, two hours later, his legs bracket my body and my fists clutch his hoodie, eyes wide and glassy. Wade is breathing in time with me; that’s how he managed to get me to stop crying in the first place. Our bodies are positioned oddly - my head is on his sternum, so that my ribs are resting on the soft of his stomach instead of the bone of his ribs. My legs are curled and I’m situated in the V of his legs.

His fingers ghosts my spine, inquisitive, careful. “How old were you?”

“Fifteen.” I whisper.

Wade curses, works at knots in my hair that come from wearing the mask. “I’m sorry you didn’t have anyone. You had to be so alone in such a big part of your life at fifteen. You were a little kid.”
“Yeah.” I mutter, sniffling. “Wasn’t all bad, though. I mean, Bruce found out later on. And Aunt May was always there, even if I couldn’t tell her everything. And, well, you were there. You were nice to me. Respected me.” I tell him, and he combs a hand through my hair. “‘Course. You always puked patching your own cuts and you were always hungry.” He laughs. I laugh too, but it hurts.

My initial adrenaline after waking up is wearing off, and my body settles into a constant dull, booming pain. My ribs sear with every breath, my face throbs, my stomach and legs and arms feel like they’re tearing themselves apart. My lips are dry and the butterfly bandage tastes stale on my mouth. Sounds are reverberating dully against my skull, but not intolerable, and I thank whatever god there is that it isn’t too bad.

“Hey, kid, about that. You and I need to talk about what you can and can’t do, and what’s up with your sensory intake.”

“Yay.” I hum, and Wade chuffs. “If you still wanna be all kissy-kissy with me, I have to know what to expect, Baby Boy.”

I take a hitched breath, holding my ribs before nodding. “‘Kay.”

“Healing factor?”

“Depends. Ribs take longer, ‘cause I can’t not give them a break. Most bones only take a day to heal.” I can already feel sleep latching onto me again, rocking me, lulling me. “One time,” I say with a smile, cheek pressed into Wade’s chest, “I broke my arm and it healed in three hours.” I say, and it’s the weirdest case of nostalgia ever.

“How about you just tell me what you think is important, and I’ll ask questions from there?” Wade asks, rubbing my back. “I already know the general stuff, from palling around with you for years, but some specifics would be dandy. Just brief me, yeah?”

My senses are on the verge of going haywire, and agonizingly, I roll off Wade and onto my back beside him, grunting with the effort, tears prickling at the corners of my eyes. I know the pain will keep me awake for a few more minutes, and I know this is important to Wade. He turns on his side to face me, knuckles brushing mine.

“I have enhanced vision, and somewhat enhanced hearing under certain circumstances. I can cling to stuff with my hands, feet, and back. Uh. Superhuman agility, strength, balance, reflexes, flexibility…” I trail off, head pounding. Every part of my body is pulsing with pain. “I have several tons of upward pressure. My upper limit is, uh, twenty tons under extreme stress. Usually it hovers around ten tons.”

Wade is silent, and I almost think I said it in my head. “Wade?”

“Several tons?” Wade blanches. I laugh, but it quickly devolves into a wheeze, gasping in pain. “Yes, Wade.” I push on. “I have more durable body tissue than other humans, and I can also dodge attacks, including close-range gunfire. My metabolism is really fast, so I c’n get over the effects of roofies and drugs faster, too.” I slur. Wade makes a low whistle.

“My skills are enhanced under stress or panic, but my sensory issues get infinitely worse, too. So, strength and sensory overload have a positive correlation, which, if you ask me, is shit. After a bad fight, or something disorienting, I can’t even handle noise sometimes.” I whisper. Wade looks like he wants to hold me, to pet me, something. But he doesn’t, he just watches. “‘S called sensory defensiveness. It affects the tolerance of sound, light, touch, taste, texture. It’s different for different people, during different times. Different people do different things to keep it tolerable; moving and
fidgeting, ‘nd stuff.” I shrug it off.

Wade watches me warily and I add on, “I’m usually fine. It only gets bad if something bad happens, y’know?” I physically shrug this time, which hurts.

“What caused it?”

_Million dollar question, huh?_  

I tense, and fire rockets through my body. I drop my gaze from Wade’s, and immediately regret it; now he knows something’s wrong. I could’ve easily kept his gaze and said the problem started when I got my powers. That would be believable, and it wouldn’t be a full lie, because my intake issues definitely got _worse_ as my senses became superhuman. But it isn’t why they started. I swallow around the dryness in my throat.

“Oh.” My voice breaks. I cough. Wade props himself up on his elbow, brows furrowed. He knows something’s wrong. “I was fourteen. Before I was Spidey. Someone did somethin’ bad to me.” I stumble over my words, swallowing thickly. Wade’s eyes are bright, sad and angry at the same time. He must know. “Uh, ‘S fine. His name was…” I choke on it. _Skip_. His name was _Skip_. _SkipSkipSkip_. I want to scream it. I want to scream his name until he doesn’t affect me anymore.

“Don’t.” Wade tells me. “You don’t have’ta tell me his name, Pete.” He says, watching me carefully, knowingly.

_Knowingly?_  

“Why not?” I ask, voice hoarse.

“For one, I might feel inclined to have a chat with them.” He tells me frankly, a bluffing smile, eyes spiteful, and then something warmer.

“Secondly…” Wade pauses, thinks. “Secondly, saying their name hurts.”

I watch him in surprise before my face sober.

“Yeah.” I whisper.


It’ll hurt more if I start crying again, so I blink until no tears are left.

Wade seems to think about this, storing it away in his head. He winks at me. “Back to your wacky senses, how about you just tell me what to do when it happens, huh? And I’ll do it.” He says quietly, and I nod, smiling weakly. I think my lip splits open again. Hot.

Wade laughs, then. “You’ve got a pretty smile, Petey.”

After a moment of silence, my eyes fall closed. “My body hurts.”

“Go back to sleep, kid.” He tells me, already pushing himself up.

“Wait, wait, ‘Pool. What time is it? How long was I out?” I ask, suddenly aware that I have no clue the day or time.

“We finished patching you up at five in the morning, and it’s seven at night now. Same day.” He
tells me. “You’ve been out for nearly fifteen hours.” He says, and I stare.

“That’s longer than I’ve ever slept in my life.” I mumble.

“Hah; you should try getting fatally shot. That’ll knock you out.” Wade huffs, scratching at his head. “What?” I blanch, and Wade chuckles awkwardly, waving away my worry. I’m sure I would care more, but everything hurts and I would very much like to sleep forever.

“Did you sl’p at all?” I ask him, face pressed into the plush pillow, seconds from sleep.

“Sure did.” He assures me feebly. I pull the blankets up closer around me, burrowing underneath in a warm cocoon. Even pulling the covers up sent searing pain through my arms. “Liar.” I mumble, and I grapple for his arm, taking his scarred hand in mine.

“Stay.”

He stays, and we sleep.

The next week is excruciatingly dull, and horrendously painful.

At first, I need help with everything; it’s all impossible. I fall asleep early, and wake up late.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday are probably the worst days.

On Tuesday, the first day after sustaining my injuries, I’m still in too much of a fog to leave the bed. My drowsiness may be partially accredited to the fact that I begged for tylenol with codeine at three in the morning, when the pain in my ribs was intolerable and I could hear every single sound in my apartment complex. Nonetheless, Wade sweeps in at noon with a plate of eggs and toast, but after a very fun round of dry heaving and my ribs attempting to leave their sockets again, we realize I can only keep crackers, water, and apple slices down. So that’s all I eat. After that, Wade undresses my bandages, makes sure they’re healing well, and covers my cuts again with clean ones. His hands are sure but gentle, downright careful.

At around five, the water catches up to me, and I need to pee, which is a horrible experience. I’m in so much pain that I’m contemplating just holding it until I can take more pain medicine. When expressing to Wade that I’ll just hold it and wait, he looks at me dubiously and presses the heel of his palm into my lower belly. At this, I wheeze out something unintelligible and push his hand away, and Wade laughs. “You gotta pee, Sugar. Come on; those pain meds probably haven’t worn off yet.” He assures me.

“Yes, they have. I metabolize everything faster, r’member?” I groan, rubbing my eyes and working my way into a sitting position.

Wade carries me to the bathroom, because my sprained foot or ribs aren’t healed enough, which is uncomfortable, and then we face a few issues.

“How do you want me to - should you just sit?” Wade asks, voice high.

“No, ‘cause how would we get my pants back on?”

“Oh, right, right. Uh… I’ll turn around?” Wade hums, nodding awkwardly.

“Wait, I’m gonna fall, Wade, Wade -”
Neither of us trust myself to stand for more than twenty seconds, so Wade stands paces behind me with his back turned, just in case. Meanwhile, I hold the wall with a webbed grip with one hand, and pee with the other.

To make things less (more?) awkward, Wade sings while I pee. “Listen to your heart, when he’s calling for you. Listen to your heart, there’s nothing else you can do.” When Wade tries to simultaneously sing the piano bits, I laugh, and then go pale when I can practically hear my ribs groan.

After that far too eventful experience, I stay in bed until ten at night, where I fall asleep again. Wade wakes me at three in the morning again to take more codeine, giving me half of another pill, since I metabolized the regular dose so quickly.

I sleep fitfully, my back the only comfortable way to rest.

On Wednesday, Wade wakes me up at noon again, this time with a few more apple slices and crackers than yesterday. There’s peanut butter, too. I eat slowly and don’t feel sick this time. He undresses my bandages again, applies more antibacterial cream, and recovers them with clean cloth. Peeing again is less awkward this time, because Wade is able to stand outside the half-open bathroom door this time if I promise to web my hand to the wall for support. I’m balancing on one leg though, because of the sprain, which usually wouldn’t be a problem, except for the fact I’m drugged up on codeine, and I got beat the fuck up.

“Do you want me to sing again?” He calls to me.

“No, Wade -” But he’s already clearing his throat.

“Where have all the good men gone, and where are all the gods? Where’s the street-wise Hercules to fight the rising odds? Isn’t there a white knight upon a fiery steed? Late at night I toss and I turn and I dream of what I need!”

The pain level is at 8 instead of 10 today when I laugh at him, hobbling over to the sink and washing my hands before stumbling out of the bathroom holding my ribs.

“I need a hero! I’m holding out for a hero ‘till the end of the night. He’s gotta be strong, and he’s gotta be fast, and he’s gotta be fresh from the fight.” He cuts himself off, turning to me, a hand on my back as he leads me back to bed. “Hey, you’re a hero fresh from the fight.” Wade comments, holding my hand as I ease myself onto the bed.

“Yeah, except I lost the fight.” I grunt, a pained sound as I adjust on the mattress.

“They tazed you, Pete.” Wade says incredulously, scratching himself through his pants, which I raise an amused brow at. “Multiple times. And then beat the fuck out of you.” He reasons. “It was a mugging, probably, right?”

I nod.

“Did you save them?” He asks.

“Yeah, I debilitated them long enough for the mom and kid to get away. Plus, I ended up keeping them down; they’re probably in prison now.”

Wade pulls the blankets up over me, leans close, presses a kiss to the tip of my nose. He smells of laundry and gunpowder. “I’m not a hero, or anything, but that kinda seems like you won.”
“Hmph.” I frown, but a yawn wins over, and Wade shuts the lights off and draws the shades. “You’re tired. Go to bed. You heal the most when you sleep.” He tells me flatly, brushing hair from my forehead. I fall asleep again before he leaves the room, and sleep through the night.

Thursday isn’t fun. I wake up at noon again to find that my bruises are splotches of purples and yellows now. They’re healing quickly, on par with my usual healing factor. I can’t help but think that they’re ugly, discolored yellow and sad purples weaving marbled patterns on my entire chest, near my lip, on my biceps and thighs. Wade is happy about this, says I’m healing. He says they look like a painter’s water; old colors murky but pretty. I look at him curiously, a vexed smile on my face.

Later, I receive one egg and two slivers of bacon. There’s two apple slices, cut into circles. The bacon lays between them, to resemble a penis. Wade beams at me. I laugh, and my ribs are angry at me, but not intolerable. I’m hungry, so I eat, and when my stomach protests I keep the food down anyway because I’ve been living off bread and apple wedges for two days, which isn’t even good for a normal person. I get one tylenol with codeine pill.

The ordeal tires me out, and four hours later, I wake up in a cold sweat at four in the afternoon, a strangled scream ripping from my throat as I bolt upright. My ribs are searing and my heart is thudding so fast that I can’t tell each beat apart, when Wade bolts into the room. His eyes are hard and angry, before looking around the room, seeing the locked window, and then his expression softens, though still alarmed. I pant heavily, shoulders hunched forward and hands between my splayed legs, rib bindings prominent against my chest. A tear drips onto my stomach and I swipe a hand over my face in surprise, sniffing with eyes wide.

He sits down facing me, saying nothing until I finally look up at him.

“Do you remember what you dreamt about?” Wade asks me.

Skip’s face dances across my vision, smiling, sneering, confident. Either my dream of Skip are my spidey senses reminding me to be careful, or because I brought him up on Monday.

“No.” I rasp, and Wade cocks his head. I’m lying. “Yes. Yes. I remember. I want to shower. I gotta take a shower.” I tell him adamantly. I can feel the dirt from five years ago on me, the grime, the shame. Wade is about to give me a flat “no,” before something in my eyes must change his mind.

“Oh, Pete. Alright.” He says it real soft, but the vein in his forehead implies otherwise. He’s mad. I know he’s mad; not at me, though. “Can we compromise, though?” He asks, and I watch him, waiting.

“Take a bath instead. So you’re not standin’.” He reasons with me, and I nod. He covers all my cuts and stitches with saran wrap so they don’t get wet, and then he helps me out of bed; I can walk on my own now. Slowly, painfully, and with a limp, but on my own. Wade walks ahead, fills the tub.

On this day, Thursday, is the day I realize that any semblance of the romantic gesture of couples undressing before each other for the first time goes out the window; because not only has Wade seen me in my boxer briefs countless times, but he also took my suit off when I was unconscious and badly injured, and has now helped me into the tub. I can’t say I’m too disappointed, because between the two of us, we aren’t exactly a traditional couple; Wade is a scarred mercenary and I am a vigilante who wears a skin-tight suit and recently got badly injured, so there’s really not much left to the imagination for us.

In a way, this is almost better, I think. There’s no anxiety or nerves. Wade makes no comments about my bare ass, and I make no remarks on his skin. It’s nice, given the circumstances.

I’m halfway finished with the bath. My hair is slicked back, but wayward curls spring up around my
temples. Suds from lavender soap and shampoo cover the surface, and my knees stick out of the water. “His name was Skip.” I tell him resolutely, and Wade clenches his jaw, nods.

Moments of silence later, he dips his finger in the water just below the surface and puts a glob of bubbles on my nose. I stare at him for a moment in incredulity before breaking into laughter, Wade chuckling along with me. “Fuck Skip.”

“Fuck Skip.”

Friday is much better. Much. I wake up at a reasonable time, eat a sandwich that Wade apparently convinced a deli man to deliver to the apartment, and don’t feel nauseous afterwards. I even eat an entire apple for lunch. Wade snips the stitches in my eyebrow and bicep, and peels off the butterfly bandage from my lip, but leaves the line of stitches in my stomach alone. He applies fresh bandages there. The brace on my left foot comes off; the minor but sharp residual pain should be fine in an ace wrap now.

At seven o’clock, I convince Wade that I can migrate to the living room couch, because I haven’t watched television in nearly a week, and I want catch up on Criminal Minds before the next season comes out. “Are you sure? I know your ribs are still hurtin’, and those bruises must be sore. You haven’t even been awake this late since today…” Wade says, seems to listen to an invisible person speak for a moment before focusing back on me and sighing. “Fine. But just so you feel guilty, Dr. Smashy said you should stay in bed as much as possible.” Wade says sternly, pointing a finger at me accusingly.

I pull myself into a sitting position, and grab my more casual web-shooters from the nightstand, clipping them on and smiling wide. I missed the constant presence on my wrists, missed fidgeting with their fabric. “Hello, friends.” I beam, slipping on sweatpants that have been at the foot of the bed for at least a week. After I tug the pants up my waist, Wade offers me his arm. I grin, slipping my arm through his. We walk slow, ribs throbbing at the movement. “Mister Parker, might I interest you in a window seat?” He asks, gesturing to the couch.

I laugh, raising a brow, and Wade’s mouth opens in an O when we realize the fort is still up. I’m healing, but I don’t think I should push it and crawl down onto the hard floor.

Swiftly, Wade pulls the thick sheets off their precariously placed corners of the couch, tossing them onto the arm chair in the corner. Now that the small table is clear, I can see my suit folded neatly atop it, lacking any blood stains. His foot pushes the coffee table back several paces where it once was, and then he holds his arm out, gesturing for me to sit. I do, but wince, holding my ribs. Wade pauses, scampers into the kitchen and returns with an ice pack. With the remote, he collapses beside me, promptly turning on Netflix. “You’re a neat little spider, you know that?” Wade asks me, and I give him a toothy smile. Miraculously, my lip doesn’t split open. “And you’re the softest mercenary I know.” I retort, and he smacks a kiss to my cheek.

We watch one full episode of Criminal Minds, before my ribs start their constant ache again, bruises pressed and ribs positioned in a way that they haven’t been in a week. Wade, ever observant no matter what he has people think, scoots to the far corner of the couch, and pats his lap. Within seconds my cheek is smashed against his thigh, knees curled and fidgeting the fraying edges of the thick rib bindings. Twenty minutes into the second episode, Wade perks up. “Who’s your favorite character?” He muses.

“Reid.” I say without question. He was always the underdog physically, but surprises everyone with his intellect. I like how he thinks.” I say after some time. “What about yours?”

“Probably JJ. Or Morgan. Partly because Morgan looks like a badass, but he’s really a big mush
who’s *totally* soft for Reid. And JJ just kicks ass.” Wade says, snorting. His fingers laced through my tangled hair, rubbing my head in a way that makes my eyelids heavy. “Tired, Baby Boy?”

“Nop.” I argue, focusing on the television, Hotch debriefing the team. Really if reality was anything like this show, I’d be out of a night job. Would that even be a *bad* thing? I’d need to find another high-energy outlet for my abilities, but at least people would be safer.

Sparks shoot up my spine, and I shudder, eyes wide. *Something’s wrong.* “Wade.” I hiss.

A hard knock on the door startles us both, and Wade puts his fingers to his lips immediately, slipping out from under me and pressing down on my shoulder. “Stay.” He mouths, and I want to argue, but I’d only hold Wade back in my state if someone dangerous is behind the door.

He shoves his hand under the sofa cushions, pulls out a scuffed black gun, and cocks the hammer.

In one swift motion, he pulls the sofa I’m on several feet out of the line of fire with one hand, which is a real testament to his strength. Wade puts his back against the wall adjacent to the door’s hinges, and I roll over to press my belly against the couch cushions, head peeking past the last cushion and web-shooter trained at the door.


No answer.

“*Don’t shoot them.*” I whisper, and Wade gives me a hard look. “I’ll shoot if they shoot.” He says under his breath.

The door knob twists, and then there’s the jingle of a key, before the door swings open. Wade immediately has a gun aimed at the invader, who yells indignantly, shoving the barrel of the gun away from his face. He pulls his hood down, and a very disgruntled Clint Barton is revealed.

Eyes wide, I twist my body and hastily toss my neatly folded Spidey suit under the sofa, ribs screaming in agony at the sudden harsh movement. That was close. Before collapsing again, I grab a stray sweater off the floor and quickly pull it on, covering all injuries. Except for my lip and brow, which could be explained from the scuffle on the train.

Wade tugs his own hood down, then, sucking his teeth angrily. “Man! Why didn’t you answer me!” Clint stares with wide eyes, dragging his scraped hands through scruffy blond hair. “I’m *deaf!*”

“Oh, yeah.” Wade hums, and drops his gun to sign something with a smile. Clint rolls his eyes but chuckles, before they both turn to me again.

“Oh. Hey, Clint.” I say nonchalantly, but my voice is high and strained.

“Hey, kid.” Clint says, furrowing his brows.

“How - uh, how’d you get my key?” I ask, and Clint narrows his eyes at my lips before answering.

“Tony has a copy of all the interns’ keys.” He explains, and it doesn’t surprise me.

“You know how to sign?” I ask Wade, which *does* surprise me. Wade nods. “I know, like, twenty languages, Petey Pie.” He grins at me, and I work my way into a sitting position again, gesturing for Clint to have a seat. Wade awkwardly pulls the couch, with me on it, back where it usually is, and Clint puts the heap of blankets from the armchair back onto the table, so he can sit.
Wade sits beside me, slipping the gun back under the middle couch cushion. “What’s the matter, Hawk-Guy?” Wade asks, and Clint flips him off before beginning. “NYPD detained a woman with a gun on the train you two were on. We managed to get the guy we detained - his name’s Grant - to tell us that he had a partner, so the police sent her to us.” Clint says, picking at a butterfly bandage on his cheekbone.

Wade raises a brow. “You didn’t come here to tell us that.”

“Nah, I’m just tryna’ figure out how to tell you this.”

Wade and I glance at each other. *Uh oh,* seems to be the collective thought.

“We convinced the guy that his lady partner turned on him for a plea deal; I guess she was in charge of this particular operation and we was the weaker one. Her name’s Roxanne. Anyway, uh, they weren’t too high up on the chain of command, but the guy gave up their organization.” Clint says, and even he sounds tired.

“Tell me.” Wade says.

“**Weapon Plus.**”


“**Weapon Plus,**” Wade says lowly, scrubbing a hand over his face, “Is the massive conglomerate that bred the Weapon X Program, and many more.” He turns to me knowingly. “A genetic testing organization that creates or enhances pre-existing mutations in whatever way possible.”

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked it! I had tons of fun writing this one. Sorry (I'm not) for the cliffhanger... also I wrote this chapter while listening to nothing but muscle museum by muse and vision of division by the strokes because the melodies have really good repetitive cadences that are good with sensory stimulation. you folks should have a listen.

don’t forget to leave comments bc comments keep the author alive! I love hearing what you liked!

ig: dissonance.fic & heathen.son

Tumblr: scruffydun
The Road to Recovery (And Aunt May's).

Chapter Notes

WARNING: We meet Skip towards the end. Skip abused Peter as a boy. Skip gets what's coming to him.

THE REST OF THE CHAPTER IS A CUTE FLUFFY/SMUTTY MESS.

ALSO, go check out my poem, Bandits of Brightness! It's not my typical style, but I wrote it as a child-friendly metaphor for depression that was meant to be an eerie rhyme piece.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

WADE WILSON

After several moments of silence, Clint is the one to ignite conversation again.

One hour later, at a quarter past ten, Clint has talked everything through with us and given us instructions on how to proceed. Don’t go anywhere alone, don’t do anything out of the ordinary in public, memorize every odd face we see, but do not engage unless they do first. He’s explaining all this for Peter’s sake; I know their protocol. But, then again, so does Peter - Clint just doesn’t know his identity.

[Sneaky little spider.]

[We’ve gotta give him props, though. The poor little arachnid baby has had to go to hell and back to hide his identity.]

Tony apparently brought in an “interesting” lawyer that The Avengers have on retainer, and is working up a stalking and harassment case against Grant and Roxanne, and their now-named organization. Which is good, assures Clint, who frowns at a coffee stain on his thermal pajama shirt. The stalking and harassment case is good, because now Grant and Roxanne can be questioned by SHIELD personnel and kept in custody, and there’ll be SHIELD agents on the lookout for their employers, now that we know that their organization is already on a mile-long lookout list accredited as a “highly dangerous, highly nebulous enemy force.”

[Is the lawyer Matt Murdock?]

[AKA the sexiest Catholic devil ever?]

Most likely.

Clint leaves soon after, and Peter’s worked himself up into a panic, pacing the small living room to work through his nerves. I can see now, what Bruce was mentioning; Peter has so much energy all the time. Being Spidey and swinging from buildings and kicking ass isn’t only a moral responsibility, but a necessity. He has to work out his energy, or he gets fidgety and and anxious, like he has to move.
“This is bad.”

“No worse than we were anticipating it to be, Peter.” I assure. “We all knew it was some genetic modification corporation; now we just have a name. Granted, I’m…” I’m pissed. Furious and livid and every other goddamn synonym in the dictionary. Memories jump to my mind that I buried years ago, after Weapon X, after being tortured, and I know that Weapon Plus resurfacing is beyond dangerous. I wouldn’t hesitate to drive every single branch of Weapon Plus six feet into the ground if I had the opportunity again. They could take more people, torture more people, kill more people like animals, like numbered experiments, like slabs of flesh and bundles of nerves, and nothing more. They could take dozens of mutates, mutants, they could take Peter, or me again.

[No. Nononono.]

[Think about something else. Now. Now! ]

I don’t finish the sentence, and this only seems to cement Peter’s concern. “You should go to sleep, kid.” I tell him, grabbing his arm the next time he passes me.

“You know, my ribs are feeling better. Maybe - maybe we could go out and patrol for a little, or find out some stuff about -”

[[Is he joking??]]

Is he joking?

“Are you joking?”

Peter stares at me, shoving his hands in his pockets like he’s fully aware of how absurd his suggestion is. “Well, I am feeling a lot better, and we could maybe patrol together. I - I need to move.”

Absolutely not.” I blanch, motioning for Peter to sit down. Peter gives me a hard look and I mirror him. He holds my stare.

Stubborn little shit.

“You want to go back out?” I ask finally.

“Yes.” Peter says, moving closer to the sofa to reach for his suit.

“Okay,” I tell him, and when Peter looks down longingly at the webbed material, I pick up a pen from the kitchen counter, spinning it between my fingers before launching it across the room at Peter.

His superior reflexes take over and he reaches his hand up in a sharp jolt to catch the pen, inches from his nose. I knew that would happen.

Seconds later, his face contorts into a look of pain. I knew that would happen, too. He drops the bravado in favor of clutching his right side.

“Are you telling me that you can sling webs, throw and hold your body weight, and climb entirely vertical structures right now?” I ask him, deadpan. Peter tosses the pen and it skitters across the floor. I stop its path under my foot, flick it up to catch it in my hands, setting it back down on the counter.

“No.” Peter murmurs under his breath.

“Say again?” I ask, cupping my hand over my ear.
“No.” Peter says, more loudly, and I smile. Peter hides a quirk to his lips.

I walk over to him now, twisting his hoodie strings around my hands until our noses are inches apart, Peter leaning forward on the tips of his toes. His head is cocked in an inquisitive way, his smile daring.

“Give daddy a kiss.” I joke, but Peter’s eyes glint.

[Wait, what.]

“Okay.” He closes the last few inches between us, pressing his lips to mine, chaste at first. He only pulls away enough for our lips to brush in something sinful, and then we clash together again, Peter’s slim frame against mine, his hands gripping the back of my sweater. I slip my arm round the small of his back, pulling him close and nipping carefully at his lip, nosing along his jaw.

My teeth graze his ear and Peter’s hitched breaths resonate against my neck, his fingers digging into my shoulder blades. They snag on my shirt and I pull away curiously, eyes bright. “Are your hands… sticking?” A grin ghosts my lips. Peter flushes, nods slightly. “That happens sometimes… strong emotions or feelings, and stuff.” He breathes, and I laugh, taking his hands in mine with fingers intertwined, and pull him close again. He sighs into the kiss this time, drags his hands down the front of my sweater and presses himself flush against me. “You’re so pretty, Petey.” I croon, kissing along his jaw again, and Peter makes a breathy sound. Christ. That is heavenly.

The backs of my knees press into the sofa and I sit, Peter standing by my knees, cheeks flushed. I hold my arms out, and Peter slips onto my lap, straddling my lap with his legs curled on either side of my waist. “You’re cute.” I hum.

“You’re cute.” Peter retorts with a blush, amber eyes alight under long lashes.

“You’re gorgeous.” I purr, hooking my hands under Peter’s thighs. Hands clutching my sweater, Peter leans in and our lips clash again, this time slower. His hands roam my chest, tentative fingers slipping under my top. I make a pleased sound, leaning forward to kiss along his collar bone, teeth skimming his neck and breath ghosting the shell of his ear. Peter gasps, arching his back sweetly.

In a single moment, I can practically hear his ribs groan, and his eyes snap open, hands fisted in my sweater as he grunts in pain. “This probably wasn’t smart.” He wheezes.

[Ah, yes, his ribs. He must’ve aggravated the healing process when he arched his back like that.]

[Way to go, fuckbag, you almost killed him. You literally just cockblocked yourself.]

[They wouldn’t have had sex. Not yet. It’s obvious Peter isn’t ready for that, and shitstick over here is still fucked up.]

“Okay, time for bed.” I say decidedly, cringing in sympathy. As if anticipating it, he wraps his legs round my waist and slips his hands around my neck, and I stand. “You’re like a koala baby - or no, a spider monkey.” I laugh, kissing his forehead. Peter laughs, too, but it sounds strained. “I’ll be fine by morning, probably.” Peter promises me. “Can you sleep here?” He asks me.

“‘Course.” I smile.

I rewrap his ribs, toss my hoodie off, and slip into bed beside him. I lay on my back, and Peter curls against my side and a tight ball, head buried somewhere under my arm. He falls asleep with my hand in his hair.
Saturday. Peter is awake before me.

I know this because he swan dives onto the bed from, presumably, the living room, and lands on top of me excitedly, my eyes snapping open with an oof. His beaming face is inches from mine.

“Morning.” He says, and I grin, peering down to find him fully clothed in light jeans, torn at the knees, and an oversized black thermal henley, the only three buttons popped open. His socks are mismatched and his hair is wet. His sleeves are rolled up, and his leather-bound web-shooters are clasped securely on his wrists.

“Good mornin’, Sugar.” I laugh, reaching up to button the henley.

“I’m feeling a lot better.” He tells me proudly, palms splayed on my chest to keep himself propped up.

“I can tell.” I say. “Can I tell you a secret, Petey?” I ask him then, and he leans in real close.

“I knew you were Spidey a few days before you got hurt.” I tell him, and he stares at me confusedly, thinking back. He doesn’t look surprised. “Did you hear me talkin’ to Bruce in the bathroom?” He asks, and I nod.

“Wait,” he says, smile dancing across his lips. “So, on the train, when I was trying not to show my strength, you -”

I nod, a laugh bubbling in my throat. “Did you think I would just brush off a scrawny nineteen year old throwing 230 pounds of muscle into the train wall?

“And when I almost broke the subway platform bench.”

“Definitely noticed that.” I wink, wriggling under him.

“And when you kept making those references to spiders and Spider-Man, and when you asked if I used the roof when we were chasing Grant outside of the train station!” He accuses, eyes wide.

I burst into a fit of laughter, and Peter hits my arm lightly. “Wade!” He laughs. “I could’ve knocked Grant out before he kneed me in the crotch if I didn’t have to act normal!”

“Well, you healed.” I reason, giggling. “Musta hurt, though, huh?” Peter tries to scrunch his nose in disappointment but he just starts laughing with me.

“Remember,” I say around my laughter, swiping a tear away, “Remember when, a few years ago, we were fighting, and you tackled me off the roof?” Peter rolls off my chest in a mess of laughter, laying down beside me. “Because you threw a burrito at me. My suit is hand-wash only!” Peter argues, but it only makes me laugh more.

We lay there in the aftermath for a moment, giggling happily, before Peter swings his legs over the edge of the bed and stands, tugging the blankets off me. “C’mon. It’s Saturday and we gotta go to the store to get stuff for Aunt May’s tomorrow.” He tells me matter-of-factly. In under a second, Peter drops to the ground, digging for shoes under his bed. He returns with simple baby blue converse, scuffed beyond recognition, and sits at the foot of the bed to put them on.

{Uh-oh.}

[Forgot about Aunt May’s.]

“You sure she knows who’s she’s inviting into her home?” I ask.
Peter holds both laces in one hand and turns to me. “She knows you’re a mercenary. She knows you saved me. She probably knows that I like you, and she trusts Tony Stark, who also said you saved me.” He says, returning to double knot his shoes. “She knows.”

Resolving and taking his word for it, I get out of bed, rifling through my duffel bag and finding dark jeans, taking off my sweats and tugging the denim on.

“Wait.” Peter blurs, narrowing his eyes at me. Eyes wide, I hold the waistband around thighs, raising my brows.

“Are those Spider-Man underwear.” He deadpans, and I look down.

“Yes.” I say flatly.

Peter thinks about this, looks at the front of my boxer briefs again, back up at me. “Alright.” He says.

"[He’s trying to kill us.]

[Hoooy boy, this kid.]

“Are you trying to be attractive right now, or…” I wave in his general direction, and Peter smiles, grabs his black-framed glasses off the nightstand and pushes them up his nose.

Scampering to the bathroom, I piss, wash, and brush before sauntering out and pulling on a red thermal and dark hoodie over it, stepping into my boots. “You still look like a nerd art student.” I tell him, and he sticks his tongue out at me, grabbing a cargo jacket from his closet and shrugging it on. “There’s a market two blocks away.” He tells me, and looks around for something before frowning.

“What’re you looking for, Baby Boy?”

“My longboard, but I’m pretty sure there’s a bullet hole in it from the Tower shooting. Maintenance probably tossed it already.” Peter frowns, sighs, and shrugs, slipping his hand in mine.

"[Buy him a new longboard.]

[I second that.]

The walk to the store is brisk even for November, and I busy myself by daring Peter I can jump farther than him, and Peter proceeding to prove me wrong. I haven’t seen his ribs bother him once today so far.

I grin at how spritely he is, pretending to open the automatic doors with sheer willpower, laughing at his own joke.

“You’re a good one, Webs.” I say fondly.

“Hope so.” He remarks.

The market is pretty big, a bit run down, but big. Peter grabs a cart and we proceed to stroll around the store. He grabs the ingredients to bake two pies, apple and pumpkin, and a gingerbread scented candle. Lastly he tosses eggnog into the cart because, “she’s lying when she says she doesn’t like it.”

We’re heading towards checkout when Peter perks up. “I wanna get her one of those little succulents.”

“A cactus?” I ask, amused.
“She has a collection. They’re kinda cute.” He explains, and we’re two aisles away, placed on crates along a wall of windows, are dozens of colorful cacti. I take over steering the cart for him, and he walks beside the narrowed end.

“So, after that, we should be done. I hope the eggnog doesn’t go bad -” Someone turns a sharp corner and our cart crashes into theirs, Peter colliding with the person.

“Oh, sorry about that - Peter?”

Peter whips his head up from his jostled cart, and his eyes go hard, staring wide at the man in front of us. Peter reels back so quickly that his back hits my chest, and I put a hand on his shoulder in support.

Not good.

The man is taller than Peter but shorter than me, wavy white-blond hair brushed back. His eyes are a pale, icy blue. He’s older than Peter, too, by a few years. He’s stereotypically handsome; a classic handsome. He’s watching Peter with amusement, but Peter… Peter looks sick.

“Remember me, Pete?” He says, eyes bright, a shit-eating grin on his charming face.

Wait.

{Wait, wait, wait.}

Last Monday, I asked him what had caused his sensory intake problems. He said it started when someone did something bad to him years ago. It didn’t take a genius to know what something bad meant. Thursday, when Peter woke up from that nightmare, he finally worked up the courage to utter the person’s name.

“Baby Boy? Who’s this?” I ask, trying to work the anger out of my voice, coming out soft and clipped.

Peter says nothing. They stare at each other, the man’s eyes cool and calculated and Peter’s wide and guarded and glassy.

“Well…” The man says, tearing his eyes away from Peter to regard me, a wry smile on his face. He stares distastefully at my scars before shrugging it off and holding his hand out to shake. “My name’s Skip.”

He tells me.

Skip.

Oh, pal, you’re going to wish you never met me.

I shake his hand, jaw tight. I squeeze tightly and grind his knuckles together. He hisses and pulls his hand away, but chuckles and plays it off when I smile, eyes trained on Skip. “Well, I’m Wade.”

{You look mildly terrifying.}

Good.

“So, how’ve you been, Peter?” Skip asks, charm radiating off him in superficial tendrils. Peter opens his mouth. Shuts it. I can hear his quick breaths; the pulse in his neck jumps. His hands come to clasp together at his front, subconsciously covering himself, guarding himself.

Guarding himself.

I take a deep breath, dig my nails into my palms until they bleed to keep my composure. For the third
goddamned time, Wade and Deadpool have conflicting agendas that align in one single point. Wade: Comfort Peter. Deadpool: Kill Skip. Both: Peter.

“Ah, c’mon, Pete. I know you remember me. You have to.” Skip says, cocking his head knowingly, as if exchanging friendly banter. “I know I remember you.” He hums, and his eyes trail down his frame.

Peter’s eyes widen in fear, and I can practically imagine every old memory flooding his mind. He holds his stare with wet eyes for one final second before making a strangled sound, ducking past me sprinting out of the market.

I turn my head to follow Peter, and grind my teeth when he shoves himself out of the door and dry heaves on the ground. He pulls himself up in anguish, hands fisted in his hair as he crouches to the ground, face red.

[Go after him!]

No. Then Skip wins again. Peter would hate that.

“Oh, God.” Skip says, feigning concern. “Is he okay?”

I close my eyes for a brief moment, taking a breath. When I turn my head slowly back to him, a look of alarm flashes across Skip’s face before he regains his usual confidence. Gotta make this quick.

I step close. He steps back. I step closer, grab him by the preppy shirtfront and slam him into the rack of hair products, teeth gritted and face inches from his. His eyes are wide now, but that smile, that condescending smile is still there. I’m glad the store is relatively empty.

“Skip, now, I have a question for you.” I tell him.

“Shoot.” He says.

I chuckle, brushing dust from his shirt. “Oh, don’t tempt me.” Skip’s smile falls for a moment before I continue.

“Anyway, have you heard of Deadpool?” I ask, brows raised inquisitively, cocking my head in question, pressing closer.

He scoffs, rolls his eyes and looks to the side. “Of course. Master mercenary, skilled with a blade and gun, deadly to people who wrong him or something he stands for -” He stops in his tracks, stares back at me in panic.

I grin wide. “You catch on quick!” I pride him, patting his cheek. “But, hey, I’m just a normal guy, yanno? As a normal guy, I protect people I care about, and protect people who did nothing wrong. However, as a mercenary, I will personally neuter you if you even think of antagonizing Peter, or anyone else, again.” I tell him lowly, and I know he’s scared, but he swallows thickly, and says, “Listen, you’re in my space.”

Oh. Oh, this is gold. It’s gold, really. My blood is boiling.

My eyes widen, and I reel back a bit, hands still fisted in his shirt. “I - Oh, I’m in your space?” I ask apologetically before pulling him forward and up, his tip toes skimming the floor. “You’d know all about being in people’s space, huh?” I snarl.

He’s breathing heavy now. “I know people like you; insecure with their own sexuality or sexual
abilities so they dominate someone younger, scared, defenseless, to reassure yourself, to garner power. You must've waited weeks before this kid trusted you, befriended you, looked up to you. ” I growl, twisting his shirt in my grip. “If you ever find yourself in the same store, or even in the general vicinity as Peter, I want you to turn your ass around and leave. Drop your shit and leave immediately. You will not touch him, condescend him, trigger him, hint at your presence, or hurt him again. Sure, I’ll make your life hell if you do, but you don’t know Peter anymore. He is very capable of defending himself. Very.” I grin, and at this point, Skip is about ready to piss himself.

“He’s shaking slightly, I think. “Now,” I smile kindly, a grin between two pals, and smack a kiss to his cheek. He squeaks. “Get outta here, kid!” I chuckle, shoving him toward the door. He runs.

“Or maybe I’ll just get you thrown in prison. Criminals hate your kind. A pedophile won’t last a day in prison.” I promise him, and set him back down in his feet roughly. He stumbles.

I still have a grip on his shirt. “Watch your ass, Skip.”

I’ve been in here three minutes since Peter ran outside. He must be terrified; fuck, his senses must be going haywire. I glance out the window and curse worriedly when I don’t see him.

I grab the prettiest cactus I see, put it in the cart, and pay. Thankfully, there was no line, and I’m out the door in another minute. I narrow my eyes and peer down all four blocks I can see, before I hear panting. I look down.

[Just fucking stab me in the heart already.]

Peter sits crouched on the floor, breaths ragged and unsteady. His head is downturned but I know his eyes are red.

I reach out a hand, touch his shoulder.

With a half-scream in frustration, Peter punches the hard plastic bike stand. A distinctly fist-sized dent remains. His hand is unscathed.

No. That’s bad. He can’t think this is his fault.

He’s not crying; he just looks angry and annoyed. He steps into my arms. I wrap my arms round him tightly, his frantic heartbeat against my chest. “I couldn’t say anything.” He mumbles.

“I know.”

“That was torture.” He whispers. “I - I - everything he was saying, it - it was like I was fourteen and he was - fuck.”

“I know.” I tell him, running a hand through his hair. “I had a nice chat with him, though.” I promise, and Peter laughs. Good. Laughing is good; the incident didn’t fuck with him too badly.
He stiffens against me then, pulls away. I turn to look where he is, and my eyes harden. “Look, he must’ve forgot where he parked; he’s holding his keys. He looks terrified.” Peter says.

“That might’ve had something to do with me.” I narrow my eyes.

Peter takes a deep breath, and he looks more determined than scared now. He sniffs, rolls his shoulders. Before I can ask, he’s walking over to the end of the block to Skip, grabbing his shoulder and turning him around to face each other. I can’t hear them, but Skip is immediately stepping away from Peter, and Peter just holds his hand out. Skip looks confused, but takes his hand to shake. At this, Peter pulls him in close and knees him in the groin.

"Oh!" I cheer, "There was definitely some super strength in that! That's my boy!" When Skip doubles over, he slams his elbow between his shoulder blades.

Peter scampers back to me. I whistle, slinging my arm over his shoulder. We grab one grocery bag each. “Feelin’ better, Sugar?”

“Much. He can’t fuck with me anymore.”

“No, he fucking can’t.” I tell him.

At the stoplight, I turn to him. “You gonna be okay, Petey? Just ‘cause you know he can’t control you now doesn’t mean you can’t still be scared of the past.” I warn him. He looks at me thoughtfully, nodding. “I can’t - I can never forget the shit he put me through. What he did will still scare me at night, make me think twice before getting close with people. But he doesn’t scare me in the present anymore. I’ll tell you when I’m scared. I’ll tell you when I’m not okay or hesitant about something. But right now, I’m okay.” He promises, and I could fucking kiss him right here.

“Let’s go make some pies.” He laughs, and I groan. “A man after my heart.”

{Hey, readers! Check out the end notes for information about Skip if you didn't know who he was!}

Chapter End Notes

wow, two updates within a week of each other!!
hope you liked that!
DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS!
ig: dissonance.fic & heathen.son
tumblr: scruffydun

Now TW for pedophilia mention: Steven “Skip” Westcott was introduced in a one-shot Spider-Man comic published in 1984. Technically, he was Peter's first villain; a pedophile several school grades above him. In the comic, Spidey rescues a boy who’s babysitter was sexually harassing him, and when he's too scared to tell his parents, Peter discloses a story of his own sexual assault in the hopes of making the kid more comfortable. He was a young student when Skip befriended Peter, taught him adult things, gained his trust, and then molested him. We don't know the extent of the harassment, though, but Peter recounts feeling scared, guilty, and dirty.
Aunt May.

Chapter Notes

it's simple, but i'm really proud of this chapter. it's in Aunt May's POV and there are some very sweet conversations and domestic fluff.
i think you folks will like it ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

MAY PARKER

From the kitchen sink where I am, I can see the boys standing outside the door before they knock.

Peter - my god, he grows more every day, is handing the taller man, Wade, a beautiful cactus, adjusting two tins in his own arms. Wade has a thermal shirt on, his hood up. Peter has shirt with the graphics “Stay Gold, Ponyboy,” on it, except “gold” is written in its periodic table name, in gold lettering. Both their jackets are unzipped, despite it being winter, and I internally chide them.

Wade keeps adjusting his shirt, his face not exactly visible, and Peter keeps twisting the cuffs of his shirt down lower over his wrists, probably trying to hide those web-shooters that he doesn’t think I know about.

Really, any aunt would be oblivious if she didn’t notice her boy’s hands suddenly start sticking to things, and YouTube videos of a new and amazing Spider-Man appearing soon after. I finally hear a rhythmic knock-knock-knock at the door, and smile knowingly.

I open the door with bright eyes. “Peter!” Wade takes the pie tins and I pull Peter close, hugging him tightly. He’s much taller than me now, his chin atop my head. “Missed you, Aunt May. Sorry it’s been a little while.” He mumbles, and I hit his back lightly. “You’re here now, dear, that’s alright.”

Peter takes the tins and cactus into his own arms again knowingly, and I smile at Wade. “Don’t think you’re getting out of a hug, young man.” I chide, and I pull him to me in a hug, which, after a stiff moment, he reciprocates. Peter watches with wide eyes before slipping inside excitedly.

“’S nice to meet you, ma’am.” Wade says thickly, grinning.

I cup his cheeks happily. They are scarred. He looks beyond nervous. “Call me May, Wade.” I tell him, and he nods briefly before following me in.

“We got you a cactus, and made you pies.” Peter says excitedly, and I see a giddy seven-year-old Peter in my head, whiskey eyes alight and toothless smile wide. “I take the cactus from Peter and place it on the windowsill by the sink, and peel back the tin on the pies happily. “They smell wonderful, dears! Did you cook them yourselves?” I ask, because Peter is a lackluster cook.

Peter says “yes!” immediately and cheerily, but I turn to Wade and he cringes. When Peter scurries to put the pies in the fridge, I lean close to the taller man.

“How bad was it?”

“Well, dear, I’m certainly impressed.” I tell them both, fixing Peter’s mess of hair when he approaches us again. “One’s apple, and the other is pumpkin.” He beams.

“I know you hate shopping. It must have been a bother to get the groceries for the pies.” I tell him in thanks, but Peter’s jaw clenches, and Wade stays silent, watching Peter carefully. “It was - it was no problem, Aunt May. I - I didn’t mind at all.” He tells me, and he smiles, but everything about his attitude betrays him.

I worry for him ever since Spider-Man became prevalent in the media - he stopped confiding in me out of fear of putting me at risk. Not being there for my struggling boy who I raised as my own is not only exasperating, but painful to watch. I trust in the fact that Peter will tell me when he’s ready, but stay torn over whether I should just tell him that I know his identity to save him some heartache.

I’d bet money that Wade knows Peter’s identity, though. Probably because Peter is abysmal at keeping it a secret.

When Peter hears the oven beep, he drops out of the conversation and tends to the lasagna, pulling the handle and narrowing his eyes at the oven’s contents, fumbling for an oven mitt. “Peter Benjamin Parker. Will you at least tell me why you got so tense all of a sudden -”

“Skip.” He says succinctly, back turned as he sets the lasagna on top of the stove to cool.

Skip. I don’t condone violence, but I wouldn’t mind bashing something over his head.

I glance at Wade. “Wade, dear. Anything you’d like to share?” I hum, and Wade stares with wide, innocent eyes.

“Oh, Skip, great guy. He’s a real charmer; the way he pissed his pants and whimpered before running away really just radiated power.” He says. “Or, so I’ve heard.” He shrugs, and Peter does something akin to a laugh. “Not that I’ve met the guy, or threatened to neuter him, or ruin his life, or anything.” Wade scratches the back of his neck.

I narrow my eyes at Wade and he winks before clearing his throat. “Uh, so, May, d’you need any help?” He asks. I smile at him; such a gentleman.

“Actually, boys, you could set the table for me, hm?” I ask, and Peter is already throwing open the cupboard and grabbing three plates, plus serving platters. In the dining room, I clean off the table, Peter and Wade balancing plates, placemats, cups, napkins, and utensils in their hands.

As I drag a cloth over the table and watch in amusement at their attempt to only make one trip, Peter slips. Wade’s hands are full, and the three dinner plates fly out of Peter’s grip. He stifles his surprised yelp, balances the cups he was holding in the crook of his elbow, and throws his hand out, webbing the plates before they hit the floor. Wade, bless him, does his best to step in front of Peter casually, so I wouldn’t see their antics.

And, really, with a nephew like Peter, I’d have to be dense not to realize he was Spider-Man.

The boys regain their composure, rip the webs off the plates haphazardly, and shuffle over to the table with their faces hot and eyes wide. I look up at them as if for the first time, smile. “You could have made two trips, you know.” I chide, and Peter huffs out a laugh, Wade coughing awkwardly. “It was no big deal.” Wade promises, and I hum in acknowledgment, hiding a smile by ducking my
head a bit. Wade cocks his head, furrows his brows at me in thought. Peter is unaware, tossing mats on the table and covering them with plates.

Perhaps Wade has an inclination that I know Peter’s identity; he is a mercenary, after all, and he must rely on his instincts and intellect. He sets one cup down at each place setting, and replaces the forks on the left of the plate, correctly, after Peter put them on the right. Impressive. He folds the napkins and tucks them beside the plates, and sets the knives on the left.

I leave them in the dining room and pick up the lasagna from the stove top, setting it in the center of the table. Peter grabs the bowl of salad from the fridge, setting it beside the lasagna. “Grab bowls, Wade?” Peter says distractedly, and as if he’s memorized the layout of the kitchen already, seamlessly opens the correct cupboard, scooping up three bowls. Wade must be aware of his surroundings at all times, if he’s been trained as a mercenary. He and Peter work cohesively together, something I haven’t seen so effortlessly since he and Harry were friends.

Wade sets one bowl atop each plate, grabs the pitcher of water from the counter, and sets it down on the table. “Anything else, May?” Wade asks me, and I smile at him. “No, dear, you and Peter go wash up for dinner now.” I tell them kindly, and Peter scampers off to the bathroom, gesturing for Wade to follow. I wash in the kitchen before sitting down at the table, which is when I hear a surprised gasp from the bathroom. “Wade.” Peter hisses, before the sound of water splashes to the floor, faucet on. Wade laughs, and then someone slips on the surely wet floor, and then they scurry out of the bathroom.

Peter’s hair is wet at the front, and there’s a streak of water down his shirt. Wade’s shirt has water droplets on the entire front of his sweater, and he’s grinning.

“Behave, boys.” I admonish, taking in that they clearly had a water fight before remembering to wash their hands. “There better not be water on my bathroom floor.”

“Nuh-uh.” Peter shakes his head. “No water, Aunt May.” He gives me a toothy smile, and my heart aches. He looks so much like his mother, and yet so much like Ben. Peter has always had Ben’s smile, and his mother’s eyes. Such a happy boy, but a sated layer of sadness in him. I would know - aunt’s are wonderful at noticing when their boys are sad. Wade, similarly, look sad, too, when nobody is watching. In both boys, this is very subtle, almost imperceptible; but there nonetheless. I sit across from Wade and Peter, Wade on the left and Peter the right.

The pitcher is closest to Wade, and he pours everyone cold water. Peter slices the lasagna and serves us all a hefty piece, and Wade looks like he’d like to marry it.

Eating is essentially a religious experience, since apparently Peter and Wade’s idea of eating well is, “We ordered tacos. And Peter ate an apple a few days ago.”

Once the boys stuff their mouths full with healthy food, Wade leans back with his hands clasped over his still-flat belly, Peter smiling lazily in content. “Peter was right - you truly are an incredible cook, May. Thank you. Real great.” He grins, raising his cup to me before downing the rest of his water.

“Thank you, dear, I’m glad you both liked it.” I smile, setting my fork down. “And, Wade, truly, thank you for saving my boy. You are a good man, Wade.” I tell him, and he smiles like he’s sad. His ice blue eyes look down and his scarred hands pick at his place mat. Peter watches him; his own hazel eyes settling on Wade’s face before they look down, a tentative, nostalgic smile on his face. He puts his hand over Wade’s, his jaw clenching. They are sad, together. They fight, together. They laugh, together. They save, together.
They simply are, together.

I will never know the mind of a hero, of a vigilante, of a mercenary with golden morals despite the world saying otherwise. I will never know their heart or their struggles. I will never know the weight of the world on their shoulders, the thought of all the people they couldn’t save, all the sights they’ve seen.

I will never know the allies they’ve made, how thick the friendships they’ve woven are, how heavy their hearts are when they lay quiet at night. These men and women, normal, unassuming, who save and protect and defend without the pride of police officers.

“You are welcome here, Wade Wilson.” I tell him.

Wade looks utterly stricken, and Peter looks like he understands this.

I will never know their struggles, but I’ll damn well be there for them when they need safe haven.

“You’re real sweet, May. I can see where Petey gets it. I appreciate it.” Wade really smiles, now. “And you cook like a worldstar chef.” He says, gesturing to the half-empty lasagna dish. “Which Petey does not get from you.” Wade admits, and Peter’s eyes widen indignantly, hitting Wade’s arm.

“Oh, love, Wade’s right.” I laugh, covering my mouth. Peter looks like he’s about to start pouting, but he can’t help but bursting out into a laugh. “Okay, but the pies are good! I promise!” Peter assures, and Wade nods. “He’s right. Scout’s honor, they’re good pies.” Wade chuckles.

I wipe a tear from my eye, my laughter subsiding. “Well, boys, clear your plates, and we’ll get to those pies. I’m trusting you, Wade, that Peter didn’t poison us.” I say, eyebrows raised.

Peter shrugs. “The extent of my cooking is instant ramen, and mac & cheese. There’s no shame in that.”

We all clear our plates, and wash our hands, and Wade takes out the pies, curling back the tin foil. “Peter, dear, could you take the garbage out before we start?” I ask him sweetly, and Peter nods, hefting the trash bag out of the garbage bin and tying it tightly.

“Want me to come?” Wade asks, and I hum in thought. “Peter’s a big boy, Wade, he’ll be right back.” I promise. Peter narrows his eyes but heads out the door anyway.

Wade takes a resigned seat back at the table, setting the pies down before taking a long swig of water.

“I know Peter’s identity.” I say bluntly, sitting back down at the table across from Wade.

Wade’s eyes widen, chuffing out water as he coughs surprised, regaining his composure and wiping Water from his mouth and shirt. Residual coughs wrack his body as he stares at me.

“Oh, jeez, May, warn a guy before you drop something like that.” Wade splutters, running his hands over his head. “Why haven’t you told Peter that?”

“Have you met my boy? It needs to come from him. He needs to tell me, or he’ll feel guilty for years about me confronting him.” I tell him, and he’s about to argue, but seems to agree.

“How d’ya even know?” he asks next, glancing at Peter at the back of the house, tossing the trash in the outside bin and then scanning the outside of the home.
“Oh, please, hun.” I scoff. “We have a few moments; Peter makes sure the perimeter of the house is safe every time he comes here.”

“Is it story time?” Wade asks.

“Well,” I say, sipping my water, “Peter used to have a sleepwalking problem as a young boy. He continued to sleepwalk after he got his abilities.” I tell Wade pointedly. Wade cocks his head in confusion.

“He would walk on the walls, Wade.” I tell him flatly, and Wade’s mouth parts slightly, brows raised. “Okay. Well. That’s - that’s kind of adorable.” Wade admits, and I huff out a small laugh.

“Not to mention, my Peter is horrible at keeping secrets. I mean, you knew before he told you, too, didn’t you? I bet that’s right.” I say pointedly. Wade nods curtly. “You’re right.”

“Plus, I vividly remember a youtube video three years ago where Peter saved a child from oncoming traffic, before swinging himself down to the ground to return the child to her parents. Upon being asked his name by a bystander, Peter shot his webs out, and started swinging away, shouting, ‘Me? My name’s Peter-Man! Shoot, no, Spider-Parker - no, shit, Spider-Man!’ Before swinging off and only barely avoiding slamming into a building. It was deleted the next day.” I say flatly, and Wade stares at me for a moment before his lips curl in a smile. He laughs, really laughs, and his eyes are a bit sad.

“He only had his powers a few months at that point, probably.” He hums, rubbing the nape of his neck in stress. “Poor kid.” He sighs before continuing.

“He’s not good at hiding it yet. He’s… he’s a baby in this world, ma’am. He is a child in this vigilante and hero world, and he is doing very adult things, and is very good at them, and is saving thousands of people. He thrives on this, and the people of New York do, too.” Wade says adamantly, and, goodness, they know each other. They must have been close before they met a few weeks ago, perhaps as their alter-egos.

I watch him. He’s turned to Peter outside, who’s back is turned to us, strolling outside with his head upturned to the sky in thought.

He watches that boy like he hung the stars. Like his smile makes the sun rise each morning and his hands shaped the planets. Like his eyes outshine the Northern Lights.

“You care for him, don’t you, dear?” I ask, and Wade looks up at me, eyes bright.

“I do.”

“You two are good for each other. I know that much. What I don’t know, I trust Peter. And Peter trusts you. So, I trust you with Peter.” Wade is watching me desperately, like he’s confused, and scared I’ll change my opinion on him.

“You’re a sweet boy, Wade. A good man.”

Wade looks torn by this, like he would like to interject, but Peter comes in. Wade is still watching me.

“Can - can we have pie now? Did I miss something?” Peter asks, closing the back door behind him softly, watching us carefully.

I smile assuredly at Wade, and he pulls his eyes away from me to look at Peter, smiling. “I’ll get the
plates.”

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked that! don't forget to leave comments!!! also, the next chapter will have a bit more action...

also, i'm very fucking thrilled because i finally started testosterone yesterday! yay! sorry i'm just so excited.

okay, anyway:

instagram: (personals) space.cadebt & heathen.son + (for this story) dissonance.fic
tumblr: scruffydun
**Drive-By.**

Chapter Notes

what!! two updates in under a day!! wow.

this has some action in it. it's kinda hot, kinda scary, kinda cute.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**PETER PARKER**

We help Aunt May wash the dishes, say our goodbyes, which consisted of several cheek-pinches, and finally left four hours later.

It’s nearly dark by the time we start our walk home, the sky bruised shades of purple and orange. Hands fit like puzzle pieces, fingers intertwined, we walk side-by-side, shoulders bumping occasionally.

When we cross to the next block after Aunt May’s street, I see a large idled truck, double-parked. The windows are tinted, which is odd for a commercial eighteen-wheeler. My eyes narrow in an attempt to focus my senses. I can’t be sure, but I think there’s only one person in the truck. My spidey-senses aren’t alarming me, but the truck unsettles me.

“Wade.” I say quietly.

“Is that truck weird to you, too?” He asks me, and we continue to walk normally, paying no attention to the parked truck several feet behind us now. “Yeah.” I tell him. “There’s no reason for it to be here.”

“I memorized the truck already, doll. You tell me right away if your spidey-senses freak the fuck out. Otherwise, we just have to keep walkin’.” Wade says cooly.

I nod distractedly.

“Your aunt is a peach, Petey. She’s real nice.” Wade says brightly, changing the subject and I smile.

“I told you she’d like you. Did she give you the threatening parent talk when I went to take out the trash?” I ask worriedly, remembering me entering to Aunt May and Wade talking sternly.

“Oh.” Wade hums. “No, Sugar. We were just makin’ small talk.” He promises me, and I nod. “I’m glad you guys got along. She really likes you, y’know? She doesn’t lie about that stuff.” I say, and Wade leans closer to press a kiss to my forehead.

We continue to take a different route home, just to be safe, and find the late stages of a block party taking effect one block away in the distance - parents out on their front lawns, talking with other neighbors and tending to their grills, sipping beers, the woman chatting around various tables placed outside. Kids are playing soccer and tag and hide-and-seek, running across the street and through their neighbor’s yards excitedly. Thankfully, this is a backstreet, and doesn’t get much traffic,
because the kids are paying no mind to whether cars are coming or not, nor are the parents.

“You ever get sleepy after you eat, Pete?” Wade asks, rubbing a hand over his belly.

I scrunch my nose in thought. “Not really. I usually have even more energy after I eat, since my abilities work their best after good sleep or food.” I shrug. “But warm milk will knock me out in seconds, so I can relate a little.” I reason.

After a few moments of rambling, the truck is less than one block behind us, and the block party is one long block ahead of us, and then tingles shoot up my spine, jolting at the base of my neck. I shudder, grab Wade’s arm mid-walk. “Something - something’s wrong. Look for somethin’, Wade. Something weird.” I tell him frantically.

He doesn’t question me, searching around him. Everything is normal. I don’t understand. My senses are going haywire - something is definitely wrong, but this is just a quiet street. The normal suburban barbecue party is a block away the truck behind us yet unmoving. “I - I don’t get it.” I tell him, and Wade looks as confused as I am.

“Pete, are you sure you’re not tired, or something? Maybe the truck is just giving you bad vibes and your spidey-senses went off?” He asks me.

I grunt in annoyance. “No, it doesn’t work like that. When my senses go off, they go off for a reason, Wade…” Wade’s focus slowly drifts away from me, and his eyes settle on something behind me. I trail off, turn around quickly, to see a young girl walk into the middle of the empty street, coming from the direction of the block party.

She can’t be more than six, wearing a Superman t-shirt and a bow in her hair. She has very tightly curled black hair, scared eyes. Her dark cheeks are tinged pink and her eyes are red. She is right at the center of the barren street.

“She’s been cryin’.” Wade says before I can speak, and we run over to her from the sidewalk.

We kneel down, and Wade smiles at her. “Hi, kid. Where are you supposed to be?” He asks kindly but warily, aware that this is probably the girl that set off my spidey-senses. She doesn’t answer.

“Did you come from the party?” I ask, pointing down the street. She doesn’t answer.

“Who brought you here, Princess?” Wade asks her, and she looks around us in thought before returning her gaze to Wade. Again, she says nothing.

“This doesn’t feel right.” I murmur, and we stand again. The girl doesn’t move, she just watches us.

“Let’s take her to the party, and see if anyone lost her?” I suggest, and Wade looks hesitant at first, but he starts jogging over.

I pace for a moment, raking my hands through my hair before crouching down to the little girl’s eye level again. “Kid, you gotta talk. Please? Me and my friend are kinda freaking out. And we all might be in danger.” I tell her, but I’m not sure how strongly she can grasp the concept of “danger” at six years old.
She says nothing to me, though she still looks scared.

“What’s your name?” I ask desperately. “Please?”

She pouts at me, looks very frustrated for a child so young. “He said he’d hurt me and my papa if I told you anything.” She whispers then, leaning close, and I stare at her, brows furrowed and blood running cold.

I’m so focused on her, my senses so directed on this girl, searching for anything odd, anything telling about her, that I completely disregarded focusing on the world around me.

I wasn’t aware of my surroundings because I was so focused on the girl. A trap.

In under a second, my senses refocus on the world, and the massive eighteen-wheeler truck is bounding right toward us, the monstrous metal grill of the truck mere feet from colliding with us. The girl is adamant, and there’s no time to move.

“Wade!” I scream roughly, and I know he turns, sees, and starts sprinting back, though he’s surely on the other block now.

My instincts snap into full-gear, and I scoop the girl up in my left arm, curling her in the crook of my arm and against my left side.

I quickly brace my right side first, and hold my right arm out, planting my feet on the ground.

The lights of the truck nearly blind me.

Three feet away.

I dig my feet into the gravelly asphalt as strongly as I can.

Two feet.

I tuck the girl against my left.

And then I try to stop the truck.

The impact alone shoots pain up my arm, radiating to my shoulder and ribs and rattling my teeth. I use every last ounce of my strength, digging my feet into the ground and gritting my teeth with the effort.

The truck keeps driving, keeps pressing on, and a scream rips its way through my throat at the effort and strength I’m using. The asphalt has deep tracks in it now from where my feet had dug in, the ground breaking apart at the sheer force of two strong objects trying to stop each other.

Wade runs to me, grabs the girl from my arm, and I immediately grab the truck with both hands, face red with effort and major cracks in the asphalt from my skidding feet. It’s getting closer to the block party - people are screaming, scared.

I cry out with pain, squeezing my eyes shut as I brace my feet again, pushing back on the truck. Slowly, slowly, it starts to slow down despite the driver profusely pressing on the gas. The metal of the truck creaks with my force, the tires screeching on the asphalt and the smell of burning rubber filling the air as smoke radiates from the truck.

The truck presses on the gas again, and I scream out, pushing with all my strength again, grinding my feet into the ground desperately. I drop all sensory input, block out all the noise and light and
smells. The grill of the truck is severely dented from my grip, black tire marks on the ground.

The truck has progressed several feet, driving me back, and I make a shrill sound, hands burning and tears stinging my eyes. *Come on. Come on, come on, come on, Peter. Do this. You can do this. You've got to do this. It doesn't matter that this might be the heaviest. Stop. The. Truck.*

I finally put my last remaining dregs of strength into it, my head spinning and body searing with pain as I cry out. The truck finally screeches to a halt, right before the first yard's barbeque grill gets decimated.

With the truck now left with only puffs of gas, I gasp with effort as I push the the monstrous machine back over two feet, off that block.

Wade has caught up to me, and someone tearfully and thankfully takes the little girl from his arms.

“Thank you for confirming your strength! You truly are worth our time now, young spider!”

Someone says, and they jump from the truck and run.

Smart. He knew I would be too tired, and Wade wouldn’t leave me to run after him. The situation insured his safety and escape.

I step back, sway, and my vision blurs. Ears ringing, I feel something wet drip onto my mouth. I swipe at my nose and see crimson, cherry blood. Blankly, I hear a roar of clapping from the families at the party, hollering in their thanks to me.

I stumble forward, feet dragging. My arms feel numb, yet pulsing, burning, and I raise my hands up to my face to see blood, lots of blood on my hands. My teeth buzz with residual energy and my body feels like it's sinking into the ground. I see in tunnel vision before I collapse, and then strong arms are around me. The purple sky is the last thing I see before darkness envelopes me, my body burning.

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The sound of running water is what I hear first, abrasive and harsh to my ears before I adjust to the immediate and sudden sensory intake again. I know I’m laying down on my own sofa, in my own home. That’s good. My entire body is sore and burning hot. Not so good. Through hazy vision, I hold my hands up to my face. They are red and bloody and blistered, a mangled mess. They hurt, searing pain shooting through my shaking fingers and up my arms. My mouth tastes like metal.

Wade comes into my field of vision then, with a cold cloth. He swipes my hair out of the way and presses the towel to my forehead, the frigid water immediately cooling my sweltering body. “What -”

My voice comes out rasped. “What happened?” I ask, blinking hard to disperse the spots from my vision.

Wade sits down on the floor beside the sofa I’m on, taking my hand in his very carefully, looking at the raw skin.

He has snowstorm eyes and cupid-bow lips. Smells of gunpowder and cherry Red Vines. Pretty.

“You - well, Petey Pie, you stopped a *twenty ton truck* from hitting a little girl who was being used as bait, and saved a lot of families from being in debt forever.” Wade tells me, his voice blanketing instead of abrasive to my senses.

While I process this, Wade huffs. “It was a lot like that scene when Tobey Maguire stopped the train from going off the tracks with his webs. Except your face was cuter.”
I narrow my eyes in confusion. “What?”

Wade thinks about this before waving his hand. “Never mind.” He promises, taking the cloth from my forehead and carefully splaying it over my hands. I hiss in pain, and Wade shushes me. After several seconds the cloth no longer hurts, and is a relief to my bloody hands.

“Peter, you basically brought **forty-thousand pounds** to a halt and saved a little girl and a bunch of property. You kept slowing it down, and there are marks on the ground from where your feet broke through the asphalt trying to brace yourself, but you fuckin’ stopped an eighteen-wheeler in half a block’s time. It was, like the hottest, most badass thing I’ve ever seen in my entire life.” He says, swiping the cloth over my hands to clean off dried blood. A pained noise escapes from the back of my throat.

“You also scared the shit out of me. Once I took the little girl from you and you could use both hands, you did better, slowed it down a little more. But I could tell you were hurtin’. You held onto the truck’s grill so hard that the metal bent and your hands blistered, and the ground had hot rubber on it because you were stopping the truck so quickly.” He tells me, removing the now-pink cloth.

“Not only that,” he proceeds, his voice dulcet, his hands running through my hair, “but after you stopped it, you pushed it away. And then you got all wobbly, and your nose started bleedin’, and you passed out. I got scared.” Wade mumbles, watching me softly, worriedly.

“So then I carried you five blocks home and nearly pissed myself in panic.” He tells me bluntly, and I laugh. He laughs too. His laugh is the color of honey, the sound of whiskey. Good. Reassuring.

When sensory defensiveness has been such a prevalent part of my life, it’s calming to associate sound to color, in an attempt to disarm the noise.

“You laugh like honey.” I murmur, without really thinking it through. Wade cocks his head at this. “Really?” He asks, instead of questioning it.

I nod tiredly, muscles searing. “And sound like whiskey. ‘S nice.” I hum, pulling my hands up to see again. No more blood, but the skin is raw and fleshy, a bare, angry pinkish-red that makes me uncomfortable. They sting.

My body feels like, well, like I stopped an eighteen-wheeler.

“I’m sleepy.” I tell him flatly, and Wade smiles at me. “Yeah, I bet. Don’t you worry your pretty little butt; you’ll be better by morning.” Wade says, and he’s right. The smaller blisters are already healed. The meat of my palms and fingers are nearly shredded, though, and I whine.

“’S okay, Baby Boy. You did good.” He tells me, and the pride I feel and the warmth in my belly tells me that I really did do good, that it’ll really be okay in the morning.

I don’t want him to leave, and I don’t think he does either, so he stays on the floor, rests his head on my stomach, one arm wrapped over my abdomen, the other splayed over my heart.

Moments of blissful, content, warm silence pass before Wade mumbles against me, “But, okay, that was really hot. Scared for your life, but really hot.”

I laugh.

Chapter End Notes
hope you liked that! i had A LOT of fun writing the truck scene. like, a lot.

LEAVE COMMENTS BC THE AUTHOR LOVES FEEDBACK.

ig: dissonance.fic

tumbler: scruffydun
I wake up in surprise with a stiff neck, and a pretty boy with honey eyes staring down at me owlishly. A perfect sight.

His eyes and nose are the only things I can see from the corner of the couch, but Peter is watching me lazily, tiredly.

Blearily, I realize I must’ve passed out on the floor by the couch after falling asleep with my head on Peter. As much as a privilege it is to sleep next to the little spider, his creaky floor is not comfortable. At all.

Then, slowly, slower than is probably smart considering I’m supposed to be protecting Petey, I shake the sleep off me.

[OW.]

[Ow. Ow, Ow, Ow.]

[Bad skin day.]

My skin burns. Regeneration at such a fast, constant pace, fucking hurts. It hurts all the time, actually; it’s just that sometimes, it bearable. And sometimes, it isn’t. In some fucked up way, I might be lucky - years ago, my skin used to hurt this badly every single minute of every single day. There was no comfortable way to sit, no painless place to touch, because everything hurt. Clothes felt like fire, shaking hands felt like firecrackers, the wind felt like ice chips.

“Fuck me.” I wince, propping myself up on my elbows.

Peter’s doe eyes widen at this, cheeks rosy. “Uh -” His voice catches. “‘Scuse me?” He stammers, furrowing his brows.

[Not what we meant.]

“What? No - heh, no. ‘S not what I meant. Sorry.” I hum, grunting as I push myself off the ground.
“Morning, Princess.” I grin weakly.

Peter still watches me warily, until I sigh. “Skin hurts today.” I explain, before I remember yesterday’s events.

“Hey, Petey, how are your hands doin’?” I ask, and he silently holds his hands out, palms up. I narrow my eyes at them in satisfaction.

His palms are pink and glossy, with angry red splotches near the pads below his fingers. Good. That’s new scar tissue. He’ll be fine in a few hours.

He must know that, too, because he doesn’t ask my opinion, and makes room for me hastily as I carefully lower myself onto the sofa. “You okay, Wade?” He asks me, worry radiating off of him.

“You worry too much.” I mumble, hissing as my body settles into the sofa.

“Does that mean I have a reason to worry?” He counters, and I look at him, smile.

“Shaddup, Petey. You’re too smart.”

He watches me, something akin to fondness in his amber eyes, softness.

Peter rubs the sleep from his eyes, stands up wordlessly. I lean my head back with a wince and shut my eyes.

I hear him shut the bathroom door. Flush. Wash. The rasp of a toothbrush. The slam of the medicine cabinet. His bare feet on weathered hardwood floor padding back to the sofa. He presses a pill bottle to my chest.

I open my eyes and take the bottle, rattle the pills inside. There are six left. I down them all without water.

Peter widens his eyes at this, snatches the bottle. “Wade - you - the maximum dosage is two.”

“Pete, I can fully metabolize two in twenty minutes.”

[Wait, wait wait. Did you ever actually tell Peter the extent of your healing factor?]

{That might have slipped our mind.}

He scrunches his nose in thought before sighing, taking the empty bottle from me. “I dunno why I’m surprised; I do the same thing.” He shrugs.

The day passes on torturously, and that’s saying alot coming from perhaps the most tortured mercenary in the world. We watch television - or, Peter watches television, and I drift in and out of a restless sleep, my head buried in Peter’s lap as I try to combat the pain of my skin. It must hurt his still-raw hands, but he spends most of the day lazily sweeping his thumb over my brow in small arches, soothing.

At one point, when I’m curled in a ball too small for someone of over six feet, hands clutching Peter’s shirt and eyes squeezed shut in his lap, Peter gets up. Against my better judgement as his bodyguard, he goes to the store without me to get more extra-strength medicine. When he comes back, I’m in the same position on the sofa, and Peter basically feeds me pills.

{Can’t even take care of yourself.}
“I’m the worst.”

“What?” Peter asks, speaking for the first time in a while. He looks down at me.

“Sorry you have to take care of me like this.” I murmur. His shirt smells good. Like laundry detergent and something lavender. His hip bone grinds into my cheek a little - skinny boy - but that’s okay. I take a breath, sigh in contentedness through the pain.

“Are you serious?” Peter scoffs, and I furrow my brows, peeking my eyes open sheepishly.

“Wade, you -” He laughs then, short and airy. “Wade, you’ve literally been saving my ass for years. We’ve always helped each other, even before we knew who we were.” He says, eyes wide in wonderment. He looks so pretty. So awestruck.

“You literally gave me your undivided care for over a week when I was recovering. We peed together, Wade.” Peter hisses for emphasis, and I break into a laugh. He giggles, too.

“You don’t have to apologize. I don’t mind taking care of you after… after everything.” He promises.

“Yeah, Petey?” I ask, because, holy shit, how could anyone tolerate me for this long.

“You’re stuck with me, ’Pool.” Peter smiles, and his whiskey eyes glint brightly. “Thanks for taking care of me. It’s hard for me to trust people. And I know it’s hard for you, too. So, I want you to know that I’ve got your back.” He says quietly; almost whispers it.

(...) 

(...)Wow...

I stare at him, eyes wide. Something lumps in my throat, and I swallow thickly. I roll onto my back with a wince of pain, reaching a hand up to brush Peter’s hair out of his face. “S real sweet of ya, Petey. I’ve got your back, too. Always.”

A mutual agreement. An affirmation.

Words have never felt so comforting. Sonance has never come so easily.

I love you.

I sleep the rest of the day, sleep coming in painful dregs and leaving just as quickly. Each time I wake up, whine a few words, Peter shushes me, mumbles something soft, and I fall back asleep.

At ten o’clock, the next time I wake up, something is different. First of all, bless the fucking gods, my skin isn’t nearly as painful. My eyes open to see Peter’s eyes narrow, phone between his cheek and shoulder as fidgets with his hoodie strings. I watch him curiously.

“I - okay… Is he there right now? What did he find out?” He asks, looks down at me.

A pause.

“And you guys trust him?” He asks.

“Okay. We’ll be right there, I guess.” Peter says hesitantly, but his eyes are hard. Determined. He
hangs up.

“That was Bruce. Their lawyer came and talked to the guy they caught. They want us to come over.”

[Oh!]

[It’s totally Matt Murdock, AKA Daredevil.]

[I wonder if Peter knows Daredevil. This’ll be interesting.]

“Oh! Fun! Murdock and his boyfriend-partner-person are always a pleasure. Sort of.” I beam.

“Wait - are you feeling better?” Peter asks, looking down confusedly. I can tell he’s panicking about, well, everything, probably.

“I’m a lot better. Hurts like normal now, yanno?”

“No, I don’t know. But I’m glad.” He says, his hand covering mine nervously. “I was kinda worried. In fights, you’re always… okay. I’ve never seen you hurt for this long.” He mumbles, looks away.

[Oh. I’m sad.]

I prop myself up on my elbows, looking at him. “Hey, Baby Boy, you don’t gotta worry. I’ll always be okay.” I tell him, quiet. “I promise.”

“How d’you know?” He asks.

“I… I just do, Petey.” I say, press a kiss to his forehead. Something aches in my chest.

Silence.

Silence, and I swear that our hears are beating in sync; a wicked rhythm.

“Welp!” I clap my hands, rub them together. “Let’s go visit The Brady Bunch.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that!!

DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS!! also!! people have drawn me so much fan art for my story and i love them all!!

instagram: heathen.son + dissonance.fic

Tumblr: scruffydun

Check out my other Spideypool story, Flightless Birds, too!
A Blind Vigilante, a Mercenary, and a Spider Walk Into a Bar.

Chapter Notes

OKAY. I AM FUCKIN’ PROUD OF THIS CHAPTER. IT’S SO LONG AND EVENTFUL??
I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT.
ALSO, PLEASE READ THE END NOTES.

PETER PARKER

The tap, tap, tap of our shoes resonate against the pristine floor, no signs of the dangerous shootout that took place here over two weeks ago. Someone unfamiliar sits at the front desk, probably just for show; Jarvis won’t let anyone get through who doesn’t belong, anyway. The muted bustle of agents flit through the lobby in varying degrees of haste.

There’s a dull thrum up and down my spine, the faintest tingle. “I don’t like this.” I mumble, fidgeting with the web-shooter bracelets hidden under my sweater sleeves. Wade walks beside me, body lax but alert, his eyes scanning the room as soon as we enter.

“You think we’re in trouble? Because I’ve got, like, at least three guns on me -”

I knock into his shoulder in annoyance. “For real?” I ask.

Wade stares at me for a moment, cocks his head. “Yeah. One on my ankle, one on my side, and one… well. I have another.” He coughs.

My cheeks flush. “No guns, Wade. We’re in one of the most guarded buildings in New York City.” I hiss.

To answer his question, “And, not trouble, exactly… I don’t know. I think something is weird. Or going to be weird, later.” I narrow my eyes, trying to place the feeling, but nothing feels different.

Wade grunts, looks at me from under his hood. “If you think things are about to go south, just give me some kinda hint, okay, Pete? Just like we used to do before. And we’ll handle it.” He tells me.

It’s simple, but reassuring. Years ago, before we knew each other like this, we realized quickly that we had to trust each other during patrol sessions. If a situation went sour, we would need to communicate quickly, effectively. No matter how our views differed, no matter how angry we were with each other, trust was a constant during times of danger.

“Of course.”

Before passing the turnstiles to the elevators, Jarvis’ dulcet voice assesses us.

“Hello, Peter Parker and Wade Wilson. Tony is expecting you.” Jarvis says coolly, but not unkindly.
“Weird.” Wade sing-songs under his breath, pulling at the collar of his hood.

There’s a beep, and we slip through the turnstiles without problem.

“Thanks, Jarvis.” I smile tightly, ushering Wade inside.

“Heh; remember the last time we were in these elevators? You had a concussion and almost got shot!” He remarks brightly, and I stare at him, raising a brow. I can’t help but huff out a nervous laugh.

The elevator starts moving with a lurch, and I sigh, trying to keep my nerves in order, trying to assess why my spine is tingling, but not signaling any immediate danger.

“Hey,” Wade hums, turning to me. “S gonna be okay. You know that, right? Whatever they’re planning, we’ll shut it down. Just like we used to do.” He promises me, grinning wide.

I nod distractedly, smiling at the taller man. “I—” I love you. I falter.

“Thank you.” I say instead, and he leans close, kissing me carefully.

Floor 85.

“Besides, you and me together? We’ve been through a helluva lot. We kick ass, Baby Boy. They don’t have a fuckin’ chance!” He whoops.

I laugh then. “True that, Wade.”

Floor 92. The elevator dings, and the doors slide open silently.

I open the double doors at the end of the hall, a nervous lump in my throat. Bruce, Thor, Clint, Natasha, Tony, and Steve are sat on one side of the couch wrapped around the circular fire pit and table, with a tall, slender man in a suit and tinted glasses sitting across from them. He must be blind.

The man wears a suit, and an array of papers are in his hand.

“Hello, Son of Parker!” Thor greets me cheerfully, sat at the very end of the sofa, his hammer, Mjölnir, resting on the ground inches away.

Upon our entrance, the man in the suit’s head perks up, furrows his brows. He seems to listen for something, and his lips part in surprise, before he smiles slightly, and somehow looks in my direction.

I watch him curiously, narrowing my eyes. The tingle down my spine has neither stopped nor intensified.

Who is he?

Wade makes an excited sound, gesturing between Clint and the man in the suit. “Eyes and Ears! Nice to see you both in the same room!”


Clint huffs out a laugh, and the man in the suit smiles feebly. “Hello, Wade.” He simpers.

I take a breath; his voice is familiar, his mannerisms.

“I’m not sure what’s going on right now, but, Matt, I’m assuming you know Wade.” Tony says
tiredly. “Peter, meet Matt Murdock, our lawyer. Matt, meet Peter Parker, resident nerd intern.”

Matt steps forward confidently, hand outstretched. I shake his hand warily, and I distinctively notice his index finger brush my pulse, head tilted as if to listen for something. He smiles kindly at me, and I cock my head in interest. My spine is still a constant tingle, but not alarming.

*Why is he so strikingly familiar?*

“Intern, huh? Seems you’ve got yourself into some trouble, Peter.” Matt Murdock says, not rudely, and my eyes widen almost imperceptibly then.

I remember back to the night I went patrolling, and met up with Daredevil.

“And you did nothing to instigate this? This just… happened?” Daredevil asked.

“My internship may have put me at more of a risk at being noticed by those people, but I didn’t do anything to instigate it.” I assured him.

I had mentioned to Daredevil that my internship put me at an increased risk. I had told that to Daredevil.

I remember something else, then, something that Daredevil told me before parting ways.

“And, hey, if you happen to get one of them in custody, don’t underestimate the power of a good lawyer.”

He had said that with a funny sort of cadence in his voice that I couldn’t place at the time, and here is this man now - a lawyer with a knowing smile and familiar stance.

“Well, this is kinda weird. Not sure what’s going on between you two right now, but alrighty.” Tony shrugs.

Eventually we all sit around the circular table, and Matt runs timid fingers over the indented pages, clearing his throat.

“Natasha was able to turn them against each other, and got some information out of them.” Matt says, and Natasha puffs her chest with sated pride.

“Unfortunately, they were clever; Weapon Plus clearly compartmentalizes their information. Between the two of them, neither one could entirely give me enough information to make a solid legal claim against their organization. I can’t legally prosecute Weapon Plus itself, only the people working for it that go after Peter.”

I hang onto every word, Wade’s hand on my knee and the room silent.

“I was able to put in a restraining order against the two we have captive, and jail time for stalking and attempted kidnapping if any more people from Weapon Plus go after Peter.” He says, slightly dejected, tucking the papers into his inside suit pocket.

I sigh, and almost forget the peculiar familiarity of the man in front of me.

“I - at least it’s something.” I say distractedly. “I’m sure that’ll deter them, at least a little bit.” I mutter, eyes on Matt, my thumb brushing up and down the denim of my pants for the comfort of their texture.

“You’re not… angrier?” Natasha asks reproachfully, because there’s a clear sense of outrage and
unease amongst the Avengers and Wade upon hearing the news.

“We’ll continue providing advanced protection for your aunt and around your home, of course.” Steve says reassuringly, and Bruce is watching me curiously.

“And I will stand guard at your home - it would be my pleasure, if you so wish!” Thor says heartily, looking off-kilter in soft pink pajama pants.

“Thank you. I - Really, you guys are going out of your way to figure this out and keep so many people safe.” I say lowly.

After seconds of silence, Bruce quickly explains away my odd behavior, claiming that everyone handles stress differently, or some bullshit. I don’t know what I’d do if Bruce didn’t know that I was Spider-Man - he’s been such a huge help to me.

Soon enough, the chatter continues in the room, and I blankly hear everyone throwing out theories as to why Weapon Plus is specifically targeting me, what they could want, why they resurfaced, how to increase my protection. Even Wade is tossing out ideas to throw off the rest of them.

I can still feel the phantom brush of Matt’s finger along my pulse when we shook hands, and my mouth gapes as something clicks into a place.

“How do you always know it’s me when we run into each other?” I asked, and he smiled kindly, though his masked eyes and the devil horns on his forehead send a chill through me despite his friendly demeanor.

“Everyone’s pulse beats just a little bit different from each other. I can hear it.” He said, and ran towards the bank.

This cements that the similarities between Matt and my conversation with Daredevil are not, in fact, a coincidence.

I stare in disbelief, realization creeping up on me. Amid the heated bickering in the room, among the crackling of the fire pit, I dare to whisper faintly, “Nod if you can hear me.”

I say it so quietly that not even Wade, right beside me, can hear it.

I hold my breath, wary.

From across the sofa, across the loud chatter, across every single noise in the room, Matt Murdock nods.

*Daredevil* nods.

An excited grin ghosts my lips, eyes bright, tapping my feet quietly to expel energy on the mahogany floor.

“How do you always know it’s me when we run into each other?” I whispered, even quieter.

Matt nods again, and this time he laughs a bit, but it falls silent to the noise in the room.

Wade is talking animatedly to Clint, while Steve and Natasha are arguing over the best way to protect me. Bruce and Tony are contemplating strengthening security in every single building remotely affiliated with us and our assets.

I turn back to Matt.
“I can hear pretty well, too, but damn. I can only do it when I really, really concentrate, and it usually
only gets that strong when I panic. Anyway, hey, your civilian life is safe with me if mine is safe
with you.” I say under my breath.

I swear, Matt rolls his eyes under his tinted glasses, and mouths, “Of course you’re safe.”

We let them talk over each other for a few more moments, before Matt stands abruptly, clears his
throat. “I, ah, think I’ve provided all the legal help I can offer right now. Of course, don’t hesitate to
call me again if you find anyone else, or they decide to admit something incriminating.” Matt
chuckles, and then, from his pocket, pulls out a simple, white business card. With a pen, he scrawls
something sloppily on the back.

“If you ever need anything, Peter or Wade, feel free to call.” He smiles, and hands me the card.

NELSON & MURDOCK
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
(917) 266-5962

On the back, in new wet ink, is a different phone number. Wade peers over my shoulder to read it.

After everyone thanks Matt, and say their goodbyes, and prattle on for another round like adults
always do before they leave, Matt is finally gone, leaving Wade and myself with the Avengers.

Just as easily as they stopped, they all began speaking again. It’s incredible, I think, in an annoying
sort of way, just how used to each other The Avengers are. They’re so familiar to being near one
another, only interacting with one another, usually only having to collaborate with one another, that
they often forget about anyone else in the room.

They are such a family unit that they often forget their guests in conversation.

Ten minutes must pass, with all of them continuing to rant about what is best for my safety.

“He can stay with me and Wade at one of my safe houses.” Natasha suggests.

“Uh - I have safe houses, yanno?” Wade butts in, a finger up.

“No, he’d be safer in one of my safe houses.” Clint counters to Natasha.

“Hello?” Wade drawls. “I’m a mercenary - I probably have, like, the best protection for him. Which
is probably why I’m protecting him.” He says.

Ignored again, Thor interjects, “I can take young Peter and Wade to Asgard with me - nobody will
find him there.”

“Okay, Blondie, I think that might be a stretch.” Tony scoffs.

“Let’s just increase the people we have guarding his apartment - two at the front and back entrances,
one at the fire escape, two outside his apartment door.” Steve says calmly.

Bruce sighs, staying silent.

The chatter roars so that they’re partially speaking over each other, and my ears are ringing, and my
head is rushing, and everything is getting too loud and too bright. I swallow thickly, trying to do
what Bruce had suggested and cling to only one sound. It’s hard without someone urging me to do
so, and my breath feels shallow.

Through the bickering, one suggestion stands out among the noise.

“He should just stay here, under constant security, until we neutralize the issue.”

No. No, thank you. Nonononono.

The thought of being constantly around them, being constantly watched, protected, hovered over, surrounded. The thought of having to completely hide my identity for that long, the thought of having to entirely stop being Spider-Man and stop helping, and stop releasing my nervous energy, is too much. Tootootoo much.

“No.” I say, before I realize I whisper it.

“No. No. That’s - no, that’s okay.” I say louder, my voice unsteady.

Wade seems to agree with me, but he can tell that something is off, and he makes nervous eye contact with Bruce.

“I - you guys are like six overprotective parents.” I stammer. “And you’re all very loud, and talking at the same time, and I really appreciate all the effort you guys are putting into keeping me safe, and - and -” I take a breath, standing warily with Wade at my side.

Now that they’ve stopped talking in unison, I can hear all the residual noise. What a horrible thing, that is. How does Matt constantly live with this?

I can hear each crackle of fire in the fire pit. I can hear the scritch-scratch of Tony’s beard as he rubs his chin. I can hear the slip and slide of Wade’s clothes against the concealed weapons he has. I can hear my own heartbeat in my ears. I clench and unclench my fists, rubbing shaking fingers against the webshooters numbly.

Steve - ever the parent figure - must tell that I’m overwhelmed, to some extent, because he begins to speak. “Peter, you’ll be undoubtedly protected here. We can keep you somewhere where nobody will find you.”

My eyes widen. That - that sounds mildly horrifying.

“Kid, ignoring the horrible way Steve phrased that, I think it’s best if you stay here.” Tony says sternly, rubbing his eyes tiredly.

I grit my teeth. Why can’t they just listen to me? Why can’t they just let me go back to my house with Wade, where I can patrol with him if I want to, and be myself if I want to, and have some space if I want to, and relish in the quiet and fidget if I want to?

I grunt in annoyance, or in panic, or in anxiety, I don’t know. I drag my hands through my hair, huff out a ragged breath. I can feel my hands stick loosely to my hair and I pull them away quickly. “No, just, please, I can’t -”

“Peter, this is the safest option.” They all seem to insist this at once.

“Please - just - slow down! Stop!” I exclaim, but it comes out ragged, my voice breaking. In frustration, in an attempt to focus on anything, I kick the nearest inanimate object on the ground, hoping to relieve stress, or hoping to focus on something specific, or hoping that the pain will provide some grounding.
What I kick, is Mjölnir.

My foot hurts, bones reverberating with effort.

But Mjölnir shudders.

And then, as if thinking for a moment, Mjölnir slides one foot across the floor from my kick.

My breath hitches, ribs squeezing my heart. I can hear my pulse in my ears, buzzing in my head. Wade, beside me, huffs out a breath. I can hear the pride in it.

What did I just do? And how did I just do it? Is it accurate? Was I able to actually move Thor’s hammer, even if only a few inches?

The room is instantly silent.

“Fuck.” Bruce murmurs grimly - the first time I hear him curse.

Everyone’s eyes are wide, mouths agape and staring at me. Thor, perhaps, is the most shocked. He picks Mjölnir up, to examine it. Everyone turns to him, as if half expecting to find a flaw. He seems to find nothing, and all eyes are back on me.

“I - I don’t it. S-sorry. Maybe it was a fluke.” I stammer, but even I know it’s a pathetic excuse. Between trying to contain my own surprise and shock, and trying to keep my identity hidden, it’s too much.

“Kid, who the fuck are you?” Tony says, a look of shock and acute interest across his face.

“Young Peter, you are… worthy. Not entirely worthy, but…” He trails off, waving a hand. “Incredible.” He breathes.

Bruce scrubs a hand across his face, through his salt-and-pepper hair. Wade rolls awkwardly on the balls of his feet, but I can feel his arm by his gun.

I take a step back, and hit Wade’s chest. He puts a hand on the small of my back to settle me.

Tony is staring at me, silent, and his pensive gaze unsettles me even more. Does he know?

Steve raises placating hands. “Okay, fellas, let’s just settle down a little, huh? Let’s figure this all out.” He says calmly, but even he can’t keep the interest out of his voice.

“This doesn’t have to be a huge deal - it isn’t like Peter was able to bench press the hammer.” Natasha scoffs, but she’s watching me curiously.

“Yes, but,” Thor hesitates, “But, even being able to kick it, as Young Peter did, is incredibly rare. He holds something beyond magnificent in him. Mjölnir isn’t fond of being kicked - my hammer would not have moved at all, if Peter was not remotely worthy. Those few inches of movement are… incredible.”

My cheeks redden at his implications, that I am even slightly worthy enough to move Thor’s hammer, but he isn’t helping defuse the situation. I want to draw attention away from me, not put a spotlight on me.

The tingling at the base of my neck is so strong now that it feels as though electricity is shooting down my spine. Wade notices my stiffness and his hand grasps his gun firmly.
Before I even register what’s happening, my hand whips up and catches a small, metal toothpick five inches from my forehead - a makeshift dart.

Across the room, Tony’s two fingers are still poised in the air, and the olive from the toothpick sits between his teeth before he pops it in his mouth, the empty liquor glass on the table.

“Peter-fucking-Parker.” Tony says knowingly, raising a brow. “I’ve seen those reflexes before, and you know it.” He says playfully, and I swallow around a lump in my throat.

When I was fifteen, and Spider-Man for a measly five months, I was in desperate need of a Spidey suit.

My old combination of sweatpants, a hoodie, under armor, and goggles, were disastrous. The goggles weren’t filtering out light well enough, and my heightened sensory intake was debilitating for me. The sweatpants weren’t letting me be flexible enough, the hoodie made me sweat, and the under armor did nothing to protect me.

So, at fifteen, I broke into Tony’s penthouse, and convinced him to make me a suit, on the condition that I show him my skills, so he knew how to best build a costume for my abilities.

And four years ago, at fifteen, Tony threw that same metal toothpick at me.

I clench and unclench my fists, panicking as they stick together.

“Our very own intern, Peter Parker, is Spider-Man.” Tony grins.

Clint smirks, then, and holds out his hand. Natasha begrudgingly digs in her pocket and slaps a crisp fifty dollar bill into it. “Knew it.” He chuckles.

I feel like I can’t breathe. My chest hurts too much to care about their side conversation. My heart hammers against my ribs, and every single minute noise is piercing.

“Uh, were you placing bets?” Wade scoffs.

“Okay, okay, let’s give Spidey some space.” Bruce sighs.


My throat tries to strangle something out, and before I have to suffer through answering, Bruce speaks.

“Of course I knew.” Bruce says flatly. “I’m a doctor - don’t you remember how many times Spider-Man has helped us in the past? I found out ages ago. And, well, Deadpool and Spider-Man have been partnering up for years now, but Wade recently found out, too.”

Thor seems elated by this news, his face seems to be glowing more than usual. “Son of Parker! I commend you for your strength!”

It does nothing to tame my growing panic and unrest here.

“But - you’re so young.” Steve says, hushed. His shoulders seem to weigh heavy on him, watching me differently, worry and pride blended together.

“I had no choice.” I breathe. “Did any of us have a choice, really?” My voice is raised, before cracking off into something weak.
“It - it’s not like I asked for this. But I grew to love it, and loved helping people, and - and -” I stutter, my body hot and face flush.

“Okay, besides the point.” Tony says over the loud tension in the room. “You most definitely need to stay here.” He says soberly.

“What?” I blanch. “Why? If anything, you should feel more comfortable letting me go back home with Wade.” I say defensively. “You all finally know what I can do, and that I can protect myself. Especially with Wade.”

“Yes, Peter,” Tony snaps, “You’re right. Now we know that you’re Spidey - proud of ya, by the way - and, now we also finally know why Weapon Plus wants you. They don’t care about some intern. They care that you’re the Amazing Spider-Man, with incredible skill and guileless nature, and frequently have access to Stark Tower.” He says tersely.

“They don’t primarily want to get information out of you - they want to experiment on your advanced DNA.”

“I know!” I scream, but it comes out strangled. “I’ve known all this fuking time, and it’s terrifying! And I’m sure you’ve all seen the YouTube video of me stopping a goddamn sixteen-wheeler truck a few days ago, and that they’re getting closer to making a move.” I say, and I can barely hear myself talk over the overwhelming sounds of everything else. “But I can handle it like I always do! Alone.”

“Peter, we only want to help you.” Steve says, his voice low and calm and enticing. “You’re still so young, and you could get hurt. You don’t know everything out there yet. And now that we know why they want you, we can better help protect you. You’re just - we don’t want you to get hurt.”

“Uh-oh.” Wade hums.

“This is why I was scared to tell you all! You’re going to treat me like a child, but the reality is, I’ve been doing this since I was fifteen. I’ve seen things I never wanted to, done things I never wanted to, gotten hurt, been terrified! And, most of the time, I did it all alone. And I’m still standing.”

Nobody interjects.

Anger and panic grip me like a vice, and the world is too bright and too loud and too much. I don’t want to be forced to stay here. I don’t want to be stuck here. I don’t want to be constantly surrounded here. I don’t want to. I can’t. I canticantcant.

“There is no point in trying to shelter me now, no point in trying to prevent me from getting hurt, because I already have -”

Shocks go through the base of my skull and down my back, and I stumble backward.

“Down. Get down.” I whisper, and they all stare, perplexed.

“Get down. Now!” I scream, and they all drop to the ground. Wade shoves me down beside him, his hands over my head, our bodies curled tight on the floor. Amid the chaos, his thumb swipes gently across my hairline.

Natasha is crouched behind the couch, the barrel of her gun poking out of the couch cushions aimed at the window, and Clint is by her side. Steve has Tony and Bruce on either side of him, his shield blocking them all; Tony seems frankly offended by the attack. Thor is behind Steve, kneeled with Mjolnir firmly in his hand.
We all duck right before the wall of windows overlooking the cityscape cracks. A single bullet is wedged in the glass, and Tony narrows his eyes at it from the floor.

“So Spidey Senses are real?” Clint says surprisingly, though his voice is still wary.

“The glass is bulletproof.” Tony whispers. “We’re fine. It can’t be brok-” Then the bullet starts beeping, and a strong, concentrated, and deafening explosion shatters the glass into trillions of pieces, raining down on us in crystalline shards.

The ringing in my ears is exacerbated infinitely, and blearily, I recognize about five more shots going off, all followed by their miniature explosions. Liquor bottles smash and alcohol splashes onto the floor, glasses crack and splinter, Jarvis is droning on about defensive measure he’s enforcing, and the stuffing from the couch is billowing down over us in burnt heaps.

“Pete, we gotta go.” Wade says into my ear. “You’re doin’ really good dealing with all their babbling, but we gotta get out of here.”

A migraine seems to swell immediately from all the sensory stimulation, and I can barely nod my head in understanding to Wade, but it seems enough for now.

After two minutes of silence, Jarvis calmly pronounces, “Threat gone.”

Tony seems to trust this, and pulls himself off the ground, immediately looking around at his penthouse in shambles. He makes a faint squeaking sound, caressing a broken bottle of bourbon.

“Is everyone okay?” Steve asks, dropping his shield to the ground. A chorus of “fine” echoes his question, and everyone seems to sigh in relief.

“Weapon Plus must have seen Matt Murdock leave the building - his reputation precedes him enough for them to know he’s a lawyer. They must have known we were all here.”

“If they want Peter to experiment on him, why try to kill us?” Clint asks, and I feel bile rise to my throat.

“I think they know Peter can dodge a bullet with ease.” Tony says simply. “His reflexes are fast enough to avoid a point-blank shot.” Tony says distractedly, narrowing his eyes at the wreckage, as if he can’t easily repair it. “They wanted to debilitate us, not him.”

They all look down at me, surprised. “Really?” Clint asks, impressed.

I don’t answer him. Wade helps me up, and I stumble before righting myself, straightening my back. My mind races as I try to filter out all the background noise, all the piercing stares, all the light, and focus on a plan to get out of the Tower.

“You’re staying here. We’re trying to help you. You can stay in the basement, heavily guarded, practically impenetrable, and not on the Tower’s blueprints. It’s where we train. You’ll be safe there; you can have free roam of the place.” Tony tells me, leaving no room for argument.

“We’ll all take turns checking up on you, and we’ll neutralize the threat as soon as possible. We just need to keep you safe -”

I stop listening to him. I don’t hear anything anymore, just a ringing in my ears. It feels like the walls are closing in, like my skin is too tight for my body, like the lights are blurring together and I’m trapped.
I’ve taken care of myself for years when it comes to Spider-Man; I’ve had no choice. The thought of being trapped somewhere where I can’t leave, where I can’t patrol, where I can expel my energy, where I can be in my own familiar home, where I’ll constantly be watched, even if it is for my own protection, is enough to make me move.

“Peter, we want to keep you safe. We’re more experienced; we can help protect you. We don’t want to hurt you.” Steve says, and his words only make me more certain of my plan. I’m not incapable of protecting myself; I crave my independence, free will.

I glance at the window, the clear panes obliterated except for the wayward shards around the corners. I force myself to breathe steadily, arching my back and rolling my shoulders.

Tony seems to understand as soon as the thought leaves my mind. Despite his snarky exterior, and despite his work with inanimate machinery and artificial intelligence, he reads human behavior impeccably. He always has, even when I first met him four years ago.

“Peter, don’t you dare. You’re not in the right mindset for that and you know it. Let us do what’s best for you. It’s not like we’re imprisoning you.” Tony warns, raising his hands before dropping them to his sides in a huff.

“Stark, just let him be. Don’t you think he’s been capable enough?” Bruce urges, but I know I can’t convince them to let me leave on my own.

“Wade.” I say, and Tony watches confusedly.

“Yes, Sugar?” Wade asks, as if he doesn’t have a care in the world.

“Trust me and jump.”

Wade looks at me for the briefest moment, before blowing a kiss to The Avengers. He leaps over the firepit and sofa.

And then he jumps out of the window.

The events that follow happen in under thirty seconds.

Everyone stares in wild shock, Steve running toward the window before seeing no point.

“Jarvis, close it down.” Tony yells, and I can feel the groan of bulletproof metal begin to slide down to cover the gaping hole in the wall.

“I don’t like being stuck, and I don’t like having people make my own decisions, and I don’t like people thinking I’m incapable just because I’m young, because I’ve been forced to grow up a long time ago. Thanks. Really. But don’t try and stop me.”

I take the same route Wade did, hurling myself over the firepit, ducking under Steve’s strong grip. I land hard on the ground, and skid on my bottom through the empty window, narrowly missing the declining metal wall, inches from touching my nose.

The last thing I hear is Tony yelling something angrily about, “Fucking teenage heroes and their fucking complexes.”

I know they mean well. But, fuck.

Wind whips through my hair and rattles through my baggy clothes, and I immediately flip, diving
head-down through the leaden night sky. I roll my sleeves up, and shoot webs at adjacent buildings, pushing off them and propelling me downward. I immediately feel more relieved, my heart still hammering with adrenaline and panic.

I’m feet above Wade, who looks entirely unphased about plummeting through the air. I shoot a web at him, pulling myself down with such speed that the breath rushes out of me in a pained *oof* as my thighs wrap roughly around Wade’s chest, catching him.

I’m essentially straddling his chest in the air vertically, shooting webs over his back and propelling us forward through the city, crisscrossing skyscrapers and weaving past busy city streets.

“Talk about a killer exit.” Wade grins, wrapping his arms round the small of my back to hang on. I smile breathlessly at him, feeling at least minutely better.

Where to go? We can’t go back to my place, Clint will probably be there waiting for us and trying to convince us to go back to the Tower.

“Wade, reach into my right back pocket. Get Matt’s number off the business card, call him, and tell him to open a window.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all liked that!
DON’T FORGER TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS!!

follow my social media for sneak peeks:
instagram: dissonance.fic + heathen.son
tumblr: scruffydun

NOTE: I’ve been getting a few people telling me to make a PO box. I found this surprising, but would you guys be interested in that?
Hideaway.

Chapter Notes

wooo what a surprise! a frequent update! wowie!

hope everyone had happy holidays!

I really like the dynamic between Peter and Wade and Matt together. Expect more!

ENJOY!

PLEASE READ THE END NOTES

See the end of the chapter for more notes

WADE WILSON

Despite being worried about Peter’s strength and sensory intake right now, I’m not at all pissing myself in fear over being grabbed by Peter’s legs and carried hundreds of feet over the air.

We’ve done this dozens of times before, Peter straddling my chest and swinging us forward, and me shooting at whatever is behind us. Except, before, we didn’t know each other’s identities. I can tell he struggles a bit more when he can’t use his legs to propel him forward (especially since he’s wearing jeans), but he’s swinging us through the city with ease regardless.

[Damn those beautiful legs.]

[You can literally feel those lean muscles around your chest.]

“Wade.” Peter cuts through my thoughts. “Reach into my right back pocket. Get Matt’s number off the business card, call him, and tell him to open a window.” He rasps.

“Yeah, sure. You okay?” I ask, worried over the strain in his voice. It’s one thing if he drops us and I fall - I’ll be fine. But if Peter falls from this height? Better not risk it.

I slip my hand into his pocket, pride myself over not squeezing his ass, because this probably isn’t the best time for him, and slip out the thin business card.

“- ah, I’m okay. I think. Kind of. I wish I had my mask - ‘S really bright up here. And loud.” He says poorly. “I’ll be fine for a few more minutes.” He promises.

I take his word for it. “Where’s your phone?” I ask him, holding the business card tightly in one hand.

“You didn’t bring yours?” He questions shrilly.

“It slipped my mind.” I mumble.

Peter doesn’t answer for a moment. I can feel his chest rise and fall against my cheek.
“Well. My phone’s in my front pocket.” He says tersely.

[Ooh.]

“It’ll, uh, be hard for you to get to it, since I’m straddling you and your arms are around me, and all.” He coughs awkwardly, narrowing his eyes in an attempt to filter out light. “Just be careful where you’re reaching.” He murmurs.

I glance up at him. He becomes averse to touch when his sensory intake is heightened and more intolerable.

“Okay, Petey. Don’t worry.” I sing-song, and Peter lets out a big breath, somewhat relieved.

“So,” I prompt, distracting him, letting one hand leave his waist. “What brings you here?” I ask, and my hand finds his front pocket.

Peter smiles feebly at this. “Oh, you know. Just running away from The Avengers.” I can feel his shoulders shrug, and we swerve around a large skyscraper. Someone’s face appears in a high-up window, wide-eyed and staring, and Peter turns his head from his view quickly.

I dig my hand carefully into his front pocket. The muscles in his abdomen clench, and Peter makes a surprised yelp. We drop several feet before Peter shoots another web. “Lower.” He huffs.

“My bad. Ticklish much?” I roll my eyes in mock annoyance.

I bite my tongue to avoid laughing, but Peter sees. For a few seconds, he looks like he’s ready to hurl me off of him, but then smiles along with me, his adrenaline giving him some much-needed giddy excitement.

I find his phone, pull it out, and dial the number Matt scrawled on the back.

“Hello?” Comes a static response.

“Heya, Daredevil!” I chirp. “It’s Wade and Peter.”

Matt sighs. “Wade, I’ve said this before. I am not Daredevil.”

I raise a brow. “Yeah, okay. Listen, Daredevil: I know Peter’s Spidey, and I know you’re Daredevil. Anyway, after you left, the Avengers decided to try and keep him in the Tower for protection, and Peter got all sensory-panicky, and accidentally kicked Thor’s hammer, and it skid across the floor a few inches -”

“Wait, what?” Matt gawks.

“Yeah, then Tony and the rest of them found out he was Spider-Man, which is funny because they’re always the last ones to know shit. So, then they tried convincing him even more, and then Weapon Plus shot into the building and totally ruined Tony’s penthouse. And then, they were even more insistent Peter stay here for protection. Peter told me to jump out the window, so I did, and then he did, and then he caught me.” I rant.

“Hurry, Wade. We’re about to leave the city. I need to know where to go.” Peter urges.

“So, now, Peter and I are swinging away through the city, and we need someplace to crash, because they’ll probably show up at Peter’s place looking for him. Oh, and also, Peter needs some quiet. And darkness. And nobody touching him or talking too loud.” I add on.
Matt doesn’t answer for several moments.

“I’m texting you the address. I’ll leave the window open. Keep Peter focused.” Matt says in resignation, and I can hear the worry in his voice. He hangs up, and soon after, I get a text to an address in Hell’s Kitchen.


If Peter sees the comedy in this, he doesn’t exactly show it.

In ten minutes, we end up in Matt’s neighborhood, and Peter starts to slow down so we can scour each apartment number.

“There.” He says, after some time, and he drops us down rather roughly onto the fire escape. Peter’s hair is more tousled than usual because of the wind, dark hair in wayward locks that sit this way and that.

He stumbles, gripping the rusty railing, and I notice that his hand sticks as he pulls it away.

Matt appears at the window wordlessly, and grabs one of Peter’s hands. I take his elbow, helping him get his balance, but he ducks under the open window and tumble inside.

‘M fine… ‘S all fine.” Peter mumbles.

“Yeah, nice try.” Matt huffs.

Matt catches him under the arms when he begins to tip forward, and drops him on the couch.

I put my other leg through the window, shut and lock it, and draw the shades tightly together.

“Nice crib.” I nod to myself, looking around. “Kinda dark.”

[No shit.]

“Why pay electric bills when you don’t have to?” Matt explains. “I can turn them on, though.” He makes his way to the light switch on the wall nearest the door.

“Uh, don’t do that, please? Can we keep ‘em off?” Peter pleads, a childlike desperation in his voice that makes my heart constrict.

“’Course.” Matt says, and Peter curls his legs so Matt can sit at the foot of the couch.

“Mind explaining this whole thing to me?” He asks, and Peter looks up at me through bleary eyes, asking me to explain.

So I do. I talk about how Deadpool and Spider-Man have known each other for years, but how Wade and Peter only met after I got assigned to protect him by the Avengers. I talk about Peter’s sensory defensiveness, and how it’s heightened because of his abilities.

I talk about the nightmare Peter had, the man we bumped into on the street, the subway fight and the chase to apprehend the man and woman. I talk about when I found out Peter and Spidey were the same person, and I talk about what happened after Matt and Peter split up, and how he got the holy shit beat out of him. I talk about his recovery, and what happened when Matt left the Avengers Tower, and the shootout, and how Peter and I jumped out the window and ended up here.

“I - I’m gonna nap now. Please, whisper.” Peter says weakly. “Jus’ a little nap. A tiny one.” He
promises, and I raise my brows.

“Alright, Baby. You just take it easy.” I huff, and Peter curls up in his side, his elbows covering both ears.

Matt feels for the knit blue blanket draped over the back of the couch, and covers Peter’s entire body with it - face, too. “It’ll block out some light for him.” He explains to me, and the lump that is Peter wriggles tiredly under the blanket.

“So, what, are you going to do? I mean, Peter should probably stay under the radar for awhile until he recovers a bit, but after that? Not that I don’t love the company, but it’s kind of… illogical.” Matt grimaces in a hushed tone.

{He’s not wrong.}

“Knowing Peter - and also knowing that I won’t stop him - he’s probably going to tell the Avengers off.” I explain, shrugging.

“They didn’t exactly handle the whole thing well. They found out, insisted that he stayed with them, and when Peter said no again and we tried to ditch, they slid the fucking metal wall down over the window. Leave it to Tony to be dramatic.” I sigh, slumping into an armchair adjacent to the sofa.

Matt raises his eyebrows. “Well. Did you expect anything different? And, not to play Devil’s advocate - no pun intended - but, they just wanted to help protect him in their own admittedly abrasive way.” He laughs a bit, but quickly sobers when Peter does something akin to a growl from underneath the blanket.

“Look,” Matt says, quieter this time. “They really do care for Peter. That much is obvious.”

[Well, he’s right.]

“They all want what’s best for him; they just don’t really know how to approach someone his age, with his life. Who wouldn’t care for him?” Matt says. “Peter’s the picture of goodness, as Spider-Man and as a civilian. He puts others before himself, perseveres, and won’t stop helping people even when he’s nearly dead.”

Matt is right. He is. Peter is too good. He’s too good for me, at least, that’s for sure. Guileless, soft, persevering, kind despite his painful childhood and rough start at being a hero. He never once questioned his life as Spider-Man. For fuck’s sake, he was able to move Thor’s fucking hammer. He doesn’t deserve a semi-rehabilitated mercenary who has no qualms about murdering.

[Well, you murder murderers and villains, if that counts for anything.]

[But Peter would never murder.]

Regardless, he kissed me. He kissed me, and we’re dating, and we actually have a bond that has been developing for years. There are some things even I can’t fucking explain. He looks soft and content under his blankets now, the world around him and the pain he was feeling now forgotten.

“He’s too good for his own good.” He says simply. Peter’s breaths have long since become paced and deep, asleep.

“He is.” I say, looking at the compact bundle of limbs under the blanket.

Moments of silence pass, Peter snoring softly under his blanket. With a great huff, Matt stretches,
rubs his index finger over the watch on his wrist.

“Christ, it’s late. Midnight already? Sometimes it’s hard to stick to a schedule when you can’t, y’know, see the changing sky.” Matt says with a smile.


“Maybe it’s because you always jokingly refer to me as Daredevil when I’m being Matt Murdock?” Matt offers.

I ponder this, shrug. “That’s true.”

“Look,” He says, pushing himself off the sofa with ease. “I’ll get you all set up - you can both take the guest room.” He pronounces before pausing. “You know, because you’re obviously dating.” He says knowingly.

“Ah, shaddup.” I groan, rolling my eyes, and Matt strolls off to prep the guest room.

I walk quietly over to Peter, crouch down and carefully pull the blanket from over his eyes. His lashes flutter, brows knitting against the faint glowing light from the billboards outside Matt’s window. It isn’t a harsh light, but it must not be pleasurable to him right now.

“Hey, Petey Pie, you gotta get up. Uncle Matty’s getting the guest room all set up for us.” I whisper to him.

“Mmh.” Peter says, which he must deem to be a full sentence.

“Pete, it’s like, ten feet.” I plead, and he turns his back to me, whining lowly.

I gasp, raising my brows. “You are such a diva.”

Nevertheless, I slip my arms under his back and his knees, and lift him off the couch. He instantly curls to my chest, his hands still over both ears. I can feel rather than see his smile, and make my way over to the guest room with Peter in my arms.

Matt is just pulling back new blankets when I come in with Peter. He narrows his eyes before smiling faintly. “Are you carrying him?”

[How does he do that?]

[Crazy blind people senses. Heat sensing or radar-echo-whatever location. It’s pretty damn cool.]

“I sure am, Matty.” I heft Peter higher in my arms for emphasis.

“Adorable.” He goads. “Anyway. I left you extra blankets, some towels.”

He gestures to the foot of the bed then. “There’s sweatpants for you and Peter, and the bathroom’s down the hall on your left.” He says.

I thank him, and with one last smile, he pats the doorframe and slips away. He must be tired, too. Who knows if he was patrolling as Daredevil before going to the Avengers Tower and being a lawyer?

I lay Peter down carefully on the bed over the covers, and pull his shoes off. He wakes up just long enough to shimmy out of his jeans, grapple for the sweatpants, and arch his hips off the bed enough
to pull the sweats on. In a matter of seconds, he kicks the pants off the bed, rolls onto his belly, puts the pillow over his head, and falls back asleep.

I watch him curiously, shaking my head. “Unbelievable.” I gape, huffing out a laugh.

I shut off the lights and close the door, padding over to the only window in the room and making sure it’s locked. I glance in every adjacent window, every passerby on the ground far below. There doesn’t seem to be anything off. Feeling content with this, I draw the curtains tight. I follow Peter’s lead and put on the sweatpants before getting under the covers. I manage to pull the covers over Peter’s lax frame, too, with no help from him.

“Goodnight, Pete.” I say, curling on my side to face him. “Things are gonna be better tomorrow. Probably. I mean, I guess. No, yeah, things’ll be better tomorrow. For sure.”

{Great pep talk.}

“‘S sweet.” Peter murmurs, muffled by the pillow over his ears.

Moments pass, and I think Peter’s fallen asleep, when something else sounds from under the plush pillow. “I -” he stammers. Thinks for a second.

“I like you a lot.” He murmurs.

It’s hard to explain, but my heart feels heavy, but a good heavy. My belly feels warm when I look at this boy - or, the lumpy outline of him from under the covers.

He’s soft and warm and good.

I’m less soft, less warm, less good.

But, somehow, still together.

“I like you a lot, too, Peter.”

“That’s good. G’night.” He murmurs, and rolls onto his side, presses his back against my chest.

I wait until his breaths even out before I let myself doze off into a peaceful but alert sleep myself.

We can figure out our next moves tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all liked that! Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!!

ALSO, i’ve gotten a few comments from people who want me to open a PO box - should I? Would that be something you would use?

instagram: dissonance.fic & heathen.son

tumblr: scruffydun
Good-ish Morning? Yeah, Good.

Chapter Notes

I really like this chapter? I'm proud of it. I really enjoy incorporating descriptive imagery and my own sensory input into stories.

ANYWAY, enjoy! Hope you like it!

I'm updating this from school hastily, so tell me if you find typos, please.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

PETER PARKER

I sleep, and have a horrid dream.

I’ve just jumped out Tony Stark’s penthouse window to escape, diving after Wade. I breathe a sigh of relief at being away from the overwhelming scene behind me. The wind is whipping through my hair, pressing my loose clothes flat against my chest as I nose-dive.

I shoot webs and propel myself downward faster. Just as I’m reaching for Wade’s hand, something with great force seems to wallop into me, hitting me with such force that the breath rushes out of my chest and I gasp for air.

The world around me becomes a puce blur, and I feel as if everything is passing me backward, until I’m transported into a derelict room with mullioned windows. Despite the downtrodden state of the warehouse, the big room reeks of clinical antiseptics and petrol. In terms of personality, the room is gun-metal gray.

I hit the operating chair in the center of the primarily bare room with such force that it creaks under my sudden weight, my head hitting the back of the chair. Thick straps bind my ankle, wrists, and forehead.

I look down at myself. I’m wearing only an off-white hospital gown that reeks of bleach. The back is open, but I’m fairly sure I’m wearing underwear. I have the urge to cover myself, but the straps won’t budge. I can hardly even bring my knees together.

“Ah.” Says a quivering voice. “You’re here, finally. He was beginning to get impatient. I hate when he gets angry.” A scrawny man with pallid skin and sweat on his brow comes into view, and he hastily tightens the straps holding me to the chair.

“Who are you? Who - who are you talking about? I can help us get out, if you’d just -” I test my restraints for emphasis.

“Don’t!” The man shrieks. “Don’t do that! You silly boy! He’ll be mad with us both! You don’t want to do that.” He pulls the leather bindings taut again, and they dig painfully into my skin.

Before I can try to speak again, another man enters the room, much to the first man’s disquiet. He visibly sinks away, giving space to this new person.
The second man is tall and broader, but still slim. He has sandy blond hair and fair skin. He is seemingly normal.

“Sir,” The smaller man starts. “Peter Parker seems dangerous. Maybe we should - should focus on another mutant to test? Instead of him?” He offers, voice high and squeaky.

“You are calling him Peter Parker? Is he an equal to us now? Is this sympathy?” He asks, protracted, turning his angular face slowly to the smaller man, who looks royally terrified.

“N-no. Never. I have no sympathy for him. I support Weapon Plus wholeheartedly.” He promises, nodding profusely.

“Then act like it.” He says waspishly, before taking a breath. “The subject,” he points sharply to me, “is powerful, but not dangerous. I have gone through too much to abandon this subject for another. And because of this beautiful, alluring power and possibility, I want him!” He finishes tersely, his voice raised. His appearance contradicts his words, the venom in his voice. His tone is a putrid, radioactive green, where his appearance is sunny hair and winter skin.

The slimmer man nods without a word, his hands trembling.

“Now, sit until I need you.” He directs.

For the first time, the broader man puts his gaze on me, and smiles tightly. “It is so good to finally have you in our possession here.” He says to me jauntily.

“I love what you’ve done to this place, really. It’s, uh, very homely. Really takes away from that whole illegal-mutant-genetic-testing-corporation vibe.” I gesture vaguely behind him with my dangling hands.

He raises a brow at my antics, but chuckles. He has pristine white teeth, straight as a military cemetery. There almost seems to be too many for his mouth. Like a shark. “A sense of humor! That’s formidable, but it won’t last long here, I can assure you.”

I narrow my eyes, press myself against the back of the chair when he strides closer.

“And where, exactly, is here?” I ask.

“That does not concern you.” The man says tartly.

I’m fairly sure it does, in fact, concern me, I think.

He turns his back to me, picks up a fairly thick clipboard off a metal desk situated beside the smaller man.

“Let’s see.” He clucks, flipping through several pages on the clipboard.

“Extremely enhanced reflexes, flexibility… balance, agility.” He drawls. “Very keen eyesight, fairly good healing factor, a type of precognitive ability for sensing danger… That’s interesting…” He turns back to me with a steely glint in his eyes, flipping another page and continuing.

I can hear my heartbeat in my ears. I pace my breathing so he doesn’t sense my panic.

“Much stronger skin and cellular pliability, radioactive semen, suggesting that you can pass your genes onto an offspring…” He hums, shrugging. “I can see the use in that from an evolutionary standpoint. Your mutation is smart.”
Even the meek, smaller man behind him nods in interest.

“H-how - how do you -” He doesn’t let me finish, shushing me.

“All excellent traits to have, but how do they work?” He asks, cocking his head as if I should be equally interested.

I try to speak but no sound escapes me. What would I even say?

“We’ll start with your enhanced vision, I think.” He says matter-of-factly, picking up nitrile gloves and slipping them on. I jump as they slap against his wrists. He grins at this.

He takes a pristine scalpel and petri dish from a metal tray on the desk, abandons the clipboard, and strides over to me once more.

He stares at me, and I watch him warily, breathing heavily. In a second, he jumps over the chair and straddles me so roughly that I cough when he lands on my lap.

“I think inter-office romance is frowned upon here.” I say feebly, trying to keep my humor, but there’s no point. I can try to sound sarcastic all I want, but the panic was clear in my voice.

He wriggles closer to me, and I stifle my whine, gritting my teeth. I pull as hard as I can against my restraints, and they only seem to get tighter. “S-stop. Stop. Stop, stop…” I breathe, chest heavy. I can hear my heart rate speeding up, echoing against my ears, the fluorescent lights beaming down on me.

“Oh,” he croons, hushing me as if he is a caring parent. “Don’t fret, darling.” He says, wrapping his thighs tightly around my waist. I smother my cry, refusing to look away from him.

“This won’t hurt you, Peter.” He promises, bringing the metal scalpel into my field of vision only to drag it gently under my eye, down my cheek. I can feel it nick my jaw, and it carries down my chest and stops at my solar plexus. I squeeze my eyes shut, clenching my fists so that my palms bleed.

“Well.” He says then, shrugging. I look at him.

“That was a lie. It will hurt.” He amends, smiling mirthlessly, showing me white white teeth and steel gray eyes.

“Don’t squirm now.” He warns lightly, and raises the scalpel to my eye.

He presses one strong hand over my brow, rocks forward so my back is pressed entirely into the chair, and winks.

I can’t stop my hitched breathing now, chest rising and falling quickly, trying desperately to squirm away from him.

“We just need a small retinal sample to test the heightened ability of your rods and cones.” He hums. “You have beautiful eyes, you know?” He tells me, and I can hardly see anything except for the blur of lights, eyes darting frantically.

“For now, at least.”

The scalpel presses down and I scream.

I wake up with a silent shout, scrambling out of bed until I hit the nearest wall. I press my hands to my eyes, rubbing hard before brushing my hands frantically down my body, ridding any sign of
anyone there.

I’m wearing a sweater and pajama pants. Not a hospital gown. There is nobody straddling my waist. My eyes are intact. I am not in a warehouse -

Where am I?

I try and control my heavy breaths, and remember blankly that we ended up hiding out in Matt Murdock’s (Daredevil) apartment.

Wade is still fast asleep in bed. I know that we started out on our own separate sides, but I had just been pressed against the front of him, and we had migrated to the middle of the plush mattress. He must be tired. What with him being so focused on me, I doubt he’s gotten much sleep himself the past few weeks.

Still frightened and wary, I leave the guest room and venture out into the the rest of the loft. My body feels jittery, shaky, and I try my best to ignore the nightmare.

It was so bad. Badbadbad.

“Oh, god,” I choke. “I hate this sometimes.” I shudder, padding to the living room and sinking down in front of the couch, curling my knees to my chest. I focus on the breeze coming in from the large living room window, left ajar overnight and filling the space with a much-needed briskness.

Inhale for four seconds.

Hold for four seconds.

Exhale for four seconds.

Repeat.

Repeat.

Repeat.

Don’t cry.

I clench my fists until I feel blood pool under the crescents of my nails.

Tears clot my eyelashes and fall down my cheeks like treacle, as if miniature splashes of lava are falling from my chin to my thighs, forming craters in my skin, raw and weeping. Pathetic.

“Hey, kid.” I hear, and my head snaps up.

Matt comes into view wearing only pajama bottoms. He lowers himself onto the floor beside me. “This alright?”

A nod is all I give him.

“You been crying?” He asks next, tentatively. Like I’m newly-spun glass and he's a tornado.

“No.” I mutter, swiping a hand across my eyes. I am crying.

“Don’t lie to a blind guy, Spidey.” He admonishes, nudges my shoulder.
“Sorry.” I say, and he smiles, looking down. “How do you always know things you can’t see?” I ask him.

“Well, I couldn’t sleep, so I was already awake. I heard your heart rate increase. And then I heard you get up and come in here and try to calm yourself down. Must’a been some nightmare, huh?” He asks me quietly, reaching back to grab the blanket strewn over the couch and draping it across my shoulders.

“Yeah.” I rasp, sniffing.

“Wanna talk about it?”

I tell him more than I thought I would. I tell him about my first nightmare, from over a week ago. And then I tell him about this one, too, and how nightmares are common for me after Skip.

He doesn’t say anything for several moments.

“I’m sorry I ranted to you - you probably didn’t wanna hear any of that -”

“Peter.” He starts hastily. “I have met countless people with endlessly horrible stories and plights.” He says, looking down at his clasped hands. “And none have turned out better than you.”

I look across at him.

“You’ve taken your abysmally shit circumstances and instead of being bitter or spiteful, you became Spider-Man and didn’t shy away from your newfound responsibilities, no matter what cost it was to you. And I know that it doesn’t make up for how hard it is sometimes, but I respect you.” He tells me.

I swallow around a lump in my throat, nodding even though he can’t see the gesture.

“And remember - you always have me to come to, and I know you have Scott Lang, and you have Wade. And you have The Avengers, despite their skewed way of helping.”

For the first time in a while, I realize just how lucky I am. I have friends who care, companions who genuinely look out for me and worry for my well-being. I have people in both parts of my life who are more than willing to help me; whether or not they do it in a way that I particularly like.

“Stop being so miserable - it’s all going to be okay. And give me a hug, I know you want to.” Matt says, and before he even opens his arms, I tackle him into a bear hug. I land with an oof on top of him, falling to the ground beside the sofa and drenched in mid-morning light.

“No fair!” Comes an indignant voice from the guest bedroom landing. I pull my head off of Matt’s chest in the wrestling situation we’re in, to see Wade stomping his foot on the floor petulantly.

“I wanna join group-cuddles!” He shouts, before he launches himself over the couch. He lands on top of Matt and myself with all his weight, and Matt and I both groan under the shock of the impact, coughing out laughs and trying to out squirm out from under the pile.

An hour later, we’re sat around a small table in Matt’s kitchen, with Wade depositing heaping stacks of pancakes in front of us. The savory-sweet smell of chocolate, blueberries, bananas, and peanut butter fill the air, and Wade sticks the spatula between his teeth to drop off at least ten pancakes into Matt and myself’s plates.

I have to admit, it smells amazing, and my stomach rumbles greedily at the sight of tasty, warm food.
I wasn’t expecting the brilliant-looking food from Wade, since only a week before, he was serving me bacon and apple slices in the shape of a penis.

He swipes a rag over the stove and cleans up haphazard splatters of batter before joining us at the table. “Eat up,” he says excitedly, and he doesn’t need to tell us twice. We tuck in and eat in silence for a solid ten minutes before coming up for air, leaning back in our chairs. I put my hands on my belly and look down at my empty plate.

“That was amazing.” I say thankfully to Wade.

Matt nods his head. “You can use my kitchen whenever you want if all your food is like this.”

Wade grins at us, finishing the last of his pancakes. “Sure. We can have, like, vigilante breakfast parties, or something.”

As the conversation tapers to a close, and my mind clears from its happy post-eating fog, I get anxious again. The nightmare I had last night is only one of my stressors. I’ll have to confront the Avengers at some point soon, too. They have to know that they don’t control my safety, no matter how much they think they should, and no matter how well-intentioned it is. I’ll learn for myself, on my own terms, just like I’ve been doing for years. If they can’t grasp that, I can’t work with them. And I would like to work with them, because I know they care. I’d just like to work with them without treating me like a toddler.

I roll my shoulders and try to stretch out sore muscles, my body not having much time to recuperate in the last few weeks. I find myself wishing I could avoid all my tasks for a few hours more. I want to forget about Weapon Plus, I want to forget about the Avengers yesterday, I want to forget about my recent stress. I want to expel some energy.

I blink back into focus when Wade waves a scarred hand over my face. “Anyway, as I was telling Matt,” Wade drawls, “I think we could all benefit from some training sessions.”

My head perks up in interest. Wade smiles at this.

“A Team Red training session sounds damn good right now.” Matt agrees, folding his arms over his chest.

“I know you need to get out some energy. You’re probably a little stir-crazy, huh, Petey?” Wade asks me, and I’m already cracking my knuckles and sitting up straighter.

“Yeah. I need to move.” I tell them both.

“This’ll also be a good way for us to gauge if your sensory input is back to normal. Sparring with us will definitely be helpful. Plus, I can put in a good word to Stark for you - if Daredevil comes to Tony and reassures him that you’re more than capable of defending yourself, he may be more inclined to calm down.” Matt explains, taking our plates and dropping them in the sink, with no haste to clean them.

“So we’re gonna spar?” I ask excitedly, and I can't conceal my toothy grin. It's been so long since I’ve been able to even patrol as Spidey, since I was injured. It's been even longer since I was able to train with people who matched my abilities. Not only is it a good way to improve, but it's a major form of catharsis, and a bonding experience.

“Duh.” Wade says, as if it's been scheduled in advance.

“I'll find us all some workout clothes. We’ll start on the rooftop in fifteen minutes.” Matt says before
disappearing into his room.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that!
PLEASE don't forget to leave comments! I love comments and validation and I am only mildly ashamed.

instagram: dissonance.fic
PERSONAL instagram: space.cadebt + heathen.son
Swing and Miss.

Chapter Notes

sorry this took so long, but i was dealing with senior year and adhd and moving apartments.

HOWEVER, I have the end of this story roughly worked out now, and personally, I think it's badass.

I THINK THIS CHAPTER MAKES UP FOR THE LONG WAIT, AND I AM VERY PROUD.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

OMNISCIENT POV

“Ladies and gentleman!” Wade booms, “Mutants and Mutates! Come one, come all to the beat-down of the century!” He’s propped up on a high pillar on the roof, cupping his hands to his mouth to mimic a megaphone.

There’s no padding on the floor, but Matt and Peter both have their knuckles wrapped with bandages, and they stand mere feet away from each other. Otherwise, protection is fairly minimal; they both wear sweatpants and simple black t-shirts. Matt has sneakers on, but Peter is barefoot so he can grip the walls with his feet.

The sky is a chalky gray-blue, with leaden clouds threatening to cover their heads in the distance. The heating and water pipes running along the roof emit a dull, constant clang-clang-clang. Peter clenches his jaw until the noise is just background static. It’s tolerable.

“The rules of the sparring match are as follows: the two of you will fight each other until there is a clear winner. The winner will move on to fight the remaining competitor, yours truly.” Wade gestures to himself and swings his feet like a child.

“No hits to seriously injure, only to impede and disarm. No intentional rough kicks below the belt. Yell red light and all parties will immediately cease fighting.” Wade says sternly. Matt and Peter nod amiably.

“Ready?” Wade drawls, and Peter and Matt don’t look away from each other but they can hear Wade clapping excitedly.

“Go.”

Wade’s voice disappears somewhere above him, and the squawking birds and clang-clang-clang of the roof dwindle into muffled white noise.

Peter steps back silently on the balls of his feet, hands fisted and breath quiet. Matt grins, ducks his head. “I can still hear you.”
Matt swings his fist out and Peter jumps backwards, presses himself against a square metal structure behind him, most likely an air venting system. Matt punches air, and Peter scurries higher up on the metal cube with the palms of his hands. Matt tilts his head up and follows Peter’s heat signature.

The *clang-clang-clang* of the vents working inside the metal cube vibrate against him.

Before Matt can react, Peter throws himself down and wraps his legs around Matt’s neck, tensing his thighs and twisting his belly to swing them both to the ground. Matt lands with an *oof* on the ground, and Peter quickly straddles Matt’s chest.

Matt grabs him by the waist and pulls him down enough to prop his feet under Peter’s stomach. He kicks his legs, and sends Peter skidding down across the floor. His shirt rides up and his pants slip down enough to give him asphalt-burn on the expanse of his back. He holds onto the sting of it as he picks himself up.

“Good?” Matt asks, a bit breathless. His face is slightly scrunched up, like he could hear the way Peter’s skin dragged along the harsh ground.

“Good.” Peter has to laugh at the adrenaline rush. “Don’t flatter yourself.” He says, and Matt laughs.

They step toward each other, and immediately go into close-combat fighting. Matt swings punches just as quickly as Peter dodges them, and the sheer similarity of their fighting styles is enough to keep the fight prolonged.

Peter swings his foot into Matt’s side, but Matt grabs his calf and yanks him close enough to jab an elbow into Peter’s chest. Peter splutters and coughs, but drops down into a crouch and kicks a leg out, swiping Matt’s feet out from under him, Peter still on the ground.

Matt does a flip in the air to save his balance, and his foot cuts through the air between them with the intent to swipe at Peter. His leg lands with a *crunch* right between Peter’s thighs.

The asphalt under Matt’s foot has crumbled. Peter’s eyes widen in surprise, swallowing thickly. Matt looks up at him.

“Golly! That was a close one!” Wade yells from far up on the roof, cupping his own groin protectively in sympathy.

“That would’ve hurt like hell.” Peter says, pushing himself to his feet. Matt chuckles, standing hastily.

“I was trying to get your stomach, but you moved last minute. My bad.” Matt shrugs.

Peter gives a breathless laugh before pouncing again. Matt grabs Peter’s outstretched wrist with his hand and twists them around so Peter is bracketing his back against Matt’s chest with his own arm.

“You curve your punches. It makes it easier for me to grab your fist.” Matt says, with Peter’s forearm still pressed against his own neck.

“I gotta curve my punches. I could kill you.” Peter says.

“Fair enough.” Matt huffs.

Peter kicks his backside out and into Matt’s stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Peter uses the mere seconds Matt uses to catch his breath to leap silently onto the top of the large metal structure on the roof, dropping to his feet behind it and pressing himself against the back.
Clang-clang-clang.

He can hear the rubble from the asphalt crunch under Matt’s feet as he approaches, and Peter holds his breath, grinning excitedly. He has an idea. Peter’s spidey senses and Matt’s radar senses, they could go at this forever. But Peter thinks he can win.

All is silent on the roof top. Peter tries to steady his heavy breathing and silence his urge to laugh; he hasn’t had such free fun with someone for several months now, and with all the stressors that the last few weeks have brought, this is more than welcomed. Sure, they’re fighting a loss gentler than they can, and they’re both taking it easy on each other, but this is fun all the same.

He cranes his neck up to see Wade watching them with interest. Wade winks when they catch each other’s stare.

Suddenly, he hears gentle feet clamber onto the metal square. “Last I checked,” Matt says, pacing the top of the cube, “cold metal didn’t have a Peter-sized heat signature.”

Peter presses himself flat against the cube just as Matt jumps down from it. Peter grabs Matt by the waist and flips him onto the floor. He quickly grabs Matt’s arms and crosses them behind him, Peter straddling the small of his back.

“One, two, three!” Wade shouts, and Peter lets go, pulls Matt up, and jumps with glee. “I win!”

Matt and Peter clap each other on the back good-naturedly, and when Peter curls his lip at the sudden reminder of pain in his back, Matt turns him around, pulls his shirt up, and runs careful fingers over his back. Wade clambers down from the pillar on the roof to join them.

“It feels like it’s already healing, and nothing smells infected.” Matt hums. “But the asphalt burn is scraping most of your back.”

“And the top of your ass.” Wade supplies brightly.

“I can already feel it healing,” Peter promises earnestly, swiping at his back and brushing stuck rubble off.

Matt and Peter shake again, and then Matt climbs onto the lookout spot Wade was sitting on moments ago.

“Ready, Sugar?” Wade purrs, and Peter feels a sudden rush of heat upon him.

What Wade and Peter both feel but do not say, is that they are both extremely excited at the prospect of sparring with someone who matches each other’s abilities. Not having to fret about being unfair, or harming the other, or being too rough. They both have energy they need to expel, and they both trust each other implicitly.

“Very.” Peter promises.

“Alright.” Matt echoes. “Same rules apply. Yelling red light will instantly stop the match, and no intentionally rough kicks to the groin or injurious hits to maim.” He says this in a drawling tone, as if adding an additional blah, blah, blah to the end.

“Ready?” He warns.

Peter and Wade stand straight, watching each other.
“Go.”

Unlike sparring with Matt, there is no gradual increase in action, Peter notices. Right away, Wade is swinging at Peter, and Peter is swinging hits at Wade. Both men are watching each other sternly, but their eyes are bright and engaged. Peter blocks Wade’s punches and kicks with punches and kicks of his own. Neither of them get many hits in, and it’s clear close combat won’t get them anywhere.

As they fight, Peter and Wade think about their history together. Not dating history, but comradery history, partnership history. Before even knowing it, Peter and Wade had become close friends through Spider-Man and Deadpool. They had trusted each other long before their civilian selves realized it, and loved each other, too.

Wade swings, and Peter grabs his wrist, pulls him forward, and rolls under his legs to stand behind him. Wade quickly turns to face him, a smile ghosting his face. He starts in on a series of quick jabs and punches that have Peter stepping back with each swing, dodging and ducking and swinging his own defensive blows. Sure, they’re taking it easy on each other, but Peter must have gotten too loose and distracted in their fight; he landed himself with his back pressed against the metal cube of air ducts.

Peter slams the heel of his hand into Wade’s solar plexus, and Wade scrambles for his breath before grabbing Peter’s outstretched hand, pinning it, and pressing his knee between Peter’s legs, successfully propping him up on the wall of the cube. Peter winces in discomfort, before pressing the pads of his feet to the metal, sticking, and pushing up to alleviate some pressure. Wade is close, no doubt on purpose: one of Peter’s strong suits is his flexibility and evasive or defensive combat, and being so close to each other prevents him from having many options.

It’s not like Peter is stuck, per se, but he doesn’t want to seriously hurt Wade, even if he does have a brilliant healing factor.

“Wanna call it a draw?” Wade hums. Wade’s smug suggestion only fuels the competitive spirit.

“Have I ever decided to call a draw between us?” Peter asks. Wade looks as if he’s about to respond with something equally cocky, but Peter rams his head into Wade’s. When his grip on Peter’s wrists loosen, he snatches his hands away, curls his legs up to stand on Wade’s propped knee, and kicks himself up and over Wade, landing behind him.

“Squirmy little thing!” Wade grunts, turning around yet again to face him.

They spar until Peter’s knuckles are pink and purple and there’s a sheen of sweat on him that makes his hair curl at his temples. Until the soles of his feet are black with dirt. They fight until Wade strips his shirt in a heated cry, and the skin of his knuckles have regenerated ten times over.

They spar until the sunset is nigh and the sky is a blue-ish purple, and the wind picks up and makes them both shiver in their sweat. They fight until Matt is sprawled lazily against his rooftop perch and listening with wry indifference.

It’s the most fun they’ve had in weeks.

Finally, when their breaths no longer come easily and their muscles scream in protest, Wade corners Peter on the edge of the rooftop.

“We end this in five minutes. Right here.” Wade smiles at him, brow raised in silent question.

“Okay.” Peter agrees. He jumps backwards up onto the wide ledge of the roof. “But we’ll do it up here.” He grins, his chest heaving. Wade laughs at the challenge.
“The stakes are higher. Literally.” He remarks excitedly to Peter.

“First to pin the other down wins. Now get up here and -” Peter’s voice dies in his throat, his smiling face goes slack and pallid.

Matt instantly stands on his perch. Wade can hear his heart beat a steady tattoo in his head.

“I - problem.” Peter hitches, but it isn’t necessary.

Before Matt or Wade can react, Peter tips backwards and falls from the roof.

The whole affair happens in a matter of mere seconds, but it’s a maddening but freeing sight, Peter falling. His head tips back first, and his arms sway forward as his body drops. His frame is outlined by the purpling sky -

And, as if with Peter’s last conscious thought, as if he knew Wade would notice, he twists his body around so he falls belly-down.

Right before he drops out of sight, Wade sees a small, narrow needle peeking out from the fabric of Peter’s pants.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that! I’m really proud of this chapter!

DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS!! I CRAVE VALIDATION!

instagram: petr.prkr + dissonance.fic

tumblr: scruffydun
OMNISCIENT POV

Both Wade and Matt immediately scramble to the edge of the roof. Too stunned to speak, Wade watches as Peter is effortlessly caught in the arms of a large, strong figure. As if the impossible task of catching a fully grown man who dropped from an apartment roof didn’t just happen, the figure hurriedly carries Peter to a black SUV with open doors.

Hands grab Peter from inside the car, and the figure throws himself in last. Before the doors are even all shut, the car screeches to a start and speeds down the desolate street.

“What.” Wade whispers, more of a gasp.

“Shut up.” Matt says immediately.

“What!” Wade screams, eyes going wide, slamming his fists down onto the rooftop ledge. “How the fuck! We need to go, right now -”

“Wade, shut up! Now!” Matt roughly grabs Wade’s arm to still him. “There’s no point chasing that car and you know it. Now shut up and let me listen.”

Wade does, in fact, shut up, but only because of the sheer, panicked, unadulterated shock he’s feeling, and the desperation to find somewhere to start. What would he even say? How would they begin to resolve this? How was that kidnapping even orchestrated, and what are they going to do with him? His thoughts swirl and his rage builds until he feels as though he’s running a fever.

His attention emerges from his head and returns to the scene around him long enough to hear Matt murmuring, his hand still clasped to Wade’s arm. His eyes are trained on nothing in particular, but look focused and hard nevertheless. “Six heartbeats, and Peter’s…steady, good... left, left, right, left, right, right… bridge? No. Highway… fuck. Hate highways.”

Wade watches Matt desperately, committing everything he says to memory.

“I lost them.” Matt says after several moments of silence.

Wade steps back from the roof’s ledge. How could he let this happen? How stupid could he have been - letting Peter spar on a vacant roof, exposed on all sides. A more logical side of him argues that Peter is still a human, and confining him to total lockdown wasn’t an alternative.

“Wade.” Matt says then. “I need you to focus right now. I need you to put whatever unjust feelings
of guilt you have aside, and channel your anger and logic to find him.” Matt says slowly, calmly. Always the voice of reason.

But Wade wants to hunt them down, and go guns blazing. Wade wants to kill every single member of Weapons Plus, and free every captive mutant and mutate. Wade wants to run the genetic testing corporation so far into the ground that they’ll never see the light of day again.

But he doesn’t even know where they are. He doesn’t know where to start.

And soon, Peter is going to be in some seedy, mirthless laboratory that smells of cleaning products and copper, being forced to undergo fuck knows what kind of experiments.

“Okay.” Wade says lowly, but is voice is rasped and eerily calm, and Matt hears it.

“We all need to be smart. We can’t put our emotions first and storm the place without preparing and assembling back up. Okay?” Matt says steadily, raising his brows awaiting a response.

Wade says a string of expletives so obscene that Matt momentarily wished he was deaf instead of blind. After this outburst, Wade simmers down.

“He was shot with horse tranquilizer, I think. That’s what it smelled like.” Wade cringes at Matt’s blunt speak. “They want to keep him alive, Wade. That’s a good thing. We’re going to find him, and we’re going to find him alive.”

Wade’s anger builds again in a matter of seconds. “Yes, but when! How long will it take? Knowing the Avengers, they’re going to want to make a goddamned slideshow presentation on the intricacies of his rescue before they even set one fucking foot out the door!” He screams at Matt.

“Sometimes it’s worse being alive in a place like that!” He exclaims. “After a while, everyone in those facilities are better off dead instead of being subjected to more experimentation!” Wade’s voice tapers off in a weak decrescendo.

And all is quiet on the rooftop once more, except for the clang-clang-clang of the air ducts and Wade’s heaving breaths.

Matt seems to choose his next words very carefully. And then, he says,

“You idiot. When have you ever known that goddamn kid to give up?” He asks Wade. “We’re going to find him before he ever starts thinking like that.”

Wade stares nonplussed, eyes wide.

But Matt is right. Emotion is an irrational hinderance when it comes to this. Emotion will breed mistakes and slow progress, and will, overall, be worse for Peter. He needs to stay rational about this. Wade needs to treat this not like a rescue mission, but like a kill-job. Treating it like a rescue will blind Wade and make this sloppy. But killing? Wade can kill bad people with his eyes closed, calculated and disconnected.

He nods. “You're right.” Wade says.

Matt sighs in relief. He seems to think the situation has diffused itself enough to continue. “You’re forgetting something else,” Matt says. “Peter isn’t some little damsel. Peter is a back talking five-foot-eleven genius with power beyond compare.”

Wade knows this. Of course he knows this. Peter is the kindest, most powerful person Wade knows.
But it doesn't matter in a place like Weapon Plus. Wade would know.

“Well,” Wade says, resigned, “I’d like to keep him like that. So we all need to get our asses in high gear.”

In an unspoken resolve, Wade and Matt head back down to the apartment, change, and take a cab to Stark Tower without a word being exchanged between them. This isn’t an uncomfortable silence, but a pensive one.

Despite Matt being the voice of reason, he can’t help but be just as furious as Wade, and just as concerned. Peter has a stronger will than most hero-types, and he’s more than capable, but how long will it last in a place like that?

They pay the cabbie extra to speed there, and they arrive at Stark’s in under an hour, and completely bypass the line at the security desk.

“Excuse me!” The woman behind the desk yells angrily, her brows furrowed. “Nobody is allowed on any upper floor without checking in!”

Matt throws a withering look in her direction, but Wade turns to her underneath his hood. “I do not have time for your subpar security checks. Call Tony and tell him it’s Wade Wilson and Matt Murdock. Without Peter Parker. He’ll know.”

Perhaps it’s something in his face - the severity of it - but she simply splutters a response and lets them through. Wade shrugs past a herd of people waiting for the elevators, pulling Matt behind him. Matt, at least, is apologizing as Wade shoves people aside. He closes the doors before anyone else can enter.

Floor 23.

“We’re going to get him back.” Matt says surely, clasping his hands and swaying on the balls of his feet in the elevator.

Floor 57.

“Clasping your hands at your front is a nervous behavioral gesture. You’re unsure,” Wade says tersely.

Matt sighs. “No. I’m worried. Aren’t you?” He puts his arms at his sides. “As much as I believe we’ll get him back, I’m still worried over what they’ll do before we reach him.”

Wade swallows thickly, shrugging after some time. “I’m being more of a prick than usual, huh?”

“You’re in distress. Don’t worry about it.” Matt says.

Floor 76.

Silence.

Floor 90.

“Don’t lose your temper.” Matt warns.

Floor 92.

“I’ll lose it if I have to.”
Chapter End Notes

Hope you all liked that!

DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS!

ig: petr.prkr + dissonance.fic
Chapter Notes

hi, all!
this is a quick update of a flashback chapter in Peter's perspective. I wrote it a while ago, but it fits in well with the current progress in this story :)
Expect another update soon-ish.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FLASHBACK. PETER PARKER, FIFTEEN.

At nine at night, I climb awkwardly up the sleek black walls of Avengers Tower. My destination is the top floor - Tony Stark’s penthouse. Around the eightieth floor, my hand loses its webbed grip, and I slip, letting out a shrill yelp before refocusing and clinging to the wall again. All in all, I’d still say this is pretty damn impressive for only five months with these abilities.

“Is this breaking-and-entering?” I ask myself, clinging desperately with my feet and hands to the slippery wall.

“Yes. It most definitely is.” I answer for entertainment. “Do I care?”

“Well. Not really.” I mutter, huffing as I reach out and adhere my hand to another strip of the sleek building.

I finally shuffle to a window on the 92nd floor, thanking an invisible god that it’s open. I slip inside and land lightly on my toes, taking in the sprawling expanse of the penthouse with wondrous eyes. The room’s lights are off, but I can see fine, and I take a seat on a large white leather sofa while I wait.

I’ve been waiting in his penthouse, crouched on his sofa, for twenty minutes, when he finally enters the room with a scotch glass, flicking on the lights to find me in the room. He lets out a curse, and I wince, shielding my eyes until my retinas stop burning.

“Holy mother of - ah. What the hell.” He grunts. “How did you get in here? I have locks on every door on every floor. I have the strongest, most advanced security in the world. Jarvis is connected to everything. Every entrance is essentially deadbolted.” Tony tells me with incrimination.

“What about your windows?” I ask him innocently.

“I - we’re on the 92nd floor. ” He blanches.

“Yeah.” I nod, and Tony looks a mixture of impressed, wary, and belittled.

“Ah. Right, right.” Tony chuckles after a moment, swirling his scotch with a metal stirrer.

“So, let’s see. You’re the spiderling?” I frown under my mask, cocking my head. He continues. “You’re Spider-Boy? Arachnid Baby?” He brings the scotch to his lips, inhaling as he thinks of
more. I sigh.

“Prepubescent insect?” He asks.

“Spiders aren’t insects!” I counter, and Tony inclines his head, humming in thought and watching me curiously. I bristle under his gaze, hopping off the sofa and standing across from him at a safe distance.


“Make me a better suit.” I blurt, and Tony raises his brows. “Please.” I add shortly, and Tony narrows his eyes, stepping closer to me.

“Why should I help you?” Tony asks me, but I can tell he’s looking for a genuine answer, his interest piqued.

“Because I can’t help myself but I want to help others.” Tony looks at me with intrigue, his eyes losing their hardness slightly. “Because I can do things. Because I have abilities. And when I do nothing, and the… the bad things happen, it’s my fault.” I mutter, and Tony’s eyes grew thoughtful.


“Oh, wow, Mister Stark, seriously, thank -” Tony cuts me off, putting his hand over my masked face. “Um.”

“First thing first.” He states. “How old are you?”

“Twenty.” I lie.

Tony barks out a laugh. “You’re gonna have to be honest with me if you want the suit to be its best.”

“Fifteen.” I say lowly, and Tony’s eyes widen infinitesimally before his expression sobers.

“Christ. Alright. Start ‘em young, I guess.” Tony sighs and takes a long swig from his cup. “This is fucked up.” He says under his breath.

“Anyway. Tell me all of your powers, when you got them, and problems you face regularly regarding them.” He says sternly, back to business and apparently over his crisis of conscience.

“Uh, well. I got bitten by a radioactive spider, for starters, five months ago.” Tony holds a hand up to stop me. “You’ve only been doing this for five months?” He gawks, and I frown.

“You think this was just a job offering that I snatched up? This happened to me, I didn’t seek it out.” I snark, and Tony looks amused. “Alright. Continue.”

I take a breath and carry on. “My eyesight is now beyond keen. I can tenaciously cling to any surface with my hands and feet. Sometimes it works with my back, but it’s weird. So, like, I can walk on ceilings, climb up walls, scale buildings, anything. I’ve developed superhuman agility, balance, and reflexes…” I pause in thought, ducking my head.

A shiver runs through my spine, and I whip my hand up instinctively, catching Tony’s now empty scotch glass with the pad of my index and middle finger.

Tony’s eyes widened in a comical expression.
He then shoots the metal mixing stick for his scotch at me next, and I catch it between my fingers. “That was kinda rude.” I say dejectedly, setting them on the table beside the sofa.

Tony stares blankly at me for a moment before clearing his throat. “That was… interesting. Go on, go on. Just fact-checking your abilities.” He ushers.

“Okay. I have an advanced healing factor. I mean, it isn't as good as Wolverine’s or anything, but three days ago I broke my arm in three places.”

Tony raises his brows.

“It corrected itself entirely in two hours and twenty minutes.”

“Oh!” Tony says with dry cheer, collapsing onto his sofa. “Keep it comin’, Spider Kid.” He drawls.

“I have a freakishly fast metabolism.” I list off. “I can eat anything and never gain weight. I can ingest anything and recover in a shorter span of time than a normal human.” I paused. “And my body tissue has become more durable, I think. I’m assuming. Someone punched me and they broke three fingers.” I shrug, still jittering with excitement. “I like science.”

Tony huffs out a laugh.

“I also have superhuman strength that goes with those reflexes.” I finish, cheeks flushed under the mask.

“Well, that certainly is… impressive.” Tony says brightly. “But I’ve only seen you in action in, like, two YouTube videos. And you know how easily those can be doctored nowadays.” Tony goads, and I nod, asking him to elaborate.

“Tomorrow. I’ll make your suit. But you need to show me the specifics. This suit will be entirely and precisely adjusted for your needs and skills. You need to show me what you can do. I have people who can help you hone your skills and help you with your struggles, if you want, or I can make the suit, make sure it works for you, and you'll be on your merry way.”

I nod eagerly, bouncing on the balls of my feet. “Yeah, uh, yeah whatever you want, Mister Stark. Thank you so much.”

Tony shrugs it off. “Show up at 7 tomorrow.” He concedes. “We’ll talk measurements and materials then.” He says, before his chin. “I’ll need some way to see the extent of your reflexes… That would help structure the suit, too…” He hums, and I think he’s taking more to himself now.

But my eyes brighten with an idea. I hesitate at first. “Um. If you have a firing range, I could… show you. I can dodge the bullets.”

Tony raises his brow curiously.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed that! I'm updating this from school, and I wrote it several months ago, so if something looks funny let me know!
DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE KUDOS AND COMMENTS!
Odd Bunch.

Chapter Notes

A FEW THINGS:
1. The rest of the chapters will be in omniscient point of view for my own ease. I also think it will make things flow better with the new plots and rising action in the upcoming chapters.
2. I AM SO PROUD OF THIS CHAPTER! I think it's one of my favorites so far.
3. I hope you enjoy Peter's new situation and the people he meets, and the way he adjusts to this sudden problem!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

OMNISCIENT POV

“The big one is waking up now!” A curious voice whispers.

Peter blinks awake to harsh light, surrounded by four children of varying ages. They all look different, but undeniably all of them are on the young side. Peter isn’t even sure if any of them have reached their teenage years.

Like most kids, they lack concepts of personal space, and all crowd around him in a loose circle, eyes owlish and heads cocked.

Peter feels scratchy fabric underneath him, like sandpaper on his back, and realizes he’s laying on a metal-based bed. No, not a bed, actually - a cot. Low to the floor, and drilled down into the linoleum.

The base of his skull is thrumming dully, jolting his brain and rattling his spine, but he doesn’t need his spidey-senses to tell him that he’s somewhere he shouldn’t be.

Peter bolts upwards, and all the kids whip their heads back up to accommodate his sudden movement.

“G’morning.” One chirps.

Peter narrows his eyes and takes in the space around him. It’s a large, white room, with a clinical smell and too-bright lights. There are five cots including Peter’s along one wall, with an extra pair of simple white clothes underneath each bed. He notices there are no shoes, and nothing loose or frilly. Nothing to be used as a weapon of any sort. A low, circular table is bolted to the floor a few meters in front of the cots.

So, four other kids, excluding himself. There’s one door, but it’s metal and clearly bolted shut. There’s a wall of simple bookshelves directly across from the beds, and even from here Peter can see that the shelves are bolted to the wall, and all the books are soft-cover. A clock is hooked on the wall.

There’s art and crafts equipment - paper, glue, crayons and markers, tape, sticker packs.

The wall adjacent to the beds is almost completely comprised of a mirror. Peter can sense that people can see in, watching whenever they please. Documenting. Observing. Like animals. But he can’t
see anyone from this side. It’s merely a mirror to them.

There is nothing on the fourth wall, except for what must be a bathroom in the very corner - Peter can just make out a simple toilet. Some pictures are crudely stuck up with tape before the bathroom door, but that’s all.

Peter is dressed in well-fitted white pants, underwear that don’t feel like his own, and a white, V-cut t-shirt. Just like the other two boys in the room.

The two girls seem to be in the same white shirts, but with white leggings instead of just form-fitting pants.

Everyone has a tight black collar round their neck. Peter reaches up to tug at it, but his spidey senses tell him not to pull any harder. He resolves to feel around the collar, press a finger against its interior. The band scrapes against his adam's apple when he swallows.

It’s stiff, with no buckle. Clearly electronic.

Electronic collar.

No way out.

Kids that are clearly mutants or mutates of some kind.

“Fuck.” Peter says.

All of the kids gasp, either clapping their hands over their mouths or hopping around like they just heard the location to a treasure.

“You said a cuss word!” One of them hisses, a boy with a face full of freckles and dark brown hair, cut very short. He looks like one of the younger of the group. A girl with dark, thick, tightly-wound curls, giggles. Her hair is also incredibly short, almost down to the scalp if you don’t wet her curls. She looks older.

“I think this kind of warrants a cuss word. Don’t you think?” Peter asks breathlessly. Pulling himself up with a groan slowly. He wobbles on his feet and the girl with thick hair holds him up with a curious amount of strength. Peter murmurs his thanks. She lets go with a curt nod and a smile.

The boy shrugs now. “Guess so. I was scared, too. Don’ remember too good, but I know I was super scared when I came here.” He shudders.

The other boy looks to be about twelve. He has white-blond hair and almost clear blue eyes.

The last girl seems to be the oldest, maybe fourteen, at most. She has olive skin and green eyes, cheekbones prominent. Her black hair is cropped.

Peter has the late realization that all of their heads are shaved. With a trembling hand, he reaches up to touch his own scalp.

He grits his teeth when his palm touches short, buzzed hair. No curls.

“So they can put the electrodes on our heads easier when they’re doing experiments ‘nd stuff.” The oldest girl explains, her narrowed eyes earnest.

Peter nods, rubbing his hand back and forth over the expanse of his scalp. The texture of the cropped hair is prickly but gentle. He rakes his hand back again in a self-soothing method.
“How long have you all been in here?” Peter asks.

The frosty-hair boy answers. “They took us at the same time. Like, a year ago. I think. They said they thought our doctors took interesting blood tests. So they took us four. We were all in different places, but they have lotsa people working here.” He shrugs, makes his way to the farthest cot away from Peter’s, which is apparently his, and collapses onto it.

“He gets tired fast.” The littlest one says. Peter hums in vague understanding.

He walks around the space, testing walls, knocking on them for weak spots. He examines the ceiling, stares out the one-way mirror long enough to make whoever is watching from outside very unsettled. His spidey senses incline him to tilt his head one way or another, at certain times, and Peter smiles coolly knowing that he’s probably following the eyes of someone behind the glass.

With a quick crane of his neck and a scan of the place, he notices there are no microphones or speakers - they can see inside, but not hear.

Peter places the pads of his fingertips on the one-way mirror. His own reflection stares back at him, and it’s the first time he noticed it. There are dark crescents under his eyes, and his brows are furrowed. He looks alert but almost… sickly, with his shaved head. Not unrecognizable, not really ugly, but odd.

He pushes his fingertips against the mirror, and tugs experimentally. Good, he thinks. He can stick to this material.

He tugs harder. No budge.

“Move back.” He says, and all the children step several paces back. “Let me - let me try something.”

He pulls on the mirror with his webbed-grip, hard. Very hard. He clenches his jaw and braces his feet and curls his toes and pulls. He pulls with the might of two-hundred strongmen. Nothing.

Next, he loses his web-grip, and pushes. He pushes with several tons of upward pressure. His eyes squeeze shut and his feet slip on the linoleum floor before he uses the webbing on his feet to stick there too.

The mirror groans, but that’s it. He releases his grip with a gasp, breathing heavily.

Wherever they are, whoever was in charge of building this structure, they built it to withstand an incredible amount of force.

“I wouldn’t even try.” One girl tells Peter, the girl who had righted him when he stumbled. “I’m, like, ultra strong. They took me ‘cause of it.” She says knowledgeably. “I’ve tried to get out tons of times. That mirror won’t budge.”

Peter sighs, takes a step back in defeat.

“But you’re pretty strong… and it’s like you were sticking to the wall - oooh!” She screeches, and it’s like the other children in the room realize as soon as she does.

“You’re - you’re Spider-Man!” The youngest boy says, with the freckles and dark hair.

Peter manages a defeated smile. “Whole lotta good it’s doing right now, though, huh?”

“No.” The green-eyed girl says quietly before getting louder. “No, that’s not true. You’re older than
us. And you’re - you’re a superhero! And an actual good one! You can help us all get out somehow.” She tells him, though she doesn’t crowd his space.

Peter watches her. He looks at them all. Tired. Desperate. Young and determined and scared and angry.

“Let’s, uh, let’s work some stuff out, okay? Let’s just get the basics down.” He says, and drops to the floor cross-legged.

The other children follow suit.

That’s it - he’s taken the leading role here, with all these kids. They’re looking to him now.

“My name is Peter Parker. I’m nineteen years old. I’m Spider-Man. I can climb walls have super-strength, agility, flexibility, and reflexes. I can also sense danger.” He says.

“Oh, so that’s why you’re in the kids room. You’re not 21 yet.” The white-blond haired boy says more to himself.

Peter nods in understanding, then points to the child on his right.

They each go around and name themselves and their abilities.

Jackson is the youngest boy, with the freckles and dark hair. He can heal exceptionally fast. He’s 8 years old. They call him Child A.

Theodore is 12, the one with white hair and fair features. He has the ability to morph into his surroundings and manipulate other people’s blind spots. He is Child B.

Psyche (“It means butterfly in Ancient Greek,” she explained) is 14, with bright green eyes and olive skin. She can control electrical currents, and water movement. She is Child C.

Blaire is 10, with dark skin and dimples. She has super-human strength. Apparently, she has the upward pressure of around a ton. Peter’s strength is considerably higher, but any mutation is helpful in trying to escape. She is Child D.

“You’re Child Z.” Psyche tells Peter.

“How do you know?”

“We heard them give you your name when they put you in here. You’re Z because you’re the best possible outcome, the last necessary try.” Psyche says.

He shudders with this information. Him and the rest of these students being used as scientific fodder. Being treated as lab rats until they make the perfect soldiers with the most desirable traits.

They tell Peter everything they know.

The lights turn on at 7 in the morning, and shut at 9:30 at night. Food is dispensed in trays through a slot at the bottom of the door twice a day: in the morning and at night.

Every other day, one child is picked to have experiments done on them, tests done with them to examine their skillsets, and training done with them to hone said skills. During these times with the scientists and doctors, they wear a simple hospital gown with only their underwear underneath.

The collars on their necks release a series of paralyzing jolts of electricity whenever one of the
subjects act out or attempt to use their abilities in a way that may cause their escape. Because Psyche can control electrical currents, her collar releases a topical sedative instead of a shock of electricity.

“They do a lot of blood tests and bone marrow samples when they take us out of this room. They mostly put us under tons of stress, or hurt us, to see how far our abilities will go to help us.” Theodore says darkly. “Those parts aren’t fun.”

Peter swallows thickly, and pushes his panic down. His eyes steely, he squares his shoulders and clears his throat. This is fine. They can get out of this. Someone will find them. Right this minute, Wade is throwing a fit and painting the town red until he finds Peter.

They’ll all be found, and it’ll all be okay.

And even if they aren’t found, this will be fine. Peter can get out of this. He is strong, and smart, and angry. And so are the other kids. And they’ll use it to escape.

Peter in no way doubts his own abilities, but considering this is most likely Weapon Plus, they could seriously benefit from having some help.

“We’re gonna be fine.” Peter says sternly. “We’re all together, and we’re physically stronger, and we can figure it all out. We can get out.”

The kids look at each other, varying emotions stretched across their faces. “We thought so, too, a year ago.” Theodore says.

“It’s going to be different now.” Peter promises.
Routine.

Chapter Notes

we got to 77,500 hits! we actually exceeded it, too, so that's awesome! I hope you enjoy this cute/sad chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

OMNISCIENT POV

The first night sleeping in this facility, Peter wakes up the moment he hears the slightest shuffle.

His eyes open in the dark room, and he stays very still but very alert, blanket tucked around his chin. He wished he had his web-shooters; not so much for the actual webs themselves, although they would be helpful, but for the soothing gesture of tapping the bracelets.

The rustling in the room intensifies, with the sound of someone’s heart rate very close to Peter’s. Jackson, in the cot next to him, whimpers, sobbing in his sleep before waking up with a hitched gasp.

Hearing the half-asleep groans of annoyance from the other three kids, Jackson scrambles to his toes and runs into the bathroom at the end of the room. Peter concentrates, and still hears faint cries from inside the bathroom.

Quietly, he awkwardly pulls himself up from his cot, disentangling from the blanket and padding over to the bathroom.

He raps twice on the door. “Jackson? You, uh, you okay?”

The door unlocks wordlessly, and Peter slips inside. Jackson is sitting on the closed toilet lid, his knees to his chest and his freckled face pink from crying. Tear streaks run down his cheeks and meet at his chin before falling. The bathroom is lit by only a small nightlight, and a warm but strong glow stretches across their features.

“Hey…” Peter steps closer cautiously, reaching out a hand to touch Jackson’s shoulder. He doesn’t flinch away. “Bad dream?” Peter asks.

“Nightmare.” Jackson spits out, like it’s a curse.

“Oh…” Peter says, rather lamely.

Peter doesn’t know how to console these children. He doesn’t know how to help. Hell, half the time he can hardly console himself. He’s a child!

But they’re all stuck, and they’re all being used, and they’re all special, with skills they don’t understand. So Peter can work with that.

“I get nightmares, too, Jackson. It’s alright.” Peter reassures, looking at him earnestly.

Jackson brushes this off, huffing as he wipes more tears from his faces. “But you’re Spider-Man.
You’re a superhero. You can’t get nightmares.” He says with an air of disbelief.

“Course I can!” Peter smiles. “Superheroes get nightmares, too.”

Seeing that Jackson is still silently crying, his face still very warm and red, Peter stands slowly and finds a washcloth, wetting it with cool water. He presses the cloth to Jackson’s cheeks, smiling when the younger boy sighs contentedly.

“I have a friend.” Peter starts, hushed. “I love him, but I haven’t told him yet. He’s the best person ever. He used to be kinda bad, but nobody ever bothered to understand him. His heart is really really good, and he’s the bravest person I know. His name is Wade.” Peter says, and Jackson listens with interest, his wide eyes glassy with tears. He sniffs.

“You know what he told me a few weeks ago, when I was having a nightmare?” Peter hums, wiping the cloth over Jackson’s forehead as his tears slowly stop.

“What?” Jackson mumbles in interest. “What’d he say?”

Peter removes the cloth and dries Jackson’s face with the hem of his shirt. He kneels back down in front of Jackson. His eyes unfocus, thinking back warmly to that night. “He held me, and told me, ‘You can be scared and brave at the same time. They don’t cancel each other out.’” Peter whispers, and he heaves a deep breath.

“He sat behind me and rocked me, and I believed him. He was right. And I fell asleep again.” His voice is shakier than he would’ve liked. He wishes more than anything to be with home, to get out of here and hug Wade and Matt and Aunt May.

He had just found Wade. He had finally found someone who he can relate to, who he can trust in his civilian life and his hero life. He found someone who cared for him and who was funny and silly and brave and good.

And it was ripped away in a matter of seconds on a goddamned rooftop.

Jackson is visibly calmer. “I guess your friend Wade is pretty smart.” He admits, and Peter laughs softly.

“Yeah. Yeah, he’s good like that.” Peter muses.

“Why didn’t you tell him that you love him?” Jackson asks curiously.

Peter starts but stops, at a loss. Leave it to kids to ask the real questions. “I think I was scared. I wasn’t scared of loving him, but I was scared of losing him. When you say you love someone, it becomes… more real. Losing him would hurt more. If I said that I loved him, and then we separated… it would be too much.” Peter says softly. He only hopes he’ll be able to tell Wade soon.

“I guess that makes sense.” Jackson sniffs, rubbing his eyes.

“Are you brave, Jackson?”

Jackson nods hastily.

“Then you can be scared, too.”

Jackson launches off the toilet lid to hug Peter. The force almost knocks him to the ground, but he plants his feet and hugs Jackson back tentatively, his hand coming to rest on the base of his skull. He
pats his back for several moments. “We’re gonna be just fine.” Peter rasps.

He wonders if this is true. He has no doubt they’ll escape, whether on their own or with the help of Wade and the rest of his companions. But will they escape before anything dreadful happens?

Jackson goes slack in Peter’s arms. He fell asleep.

Peter swallows awkwardly, taking a moment to get a grip on Jackson, one arm across the small of his back and the other keeping his head on Peter’s shoulder. He stands carefully, and nudges the bathroom door open with his foot. He walks out of the bathroom quietly, Jackson’s cheek smushed against Peter’s neck. His feet dangle against Peter’s thighs, and the trusting warmth of a child against him is kind yet odd.

He lays him back down onto his cot, and pulls the blanket over him, tucking him in as best he can.

He stands back upright, and turns toward the mirrored wall. He watches. He wonders if someone is watching back. If the slight tingle at the base of his neck is any indication, someone is most likely observing them. He sets his jaw and his eyes become stony, shoulders squared.

“Good luck.” He mouths silently, a quiet dare to whoever is behind the glass.

It isn’t until Peter gets back in his own cot does he realize Psyche, Blaire, and Theodore are all propped on their elbows watching him.

Peter stares back wordlessly.

“We’re gonna be just fine.” Peter rasps.

He stands back upright, and turns toward the mirrored wall. He watches. He wonders if someone is watching back. If the slight tingle at the base of his neck is any indication, someone is most likely observing them. He sets his jaw and his eyes become stony, shoulders squared.

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It isn’t until Peter gets back in his own cot does he realize Psyche, Blaire, and Theodore are all propped on their elbows watching him.

Peter stares back wordlessly.

“I hop you liked that!

PLEASE LEAVE COMMENTS THEY KEEP ME ALIVE
The Hunt Part 2

Chapter Notes

GUYS - we got to 78,000! Which means that Dissonance got over 500 hits in about a DAY! That's wild! Thanks!

I hope you like this chapter, 'cause it was SO FUN to write. For real.

SLIGHT CHANGE: Aponi’s name has been changed to Psyche, from Native American to Greek. Her name now means "butterfly" in the Ancient Greek dialect. There are too many inaccuracies with Native American name databases and too many white rip-offs, so I changed her.

OMNISCIENT POV

“Unbelievable.” Wade grits out.

Three days. It’s been three days, and for all Wade is concerned, the Avengers are basically sitting on their thumbs. Peter was taken early Thursday morning, and it’s Sunday afternoon. He and Matt haven’t left this penthouse once since then.

“Wade.” Matt says placatingly, but it’s tired, like he knows it won’t help.

“Do not Wade me, mister.” Wade snaps, and Matt somehow manages to stare right into Wade’s eyes.

“I want him to be found as much as you do. And I think you’re underestimating how badly the Avengers care about Peter.” Matt explains lowly, moving closer beside him on the circular couch in Tony’s penthouse. The fire hearth crackles and the sofa is soft and inviting, but they’ve never been more stressed.

“Peter is like a son to Tony, you know that.” Matt says, and Wade huffs. "Do you think Peter made that suit himself, that helps him control his sensory input? Do you think he built those sleek web-shooters all on his own? Tony did that for him, when he was young. He might not have known it was Peter, but one way or another, Tony has cared for that boy since he was fifteen."

Wade hadn’t thought of that. In Tony’s heart of hearts, behind the snark, behind the tiny-man Napoleon complex, behind the stony facade, he cares for Peter.

But he isn’t caring fast enough. “They haven’t even told us their plan yet!” Wade bellows angrily, and for the fifth time in that hour, he disassembles and reassembles his gun in a self-soothing habit.

“They basically just disappeared!”

This goes on for several more hours. Wade is considering pissing in Tony’s fire place out of spite, or drinking all his expensive alcohol, or convincing Jarvis to call Tony something degrading.

He knows none of this behavior will actually speed up the process of whatever plan they’re concocting, but fuck. How could Wade let this happen! How could he let the most amazing thing that ever happened to him just drop out of the sky, and fall into the hands of the most vile corporation in
existence?

And Wade is stuck here, because as much as he wants to act immediately and kill everyone in sight to find Peter, he knows acting emotionally won’t help. He might end up harming Peter in the process. So he can’t even do anything.

“Right, that’s it. I’m gonna take a leak in his fireplace.” Wade says in resignation, standing abruptly and unbuttoning his fly. He’s about to take himself into his hand, shimmying his hips, but Matt kicks him behind the knee, knocking him back onto the sofa.

Wade hisses, raising his hips and buttoning his pants back, throwing his arms in the air dejectedly.

“Do you think pissing in his fireplace is going to accomplish anything? Do you know how gross burnt urine smells?” Matt asks flatly.

“No, but it'll make me feel better!” He says petulantly.

“Wade, the last thing you need cosmetically is having fire near your dick.” Matt says bluntly, and Wade is about to be offended before pausing. He’s right, anyway.

“Matt. I love him.” Wade says hoarsely. And it’s true. God, it’s the truest thing he’s ever said in his miserable life.

Matt takes a breath. “And you’ll tell him that.” He says. “You’ll tell him, because he is the most clever piece of shit I know, and you two are going to find each other.”

Nobody speaks after that. Nobody speaks, until twenty minutes later, when Tony and Bruce step into the room with Steve, Clint, and Natasha following close behind.

They move wordlessly over to the couch. Tony presses a button on the remote, and the fire stops, replaced by a sliding table that covers the hearth.

“We’re going to build a bomb.” Tony says.

Wade blinks. “So your plan is to kill everyone?” He blanches. “I could’ve done that for you three days ago! We’re supposed to save Peter. And all the other hostages in there.”

Bruce shakes his head, pulls a tablet out from under his arm, and places it flat on the table in between them. He presses a button, and a massive 3-dimensional screen opens up, projecting into the air.

“Look,” he says behind the screen. “Matt, we incorporated heat signatures into the screen projections to indicate where walls and rooms are sectioned off.” Bruce says, and Matt nods in interest, staring at the projection and listening intently.

Bruce takes a breath and begins. “We found where the main Weapon Plus corporation is located. There are others, but considering they’ve wanted Peter for quite some time, they’re definitely keeping him near the best technology. Tony had Jarvis conduct a state-wide search on all facilities emitting a large amount of medical-grade electronic equipment frequencies. We obviously ruled out the hospitals and doctor’s offices, and were left with one massive building in the middle of nowhere, basically.”

“So he’s somewhere in there.” Wade says blankly, pointing at the low, wide building projected on the screen, with internal blueprint layouts on the bottom corner. He can’t help himself - he extends his finger out to touch the building, and his hand goes right through, warping the image for a brief second. He sighs.
“Yes.” Bruce says.

“The bomb we’re building,” Tony begins, “is pretty damn clever, I might say.” He smiles grimly before continuing, and changes the projection to a series of DNA strings, codons, and genetic codes, all spinning around the screen.

“This string of genetic code is strictly human DNA.” He points to the left side of the screen.

“But these.” He points to the right side of the screen, “These are mutant and mutate DNA variations.” He smiles proudly to himself, his shoulders squaring.

Wade’s heart swells with hope just a bit, beginning to understand the genius behind Bruce and Tony’s plan.

“The bomb will emit a strong, colorless aerosol that will travel through the ventilation in the building. The chemicals in the aerosol only target human DNA. As soon as they inhale that aerosol, all humans in the facility will collapse, unconscious, for one hour.” He says.

Wade allows himself a smile, inching to the edge of the sofa. He laughs breathlessly, holstering his gun after reassembling it.

“Mutants and mutates will be perfectly awake and unharmed? Their captors will just... drop?” Matt asks.

“That’s the plan.” Tony nods. “Bruce and I are just working out the kinks.”

“Natasha and Clint will wear gas masks, but they’ll be able to come inside with us. Everyone else here is either a mutant or mutate; they’ll be unharmed from the aerosol.” Steve promises.

Wade nods excitedly, clapping his hands together and rubbing. “I, uh, I have a ton of problems with you guys sometimes. Y’all annoy the shit out of me, but I really have to thank you for caring about Peter so much. You’re kind of stifling sometimes, but he cares about you, and I can see that the feeling is mutual.” Wade says quietly, and he actually means it.

“Well, you’re no walk in the park either, Wade.” Tony says good-naturedly. “Don’t worry, you’ll get your boyfriend back soon enough.”


“Don’t even try.” Tony waves it off, and once again, Natasha slaps a twenty dollar bill into Clint’s open hand. Tony leans in now, closer to Wade with narrowed eyes. Wade cocks his head in silent interest, a dare of sorts. “But just know, if you hurt him, he’ll kill you. And then, Wade, when you come back to life, I’ll kill you.”

Wade isn’t remotely offended by this, or even surprised. Instead, he smiles brightly. “I would have been worried if there wasn’t a threat.” Wade shrugs.

“So!” Wade says. “When do you think it’ll be ready?” He asks. Nothing will be on his mind until he knows Peter is away from that disgusting corporation. Nothing is important until they infiltrate that building.

“It’ll be ready by tomorrow afternoon. Tomorrow, we’ll do planning and infiltrate that night. Monday.”
Wade clenches his jaw. That’s too long. Any amount of time is too long in a place like Weapon Plus. Hell, even if Wade were only stuck in Weapon X for a day, he would have been traumatized for life. He can’t imagine the new technology they’re using for Peter, being stuck in there for another day. Four days is a lifetime in that facility.

“Well,” Wade takes a breath. “We’ll, uh, leave you to working out the kinks, then.” He says. “I don’t want to waste your time with this.”

Bruce, finally, after three days of sleeping on the penthouse sofa, directs them to a guest room at the end of the hall, by the elevator. Wade grabs his guns strewn around the sofa, snatches Matt’s phone off the table for him, and they head out the door.

“And to think,” Wade says, “I was going to piss in your fireplace.” He dares let himself feel hopeful - only a bit, the faintest sliver. But he knows nothing is alright until Peter is out, and that corporation is run into the dirt where it belongs.

“You were going to what?” Tony asks shrilly.

Matt takes Wade’s elbow and pulls him through the door. “G’night. Thanks.”

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked it!

PLEASE DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS IF YOU LIKED MY STORY! I LOVE READING THEM!

ig: petr.prkr + dissonance.fic for sneak peeks!
Day Three, and Other Adventures.

Chapter Notes

look at me, spittin’ out chapters.

ANYWAY, enjoy this Peter-and-kids dialogue and flashback! It's sad and fluffy simultaneously!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s the morning of day three, and the tension in the room is thick. It has been eerily silent from their captors since Peter first got put into the facility three days ago. No child has been escorted out of the room, no child has been spoken to, or tested on. Nothing.

This radio silence is more unsettling than being poked and prodded at, Peter thinks to himself.

“Why haven’t they done anything?” Blaire asks that morning, as they sit around the table in their shared room. The table and chairs were certainly built for smaller children, and Peter sits on the little stool with his knees bent up awkwardly. He’s reminded to be thankful for his flexibility. Jackson is able to sit comfortably, swinging his feet, and even Psyche, the oldest, can sit without contorting her legs. “They usually take one of us in the morning, every other day.” Blaire says nervously, nibbling at her granola.

All five captives are eating granola and orange slices, with a bottle of water each. Peter was initially surprised by this, the first day he arrived. He was expecting their room to be dark and dingy, and the food to be unhealthy and bland. Peter knows for a fact that adult mutants and mutates in facilities like this experience significantly worse conditions.

It seems quite the opposite, though, which is beginning to make sense to him. Children aren’t done growing. They need food - healthy food - and clean spaces and a bright environment. They need companions. And while Peter and the kids are provided with the bare minimum of these things, they are provided nonetheless.

They want to make sure their test-subjects and future soldiers are healthy. They aren’t protecting the children, they’re protecting the children’s abilities.

Peter pushes aside his breakfast again, rationing his food between the four other children. He knows he should eat; his metabolism is too fast, and his body requires a significant amount of food. But the food here sickens him - being held hostage and anticipating all the torture going on behind these walls, it’s too much for him to eat.

He also supposes he’s forgoing as much food as possible out of spite towards his captors’ wishes of healthy test-subjects.

“I don’t know.” Peter says after some time to Blaire. “They’re waiting for something.” He watches curiously as Jackson sticks an entire orange wedge in his mouth, convinced he’s about to have to perform the Heimlich Maneuver on an eight-year-old. Instead of choking, Jackson sticks the orange rind against his teeth and smiles a great big orange smile. A smile dances across Peter’s lips half-heartedly. They’re still children, no matter where they are, and they will act as children do. But that
makes Peter even more sad.

“Maybe they’re, like, inspecting your behavior before they bring you out to test on you?” Psyche offers, scooping up a handful of granola and crunching.

Maybe, but Peter doubts it. He has the feeling that Weapon Plus is a hands-on kind of organization. The only reason they wouldn’t act immediately is if they were planning something. Something does spark Peter’s interest, though.

“You mentioned my behavior…” Peter narrows his eyes against the bright fluorescent lights in their room.

“So?” She asks.

“So, maybe it’s not only my behavior they’re looking at.” He says, and all the kids watch him with a mix of curiosity and confusion.

“Guys, they want us to be in here long enough to have bonded.” Peter says, and Psyche gets a look of understanding across her face, and she shudders.

“They want us to develop care for each other, they want to see how I treat you all, and how you all treat me. They want us to be close. They’re not going to separate us until they think we’ve gotten to be some sort of family unit, all together.” He explains, and all the children stay silent in anticipation.

“They’re expecting me to have picked up the leader role.” Peter says, so quietly that they all lean in closer around the table.

“How come?” Theodore asks, eyes wide and voice wavering with fear, pulling his knees to his chest and leaning back in the tiny chair. “Why is that so scary?”

“Because if we care about each other, and if I care about your well being,” he takes a tired, ragged breath, his head in his hands, “we won’t individually act out or try to escape. They’ll hurt the rest of us if one tries to escape. They want us to care for each other so we won’t risk our safety by being bad.”

Blaire’s lip trembles very faintly. “They just ensured that we become the perfect captives.” Peter says more to himself now, but they all hear it.

Peter pushes himself up abruptly, the small chair skittering out from behind him. The anger and concern he feels right now… it’s palpable, and raw, and painful. He squeezes his eyes shut and digs his palms into his shut eyes.

This is my fault, he thinks. A logical part of him tells him that it’s nowhere near his fault, but the moral and emotional bit of him… how could it not be his fault?

“Fuck.” Peter groans, bringing his hands up to drag through his curls. Except he keeps forgetting - there are no curls. His hands meet a shortly-cut buzz.

“They know Spider-Man’s behavior. They know he’s too… too nice.” He huffs. “They knew I would care for all of you, they knew I would take on the leadership role, and they knew it would ensure that I not act out, for your safety.”

Peter is suddenly reminded of a conversation with Deadpool several years ago, and for a moment, the pressure in his chest dissipates, and he’s sitting on the edge of a high-up roof. He feels safe, because the rooftops always make him feel safe…
Deadpool had said something to him, when he was only newly seventeen and they were meeting on rooftops a few times a month. Wade was questioning why Peter refused to be more aggressive with the criminals he faced, why he would rather get hit a few times than really injure someone but have the problem solved.

He asked this, because moments earlier, Spider-Man had refused to seriously hurt an armed robber and instead got a slit cut into his thigh before disarming the robber.

Now he was using wadded up Taco Bell napkins to dab at his injury on a far-up roof with Deadpool at his side, watching with a simultaneous air of concern and boredom.

“That’s your fatal flaw.” Deadpool had said decidedly, swinging his feet from the ledge of the roof. He handed Spider-Man a strip of thick gauze and medical tape. Peter took it with long fingers, blood around his nails and in the lines of his palms. Peter had dabbed at the bleeding flesh of his thigh tentatively, and placed the bandage on with a stifled yowl of pain, curling his toes.

He sucked in a breath and let it go shakily, taping the corners down as gently as possible.

“You know, I used to be in the army. I’m sure I had some field medical training.” Deadpool offered, but Peter ignored him, deciding not to risk it.

“My what? What’s a fatal flaw?” He gasped out, unshed tears stinging his eyes. He was glad for secret identities, at the time, because at least the mask hid his crying.

“Your fatal flaw. Y’know, that character trait that always fucks someone up.” Deadpool had said nonchalantly, wiping taco grease on the strip of rooftop ledge between them. He kept his mask rolled up across his nose, probably forgetting it was ever up. “You’re too nice. It’s gonna get you one day, Spidey. It’s gonna catch up and bite you in that perky ass of yours.”

“Don’t be weird.” Spider-Man had mumbled, but he was thinking hard on what Wade had just told him.

“Eh, sorry.” Deadpool smiled, balling up the taco wrapper and throwing it at Spider-Man’s chest. It bounced and began to tumble over the ledge, falling down, down, down.

Spider-Man webbed the long gash in the leg of his suit together haphazardly. Usually, he wouldn’t have bothered with temporarily patching up his suit, but it was December and cold. Not to mention, the slit in his suit extended from his knee all the way up to his inner thigh, and already exposed the hem of his boxer briefs. So Spider-Man was not thrilled to be sitting half-naked beside Deadpool, who would usually leer at him even if his suit weren’t revealing skin.

“So, what’s your fatal flaw?” Spider-Man asked, grabbing another wrapper and hurling it at him this time.

Deadpool feigned injury, clutching his side and collapsing across Spider-Man. Despite being heavy and fairly handsy, Deadpool was careful not to put pressure on Spider-Man’s injured leg.

He caught Deadpool, but only because he would have plummeted off the roof if he let him keep being dramatic.

“Well?” He pushed, curious, shoving Deadpool back up to his spot, scrunching his nose at the smell of taco sauce. “What’s your fatal flaw?”
Deadpool thought for a minute. Spider-Man started to wonder if he forgot the question entirely.

“Yanno, Pretty Boy, I don’t think you can gauge what your own fatal flaw is. That’s for someone else to do.” Deadpool said. Peter nodded in belated understanding, opting to ignore the odd pet name.

“Your fatal flaw…” Spider-Man hummed, curling his knees. Before he could bring both knees to his chest, Deadpool grabbed his injured one and set it back down. Peter muttered his thanks in surprise - if he had bent his knee, his wound would have reopened.

Peter has no doubt in his mind now what Deadpool’s fatal flaw is, no matter how surprising or awkward.

“Well. Well - your fatal flaw is that you are a walking paradox.” He said proudly, and Deadpool cocked his head.

“No, listen. It’s true. You come across as this murderous, unstable mercenary. And, I mean, you are, but not really.”

He noticed how Deadpool tensed before seeming to relax again.

“You’ve got your own rules and morals, but they’re there. I mean, it’s obvious, right?” He asked rhetorically, but it seemed like it was not, in fact, obvious to many others. He continued. “It’s obvious that you’re trying to be something more than the product of whatever happened to you.” He said, taking a breath to phrase his next thoughts.

Deadpool turned to him then, his scarred face still, his mouth downturned and parted slightly.

“But the world thinks you’re bad ‘cause they don’t really know what happened, right? It’s provoking you instead of promoting you to be better. I mean, what can normal people compare a traumatic experience like that to?” Spider-Man rambled, getting invested in this now.

“So, your fatal flaw is the world thinking you’re inherently evil. Nobody can really give you a chance if they’ve made their own opinions already.” Peter shrugged.

He’s guilty of that, too. Of course he regarded Deadpool carefully, but he wasn’t all that frightened of him anymore. Sure, Deadpool was pushy and handsy and hardly ever careful about not killing people, and his jokes are inappropriate. But trust was forming between them as Peter learned that Deadpool’s random behavior wasn’t really all that random and that he did, in fact, care.

Deadpool was silent for several seconds.

And then several minutes.

Behind the mask, Peter panicked. Did he break Deadpool?

But then he heard a sniffle, and Deadpool’s shoulders squared with something like relief or pride, or something. Peter couldn’t quite read Deadpool’s behavior yet. He’s erratic and chaotic, he knew that, but there’s something else. Something good and misunderstood. Something that simultaneously diverts yet demands attention.

“Is it just me, or should we totally make out right now to forever remember this odd yet emotional moment.” Deadpool asked suddenly.

At first, Peter’s eyes widened and he was ready to hurl Deadpool off the roof. But he couldn’t stop
the laugh that escaped his throat, and he’s rolling his eyes in annoyance.

“Yeah, I don’t think so, ‘Pool.” Peter said dismissively, adjusting his web-shooters before swinging off of the building.

“Nobody says goodbye anymore!” Wade yelled. Peter was already shooting a web at the next building and curling his body forward against the night air, his voice echoing against the skyscrapers that stood like tall suburban giants.

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Peter blinks away from his reverie, looking down at his thigh as if the would from that night would reappear, staining his white pants a deep crimson red and trickling down his leg.

“That’s my fatal flaw.” He says hoarsely. Too nice. What a horrendous thing to call a flaw. But it’s true, because here they are.

“Oh…” Jackson says sullenly. “Wanna cuss again?” He offers kindly, tepidly sticking another orange wedge in his mouth.

“Fuck!” Peter screams, and with all his might he punches the mirror. He uses every bit of strength he has, every ton of pressure his abilities provided him with. The glass rattles violently; so violently, in fact, that for a split second Peter thinks the shockwaves were going to break the glass. It doesn’t.

But he must have come pretty damn close. Because all of a sudden, an excruciating, paralyzing jolt of electricity radiates out from the collar on his neck. Peter jolts forward before falling to his knees, craning his neck and squeezing his eyes shut.

Jackson screeches in terror, Blaire pulling him close and petting his hair.

The collar turns off suddenly, but the electric charge was enough to make tears spring to his eyes.

Peter gasps for breath, pulling himself up adamantly. He casts a look so menacing and determined at the mirror that the kids collectively take a step back.

Fine. New plan, he thinks.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that!

PLEASE DON’T FORGET TO COMMENT STUFF YOU ENJOYED!

AND!!!! the next chapter’s got some light light smut lol.
“New plan.” Peter croaks, very thankful for his healing factor, no matter how small. The burning sensation from the collar’s shock is already dissipating quickly.

“Did we ever have a plan to begin with?” Psyche asks.

“Quiet, you.” Peter warns, but there’s no anger in his voice. She smiles slightly at him, and he smiles back.

They gather themselves on their cots, and curl their knees up to their chests, ducking their mouths below their knee caps. Peter had made them do this the very first day he arrived whenever they spoke about anything important - it was too risky talking about their plans when somebody behind the glass could potentially read lips.

“Okay.” Peter says. “Does anyone know how the collars work? Or has any kind of idea?” He asks, wedging a finger through his own collar and swallowing thickly out of habit. He isn’t facing the mirror, but he knows his reflection must look eerie.

“We don’t think they’re automatic.” Psyche says. “It doesn’t hurt us if, for example, our heart rate increases, or if it gets wet.”

The four kids and Peter seem to agree that the collars are commanded by people, not set up to be automatic response technology. If Peter were to raise his fist at Jackson, the collar would shock him. If Psyche were to use her powers against one of the other captives, her collar would sedate her. Which means, someone must always be watching from the one-way mirror.

“What about the bathroom, then?” Peter asks. “Who’s watching the bathroom?”

The kids all seem to look at each other. “We dunno.” Theodore mumbles. “Maybe no one.”

“Well, it’d be good to have a place to talk freely.” Peter gestures to the fact that they’re all hiding their mouths behind curled knees. “If the bathroom is people-free, we could practice how to get out of here together, or at least talk easier.”

“But they had no problem the night before last when you went to the bathroom with Jackson after his nightmare.” Theodore addresses.

So, either there is a way for their captors to watch them from the bathroom, or they just don’t think two people in a tiny bathroom is a threat.
Peter stands abruptly and walks over to the bathroom. The kids all crane their necks and hang off their cots to try and watch him.

He shuts the door behind him, and braces himself in front of the sink.

He thinks for a moment, before reeling back and throwing his head forward, resembling knocking his head against the wall. Surely they can’t have their test-subjects hurting themselves.

But his collar does not shock him.

“Hm.” Peter chuffs. He finds his toothbrush, and he easily breaks the lower corner off. What he’s left with is his toothbrush, turned into a sharp prison shank.

Peter scans the walls for cameras and sees nothing. Regardless, in one swift motion, he presses the sharp toothbrush point to the bare skin of his forearm, and digs in. He mimics carving a hard line vertically down the expanse of his arm, his shoulders hunched so as to block any precise view. It’s not hard enough to cut him, but it definitely appears that way.

And still, no collar shock.

“Pretend attempted suicide, and still no intervention?” He sighs, turning to look around the tiny bathroom. There’s only a sink, toilet, and shower. There’s hardly any room for him to even pace without getting dizzy. If his collar didn’t shock him for almost slamming his head into the wall, then there must not be cameras in the main part of the bathroom.

“Nothing by the sink or toilet.” Peter calls to the kids in the other room. “No cameras.”

“So the bathroom is safe!” Jackson hollers, and Peter can hear the excitement in his voice.

Peter narrows his eyes, about to respond before hesitating. “Not quite…” He says more to himself, but he hears the dejected “aw” from Jackson.

He tries one more thing. He turns to the shower, and yanks the curtain back, stepping closer. It’s just a plain shower, white tiled cubicle with a dip in the wall for a simple bar of soap to sit. There’s scentless shampoo and conditioner in the corner of the shower, and the drain is empty. A stainless steel shower head hangs above him, and Peter looks up at it curiously. His reflection stares back at him, warped and tiny in the metal.

He steps into the shower, and closes the curtain behind him.

Now what? How does he gauge if there’s a camera in here, somewhere?

Peter grunts, leaning back against the wall, his head hitting the tile softly, eyes shut. “I didn’t think this through.” He mutters. How can he be the leader of all these kids? They’re counting on him, when he’s hardly grown himself! The stress and anxiety is unimaginable. He knows they’re going to torture him at some point, and he doesn’t know what else he can handle, all his fears are going to build up and up and up up up until they -

An idea.

Peter stirs slightly, but keeps his eyes shut.

It’s obvious that Weapon Plus doesn’t want them to indulge in anything remotely entertaining or pleasurable. Nothing that could alter their brain activity themselves unless it’s done by the scientists and doctors.
“Unbelievable.” Peter says under his breath, anger and anticipation curling in his belly.

He hates this. He hates this entire goddamn facility, and all the people behind it, and the torture they put people through, an the inhumane conditions. He hates it all, and he especially hates right now, having to resort to silly tests just to see if they aren’t being spied on like animals.

But this idea could actually work.

“Fuck it all.”

So, Peter takes his right hand, drags it down his stomach delicately, until he stops at his waistband.

Slowly, he slips his hand into his pants with gritted teeth. He lets his lashes flutter against his cheeks, parting his mouth. He drags his hand down once, languidly, and back up to his pelvis. He tips his head back, sighing, parting his legs and arching his back.

Before he can fake anything else, his collar releases an agonizing wave of electricity. Peter cries out, falling to his hands and knees, throwing his head back as if he could somehow make the collar disappear.

Right before his vision begins to blacken too severely, right before he’s contemplating tearing it off his neck, the jolts of electricity stop.

“Okay! Fuck! Alright, I found the camera!” He screams, voice ragged and veins dark and angry along his arms, glaring up at whoever is watching. “You really think anyone could get it up in a place like this, anyway?!” He asks incredulously at the camera. He knows there’s no sound, but hopefully someone is reading his lips right now.

Peter gasps, pushing up to his knees, and then to his feet, bracing himself against the tiled wall before getting his balance. He recovers again quickly thanks to his powers, but the residual tremors still rack his body.

“Like I would put on a show for you.” He grunts.

He stares up at the shower head again, and knows that must be the camera. He shoots it a thumbs-up, plastering a smile onto his face.

Wiping his nose and washing his face to rid himself of the sheen of sweat the electricity left, Peter exits the bathroom.

All four children stare at him with wide eyes.

“I, uh, I kept faking stuff that I thought Weapon Plus wouldn’t like. There’s a camera in the shower.” Peter says dismissively, throwing himself back onto his cot with a wince, adjusting his pants.

“Well, we heard that. You yelled a little.” Theodore says sympathetically.

“But how did you find out?” Psyche asks, brows furrowed curiously.

Peter sighs, heat rising to his cheeks before he curls his knees again. “Well, I -” He isn’t about to explain this to a herd of kids.

“Look, I just know.” He says awkwardly. “Trust me, and take quick showers.”

Theodore’s eyes widen a little, his mouth making an “o” before he stifles a giggle. Psyche seems to figure it out too, because she smiles keenly, covering her mouth.
“Ah, shut up.” Peter huffs, but he’s grinning despite the burn marks on his neck and the absurdity of this entire situation. “At least we know now.”

“I don’t get it.” Jackson mumbles. “Did you pee in the shower, or somethin’?”

Peter ignores him for the sake of his own sanity.

“Mornings and nights, when we’re washing up for bed, we can talk freely.”

There seems to be a new wave of excitement in the air around the children now, a renewed sort of energy at the prospect of having a somewhat solidified plan.

“We can explore ideas, talk about plans, go over our abilities, and all that, when we’re showering and brushing our teeth and changing. There’s no audio in the camera in the shower - the spray of the water would distort it too much, so as long as the one in the shower doesn't physically do anything, we can talk freely.” He elaborates, and everyone nods in understanding, even Jackson.

The rest of the day is spent as normally as humanly possible. Normal is key. Theodore and Psyche play with a deck of cards, although the game is not familiar to Peter, and he has the suspicion that they made up their own rules. Blaire is taking a nap, blankets cocooned around her so that only the top of her curly head is visible. Peter helps Jackson color in pages from a coloring book on Disney Princesses.

“Princess Belle is pretty.” Jackson states, scribbling determinedly with a yellow crayon.

“She is.” Peter agrees.

“I wanna wear her dresses. They look cool.” Jackson continues, and Peter stills his coloring, glancing up at Jackson curiously, smiling.

“I’m sure you’d look nice in ‘em.” Peter says after a beat. “My friend - Wade, the one I was telling you about - he likes to wear dresses sometimes, too.”

“Does he look pretty in them?” Jackson asks.

Peter scrunches his nose. “Well, kind of. Not pretty, but nice, I guess.” He shrugs. Jackson seems content with this, and they flip the page and work on coloring Princess Tiana.

A full hour passes. A pretty nice hour, really, all things considered.

But then Peter hears clicking, and beeping, and locks clanging. Theodore, Psyche, Blaire, and Jackson all snap to attention, eyes wide and tense. Peter stands closest to the door, before the rest of the kids. His eyes squint and he presses his middle and ring finger to the palm of his hand instinctively, before remembering he doesn’t have his web-shooters.

Two tall, muscular men open the door to their room, and stand prone. “Child Z. Step forward and come with us.” One of the men say. Peter clenches his jaw. He’s Child Z.

Jackson scrambles up to Peter, whimpering and clutches his arm. His cheek is smushed against Peter’s forearm, and Peter pries him away. While the other kids aren’t clinging to him, they don’t look any better than Jackson, either. “It’s okay, Jackson. Don’t worry.” Peter says softly.

He walks calmly over to the two men by the door. “So, how’s this work? Do I hold your hand? Do you two swing me between you like two massive parents? Am I getting on one of your backs?” He asks curiously.
“Or, do you have a pouch that I jump in?”

One of the men positively growls, and snatches Peter’s arm with a speed and strength that rivals his own. *Mutants, maybe?* Working for Weapon Plus? He’s dragged out through the door, with the other man following close behind.

The door closes with a silent hiss, and Peter is being led down a pristine white corridor.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that!

PLEASE don't forget to leave comments! I love interacting with y'all and reading what you enjoyed!

instagram: petr.prkr + dissonance.fic
Testing, Testing, 1, 2, 3...

Chapter Notes

I'm SO sorry this took so long to update! I just needed to distance myself from this story for a while so i wouldn't get bored of it. But we are BACK!

I hope you enjoy this torture-y chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter understands early on that his best option is not to physically fight back. He can quip and snark and verbally bite all he wants. But if he fights back and hinders them in any way, there's no ensuring the kid's safety. And Peter accepts this.

He's here, he's stuck for the moment, and he just… he has to get through this. So he does. He tolerates it without physically fighting back the only way he knows how. He internalizes his fear the best he can, and finds comfort in knowing that once they have a plan, they will get out. They will find their family and their friends and their loved ones. And they will have a life after this. And he, the Avengers, and most certainly Wade, will make sure this facility will never see the light of day again.

“Nice to meet you all. My name is Peter Benjamin Parker, but I'm sure you already know that. Let's go around the room and introduce ourselves, hm?” Peter asks amicably.

No answer, but the two men begin to grab at the hem of his shirt and pants, peeling them off despite Peter's protesting. In only underwear, one man moves to the very corner of the room, and picks up a neatly folded pale green hospital gown from the floor.

It is thrust into Peter's hands wordlessly, and he slowly puts it on. “How… hospitable of you both. This sickly green really brings out my eyes. Especially under these evil fluorescent lights.” he mutters.

He's led by the two large men into the center of the room, to a large white chair. Or, he knew it was white at one point - it's tinged a coppery-red in some areas, clearly scrubbed and bleached away as best as possible. Blood. Peter swallows thickly but ignores it, and sits down.

The two guards move in tandem, almost robotically, to the corner of the room, and they remain there. Several minutes pass, and Peter is almost bored, when the average man with blond hair comes into the room. The man from his dreams, the man from the street. The man depicted to him as a projection of his spidey senses. Beside him is the meek, jittery man that is also familiar to Peter.

“Oh, Subject, you have no idea how difficult it was to capture you. Truly, it was nearly impossible. Between your odd familiarity with the Avengers and the fact that Tony Stark treats you like a son… I was concerned we would never have caught you.” He says earnestly, as if expecting Peter to apologize. Peter grits his teeth, eyes following the pacing man.

“Oh not to mention…” The man drawls, “that mercenary friend of yours. Wade Wilson. He is… fiercely protective of you. Rightfully so, considering how well acquainted he is with facilities like this.” He nods to himself, steepling his fingers.
“He most certainly loves you.” He says openly, eyeing Peter below his lashes.

Peter swallows around a lump in his throat he didn’t realize was there.

“But, alas, after all our hard work and determination, we finally have you in our facility!” He beams, clapping his hands gleefully then and turning his icy eyes to Peter.

“Congratulations.” Peter says with mock glee. “I’m sure you’re very proud of your mere luck.”

The man ignores this, but a vein bulging at his temple is enough of a statement. Instead he moves swiftly onward. “If you look down, you’ll see that the chair you’re sitting on has cuffs attached to the armrest and legs.” He intones.

Peter doesn’t have to look; he knows. He can feel the rough leather binding the outside, the strips of metal reinforcement bracing the middle, and the frayed, peeling material lining the inside. He feels sweat prickle the small of his back. Frayed fabric on the cuffs means that people were straining against them.

“I’m hoping you’ll behave, so we won’t need to use them today. Understand, though, that I will not hesitate to restrain you, and make this much more difficult for you and your young friends in the other room.” The man smiles but his words are ice.

Peter is so angry that his body is trembling with suppressed rage. His hands are tied, and he has no ground to stand on, which is exactly what Weapon Plus wanted. “I understand.”

“Good.” The regular-looking man says with his snakelike mouth. “Good. I’m glad you agree.”

Peter sets his jaw, takes a breath, and prepares himself.

What happens next is perhaps the worst, most grueling, inhumane, degrading day of Peter’s life.

The day started with the large, empty room being altered, changing into a makeshift firing range. The chair retracted into the ground, and a pane of bulletproof glass with small homes drilled in just large enough for the muzzle of guns.

“These will be rubber bullets. They won’t kill you, but I’m sure you wouldn’t be fond of their pain.” The man said from behind the glass, his voice loud and crackly through a speaker. “We are going to test your enhanced reflexes and precognitive abilities.” He intoned.

“Dodge.”

Peter furrowed his brows. “What? I’m in a hospital gown? How long do you want me to do this? How are you expecting me to dodge -”

And then the test started.

He was dodging point-blank rubber bullets for hours. And hours, and hours and and andandandand-

Until, after five hours, one nicked his arm.

Peter hissed in pain, throwing his hand over the reddening bruise.

The white-blond haired man pursed his lips behind the glass, turned his head slightly to his meek assistant, and spoke.

“Document that after five hours of strenuous reflex-based activities, the Subject begins to show
strong signs of decreased focus and increased exhaustion, at which point his mental state becomes detrimental to his safety.”

Peter bit his tongue hard enough to draw blood, and the average-looking man shot him the briefest saccharine smile. Peter spat the blood onto the floor.

They tested his strength next.

The two guards slowly brought a seemingly random assortment of junk into the room. Peter only had moments of respite; he stumbled on his feet, sweat matting his gown to his stomach and back. His chest heaved with every breath and his sides hurt from swerving and dodging close-range bullets for most of the day.

Shelled-out cars, metal scraps from furniture and buildings, cinder blocks with rusted wires jutting out of them appear in the room, before the guards exit and Peter was left alone again.

He isn’t sure how, but as if hurled by magnets, the scrap metal began to fly across the room at him. With each piece he caught and tossed aside, his wrists burned and his teeth rattled on impact. Hundreds of pounds, sometimes even tons, were being thrown at him. Four hours later, his hands were raw and bleeding, and the bottoms of his feet were scraped, the floor stained red in streaks from Peter bracing himself against the ground.

The next test was when his exhaustion settled deep in his bones. Air vents on every wall of the room creaked open, and a chill fell over the room. Crisp, freezing air blanketed Peter, and his breaths came out in white puffs within matter of seconds. His tears froze over and frost crept along the thick viewing window, spidering up from the corners until only a large portion of the middle was still visible.

“We’re testing your stamina to the elements and are gauging how thick your muscle tissue and skin are.” The man said simply. Through chattering teeth and curled toes, Peter sneered, “How sweet of you to keep me informed.”

This went on for over an hour. Over two hours.

Because hot air rises, Peter had quickly climbed up the walls to clutch to the ceiling. He kept his belly pressed to the ceiling, palms and toes stuck firmly.

This plan worked well for only half an hour, until the full strength of the cold invaded the room.

It wasn’t about staying warm anymore; it was about keeping the blood flowing to his hands and feet.

He dropped from the ceiling and sat in the corner of the room. He glanced briefly through the window, to see the average-looking man watching him with immense pleasure and curiosity, his assistants standing a few paces behind. The chill seeped under his skin and rested deep in his stomach. His lashes were frosted over and he had to keep his mouth shut so as not to freeze his tongue.

He tucked his hands into the hospital gown, and pulled his knees under the material. The groin is the warmest part of the body, so Peter set his jaw. He shoved his hands into his underwear and kept his body tightly compact. Keeping his toes warm, tucked close to his body, and his hands warm, between his thighs.

“Very smart, Subject!” The man goaded behind the glass.

“S-s-suck it.” Peter bit out, teeth clattering together. He ducked his head to his knees, and sat as still
as possible. Clotted blood and scabbing scrapes froze over and made his sore skin painfully tight.

After what seemed like an eternity, the freezing air slowly tapered back to normal temperature. His skin returned to his normal color, and frozen tears resumed their trek down his face. The tips of his fingers were burning with heat again, and he could feel his toes.

The speaker crackled momentarily before the man’s crisp voice filled his ears once more. “Do you know how cold that was?” He asked, a bit breathlessly, the smile audible through his words.

Peter didn’t answer, but looked up warily from between his knees.

“That was 0 degrees Fahrenheit, with strong windchills. For two hours.” He says excitedly, scribbling hastily down on a paper and instructing his assistants to do the same. “The Subject displays success in withstanding extreme cold conditions, with considerably prolonged stamina to biting cold weather…. Two hours of exposure for the Subject resembles a mere thirty minutes for an average human.” He shakes his head in awe, a cruel smile warping his face.

They kept him for several more hours.

Eventually he was strapped into the chair. The average-looking man drew blood, took saliva samples and hair follicles, and conducted a full body exam that was... too thorough. Peter was screaming, cursing, kicking and writhing away from the man’s harsh touches, panting and gasping and pulling against his restraints.

Finally, when his head was swimming and the lights were blinding to his senses, and he dissociated from the scene around him, the fluorescent lights turned off and the cuffs were unlatched. His wrists and ankles were raw and bleeding and the two guards returned to practically carry him out.

His feet skipping and dragging down the hall, his eyes falling shut, the guards unlock his old room and the door slides open. “It's three in the morning. Go to bed, Subject.” One of the guards intones before the shut the door back.

Peter stumbles before falling to his knees onto the linoleum ground.

All the children, clearly only pretending to be asleep, whip their blankets off themselves and scramble to Peter’s side.

“Peter, you left at noon! They had you for 15 hours!” Theodore says, voice high and shrill in panic.

Fifteen hours, Peter thinks. Fifteen hours. God. He can hear his shallow breaths in his ears, feel the hard lump in his throat as he swallows back tears. His fear and anger meld together in his belly, and he has all the emotion in the world right now with no physical energy to act on it.

Peter squeezes his eyes shut against the noise, attempting to pull himself up to his feet. He trips, and Blaire reaches out and rights him, keeping her hands firmly on his sides. “I- I’m okay, guys. ‘S all fine. Don’t worry.” He slurs, because he wants it to be fine. He knows it’ll be fine, but he wants the kids to know, too. They don’t deserve this, either.

“You will be okay.” Psyche says, eyes hard and worried. Together, her and Blaire push him toward his cot. In one fluid motion, Peter sinks down onto it, his head knocking back onto the pillow and his eyes falling shut.

The world disappears into a dizzying blur, and exhaustion settles over him like a scratchy blanket as his healing factor slowly mends his body.
Sleep is taking him quickly, and the last thing he feels is a cold towel being pressed to his forehead and blankets being pulled over his body.

“Spider-Man always wins.” Jackson says weakly, hesitant and cowering behind Psyche.

“Yes, he does. And he’ll win again. All heroes fall sometimes.” Psyche assures, her voice strong and unwavering.

“But this one gets back up. I mean, look at all he’s done so far.” Theodore says proudly. “He’s just gotta sleep off… all this.”

Chapter End Notes

WOOOO i hope you folks liked that!

PLEASE don't forget to comment and leave kudos!

ig: petr.prkr + dissonance.fic

tumblr: petr-prkr
Hello! Things are slowly coming to an end, but before that, things are about to get badass and intense again!

I hope you like this, and PLEASE READ ALL THE END NOTES!!!!

Peter wakes up at noon the next day, well after breakfast has been delivered to them all. He jolts upright in his cot, and squeezes his eyes shut against the sudden dizzy spell that temporarily overwhelms him.

Psyche pulls her eyes away from her conversation with Blaire at the sudden noise, and immediately yanks herself out of her chair to Peter. She crouches down beside him and everyone else follows.

“How are you feeling?” She asks, brows knit like usual, examining Peter with wary eyes. She reminds him of Tony. She presses a hand to Peter’s forehead, and removes it a moment later in satisfaction.

“Better.” Peter mumbles. “Pretty decent, actually.” He says, a half-lie. He feels okay, but if saying he feels good helps the kids, he’ll say it. His healing factor has certainly helped him a bit. But he can feel the tender bruises on his body and the cuts that have long since scabbed over.

Jackson is instantly at his side, wedging his head under Peter’s arms and sticking himself affectionately to his side. Peter pets his hair, holding him tight.

“You had cold sweats all night, but you were shivering. You had a fever for a few hours, but your head feels fine now.” Psyche says.

Peter nods belatedly. “That makes sense. They froze me. And a bunch of other stuff, but they froze the room to see how long I could stand it without hurting myself.” Everyone has varied looks of disgust and horror on their faces, but none look surprised.

“Well - Well that explains the fever, then.” Psyche says sullenly.

Peter takes Blaire’s hand, and pulls himself up with her support. They give Peter his untouched plate of food, and he picks at it until the plate is empty, mostly because he knows he needs to fuel his body’s healing factor. The kids ask him tentative questions about what they did to him, and he answers them earnestly, because he knows it’s all happened to them before.

“Uh, okay. We need to talk.” Peter tells the kids, his back towards the two-way mirror as he rubs his fingers determinedly down his pants to expel energy. And then, as he stands, he faces the mirror casually. “I’m going to shower, you guys all wash up from breakfast, okay?”

It’s insane to cram four kids and Peter into that little bathroom, but it’s the only place they can all speak openly. Peter will just have to take the fastest shower ever so nobody gets suspicious.

Peter goes in first, hastily strips, and steps into the shower, pulling the curtain shut. He glances up at
the camera with a quick wink.

“Enjoying the view?” He mouths, just because he can’t help it. Sure, they just spent the last day trying to beat the life out of him, but if he lays belly-up, he’s letting them win. And he will not let that happen.

Once all the kids are inside and the door is only a crack open, Peter turns his back to the camera in the shower, and makes slow work of lathering his hands with soap. He hears the water faucet turn on, and the kids outside the shower busy themselves pretending to get clean.

“They’re going to start taking us regularly again, now that they broke their pause and took me.” Peter intones, making a scene for the camera and dropping the soap, spending as much time as possible.

“They usually take us every other day, but who they take is always random.” Psyche says, and Peter can hear the rasp of a toothbrush.

“So we have today to figure out what to do?” Theodore asks.

Peter hums his agreement. He lathers the soap in his hands, but as soon as he starts cleaning himself, he recoils from his own hands. His body is significantly more healed, but still so sore from yesterday. The palms of his hands are blistered and scabbed and bruised from catching all the junk that was hurled at him. His wrists and ankles are a purplish-blue from pulling at his restraints, and so is his stomach.

Okay. Alright, uh, Blaire. How much can you lift?” Peter asks, narrowing his eyes as she thinks.

“Over two tons if I really need to.” She says, spitting toothpaste into the sink. That’s good; Peter can withstand about ten tons on an average day, and together they should be able to combine their strength if necessary.

“Theo?” Peter asks then, and he pokes his head out from the shower curtain. “How good is your camouflage?” He asks.

Theodore sets down his toothbrush, closes his eyes, and within moments, his body seems to trickle out of sight, manipulating the light and shadows around them until Peter can’t even see him.

In seconds, he’s back. “I can transfer my abilities to anyone I’m touching.”

Peter smiles in awe. His chest fills with something big and bright and hopeful. His eyes light up. They could really escape. “That’s… incredible.” He’s never seen anything like that. “How long can you manage doing that?”

At this, Theodore hesitates. “I can keep myself practically invisible for over an hour.” He says easily. “But all of us? I’ve never tried. Definitely not more than twenty minutes or so, though. I get too tired or weak; I’ll pass out.” Theodore assumes.

Peter nods, ducking his head back inside the shower and casting a side glance at the camera. “Psyche? How ‘bout you? What’s the extent of your water manipulation?”

There’s a brief pause. “Well, I can do this.” Psyche says simply. Peter’s about to question her, when the shower water comes out freezing cold. He yelps, arching his back from under the stream of water. “Woah, kid!” Peter screeches in indignation.

“Or this.” She continues, and the water becomes scalding, steam filling the tub. Peter clings to the walls with wide, shocked eyes.
“I can do this, too.” She says, and Peter almost doesn’t want to know. But before Peter can even guess what’s about to happen, the water pressure in the shower becomes almost painfully hard. The water pelts his tender skin and prickle like needles against his back. Psyche then brings the water pressure back to normal, and Peter unsticks himself from the wall.

He heaves a breathless laugh. “How long can you do that without getting tired?” He asks warily.

“Indefinitely.” Indefinitely.

Peter’s heart swells with pride and hope. He could cry. He’s going to get himself and these kids out of here.

“Uh,” Peter continues, wiping what must be a mix of water and happy tears away from his eyes. “Jackson? How about you, bud? How fast can you heal?” This is important, Peter knows. Jackson is the youngest, and therefore statistically the one most at risk of being hurt. Jackson being able to heal quickly is crucial.

“And then what?” He asks.

“Before they broke it all the way through, the other side started healing.” He says matter-of-factly. Peter can practically feel his blood boiling under his skin.

Peter blinks. Blinks again. That kind of healing rivals Wolverine’s. Hell, it rivals Wade’s. He turns the water off, sticks his hand out and yanks a towel off the rack, drying off haphazardly. In a matter of seconds, the towel is wrapped round his waist and he’s standing in front of the kids.

“Hey.” He says as they watch him curiously. “We could do this. Okay? This can really happen.” He says sternly, and he can practically see the pride on their little faces. He makes sure the shower curtain is shut and the camera is out of view before continuing.

“If they continue with their schedule, someone is getting taken tomorrow. Psyche, as soon as they call one of our names, I want you to…” And Peter explains everything. He isn’t sure it’ll work, but it’s the best plan he could possibly come up with. There are too many variables to guarantee anything will totally work, but Peter just has to tell himself that he’s been through worse.

He has to count on himself. He’s been Spider-Man for four years. He’s good. He can do this. And he has a herd of little kids who are undeniably, amazingly skilled and strong.

“Okay?” He asks. “Am I clear?”

Everyone looks up at him in varying degrees of awe and concern, but they collectively nod.

“Good.” Peter says kindly. “Now get out and let me change. This is weird.” He says belatedly, and Theodore giggles as Psyche ushers everyone out.

It’s not the safest plan, and Peter forces himself not to think about how breathtakingly fucked this could go. Because Peter has ran through hundreds of plans, and none are as decent as this one.

All of these little mutants trust him. They trust him intrinsically, not only because they know Spider-Man, but because they know him as Peter Parker, too. And that? That feeling of having children rely on him to survive, when Peter is a practically kid himself?
That is utterly terrifying.

If The Avengers and Wade are close to finding him, which Peter has no doubt they are, good. Great. But he can’t wait for them any longer - not in a place like this. Wade must know that. He's counting on Wade knowing that.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked that! Some wild stuff is 'bout to go down! Don’t forget to leave comments!

PLEASE READ:

1. I recently began taking prompts to write paid stories for you! Writing takes up a significant amount of my life, and although I love doing it, it's also hard to do anything else in the meantime. I've already done a few, as you can see from my recent works. I'll even beta/review your own writing for errors and cohesiveness! $5 per page, an extra $3 for smut. DM me on my Instagram: petr.prkr for more details, or email me at leo.misislyan@gmail.com
That night, Peter makes sure everyone eats all their food, and falls asleep nice and early. Jackson sleeps sprawled on his back, his shirt riding over his full belly. Psyche is curled up on her side, much like Blaire, and both girls are turned towards each other. Peter is surprised Theodore is even still on his cot - all his limbs are poking out and his face is smashed against his pillow, blankets tangled around his legs.

Before settling into his own cot, Peter pads quietly to the bathroom. He’s jittery, and his palms stick to his fingers; it’s common when he’s nervous, but he’d wish to have a better grasp over such minute aspects of his powers.

He turns on the faucet and cups his hands until they overflow with water, splashing his face. He barely dries his face when he looks back up at his blurred reflection. His cheeks have hollowed a bit, and his shaved head makes him look… mangy, scared, wary. He never much cared for his wayward tufts of curls, but they were part of him, and now something just seems wrong.

He’s paler, whether for lack of sun or for the general mistreatment or torture, Peter doesn’t care. A water droplet falls from his chin and he swipes at his face with his hands. He stares hard at his reflection, gripping the sink tightly.

“You can do it.” Peter tells himself, a silent dare. “You can do it, because who else will?” He whispers. “You have to, and you can. You’re Spider-Man!” Peter says. He turns the faucet off, and prides himself when his hands don’t stick to the metal.

Later, warring his brain, Peter spends far too much time awake that night. He assuages his guilt by convincing himself that one of the kids could’ve needed him, but that’s not really true. Peter simply can’t sleep because he’s nervous.

In theory, this is a perfectly normal thing for a nineteen-year-old to feel. This is a normal thing for anyone to feel, especially when that person is super-human, and has other super-human children relying on him to survive.

Eventually, though, exhaustion wins him over, and Peter falls asleep barely before midnight ticks on the scuffed wall clock.

His dreams aren’t as vivid as they usually are - less 3D movie, and more misty crystal ball. Images swirl through his mind in foggy tendrils. A wicked cheshire-cat grin with wisps of white-blond hair falling into the open-mouthed person. Skip? Or his captor?

A new segment floats through his mind now. A sixteen-year-old Peter, no, Spider-Man, is being thrown into the side of a building with a startling crack. He isn’t sure if the brick or his own back made that noise. But he collapses onto the floor and props himself up on wobbly elbows, chest
heaving and vision blurring with fear and effort. *C’mon, Peter. Show them. Show them you can do it,* he thinks, blood wetting the mouth of his dirty mask.

The vision swirls to black and a new one takes its place - Aunt May, pressing a cold compress to his forehead and stripping his sweat-soaked pajamas in favor of dry ones. “Your fever is close to breaking, sweetheart. Uncle Ben is buying you soup at the store, okay, dear?” She hums. Peter, eyes lidded, nods weakly. “You’ll be just fine, Peter.” She promises. Peter believes her.

That dream sequence is washed away in favor of a more recent one. He’s seventeen, laying on his back, right at the edge of a rooftop in full Spider-Man gear. It’s past midnight, he had just finished patrolling and stopped two bank robberies and an alley mugging. He felt accomplished, if not a bit bruised up. His belly grumbles hungrily and he sighs, curling on his side in frustration. Since developing his powers, his metabolism has skyrocketed. He needs a huge amount of food and calories each day to keep up with how much new energy he uses to support his abilities. But he already had dinner. And Aunt May and him have snacks, sure, but they don’t have enough money or food for Peter to eat a second dinner every single night.

“Hey, Web-Head! Long time, no see!” Says a familiar and far too cheery voice. Deadpool clambers out of the rooftop exit, closing the rusted door with his foot haphazardly.

Peter picks his head up, smiles slightly. “Hi, Wade.” Peter says excitedly. Deadpool had only recently come into his life at that point, always offering a helping hand during patrols, and patching him up after particularly rough nights. His humor is… crude, and inappropriate, and sometimes makes Peter flush awkwardly, but he’s a good friend.

The smell of hot food follows Wade to the ledge of the roof as he sits beside Peter. This is a common occurrence; Wade usually ends up meeting with Peter at some point during patrols. And sometimes, if he’s lucky, Wade brings food.

Peter rolls onto his belly eagerly as Wade opens up the bag of food. “So,” Wade starts, stripping his gloves to reveal scarred hands as he separates tacos and chimichangas. “As much as I love feeding your growin’ body and seeing you all revitalized and shit, why don’t you ever eat before?” He asks curiously.

Happily taking the food Deadpool offers, Peter takes a bite and answers. “I do eat before. But my body metabolizes really, really fast. And it needs to replenish all the energy I put out.” He says knowingly, grinning as Wade hums and hands him another taco.

The dream fades out to something lighter, but… more meaningful. And it distinctly hasn’t happened in real life yet. In the dream, Peter throws himself at Wade with such force that Wade takes a step back before righting himself, wrapping his arms around Peter’s back. Heads nestled in shoulder crooks and eyes squeezed shut tight, Wade breathes in deeply, pressing impossibly closer to Peter. “I love you.” Peter breathes.

“I - I don’t know when or how it happened but I can’t even put into words how much I love you -” Peter starts, silenced by Wade’s mouth pressing against his.

“I love you” spins around in Peter’s dream-riddled mind. I love you, I love you, IloveyouIloveyou Iloveyou. And not just that phrase, no, but every other innumerable way to tell someone you love them. Put your seatbelt on. This made me think of you. I thought you might like this. Here, I made you this. Get home safe. I’m here, you’re okay. I trust you. I respect you. I wish you felt better. Let’s cuddle and watch this film together. I want to sleep beside you. I love you.

So, Peter’s eyes snap open in the middle of the night with the realization that he really, really, really
loves Wade for everything that he is and everything that he will never be. He wakes up knowing he has to tell him as soon as possible, because he just can’t fucking wait. He wants to hug him, patrol with him, help him, be friends and partners with him, accompany him on adventures.

For fuck’s sake - Peter even wants to reattach his goddamn limbs when he gets them blown off. He wouldn’t mind. He’ll put up with Wade’s lewd humor and he actually enjoys it. That’s just who Wade is.

But as soon as Peter opens his eyes, a cloth presses down onto his mouth and nose, a chemically, sickly sweet smell overcoming his senses. Chloroform. The world fades away in a fuzzy haze, and he feels strong, unforgiving arms pick him up silently, with none of the children in the room the wiser.

Chapter End Notes

i hope you folks liked that... things will get mildly worse before they get better, but this story has a happy ending :)

DON’T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS AND KUDOS!

ALSO!!! totally unrelated but ahhh!!! i’m starting college at Purchase tomorrow as a Creative Writing Major!!!!!!

follow my instagram: petr.prkr
tumblr: petr-prkr
The day before the raid takes place, everyone spends their time huddled in Tony’s penthouse, folding themselves over blueprints and internal layouts of the facility. They’ve memorized every door, every window, every air vent in that place.

Before they break for the night, Wade keeps them all sitting for one minute, folding away his half-eaten takeout box of Chinese food. “I know the sticks up all your asses make you need to plan every mission precisely. But we cannot do that here. Peter’s not a civilian. He’s not defenseless. We need to go into that raid expecting him to have something planned, too. We should be ready to go along with whatever we see happening.”

Matt twists his chopsticks in his hands nimbly. “This is going to need a continuously open line of communication. If at any point we’re not sure exactly what plan to follow, the overall goal is to just eliminate as many Weapon Plus workers as we can.”

This, surprisingly, is not met with any disagreement. In fact, Steve nods his head solemnly, closing his empty container of noodles. “Agreed. He isn’t a regular kidnap victim, and we can’t expect him to have just been sitting patiently.” He says it with an undertone of pride that makes something swell in Wade’s chest.

Wade makes a sound of bitter understanding. “He’s going to be desperate and furious.”

“He needs to be.” Tony agrees.

This is perhaps the weirdest thing that has ever willingly happened to him. He’s sitting in a circle with the Avengers in Tony Stark’s penthouse.

And they’re actually all on the same team. Everyone is working in unison, in harmony, for one thing. Peter.

Peter is sonance. He unites and rallies and he’s just so good that sometimes it hurts.

Eventually, everyone heads to their respective guest rooms and hunkers down for the night. They leave the room with a sort of satisfied, determined resolution. Matt leaves last, clapping a hand on his shoulder.

Then, it’s only Wade on the couch, and Tony picking up all the takeout containers.

Wade rubs his hands down his thighs to smoothen wrinkled sweatpants. He pulls himself off the sofa and begins helping Tony with the task of cleaning up. They’re silent, the only noise in the room
coming from the clatter of plastic containers and the rhythmic *pop* of the garbage lid opening and closing.

When the last bin is thrown away and they stop moving around, Wade closes in on Tony.

“I need to make something very clear.” He says, and it’s the most serious Tony has ever heard him. He places a hand on Tony’s shoulder and his snowstorm eyes bore into the shorter man’s.

“I’m going with you. I’m sure as hell going to work with your team, because our goals are the same right now. But I am *not* going to be a *part* of your team.” He says, tight-lipped.

Tony knows what that means. He understands what Wade is saying. Wade is going to work with them to find Peter and destroy Weapon Plus.

But he would *not* be restricted by the Avenger’s moral limitations and codes.

Wade wanted to kill.

Tony watches Wade for a moment, jaw clenched, a silent conversation between them. Tony is in charge of his team. He’s not in charge of Wade. They technically have no affiliation. Wade is a… *freelance* man. And, to be perfectly candid, Tony doesn’t want to stop him.

“You’ll do what you need to do.” He says pointedly, with a curt nod.

Something in Wade’s eyes change. Perhaps it was the unspoken agreement the two men shared now, or perhaps it was the finality of the mission they were about to go on. But it meant one thing - Tony was putting every shred of his beliefs aside for Peter Parker. And that was all Wade really needed to know.

Tony claps him on the shoulder, and then leaves Wade alone in the penthouse living room.

It’s the evening before they raid the facility.

Wade spends the entire night and into the early morning inspecting his weapons. He cleans his katanas until he can see his reflection in the blades, and sharpens them until he slices the tip of his finger off by mistake.

He polishes the every muzzle of every gun, and fired practice shots into the dummy dolls in Tony’s basement training room.

At one point, Tony comes down to inspect the noise. He, like most of the other Avengers, was sleeping poorly. “I was just letting off some steam.”

After a beat, “There’s only one hole in this dummy.” Tony says flatly, narrowing his eyes.

Wade holsters his gun, walks to the end of the room and inspects the dummy before turning back to address Tony. “Yeah. One hole, twelve shots. All in the same place.”

Tony inclines his head, jaw clenching and unclenching. But he doesn’t say anything, just nods and goes back up to bed.

At five in the morning, Wade lays his uniform out and packs all his weapons, before he steps into the bathroom’s shower stall and loads one bullet into one gun. “Gotta be on my A-game to help Petey today.” He says affectionately to the gun. A swift death always feels like a good night’s sleep.

“You give ‘em *hell* until I get there, Webs.” Wade grits fiercely.
I hope you enjoyed!

ALSO - I've surprisingly had SEVERAL requests over the past few months to open up a PO Box!! So, why not! I love reading what y'all have to tell me and seeing your awesome stuff!
SO, you can mail me at:

Box 2937
735 Anderson Hill Road
Purchase, New York
10577
Run-In.

Chapter Notes

Firstly, thank you for 100,000! That is absolutely incredible. This story has been the catalyst for so many great things in my life. Also, sorry this took so long. I started college and I needed to make that my first priority since I’m a Creative Writing and Psych double major. As winter break starts up, I’ll be much more consistent. I PROMISE this won’t be unfinished, I’ve just had a lot on my plate :) 
Please enjoy the most angsty chapter ever.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“He’s waking up.” Peter hears it muffled, like he’s clapping his hands over his ears.

“So early? Did you not adjust for his heightened metabolism?” Something angry pervades the air around Peter, raw and cold.

“I - well, Doctor, it was chloroform. I wasn’t expecting him to wake up so soon,” a meek voice answers.

“Fool! He’s not like us.”

Peter opens his eyes to a surprising amount of clarity. The same wretched doctor and his awkward, sweaty assistant are hovering above him, illuminated by a flickering fluorescent light. He tries to raise his arms, but his wrists are cuffed by metal. With a surreptitious glance downward, he sees that his ankles are, too. And he’s been changed back into a gown.

“Are you two done yet?” Peter asks boredly, which is a lie. “You’re running a complete shit show,” which is not a lie. “Seriously! You can’t even account for the powers you’re trying to harness?” He sounds exasperated, but he’s panicked. Of course he is. This just ruined the plan he managed to make with the kids.

“Every great project has its mistakes,” he brushes it off.

“Are they all unethical, too?” Peter asks, narrowing his eyes.

The doctor smiles a saccharine sweet smile that hurts even more than the fluorescent lights. He has too many teeth for his face, they seem to crowd around the front and look eager to get closer to Peter. Uneasiness settles coiled and hard in his belly. “Only the best ones.”

If Wade were here, Peter thinks, he’d have something to say. Wade is always confident, regardless of whether his suit is on or off. But Peter is here, exposed, no mask to hide his fear and no companion he can trust. He opts to stay silent.

“Regardless of semantics,” the doctor waves a noncommittal hand, “at first, keeping you with the children was beneficial to us, as you’ve so cleverly found out. You became protective of them, like a human to a stray puppy,” he says it almost fondly.

“But, you’ll have to understand our concern when you all disappeared in the bathroom after you…”
creatively discovered that we have no sound in the camera there.” He smiles widely. “Thank you, by the way; that was quite a show you put on. Very clever boy.”

Peter chews his lip but keeps eye contact through burning cheeks. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. We all needed to brush our teeth and shower. That’s what happens when you imprison five people in a room.”

The doctor chuckles lightly, but it tapers into a sickly, proud sound. His eyes are full of rancor. “I’m not an idiot!” He shouts, his face close enough that Peter can feel the puff of his breath, the spit that hits his neck and burns his skin like boiling water. “They’re teenagers. Do you think teenagers all suddenly willingly decide to share a bathroom?”

He’s been beat. Peter keeps his mouth shut and watches as the doctor gets his demeanor under control, smooth and calculated and eerily quick. With a calculated exhalation of breath and calloused hands smoothing the front of his white coat down, he smiles tightly.

“Never you mind, Subject. Either way, you’re here now because we grew concerned that you would start making meaningless plans.”

“Well?” Peter cock’s his head.

The doctor hums in agreement.

“I’ve never heard of someone making a new rule if they weren’t worried to begin with.” Peter says openly. “But, hey, like you said. You’re not an idiot.”

Before Peter can even savor the bitter look on his face, the doctor punches him. Hard. The force knocks his head back into the worn cushioned seat. It makes his teeth vibrate, his vision blurring and his head swimming with nausea and pounding, pulsing pressure. A slow stream of blood starts almost instantly, dripping down his chin and seeping through the white of his gown. He spits blood and snot out of his mouth, narrowing his eyes against the sudden blinding light. His nose is definitely broken.

“Uncalled for, but alright.” He shrugs, and takes great satisfaction when he sees the doctor cradling his fist. “I have stronger tissue and muscle, remember? Bet that hurt.” He shouldn’t talk, but he can’t stop now. His split lip gushes more blood. He doles out a wide grin through bloody teeth, and thinks of Wade.

He knows he should be worried about his injuries from the day before; his body is still healing, bruises and sprains and sores are still mending and he really shouldn’t. So he really should just shut up.

The doctor’s temper fueled now, he punches him again in the stomach. Peter can feel yesterday’s injuries all over again, and his scrapes and bruised ribs feel like they’re clawing him up from the inside. He seems to be finished finally, when he fixes the cuffs of his jacket and swipes split knuckles across his nose.

“Well,” he enunciates, as if the last letters are leaden and weigh down his tongue. “I’m sure we can find something useful to do with you.”

Peter feels like an animal.

Tests ascend upon him quickly. Some are new, and some are testing results compared to the ones taken over a day ago. When they bring in a moderately complex machine that tests his eyesight, the doctor, his meek assistant, and the muscle-men are all thoroughly awed and impressed. If possible,
the doctor mused, his vision was even better than 20/20, and they all eagerly jotted down that Peter could find objects and judge depth even when they shut out all the lights.

When a tube is placed under his chin for a saliva sample, Peter spits down the doctor’s wrist first. “Performance anxiety.” Peter amends, “So sorry.” The doctor gives him a withering look and matching smile before shoving the tube closer and grabbing his chin tight.

They tested his hearing afterward, beeping, screaming, hissing, whispering, knocking from various distances and at various frequencies. The audio variations lasted so long and were so hectic and random and unnerving that by the time they stopped, Peter’s eyes were watering and he was shaking and his head was pounding violently and he wanted to curl up in a tight ball.

They ran an EKG, took more blood, and then put him through more exhausting physical tests. He must have been running for over two hours on the specially-made treadmill. It’s peak pace read 60 miles per hour. Over double the maximum speed of a human, they told him proudly, but it all made Peter dry-heave.

Hours later, he was back on the worn-down chair, sweat wetting his temples and sticking his gown to the small of his back. Injuries from yesterday’s torture have reopened, only minor cuts and lesions, but nevertheless, they bleed through the white fabric and his bruised ribs make each breath hitch in his throat.

Right after all the physical and mental exertion, they take more blood, until he gets dizzy and his head spins.

The doctor leaves the room for a moment, with only the assistant and bodyguards remaining by the door. It doesn’t matter; Peter’s too exhausted to move just yet.

He comes back soon after, locking the door behind him with an eerie click. In his hands, he brandishes a small, clear plastic cup with a white lid. It’s empty. Peter regards it warily.

“Can you guess?” the doctor asks sweetly, holding it up and out, as if allowing Peter to inspect it. Like a joke. Peter’s even more irritated now. He can feel the blood rush back to his head as his senses level out and his body is ever-so-slightly starting to heal.

“No guesses? I thought you were supposed to be a genius.” The doctor shrugs, putting the cup on the metal tray table beside them both. “A sperm sample is needed.” He nudges the table closer to Peter, raising his brows. Something cold gleams in his eyes. “Just being thorough. Since there’s acute amounts of radiation in your bloodstream, it must be elsewhere too.”

Several things happen, then, toppling and unfurling like dominos.

All his panic systems start. His hands clap over his lap. Peter’s ears start to ring. His chest burns and he swears that his cavernous ribs are squeezing his heart so he could just die instead. His face burns but the rest of his body is absolutely freezing. A lump forms in his throat and he wants to say no, or you don’t need any of this, or something smart like hell no, or absolutely-fucking-not, or maybe something like touch me and I won’t hesitate to break your hand and don’t even think about strapping me down.

But he has time for none of that, because the hairs on his arm prickle, and a sharp tingle goes through his spine. And it won’t stop. Peter’s head shoots up and he sits up straight on the dirty chair. Something big is about to happen. Something good.

They’re finally here.
A deafening alarm sounds, obnoxious and loud and blaring. The air is tinny and thick with the rising tension. Immediately, the bodyguards unlock the door and run out with guns drawn. Peter takes his chance now, when the door is open and sound can travel, and he screams “now!” at the top of his lungs until his throat is raw. One of the kids must hear it, if not all of them. The meek assistant makes a whimpering sound and clutches his clipboard tighter.

Before the doctor can move, Peter kicks the metal tray table up in the air at him, the plastic cup going flying in the air. Protecting his head from the flying table, Peter lunges at the doctor and knocks him to the ground. He pulls himself up, takes the assistant’s head in his hands and knees him in the face sharply. He collapses, unconscious.

He scrambles to the exit, but the doctor latches on tightly to his ankle from the ground, pulling him down and landing harshly on his chest. The air knocks out of him and his ribs sear in pain, but seeing the heavy metal door slowly closing shut, Peter makes a shrill sound and grabs the assistant’s clipboard. He throws it, and it wedges itself between the door and the frame just as it closes.

Peter rams his foot back into the doctor’s nose, hears it crack against his heel. He pushes himself up and runs to the door, wedging it open, throwing the clipboard back inside, and slamming it shut. He breaks the handle off.

Everything is a panicked rush, and Peter is surprised as to how he can even function right now. He's never been more dehumanized, tortured, tormented in his life. But he runs as fast as he can manage barefoot on the slippery metal floors. His hospital gown trips him up too many times, and he throws it off somewhere behind him, running just in his underwear.

As soon as he sets off running, he comes across guards that have seemingly dropped to the floor. No injuries, no obvious issues. Just… asleep. Peter risks a few cautionary glances around, and finds the nearest air vent. He has to squint, but there’s a fine mist coming out from between the slats.

Because this mist isn’t affecting him - yet, at least, his first priority is finding Theodore, Psyche, Blaire, and Jackson, but he can’t forget the very real possibility that there might be more children here. As he’s running through the halls and getting thrown off by their similarity, he can hear the distant sound of fighting - gasps, grunts, the occasional sharp thud and the barrage of a handgun. His heart swells at the sound of his companions.

He calls out to Daredevil, who must be here too. “Matt. Listen for little-kid heartbeats! Check for kids. Check for kids, check for kids, check for…” He repeats it out loud until he’s sure he heard it, until his breath comes out in puffs.

He knows the muscle-men have long since dispersed, but when he finds his way back to the room the kids are in, the three doctors in charge of watching through the glass are still there, panicky and confused. They all have gas masks on. They look at him and instantly step back, eyes wide. One doctor reaches for a remote that Peter can only assume triggers the collars. In under a second, he spins and kicks the remote out of his hand, throwing him into the heavy glass before he falls to the floor. With the remaining two doctors huddles beside each other, Peter knocks their heads together and they drop unconscious.

He kicks the door until the hinges break off, and he’s instantly bombarded with Psyche hurling globs of water at his face, and Blair trying to tackle him with all her strength. She stops midway to him, when they realize it’s Peter.

They all rush to him then, hugging him fiercely and without thought. Peter wants to reciprocate, reassure them, but he can’t. Whether because he’s too exhausted and running on adrenaline, or because he isn’t sure of their fate yet, he’s not sure.
He pushes them away quickly. “Okay, alright. My friends are here, okay?” he’s tumbling over his words, out of breath and hands shaking. “My friends are here but that means tons of those bad bodyguards are here too, okay? We have to go now.” Peter has to ignore their frantic, panicked faces. He knows that his own appearance must not help them, with black eyes and a broken nose and bloody lip, but he doesn’t have time to comfort anyone.

Quickly, Peter breaks off each of their collars until all that remains are black broken chunks on the floor. With everyone holding hands, they all sprint out of the room, keeping close to the walls. Peter leads the front, with Blaire in the back - the two strongest.

They’ve gone down several halls. Everything looks the same. It’s a dizzying labyrinth with too many doors and blinding white lights.

They encounter their first problem early on, when they hear a storm of bodyguards rushing around the corner. Theodore pulls everyone close, and then slowly, a feeling like cold water runs over all of them as they all morph into the white scenery.

The bodyguards turn the corner, and approach with their guns out, slowly scanning the entire hall. Some have gas masks on, some don’t but are still walking, and some are being dragged unconscious from whatever that mist was. Everyone holding onto Theo, they move very slowly past the guards, all holding their breath.

Peter knows he should be worried when, halfway down the hall, Theodore starts breathing shortly, his steps getting more and more staggered. He’s never extended his abilities to so many other people before.

In a wave, Theodore’s knees buckle and they’re all instantly visible again. At the sudden sound, the guards whip around to face them. “Go!” Peter immediately scoops Theodore up and carries him over his shoulder, pushing the kids in front of him as they sprint down the hall.

Half the guards break off to follow them, while the others stay put. A shot goes off, and without risking turning back to look, a pellet grazes Peter in the side. He can instantly feel the trickle of blood at his waist, but he only falters for a minute, biting back his pain and pushing the others forward.

He knows they need to find his friends soon. Peter grows very aware of his body’s own abilities and thresholds, and he’s reaching the end of them. His nose is throbbing and a fresh gush of blood has started again. His senses are heightened beyond what he’s used to, and every light and sound is grating and painful. With every jostled step, his ribs fight back against him, Theodore’s added weight is throwing his balance, and the blood streaming slowly down his side is going to make him slip or faint, whichever comes first.

They can hear rustling above them - bodies dropping and an almost casual banter between a man and a woman. “There are people in the vents,” Psyche whispers.

Nat and Clint. Peter splits his lip again when he risks a smile. “Those are my friends.”

They’re coming to a turn leading into a new hallway. Peter stumbles, and Theodore wakes up enough to be put down, Blaire and Psyche propping him between them as they keep running.

Bang. Peter hesitates when they hear a blaze of quick gunfire and the heavy noise of bodyguard boots. He holds the kids back. Bang. And cursing. Bang. “If I could shoot every single one of you in the head, it would be a fucking delight.” Bang. “But even if I did have enough bullets to waste on you and those dumb gas masks weren’t in the way, it makes Peter angry. And I love him.” he says apologetically. Bang. “Hate you, though, don’t get me wrong.”
And I love him, he said. Wade.

Peter’s eyes widen. An almost frantic hum courses through him and his eyes brighten determinedly. He pulls in a painful breath.

“Help the one in red,” he tells them, before they round the corner.

It’s manic. Blaire is flipping guards over, slamming them into the walls and throwing them down into the floor. Psyche is breaking water pipes and concentrating the water to their eyes. Jackson trips every guard blinded by water. Theodore disappears for seconds at a time, long enough to steal the guard’s batons and knock them out.

Peter is more energized, more desperate than he’s been in… he doesn’t know. He’s completely blocked out the ringing of Wade’s gunshots, completely ignored the pain rattling his body. Instead he’s twisting and kicking and dodging until discarded every weapon, knocked out every guard. With every snarl and punch and kick, he can feel his self-control dissipating and he doesn’t care. He can feel the rawness in his throat and the burning in his eyes. He can feel the exhaust in his body settle deep and heavy in his limbs.

But nobody stops until the entire hall is silent and their ears are ringing and everything is eerily frozen and Peter’s eyes are hard and angry and scared. He throws aside the last guard’s gun, kicks away the last person’s walkie-talkie.

He is livid and exhausted.

And on swaying feet, Peter clenches his fists and runs. He only stops when Wade catches him against his chest and holds him close. His knees give and Wade presses his mask to his hair, clutching at him desperately and with such fervor as if he’s making sure Peter stays in one piece. Words escape them, which is a noted surprise especially for Wade. The silence cements it all.

He’s vaguely aware of Clint, Natasha, and Matt appearing from the hall behind them, all trailing to a stop at the scene ahead of them. Steve, Tony, and Thor must have taken the outside perimeter.

“Secured,” intones Natasha, muffled through her own mask, “He’s okay.” They begin to corral the kids, accounting for injuries and names and information.

“Such a fucking badass, Look at you, Webs.” The laugh Peter gives him is real but choked. Wade speaks with an air of lightness, humor, that familiar Deadpool lilt that Peter finds so oddly natural. But Wade’s heart is hammering violently, and Peter is collapsed on the floor between Wade’s crouched frame, whether too weak and fatigued or too emotional to stand on his own, he’s not sure. His hold on the back of Peter’s head, the hand wrapped around his waist, is anything but humorous. “You’re okay. You’re okay, you’re okay...” And eventually his words fade out into the background, but they’re all the same.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed that! I appreciate all your support SO DAMN MUCH. Please don't forget to leave comments and kudos!

Also, as the holidays are coming up, I'm taking commissions for short stories, or I can edit and revise your own writing, whether story, poem, essay, or script! DM me for
pricing or questions on Instagram!

IG: petr.prkr or dissonance.fic
Adrenaline be damned, Peter falls asleep almost immediately on the SHIELD car ride back to civilization. Nobody spoke.

It wasn’t really falling asleep, not exactly. It was more like Peter collapsed from exhaustion and nobody dared wake him up. Wade was holding him fiercely close to his chest, Peter curled up to his body. There was a shock blanket over him, but it did nothing to hide his jittery body and pallid cheeks, his fists balled protectively.

There were two cars. One was carrying Peter and Wade, with Steve, and Tony in the front. The second car held all the kids, who would stay at Tony’s penthouse until they were guaranteed healthy and their parents were found. That car was traveling directly behind them, with Bruce, Clint, and Natasha. Thor had to leave early, to attend to godly duties. Peter doesn’t remember much of the travel after that. He just knows that he and the kids are gone.

It took sixteen days in Tony’s hospital facility. The trauma and constant abuse had sent Peter’s advanced senses into overdrive. His sympathetic nervous system wouldn’t stop working; he was constantly on edge, constantly shaking, in and out of sleep, kicking and screaming at whoever approached him without proper warning.

"Peter, let her put the IV in. They’re just fluids, you’re dehydrated.” Bruce had promised. But Peter had practically snarled at the nurse, thrashing and arching his back off the bed until Steve and Wade had to hold him down and Bruce had to stick his thigh with a sedative that he had to create just to work long enough in his body with his superior metabolism. His body’s heightened defense mechanisms had and gave no respite.

And logically, deep down, Peter knew he was safe. But that nagging thing in the back of his head just wouldn’t let him rest. That feeling that maybe the nurse’s hand was really the scientist’s. Or that the needle in his arm was pumping him full of vile things instead of nutrients. Or that the hands holding him down weren’t his friends. That maybe the hospital pulse checks and bandage changes and body proddings for injury checks were actually touching him, burning his skin and trailing too too too low or staying for too long.

It had killed Wade. He knew exactly what was going through Peter’s mind and he could do nothing to stop it but stay by his side and wait it out. It made him want to revive everyone working at Weapon Plus only to kill them again, this time more brutally.

But Wade didn’t do that; he wouldn’t dare. He hadn’t left Peter’s side since then, sleeping on a cot he threatened a doctor to provide him. “Sir, he needs rest,” The doctor had tried to reason, and Wade removed his mask, took a step closer while the doctor stepped back. “With all due respect, sir, I
Wade really didn’t even need to say it, because Peter’s hand was wrapped tightly around his wrist, eyes wide and jaw clenched. But Peter opened his mouth, and then, “If you make him leave, I will too. And I think that’s a bad idea. Look at me. I’m a goddamn mess,” Peter had smiled without any humor, a pathetic ghost of a thing.

The doctors never quipped about it after that.

At the end of the first day, when Daredevil left after visiting, Tony came in quietly. He sat at the foot of Peter’s bed, hands clasped and watching Peter. Peter looked down sullenly, face hot and jaw clenched. He didn’t know what to say, what to do, if he should even say or do anything. They hadn’t exactly left things off on a good note, considering Peter jumped out of Tony’s penthouse window after they tried smothering him with protection.

But then Tony broke. “I am so damn proud of you. I might be the worst person alive in expressing it, but you, Peter Parker, are the only person who I trust and expect to be Spider-Man. Until now I’ve only known Peter and Spider-Man as mutually exclusive people, but you’ve grown up to be the best of both of them.”

Peter stared with parted lips in disbelief for several moments, wringing his hands in his lap. But his eyes watered and a lump formed in his throat and he threw himself out of bed despite his screaming muscles and hugged Tony Stark.

On the second day, well past midnight when they had both fallen asleep in the small hospital bed with Wade’s arm over Peter’s chest, Peter had woken up panicked. There was an immediate spike in the heart monitor. Peter had bolted upright, ripping Wade’s arm away from him and swinging himself up to straddle his chest. His eyes were wide and his hands were pinning Wade’s down desperately, still convinced of whatever his dream was about.

His skin was pale and exhausted, and the hospital gown was hiked up to his upper thighs. His knees were scraped and his legs were bruised and Wade could see dry blood on his shaved head. But he was a sight to be seen, full of confused rage and something so desperate and human that Wade almost didn’t know what to do. He’d only ever seen Spider-Man on his darkest days do that, and that was rare.

Like a caged, cornered animal, Wade thinks bitterly, because he knows the feeling. However temporary, it is terrifying to feel.

Two nurses followed Bruce in hurriedly, approaching the bed before Wade hissed at them to keep back, to let him do it.

“Peter,” Wade had said. “Spidey. Hey. It’s Wade. It’s Deadpool. ‘S me, Webs. We’re in the hospital, remember?”

Peter blinked, his hands twitching around Wade’s wrists.

“Come on, get off. What would I do?” He asked, eyes focused and resisting the urge to pin Peter down himself. But that wouldn’t help.

“You…” Peter faltered. The light from the pushed open door streams onto his face and Wade can see his lip quivering.

“What would I do to you?” He asked again, letting it sink in, letting Peter realize where he is, remember that he’s safe. “What would I ever do to hurt you?” His voice broke. His voice never
broke.

Peter cried that night. But he didn’t lash out like that again. Wade cried too. He didn’t think he still could.

By the fourth day, Peter was exhausted and emotional but somewhat better. The heart monitor was gone, and the IV fluids had been removed, too. He was eating, barely, but with the threat of having the IV reinserted he ate just enough to sustain himself. “I could cut your food up into dick shapes if you want?” Wade offered. Wade couldn’t tell if Peter started to laugh or cry, but it made him feel something bittersweet in his belly.

On the fifth day, Peter went to use the bathroom and didn’t come out for fifteen minutes. Wade went to check on him to find the door half open, and Peter staring at his reflection in the mirror. He watched quietly from the doorway, tried to see what Peter saw. His face was pale, a healing cut on his lip and a bruise on his brow bone. The small bandage over his broken nose doesn’t hide the bruising. No hair, just fuzzy scruff. He wasn’t swaying anymore like he was days prior, and instead he stood tall with his feet planted determinedly, hands gripping the sink.

He had discarded his hospital gown on the floor and wore only boxer briefs. Wade took a step forward and Peter turned around guiltily. There were dark and angry and splotchy bruises over his bandaged ribs, tapering to sofer blues and pinks down his belly and pubic bone. His knuckles were blue and swollen but healing quickly.

“You’re a sight for sore eyes, Pete,” Wade had said, something soft and fond cradling his voice.

“I’ve had worse,” Peter explained, nodding to himself, looking down at his toes. “I’ve gotten a lot worse than this, actually,” he shrugged. “But this is different.”

“It is,” Wade agreed.

“I didn’t have a choice with this. I get beat up sometimes patrolling. I never mind because it’s my choice to go out there, and I know the risks but there’s always the reward. So I don’t care. I like it, even, to some extent, y’know?” He picked at his scabbing knuckles. Made some of them bleed again accidentally. Wade walked over, took his hands carefully and ran them under the water.

“But I was trapped there and it wasn’t my choice. I couldn’t get out of it and they knew that,” he spat it out bitterly, looking away from the blood in the sink. Peter was never good at seeing his own blood; he was always just squeamish enough to have Wade patch him back up after incidents patrolling years ago.

“You know what they did?” he asked.

No, Wade said.

“Do you want to know what they did?”

God no, never, it would kill me, he thought.

Tell me what they did, he said instead.

After that, they spent the rest of that night in silence. When the lights turned off for bed, Wade rubbed Peter’s bandaged knuckles, while Peter got his first sound sleep since he escaped.

Chapter End Notes
I hope you liked that. This was one of my favorite chapters to write. I’m really proud of it. The next chapter contains is more of the hospital, and then the chapter after that is smut (Yes, I know! Woo), and then the final chapter is right after that.

AND, please DM me on my Instagram petr.prkr if you're interested in commissioning a fic from me!
Recall.

Chapter Notes

It's been a long-ass time, I know. I know! Sorry. Yikes, what a mess, huh? I've been in an ADHD slump and focusing on college.
BUT, I loved writing this and it has to be one of my favorite chapters. Enjoy!
Also, warning, there is some A+ smut in this chap.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the most part, things went more smoothly after the fifth day, aside from the occasional outburst.

Peter was less outwardly panicked, less defensive and wary. But he was more reflecting, more thoughtful and quiet. Wade knew that this wasn’t always a good thing; being alone with an onslaught of traumatic thoughts is rarely fun. But, he also knew it was usually an important step in coming to terms with things.

The sixth day was slower for everyone. Peter slept a lot, and had fitful dreams that usually resolved themselves. Wade had been sitting in the armchair beside Peter’s bed, sharpening his knife when he heard heavy breathing.

He drew his attention away from the blade and looked up at Peter. He was dreaming. At first it was clearly bad - Peter had kicked and raked away his blankets, hands gripping the sheets tightly with tightly-shut eyes. He had huffed out a great sigh before the tension left his body, ridding his mind of any monsters he had imagined. And then he made a pleased sound, head tipping up restlessly, and Wade desperately wondered what was flitting through his mind.

When he woke up, he ate more than the previous days, drank enough that they had abandoned the IV drip, and was keeping all his food down instead of hugging a toilet with his face in the lid.

On the seventh day, Peter wants to take a shower. He needs one, too. But Bruce and just about every other doctor insisted that he take a bath instead.

“I’m fine!” he had protested, “I can stand under some water for twenty minutes. I don’t need a sponge bath.”

“I didn’t say you needed a sponge bath, just a regular bath. But the sponge can be arranged if you keep arguing. I have a very gentle nurse who wouldn’t mind,” the doctor had warned, medical clipboard in his crossed hands.

Wade raised his brow, watching the exchange curiously with the rest of the Avengers who were visiting him.

Peter looked shocked at that statement before staring hard at him, and the doctor stared back with an unwavering determination, apparently used to stubborn mutants and mutates. This went on for several seconds before Peter turned around in frustrated defeat, stomping around and hiking up his hospital gown to kick at the air.

The doctor patted his shoulder before leaving, which made Peter scrunch up his nose. But within
twenty minutes Peter was begrudgingly sitting in a tub with his arms crossed over his chest and a generous heap of bubbles over his lap. Wade was sitting on the closed toilet lid with a grin on his face.

“I bet you’re enjoying this,” Peter huffed, not angrily.

“A shit ton, yeah,” Wade admitted, and he bit back a loud laugh. Peter smiled despite himself, smacking his hands down and splashing Wade with a wave of water.

“Joke’s on you,” Wade had said, wringing out his shirt and watching Peter smugly, “all the bubbles went away.”

Peter looked positively confused for the slightest second before his cheeks flushed hotly. He didn’t move, staring up at Wade with mock determination.

Wade watched him for a moment before smiling wide, leaning down and getting on his knees by the tub. They meet in a kiss, careful, very careful, until Peter leaned in more forcefully and Wade complied, slipping a hand behind the base of Peter’s neck, fingers playing at the shaven scruff there.

Wade pulled away finally, smacking Peter’s head lightly with the magazine he was reading before turning away.

“Better finish up. You’re gonna look like a prune if you stay in that water too long,” Wade said knowingly, returning to sit on the toilet lid. Peter spluttered out a confused sound, adjusting himself uncomfortably before mocking Wade in a high octave under his breath. Wade laughed.

Day nine was alright. Peter had been idly flipping through his phone, sitting criss-cross on the bed with Wade in the armchair beside him. Peter was looking at something, very excited and seemingly content. Wade’s legs were propped up on the edge of Peter’s bed, and Peter was talking to him. There’s something soft about the scene that almost seemed intrusive to the rest of the hospital staff. Nobody came in to check on Peter, or to make small talk.

“Yeah! So these pictures aren’t too good. I mean Jameson wouldn’t publish them - he only publishes my pictures of Spidey. But I’m proud of ‘em.” Peter was showing Wade photos on his phone, intricate scenes of the skyline, of the sun setting over the Manhattan skyline, of children playing in busted fire hydrants and of strangers playing chess together in Washington Square Park. They were so intimate, so natural.

And then there were the pictures of Spidey. “I set the camera up on a rooftop, and yank on a string of web connected to the shutter. It’s really easy, and Jameson always thinks me and Spidey are, like, best friends,” Peter laughed. Wade thought it was the most beautiful sound he’d ever heard. They were incredible; photos of Spidey arching his body, swinging around massive apartment complexes, dropping before shooting a web at a faraway rooftop out of frame, his acrobatic frame propelling himself upward. A photo of thin strands of webbing lacing between city buildings caught his eye. The webs wouldn’t have been noticeable except for the setting sun in the background, illuminating the webs in a warm yellowish-orange haze, the remnants of Spider-Man’s presence. Magical.

Wade wasn’t necessarily a fan of photography. Unless it was Peter’s. And Peter spoke with an excited and knowledgeable ease about him, with a warmthness that Wade was glad to see back in his eyes. It probably wouldn't have mattered what he was talking about either way; it would’ve been just as soft to the ear.

So Wade liked it anyway, and listened to Peter as if Apollo himself were presenting his most recent
work.

“I love you,” he had said, when after several moments he found himself staring at Peter instead of the photos.

Peter stopped, looked across at him in stunned silence. And then, without hesitation, “I love you more.”

Towards the end of that day, an alarm went off in the hospital. And even though they were alerted hours beforehand that it was just going to be a practice drill, Peter still dropped everything, his eyes taking on a charged, electric appearance. His back straightened and he pounced off the bed, grabbing Deadpool by the shoulder and pulling him down to the floor. He sat crouched and ready with his fingers pressed to his palm to trigger his webs.

Wade took a breath, watched Peter with pain in his eyes. He put a hand on the nape of Peter’s neck, firm and steady. “Hey, easy,” he had said, “easy, Peter.”

But it took a few seconds for Peter to relax. He had stood up and took in their surroundings, before smoothing the front of his gown down.

“Sorry.”

“Me, too,” Wade says.

Peter nods like this soothes him. Maybe it does.

The eleventh day was good for Peter. Great, even. The kids came over to visit him as a surprise, and Wade had never seen Peter so goddamn happy. So relieved. Wade couldn’t even imagine the bond they must have formed while at the facility, the parental role that Peter was forced to take on. Peter had told him all about it.

Jackson had run in first stopping abruptly at the door, followed by Theodore, Blaire, and Psyche. Peter stared at them in surprise, eyes wide, and then Jackson was stomping past the doctors and throwing himself into the room.

Peter flung himself out of his bed, getting on his knees and holding his arms out to meet Jackson’s hug. He almost tips back with the force of it, wrapping an arm around the boy and bracing himself with his other hand on the floor.

He let his feet slide out from under him, legs straight out and burying his face in the crook of Jackson’s neck. The others ran to him immediately, throwing themselves into Peter’s arms and climbing on top of each other in whatever way they could to get closer to Peter.

God, it was good. They were all wearing different clothes - their own clothes, and they all looked happy and well-fed and just as energetic as normal kids.

They spent hours there, Jackson in Peter’s lap for most of it, and the other kids crowding around the bed. They all liked Wade, too, and Peter felt his chest swell with how good Wade was with them all. He was eagerly watching all the kids show off their abilities, and he would listen intently to whatever childish ramblings they’d go on.

“Tony’s real nice,” Jackson had said matter-of-factly.

“Hey’s cool, huh?” Peter had said knowingly. He stores it all away in his head, absolutely ready to tease Tony for being so sweet to the kids. And then thanking him.
“Yeah! He bought us all these clothes, and our room has bunk beds! Bunk beds!” he shrieked, bouncing with excitement.

“Steve reads us bedtime stories,” Blaire said, and Psyche nods enthusiastically.

“And Clint is teaching me sign language so if I’m ever using my powers with someone else, we can still communicate without getting caught!” Theodore beams.

Peter could cry, he was so relieved. In such little time, they had become so… safe.

Actually, Peter does cry. A lot. And they cling to him like little monkeys and console him like kids do.

Hours later, when they were leaving, Jackson had tugged on his gown and looked up at him with big eyes. “Will you visit us, wherever we go? When we find our moms and dads again?”

“We might go to a boarding school. Tony said it would be good for us if our parents agreed. They teach us to cope and control our abilities. Someone called Xander. Or Xavier, or something. It’s named after him,” Psyche adds, and Wade promises that they’d all love that school, that there are good people there who only annoy Wade a little bit.

“But you’ll visit?” The other kids were looking at him like they all had the same question.

“Are you kidding? Of course!” Peter had said, kneeling down to their level. “When you see Spider-Man, that’s me. I’ll always be there, whenever you need me. I can give you my number. Wade’s, too.”

It was different after that. The room was filled with the plights of recovery, but Peter was so much better that Wade could see the strong flashes of Spider-Man returning to his demeanor.

His energy was coming back. He was more confident, more snarky and sure of himself. He was roaming around and playing and giving all the doctors heart attacks with his stunts that he finally felt well enough to do.

Wade would laugh as Peter walked on the ceiling, his gown hanging well past his head as he plays a very unfair game of ceiling-tag.

Nurses would urge him desperately to get back into bed, but Peter would press his hands and feet to the ceiling and stay flat against his belly.

On the thirteenth day when this had happened, Peter’s doctor came in, reaching above all the nurses and yanking on the hem of Peter’s hospital gown.

Peter had looked down at him. “Isn’t exercise encouraged among hospital patients?” He frowned, very innocent, and Wade could only sit back and sip on the juice box he had snagged from Peter’s tray.

“Oh, yes, definitely. But perhaps something a little less… on the ceiling?” The doctor seemed to be exasperated and enjoying himself at the same time. “Don’t be in such a big rush to use your abilities again. Baby steps.”

“Yeah, but I have, like, a wild amount of energy. My metabolism is way too fast now, and between that and probable ADHD, I gotta move, Doc.” Peter gave the doctor an upside-down smile, back on only his feet with his gown hanging over his head.
The doctor stepped closer, pulled the gown up enough to be face-to-face with a very giddy Peter, and then raised a brow. “At least get off the ceiling.”

Peter scrunched his face up in disagreement.

“Don’t make me catheterize you,” the doctor warned.

Wade choked on his juice, the straw slurping loudly. He bit hard on the plastic to stifle a laugh.

“You wouldn’t.” Peter dared, crossing his arms. “You’d have to get me down first.” His voice was still coy, impish and teasing.

The doctor furrowed his brows, frowning. “Did you think Tony Stark would hire human doctors to deal with a bunch of rowdy, healing mutants and mutates?”

“Ooh,” Wade said, interest piqued.

Peter clenched his jaw, wordless.

The doctor continued, and Peter and Wade were both very aware of how good this doctor was. “I can get you off the ceiling and have a catheter tube in my hand in seconds.”

“Seconds?”

“Seconds.” The doctor smiled, not rudely.

They both knew it was an empty threat. Obviously. But the what if, and the that would really suck parts of Peter’s brain kicked into high gear.

Peter sighed and he dropped down effortlessly, flipping tightly and landing on his feet. “Low blow, man. Literally.”

If Wade were being honest, he was so relieved. He loved every minute of that dam conversation. The fact that Peter was even holding a conversation and being so energetic and defying orders was incredible. Wade loved this. Because it almost made him forget about the first few days, when Peter was in and out of fitful sleep, kicking and screaming with dark eyes.

Pleased, the doctor clapped him on the back. “Baby steps, Peter. You’re gonna be just fine.”

Peter hesitated for a moment, seemed to think about this in earnest. He nodded, then nodded harder. Wade nodded too.

Now on the morning of the fifteenth day, Peter is finally able to take a shower.

He’s proud of this fact, and infinitely relieved. It was suffocating not being able to take care of himself, to do simple things. It was a blow to his self-esteem and his concept of safety that he got kidnapped, tortured, harassed, tormented. All semblance of safety and self-assurance went out the window as soon as Peter dropped from that rooftop. And even though he knew that this was probably inevitable because of Weapon Plus’ resources and power, Peter couldn’t help but feel stripped down, worn away and hunted.

He finds himself constantly reminding himself that he is a force to be reckoned with, that if he were less disoriented and hurt, nobody in that facility would stand a fighting chance against him. He reminds himself that by mutant testing facilities exerting this power over him and others like him, it is an admittance of weakness. Like all injustice and brutalization in the world, the aggressor acts from a
place of malice, fear, or both.

In the grand scheme of things, showering is a negligible feat. But after being brutalized and tormented? After being used and tested on? Being strong enough to shower on his own made him feel one step closer to safety.

Peter’s almost glad that he isn’t up to his full strength yet. He isn’t sure what he would do if he could go back to that facility, isn’t sure what he would do if he saw the imprisoned scientists at SHIELD headquarters for questioning. His no-killing rule has never been so close to fraying and it terrifies him.

It’s late in the afternoon on the fifteenth and final full day there when the nurses finally clear out of his room and leave him with towels and soaps. The room is finally empty for the first time in days; Wade had stepped away to rummage for food (“Are you kidding? Stark cheaped out on this cafeteria. This hospital is an underground extension of the Tower, so I’m gonna raid his fridge. I’ll be back before you can say your spidey senses are tingling.”)

Peter had briefly wondered if Wade was going stir crazy. Wade was just as hyperactive as Peter was, with twice the chaotic energy; Peter wouldn’t blame him for wanting to get out a bit while he was recovering. If Peter is itching to get back in his suit, Wade must be dying.

Not to mention, Peter’s been noticing how Wade pulls his hood lower over his head when the nurses or doctors come in, how he matches each lingering stare upon his skin from the Avengers that come around. It makes Peter’s chest swell. Wade’s skin isn’t ugly; it looks painful, absolutely, but not ugly. Strangely, the kids don’t seem to mind Wade’s skin at all. During their visits they don’t bat an eye, instead clinging to Wade like a human monkey bar.

But sometimes Peter wakes up in the middle of the night, sees Wade squeezed in beside him on the hospital bed with his eyes shut peacefully, his arms around Peter with all the protection in the world. And seeing that, he trusts Wade when he says that the only place he wants to be is right there with Peter.

So Peter is alone in the room when he finally treads into the bathroom. He’s nervous and he hates that he is.

He shuts the bathroom door behind him, drops his towel on the closed toilet lid. Wordlessly, thoughtlessly, he turns on the shower, ignoring the cold water altogether. Focusing on the *patter patter patter* of the beating water, using it to ground him, Peter undresses. And only when the steam has begun creeping up along the edges of the mirror does Peter finally look at himself. He’d been avoiding that for the most part - there was always the chance he would see his reflection with the collar around his neck, or with fresh cuts and lashes smattering his face and body.

But he’s been better with disconnecting himself, growing, moving past that and grounding himself in the present. He’s a sight for sore eyes, sure, with fading bruises and tender ribs, dissolving stitches on his lip and brow, and a nose bridge that is slowly mending back into shape. But he’s better.

His hair is even growing back, a cowlick sticking up towards the back that made Wade squeal happily over, and brown hair is starting to curl around his temples and over his widow’s peak. He’s scruffier, fuller, safer.

Still, he averts his gaze quickly, heat thrumming fast against his chest as the steam fills his lungs and the sound of water envelopes his senses. He steps in without thinking about it, lets the water pour hot against his back, pooling around his feet before falling victim to the drain. He cranes his head back, lets the hot water hit his face as he runs fingers through hair that isn’t there.
When he opens his eyes, he stares at the shower head, peers down hard at it for a camera that he knows isn’t there but might be. He wants to shower, desperately wants some of that freedom back, but he just can’t forget the facility. The shower in front of him blends too smoothly in his imagination with the shower back at that facility, with the camera in the shower head for spying eyes and the cramped bathroom and the shock collar.

“My spidey-is-panicking senses are tingling,” a voice says, opening the bathroom door ajar. Wade. Peter huffs out something between a relieved sigh and a laugh.

“Was I that bad?” Peter smiles guiltily, pulling the shower curtain back enough so that Peter can see Wade leaning against the door.

“No shame, Baby, I think you’re entitled to some trigger-induced panic,” Wade says earnestly, eyes trailing over Peter’s lithe frame.

In a wave of long-awaited bravery, Peter rakes the curtain back farther, stepping back. “Join me?”

There’s nothing hidden in the words, no secret meanings, no promises, no thinly-veiled innuendo. Just, join me? Join me and see what could happen?

And he does. Wade strips his clothes, hesitant at first but faster when he sees the warmth, the heat, in Peter’s eyes, Peter’s lean acrobatic body stark against Wade’s broad musculature. They wash, speak, laugh, sing, and Peter doesn’t once stare deep into the shower head for a camera. Peter doesn’t even feel like the facility happened in his lifetime right now with Wade beside him.

After some time, there really is no reason for them to stay in the shower any longer. But they gravitate closer to each other, until Peter is pressed against the wall and Wade is kissing him, a veil of water falling down his back. Soon they crave more, need friction, and Peter is quick to leap and bend his knees, feet pressed to the slick shower wall with webbed grip, Wade slotted between his thighs like he was always meant to be there.

And when Peter and Wade are ready, when Peter is writhing against the wall and whining, pushing down onto Wade’s fingers, Wade hooks his hands under Peter’s thighs and lines himself up. Peter’s breath hitches in his throat, tipping his head up as Wade presses himself inside slowly, barely, almost careful at first.

“Okay?” Wade asks, strained, “You’ll lemme know, Webs?”

Peter can only nod fervently, his cock hard and almost painful against his belly. Wade makes a low sound, placing hot kisses to his neck, under his jaw, along the shell of his ear and biting softly there. Peter coos, hands tight against Wade’s back, and Wade smiles wryly when he feels the webbed stick of Peter’s palms against him.

“God, you’re pretty,” Wade hums, heat pooling uncomfortable but welcomed in his stomach at the flush that spreads across Peter’s face over the praise. Peter wraps his legs around Wade’s back, pulling him closer.

“Wade,” he gasps, “please, harder.” Wade can feel nails digging into his back, scraping down his shoulder blades and hooking around his neck in a way that makes Wade shudder.

“I won’t break,” Peter promises, looking at Wade from below dark lashes, eyes serious and strong and daring and warm.

“I know, Petey. Fuck, god.”
He does know.

Chapter End Notes

wow! did y'all like that? let me know, because i have no concept of what's good in my own writing. LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU LIKED IN THE COMMENTS :) things are wrapping up - only one more chapter after this, which will be updated SOON. it's been wild. and long.
if you want to keep up with me in between updates, or are interested in a writing commission from me, follow me!
ig: petr.prkr
tumblr: petr-prkr
Pride, but Softer.

Chapter Notes

This is the final chapter. After roughly two whole years. I cannot begin to explain my thanks. PLEASE read the end notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They were walking (running, to the chagrin of all the nurses on staff) laps around the hospital floor when Peter’s doctor finds him.

Discharged. He’s getting discharged this afternoon. Finally. All he needs are a few more minor tests to make sure all is back to normal - or, normal for Peter, anyway. It’s almost surreal; Peter feels like he’s been here for months, when really it’s been just over two weeks. Being thrown from a brutal, tortuous clinical setting into a safe clinical setting has been... unnerving. Like he’s been stuck in a liminal space for eons and he has to remind himself that there’s still an outside world beyond this, that everything is still moving and thriving and working around him.

Wade helps him remember that, and everyone who visits, and the fact that the news has been reporting small spikes in crime rates in Queens. That’s what he’s watching now, on the little television screen in the corner of his room with Wade while he waits for the nurses to come.

“It’s on everyone’s mind, New York. These past few weeks have been very testing for 911 operators and for our men in blue. New lines have been needed to be opened and filled with volunteer phone operators, and so many officers are being dispatched daily that the local precincts are barren. So, we ask the question the NYPD are too proud to ask: where is our Spider-Man, and is he okay?”

Peter chews his lip anxiously, swinging his legs from where he sits perched on his bed. Wade stares at him from the seat nearby, feet propped up on the side of the bed.

“Webs, shut up.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Peter argues, pulling his eyes away from the screen.

“You were thinking too loud. Forget what they’re saying on the TV; it’s not like you’re slacking off on purpose,” Wade throws his juice box behind him, throwing his head back in excitement when he hears it fall into the trash bin. “Plus, even if you were slacking off, they all want you back but never thank you when you’re around! What kind of absolute convoluted bullshit-”

Peter wants to tell Wade that he doesn’t mind not being thanked most of the time, but instead he moves off the bed faster than he’s moved in weeks. “Sorry, no. Absolutely not.”

Wade stands by his side.

The nurse looks startled, and so does a very proud-looking Tony behind her.

“Pete?” Tony asks, glancing down at the nurse’s tray, “what’s up, kid?”

There’s a needle and some vials for blood work on the tray. That’s fine. He gets it. There’s a clear plastic cup with a white lid on the tray. That’s not fine.
Wade already knows, stepping past Peter and taking the cup off the silver medical tray. He reads the label on it and then shows Peter. “See, baby boy? You just have to pee in it.”

Tony scoffs, crossing his arms and looking between them curiously. “Of course he has to pee in it. What else would they make him do?”

And it isn’t that Tony Stark isn’t smart; he’s brilliant. A genius in almost every respect. It’s just that he can’t possibly imagine what they might’ve made him do in the facility - not in his wildest dreams, and especially not when they were talking about Peter. He could guess a million things, sure, but why would he even want to guess? Peter didn’t deserve anything that his mind came up with.

But there are only so many other options, and his jaw clenches when he says, “oh,” and then, “but… why?”

Peter coughs, takes the plastic cup with regained confidence. “I got bit by a radioactive spider, Mister Stark. I’m… a little radioactive,” he shrugs, “I’d be interested, too, if I were them.”

Tony curls his lip not in disgust, but in anger. Peter can hear the fast beat of his heart from across the room. Peter doesn’t know why he decides to comfort him. It isn’t like it happened to him. But he does.

“It’s okay; never got the chance. I kicked him in the face and broke his nose. Then I found you guys,” Peter smiles wide, proud, almost. Something like pride passes across Tony’s face. But softer, almost sad, too. He smiles back.

They rush the tests and he gets discharged in under an hour with a clean bill of health. More than clean, really - his abilities kicked into high gear and made any trace of physical damage almost obsolete. The occasional silver shine of a scar, the pinkish hue of bruised joints, the somewhat guarded look in Peter’s eyes every once in a while, are all that remain.

Tony has a driver take them right to Aunt May’s home.

“It isn’t that she didn’t want to see you,” Tony starts, answering Peter’s unasked question, “She did want to, wouldn’t stop calling my personal line,” Tony mumbles once they’re in the town car, “not sure how she got it, but it’s… fine.”

“Why didn’t she?” Peter asks, fighting the urge to be bothered and noting how each pothole sends a wave of soreness through his ribs, only slightly. He was an adult, sure, and he was Spider-Man at that. But he missed her. Wade was solid and warm and caring, and all his other visitors were, too. But there was something about getting hurt, going through that, being scared, that just made Peter say he wanted his aunt. He wanted her hug, her hand on his temple, his head on her chest as she held him close and told him it would be fine. You can be as tough, as grown, as possible; nothing compares to maternal comfort.

“She had to stay under a protection detail until we made sure the facility was cleared out, and that there were no other branches in the U.S. She’s scary, Pete. I could feel her shooting daggers through the phone until I promised her I’d send you right to her after you got released.”

Peter laughs. “Good.”

“Of course… after Peter Parker got released. I didn’t say anything about, y’know, Webs. Spider-Boy, Underoos. Arachnid with attitude.”

Tony could’ve kept going, especially when Wade started offering up his own bastardizations. Thankfully they pulled up to her small warm building nestled in Forest Hills before Tony and Wade
had the chance to continue.

Wade gets out of the car first, clapping Tony on the shoulder, probably with a little too much excitement. Just as Peter is about to slide out, Tony leans over from the front seat, looping a hand around Peter’s arm.

“I’m proud of you.”

“You said that already.”

“And I’m saying it again, yeah.”

Peter watches him curiously. Praise from Tony Stark (childhood hero, mind you) is… a lot. But twice? And for the same thing?

“And I’m sorry.”

Peter blinks. Forget praise. An apology?

“You’re…” Peter falters and a long-suffering sigh tumbles out of Tony.

“Kid, this is important. Shut up and let me drag through this.” It’s a joke, but it isn’t. Not really. So Peter shuts up.

“I’m sorry I didn’t put the two together, despite it being the only rational explanation. It’s the only explanation I could’ve ever wanted, but also the worst news I’d ever found out.”

Peter furrows his brows, ducking his head closer to the window now.

“Spider-Man is selfless to a fault. And that gets him hurt. That gets you hurt. I don’t want that. But I don’t think anybody else could ever be so good at it, or who could deserve those skill so fully as yourself.”

Peter… blinks again.

“It’s why I panicked and tried to get you to stay in the Tower. I should’ve known it was the last thing you would’ve wanted, and the last thing you needed. You got taken after that. If… if I made you freak out and sent you into doing something reckless…”

Peter shakes his head, pulls open the car door entirely. “You blame yourself?”

Tony makes a listless gesture, narrowing his eyes in a who else would I blame? type of face.

“I accept your first apology, and your second apology about trying to keep me inside. That kinda sucked. But they would’ve found me anyway, whenever that would’ve been. I…” Peter laughs, weak and breathless, “Mister Stark, do you know how happy I am that you all finally know? And care? And are, like, happy? I felt like I had two faces all these years.”

Tony doesn’t have time to splutter in surprise anymore, because Wade is dragging him to the front entrance of the apartment and Tony’s driver is pulling away.

Inside, when Peter hugs May, it’s like he’s a little kid again. She holds him tight, painfully tight, tears seeping into Peter’s shirt as he rests his chin atop her graying hair. Peter doesn’t want to let go, so he doesn’t, not until they sit on the couch and she has one arm around Peter and the other around Wade.

“I was going to let you tell me yourself, in your own time, but I feel like Spider-Man being
kidnapped crosses the line,” she laughs, dabbing tears with a tissue.

Being surprised would insult his intelligence, and overrate Peter’s skills in being a stealthy teenager.

“You knew this whole time?”

May has the good grace to look at least a bit sympathetic, petting him like she’s checking for wounds. “Well, dear, you weren’t exactly good at hiding it. Did you think it would change how much I loved you?”

“She’s a damn sharp lady, Webs.” Wade notes from the other side of her. She smiles, pats his cheek.

“You knew that she knew?” Peter gawks.

“Uh, we gossip,” Wade scoffs, but Peter laughs until he cries, which makes May cry, which makes Wade pretend not to cry, but he does.

She insists that they both stay over while Peter recovered, for as long as they needed. Any attempts at polite refusal were shot down with the fuel of motherly love. And when May kisses them both on the forehead before sending them off to bed, Peter falls asleep as soon as his head hits his soft sheets with Wade curled around him. Wade falls asleep much later, to the sound of Peter’s soft breaths and to a clear perimeter of the home.

Patrolling fits back into their schedule like clockwork within the next few days, after Tony shipped a compact package to May’s house with a brand new suit inside it. The note read,

*Your last one was looking a little ragged. Be smart, Spidey. Be safe.*

- Stark

When Monday rolls around, Peter goes to Stark Tower while Wade does... whatever Wade does around town.

Jarvis greets him like normal. The elevator takes exactly thirty seconds like normal. The walk to the labs is just as exciting as it always is. The hop in his steps drops his glasses lower down onto his nose like normal, before he pushes them back up, like normal.

But Tony is working on a new model of the Iron Man suit when Peter arrives, which is not normal. “Don’t you have billionaire stuff to do?” Peter questions lightly, dropping his backpack onto the desk and pulling on a white coat.

Tony looks up, pulls his work glasses off with a small grin. “Don’t you have awkward secret double-identity stuff to do?”

Peter laughs. “Not anymore.”

“Touche.”

The rest of the day passes by quickly, like always, but baited. If anything, it makes Peter work harder.

He wraps up his work neatly, almost gently, because he missed it all, and hooks up his coat by the door.

“Feel free to say no,” Tony starts, almost lyrically, making Peter falter and walk back further into the lab, “but how would you feel about a paying job here, and a full Stark Scholarship to any college
“Are you…” Peter swallows, eyes wide, “are you kidding?”

“God, no,” Tony shakes his head, dropping the Iron Man helmet onto the table and leaning against the wall, “I’m not cruel, just an ass.”

At a loss for words doesn’t even begin to express the depth of what Peter is feeling.

“Since when is there a Stark Scholarship?” Peter counters instead of saying anything like thank you or oh my god or wow, Mister Stark, you’re the best.

“What time is it right now?” Tony asks.

“Four in the afternoon.”

“Gosh. Look at that, you’re my first recipient.”

Peter rushes into him with no thought at all, hugging him tightly. Tony hugs back, awkward patting at first, but then a real hug. A string of thank-yous fall against Tony’s shoulder.

“Don’t tell me you don’t deserve it. Whatever you need, for however long you need it. You can have access to the training rooms, the tech I use for your suit upgrades, the mini-fridges in the loft, whatever you need. We’ll try not to… be overbearing parents,” Tony promises the last part begrudgingly, and Peter feels a surge of warmth in his chest at how miraculously amazing things are.

That Friday, Peter and Wade went out for tacos to celebrate before patrolling. It’s a lot, being somewhere safe again after so much turbulence lately. All the sounds and sights and feelings have been so unreliable and so much these past few weeks. He could be certain of so little. He could control so little. Sitting on the ledge of the highest building they could find, Peter closes his eyes behind his half-raised mask, relishing the patrol schedule he has again, thriving in the control of everything he does, and everything he doesn’t do.

Wade nudges his shoulder, the sheath of his katana poking him in the side. His hand is over Peter’s, calloused and warm. “Hey, Webs. You okay?”

Peter takes a breath toward the sky and filters out all the traffic and yelling and walking. He can hear the fabric of their suits creak as they swing their legs over the city. He can hear the wind this high up, whistling in his ears. He can hear the slight whir of his suit responding to the sensory input around him. He can hear the rhythmic thud of Wade’s steady heart beside him.

Perfect sonance.

“Absolutely.”

Chapter End Notes

So! So. This is the end of the story. I cherish this little world that I managed to build fiercely, and I cherish everyone who has read it, and who has helped, and inspired, and offered me lovely comments and helpful criticisms, and another thank you to the people who have drawn fan-art for this! That's wild. You're all appreciated. It took a while (thanks, brain stuff), during probably the most eventful years of my life, but it's finally
finished, which is weird, because this story has been one of my constants. I still can't believe how this grew and developed.
Please don't mind the temporary POV discrepancies; I'm slowly going back and making the whole thing third-person omniscient, and also making it flow better, since during this story I started college and have been putting my Creative Writing and Psych majors to moderately good use.
I have A TON of stories planned that you can expect soon, and, of course, I'll also be continuing all the WIPs.
In the meantime, check out some of my other fics and original works here!
As always, I, like, THRIVE off comments, so feel free to talk to me, tell me what you liked, ask any questions about me or the story you may have!
Keep up with me on Instagram: petr.prkr (my personal), and Tumblr: petr-prkr
Message me with questions about my original writing: leo.misislyan@gmail.com
And, hey, thank you. A lot.

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