Petey and Wade and their miscellaneous adventures (in which everything that could have happened, did happen)

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Summary

Peter and Wade have done a lot of stuff. This is normal. For humans, and for them. Humans do stuff, Petey and Wade do stuff, it's a thing.

Here's all the stuff we missed seeing them do through the years. And all the stuff that did not happen, but we kind of wished had.

(a series of only slightly related one-shots in my Petey and Wade and other being punched in the face things Universe)

Notes

Ok, first of all, these are all going to be one-shots coming straight out of my Petey and Wade and other being punched in the face things universe, so you should definitely read any of those first. Or not, I guess. Some of these can be stand alones. Some of these are going to have hardly anything to do with the plot of the three fics already in this series. Most, however, will make more sense if you have read those first. Or maybe just Secret dating service and Homewrecker, as I so lovingly call them in the safety of my own head.
Some of these are going to be even worse, and are going to come from some crazy-funny comments my beautiful readers have left for me to find. If I remember where the idea came from, I will leave it in the chapter summary. Also, you know, whatever. So, some of these are going to be alternative scenes, stuff that *shoulda, coulda, woulda* happened if the plot was controlled by some commenters. Real fun stuff ;)

Some of these are legit just going to be scenes mentioned but never fully written. If they come from a certain chapter, I will also note those in the chapter summary. I think that about covers it. If anyone has any questions, please feel free to throw down a comment or email me at isadancurtisproduction@gmail.com. And, just a heads up, these are going to be in no way chronological at all. Seriously, they are going to be so out of order, and will probably only be updated when the muse hits me, so, not regularly at all. I apologize about that.

This Chapter comes almost straight out of Homewrecker. Like, if you have not read that story, at least the first chapter, this will look really weird to you. Maybe? I’m not really sure. However, I am sure that it will make a whole lot more sense if you have read that one. Or at least the first of the series, since this is pretty much an alternative chapter 1, and I guess could be read instead of the first chapter of Homewrecker? This is ripped straight from the first chapter of Homewrecker, so if you’ve read Homewrecker, the first half of this should look very familiar. I’m sending out a winky face to a few of my readers who said that this is what should have happened that first chapter. Though, that would have meant less drama, and miscommunication, and the quick resolution would have made me cry.

Anyway, enough of my blathering. On with the show! This is how that scene *could* have gone.
Quick-witted; in which two’s a company, three’s a relationship

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter would later blame the adrenaline pumping through his veins for his lack of decorum concerning the making-out practices of him and his very hot fiancé. Peter definitely felt like he and his super hot fiancé deserved some making out after the fight they’d just won.

It was not the adrenaline’s fault that Pete and Wade’s lips adhered to each other’s. Nor was it the adrenaline’s fault that Peter was panting, and Wade had his hands up Peter’s spandex shirt running his gloved hands down Peter’s ribcage, and Peter wanted to stay pressed against Wade for the rest of their natural (or unnatural, he wasn’t picky) lives.

No. The adrenaline was not to be blamed for any of that. What it was to be blamed for was Peter’s overconfidence and Wade’s absent-mindedness when they started the making out business on the roof of their apartment, instead of inside their apartment like they should have.

It must have been the adrenaline that made him forget all about not doing the do out in the open on the roof of an apartment building that his real-life identity lived in.

But, alas, that was all he could blame on the adrenaline. And unfortunately, he could not blame his adrenaline for the Avengers finding the two of them up there either.

Wade had Peter’s spandex shirt hiked up revealing lean muscles and taut skin, and Peter had his uncovered mouth firmly cemented to Wade’s ear lobe, and they were rolling around quite a bit, playing at who could be the stronger, more dominant one, when Peter heard the distinct whirring of the quinjet somewhere to the east and incoming. Peter pulled his mouth off of Wade reluctantly and looked up. Yep, there was the Avengers’ favorite mode of transportation flying directly towards them.

Peter looked around and saw that, nope, there wasn’t anything horrendous attacking the city, nor were there any fires, natural disasters, or even any petty crimes occurring in a 40-mile radius. He would know if there were. So, no, the Avengers weren’t just coincidentally flying over them on their way to fight crime and/or save lives.

Which meant that they were coming for Peter and Wade.

“Uh, babe?” Peter said slowly, prodding Wade in the stomach with his fingers.

“Mmm?” Wade asked, not moving his hands from where they roved over Peter’s torso.

Peter hurriedly pulled his shirt down, and dragged his mask, which had been shoved up to just over his nose, back down again, hiding all of his face from view. “We have company.”

Wade let himself be manhandled away from his fiancé, sensing the worry in his voice, and turned his head to the sky.

The quinjet hovered above them, and Peter pulled Wade towards the ledge, giving the jet some room to land.

He had never seen it this close up since as Peter he didn’t get to see the Avengers stuff, and the few times that the Avengers deemed Spiderman worthy enough to fight alongside them, they were
generally doing the more hands-on things, not riding in the sky. He’d fought in close proximity to Cap and Iron Man, and even the Hulk on one memorable occasion, but the quinjet was usually far off, doing god knows what, and flown by god knows who. It was a fine specimen of machinery, and normally Peter would be itching to go look at it up close, to examine its engines and stealth functions. Today he was content to stay with Wade as far away as possible from the thing. If he thought that he could escape by jumping off the ledge and swinging away, he would have, but he was just one man, and the Avengers were, well, the Avengers. The only reason they hadn’t caught him before was because they hadn’t wanted to catch him.

As the jet landed, Peter wracked his brain for what their reason for being there could be. The most likely option was that they needed Wade for something, and couldn’t contact him. They knew where Peter and Wade lived, Clint had even visited them once, and they’d spent the evening playing Tekkan and eating pizza. But Wade had his phone on him, and Wade always answered the phone when one of the Avengers rang. He was smitten with the whole lot of them, and would have (and had before) begged off sex to go save the world. Not that Peter blamed him. The Avengers were pretty awesome, and so was saving the world. Peter could totally understand. He liked saving the world too.

So, yeah, it was unlikely that the Avengers were here to pick up his fiancé or scold him for not answering his phone.

The engine to the jet shut off, and Peter thought that maybe they were here to check up on Peter (though why they would take the quinjet when they could just call, or wait till the next day when he went into work, Peter didn’t know), or more likely considering those reasons that he’d just thought of about why that was unlikely, they were here for Spiderman.

And they had just seen Spiderman making out with Deadpool.

Shit.

Shit-fuck.

Shit, fuck, damn. Damnit damnit damnit fuck.

Fucking hell.

And another damn for good measure.

It was over. They knew. There was no way he could get away from it this time. They had caught him red-handed. Seeing Spiderman making out with Deadpool, they could come to no other conclusion than that Peter was Spiderman, and that he’d been lying to them. For as long as he’d known them.

Damn.

He hoped that they would forgive him, because he really liked them. They were like the best friends he’d ever met and could totally see why Wade consistently fanboyed all over them. Wade and Peter were on the same page about that one. The Avengers were great, and Peter would hate it if his secret getting out would ruin his friendship with them.

Or worse, their tentative acceptance of Wade into the Avengers. He’d have to tell them that it was all his idea not to tell them who he really was, and that Wade wasn’t at fault at all. Because Wade loved working with them, and Peter could always get a job somewhere else, if they really couldn’t look past this, but Wade would be crushed.
It was so obvious to Peter, that that is what would happen, that when the quinjet door opened and the stairs descended, and the Avengers, whose expressions ranged from solemn to rage, stepped out onto Peter and Wade’s roof, Peter already had an apology on his lips, and a plea to not blame Wade. That was the first thing to come out of his mouth, his voice slightly muffled by his mask, and also cracking weakly at the gravity of the situation:

“Don’t blame Wade.”

Captain America stood in front of them (and it was definitely Captain America, rocking his thin-lipped grimace and burning eyes, not Steve, who stood before them) with his arms crossed, and a very serious expression on his face. “Why shouldn’t we?” Steve asked, and Peter almost flinched at how foreign Steve sounded just then.

They couldn’t be that angry at him, right? They might be upset that he hadn’t told them, but he did have his reasons, and the Avengers were known for respecting super heroes who wanted to keep identities a secret.

Peter made a placating gesture, and Wade moved closer to him, giving Peter whatever non-verbal comfort he could.

But then, inexplicably, Natasha had her gun trained on Wade, and Clint his arrow, and Iron Man his repulsor, and Wade, his almost non-existent self-preservation instincts kicking in, stepped away again. They immediately lowered their weapons.

Peter’s mouth dropped open, though that couldn’t really be seen beneath his mask. “What’s going on?”

“That’s what we want to know,” Steve said, his arms still crossed menacingly across his chest.

Peter blinked.

“It looks like they’re angry,” Wade explained slowly, and tried stepping towards Peter only to step away immediately upon the weapons being aimed at him again.

“Yeah,” Peter said, just as slowly, “I’m just trying to figure out why.”

“Maybe the Man of Spider does not know,” Thor intoned darkly.

“Know what?” Peter asked desperately. These actions were super extreme for finding out that Tony’s intern was a super hero. If he had guessed, earlier, he might have thought that they would have been angrier with him dating Wade than with him being Spiderman, because whenever Peter had ‘accidentally’ overheard them speaking of Spiderman it sounded like they considered him harmless, at least in comparison to them, but they hardly ever gave Wade the benefit of the doubt. But that obviously wasn’t the case because they’d already found out that Peter was dating Wade and they were all totally cool with it.

Or at least they weren’t trying to cock-block him anymore.

Bruce, who was looking a little greener than Peter felt comfortable with, stepped forward and Peter tentatively relaxed. He could usually rely on Bruce to be the voice of reason. Hopefully he would explain why they the Avengers were all spitting mad. Because Peter was ready to apologize, more than apologize, beg for forgiveness for lying to them, but the way they were standing, the way they looked at Wade and Peter made Peter think that they would not make such an apology easy on him.
And Peter didn’t know why.

“Spiderman,” Bruce started, and Peter flinched back minutely. Why, now that they knew who he was, did they not call him Peter? “I don’t know what your relationship with Deadpool is, but he actually has a boyfriend.”

“A fiancé,” the intensely mechanical voice of Iron Man inserted in an accusatory fashion.

Peter gaped. “Excuse me?” he ground out.

Perhaps he had misheard.

Obviously Wade had a fiancé. Peter was the fiancé!

“So you did not know, then?” Steve asked, and he sounded slightly less likely to decapitate them with his shield.

Peter looked at Wade whose lips were twisted into some version of profound mirth. Peter narrowed his eyes at his boyfriend. This was not funny.

Ok, maybe it would be funny later, years from now, maybe when they retire and have time to reminisce, but now it was just confusing.

Peter glanced back at the Avengers and had to fight down the urge to run. For the first time when looking at them, Peter feared for his life. He was used to them smiling at him, laughing at Clint’s jokes, softly explaining technology to Steve and Thor, chuckling at him and Tony as they made plans to build a stasis chamber that would run off of ethanol but have the battery life of a nokia. And now they looked at him as if they didn’t trust him, couldn’t understand him, didn’t even know who he was anymore.

It was disconcerting.

It was so disconcerting Peter retrieved the flee-from-Avengers playbook he had trashed in his mind right before they had landed. Maybe it was viable after all?

Or maybe, Peter’s mind supplied as he mentally flipped through all the ways he could escape while retaining his life, maybe the reason they were looking at him as if he were a stranger was because they thought he was a stranger.

Were they still under the misapprehension that Spiderman and Peter Parker were different people?

Peter shook his head. That couldn’t be. They were smarter than that. Tony and Bruce had enough degrees between them to make an undergraduate cry and Clint and Natasha were spies who literally figured out people’s secrets for a living. Thor was a prince, soon-to-be-king, and they weren’t too shabby either. And Peter had heard Steve throw around strategy like he pro-football coach trying to stave off retirement forever, so no one could tell him that Steve lacked brains. They were all smart people. They had to know that Peter was Spiderman. At this point, given the evidence, it had to be obvious.

Didn’t it?

“Answer us,” Natasha said slowly and took a menacing step forward.

“Yes,” Peter spit out. “Wade’s fiancé and I have an… arrangement.”
Wade blinked at Peter uncomprehendingly, and Peter tried to convey through his facial expressions, through the *mask* that he knew what he was doing, he’d fix all of this, all Wade had to do was shut the hell up and let Peter work his magic. Magic fingers.

No wait…

“What kind of arrangement?” Natasha was kind enough to ask in a voice that could freeze vodka. (See? Peter’s new obsession with random trivia, *was* totally worth it. Vodka would freeze at -16 degrees Fahrenheit, which *was* like, over 40 degrees below the freezing point of water, no he was *not* a nerd, shut up!)

“Well,” Peter said, trying to sound as if he *wasn’t* about to jump off the building and swing to Guam in fright, “me and Peter have this agreement. He gets Wade after work and school, they live together so, ya know, obvi, and *I* get Wade when the adrenaline is pumping after a big fight, and alternating weekends.”

If Wade’s eyes got any wider they’d pop right out of their sockets. Not that he wouldn’t be able to fix them, or grow new ones, if need be, but Peter didn’t want to have to deal with that, so he leveled a glare at Wade until the merc stopped looking like a dead fish someone had just stepped on.

Tony’s helmet raised, revealing a vaguely incredulous expression. “You guys share… *Deadpool*?”

Wade had the great idea then to be totally offended, and Peter could only be glad that at least Wade had caught on before he started word vomiting. “Hey! What’s *that* supposed to mean? I’m a hot commodity around these parts!”

Clint had the decency to return the arrow to his quiver before speaking. “You sound more like a kid being shuffled between two divorced parents than between lovers.”

“I resent that!” Wade shook his fist at Clint, who only rolled his eyes in response.

“I…don’t understand what’s going on,” Steve admitted in a small voice. He had replaced his shield on his back, and his stance was less stiff and more ‘the future is weird and I don’t like it or understand it at all.’

Tony turned to Steve with a horribly delighted grin on his face. “Well, Cap, remember when we talked about different types of relationships? Men and men. Women and women.” Steve nodded slowly. “Sometimes relationships can be more than just two. You can have, say, man-man-woman, woman-woman-man, man-man-woman woman-woman-man, man-man-man, woman-woman-woman-woman, man-man-man-man-man-man-m—”

“I get it!” Steve interrupted, his face beet red.

Tony chortled.

“Ahhh,” Thor said, as if Tony’s explanation had made perfect sense, “Young Man of Spider and young Peter of Parker both share a bond with our Water of Death.”

“It’s called polyamory, actually,” Bruce pointed out, looking much less green, thankfully. “Loving more than one person. Or, loving many people.”

“And Peter approves of this relationship?” Natasha asked, expression stony.

“Doesn’t he mind sharing?” Clint asked, in a backwards agreement.
“Uhhhhh….” Peter said, very articulately.

“Well,” Wade jumped in, “it’s not like Peter doesn’t get something out of it as well. The only reason Spidey here doesn’t live with me and Petey-pie is because he’s so busy all the time. And of course, Peter doesn’t fight,” he made some weird half-laugh, half-choked noise which Peter hoped came off as amused rather than ‘I’m lying to you all,’ “so he doesn’t get to see Spidey as much as I do. But it’s not like Spidey loves me more than he loves Peter.”

Peter’s eyelid twitched, and he was suddenly overwhelmingly grateful that his mask did not accurately illustrate all of his facial expressions. Having himself split in half, as if Spiderman and Peter were different people, was a very strange experience. He didn’t usually have to participate in conversations where the two of him were the main focus.

There was a pause as Peter tried to realign his mental pathways to try and make sense of life again, but then Wade gave him pointed look and Peter realized that the pause was so that he could confirm or deny.

“Yes,” he finally said, trying to keep his voice as even as possible. “I love Wade, but I love Peter too.” He had to bite off the end of the last word to keep from laughing hysterically. There was a pause as Peter forced himself to breathe in and out once to calm his nerves. When he felt calm again he spoke. “I really wish I could see Peter more often, but I don’t want to be a danger to him.”

“Deadpool is a danger to him,” Tony pointed out.

“Wade,” Peter said, emphasizing the use of his first name, “protects Peter. He’s able to go to far more lengths than I could, and he can be with Peter all the time. I’m often… busy.”

“Busy doing what?” Natasha asked, arching an eyebrow.

“None ‘yo biz,” Wade spat, intercepting the question.

“So you’re not upset,” Bruce asked Peter, looking fairly intrigued, “that Peter and Wade are getting married and you aren’t marrying either of them?”

“Why could not the man of Spider join young Peter and Brother Wade in their matrimony?” Thor asked, a confused expression on his face.

“Bigamy is illegal in the United States,” Steve stated, and then his mouth twisted. “I mean, I think.”

“No, it is,” Tony said.

Thor looked completely heartbroken. “I am so sorry, Man of Spider. I wish it was allowed in this fair land for you to join your lovers in matrimony.”

Peter gulped in guilt, because, awwww, Thor, no. Spidey wasn’t really not able to marry Wade. In fact they were getting married.

Peter turned to Wade and caught his own guilty expression, though the merc quickly hid it.

Peter set about reassuring Thor. “Hey, dude, don’t worry so much. I don’t mind that I don’t get to join Peter and Wade. I mean, yeah, I’d like to join them, but I don’t get to see them as much as they do each other, and I want them to be happy together?” He tried to sound confident, but the end of the sentence lilted up as if it were a question.
“You don’t sound so sure there,” Clint said with a crooked smile.

Peter laughed, because _fuck! What was he doing?_

“Maybe I’m a little jealous,” Peter said, “but I would never take away from their happiness, especially when I’m hardly around as it is.”

“Maybe you’ll be around more often,” Steve said slowly.

Peter blinked, and then looked straight into the eyes of America himself. “Huh?”

“The reason we came today,” Steve said, “was because we wanted to invite you to join the Avengers.” He narrowed his eyes at Wade. “If we’d known that Deadpool was already this close with you we would have used different channels to find you.”

Peter’s brain was short-circuiting, but thankfully Natasha stopped him from crashing due to the information overload and emotional turmoil he was experiencing.

“Wait, Captain,” she said slowly, “I don’t think we should automatically jump to believing that Peter is fine and dandy with this whole situation.” She raised her hands to stave off possible disagreements. “Yes, I admit that it is possible that Peter, Deadpool, and Spiderman are all in one big, happy, polyamorous relationship. Fine. However, I don’t think we should let this farce go any longer before asking Peter what he thinks.”

“Fuckity,” Wade whispered low enough that only Peter could hear.

Peter nodded minutely. And then, loud enough for the Avenger to hear him he said, “Or, you know, you could ask him in person. Tomorrow. At the tower. Where he works. You know, with you guys.”

Natasha shook her head and pulled out her cell phone.

“Just in case,” Steve said placatingly. “Don’t worry. We’ll just call him up real quick, and it will all be sorted out in no time at all.”

Peter mutely shook his head, realizing with terror that he’d forgotten to turn his phone to vibrate only. If they called him, they’d all hear _My humps, my humps, my lovely lady lumps_ pouring from Spiderman’s pockets. (Wade had changed it a few weeks before with the explanation that lovely lady lumps should be celebrated, even when they were on non-ladies like Peter and himself, and when they weren’t very lumpy). They _knew_ that song was Peter’s ringtone. And, ok, _maybe_ they could be convinced that Spidey had Peter’s ringtone, but the timing would be a _bit_ too coincidental to be believed.

Wade, as he was wont to do, jumped to Peter’s rescue. Or, you know, _tried_. “C’mon guys. Don’t call Peter. He’s probably sleeping, sleeping the sleep of the damned. He’s deep asleep right now and if you call him he won’t answer, or you’ll wake him out of his beauty rest and he’ll become a vampire and kill us all.”

Natasha gave him an unimpressed look.

Tony gaped at Wade, and then gestured to the sky. “It’s full daylight!”

“You know,” Peter said, trying to sound confident and probably coming off as desperate, “he’s probably busy doing something else. Better not call him at all ever. Go, speak to him tomorrow. He’s definitely busy right now, with… uh…”
“The shower!” Wade exclaimed. “He’s probably showering right now and won’t be able to answer.”

“Oh he’s got his headphones in,” Peter said.

“Oh he’s cooking with the fan on high.”

“Oh his phone is dead because of reasons.”

“We should have started with that one,” Wade confided to Peter.

“I know.”

“Well,” Bruce said slowly, “then we can just leave him a message.”

There was a pause where the Avengers seemed to ready themselves once more for an argument, at the very least.

“There something you boys want to tell us?” Steve asked, his eyebrows drawn together and his jaw stern.

Peter gulped and looked to Wade for support. Wade shook his head frantically.

Well, Peter had walked them into this problem, it wasn’t Wade’s job to get them out of it.

“Ok, look,” Peter began, ready to weave a web of lies so complex even he’d be fooled, but then Natasha pressed the call button on her cell and Peter knew the end had come.

“Goddamnit!” he muttered.

Wade shrugged carelessly and said, “The jig is up, honey bun,” as My Humps pulsed from Peter’s pocket.

Peter dug through his pocket, pulled his phone out, swiped to answer and then held it up to his ear. “Sup Natasha,” he said as casually as he could, “what’re you up to?”

Natasha pulled her phone away from her ear with a quickly darkening expression.

“What is happening?” Tony demanded angrily.

“I too demand answers,” Thor said with a frown.

Peter stashed his phone away again, scratched the back of his head for a moment, and then before he could second guess himself too much, ripped his mask from his head.

Wade made a wounded animal noise. “Baby, now you’ve got bedhead.”

Peter rolled his eyes, and Bruce made a choking noise that brought Peter back to the very real Avengers he’d just unmasked himself to.

“Oops?”

“Have you been Spiderman this entire time?” Clint asked.

Peter nodded.

“Fighting people and swinging around the city?” Tony asked.
Peter nodded again.

“Wait, friend.” Thor said slowly, “then there is no third person in your relationship?”

Peter paused before shaking his head. “No, just me and Wade.”

Thor brightened visibly. “I am much gladdened. I despaired when I heard that the Man of Spider would not too be an equal in wedlock. To hear that he is indeed going to enter matrimony equally with his partner is much heartening.”

Peter blinked quickly. “Thanks, man.”

Wade swooned dramatically. “Isn’t he just the darling-est boy?”


Peter winced. “I do trust you,” Peter said quickly. “I really do. All of you. But this…” he gestured to his full-body spandex, “this is a little part of me that I liked to keep for myself. I like being anonymous, being free. People would treat Spiderman differently if they knew Peter Parker was wearing the mask.”

“We wouldn’t,” Clint said, with complete confidence, but Peter shrugged.

“Maybe. You can’t know for sure. If you saw me in a fight, what would you do?”

“Come help,” Bruce said without a second’s hesitation.

“Ok,” Peter said, “What if Spiderman was in a fight?”

“We’d help you,” Steve insisted.

Pete shook his head. “Ok, knowing it was me behind the mask, sure. But if you didn’t know. If it was just me?”

Natasha stepped forward slowly. “We’d observe, but not enter until we knew we were needed. We don’t encroach on other Supers’ turfs.”

Peter smiled at her. “Exactly. It wasn’t Peter Parker I was protecting, it was Spiderman. Like I said, I like my freedom.”

“So you were never going to tell us?” Tony asked, and he too sounded a little hurt.

“Petey don’t gotta tell nobody, nuthin,” Wade said petulantly.

Peter met Tony’s eyes. “I probably would have. Eventually. I know you all deserve the truth, but…” he paused and looked out over the city, noting the spires and the skyline like a dilapidated picket fence, “but it was my secret to have. My right. Spiderman is mine to give to who I want, when I want. I deserve that much.”

All around him he got kind nods and kinder smiles, and he returned the smiles with a large grin of his own.

Wade pulled him into his arms and wrapped him up tight. “See, baby boy? That wasn’t so bad.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Don’t say that like you knew it was coming. I bet if I’d have let you decide what you would have dragged us down a road of mishaps and lies until we exploded.”
“Ok,” Clint said, interrupting the moment. Peter turned to the archer. “I’ve got one question.”

“Only one?” Tony asked incredulously, and Peter stuck his tongue out at him.

Clint nodded, turned to Peter with the most serious expression on his face and said, “How the *fuck* did you come up with polyamory?”

Chapter End Notes

I swear, they aren’t going to all be this long. I know this because I writing this in one made me tired. Hah. Anywho, shout out to stealing_your_kittens, PharaohsCourt, Grinedel, AliceAce14, TheOneFromTheForest, Canisse, and anyone else I missed for throwing polyamory at me. This was a fun exercise <3 You guys are the bestest
Hawk Noises; in which Peter falls down

Chapter Notes

So, if you’ve read Homewrecker, than you are no doubt aware that Peter gathered some pretty interesting info while hiding in an air vent and spying on the Avengers. This happened in chapter 15, in case any of you were wondering. Well, what if Peter’s plan had…hmm… backfired?

Again, the beginning of this chapter I’m ripping straight from Homewrecker, so if it looks familiar, that’s why ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He’d been crawling for at least twenty minutes, and was starting to think that deciding to pull a Hawkeye had not, perhaps, been his best moment. He was not, after all, nearly as trained as Clint, even though he was physically stronger. Peter shook his head. He just had to practice more. Then he could…

Peter scoffed to himself. It wasn’t like he wanted the ability to crawl through the vents with ease. He had better things to figure out how to do, like flip an assailant onto his or her back without having to use his hands. Fun stuff like that.

Peter was so caught up in his internal grumblings and wishful thinking that he almost scooted right over the vent to the conference room. It was only Steve’s concerned voice that had him stopping and adjusting himself to better hear the Avengers’ opinions.

“—just not sure anymore.”

Someone sighed dramatically, and Peter recognized it as coming from Tony. “What’s that supposed to mean? He threatened bird-brain over there with one of his own arrows.”

“I know,” Steve said, “but he had a point—”

“I’ll apologize!” Clint interrupted, and there was a pause where no one said anything before Clint spoke again. Peter shifted on the grate and it gave a little groan which he ignored. “He was right. I was way, way over the line. If that arrow had pierced him, he could have died.” Clint sounded like he was sucking on a lemon slice. “I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“I do,” Natasha sighed, “and it makes me wonder. SHIELD’s files on Spiderman insist that he has these, senses, that—”

Peter shifted again, trying to find a more comfortable position, scooted forward a bit, and the vent shifted with him.

“You hacked into SHIELD?” Tony squealed, and then in a more mature tone of voice he prevaricated, “I am not proud of that. Not at all. In fact, I’m not sure that isn’t a breach of Article 8, subsection 14-B of the—”

The ventilation system, which was not meant to hold the weight of a human being, despite Clint’s insistence in practically living in them, finally gave out beneath Peter sending him crashing to the
conference table below, surrounded by bits of metal, and leaving a gaping hole in the ceiling. Only his quick thinking kept him from sticking himself to the ceiling or swinging on a web to keep him out of harm’s way.

“Wha?” Tony exploded, and Peter coughed in response.

Peter looked through the plaster dust falling through the air to the other Avengers surrounding the table. Tony looked confused. Natasha had her knives out. Steve was crouched, posed with his shield in front of him.

Peter tried to shift from where he was laying on his stomach on the table, but it was hard to get a grasp with all the bits of metal poking up under and around him.

“Peter?” Bruce asked, sounding way beyond confused, but thankfully not angry. No Hulk-time then.

Peter rolled on to his back and coughed before saying “Caw caw, motherfuckers!” because if he was going to go Hawkeye he was going to go whole hog.

Clint bit out a snort.

“Peter,” Steve started slowly in his disappointed parent voice, “what were you doing in the ceiling?”

“Were you in the vent?” Clint asked, slightly hysterically.

Peter nodded and Clint clapped a hand over his mouth to keep any laughter from leaking out.

Steve placed his fists on his hips and frowned. “Were you spying on us, young man?”

“You know you can’t do that,” Bruce sighed and swiped a hand down his face. “Avengers business could be serious. Spying on us when we’re in here could end with you getting arrested, Peter, if we say something incriminating or top secret.”

Peter rolled his eyes and tried once more to sit up. He had more luck this time and found himself sitting in the middle of a debris-strewn table being stared down by the avengers.

“Is no one curious about why my intern was spying on us?” Tony demanded sounding strict, but with a slight upward curl of his lip.

“Yeah!” Peter agreed in faux indignation, “Does no one care?”

“Peter,” Bruce drew his name out.

“I am curious,” Thor admitted. “Tell us, young Peter, why were you in the ceiling—”

“Spying on us?!” Tony finished with a dramatic flourish.

Peter shrugged and looked down at his hands. “I came up for pie.”

“Well,” Clint said, laughter still in his voice, “we saved that for last, so we can still get to it.”

“Pie,” Natasha said imperiously, “does not answer why you were in the vents.”

“Yeah!” Tony agreed petulantly.
Peter lifted his gaze to meet the Avengers’. He bit his lip. “I, well, I came up for pie and you weren’t there, so I, uh, came looking for you guys.”

“In the vents?” Steve asked.

Peter scratched the back of his neck and gave a half-answer. “I thought I’d pull a Hawkeye.”

“Thus,” Clint bit out, his voice pitched high and trying to hold back laughter, “the caw caw motherfuckers?”

Peter grinned and nodded. And then, because Peter still wanted answers and he was a brave little spider, he asked, “Hey! Where’s Wade? Shouldn’t he be here if this were Avengers business?”

Bruce didn’t hide his wince quick enough to fool Peter.

Natasha stepped forward to help Peter get to his feet through the debris, and as she did she spoke. “We met to discuss Spiderman,” she said softly, as if saying the name would break Peter somehow, remind him of his ‘unfaithful’ fiancé. “We thought Wade might be a little biased on the subject. We don’t want him any more compromised than he already is.”

Standing on his own feet, Peter began brushing the plaster dust from his clothes. “I guess that makes sense,” he said slowly, because yeah, that is logical, from their point of view anyway. “But I wish you’d put more trust in him. He can be objective too, ya know.”

“We know,” Steve said comfortingly, but also slightly higher pitched than normal, you know, like a liar, “but it’s less about our trust of his abilities, and more because we don’t want to cause him undue duress. He might be able to handle the conversation, but we don’t want to hurt him accidentally.”

Peter relaxed minutely. That was good. That sounded like the truth.

“I still can’t believe you were spying on us,” Bruce admitted.

“Yeah,” Tony agreed, sounding way more amused, “I’m kind of proud of my little intern.”

“We’ll make a secret agent of you yet,” Natasha said, straight-faced and Peter took a step back.

“Nuh-uh!” Tony said, latching on to Peter’s shoulders protectively. “He’s mine. Get your own intern to turn into a secret agent. Mine is perfect with me and Bruce and science.”

Peter patted Tony’s hand consolingly. “Don’t worry, I won’t leave science to be a spy, or a superhero or something.” He wanted to smirk, because duh! Of course he wouldn’t give up science to be a superhero. He could do both. And he did. Regularly.

Natasha crossed her arms and harrumphed.

“I think Peter would make a very trustworthy comrade,” Thor added, “but he is young yet.”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“I have a question,” Clint said, with a raised hand, and Tony pointed at him like a teacher might in a classroom. “How did the vent break like that anyway?” Clint asked. “I’ve been crawling around up there, all over the building, for, like, ever and nothing like that has ever happened to me.”

“And I might be heavier than I look,” Peter said thinking of all the muscle-mass he’d gained from the radioactive spider bite and from swinging all over the city, “but I’m not that heavy.”
“That would be my fault,” Tony announced with a dramatic sweep of his hand. “Or more precisely, Dum-E’s. He’s been getting a little handsy in the lab and I sent him to clean out the vents the other week to get him away from the breakables. He thought that mean he should disassemble and reassemble all the vents, god knows how. He failed pretty spectacularly at the latter. I’ve had contractors in trying to fix them all on the down low, but we must have missed one.” He shrugged, unconcerned. “They’ll get to it eventually.”

“Oh good,” Peter said, and then turned to make a quick retreat, having failed at his mission. “Well it was good talking to you guys!”

“Wait just one minute, young man,” Bruce said, his hand on his hips, looking way too much like Aunt May looked before grounding him. “We still haven’t gotten an answer for why you were up in the vents.”

“Screw that!” Clint bit out and stepped forward to sling an arm over Peter’s shoulder, and Peter had enough forewarning to stave off a possible flinch. “Pete here is a growing boy. What he really needs is that Pie we’ve been saving.”

“I too have been looking forward to consuming such a delicious smelling concoction,” Thor said with great gravity and Steve blushed.

Bruce’s expression was stern as he shook his head.

“I’m with birdy on this one,” Tony said, “talking can wait, spying is fun but whatever. Please may we have some pie? Hopefully before we get called into another fight?”

Bruce’s expression started to relax a little.

Natasha turned to him with giant doe-eyes. “Please Dr. Banner,” she begged, and Peter wanted to roll his eyes at her Tiny Tim expression, but it seemed to work on Bruce. He let his arms fall to his side.

“Fine! We can have pie. But Peter, we’re talking about this later!”

Tony waved Bruce away and came to place his hand on Peter’s other shoulder. Without a second glance, bracketed by Clint on one side and Tony on the other, Peter was led from the dusty and destroyed conference and to the kitchen where he planned on sneakily cutting himself the largest slice.

Chapter End Notes

Credit to this idea goes to littlebirdy3tweet from a comment on chapter 14 of Homewreckers! This chapter is yours. I hope you like it? The next chapter will be slightly more angsty? Only, you know, not really, because I find it physically impossible to stay anywhere remotely near serious.

Also, hey, heads up, due to my own mistake in formatting, like, 150 words of the previous chapter disappeared, so, I'm sure it made sense without that stuff, but shout-out to Gallifreya for catching that mistake. I've fixed the problem, so... yeah :D
“Hey, Honeybun?” Wade asked as he trudged into the living room, tugged off his mask, and collapsed face-down onto the couch right where Peter was lounging. Well, face-down into Peter’s crotch, but that was to be expected.

“Yeah?” Peter asked, only looking away from the TV long enough to give Wade a peck to the back of his head.

“Sweetie-Pete, can you talk to Clinty-boo?” Wade asked, his voice muffled by Peter’s crotch. Peter squirmed.

“What do you want me to talk to Clint about?” Peter asked, genuinely curious. He hit mute and focused fully on his fiancé. “He hasn’t been harassing you or anything, right? He’s been, like, super supportive of me lately.”

“Exactly,” Wade whined and rolled over so he could look Peter in the eye as his head still rested in Peter’s lap. “He’s being nice, and kind, and supportive, and it’s killing me. He’s being too nice. Way too nice.”

Peter quirked his head to the side. “How can someone be too nice?”

Wade threw up his hands, narrowly missing slapping Peter in the face. “By doing allllllll the things, Petey. He keeps doing stuff.”

Peter stroked his hand down Wade’s head. “What kind of stuff are you talking about? You’re gonna have to be more specific here, babe.”

Wade waved his hands around haphazardly through the air, as if that explained everything.

“I don’t think so,” Peter said, trying to hold back a wide smile, “use your words.”

Wade groaned. “I don’t want to. It’s annoying to explain, … he just keeps being all sweet all around me, and asking about my feelings and life during meetings, and asking about you all the time. ‘Is Peter ok? What’s he up to? Where is he going? Are the both of you happy? Is there anything I can do to make better? I’m serious Wade, I’m so sorry, I just want to make it better’ Shit like that. All the time. It’s pissing me off.” Wade grumbled a little and crossed his arms in a pout.

Peter frowned. “Are you saying he still feels bad about the—”

“The stuff he did to you before you sashayed out of the superhero closet?” Wade interrupted. “I’m pretty fucking sure, baby-cakes.”
Peter’s frown deepened. “But I told him that it was fine. I did, right?”

Wade nodded in confirmation.

“So why does he still feel bad?”

Wade sat up so he could look Peter in the eye. “Forgiveness does not displace guilt, Petey-pie. You should know that by now. You watch all those soaps on TV.”

Peter frowned. “Ok, first of all, that sentence was way too serious—”

Wade stuck out his tongue. “I know, but it’s not like I write the dialogue.”

“And second,” Peter continued, used to ignoring Wade’s nonsense, “that doesn’t explain why he’s been questioning you about everything.

Wade rolled his eyes and stood so he could remove his weapons and his suit. “Are you telling me, my Sweetums, that you haven’t noticed Clint acting crazy overprotective around you?”

Peter tried to think of the past few weeks since his reveal to the Avengers. “Well,” he drew the word out slowly, “maybe he has been acting a little too understanding towards me.” Wade nodded as he stripped out of his suit pants and slipped into a comfier pair of sweats that he’d drawn knives all-over using sharpie. “He’s been hanging out a lot. Watching me from the vents, and stuff. I didn’t really think anything of it. It’s just something he does.”

“He brought you cake,” Wade exclaimed, “that’s not normal birdbrain behavior.”

Peter crossed his arms. “It was good cake,” he said, a little defensively, “it was red velvet. The frosting was hand-whipped.”

“Exactly!” Wade crowed triumphantly, before jumping back onto the couch and curling up into Peter’s side. “He gave you cake, my emotionally-challenged sex god. He feels guilty.”

“Now wait just a minute!” Peter exclaimed. “Don’t say that like you’re better than me. I know for a fact that you are just as emotionally-challenged as I am. That’s part of what makes us work, relationship-wise. Beside that thing you do with your tongue.”

“And Taco-Tuesdays!” Wade exclaimed.

“And movie nights,” Peter agreed.

“And Taco-Thursdays.”

“And our common interest in beating up mean people.”

“And Aunt May’s casserole”

“And how you smile at ducklings.”

“And that thing you do with your tongue.”

“Anyway!” Peter cried out, trying to get to his original point, “What I mean, is that you’re no better than me on the emotion front. How did you figure out what was happening when I didn’t even have inkling?”

Wade waved his hand dismissively. “I found him binge-drinking last night at that bar, you know
the one with the eel? And he was moping real bad. Made me want to puke.”

“And you left him there?” Peter asked, aghast.


Peter rolled his eyes. “Incorrect answer, Wade. Try again.”

“Hmmmm,” Wade scratched his chin. “And then I helped him home?”

“Good boy,” Peter said and patted the ex-merc’s head. “Now rewind. You were drinking with the sad man.” Peter felt a nugget of guilt get caught in his throat. What kind of friend was he that he didn’t even notice that Clint still felt bad?

“Fine!” Wade drew the word out. “I’ll gossip about our coworker, but there’s not much to say. He feels sucky, Pete, obviously,” he rolled his eyes and stuck out his tongue. But then as he seemed to think more about it he grew more serious and a furrow formed between his eyebrows that Peter wanted to smooth away with his thumb. “I told him that he shouldn’t feel bad about it ’cause you don’t, but he didn’t listen to me. You talk to him. I don’t want to be known as the guy that broke mister purple-pants.” His frown grew more exaggerated. “Thor will give me his disappointed face.”

Peter let out a light chuckle. “Alright, I’ll talk to him in the morning. See if I can get him to turn his frown upside down.”

“There’s my sweetie-Petey,” Wade said with a small hurray, and crawled into Peter’s lap. “And now for your reward,” Wade said, and Peter’s mind didn’t wander near the thought of Clint for the rest of the night.

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“Clint,” Peter said, walking into the empty lab the next morning, “we need to talk.”

Clint dropped from the vent in the ceiling and landed in a crouched position. He rose and nonchalantly offered a granola bar to Peter as he asked, “What do you want to talk about?”

Peter frowned at the granola bar. “That,” he said, pointing to the offending object.

Clint looked at the bar. “What’s wrong with it? It’s chocolate chip. Didn’t you say those were your favorite?”

“And that,” Peter continued, pointing to Clint’s lips.

“My lips?” Clint asked, wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand.

“All of this stuff you’re doing for me,” Peter explained. “Stop it.”

Clint looked away. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he said firmly.

Peter sighed. “Yes you do. You keep doing nice stuff for me. Stop it.”

“It’s good to be nice to your friends,” Clint said slowly. “It creates stronger bonds.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “That’s not what I’m talking about.”
“Then what are you talking about?”

“I forgive you,” Peter said slowly.

Clint’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

Peter threw his hands into the air. “I forgive you, Clint. I told you that when you apologized at the baseball stadium. Before you even knew who I was you apologized, and I forgave you.”

“I don’t deserve it!” Clint spit out, and immediately looked confused at himself. In a quieter tone he said, “I almost killed you, Peter. I could have killed you, all because I was being stupidly reckless.”

Peter sighed. “I know. And arrows were a stupid way to react but you did it for me. Stop beating yourself up over it.”

Clint leaned against a table stacked high with lab equipment. “Yeah, I almost killed you because I couldn’t leave well enough alone. I was trying to play judge, jury, and executioner. In the most literal sense,” he said drily. “Thanks. I feel a lot better now.”

Peter huffed. “Don’t be so complicated, Clint. It was an honest mistake. Anyone could have made it. In fact, Thor did too. I had a bruise on my cheek for weeks from when he backhanded me. You don’t see him here giving me cake and granola bars and hiding out in the vents looking out for me.”

“Thor didn’t almost kill you, Peter!” Clint said, his voice raising.

“Yeah? Well neither did you, dipshit!” Peter yelled.

“Don’t tell me what I did!” Clint shouted back. “I almost stuck an arrow right through you! And then I would have murdered you for no good reason, you absolute idiot! I made a shitty mistake, it ballooned, and then I almost committed murder because I couldn’t see past my own anger long enough to realize that shooting arrows at people isn’t an answer!”

“You didn’t know!” Peter howled.

“It shouldn’t matter!” Clint yelled, louder than ever. “It shouldn’t have mattered if I knew it was you or not, Peter! Shooting arrows at a non-threat should never have even crossed my mind!”

Peter blinked, and then in a more normal volume said, “That isn’t what I mean. Clint, I mean that you didn’t know that I would have had an issue with dodging.” When Clint frowned in confusion Peter continued. “‘C’mon Clint, you work for SHIELD. I know you knew about my Spidey-sense. I can usually dodge oncoming projectiles pretty well because my body lets me know that they’re coming. You just didn’t know that it only works if I consider you a threat and since I don’t consider you a threat, Clint, my Spidey-sense wouldn’t tell me to dodge.”

Clint hunched forward, the fight leaving his body. “We suspected that you might have a supernatural ability to sense things like that, but we weren’t sure,” he said quietly. “I still shouldn’t have shot at you like that.”

Peter shrugged. “You aren’t allowed to blame yourself for this. If you want to give me cake and granola bars and watch out for me because we’re buds, well, that’s fine. That’s more than fine, actually, because that red velvet cake was fucking delish! But if you’re doing this out of some misplaced sense of guilt for something I’ve already forgiven you for, well, I just will not have that. I refuse.” Peter rested a hand on one of Clint’s shoulders. “What do you say? Want to stop freaking
me out with your overprotectiveness and just get back to normal?"

Clint let out a long breath, and then slowly straightened up. “Alright. I’ll stop being,” he made a face, “overprotective. I guess. I still think I got off too light for, you know, almost spearing you through the chest, but…”

Peter let out an amused huff. “Are you serious right now? Jesus, Clint…” Peter shook out his shoulders. “Ok, how about this? I want to ask you a question.”

“Shoot,” Clint said, and then winced.

“Ok, my question is: Why aren’t you pissed at me for lying to you about being Spiderman?”

Clint frowned. “You lied to us, yeah, but it was your secret to keep. I think I’d be a pretty suckish friend if I kept blaming you for something you did for your own safety. And ours.”

“And yet,” Peter said, “you’re blaming yourself for trying to protect me.”

“By hurting you!”

Peter waved that away. “The end result shouldn’t play into this. Clint, dude, you were trying to protect me. In a stupid way, yeah, but then you apologized. You learned from your mistakes, said you were sorry, and I forgave you. Don’t tell me you were this beat up over hurting Spiderman. I’m still the same guy. Please, stop hurting yourself.”

Clint didn’t look convinced.

“C’mon, Clint, you’re even making Wade feel weird, and we both know how he is with emotions. By which I mean that he generally ignores them until they give up and leave him alone or bash him in the head. Dude, I think your emotions are bashing my fiancé in the head.”

Clint chewed on his lip. Finally he spoke. “I guess he did try to comfort me the other day.”

“That’s the ticket! Now can we go back to being really cool bros, who occasionally make each other cake for friendship reasons and not guilt reasons?”

Clint smiled and nodded his head. “Yeah. Thanks, man.”

Peter waved him off. “No problem. Now Wade will leave me alone about it.”

Clint pressed his hand against his chest. “Wow, Parker. Ouch. That really hurt. Are you telling me that the only reason you spoke to me was because Deadpool told you to?”

Peter rolled his eyes good-naturedly. “Are you kidding me? Wade’s been complaining about your remorse-filled feeding and shame-drinking non-stop. Talking to you was the only thing I could think to do to get him to shut up.”

Clint made an exaggerated expression of pain. “Way to make a guy feel all warm and fuzzy. Thanks. Hey!” he said, his expression clearing, “I just thought of something. How did you know that SHIELD knew about your spider-sense, or whatever you call it?”

Peter tried to keep his expression nonchalant. “I don’t know. I mean, I just figured a secret government organization would, you know, just know…”

Clint’s eyes were trained past Peter, on the far wall. He scratched the back of his head. “I just didn’t even remember that until Natasha reminded me. I mean, she was betting on my
subconscious remembering but…”

“I know,” Peter blurted out, and then winced, heavily.

Clint’s eyes narrowed on Peter’s face. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Peter shrugged and tried to avoid Clint’s eye. As the silence grew longer, Peter grew more tense. Finally, the oppressive silence broke him. “I was spying!”

“What does that even mean, Peter?” Clint asked, his hands on his hips and his face set into his ‘I am an adult and you are a child’ face.

Peter looked around for a quick exit, but when Clint cleared his throat menacingly he dropped his head in shame. “So, I might have once gone up to hang out with you guys and the place was empty, and when I asked Jarvis where everyone was he said you guys were in a meeting. And I might have climbed into the vents to spy on you guys thinking that you guys were being dicks to Wade. And I might have heard Nat reminding you of my spidey-sense while I listened in. Maybe.”

There was more silence which Peter was not a big fan of. He looked up to see an absolutely delighted grin spreading across Clint’s face.

Peter shifted awkwardly. “Clint, are you ok?”

“You spied on us!” Clint exclaimed. “From the vents! That’s adorable!” He rushed forward to crush Peter into a tight hug.

“Oof,” Peter said upon impact. “So wait, you aren’t angry?”

“Angry?!” Clint exclaimed. “Are you crazy? I couldn’t be prouder! Wait till I tell Nat. We’ll make a spy of you yet, Petey!”

Peter furrowed his brows. “A spy? I don’t want to be a spy! Clint, let me go. Clint? Clint!” But Clint dropped him, and ignoring his pleas, rushed from the room, no doubt to tell Natasha the joyous news.

Peter was left standing slightly confused, and rubbing his head, alone, in his lab. “Well,” he finally said into the silence of the empty room, “that went different than I was expecting.” He picked up his phone and dialed Wade’s number. As soon as his fiancé answered, before Wade could say anything, Peter said, “Wade, I think we have a problem. I think I was able to cure Clint, but now Clint thinks I should be a spy. As if my life weren’t complicated enough without adding espionage to the mix.”

“Are you kidding, Petey-pie?” Wade asked from the other end, “You’ve been practicing espionage since the moment I met you! Liars should be happy when someone sees their skills and offers to make them into a spy.”

Peter scoffed, insulted. “I’m not a liar,” he objected, but Wade had already hung up. “I won’t do it,” he insisted to the END CALL screen on his phone, “I refuse.”
Homewrecker. I didn’t exactly… stick to script, but thanks you guys for giving me the idea for this chapter!
And sorry for the slow update, I’ve been writing and uploading a different fic so time has been pretty hectic. It’s here in case you’re curious.
Abuse; in which the Avengers are very, very wrong

Chapter Notes

So, in Homewreckers we know that Peter, when confronted with his bruises, gave the excuse of falling down the stairs. Due to “love magic” Wade did the same. But, what if things had not exactly gone to plan? So, you know, pretty much an alternate version of Homewrecker Chapters 17 & 18.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s really nothing, guys. Honestly, it’s all good. I…it was an accident. I fell down the stairs at the apartment. Nothing to worry about except me being a klutz.

Peter couldn’t help running his words to Tony through his head as he lay in bed and struggled to fall asleep. He stared at the dark ceiling and tried to ignore the gut-clenching anxiety that seemed to rattle through his bones. It was such a stupid lie, it really was, but Peter had been put on the spot. And now he felt guilty for lying to Tony and Bruce even though he obviously couldn’t have told them the truth. But he felt guilty nonetheless, and even worse he didn’t have any Wade to distract him.

Peter had gotten off of work and walked back to their apartment, thinking that he’d dig out one of Aunt May’s old family recipes to make for Wade for dinner, but instead he’d gotten a text from Wade saying that he wasn’t going to be able to make it home that night. Some Avengers business or something. It made Peter nervous.

Sleeping alone in his and Wade’s bed wasn’t too strange. Wade went on so many away trips with the Avengers, and before that on odd jobs, that Peter was used to their bed being half empty, but for some reason, with the weird conversation with Tony and Bruce still on his mind it felt more ominous.

“I…it was an accident. I fell down the stairs at the apartment.”

Peter twisted over and kicked the comforter off of his restless legs.

“I hid it because, hello, I work around a bunch of superheroes.”

Peter flopped onto his other side and glared at the bright, red LED numbers of his bedside alarm clock. 2:57 it read, because it liked taunting Peter.

“I didn’t want any of you thinking I’m weak.”

Peter sighed and twisted over so he was staring at the ceiling once more. The shadows above him gave no more comfort than the glowing red numbers had.

“Fine,” he said to the ceiling as he levered himself out of bed. “Fine,” he said to the alarm clock, now reading 3:01. “I guess I’m up now,” he said to the empty room. “Time for some Spidey-ing to get all these nerves out of my system.”

He shook his hands out and then walked to his dresser to grab his suit. He dragged the red and blue spandex over tired but fidgety limbs and with a small, almost nonexistent sigh unlatched the
window and swung away. Maybe beating up bad guys would make him feel better.

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Beating up bad guys had made him feel good right up until a really enthusiastic robber had shot at Peter, and while Peter had dodged the bullet, in his haste he’d actually flung himself into a nearby wall. And that, kids, is why you don’t crime-fight while sleep deprived.

And then, after finally webbing the gun-toting meanie-face to the wall and alerting the police, Peter had stumbled home, trying not to move too much to irritate the giant bruise he was now rocking all up the side of his torso, only for his alarm to immediately go off.

It was time to go to work.

Damn.

Peter had no luck. It was official. Or maybe he had all the luck, but it was all just bad. Peter couldn’t tell.

But he refused to let his nightly habits affect his day job, so he straightened his shoulders, pulled on a long-sleeve shirt over his jeans, and made his way to Stark Industries. He’d pulled more all-nighters due to Spidey plus schoolwork than he could care to count. He could obviously do this. It wouldn’t be difficult to just do sciency stuff all day and then go home with Wade and fall asleep on the couch to one of Wade’s horrible renditions of Popular from Wicked. It was going to be fine.

Instead he walked into the lab, still pulling on his lab coat, to be met with, well, all of the Avengers. And Wade. Wade was waving cheerily at Peter from across the room, bringing a serious contrast to the solemn faces of the rest of Earth’s mightiest heroes.

“Uhhhhh,” Peter said very articulately as he straightened the collar of the lab coat and shifted on his feet. “What brings all of you here today?”

“Well,” Wade said, cutting to the chase, “after work yesterday, these lugs” he pointed in the vague direction of everyone, “confronted me with spousal abuse.”

Peter felt his jaw drop and he heard himself let out a confused sort of hiccough. He blinked.

“Well?” Peter asked, dumbfounded. How was this his life?

“Well,” Bruce said, hands raised in a placating gesture, “when we asked you about your bruise yesterday you told us you got it falling down the stairs.”

Peter pressed a hand to his cheek where foundation was once again covering the motley of colors that Thor’s hand had left. “Yeah?” he asked slowly. “What about it?”

“What about it?” Tony muttered, than louder he said, “I’ll tell you about it, Peter. When we asked this bozo,” he hooked a thumb to point at Wade, “how you’d gotten the bruise he insisted it was from falling out of the shower.” He crossed his arms over his chest, a frown morphing his entire face into something disappointed.

Peter looked to Wade, his mouth still hanging open. Wade shrugged. “What can I say? Love magic can’t catch it all.”
“Love magic?” Clint asked skeptically.


“Wait,” Peter said, “so you asked Wade how I got this bruise, and when he answered differently than what I’d said, you decided that he was beating me up?”

“As if I could,” Wade added.

Natasha shot Wade a stern look. “The bruises didn’t put themselves there, Wade.”

“Is this where you’ve been all night, Wade?” Peter asked. Then he turned to Steve. “Did you guys keep him here all night? What? Interrogating him or something?”

“Oh don’t worry, Baby boy,” Wade said, “they weren’t nasty or nuthin’. Just kept asking me if I was hitting you. Which of course I said no to, unless they meant if I was hitting that, in which case hells yeah! I’d hit that! I do hit that! Almost daily. Bam, baby!” He made vague thrusting motions with his hips that the other Avengers mostly ignored. Natasha’s eyelid was twitching a little but Peter wasn’t about to be the one to point that out to her.

“He’s been doing that all night,” Clint explained, angling his chin to where Wade was still air-humping.

“Hey,” Peter said, relaxing as it became apparent that the others were just being annoying, not awful, “at least he isn’t making accompanying sounds.”

“You think I should?” Wade asked, excitement lacing his tone, at the same time that Clint spit out “Thank small mercies for that!” The two men glared at each other.

“Look,” Peter said, “Wade isn’t hurting me. He honestly would never do that. So, why don’t we all just let this go and we can move on with our lives.”

“You know, Peter,” Natasha said softly, sympathy lapping at her words like salt water upon sand, “we want to believe you, but very often victims of domestic abuse don’t want to admit or accept that they’re being abused.”

Peter rolled his eyes and then threw hands into the air in case the eye-roll hadn’t been enough. “But how else can I convince you I’m not being abused? If you don’t believe me or Wade about it, what more can we do?”

“Why don’t we start with where you really got that bruise,” Bruce said softly. His voice was kind without being pedantic, and it immediately made Peter relax more.

“Please, friend,” Thor spoke up, sounding truly grieved that Peter had gotten hurt, possibly by Wade’s hands. Peter could only imagine how disappointed Thor would have looked while questioning Wade.

Peter scratched at his side where his new bruise was already purpling. He reminded himself to stop running into things while he was trying to run away from other things. “Um,” Peter said, “I fell down the stairs?”

“You don’t sound too sure of that,” Natasha pointed out helpfully.

Peter shrugged. “There’s not much more I can say about it. I’m clumsy and I tripped going down the stairs. Landed on my face.”
“See, the thing about that,” Tony pointed out, “is that you’re not clumsy.”

“And now we’re just rehashing the conversation from yesterday,” Peter said and sighed.

“Falling down the stairs ain’t so bad,” Wade said, “at least you didn’t run into a wall.”

Peter tried to suppress any reaction to that but a small wince escaped.

Wade’s eyes narrowed. “Hold up, Petey-pie. Did you run into a wall?”

Peter decided that it was much more important to be looking anywhere else, so he focused on his lab stool. “Uh, I—I definitely did, did not,” he made an awkward laughing noise that sounded fake even to his own ears, “run into a wall. That would be crazy.”

“Peter,” Wade said slowly in a scolding tone, his hands on his hips.

Peter fidgeted and then tried not to fidget, which made him fidget more.

“You ran into a wall?” Clint asked incredulously.

Steve squinted and tilted his head a little. “Is that a…metaphor, or something?”

“I don’t think so, Cap,” Tony said. “I think Peter’s actually trying to tell us he ran into a wall.”

“That doesn’t seem very likely,” Bruce said slowly.

Tony scoffed. “About as likely as Peter falling down the stairs or falling out of the shower.”

“Yes,” Thor agreed, “Friend Peter walks with the grace and balance of a trained combatant.”

“Let me see it,” Wade said, advancing on Peter with quiet footsteps.

Peter frowned. “Why? You’ve seen my bruises before.”

Wade raised a single imperious eyebrow which had Peter’s shoulders slumping in defeat.

“What do you mean he’s seen your bruises?” Clint asked.

Peter threw his hands in the air again. Exasperation was becoming a default setting with him. “We live together. We see each other naked on the regular. Of course he sees my bruises. I also see his bruises. That happens sometimes when two people with eyes live together and know each other in the biblical sense.”

“Plus,” Wade said, because he was physically incapable of keeping his mouth shut, “who do you think applies baby boy’s make-up?”

“Jeeezus,” Peter moaned.

“So it was you who insisted Peter cover his bruises,” Natasha stated, cool as a cucumber.

“That doesn’t help with you plea of innocence,” Clint pointed out helpfully.

“I hate you all,” Peter said sullenly, but then he didn’t have time for much else because Wade had finally gotten to Peter’s side and was lifting up his shirt to examine the damage. Peter studiously ignored the fact that he was being undressed in front of the Avengers.

When Peter’s torso was completely exposed Bruce winced. Peter wasn’t sure he wanted to see how
bad the bruise had darkened if it had made Bruce react like that. Tony whistled.

“You received those,” Thor pointed at the discoloration that Peter felt spanned most of his torso, “from the impact of running into a wall?”

“You must have been running really fast,” Clint muttered.

Wade gave Peter a knowing look and Peter rolled his eyes. Duh, he’d go out superhero-ing even if Wade wasn’t around. Who did his fiancé think he was?

“Oh I was,” Peter said and batted at Wade’s hands until the ex-merc let go of Peter’s shirt, letting the fabric drop to once more cover the bruise.

“What other wounds are you hiding from us?” Bruce asked, sounding sad.

Peter scoffed. “C’mon guys! They’re just bruises! You don’t come to me every time one of you gets a new boo-boo. I’m not going to go running to my employer and his tenants just because I got a little hurt.”

“Is that all we are to you, young Peter?” Thor asked, his expression melancholy.

Peter threw his hands into the air again, and then shook them for good measure. Then he forced himself to breathe out slowly. “Alright guys, you’ve got to stop doing this. Of course I think of you all as friends. I really do. But if I get bruised, for whatever reason, don’t think that I’m just going to tell you. And not even because I’m hiding something, it’s just a weird thing to announce to a group of people.”

Natasha had her eyes narrowed, like she could tell he wasn’t telling the whole truth but he wasn’t lying either.

“Some of them look really bad,” Bruce said, “I respect your privacy, Peter—”

“Yeah,” Tony interrupted, “if it turns out that Wade isn’t hitting you.”

“But,” Bruce continued as if Tony hadn’t spoken, “I really wish you’d let me look at the dark ones, just to make sure there isn’t any underlying problem.”

“Broken ribs,” Clint said helpfully, “misplaced organs, ruptured spleens, you get the gist.”

“Argh!” Peter said intelligently, because that is definitely a real word.


Peter leveled an unimpressed glare at his fiancé. “I know they care, Wade, that’s so not the issue right now.”

“Have you been drinking?” Steve asked, “Is that why you have been injuring yourself recently?”

Peter sighed. “Well, at least you’re no longer blaming Wade, that’s a step up.”

“So you have been partaking in mead and causing yourself injury?” Thor clarified.

“Ok first of all,” Peter said, “I am legally allowed to drink. I’m 22. But no, I haven’t been getting wasted and running into walls. I’m just clumsy.”
“Aw snap, honey-bun!” Wade said, “You were given a golden opportunity just now and you pissed on it.”

“I’m not going to lie and blame *alcohol,*” Peter hissed, “for my bruises. I’ll get shipped off to an AA meeting faster than I can say ‘Hi, my name is...’”

“Hi my name is Alcohol,” Wade said, “and I’m a Peteraholic. Hi, Alcohol!”

“So you’d rather lie and say you’re clumsy,” Tony deadpanned.

“Why won’t you believe me on this?” Peter demanded.

“Because,” Bruce said softly, “you aren’t clumsy. We work with you, Peter. You are in this lab with me five days a week, eight hours a day. I’ve never seen you so much as trip on your own shoelaces. You once caught an Erlenmeyer flask that flew across the room when *I* tripped, without a single drop leaving the flask. You are the opposite of clumsy.”

All around him the Avengers were nodding. Was that a challenge?

Peter’s eyes narrowed. “Oh yeah? Well, if I weren’t clumsy, how would I have gotten this?” He lifted his pants leg to show a yellowing bruise Peter had gotten from one of the doombots. “Or this one?” He pulled the neck of his shirt down to reveal a purpling bruise on his shoulder from where he’d been thrown into a fire escape. “Or this?” he demanded, pulling up one of his sleeves to show a bruise on his inner elbow that he actually had gotten from falling out of the shower with Wade.

“What’s that!” Clint demanded, pointing at Peter’s bare arm.

Peter looked at the rest of his arm only to realize that in his haste to show his one clumsy-moment bruise, he’d revealed the cut on his inner arm where he’d dragged one of Clint’s arrows what felt like years ago. Peter squinted at it, as if maybe it would change if he tried hard enough. “Uh, I fell down.”

“Not the clumsy thing,” Tony moaned.

“You really can’t think we’d believe that, can you?” Steve asked, sounding actually hurt.

“No!” Clint said, “I definitely recognize that cut.” He turned wide eyes to Peter and Peter couldn’t help but gulp.

“Hah! Um, no you don’t?” Peter said.

“Gotta sound more confident than that, baby boy,” Wade said. “You’re dying out there.”

“Thanks so much for that, Wade.” Peter replied in a monotone. “I really don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Oh my god,” Clint said, and began to flail, “Oh *my god!***

Peter winced.

“Anyone care to tell me what’s going on?” Steve asked, his voice descending into Captain America territory.

Natasha looked first at Clint, and then at Peter. Her expression cleared. “Well. I can’t say I was expecting that.”
Peter groaned and slumped forward.

“Expecting what?” Tony demanded.

“I almost killed you!” Clint screeched.

Peter waved him off almost lazily, “Meh.”

“You almost killed Peter?” Bruce asked, his voice rising steadily.

“I know not of what is happening.” Thor crossed his large arms over his barrel chest and looked disapproving, “An explanation would be received well.”

“Oh my god,” Clint moaned and threw himself into Natasha’s arms. She patted his back soothingly, and made shushing noises even while she rolled her eyes.

“You apologized,” Peter said, exhausted and just wanting this all to be over, “it’s fine.”

“Are you sure about this, Petey-pie?” Wade asked, sounding actually solemn. “Are you sure you want them to know?”

“Know what?” Tony yelped.

Peter nodded. “I mean, it’s not really a secret anymore,” he nodded to Clint and Natasha, “but I think it will be fine. It’s just hard to figure out a way to say it, ya know?”

“Just spit it out,” Bruce said with a groan, “it can’t be that hard, whatever it is. If it will explain the bruises in a way that isn’t domestic violence I think we’ll all be happy.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “It’s not that easy, Bruce. It’s not like I can just walk up and say, ‘Oh hey guys, great weather, right? By the way, I’m Spiderman. Anyway, off to the lab!’ can I?”

There was a giant pause in which Clint chose to whine a little, and then it seemed like everyone was talking at once, demanding answers and asking for clarification in such a jumbled heap that Peter couldn’t make heads or tails of it.

“Stop!” Wade yelled. The noise cut off. “Coolio. Let’s try that again, with less of the yelling and talking over one another and more of the one at a time rule, aight?”

“You’re Spiderman?” Tony squeaked.

Peter winced and nodded.

“And you’ve been Spiderman, this entire time?” Bruce asked.

Peter nodded again.

Steve was frowning. “So Wade wasn’t cheating on you.”

“Nope,” Peter said, popping the ‘p.’ “That was just the two of us being stupid on a rooftop.”

“I must apologize as well,” Thor said “for it seems that I was the one who put that bruise upon your cheek.”

Peter shrugged. “Hazard of the job. Don’t worry about it. Or, actually, yeah, don’t go around slapping people, but, like, apology accepted.”
Bruce’s expression was actually cleared. He seemed the most content with this revelation. “So your bruises are all from being spiderman?”

Peter nodded. “Yeah. Well except for this one.” He pointed to the one on his elbow. “I actually did get that one falling out a shower.”

“I was there for that,” Wade interjected. “It was pretty fucking funny.”

“Oh shut it, Mr. Laughy,” Peter said.

“And that explains why the Hulk trusted you,” Bruce said, an almost gleeful expression on his face. “He recognized that Spiderman was actually you.”

“Yup,” Peter said with a shrug. “Hulk’s cool.”

“Hulk’s cool,” Natasha repeated under her breath. And then louder she said, “Not that I don’t believe you, Peter,” she grinned with all of her teeth and Peter shuddered, “but do you have any proof that you’re Spiderman?”

“Ooooooh!” Wade said and clapped his hands together. “They want a demonstration! Do it, baby boy! Show ‘em what you’ve got!”

“Uh,” Peter said and scratched his head, “ok. Why not, right?” And then he leapt for the ceiling, flipped mid-air, and landed on the ceiling tiles on his fingers and toes. He looked down at his friends, his head tipped backwards to face them upside down. “How was that?”

“How are you staying up?” Tony asked, the same look on his face that he got when writing code or examining a strange life-form under a microscope.

Peter shrugged. “I’ll let you experiment with it sometime, I’ve got, like,” he lifted one hand from the ceiling and wiggled his fingers, “sticky fingers.”

“Is that the technical term?” Wade asked, because he reveled in being a little shit.

“Shut it, Wilson,” Peter said and dropped from the ceiling, twisting only at the last moment to land crouched on the ground. He stood, wiping his hands together.

“So that just happened,” Tony said.

“I almost killed Peter,” Clint said on rote.

“I’d like to apologize for my actions,” Steve said, “and offer you a place with the Avengers. We could use your abilities on the team.”

A small bubble of happiness floated into his heart, but Peter didn’t let it show on his face. He wasn’t sure he fooled Natasha, but what did? “I’ll think about it,” Peter said, and Wade whined. “And in the mean time,” he continued, “I’d much appreciate it if every non-essential personnel could vacate the lab immediately. I’ve got to get back to work.”

“What?” Tony demanded.

“I don’t wanna,” Wade complained as he started making his way slowly to the door.

“I want to get to work,” Peter explained. “I have some time-sensitive experiments. Please leave.”

Steve gave him a confused glance but nodded and turned, and directly behind him Natasha was
dragging a shell-shocked Clint.

Thor looked kind of hurt, and Peter melted a little. “It’s not that I hate you guys now or something. I just think it’d be a good idea for everyone to think over this revelation, for Clint to regain his senses, and then we can talk more over lunch. How’s that?”

“It is a sound plan, aye,” Thor said, his mouth once more split into a wide smile, and then he followed his teammates out.

Tony and Bruce were left standing there. They looked at each other and then back to Peter. Peter rolled his eyes. “C’mon guys, don’t we have science to do?”

“Science!” Tony exclaimed, throwing himself into the new subject without a second’s hesitation. He always had placed science as his number one priority (behind Pepper, and Jarvis, and the tower, and etc). He fist-bumped the air and then scampered off to find something to blow up.

“Science,” Bruce agreed in a quieter tone, yet with no less enthusiasm. He gave Peter a wide smile, which Peter returned, and then walked the few steps to his desk where he settled down to probably break physics or something.

Peter wandered over to a computer that had been set up in an out-of-the-way alcove, sat at the cushioned desk chair, and pillowed his head on his arms. He ignored the computer, and the faint and not-distant-enough sounds of explosions, and let his eyelids slide closed. After everything that had happened in the past twenty-four hours he deserved a nap.

Chapter End Notes

So, it’s possible that I just keep writing ways in which Peter’s secret could have been revealed anywhere along the way if things had just gone a tad differently. Oops. Anyway, this lovely idea comes from Child_of_Eru. Keep up the good work!
Plum Blossoms; in which there are too many cooks

Chapter Notes

This is totally within the realm of possibility concerning my series. By which I mean that this is not an AU but actually part of the Petey and Wade canon. I should totally color-code this shit ;) This is related to stuff that happens in Homewrecker chapter 18

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter knew something was up almost as soon as he walked into work that morning. For ten blissful seconds as he walked across the threshold, nothing seemed out of place. And then something dropped from the ceiling and landed with a soft thump, perfectly balanced on the top of Peter’s head.

He blinked. It obviously wasn’t dangerous, or his Spidey-sense would have come out to play, but still, what could possibly have fallen from the ceiling?

Peter reached up, and pinching the floppy object between his thumb and forefinger, brought it to eye-level. He blinked again. It was a single oven-mitt, light blue with a dusting of soft white flowers across it. Peter flipped it over only to see the same design in mirror image on the other side.

“What the fuck?” he muttered to himself, and then looked up to see a vent grate hanging to the ceiling by only a single screw and a mashing of other almost- pastel colored cloth shoved into the area. He could only assume they were more oven-mitts.

One of the oven-mitts shifted, and then before Peter could think they were all showering out of the vent and onto the floor of the lobby.

“Shit,” Peter hissed, more in surprise than anything else, and jumped out of the way. He stared for a moment, open-mouthed, at the veritable waterfall of floral oven-mitts pouring from the ceiling before realization came over him. He smacked his forehead, and then rubbed it because why would he do that? “Wade,” he muttered. “It has to be Wade.”

Peter turned from the torrential downpour of kitchen safety equipment, and bypassing other early-morning SI employees who were gawking at the sight, he made his way to the elevator and stepped in.

“Mister Jarvis,” Peter said, trying to keep his voice steady and not freaked out about his fiancé shoving oven-mitts into ventilation shafts, “could you take me to the lab floor please?”

“Of course, Mister Parker,” Jarvis said with just the faintest whisper of amusement.

If Peter could get to Bruce and Tony maybe he could head them off, convince them to stay working while he found Wade and somehow convinced the man-child to clean up the mess. Vents were not good storage facilities. And if Wade got them all cleaned up before Tony noticed maybe this could all be forgotten.

As soon as the elevator doors opened Peter could see that his plan would fail.
“Shut it!” Peter yelped as oven-mitts began to tumble through the doors. They had been piled up to the ceiling! The doors closed immediately, and Peter stared at the few oven-mitts that had been able to enter before Peter could react. The one closest to his foot was a bright yellow, with daffodils scattered across the surface.

“What?” Peter asked, mostly to himself.

Jarvis answered anyway. “Mister Wilson seems to have flooded the entire floor with multiple varieties of floral oven-mitts. If you might permit me to make a suggestion?”

“Go ahead,” Peter breathed out, still staring at the mitts on the floor. He wasn’t awake enough for this. He’d only had a half a cup of coffee before he’d had to rush out of the apartment that morning. (He was almost always running late to somewhere).

“I believe, currently, the least flooded area of the tower is the Avengers’ common area. Sir is meeting with his teammates on that floor. Might I recommend you joining them until they arrive at a solution?”

Peter’s shoulders slumped. “Sure, Mister Jarvis. Take me up?”

“Right away, Mister Parker.”

Peter leaned against the wall as the elevator rose, and when the doors slid open with small ding, he stepped out with confident steps only to find that, wait a minute, had Jarvis lied?

This was the Avengers’ common area, but the entire floor was covered in at least three layers of oven-mitts.

“Jarvis?” Peter asked. “Are you malfunctioning?”

“To the contrary, Mister Parker,” the AI responded, not really calming any of Peter’s fears, “I am merely having a short vacation.”

Peter scratched the top of his head. “Huh?”

“Peter!” A voice called from past the dining area. “Is that you?” From down the hall came the floppy sound of feet-fall on heavily padded floors and then Bruce stepped into Peter’s sight. His face relaxed into a smile. “Peter, it is you, what’s up?”

Peter threw a pointed glance at the oven-mitt covered floor.

“Ah, yes,” Bruce said. “Well, we’re trying to work that out right now.”

“We?”

Bruce nodded. “Everyone’s in the living room, but the only people being useful are Pepper and Tony. The rest of them are just commiserating on the fact that nothing can get done since we’re being inundated with oven-mitts.”

Peter looked up, a silent plea to whatever deity might exist and be listening, but instead found himself focusing on some oven-mitts that were hanging from the ceiling fan. He sighed heavily. “Alright. Let’s go. I think I might have some answers.”

Bruce raised his eyebrows but didn’t say anything. He just led Peter down a side hall and into a large room with a several couches and armchairs, and a large projection screen. Scattered across
the blessedly oven-mitt-free room were the Avengers. Tony and Pepper were on a far love-seat, heads bent close together, muttering over the three tablets they held between them. Thor and Natasha were playing some weird drinking game with a bottle of vodka and a fish tank, Steve was reading a book that Peter recognized as something by Neil Gaiman, and Clint was whittling a chunk of wood with a small pocket knife while crouched on the seat-back of one of the couches.

“Wade did it,” Peter said in lieu of an actual greeting. The Avengers’ heads popped up. Steve blinked.

“Hello to you too,” Clint said, brushing some wood shavings from his knees.

“What do you mean Wade did it?” Natasha asked, her eyes narrowed menacingly.

Peter rolled his eyes. “What I mean,” he said, “is that recently Wade bought out Amazon’s stock of floral oven-mitts, and now, suspiciously, there are mounds and mounds of floral oven-mitts flooding the tower. That’s a really strange coincidence, only, you guys couldn’t possibly think that’s really a coincidence, could you?”

“Did he now?” Natasha asked, only it was more of a growl. She cracked her knuckles.

“Where is our fellow teammate?” Thor asked. “Where has our Water of Death gone?”

“Jarvis?” Tony asked, shuffling the tablets from his lap to the cushion beside him. “Where’s Deadpool?”

“I’m afraid Mister Wilson has asked me to respect his privacy unless there is an actual emergency,” Jarvis said, audible amusement in his synthetic voice.

“And that!” Peter said, pointing at the ceiling. Peter knew that Jarvis didn’t really exist in the ceiling but it was hard to remember. Plus, you know, dramatic effect.

“Jarvis?” Tony said, exasperated, “Do you really think now is the time exercise your humor program?”

“I believe it is as sensible a time as any other, Sir.”

Pepper sighed. “Alright Jarvis. A real answer this time. How much of the building is covered in oven-mitts?”

There was an almost nonexistent pause before Jarvis said, in a more serious, and yet still somehow disappointed voice, “Approximately three-fourths of the floors are inaccessible. Only one floor is completely free, but on the others work is still at a stand-still.”

Pepper rolled her eyes and got to her feet. “Alright Jarvis, we need the conference rooms free because the board’s meeting is this afternoon and can’t be rescheduled. Get the janitorial staff to clear out that floor, the lobby, and the elevators. Get Jacques to head the team for the lobby, he’s good at talking down unruly office-workers. Send everyone else home for the day. We can’t get any work done like this. For now we’ll tell them that work will resume tomorrow.”

“Very well, Mrs. Potts,” Jarvis said.

“Oh don’t worry,” Peter said, “I got this.”

“Yeah, web-head?” Tony asked, leaning back into his couch and crossing his legs. “What are you going to do about it?”
“I feel that it would serve Wade Wilson well if he were made to clean up the destruction he caused.” Thor said, sounding more like an overbearing parent than a disgruntled teammate.

“How would we find him?” Steve asked. “Jarvis seems unwilling to tell us and unless you’ve put a gps tracker on him, Tony, I wouldn’t know where to start.”

“Oh no,” Peter said, an evil grin curling his lips upward, “Wade will have no input. I will take care of this myself.”

Clint cackled. “What did he do to make you turn against him?”

“You mean besides flood the entirety of Stark Industries in floral oven-mitts?” Bruce asked.

Clint scoffed and waved Bruce off. “Pshh! Peter would probably help Wade go all Charlotte’s Web all over the tower if the man asked. He’s a push-over.”

“Hey!” Peter yelped, mock offended (Prank Avengers’ Tower, Charlotte’s Web style? Peter would have to remember that one).

“No,” Clint continued as if Peter had not interrupted him, “Wade must have done something to put Peter in our corner.”

“Yeah?” Steve asked. “What is it, Peter?”

“Yeah, Peter-boy!” Tony said, his smile wolfish, “How did Wade piss you off this time?”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Fine. Whatever. I’ll tell you. It has to do with the oven-mitts anyway.”

“Regale us, please,” Thor prompted.

“I mean,” Peter said, “it’s no big thing. Just, Wade ordered Amazon’s entire stock of floral oven-mitts with my account, and he told me, he told me, that the last time he did something like that they banned him, but I didn’t take him seriously or something.”

“And now you’re banned from Amazon,” Tony finished for him.

“That’s hilarious,” Clint pointed out with a straight face.

“Thanks,” Peter said. “But I’m pissed about it so,” he shrugged, “I guess Wade is going to lose all of his oven-mitts.”

Natasha made a show of wiping away imaginary tears. “My little spider is growing up so fast.”

“I’m not sure I condone revenge,” Steve said slowly. There was a pause around the room that Steve broke with a laugh. “Jesus guys, I’m joking. He shoved oven-mitts through the vents. I can’t even get to my room. Peter, just tell me how I can help.”

“Alright!” Peter said. He cracked his knuckles and his grin was practically maniacal.

Before he started he sent a single text message to Wade. “You better say goodbye to all of your oven-mitts, Wade, baby.”

He got an immediate “C’mon Petey-Piper.”

With no return response, Wade sent another message. “Peter?”
“Peter!”

“Petey! Babe! Don’t do anything drastic!”

“Petey please! Pleeeaaasseeee!!!!”

Peter ignored them, and with the help of Steve, Thor, Clint, and Tony’s custodians he set to work.

***

“Peter!” Wade gasped and lunged at Peter as soon as he stepped into their apartment. He patted at Peter wildly, as if he might be hiding some oven-mitts in his trouser pockets or stuffed down his shirt or something.

Peter grabbed at his fiancé’s wrists and held them still before him. “Calm down, Wade.”

“How can I calm down?!” Wade shrieked. “You thieved my oven-mitts!”

“Ok, babe, first of all, don’t say ‘thieved.’ That doesn’t sound like real English.” Peter said with a smile that was trying for soft but looked more vengeful. “Second of all, you definitely didn’t need all of those oven-mitts.”

Wade whined. “But, Petey! I wanted them! And after I went through all that trouble to store them all somewhere safe!” Peter snorted. “I even enlisted Mr. British Robot Voice to help!”

“Yeah,” Peter said, “that brings up another question. How did you convince Jarvis to let you flood the tower in oven-mitts?”

Wade shrugged. “I just reminded him that with his back-story, as a love-god and having lost his father and Tony getting amnesia, that he should support my love of the oven-mitts.”

Peter blinked. “Ok. You’re going to have to explain exactly how that happened someday…”

Wade shrugged again, only this time it was more like his shoulders were jerking spasically to a rhythm that Peter couldn’t hear. “Jarvis is a bro. But more importantly! What did you do with my oven mitts?”

Peter smirked and finally let go of his fiancé’s wrists. Wade immediately began tugging at Peter’s clothes, pulling him into the house. “Well,” Peter started, “We donated a lot of them. Gave them to culinary schools and the Girl Scouts of America.”

Wade whimpered.

“Not because they’re girls,” Peter felt the need to explain. “We would have donated some to the boy scouts too, only they’re homophobic, and I’m not about that life. We dropped some off at charities to be given to low-income housing. I sent a box of, like, thirty, to Aunt May. I really like the hibiscus ones and I think she’d agree.”

Wade winced and was somehow able to look up at Peter with pleading eyes despite being a good deal taller than Peter.

“Then I just started sending them out to people I thought might want some. We sent a box to Professor Xavier’s school. I sent a few to Daredevil. I sent a single one to Jessica because I don’t think she actually knows how to cook. Thor sent a few to Jane and Darcy, and then sent a whole chunk to Heimdall to gift to worthy Asgardians. Clint had a box sent to some SHIELD buildings to
put in their kitchens. We had a whole set sent to Fury himself.”

Wade moaned, but there was a quirk to his head that let Peter know that he’d found at least some of that amusing.

“Tony sent every single Janitor home with a pair, as a thank-you for having to deal with all of them. Natasha stole a single tulip one which she cut up to make into floral koozies for her bottles of vodka. Pepper made sure that every kitchen in the Tower had a pair, including the Avengers’ floor. Bruce took some to use in the lab for moving hot materials. He meant it to sound like dangerous chemicals, but I know for a fact that he has a microwave hidden beneath his desk that he uses for warming up soup, so…”

Wade snorted, and Peter’s grin grew more genuine.

“And as a coup de grace I sent, like, ten pairs to Johnny Storm.”

Wade’s smile was wide and all-encompassing.

“I mean, can you imagine?” Peter asked, a hint of laughter in his voice. “He’s the human torch. He’s like, the one person who could pick up literal fire and it wouldn’t hurt a whit. He’ll never need oven-mitts ever again. He’s made to handle hot things, he’s a hot-head himself.” Peter bit his lip to stifle his laughter. “And he gets in the mail, twenty oven mitts. Twenty!”

Peter and Wade simultaneously broke down into uproarious laughter. The clutched at each other, trying to stay upright as their bodies were wracked with laughter.

“Petey!” Wade squeaked, high-pitched and breathless from laughing so hard. “You sent the human TORCH fucking oven mitts. I’m dying! Oh sweet baby jesus, take me now!”

Peter nodded, his smile so wide it was hurting his cheeks. Wade collapsed on the ground, his laughter nothing more than wheezing breaths of air he had a hard time pushing past his lips.

A buzz of the intercom interrupted the last vestiges of laughter forcing its way out of Wade. Peter left his boyfriend curled into a ball of hysteria on the floor and went to answer it. He spoke into it quietly and not too much later there was a knock and Peter pulled open the door.

Wade had ignored the intercom, focused on trying not to suffocate from being unable to breathe through the laughter, but Peter could see him perk up when Peter answered the door and a parade of curriers strode into the room and began setting down large cardboard boxes on every available surface.

“Thanks, guys,” Peter said as he saw them back out the door. There had been at least a dozen, which left at least a dozen brown boxes scattered around the apartment.

Wade squealed and Peter spun to find, to his un-surprise, that Wade had not waited before shredding the lid off of the closest cardboard box. Wade reached into the box with both hands and hauled out an armful of floral oven mitts.

Peter offered Wade a soft smile. “And of course I saved as many as I possibly could for my favorite guy. We’re going to need to find someplace to put them, but…” he shrugged and stepped up to pluck a single oven-mitt from Wade’s arms. He held it before his eyes. “I think they’re cute.”

Wade let the oven-mitts fall to the ground between them and jumped to cling to Peter to better kiss him.
“Oh Petey-pie. You’re the only oven mitt I need.”

Peter snorted and wanted to point out that that didn’t make any sense, but then Wade’s lips were on his again, and then it didn’t seem like that big of a deal any more.

Chapter End Notes

Big shout out to NotaTroll, Marvelite5Ever, and Fluffyhippogriff for throwing these ideas at my head!
Sorry for the bit of a wait, but Happy Easter, guys! At least to you who celebrate Easter. And Happy belated first day of Spring/Spring Equinox to everyone, and happy other things? Yay!
Dino DNA; in which Tony is bad at Secret Identities

Chapter Notes

So here’s another alternate reveal. This one plays off the whole Clint-arrow, bleeding-hulk debacle from Homewrecker Chapter 11: *Explanations; in which Peter makes his point. A pointy point.* But, it really actually replaces Homewrecker Chapter 13: *The Call; in which Pete’s sweet tooth makes the final decision.* As always, some of this is ripped from Ch. 13, so don’t worry if it sounds really familiar. This one was hard to write, so I apologize if things feel or sound kind of wonky. I’ve been a bit busy and tried to churn this one out in a day. I don’t know. I hope you enjoy it :D

The day after the Doom bot battle Peter really didn’t want to go to work. He didn’t want to have to face the team and all the awkwardness it would bring up. He didn’t want to have to think about not fidgeting and poking at his bruises or trying to act casual around people who treated him so kind one day and so negative another. Peter knew it wasn’t their fault, but he was tired and he didn’t want to deal with it. But, despite wanting to take the day off of work, there was no point in doing it if Wade wasn’t home too (which he couldn’t because of hero reasons), and that it would really just be better to get seeing the Avengers over and done with as soon as possible.

Which was totally why Peter decided to completely avoid all of the Avengers that he could. Obviously he would at least have to interact with the ones he worked with a little bit, he couldn’t completely avoid Tony and Bruce, but he could definitely avoid interacting heavily with them. Peter really should have known that he wouldn’t be able to get away that easy.

“Peter!” Tony called as Peter stepped into the lab, “Come here, I’ve got something to show you.”

Peter blinked at Tony’s exuberance. He was used to the man being excited by science, but not usually to this extreme. He hesitated before moving towards Tony, thinking that he wouldn’t be able to avoid Tony after all. He would just have to live with the one-sided awkwardness and tamp down any weird reactions he might have. Bruce wasn’t in the lab, thankfully, so Peter only had to focus on not freaking out at Tony.

Peter stepped over to where Tony was sitting, an arrow on the table before him. Peter frowned. Was Tony doing upgrades in this lab? Usually any upgrades he did on any of the Avengers’ weapons or suits he did in a different lab, a more private one. “What’s up?” he asked the man, and Tony turned to him with a wide grin.

“I’m about to find out who Spiderman’s identity!” Tony boasted, and Peter’s heart dropped.

“What?” Peter asked, breathless, but Tony didn’t seem to notice.

“Yesterday,” Tony said, his voice becoming more serious, “we had a small altercation with some evil robots. You may have seen about it on the news.” Peter gave a non-committal shrug. “Well,” Tony continued, “afterwards we had a brief confrontation with Spiderman—” way to underplay it, Tony, “—in which he cut himself with one of Birdbrain’s arrows.”

Tony picked up the arrow laying at the table and twirled it in his fingers. Peter could just make out
a dark red line on the tip of it. It was his blood, he realized, and looked up in shock at Tony.

“I know,” Tony said, “It’s crazy. But, after the whole thing with him and Deadpool,” he winced and gave Peter an apologetic nod, “we were trying to avoid him. But since you forgave the situation, and well—we want to talk to him for other reasons. This is our best bet for finding him.”

“Don’t!” Peter bit out and Tony glanced at him in surprise. Peter tried relaxing his shoulders, and he graced Tony with what he hoped was an easy grin. “I mean, Spiderman seems to be very secretive. I don’t know if he’d appreciate you approaching his secret identity.” Peter was desperately trying to slow his heart beat, to keep his stance tension-less. “You could be ruining the guy’s life.”

Tony’s expression softened. “You’re a good guy, you know that Peter? If someone did to me what that Web-guy did to you I’d’ve punched his lights out. I’d say you were too forgiving, but it’s probably for the best, generally speaking.”

“Really,” Peter agreed, feeling like he was pushing his luck, “and if I forgive him, can’t you all just leave him alone?”

Tony frowned. “Peter, I want to agree with you. Honestly, I do, but—,” he sighed, “Ok, don’t get too angry with Clint over this, but last time we saw Spiderman, Hawkeye let his anger get the better of him. He was an idiot, and the rest of us jumped into the situation and started throwing accusations and made it all worse. Birdbrain and the rest of us just want to apologize.”

“That’s very nice,” Peter felt the need to point out, and some small part of him got all warm and fuzzy thinking about the Avengers going to these lengths just to say sorry for being stupid about him. Most of him, however, was screaming that this wasn’t good. ABORT! ABORT! “But! I think he’d appreciate it more if you didn’t go around unearthing this very big secret that he’s been keeping for very important reasons that you’re about to ruin.”

Tony frowned.

“You must have thought of this!” Peter pointed out. “There are reasons why some superheroes keep their identities a secret. Isn’t there some sort of bro-code about outing another super against his will or wishes?”

Tony shifted guiltily in his seat. “Yeah,” he said the word slowly, “but Birdbrain really wants to apologize, I mean we all do, but he’s beating himself up over it pretty bad.”

“What would you have done if you didn’t have his blood?” Peter asked. “You probably would have just waited to tell him, waited till the next fight near you guys. Or you could leave a note for him on a rooftop somewhere. You don’t have to—” he laughed awkwardly, “—ruin him!”

Tony fidgeted with the arrow, picking it up and putting it back down again. Finally he sighed. “You’re right. Of course you are. What was I thinking? We’re trying to apologize to the guy, not make him hate us more.”

Peter let out a long breath. “How did you get this far? Doesn’t Bruce usually act as your voice of reason?”

Tony shrugged. “Yeah. I didn’t tell him. I wanted to surprise everyone with it. They don’t even know I took the arrow. I guess I should shut down the program.”

“Wait, you already started the—” A high pitched whine interrupted Peter.
“DNA analysis complete,” Jarvis said coolly from the ceiling, and before Peter could think a holographic screen popped up above the table.

“Stop!” Peter yelped and lunged for the screen but it was too late. There was Peter’s own face on the screen as well as some mild history concerning his parentage, living relations, education, and occupation.

Tony froze, gulped, and then slowly turned away from the screen to face Peter. He slumped, making him look smaller and more vulnerable, and Peter winced in recognition that the cat was out of the bag. “Peter?” Tony asked breathlessly.

“Ohops?”

“Peter, is this a joke?” Tony asked wildly, his whipped his head to look at the screen, down to look at the arrow, and then back up to Peter’s face. “Jarvis, is there an error in the program?”

“There is no error, nor malfunction, in my processes, Sir,” Jarvis said, sounding a little put out.

“So,” Tony drew the word out, and his eyes were wide, “that means that you are Spiderman.”

Peter grimaced, not knowing what to say to that. This was happening too fast. He wasn’t prepared to be unmasked so suddenly. And then he mentally smacked himself because he had just left his DNA lying around near Tony Stark of all people, and if Tony Stark was even near a scientific mystery there was no promise that any secret was safe.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Tony muttered to himself. He cautiously reached a hand out to take Peter’s arm, the one he’d cut with the arrow the previous day, and Peter let him. What was the point in hiding it now that Tony knew? Tony drew Peter’s arm out slowly, and with the other hand pulled back Peter’s sleeve revealing the wound. Tony dropped his hand. “Shit,” he said a little shakily.

“You look a tad pale,” Peter said. “I’d suggest you sit down, but you’re already sitting down, so maybe you want a glass of water? Some food? Crackers and Humus? I know Bruce keeps some in a fridge under his desk, I think he’d forgive you this time for taking it since you’ve had a bit of a shock.”

“Shock,” Tony barked, sounding slightly more like his usual self, “that’s an understatement! It’s not every day you find your intern is actually Spiderman. Which means—Fuck! That mean’s Deadpool wasn’t cheating on you!” Peter shook his head, and despite his entire life turning on its ear just now he couldn’t help a small smile from appearing on his lips. “Shit,” Tony drew the word out slowly. “Barton’s going to have a kitten! Capsicle, oh my god, he’s going to be insufferably apologetic!” He paused a moment, his eyes going wide, and then he pierced Peter with an incredulous glare, “How did you get this past our resident Assassin Queen?”

“Natasha?” Peter asked, scratching the back of his head, “Honestly, I don’t know.”

Tony let out a hysterical giggle that seemed to startle him more than it startled Peter, but then they caught each other’s eyes and Peter broke down laughing as well, feeling the tension he’d been holding through this whole affair, all of his worry and anger and sadness melting away as he laughed alongside Tony Stark, practically pushing Tony out of his chair when he couldn’t hold himself upright anymore.

“Big-green liked you,” Tony said, as if it was the final puzzle piece slotting into place, still breathless from the laughter. “Hulk always trusted you. That makes so much sense now!”

“Hulk’s cool,” Peter said, because he believed it.
There was a short lull before Tony asked, “How are you going to tell the team?” He narrowed his eyes. “You are going to tell them, right? They’re trustworthy; they’ll keep your secret.”

Peter gave him a soft smile. “I know. I know you all are trustworthy. If you hadn’t figured it out I don’t know when I would have told you, but I can promise that I would have. Someday. And now that you know, well, keeping it from the team would just be a huge dick move.”

“Thank god,” Tony said, sounding relieved. “I’m an awful liar.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Oh shut up. You’re a great liar. Too great a liar.”

“And you’ll have to tell Pepper,” Tony said. “I don’t think I’d be able to look her in the eye if everyone else knew about you’re secret spider fetish and she didn’t. And looking her in the eye is super important, since we’re dating and all.” Before Peter could respond to that Tony continued, sounding actually contrite. “And I’m sorry. I know Clint will tell you himself how sorry he is about how things played out, how he fucked up, and don’t think it’s just ‘cause we know it’s you now. He wanted to apologize to Spiderman before this morning.”

“I know,” Peter said. He was coming to his own realization that maybe this could be a good thing after all. It would be nice to have a group of friends who understood what it was like to fight bad guys and also try and have a personal life. Wade was wonderful in that regard, but it would be nice to have a wider base as well. Some people to rely on if they ever needed it.

“But I wanted to apologize too,” Tony continued unaware of Peter’s inner realization. “We all do. We jumped to conclusions, said some really shitty things to you, and about you…and about you to you, oh Christ!” Tony thumped his head down into his hands. “Tell me, Peter, how many times did we dis Spiderman to your face? No wait! I don’t want to know!”

Peter chuckled. “It’s fine. We’ve all made mistakes.”

Tony groaned. “Mistakes like blaming someone for cheating on their boyfriend with their boyfriend? I don’t think so, Parker. That’s our fault completely. Jesus!”

Peter laughed again and got to his feet. “Well, since this cat is out of the bag, I might as well tell the team now, since there’s nothing else I can do about it. What’s the point in waiting? It’ll just make me jittery.”

Tony got to his feet and fidgeted a little. Finally he said, “You want some company? Some backup?”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Duh. Of course you’re going to tag along. I’m going to need someone to watch everyone’s face, let me know how funny their expressions are in case I miss anything.”

Peter cracked a smile which Tony returned. “Plus, in all seriousness, Clint did piss me off, I’m still kinda upset, but I’m going to need help convincing him that I don’t hate him and I’ll forgive him eventually. Soon, probably. I’m not good at holding onto anger.”

“Got it,” Tony said, and gave a little two-fingered salute.

They got all the way to the door again before Peter paused. “And!” the younger man said, “I somehow need to tell my fiancé that the secret’s out without him going bat-shit. And I’ll need to tell him about Clint. And keep him from going homicidal.” Peter pointed at Tony. “You can take Wade duty, alright?”

Tony laughed. “Nice try, Web-head, but I don’t think so. I’m not the one who’s going to marry that lunatic. You take Deadpool. I’ll…not.” At hearing Tony nonchalantly referring to him with a
Spiderman nickname Peter couldn’t help but smile.

“Fine,” Peter said, and reached for his phone. “Wade first, then the team, then Pepper, how’s that?”

“Perfect,” Tony said, and clapped Peter on the back. “Now let’s go talk to that fiancé of yours. I’ve got your back, Spidey.” And Peter couldn’t help but grin and grin and grin.

Chapter End Notes

So, lot’s of thanks to lots of people for this idea. Forgottenfox24 and Cyra (Miss_Sarcastix) left this idea for me in comments of Ch. 4 of this story. And BlueKeys and CheesecakeChalice threw this idea at my face as a guess of what would happen next in the comments of Homewrecker Ch. 11. So kudos to all of you, and thank you, and all that jazz.

Also! IMPORTANT NEWS!
I finished writing out my loose notes for a Petey and Wade prequel, so look for the first chapter of that soon. I don’t have a title for it yet, but imma try and think of one. I had serious writers block (but for ideas, not for writing, what’s with that?) about that story for a while, couldn’t think of what to do, so I’m sorry about the gap. But, I will be continuing these one-shots (at a slower rate) while I’m writing and uploading the prequel, and I hope you enjoyed this and will enjoy that and now I’m rambling. Thank you all <3
Fletching; in which Clint makes a mistake. A very pointy mistake.

Chapter Notes

So, this is straight out of Homewrecker Ch. 9, so again, if some of this looks familiar, that’s why. This is an alternate to what could have happened in Ch 9, if the Hulk had not been so fast. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter sidestepped a bot and ripped its head off as the Hulk tossed one of the lifeless metal bodies into the air with a gleeful growl. Clint picked off two more that were advancing, and Peter began to feel a little better about defeating these guys. It was taking long enough, especially with Iron Man, Captain America, and Thor fighting the real Doom (or the hopefully real Doom. He always looked a little too much like his bots for Peter’s liking), but at least the bots were slowing down. Peter and the Avengers were taking them down and it was beginning to look like there were no more to replace the fallen ones.

“SPIDER!” Hulk roared from far behind Peter, and Peter turned just in time to see the childish horror painted on the face of a running Hulk before something hit him in the shoulder. Peter staggered a little and looked down to see an arrow sticking through his shoulder, the shaft unmoving between tendons and muscles. He tried to move his arm, the one attached to the wounded shoulder, but all it did was twitch. “Oh,” he said softly.

He glanced up to where Hawkeye had been perched to find the nest empty. “Ow,” Peter muttered to himself and swayed, more out of shock than pain. Ow, not only because there was an arrow embedded in him, but Ow, Clint had actually shot him. Not jokingly, not a close call, he’d actually shot Peter.

A doom bot flew past and Peter ripped off its head with his good hand. The body flopped to the ground, useless, but Peter kept the robotic mask in his hand in case he needed a projectile now that one of his arms had been incapacitated.

“SPIDER!” Hulk yelled, and Peter realized that at some point the Hulk had showed up and was kneeling next to Peter, his hands hovering over the wounded shoulder but not making contact. Peter must have zoned out at some point.

He took a shuddering breath and then looked up into the heart-wrenching expression of his friend and tried to give his most realistic grin behind his mask. “Hulk,” he said kindly, “don’t worry about it.” He gestured to the wound. He could feel his heartbeat in his shoulder, could feel the warm trickle of blood pushing against the shaft of the arrow, making scarlet streaks down his scarlet suit. “It’s just a minor injury. Why don’t you go back to smashing bots?” No need to get the Hulk angry, no need to rile him up, make this situation any worse with a rampaging Hulk.

“POINTY SHOOT SPIDER!” Hulk felt the need to point out. “SPIDER HURT! HULK SMASH POINTY!”

“That’s very sweet of you,” Peter said and locked his knees so he wouldn’t sway in front of the giant, green, not-doctor-Banner. “But before we make any rash decisions, me and Hawkeye are
going to have a very long chat, so you can’t smash him yet, I still need him.” Hulk didn’t look
convinced. “And,” Peter added, “the bots are still flying around, getting in the way. Could you take
care of those for me? I can’t exactly fight right now.” He batted his eyelashes, though he knew the
movement wouldn’t transfer from behind the mask. “Pretty please, Hulk? For me?”

Hulk grumbled but finally nodded. “FINE! HULK SMASH ROBOTS! FOR NOW!”

Peter dropped the bot head to pat Hulk’s arm. “Hey, that sounds ominous big guy.”

Hulk shrugged, he actually shrugged, before making an aborted motion to pet Peter and loping
away.

Peter bent slightly to retrieve the dropped bot head, but the movement pulled at his muscles,
causing a burst of pain to shoot through Peter’s arm. He sucked in a sharp breath and went still, not
wanting to do anything damaging to his shoulder. More damaging, that was. The arrow through it
was already pretty damaging.

“Shit,” Peter heard muttered from behind him and he turned his head to find Clint approaching
quickly. Peter gave an involuntary wince and then hissed when it caused another shooting pain to
race down his arm. “Don’t move!” Clint called, and within seconds he was by Peter, assessing the
damage. “I’m so sorry,” Clint muttered beneath his breath as he eyed the arrow with grief. “I didn’t
mean for it to get this far.”

“Well it did,” Peter snapped, and then swayed a little on his feet.

Clint gulped and nodded, not denying Peter, before placing a gentle hand on his good shoulder.
“Why don’t you sit down?”

“Or what?” Peter snarled, “You going to stab me with an arrow? Too late, you already did.”

Clint didn’t wince this time but from the way his shoulders hunched Peter could tell he felt guilty.
Well, good, said Peter’s brain. All of it in agreement for once. “I’m probably the last person you
want to see right now, Spiderman. I get that, but if you don’t sit down you might fall down, and
that would be considerably worse. I promise, as soon as someone else shows up I’ll leave, you’ll
never see my face again, I’ll—” he gulped, “I’ll quit the Avengers, but for now I need you to sit
down so I can look at your wound.”

Peter gripped Clint’s arm as he was softly lowered to the ground in a sitting position. “You don’t
get to just quit,” Peter growled. “You don’t get to give up being a hero because you shot another
hero, you absolute jackass. And you don’t get to make this pity party about you. This is my pity
party. I was the one shot. You can cry about your circumstance when you get shot. You’re fucking
Hawkeye, you’re an Avenger. Don’t you dare cop out.”

Clint graced him with a confused look, but instead of addressing anything that just happened he
gestured to the wound. “May I?”

“Have a look at it?” Peter asked, “Sure, why not? I mean you probably know what to look for in
arrow wounds what with the fact that you’re always shooting people with them!”

Clint winced. “I know there’s nothing I can say that will make this better. I fucked up. I fucked up
bad.”

“Damn straight you did,” Peter said and moaned a little as Clint prodded the skin around the shaft
of the arrow with gentle fingers. “You fucked up big time. You’re a fucking idiot. Why did you
think that shooting someone would make them, what, atone for their mistakes? Well news flash,
bozo! Sleeping around doesn’t make me less of a person, especially when we didn’t get to the sex! Jesus Christ that hurts!”

“Stop whining you baby,” said a feminine voice off to the side and Peter looked up to see that Natasha had arrived, along with the rest of the Avengers who all had expressions of shock on their face. Even Natasha’s face looked a little drawn though she was trying to hide it.

Peter was having enough of a bad day that he didn’t give a fuck, thank you very much. “Oh stuff it, Natasha!” And fuck his slip-ups! “You don’t get to say shit, you weren’t the one stabbed through with neolithic friendly fire.”

Natasha shifted as if she was relaxing, but Peter knew Nat, could see the tension in her stance, in the way her hands hung loose by her side. “You say that like I’ve never been shot with one of Hawkeye’s arrows.”

“Oh good,” Peter snarked, “maybe we should start a club. An I-got-shot-by-Clint-fucking-Barton club. It’ll be the talk of the town.”

“I can’t do anything about it,” Clint said, shuffling away from Peter and gesturing at the wound. “Bruce would know better, but he’s Hulked out right now. We should really get you to a hospital.”

“I don’t think so, Long-Bow. Just pull the damn thing out so I can go home and luxuriate in a damn bubble bath.”

“Sure,” Tony shot back, because even Peter knew that Tony Stark handled stressful situations with backtalk and sarcasm. It was one of the reasons they got on so well. “We’ll just rip it out and you’ll permanently lose control of your arm. Win-win.”

Peter stuck out his tongue at the man. He had just been shot with an arrow, he was allowed to be petulant.

“What happened?” Steve asked, and Peter could hear the slight waver, the note of ‘This has gone too far and I’m not sure how to pull us all back from the cliff-edge we’ve fallen over.’

Clint gulped but he didn’t avoid Steve’s eyes and he didn’t back away, which probably made him a braver man than Peter could ever be. Stupider, sure, but still braver. “I shot Spiderman through the shoulder.”

“Obviously,” Tony snarked, but his faceplate was up and Peter could see his confusion written plainly across his face.

“Why would you do such a thing?” Thor questioned.

Clint shrugged helplessly. “I didn’t think it would connect. I thought he’d dodge! He always dodges!”

“So you’ve done this before?” Steve asked in a small voice, and Peter was reminded that minus the time in the ice, Steve wasn’t that much older than Peter himself. “You’ve been doing this?”

Clint hung his head which answered Steve’s question, but Peter wasn’t having it. Peter reached out his good arm and tried to whack Clint on the head, his arms were just long enough for his finger tips to graze Clint’s hair, but it at least got the message across.

Clint looked up and Peter made a come-hither gesture. The archer scooted forward, close enough that Peter’s next swing whacked Clint lightly on the head. “Take that, you big meanie,” Peter said.
“There, now I’ve gotten my revenge and everyone can stop being so damned dramatic. In case you guys were wondering, I’m in pain and would like to go home and sleep and eat. Can we please focus on that?”

“You’re so self-centered,” Natasha said, but she sounded almost relieved.

“Yeah, yeah, be mean to the cripple. Just for that you’re off my Christmas card list.” Peter tried to shrug but it just left him gasping, and clinging to a suddenly much closer Hawkeye.

“Hospital time,” Tony said.

“I don’t think so,” Peter spit from between clamped teeth. “No hospitals. What part of secret-identity do none of you get?”

“The part where you have a projectile embedded in your shoulder and can’t move your arm,” Natasha said helpfully.

Peter flipped her the bird.

“Lady Natasha is correct,” Thor said, “you need the touch of a healer before you can even query returning to your home.”

“Easy for you to say,” Peter said. “Everyone already knows who you are and you live with a god-damned billionaire. I don’t think my insurance is going to cover this all. Just rip the fucking thing out.”

“I don’t think so,” Tony said.

“Well then let me do it!” Peter said, and reached up to grab at the shaft of the arrow, the movement shooting spikes of pain through his body.

“No,” Clint said and caught Peter’s hand. “No, at least let Bruce take a look at it.”

“Isn’t he still Hulked?” Peter asked.

“As a matter of fact,” Bruce’s voice said, and Peter turned to find the raggedy doctor approaching their group, “he is not.”

“Oh good,” Peter said, “because while I probably trust the Hulk more than the rest of you right now, I’m not sure he remembers anything medical while all green.”

“I’m not that kind of doctor anyway,” Bruce pointed out, as he knelt by Peter’s side and began prodding at the wound.

“I know,” Peter said, “but I figure your doctorate in Nuclear Physics trumps Clint’s degree in asshattery.”

Clint slumped and Peter reached out and whacked him on the head again.

“Laugh,” Peter commanded. “That was a joke. I’m trying to lighten the atmosphere because you all have the worst bedside manner, and I’m in a lot of pain here without having to deal with grumpy superheroes.”

“I just shot you,” Clint objected.

“I know, you idiot. It’s not like I thought, ‘Oh wow, an arrow has sliced through my shoulder. Must
be Thor.’ God, you’re dumb.”

Clint grimaced but remained silent.

“Oh, shut up,” Peter said anyway, “stop with the martyred expressions already, it doesn’t suit y—HOLY MOTHER OF FUCK!”

Bruce pulled his hand away from the shaft and shook his head. “I can’t do this here. If you really want me to take care of this you’ll have to come to the tower.”

“Warn a guy before you decide to chop his arm off!” Peter yelled and then shuddered. His eyes slipped closed. Spiderman at the tower. He didn’t like that, not at all, but he didn’t have that many options. “Fine,” he grumbled, “take me to your castle.”

“Really?” Clint asked, and his incredulousness had Peter’s eyes shooting open.

“Yes really!” Peter said. “Someone’s got to deal with this, and I don’t want Wade having to pull an arrow from my shoulder! His degree is also in asshattery!”

Peter could see as each team-member thought about saying something about him and Deadpool before dropping the idea. Peter smirked.

“I meant,” Clint clarified, “that I was surprised you’d want to come back to the place where I live. Well, we all live. None of us have been particularly nice to you.”

I work there, Peter almost said, but didn’t.

“Yeah, well,” Peter said, and tried to shrug. Instead he found himself blinking stars out of his eyes as he tried to sit up. Bruce and Clint were on either side of him, supporting him in his reclined position so the arrowhead wasn’t even touching the ground. “Please,” he ground out between his teeth, and Bruce nodded. Clint looked paler than Peter had ever seen him. It wasn’t a good look, and Peter was pissed, but he didn’t want to see Clint looking like that either, like he’d realized that he was a lost cause.

“I’ll take him,” Tony offered. “I can fly him to your lab, Brucie. Thor, you mind taking Bruce?”

“Not at all, Friend-Anthony,” Thor said.

Tony glanced at Peter, as did Steve and Natasha, and Peter realized they were waiting for him to give them permission or something. To not veto the idea. Peter nodded. “Well help me up, then! What are you superheroes good for if you can’t even help a guy up?”

“You’re like a crotchety old man,” Tony said with a note of wonderment.

Clint and Bruce both supported Peter as he stood. “My face is twenty-two, but my heart is a hundred and nine,” Peter said.

Steve’s eyebrows shot up. “You’re young.”

“Well, you’re old!” Peter shot back as Tony stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Peter’s waist. “No bridal style?” he asked.

“Not today,” Bruce said.

“Aw,” Peter said, “but I’ve always wanted to be carried bridal style by Iron Man.”
“I like you, kid,” Tony said, “now hang tight.” Tony lowered his faceplate and shot off. Peter enjoyed the sensation of flying for all of forty-two seconds before passing out from a combination of pain and shock. But man, those were some great forty-two seconds.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so I had to split this chapter up because it was just getting too long. I try not to do this, but this was crazy. Next chapter will be continuation of this, no worries. I should get it out to you guys super quick.

This idea was courtesy of Metis, PenRen, Cyra (Miss_Sarcastix), Zetsuki, and dramatisEcho who left wonderful comments in previous chapters. Thanks guys, I had a great time writing this.

I’m also on tumblr if you want to come chat sometime!
Peter awoke on a soft bed in what Peter recognized as one of the labs he was not allowed to go into usually. He could tell that his mask was still on his face, but Peter could feel direct air against most of his torso and gentle fingers wrapping something soft against his shoulder. Each pull made a shock of pain shoot through his shoulder, but it wasn’t as debilitating as it had felt before. Peter turned his head to see Bruce, now wearing pants and a lab coat (and a button-up shirt in case that wasn’t evident as well), wrapping his now arrow-free shoulder in a bandage.

“Muh,” Peter said in a gravelly voice.

“Oh good,” Bruce said and finished with the bandage, “you’re awake. We would have woken you up but we thought it would be better to get the more painful parts out of the way while you were out of it.”

Peter cleared his throat before speaking. “How long have I been out?”

Bruce checked his watch. “Less than an hour. Nothing crazy, Spiderman, we promise.”

Peter nodded and looked around the empty room. “Where is everyone? I would have thought that they’d all be piled in here making nuisances of themselves.”

Bruce let out a small chuckle. “Hawkeye thought you wouldn’t want to see him, so he’s holed up somewhere secret, and the others agreed that it would be better if you didn’t feel overwhelmed when you woke up. If you feel comfortable, I can call them in, and we can ask Black Widow to try and find Hawkeye if you want to hear his apology again.”

Peter rolled his eyes and glanced up at the ventilation grate in the corner of the roof. If he knew Clint at all (and he did) then he knew Clint would be up there right now listening in.

“Why the fuck not, right?” Peter asked, because he didn’t really feel like he had any control over this situation any more, and he was in just enough pain to not care about anything. “Get the band back together. Call them in, what have I got to lose?” Bruce gave him an unsure look. Peter raised his voice before speaking, “And Hawkeye is probably hiding nearby and is also welcome to come visit me on my death bed! In fact, he better show up!”

There was a slight creak in the vent and Peter hummed, satisfied.

Bruce gave him an awkward smile. “Jarvis?” Bruce asked, “Can you notify the team that they are welcome down here?”

“Of course, Dr. Banner,” Jarvis said.

“Spiderman,” Bruce said, turning back to Peter, “I had to cut your suit away to get to the wound.
Would you like a shirt to cover your shoulder and chest?”

Peter looked down at his bare shoulder and side. His ribs were visible, and Peter suddenly felt vulnerable. “Yes, please,” Peter said quietly, and cautiously moved to sit up while Bruce riffled through a cabinet on the far wall.

The wound was still sore, but Peter was fully able to sit under his own power, which was not at all approved of by the look Bruce gave him when he turned back around. Bruce didn’t say anything, he just huffed and handed Peter an old, white t-shirt. Peter slipped it over his head with only small difficulties and looked down at it. It took him a second to read it upside down, but when he did he laughed.

“If all else fails, ctrl+alt+del?” Peter asked. “How did you get this thing?”

Bruce shrugged, looking a little bashful. “Just something I picked up in college.”

Peter whistled. “Wow, been with you a long time then.” Bruce nodded. “I’ll try not to get blood on it.”

“Get blood on what?” Clint said as he walked through the door.

“This snazzy shirt,” Peter said, pulling at the collar a little. “Look how hip and cool it is.”

“Hey,” Bruce said, “don’t make fun of me. I’m not that old.”

Peter rolled his eyes and Clint stepped forward, though he kept a respectful distance. “How are you feeling?”

“Much better minus the arrow, thank you,” Peter said. “Glad you could rip it out.”

Clint winced. “That is definitely not how that happened. In fact, don’t ever rip an arrow out if it’s gone all the way through. Push it out, ok?”

“Good to know if you ever shot another arrow at me,” Peter said a little waspishly.

Clint’s eye twitched a little but he nodded solemnly.

Peter groaned. “God, will you just get over yourself. You could have killed me, I get it, no really, I totally get it, but it was a mistake.”

“Not enough of a mistake,” Clint muttered.

“Yeah, well, you’re going to have to deal with that on your own, because I think I hear your teammates.”

Bruce and Clint turned to the door, and there was a pause, almost long enough that Peter could tell they thought he was lying, and then the rest of team was walking through the door. The entire team. All of it. You know, including Wade.

Peter blanched when he heard Wade’s voice, but no one noticed.

“What are we even doing here, frienderinoes. Petey-pie doesn’t work today so really there’s no reason for me to be here. Not that I’m leaving, not with all of you looking like you’re marching to your doom. I’m just a tad curious, you might say. You might even say—Hey! Spiderman, what are you doing…” Wade trailed off when he caught sight of the tenseness in Peter’s shoulder and his borrowed shirt. In a more serious voice he said, “Spidey, what happened?”
He stepped forward, and it showed how much the others were thrown by this entire situation that they didn’t even stop Wade from approaching. Peter swung his legs off the side of the bed so Wade could sit next to him, which the ex-merc did.

“There was an accident,” Peter said softly, and Wade lifted the shirt so he could examine the wound.

“An accident,” Wade repeated, the words dripping with sarcasm.

“I did it,” Clint said, voice full of regret. He met Wade’s eyes though, which again highlighted for Peter how brave the man was. Peter would have been three states over by now if he were in Clint’s shoes.

“You did what?” Wade growled, though his fingers as he lowered the shirt to cover Peter’s bandage were gentle.

Clint gulped but his gaze didn’t waver. “I shot an arrow through Spiderman’s shoulder.”

Out of the corner of his eye Peter saw Steve lower his eyes either in shame or guilt, but his main attention was on Wade who let out an unholy shriek and lunged for Clint. “I should kill you!” he screamed, and Peter jumped after his fiancé and grabbed him round the waist to keep him from going for any swords or guns. “I should take off your head you miserable piece of shit,” Wade continued to scream, even as he was caged by Peter’s arms, unable to move forward. “I’m going to stuff an exploding arrow down your god-damned throat and watch as your innards paint the walls!”

Peter’s hold on Wade made his shoulder sting but he didn’t let go.

Clint stood and took it with a stoic expression on his face. Bruce looked extremely uncomfortable, avoiding eye-contact. Tony was biting his lip. Thor had a stern set to his jaw. Natasha looked as relaxed as ever, with just a hint of resignation. Steve stepped forward, no doubt looking to shoulder some of the blame as team captain.

“Stop!” Peter commanded, and tightened his hold around Wade’s waist, making his injury twinge more. He suppressed a flinch. Wade let out a wordless scream. “Stop it!” Peter said, and rested his forehead on the back of Wade’s neck. “Please calm down. It isn’t as bad as it sounds, I promise. Let it go and we can talk about it.”

Wade took a shuddering breath, let out a whimper, and swiftly spun in Peter’s arms so they were facing each other. Wade wound his own arms around Peter and dropped his forehead to Peter’s shoulder.

“There, there,” Peter said soothingly and patted Wade’s back. “It’s all going to be alright, I promise. It was just a little mistake, nothing to decapitate anyone over. Look, it’ll be healed in a week and Clint will probably feel guilty about it for a little longer than that and that kind of makes up for it, doesn’t it?”

Wade nodded against Peter’s shoulder and then shrugged and shook his head. “I’ma kill ‘im,” he muttered into the cotton of Bruce’s t-shirt.

“No you’re not,” Peter said soothingly, “you’re going to sit down next to me, hear the whole story, and then you’re going to get me Italian food to make up for the hole in my shoulder.”

“I should be the one getting you something,” Clint said, “since I’m the one who caused this whole issue.”

“See?” Peter said and poked Wade in the forehead. “He totally regrets everything. No need for
Wade nodded slowly and let go of Peter, who followed suit. They sat back on the bed, and Peter didn’t even bother hiding the fact that he rested most of his weight on Wade as he leaned into the older man. Again he could see the other’s dislike of this supposed adultery, but also saw them realize that they had no moral high-ground at the moment and let it go, though they were worried.

“Talk,” Wade growled to the room at large and wrapped his arm around Peter’s waist.

“We were in a fight,” Clint began, looking like he was facing the firing squad, but Peter interrupted him.

“Clint,” Peter interrupted, “was pissed about you cheating on Peter with me, and kept trying to scare me by tossing arrows my way, got a little too comfortable with my ability to dodge, and only seemed to realize after I failed to dodge one that shooting arrows at people is a problem.”

Clint gulped. “Right.”

Wade turned his head to examine as much of Peter’s expression as could be seen through the mask.

“Why couldn’t you dodge?” he asked.

Peter shrugged and looked to the side. “Spidey-sense only warns about what it considers serious danger. Doombots are a danger.” He nodded towards Clint. “The Avengers are not. I mean, at least according to my subconscious.”

Clint looked stricken, and Natasha moved forward to place a comforting hand between his shoulder blades.

“How does that work?” Steve asked, obviously trying to stray from the subject of Clint’s friendly fire. “Your ‘spidey-sense,’ I mean.”

Peter shrugged.

“None a’ yo’ biz,” Wade hissed.

Peter pushed at Wade’s shoulder with his own. “I’m not sure how to explain it. If there is danger coming I can feel it. Like a tingling, or a knocking in my brain. The very, very first time I met Wade, back when he was only Deadpool to me, I felt that zap because, you know, mercenary. If I come to trust someone it dies down, even if they could still be dangerous.”

“SHIELD has been curious about just such a possibility,” Natasha said. “It’s in your file. Hawkeye has read your file and was acting under the misconception that your *spidey-sense* would warn you about any incoming projectiles. Not that that’s an excuse, just an explanation.”

“You had been dodging,” Clint agreed. There was a slight pause. “I’m sorry. I’m really sorry.”

Peter could feel Wade’s tension loosening bit by bit. “He sounds sincere,” Wade said in a stage whisper.

“I know,” Peter stage-whispered back. “I think I’ll forgive him when I stop being so angry.”

Wade harrumphed. “Well then, now that that’s out of the way I get to heckle you about that god-awful t-shirt you’re wearing.”

“Hey!” Peter objected. “Dr. Bananarama was kind enough to let me borrow said shirt after he had
to cut up my suit. And it’s a good shirt. I like it.”

“I’m offended,” Bruce said.

“You’re not keeping the shirt,” Wade said. “You’re enough of a nerd without a shirt that proclaims it to the world.”

Peter huffed and crossed his arms over his chest and then dropped them when he saw that his arms had obstructed the words from view. “Fine. Whatever. I’ll just find a better one.”

“I understand that there is only a tentative hold on the situation,” Thor said solemnly, “and I do not want to cause any arguments or undue stress when we have so wronged the Man of Spider, but I would question you, Wade, and your over-comfort in the arms of such a man. Did we not speak about your infidelity?”

Peter scooted away from Wade, realizing way belatedly that he was still Spiderman now and couldn’t act all lovey-dovey with his fiancé. It was hard to keep track. He was in a lab in SI, and usually when he was in SI he was Peter and acting all kissy with Wade was fine. He felt his face flush with embarrassment over having forgotten about his dual identity crisis.

Wade was having no such issues, as became apparent when he followed Peter’s scoot, and ended up even more in Peter’s space than he had been before. Peter looked up at his fiancé in surprise.

“I’m dumping Petey for Spidey,” Wade said petulantly and Peter realized that he was engaged to an actual idiot. A huge dummy. What was wrong with him for dating such a stupid man?

“You’re what?” Tony screeched and took a step forward only to be caught by Steve’s outstretched hand.

“No,” Peter bit out. “No he has not.” Wade turned to him in surprise. “Tell me, Wade,” Peter continued, “why would you want to break-up with your fiancé, to date me? Someone who cannot eat lunch with you or take you to meet their family, or introduce you to their coworkers.”

“Because,” Wade whined, “it will be easier this way.”

Peter threw up his arms. “I don’t think so, buddy. I’m not sure you’ve thought this out at all.”

“So,” Natasha said with a small twitch of her lips, “Spiderman, you don’t want to date Deadpool?”

Peter whipped his head round to face her. “You are not helping things right now, Natasha.”

Natasha raised her eyebrows but made an ‘Ok, backing off now’ gesture.

“You don’t want to date me?” Wade asked in a small voice and Peter sighed.

“That’s not what I said, Wade. I just think it’d be better if you stuck with…Peter.”

Steve cleared his throat. “I understand that this is a…personal matter, but as Peter’s friend it is my duty to inform him that his fiancé was going to dump him for a fellow super.”

Peter waved his hand flippantly. “Fine. See if I care.”

Tony scoffed. “You say that like Peter isn’t going to immediately dump Asshat over here.”
“And if he doesn’t,” Natasha added, “we’re going to convince him to, because this is in no way a healthy relationship.” She said it with an almost-smile and it made a shiver run down Peter’s back.

“Uh,” Wade said, “I think I fucked up?”

Peter nodded amiably. “Oh yeah, major fuck-up. The both of us.”

“Awww,” Wade said and patted Peter’s head, “we match.”

“Wade,” Thor said slowly, disappointment radiating from him, “I do not understand why you would do this. You have made a grave error in abandoning young Peter for this man. I thought you had understood your transgression before, and I see now that I was wrong, but I must ask you why. Why would you irreparably damage the relationship between you and the man you love? Even if you feel for this man as well, you are still hurting young Peter. Have you no soul?”

Wade winced and Peter immediately went on the defensive. He leapt to his feet. “Now see here! Wade is a fucking great guy. Don’t you dare hurt him like that or speak to him like that. He doesn’t deserve that shit.”

The ground beneath him wobbled a little and the next thing he knew he was being supported on both sides by Wade and Clint. They led him back to the bed where Clint was replaced by Bruce who was looking over the bandages again.

“It’s fine,” Peter insisted, “I just stood up too fast.”

“You need nutrients,” Bruce chided. “And stop getting all worked up. If you can’t keep your heart rate down I’m going to make everyone leave.”

“But we’re in the middle of something,” Peter groused.

“I know,” Bruce said.

“Your health is more important,” Clint said.

“Jarvis,” Tony said, “bring something light for our young arachnid to eat.”

“Stop babying me. I’m yelling. Let me yell,” Peter whined.

Wade pulled Peter’s arm so he was leaning against Wade once more. “No more yelling, honey-bunches-of-oats. Thor’s concerns were, like, the realest. No need to get upset.”

“Muh!” Peter objected.

“You’re injured,” Wade continued, “and you wouldn’t want to bust open your wound again and ruin Dr. Bananarama’s nice shirt, now would you?”

“Ohhhhh,” Natasha sighed out, almost silently, but no one paid her any mind.

“Is that going to become a thing?” Bruce asked, trying to lighten the mood.

“I kind of like it,” Tony said with a smirk.

“Yeah, Dr. Bananarama,” Clint agreed. “It’s got a nice ring to it.”

“A nice ring to it,” Natasha agreed, a mischievous smile pulled wide across her face.
“Yeah,” Clint said slowly, “that’s what I said.”

“You poor baby,” Natasha said and patted Clint’s shoulder.

“What—?” Clint started but was interrupted by Thor.

“I do not mean to cause any rash actions, however, Wade, I would like an explanation.”

Wade winced again, and then shrugged. “I don’t really have one.”

Steve’s eyebrows reached his hairline. “You don’t have an explanation for why you’re willing to dump your fiancé to date someone else? You said it would make things easier, earlier. What did you mean by that?”

“Yes,” Peter agreed, “Why would you think it would be easier to date me? Out of the two of us?!”

Wade shrugged uncomfortably. “It seemed to make sense at the time.”

“How?” Tony asked, agog. He looked to his teammates for support. “Clint, back me up here.”

Clint made an X with his arms and shook his head. “I don’t think so. I’m pretty sure I’ve caused enough problems by having emotions. If Deadpool breaks Peter’s heart I’m going to be very, very upset and never speak to Deadpool again, but I am not going to do anything about it now. My plans don’t seem to have much stability or rationality where Peter’s concerned and I’d rather not make another awful mistake by projecting anger onto to other people.”

Peter gave Clint a huge grin. “Thanks, man.”

Clint tilted his head uncomfortably. “I guess.”

“Wade,” Natasha said in mock-sympathy that had Peter’s hackles raising, “why did the time matter? You said it seemed easier at the time.”

Wade hunched over. “Cause you were all ganging up on him! If I was dating Spiderman instead of Peter maybe you’d leave Spidey the fuck alone!”

Steve squinted at Wade as if he was seeing him for the first time. “Huh.”

“Huh’s right,” Tony agreed, his hands on his hips. “I’m not sure that makes any sense.”

“I feel like I should apologize,” Steve said. “It seems as if we’ve caused more problems than we solved.”

Tony shook his head. “This is too confusing to me, and I have multiple doctorates.”

Thor looked like he was trying to process the information that was being thrown at him. “So it is not that you love the Man of Spider as much as you love Peter, but that due to our actions you wanted to protect your friend and made a plan that would seemingly remove our aggressions towards this Man of Spider? While sacrificing your relationship with Peter?”

Wade blinked. “Sure, big guy. Why not? That seemed to all make some sense.”

“You don’t sound so sure of that,” Natasha chided. “Let me reword that question. Do you love Peter more than you love Spiderman?” Wade opened his mouth. “And remember, I will know if you’re lying.”
Wade gulped and Peter nudged him with his shoulder. Peter was almost positive he knew what was happening, but it had been a long day, following a long week, following a long life, and honestly he was ok with this. If Wade wasn’t then he could walk out, and Peter would follow, but Wade wasn’t walking out. Wade was trying to cover-up, and it wasn’t working.

“Ah,” Wade said, and Peter nudged his shoulder again, a sign of solidarity, “well, no.”

Thor frowned. “You do not love your fiancé more than this man? You do not find affection more in the man you plan to be bound to for life?”

“Tash?” Clint asked, his eyes widening.

Natasha smirked. “So, to be clear,” she said sweetly, “to you, Peter and Spiderman are interchangeable?”

Peter couldn’t help the upward twitch of his lips even as he watched his fiancé flounder.

“Of course he doesn’t,” Steve of all people objected. “That wouldn’t be fair to Peter. Deadpool wouldn’t marry Peter unless he loved him more…” he trailed off and turned to Wade, “right?”

“You ever heard of polyamory?” Tony asked. “Cause I know you love Peter, and if you love Spider-Dude as much as you love Peter, I’d say—”

“Wrong chapter,” Wade interrupted, waving Tony off.

“What?” Tony asked, confusion lacing his tone.

“Ignore him,” Peter advised, “he doesn’t always make sense.”

Wade let out a mock-offended gasp. “How dare you!”

“Oh shove it,” Peter suggested.

“You never answered my question,” Natasha said. “Wade, do you consider Peter and Spiderman to be interchangeable?”

Clint let out a soft hiccup as he too fully came to Natasha’s realization.

Wade shot Peter a helpless look and Peter caved. He kissed Wade’s temples through the masks and then turned to the Avengers. “I don’t think he considers us interchangeable,” Peter said slowly, “so much as, identical.”

“I’m confused,” Bruce admitted.

“Oh my god,” Clint moaned, “I’m so, so sorry.”

“Explain,” Steve commanded with a frown.

Peter rolled his eyes. “Oh fine, it’s not like it wasn’t going to come up some day anyway.” Peter reached up and pulled off his mask. He tried to flatten the hair that had spiked up but it didn’t work.

“Fuuuuuuuccckkk,” Tony groaned.

“I can honestly say I wasn’t expecting that,” Bruce said, blinking rapidly.
“I did,” Natasha boasted.

“Yeah, for like, two minutes,” Peter said. “Nothing to write home about.”

“You alright there, Petey-pie?” Wade asked.

Peter nodded.

“Oh my god,” Clint whimpered.

“I am much gladdened!” Thor boomed, a wide smile splitting his face. “This turn of events simplifies the situation. I must congratulate young Peter at becoming a much esteemed hero.”

“This does not simplify anything,” Tony disagreed. “This is one giant mind-fuck away from putting me in a mental ward.”

“Actually,” Bruce said calmly, “I think this all makes sense.”

“Really?” Steve asked. “Because for once I’m with Tony on this.”

“No it does,” Bruce said, “this explains why the Hulk was so affectionate towards Spiderman. He recognized him as Peter.”

“Hulk’s a pretty great guy,” Peter said.

“I never thought I would say this,” Clint said, voice quiet in shock, “but I think Wilson is the sane one in their relationship.”

“No!” Wade screeched and fell to the ground in a dramatic heap. “It can’t be!”

“So,” Peter said, turning to Bruce, “now that you know who I am, can I keep this shirt?” He plucked at the collar.

“Hmmm,” Bruce said, pretending to think, “No.

Peter grinned at him and there was a pause before Peter cleared this throat and awkwardly asked, “So, are we all cool?” He scratched the back of his neck.

“Well, no,” Clint said, “because I shot you. With my arrow. You should not be cool with that.”

“That’s not what I meant and you know it. Clint, I get it, you thought I could dodge, it was like a high-velocity game of tag and I lost.”

Clint squeezed his eyes shut. “No. It was not like that at all.” There was a pause. “What the fuck, Parker?”

“I could punch you in the face,” Wade offered. “It might make us both feel better.”

“No!” Peter and Steve said simultaneously.

Wade made a the telephone symbol with his hand and waved it by his ear while mouthing ‘Call me.’

“I think I can speak for us all,” Bruce said, confident with only a hint of nerves, “when I say that we’re more than cool.”
“I know I’m cool,” Tony said with a wink and Steve elbowed him in the stomach. “I mean, of course Peter. Like any of us have got a leg to stand on concerning extracurricular crime-fighting activities.”

“You guys don’t care about the lying?” Peter asked.

“Shush,” Wade hissed, loud enough for everyone to hear, “don’t question their forgiveness. Just go with it.”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“I wish you had told us before,” Steve said in a serious tone that had Peter and Wade straightening up subconsciously. “It would have caused fewer problems, but I cannot fault you for keeping your identity a secret, that is not my place. And I would like to formally apologize for our actions. They were meant well, no matter how misguided they were.”

Peter bobbed his head. “No biggie. And thanks, I guess. And really, no hard feelings?”

“None, young Peter. You are a fine warrior and I am proud to name you as friend,” Thor said.

“Ditto,” Natasha agreed. “Now our team-ups can actually be considered team-ups.”

“Do you think Petey could join our boy band?” Wade asked excitedly.

Steve grinned. “Well, that was the original plan.”

“Woo!” Wade pumped his fist into the air.

“What do you say, Peter?” Steve asked. “Would you like to be an Avenger?”

Peter was grinning so hard his cheeks ached. “Well, if you insist.”

He looked out to see that all his friends, all of the people he’d grown to love as family were smiling back at him and he felt safe. Wade cuddled into Peter’s side and Peter hooked an arm around his shoulder, not even wincing as the movement made a twinge of pain shoot from his wound.

“Welcome aboard.”

Chapter End Notes

My dear friend on here, Psypuff, wanted me to end this chapter with: “and then they died.” And that, my friends, is why I never listen to her, except that time she helped name my new Petey and Wade fic. But that’s beside the point.

I’m also on tumblr if you want to come chat sometime!
“Then Steve is your favorite of the Avengers?” Bruce asked.

Peter shrugged. “He’s certainly the only one with comics with his face on them.”

Thor leaned in closer. “If it is not Steven, then who is your favorite of the Avengers?”

Peter laughed a little hysterically. “I don’t know. Um, you guys all work so well together. I mean, the fact that Iron Man incorporates his knowledge of mechanics and quantum physics into making and piloting his suit is pretty rad. And of course, Captain, you’ve got that wicked, jumping around, motorcycle riding, shield thing going on. Knocking bad guys in the head with a glorified Frisbee, no offense, is pretty legit. And Bruce, you get all big and angry, but no, I’m actually sorry, you’re kind of a victim of human experimentation.”

Bruce held up his hands. “I understand. The other guy doesn’t exactly have much finesse.”

Peter gave a guilty little shrug, but continued. “Thor, you’re amazing ability to harness weather is, well, amazing, and you can fly with a hammer. Mind blown! And Hawkeye has like mad skills with a bow and arrow. Like, he can hit anything! I’ve seen the news footage, his aim is fantastic. But, you know, I think Black Widow might actually be my favorite, objectively speaking. In person she’s kind of horrifying, but in the field she’s amazing.”

“And you’re sure?” Bruce asked with an innocent expression so genuine it had to be fake, “that your decision has nothing to do with the fact that Natasha fights in skin tight leather?”

Peter stuck his tongue out at Bruce. “Oh shut it, Banner.”

Thor laughed at Bruce’s affronted expression and Steve said, “Well now we know that he’s learning more than just mechanics with Tony. At this rate Peter will have the sass of a Stark in a week.”

“I’ll have you know that I’ve always been this sassy. I’m a witty guy.”

Bruce gave him a deprecating look. “Uh-huh. You aren’t getting off that easy. Why is Tasha your favorite Avenger, especially over me, the incredible Mr. Green.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “I guess, at least partially it’s because of the way she’s completely able to control her body. I mean, have you seen those acrobatics? What is she, an Olympic-level gymnast or something? It’s ridiculous. I mean, awesome, but still ridiculous. And then there’s the fact that she named herself Black Widow.”

“What about it?” Steve asked.
Peter shrugged. “I’ve got a certain fondness for spider based super heroes.” He twisted his engagement ring around his finger as he talked. “I grew up in Forest Hills, attended Midtown High, that’s all Spiderman territory. We were rooting for him before the lizard and electro. He was saving our hides back when he was just a little guy.” He blushed a little, embarrassed to be talking about himself, “And he kind of does the gymnast thing too. Have you seen youtube videos of him fighting bad guys? It’s all flip, flip, flip, contortion, web in the face. Black Widow is like a, uh, better version? A more grown up, constrained, knows what she’s doing version?”

Peter looked up to see Steve giving him a strange look.

Peter frowned. “What just happened? Did I miss something?”

Steve nodded at Peter’s hand. “Are you married?”

Peter looked down at his engagement ring (ENGAGEMENT RING!!!!) and couldn’t help but smile. “No, actually. I just got engaged recently.”

Steve smirked a little. “Well congratulations. When did it happen? Was it, I don’t know, two days ago?”

Peter frowned a little. “Yeah, how did you know?”

“How did you know, friend Steve?” Thor asked.

Steve shrugged but his expression was less than innocent. “Oh, you know, just a guess.”

“Sure,” Bruce said drily.

“So, Peter,” Steve said with a wide smile, “what’s it like dating a superhero?”

Peter’s mind automatically went to the fact that Wade kept having to cancel lunch dates due to Avengers business and sighed. “I mean, the hours aren’t great, but my hours aren’t that much better.” And then he realized what he'd just said. “Wait a minute! How do you—you mean you know?”

It wasn’t that Peter was trying to hide Wade or anything. To the contrary, he’d be proud to proclaim to the world that he was dating the ex-merc-with-a-mouth, but so far Wade had been away on business all the time, and it just hadn’t come up.

It might actually be a weight off Peter’s mind. Now he didn’t have to try and figure out how to tell everyone.

Steve shrugged. “It became pretty obvious.”

Peter thought back to the last time he’d even been near his fiancé (FIANCE!!!!) in the tower and his brows furrowed. It had been a hot minute ago.

“Oh!” Bruce breathed out, his eyes wide. “That’s—really?”

“Yes!” Steve agreed.

Peter scratched the back of his head. “Uh, what?”

“I am much confused,” Thor admitted.

“Me too,” Peter said. “I thought I knew what was happening, but, maybe I don’t?”
“We need to tell the others,” Bruce said and pulled out his phone.

“Wait,” Peter said, “why? It doesn’t matter. Or, it shouldn’t matter, anyway. It’s not like you’re going to treat us any different just because we’re engaged.” Peter frowned heavily. “Right?” he asked in a more serious tone of voice.

“No matter what, young Peter,” Thor said, putting a hand on Peter’s shoulder, “we would not treat you differently due to it. I do not understand this situation well, but that much I am sure of.”

“Thanks,” Peter said.

“They’re coming,” Bruce said and pocketed his phone.

“I thought Tony was eating with Pepper?” Peter asked.

“He was, but this is more important.”

Peter gave them his most incredulous look. “How is my love life more important than whatever business everyone else is taking care of? It’s not that big of a deal.”

Steve raised his eyebrows. “It kind of is. This is a golden opportunity. We need a plan, and I hope you will help us out. We really need a trustworthy point of contact.”


What point of contact? The Avengers worked with Wade. They didn’t need to use Peter as a point of contact, if indeed that was what Steve meant. And what plan? What opportunity? Why did they need Peter? What did they need Peter for?

Just then the elevator doors opened, and Tony, Pepper, Hawkeye, Black Widow, and Wade stepped out.

“You rang?” Tony said.

“You said it was important,” Pepper translated. “What is it?”

Black Widow and Hawkeye stood silently to the side, whispering to each other.

Wade flounced over and probably would have scooped Peter up and swung him in a circle like he had many times before, but Black Widow and Hawkeye blocked his path. He pouted and Peter frowned back at him.

“I thought you said you were on Avengers business,” Peter said with a frown.

Wade shrugged. “Just got back and heard everyone was gonna have a pow wow up here. Wouldn’t want to miss anything.”

Black Widow whacked Wade lightly on the arm and turned to Steve. “What’s the big news that pulled me away from pummeling Clint into the gymnasium floor?”

Steve looked to Peter as if asking for his permission and Peter shrugged. It wasn’t like him dating Wade was a secret or something.

Steve turned back to the rest of the Avengers. “Well, as some of you might know, Peter recently got engaged.” No one looked surprised, though as far as Peter had known there was no way Black
Widow or Hawkeye should have been able to figure it out. “Well, the same day that Peter got engaged, a newspaper article was printed stating that Spiderman had also gotten engaged after some incident involving a bear.”

Peter’s heart seized and his eyes widened. Was this it? Was his secret out? Was this meeting called together because they wanted to talk to Peter as Spiderman? Peter held his breath, trying to calm his heartbeat, but he couldn’t. This was not how he expected to be outed. He looked over Black Widow and Hawkeye’s heads to meet Wade’s gaze, and for once his fiancé looked actually serious.

“So I think it’s pretty obvious to everyone here,” Steve continued, as if he hadn’t just pulled the rug out from under Peter’s entire life, “that Peter was the one who proposed to Spiderman that day. Peter,” Steve turned to Peter, “you’re dating Spiderman.”

Peter didn’t think his eyes could get any wider, nor his eyebrows any higher.

Wade giggled.

“Aww,” Tony said in a false pout, “you’ve been dating Spiderman this whole time and you never told me? I feel neglected Peter, really I do.”

“Congratulations,” Pepper said with a warm smile.

Wade giggled again, a high-pitched, almost hysterical giggle that Peter agreed with wholeheartedly.

“Hey!” Hawkeye said and elbowed Wade. “Don’t laugh! Spiderman’s a great guy. I mean, I’ve never met the guy personally, but he does good work. He’s been on SHIELD’s radar for a while now.”

“That’s why I called this meeting,” Steve explained. “I’ve had half a mind to invite Spiderman over to discuss possible future team-ups for a while now, but he holds his secret identity pretty close to his vest, and I haven’t been able to get a hold of him swinging around either.”

Wade was crouched low to the ground, his face in his hands, nearly crying he was laughing so hard. Peter was gritting his teeth and watching his fiancé have a small mental breakdown, which Peter thought was particularly unfair since shouldn’t he be the one to have the breakdown?

Peter wasn’t the only one to have noticed Wade’s position. Thor stepped forward with a frown. “Pool of Death?” Thor asked and Peter then had to stifle laughter over that nickname and his entire life. “What troubles you?”

Wade let out a louder bark of laughter and collapsed to the ground. Peter ground his teeth. “No it’s
Peter bit out, “stop indulging him.”

Steve gave Peter a half-reproachful look before turning back to Wade. “I’m sorry, Deadpool. I did not realize this was a sensitive subject.”

Peter squeezed his eyes shut. “Ok, guys,” he said, feeling a little more than fed-up, having to deal with his ridiculous fiancé, and his coworkers. “Let’s just get it out there, since this whole mess is centered around one huge miscommunication. I am not dating, nor am I engaged to, Spiderman.”

Peter took a deep breath. “I’m engaged to Wade.” He pointed to where his boyfriend was curled into a ball on the floor, tears of mirth streaming down his face, making his mask slightly damp.

Steve blinked and then frowned. “You’re dating Deadpool?”

Peter waggled his left hand in the air, showing off the ring. “Engaged, actually.”

“To Deadpool?” Tony demanded, pointing to Peter’s crying ball of a boyfriend.

“I resent that!” Wade squealed, sounding equally breathless and amused. “I am the best boyfriend to ever boyfriend.”

“Fiancé!” Peter corrected. “We’re engaged you nutjob.”

Deadpool pouted.

Steve’s eyebrows were drawn together. “I don’t understand. It made sense.”

Bruce crossed his arms. “The likelihood of you two getting engaged the same day that Spiderman got engaged is a little more than coincidental.”

Peter forced his expression to stay neutral. “It’s a small world.”

“That it is,” Thor agreed.

“A really small world,” Black Widow said.

“The smallest,” Hawkeye said.

“A real coinky-dink” Tony said.

“Almost suspicious one might say,” Steve said with an arched brow.

Bruce let out a huff and crossed his arms. “Why is everyone speaking like that? This isn’t a soap opera. Just to be clear we all think that Peter is Spiderman, correct?”

Peter’s heart seized and around the room the rest of the Avengers all nodded.

“Is it true?” Wade asked, eyes wide and sounding guileless. “Are you Spiderman?”

Peter narrowed his eyes and placed his hands on his hips. “I swear to god Wade, I will end you.”

Wade batted his eyelashes. “You gonna hurt me with your spidey-powers?”

Tony squinted at Wade. “Wait. Does this mean that Peter isn’t Spiderman? I honestly can’t tell by what Deadpool is saying.”

Black Widow cocked her head to the side. “No. Peter is definitely Spiderman. I don’t believe in
“You’ve been going out and fighting?” Wade shrieked. He jumped at Peter and began petting his hair almost violently. “Why would you keep such a thing from me? Why? Petey-pie! It could be dangerous out there.”

Thor scratched at the back of his head. “Young Parker, did you not tell your betrothed of your superhero status?”

“Well I am Spiderman,” Tony asked, though it didn’t sound at all like a question.

“Sure you are,” Black Widow said with a wicked smirk.

“Why wouldn’t we be?” Steve asked. “Peter, you’re a good kid, you do good work.”

“I’m still hung up on the dating Deadpool thing,” Tony said.

“Tony,” Pepper chastised. She turned to Peter, “Peter, of course we’re ok with you being Spiderman. We’re more than ok. In fact, I’m sure these lugs would like you to talk with them more about being a hero. I know I’d feel safer knowing that they have your back like I’m sure you now have their backs.”

Peter gave an emphatic nod.

Pepper smiled beatifically. “I’m glad. And congratulations on your engagement to Wade. Wade, congratulations as well. I’m happy for you.”

Peter bobbed his head and caught Wade’s hand, curling their fingers together. “I’m happy too.”
Shout out to HPNU92, Maria Levesque, and Wragziez for throwing this idea at my face and then perfecting it for me :D It took me a hot minute to write this because I had a small bout of writer’s block. I hope you liked it!

Also, I’m writing a Petey and Wade Prequel that can be found here!
Balistic; in which Wade wants to defend more than just Petey’s honor

Chapter Notes

Alrighty folks, this chapter is an alternative to Homewrecker Chapter 16. What if Wade had gotten angry?

I’ve been in a kind of funk, so I apologize for this horribly late chapter. Really, really, horribly late. I hope this chapter is ok.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve gave Peter a long look and Peter’s heart rate picked up. He was going to ask. He was actually, literally, going to ask. And Peter didn’t know how he was going to turn the guy down. How do you look into the deep blue, puppy-dog eyes of a National icon and say “No,” hmm?

He wondered if Wade had been briefed yet on the Spide-venger initiative but with a quick glance at Wade, who was nonchalantly cleaning his ear with the tip of a very short blade, Peter concluded that no, they hadn’t talked about it with Wade yet. Peter suddenly wished that he’d left Wade a note that morning before he’d headed off to work detailing everything that he’d done with the eavesdropping thing. And maybe an amended version of the Hawkeye thing. Alas, Peter hadn’t really had a heart to heart with his fiancé in a few days. It seemed that they were always busy doing other things. Peter guessed that that was what he got for dating a superhero…and being a superhero.

But, before Steve had a chance to open his mouth and complicate Peter’s life even more, Clint stepped forward. “Spiderman, I’d like to make a formal apology. My actions were rash and I didn’t understand the consequences of them until it was almost too late. If there is anything—anything—I can do to make it up to you, just let me know.” Peter blinked. That was the most sincere that he had ever heard Clint. Even when Clint had thought that Peter was going to kill him he had sounded less serious. This was strange.

“What are you on about?” Wade asked as he sheathed his knife. Peter winced. So did Clint, actually, which made Peter start to feel bad about confronting Clint in the first place (which was ridiculous, because the man could have killed him, but they were friends after all, and what are a few homicide attempts between friends?). But, where Peter would have immediately fled the area, changed his name, and lived as a hermit the rest of his days way up high in the rocky mountains, Clint actually faced the ex-mercenary like a responsible adult (ew!) and said, “I was taking out my anger at you on Spiderman since Peter ordered us to treat you the same as always.”

Wade went stock still and Peter subconsciously straightened up. He wanted to be prepared for anything. Wade wasn’t the best at the whole emotions thing, and Peter was worried that he might freak out, and try to hurt someone.

“What,” Wade demanded, his voice icy, “did you do?”

Clint winced. Natasha, reacting to Wade’s tone, took a step forward to partially block Clint.

“I may have shot an arrow at—”

Clint was interrupted by the crack of gunshot that echoed through the stadium. Peter had launched
himself at his fiancé before Clint had even begun talking, and had been able to jerk Wade hard enough that the bullet went wide, burying itself in a seat a few rows behind home plate.

“Stop!” Steve commanded and took a step forward.

“I’m going to murder you!” Wade growled and tried to move towards where Clint was sitting shell-shocked where he’d fallen on the ground, Natasha standing in front of him protectively. Peter got to him first. Wade might be bigger, and look stronger than Peter, but Peter had the proportionate strength of a spider, and when he wrapped his arms around Wade, cementing his arms to his sides, and dug his heals into the ground, Peter was confident that neither of them were going anywhere.

“Not if I murder you first,” Natasha snapped and took a step forward. She had a small knife in her hand that glinted evilly in the sun.

“No one’s murdering anyone,” Peter shouted. “No murder!” Wade struggled against Peter’s hold, tried to break free, but Peter held strong. “Especially you, Deadpool. No murder. I’m serious.”

“Clint made a mistake,” Steve said in his Cap voice, “a dangerous mistake, it’s true, but he apologized. I will not have my team at each other’s throats. Settle this civilly or step down till you can handle this like adults.”

“I deserved it,” Clint said, his voice a mixture of morose and petulant.

“Fine,” Wade spit, “it that’s the way you want to play it, mon capitaine, then I’m stepping down.”

“Wade,” Thor said gently, his voice resonating deeply through the silent stadium, “You need not do this. Please, reconsider.”

“Tough shit,” Wade said and tried to take a step forward, but Peter wouldn’t budge. “I quit. You’re all a bunch of self-righteous, self-aggrandizing, hypocritical bastards who don’t deserve to clean my katanas with your tongues let alone save the world. You pieces of shit! You should all die—”

Peter flung a hand across Wade’s mouth to stem off the word-vomit. “He doesn’t mean it!” Peter yelped. “He’s just a bit worked up. A long nap will solve everything, don’t worry.”

“I think he’s a little more than just worked up,” Tony said, his voice unhindered by the flipped up face-plate of his Iron Man armor. “That’s some serious shit he’s spouting.”

“It’s not his fault,” Peter said, trying desperately to salvage the situation. By clamping a hand over Wade’s mouth he’d let go of one arm, and Wade took advantage of it, swinging his body forward, he took one step. Peter half fell after him, continuing to speak. “Really! He’s just having a bad day. Let it go. He’ll get it all out of his system and be back at work tomorrow, bright and early.”

“Fuck you, Baby-boy,” Wade growled. “I don’t want anything to do with this wad of chewed up gum wrappers. I’m quitting, and that’s final!”

“No!” Peter yelped, “He doesn’t mean it.” And then he gave up trying to pull Wade back and instead flipped over the man using his shoulder as a spring-board, and set about trying to push Wade back.

“Deadpool, calm down!” Steve barked. “And Spiderman! Stop trying to re-interpret Deadpool’s words. I want to hear from his own mouth what he means.”

“I mean,” Wade said with a snarl, “that I don’t want to be part of any fucked-up fight club that goes around hurting my snookums!” He tried to push against Peter’s hand, but Peter was doing a pretty
good job at holding him back, even if he couldn’t shut him up.

“Your snookums?” Tony asked in a strangled voice.

“HULK SMASH!” Hulk yelled from the other end of the stadium and shoved an already decapitated doom-bot into the ground. Peter sent a silent thank-you to the universe that the Hulk wasn’t getting into this mess.

“What are you doing?” Peter whisper-demanded.

“They hurt you!”

“I’m really sorry about that,” Clint piped up from behind Natasha.

“See!” Peter hissed. “He’s sorry. It was an honest mistake. Do not ruin your gig with the Avengers over a mistake.”

“Almost killing you is not a mistake!” Wade screeched.

“I really am sorry,” Clint said.

“I don’t give a shit, Barton!” Wade shrieked as loudly as he could, making both Thor and Steve wince.

“It’s fine,” Peter insisted, perhaps a little forcefully. “It’s all fine. Nothing is serious, it’s all just really, really fine. I swear to God, Wade, if you don’t shut the fuck up I will web you to the scoreboard.”

“What the shit, Web-head?” Tony demanded.

Wade abruptly stopped trying to push forward and Peter stumbled into him before flipping comedically to the ground. He looked up at his fiancé with wide eyes. Wade crouched down and began petting Peter’s forehead through the mask. “You see, babe, I have to unalive them because they almost unalived you.”

“Excuse me?” Thor boomed. “I think you must be speaking in jest. Otherwise you are not the man we believed you to be.”

Peter rolled his eyes, ignoring Thor’s outburst. “Hon, you’re over-reacting. They didn’t all try to kill me. It was just Clint, and he only got a little extra…enthusiastic. Nobody got seriously hurt. Don’t be an idiot about this.”

“You’re an idiot. And you’re under-reacting.” Peter caught Wade’s hand and tangled their fingers together before Wade continued. “I’m serious, babe. They don’t deserve shit.”

“Hey!” Tony inserted. “I resent that!”

“Listen, Wade,” Peter said firmly. “You aren’t killing anyone, and you aren’t quitting either. You love this team, don’t drop it because of some imagined slight.”

Wade scoffed and fell back onto his butt. He pulled at Peter until his head was resting in Wade’s lap. “Only you would call possible murder an ‘imagined slight.’ They fucked up. Specifically, Hawk-fuck fucked up.”

“Yes,” Peter sighed out, his exasperation becoming more evident, “but he’s sorry about it. Really, really sorry. And he didn’t mean it. And he’s apologized, multiple times. And! And, everyone feels
much better about me now,” Peter might have been rambling and grasping for straws, he didn’t care. “Really they do. All of the misconceptions have been re-conceived, and they’re going to ask me to be an Avenger despite everything and you can’t just leave! What’s the point of me joining the Avengers if you aren’t going to be there? Waaaaade!”

“Oh,” Wade said sort of breathlessly, and then laughed. “Why didn’t you say so, sweetie-pie? Of course you’ll make a great Avenger. And we’ll get to see each other all the time!”

“Excuse me?” Natasha’s icy tone rang out through the stadium and both Wade and Peter startled. Peter jerked into a sitting position and then exchanged a shocked glance with Wade. They’d both forgotten they weren’t alone, and Peter was glad that he at least wasn’t the only one. “Huh?” Peter asked intelligently.

“A lot just happened,” Tony said, “Right guys? That was a lot that happened just now? It’s not just me. That was a lot, and frankly, I’m not sure where to start. There’s so much, so much wrong with everything that just happened that I don’t know what to do.”

“Let me try,” Natasha said silkily. “Stop me if I miss something, but: Deadpool still has a completely requited romantic disillusionment with Spiderman, Deadpool is willing to commit the murder of his own teammates in the name of said Spiderman, Deadpool calls Spiderman snookums, Spiderman is seemingly ok with this.” She paused for a short breath, which gave Peter enough time to shoot Wade a panicked look, which his fiancé was somehow able to read through the mask and then do nothing about. “Spiderman forgives Hawkeye for his stupidity suspiciously quickly, Spiderman does not want Deadpool to hurt anyone to protect his own honor, Spiderman would rather salvage Deadpool’s relationship with the rest of us than stay angry at us (and it would be very easy to manipulate Deadpool into getting him revenge against Hawkeye and the team as a whole), and Spiderman somehow knows of our plan to recruit him.”

Peter choked a little and Wade helpfully slapped him on the back.

“I think that’s everything,” Tony agreed. “Or wait. Addendum: Deadpool got to call Clint Hawk-fuck. I want to do that.”

“Don’t!” Steve and Peter shouted at the same time.

“Don’t do that!” Steve continued.

“Hella rude,” Peter agreed.

“Not at all team-like,” Steve said.

“And why in the world would you try and base your actions on Wade’s? He’s not exactly known for being the most polite or level-headed.”

“Hey!” Wade cut in. “I resent that!”

“Shush,” Peter said, “you know it’s true. You’re not allowed to get offended.”

“Anyway!” Clint said, “I’m with Nat on this one. Spider-dude, how’d you know we were going to recruit you?”

“Excellent question.” Steve crossed his arms.

“And I’ve got an excellent answer,” Peter said weakly. “I’ve just got to think of it.”
“I think the truth is more important,” Thor intoned.

“I’m actually curious myself, love-bug,” Wade added.

“Arachnids are not actually insects,” Peter felt the need to point out. “As for the whole knowing things thing, I can almost guarantee that you won’t be happy about my answer.”

“I’m already unhappy,” Natasha said, and Peter gulped.

“What’s happening?!” a voice yelled from a little ways off, and Peter turned to see Bruce Banner loping towards them, one hand holding up the waistband of his pants.

“Just in time, Brucie-bear!” Tony said. “Just to catch you up. Bird-brain decided to apologize to Web-head about the arrow thing, Deadpool freaked the fuck out and first tried to kill Clint and then tried to quit the Avengers, Spider-nerd stopped him by being lovey-dovey, and let slip that he knew we were going to ask him to join our boy band.” Tony looked to the rest of his teammates. “Does that about cover it?”

“I think so,” Peter piped up.

Bruce blinked at Peter and then squinted, but all he said was, “huh.”

Peter squirmed, hoping to fore-stall this longer, but then Steve made a ‘hurry-up’ motion with his hand and Peter sighed. “I might’ve been spying on you,” he admitted in a mutter.

“Spying?” Wade asked. “Well! I didn’t know that my baby-boy had it in him!”

“Shut it, wise guy. It was for a good reason.”

“How?” Clint asked, sounding completely flummoxed. “How the hell did you spy on us with none of us knowing?”

“And when?” Natasha added.

“Actually,” Tony said, “I’m more on the how-train myself, since we only talked about this in the Tower, and I know for a fact that my security would have zapped this little bug-boy apart if he’d tried to sneak in.”

“Actually,” Bruce said calmly, “arachnids are not considered insects.”

“I love you,” Peter said. “See, this is why I get along so well with the Hulk, because you’re a great guy, and you totally get me.”

Bruce squinted at Peter again. “You know, I didn’t notice the last time we talked, which I’m going to chalk up to first-meetings and adrenalin surges, but your voice sounds really familiar.”

Peter squeaked and then coughed. In an obviously deepened voice he said, “I am afraid you are mistaken, Dr. Banner. For you see, we have never before met.”

“Well that wasn’t suspicious, Spidey,” Wade said. “I’m going to have to help you learn to lie better later, ok, honey-boo?”

Peter sighed.

“Oh my god,” Bruce said suddenly, his eyes widening comically, “You’re Peter.”
“Shit!” Peter hissed.

“Bzzzt,” Wade buzzed. “You are incorrect. The most incorrect. All the incorrect. Wrong, wrong, wrong, Dr. Banner. The wrongest.”

But Bruce wasn’t deterred. He leaned back on his heals with a satisfied expression on his face. “Nope, I just placed the voice. Not to mention the banter between the two of you is unmistakable.” He turned to the rest of his teammates and gestured with a flourish. “Guys? I would like to introduce you to Peter Parker, scientist and Spiderman extraordinaire.”

Pete sighed, rolled his eyes, but couldn’t help but pull off the mask when given such a dramatic opportunity. “So, uh, how’s it going?”

“Peter?” Steve asked.

“Peter!” Tony yelped. “The fuck, Parker?”

“Oh my god,” Clint moaned. “I almost hit Peter with an arrow.”

“Yes you did, you shit-head,” Wade said.

“It’s fine,” Peter sighed. “I’m all better now, I swear.”

“Well,” Natasha said with a slight smirk, “at least that explains how you were able to get into the Tower.”

“Yup,” Peter said, “I have a key-card and everything. It makes me feel all responsible and adult-y.”

“So,” Thor said slowly, a small frown across his face, “does that mean that you will indeed join our band of warriors, young Parker?”

Peter twisted his mask between his fingers and avoided eye-contact. “Do you still want me? Even knowing that I’ve been lying to you? That I’m not everything I said I was?”

Bruce snorted. “You’re fine, Peter, we all have our secrets.”

“Join,” Tony commanded. “I need another Science bro on the team to even out the brain vs brawn happening all the time.”

“So what do you say?” Steve asked, a hand on his hip and a kind smile on his face.

Peter looked up Wade. “What do you say, babe? Would you mind non-stop seeing me at home and at work?”

“Fuck no, Petey-pie!” Wade screeched and pulled Peter up into a twirling hug. “I want your beautiful face to haunt me every fucking hour of the day. You get your ass into my work-place right now! You’re gonna be an Avenger!”

Chapter End Notes

Special thanks to Cyra (Miss_Sarcastix) who threw this idea at me back at Chapter 2. Hope you all enjoyed. And if you can think of anything you want to see happen to
these two guys drop me a line. I’m always up for suggestions :D
Decontamination; in which Peter finds himself in a sticky situation

Chapter Notes

This takes place in Chapter 13 of Homewrecker. Specifically, in the lab before the Avengers ask Peter to lunch and he refuses with the excuse of talking to Aunt May, only, you know, this is an alternative to that so none of that happens ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

See, the problem with Peter worrying over his co-workers-slash-friends being huge jerks to both his fiancé and his own alter-ego, was that sometimes the worry kept him up at night. Not a huge thing, obviously. Peter couldn’t remember the last time he got a whole 8 hours of sleep, and his first few years in college he hadn’t gotten more than 5 hours of sleep a night, at least during the school week. Lack of sleep should totally have not even been a big deal, really, it should have been like a minor, minor deal that would affect exactly zero things.

So, of course, that is exactly what didn’t happen.

Because it would be just his luck (stupidity? Ignorance? Peter-ness?) to totally forget that he wasn’t alone in the lab. Peter was doing some work with questionable liquids, an experiment that he should have been able to perform perfectly in his sleep. But instead his mind was on the last Doom-Bot-battle, Clint’s problematic actions, the arrow sticking out of Hulk’s shoulder, a sleepy and disgruntled Bruce being kind if distrustful. His hands itched to scrape off the make-up that Wade had caked onto his face that morning. He tapped his legs restlessly on the tiled floor, as he imagined being home with Wade, soaking in their tub, watching Golden Girls, eating carton after carton of caramel and fudge ice cream.

He’d been avoiding the Avengers, those that he could avoid at least, because he wasn’t sure exactly how he’d react to any of them. And he was worried that this awkward feeling between Spiderman and the Avengers would never dissipate, that Wade would never be truly trusted by his teammates again, that Peter would be stuck forever in a limbo of having half-friends, and low sleep, and loving fiancés with no self-preservation instincts.

Peter shook his head and tried to focus his mind. He had to be careful with this next step, had to pour this beaker into that Erlenmeyer flask with precision, with a steady hand. He didn’t need the distraction of all these thoughts tumbling down on him all at once. He just needed to slowly pour—

“Peter, ready for lunch?” Bruce asked from too close, way closer than Peter was expecting. Peter had forgotten that Bruce and Tony were even in the lab.

Peter’s hand jerked in surprise and the beaker slipped from his grasp.

Peter let out an “Eep,” as the beaker tumbled downward. He tried to grab for it, both hands flailing horribly, and he did catch the glass, upside down, spilling the liquid. Peter stared in mild horror down at the experimental liquid coating his hands and dripping between loose fingers down his lab coat and into his well-worn chucks.

There was a moment of silence when Peter wasn’t sure what to do. What even was this liquid? He’d just been running tests on it, experiments, it wasn’t…dangerous, was it?
“Parker,” Tony breathed out, stepping up behind Bruce. His eyes were wide, but not too worried. He glanced at the beaker in Peter’s hands and then to Bruce, letting the saner man take control.

“Peter,” Bruce said slowly, calmly, in a voice Peter had never heard him use before. It sounded like when Uncle Ben had come home to find Peter scraped all to hell from a tussle at school with Flash, a warm voice that was meant to calm Peter, meant to seem level-headed and in control, and meant to disguise fear and worry and anger.

Peter gulped and clutched at the beaker hard enough for him to hear the glass strain against his slippery hands.

“Peter,” Bruce said again, hands raised in a placating gesture. “Peter, it’s going to be fine, but I need you to let go of the beaker and head to the decontamination showers, ok? Do you think you can do that for me?”

Peter nodded slowly and walked to a section of the wall that opened before him to reveal a small tiled room with an industrial sized shower-head above him and a drain in the floor. He stepped in and the showers automatically turned on, pummeling Peter with a water-pressure harder than he was expecting, leaving him gasping as the water pounded into his still clothed shoulders and against his head. Peter belatedly let go of the beaker, letting it crack and roll against the tiles.

“Peter,” Bruce said again, and Peter looked to see that Bruce was standing right outside the spray of the water. Behind him, Peter could see Tony examining Peter’s work station, and he didn’t look worried, so Peter had no doubt that the liquid was not as dangerous as he’d feared originally.

“I’m sorry,” Peter said, focusing once more on Bruce. “Really. I didn’t mean to cause a ruckus. Or to ruin the experiment.”

Bruce gave a crooked little smile. “Don’t worry about it, Peter. If anyone should be sorry it should be me. I’m the one that startled you. But this talk can wait. Right now I’m going to need you to step out of those clothes so they can be decontaminated, and to scrub up. I’ll get you a pair of sweats. I hope you don’t mind that they’re mine, I keep them in the lab for emergencies.”

Peter looked down at his replaceable lab coat, his solid-colored shirt, his nice chucks, and shrugged. At least they probably wouldn’t be burned or something ridiculous like that. Peter peered once more around Bruce to see that Tony was gesturing wildly to one of the security cameras.

“What’s Tony doing?” he asked.

“Tony’s getting Jarvis to put us in quarantine.”

“Quarantine?” Peter asked as he shucked off his shoes and pulled off both socks before balling them up and stuffing them in his chucks. “But by the looks of it we’re all fine. I mean,” Peter looked down at his undamaged arms, “I’m good.”

Bruce smiled and Peter stripped off his lab coat. “Only a precaution, Peter, I promise you. Now why don’t I get you those clothes?” and he stalked off.

By the time Bruce returned with grey sweat pants bundled up under his arms Peter had stripped down to his underwear, and had forlornly removed his web-shooters and hidden them in the toes of his shoes. The shower probably hadn’t damaged them, but he wouldn’t know until he would have time to check them out later, whenever he got home. If he was ever allowed to go home.

Bruce left Peter alone to change, and when Peter came back out he found Bruce and Tony sitting
on either side of Tony’s work bench discussing something under their breath. Tony noticed him first.


Bruce rolled his eyes. “It’s not the bubonic plague, Tony.”

“Yeah, but we don’t know what it is,” Tony said. “That’s the point. We were trying to figure out what it was by testing it, so, really we don’t have much to go on.”

“I feel fine,” Peter felt the need to reiterate, and he did feel fine. Honestly, if there was anything sketchy about the stuff (which Peter very much doubted because 1. He was fine and 2. If there had been something known to be dangerous in the beaker Tony and Bruce would not have let Peter near it) the quick shower had probably washed all of it off and/or Peter’s slightly better than normal healing had taken care of it. “I don’t see why we need the quarantine.”

“It’s just in case,” Bruce said consolingly at the same time Tony said, “Me neither.”

Bruce glared at Tony until the billionaire raised his hands in surrender.

“How long is quarantine going to last?” Peter asked.

Bruce shrugged. “Jarvis is running a scan of the room, and a sample of the liquid is being tested, but honestly it shouldn’t take that long.”

“An hour, tops,” Tony translated.

Peter let his shoulders sag. “Oh good,” he said, “I was afraid I’d have to sleep here or something.”

Tony let out a bark of laughter. “Geez Parker, don’t look so relieved. I’ll have you know that I equip all of my labs with the most comfortable of fold-up cots available.”

“Yeah,” Peter said, “but that’s because you work 70-hour days and then crash in the lab. Those cots are for you.” And then couldn’t help a small yawn that worked its way out of Peter’s mouth.

Tony shrugged, unrepentant. “I take full responsibility. But now! For the big surprise!”

Bruce lowered his head into his hands and let out a rough sigh. “Stop being so dramatic, Tony.”

“I’ll be as dramatic as I damn-well please, Brucie-bear,” Tony said.

Peter frowned. “What kind of surprise?”

“Well,” Tony said with a grand gesture between them, “since we’re in quarantine I figured that we could have a small picnic in here so I ordered us some food.”

Peter raised his eyebrows. “That’s the surprise? That’s not too bad, Bruce. I’m always down to eat, no need to convince me there.”

Bruce smiled. “No Peter, that’s not the surprise part. Tony thought that you might still be upset about this incident—”

“Hey!” Tony interrupted. “Defamation of character! I don’t have feelings.”

“—he thought he’d do something nice,” Bruce continued as if Tony hadn’t spoken, “so he invited
Bruce was interrupted once more, but this time by a loud pounding on the glass wall directly behind Peter.

Peter worked on instinct, too tired to draw the right conclusion, his mind still only partially in the present, and flipped forwards, twisted mid-air, and landed on his fingers and toes upside-down on the ceiling. He looked down to see Wade standing behind the glass, one fist raised to pound on the glass, his mouth open into an ‘O’ big enough to be completely recognizable behind his mask. Behind him the rest of the Avengers stood, expressions in varying states of shock.

“Peter!” Bruce shouted, and leapt to his feet. “What happened?”

“Side effect of the liquid?” Tony said quietly, and Peter focused on his face as Tony continued to talk. “Could there have been some contamination in the fluid that would cause immediate mutation? Some poison perhaps? Or…” Peter tuned out Tony’s words, could see only the dip between Tony’s eyebrows, the pinch of his eyes, the tic in his cheek, the clench of his jaw. Worry. This was worry, all for him, for his well-being.

Outside the door Wade was looking contrite, his feet turned inward, his shoulders slumped, but his eyes hadn’t left Peter’s face. Captain America looked grim. Clint and Natasha had their blank-faced masks on. Thor was frowning in concentration.

“Peter!” Bruce’s sharp exclamation broke Peter from his thoughts and he refocused on the scientist. Bruce let out a relieved sigh. “Peter, do you think you could come down from there so we can do some experiments?”

“See exactly what that stuff did to you,” Tony muttered.

“Or do you need a ladder?” Bruce motioned to a close-by chair. “Or one of us could help get you down? I understand if your new instincts forced you into a position you now cannot leave.”

“Uh,” Peter said, guilt heavy in his chest. Here were his friends, (his sometimes friends? His misguided friends?) worried about him and ready to take on the world, when the only problem was that Peter was too preoccupied to stop himself from reacting as his instincts wanted to. “No, I can come down.”

Peter made to let go all at once, but a sharp hiss, a worried intake of breath had him once more clinging to the ceiling. He looked and saw that it was Clint who had made the worried noise. Clint’s hands clenched into fists, and though his expression stayed blank, his stance was tense. Peter felt like his stomach was tying itself in knots.

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“You sure you can do it, Parker?” Tony asked, sounding not all that confident either.

Peter nodded.

Peter made to let go again but was stopped by Steve. “Now wait here,” Steve bit out, his voice an echo of being muffled by the glass and of being pumped through the speaker system by a helpful Jarvis. “You guys aren’t seriously going to let Peter just fall from the ceiling. He could damage himself.”

“Unlikely,” Tony said, sounding slightly more confident. “Based on the way his new—” Peter winced “—instincts react I don’t think he could hurt himself falling from this height if he tried.”

Steve took a deep breath and focused on Peter. “Do you think you can do it? Be honest, I don’t
want you getting hurt just because you were ashamed that you might upset one of us.”

Peter’s eyes got caught by Wade whose shock and consternation had morphed into something more humorous. He had one hand over his mouth and the other wrapped around his torso, trying to hold back laughter. Peter rolled his eyes.

“I’ll be fine, Cap.”

“But it wouldn’t hurt to get help coming down,” Bruce pointed out reasonably. “Let me just—”

Peter let go and flipped to drop to the ground in a crouch which he quickly straightened from.

“So that happened,” Tony said with a weak smile.

Wade snickered. “Look, Baby-boy, now you too can be a superhero.”

Peter had to bite his lip to keep from smiling.

“Wade, this is no laughing matter,” Steve scolded. “This situation could have unforeseen consequences.”

“We need to find out what happened,” Tony agreed. “And see if we can reverse it.” He sighed and gave Peter a small smile. “I know it might be exciting to be getting some cool powers when you’re surrounded by the Avengers every day, but this could be more harmful than it looks, and honestly, your health and safety is more important than cool sticky fingers and flipping tricks.” He looked over at Wade and narrowed his eyes. “Isn’t that right, Deadpool? Peter’s safety is more important?”

Wade nodded solemnly. “Of course, Tinny. I wouldn’t want my precious Baby-boy to croak from being too awesome.”

Clint growled at Wade non-verbally, but Natasha’s hand on his shoulder kept him from lashing out. She steered the conversation back to safer ground. “Stark. What are these tests going to entail?” She nodded to Peter, “And is he contagious?”

Peter let out a shaky breath. This had really gone on for too long. He should have said something immediately upon jumping on the ceiling. Hell, he should have said something back when they’d caught him and Wade making out on his roof. He should have said something any number of times since then, and instead he’d let his own fears get in the way, but honestly, honestly-honestly, letting them worry over him now was just cruel. They didn’t deserve that. Not even Clint, who’d been a giant butt the last time they’d met. They were his friends and they deserved to have their worries assuaged.

“I’m not contagious,” Peter said slowly.

Bruce briskly interrupted. “You can’t know that for sure, Peter. It’s better to run all the tests to make sure that nothing—”

“No,” Peter said, speaking over Bruce, “I mean that I know I’m not contagious because it isn’t the fault of whatever spilled on me—”

“It is because you are the man of spiders, correct?” Thor asks in a calm tone of voice that was at odds with the suddenly sharp beating of Peter’s heart. Yeah, he’d been just about to say the same thing to the group of them, but that didn’t mean this wasn’t the HOLY MOTHER OF ALL SURPRISES!
The other Avengers were staring at Thor with as much surprise as Peter was, which made Peter feel a little better. And then Thor’s confident expression cracked.

“Am I wrong, young Peter? Have I been mistaken in my observations?” Thor ducked his head, looking too much like a chastised child for Peter to feel anything but guilty.

“No, sorry, Thor, it just took me by surprise,” Peter said. “You’re right, I am Spiderman.”

“You’re who-now?” Clint asked. “I’m sorry, I could have sworn you just said you were Spiderman, which is impossible.”

Peter scratched the back of his head. “Uh, yeah.”

“Actually,” Wade piped up, “you’ll find it’s completely possible for my sweetie-Petey to be Spidey-boo. They’re both hot. They’re both smart. And they’re both really hot. Plus, they’re both gorgeous.”

“We’re going to talk about this,” Tony said, pointing at Peter. “My intern, a superhero and I never knew. I feel slighted, Parker, honestly I do. Also, I’m upgrading your suit.”

“I thought we were on the same page for once,” Steve sighed at Tony, “and then you talked your way right out of that.”

“I’d like to ask how Thor figured it out,” Bruce said, adjusting his glasses. “I’m curious.”

“Ditto,” Wade said and spun to face Thor. “So how’d you figure it out, O’ bro’ o’ mine? Was it the absolutely fabulous tush? The sparkling personality? His obsession with little old me?”

“Nay. I merely thought it obvious that young Peter must be the man of Spiders as they share similar acrobatic abilities.”

Peter blinked. “That’s, I mean, that’s kind of obvious, yeah.”

“Way to make me feel stupid, guys,” Tony whined. “Literal genius here.”

“Stark, now is not the time,” Natasha said smoothly.

“Oh my god,” Clint said, and Peter turned to see him wearing a stricken expression. “I shot at Peter with an arrow.”

“You did what!” Wade shrieked, and Clint flinched.

“I too hurt you, young Peter,” Thor said, sounding very contrite.

Peter waved them away. “It’s fine guys.”

“Fine, he says,” Wade snarled. “Hawkeye I’m gunning for you.” He turned to scowl at Thor. “And I’m not too happy with you either, Hammer-man.”

Thor looked down in shame.

“Look, Wade, it’s fine. Guys? It’s fine. I promise. I’m not even that hurt anymore. It was all a big misunderstanding.”

“It’s not fine,” Wade bit out petulantly.
Peter looked at his fiancé through the heavy glass dividing them and sighed out. He let his shoulders slump, his head hang down a little. “Please? Wade, can this please just be done? I’m so tired. So, so tired of hiding things, and being nervous about lying, and not seeing you when I’m out as Spiderman. Babe, can we please? I’m just so exhausted.”

Wade stepped closer and leaned his forehead against the glass. For a moment he was silent, but then he let out a reluctant breath and seemed to fold. “If you say so, Dumpling. We can play you’re your way.”

Peter smiled. “Thank you.” He turned with some trepidation to the rest of the Avengers. “Do you all hate me now?”

“Of course not!” Bruce said, with no hesitation. “We don’t hate you, Peter. We could never hate you.”

“I’m a little pissed.” Tony said.

“Tony!” Steve hissed.

“What?” Tony said, his eyebrows reaching for his hair line. “I am a little pissed! I could have had another science bro in the field a long time ago if he’d just told us!”

Peter grinned. “Thank you Tony,” he said a little deadpan, “that means a lot.”

“We will always care for you, Peter.” Steve spoke up. “And now perhaps we can all look out for each other a little better.”

“Enough mushy stuff,” Wade grumbled. “Now that we know my baby-boy isn’t poisonous or whatever, can I go in there and smooch his face off?”

Peter looked to Tony and Bruce with wide eyes.

Tony folded. “Well, I don’t see why not. Jarvis! Eliminate quarantine condi—”

“Nope!” Bruce snapped. “Not quite yet. Jarvis, belay that order. We still don’t know what it was that spilled on Peter and we’re not cutting any corners.”

“Awww,” Wade moaned.

“Suck it up,” Natasha said coolly, “you can wait an extra hour or two, especially in the name of science.”

“Science!” Tony fist-bumped the air.

“Science,” Bruce agreed.

Peter nodded solemnly. “Science.”

Chapter End Notes

This idea was given to me on silver plate by Mitchie and Daria. Thank you guys, this has been fun, and I hope I lived up to your expectations! (I really tried to fit the sexting
in here somewhere but it ended up just sounding forced, and for that I apologize)
Auditory hallucinations; in which Peter takes coming out of the closet to a whole new level

Chapter Notes

This takes place in Homewrecker Chapter 19, and so on. What if, when Jarvis recommended that Petey and Wade move it or lose it they actually did? One should always listen to Jarvis, doncha-know?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter cut Wade off with a kiss. He pulled back slightly to lift up the edge of his mask and pulled Wade’s up over his nose as well. “Shut up,” he moaned and pushed Wade backwards before descending on his mouth again. Wade took the initiative to begin running his fingers up and down Peter’s torso.

“Sirs?” Jarvis asked, his voice sounding slightly nervous. “If I might recommend perhaps postponing this liaison until a further time?”

It took a moment for Peter’s mind to process what had just been said, but when it finished Peter blinked and pulled back from Wade to look at the ceiling. Wade lowered his lip to Peter’s jaw and Peter had to concentrate very, very hard on making a sentence in order to respond to Jarvis. He only partially succeeded.

“Ummmm, what’s going on J?”

“Please Mr. Parker, Mr. Wilson. I believe it for the best if you transfer to another location.”

Peter stepped back from Wade to give them both space to think more clearly. Jarvis sounded worried.

“Ok, Jarvis,” Peter said, thankful that Wade hadn’t re-suctioned his mouth to Peter’s neck. There’s no way he’d have been able to think clearly like that. Peter grabbed hold of Wade’s fingers, dragged him into the bedroom, and threw shut the door. Wade locked the bolt with a flick of his fingers.

“Now, Jarvis,” Peter said with some trepidation, “will you tell us why we had to hide?”

“In my own rooms, J?” Wade whined.

“Because, Sirs,” Jarvis said in an exasperated tone, “I did not think it prudent for you to meet—”

Jarvis cut himself off as the sound of the elevator doors opening echoed down the hall, and Steve’s voice followed, slightly muffled through the door. “Deadpool! You better be in here. We’ve been looking everywhere for you. Do you know how to contact Spiderman? I want to—” Steve cut himself, paused, and then said slightly louder. “Deadpool? Wade? Are you here?”

Peter and Wade exchanged wide-eyed looks.

“Wade?” Steve called again.
Peter pointed at the door. Wade shrugged and then shook his head.


Peter thumped Wade’s shoulder, and after that earned him a raspberry, Peter pushed him towards the door. Wade pulled his mask down to cover his mouth and then pulled the door open dramatically. “Of course I’m here, mon capitaine! What can I do you for?”

Peter pressed himself against the wall next to the door, trying to stay out of sight. Wade still stood in the doorway, so Peter could see him, but that didn’t make Peter any less nervous.

“Well,” Steve said, sounding a tad relieved and a hint confused, “I had some questions about Spiderman, if you’re up to answering them.”

Wade nodded slowly, and shot Peter a quick worried look before stepping out into the hall and shutting his bedroom door.

Peter scanned the room, trying to find a good hiding place, should for some reason Steve want to barge in there. There weren’t many options.

“I’m always up for you,” Peter heard Wade respond with an audible leer.

The bed touched the floor and the dresser’s shelves were too small for Peter to fit in. Peter stepped to the windows to test them, but they didn’t open.

Steve sighed but didn’t comment on it. “Alright, I don’t want to bring up any sensitive situations, but is it true that even before your…tryst on that rooftop, that you and Spiderman were close?”

Peter sent out a small curse to Tony for not making the bathroom accessible from the bedroom. What kind of genius didn’t have an en suite bathroom for his tower-mates?

“The closest!” Wade said enthusiastically. “Two peas in a pod, two heroes with hot bods! Meant to be—I mean, we’ve know each other for a long time. Used to eat together all the time.”

Peter picked up the light tread of footsteps and realized that Steve wasn’t the only Avenger to be visiting Wade today. He gulped.

“Close, you say,” Tony said with interest. “There wouldn’t happen to be some history between you two from before we caught you both with your dicks out, would there be? In case I wasn’t obvious enough, I meant carnal history.”

Peter’s eyes shot to the only viable hiding place, the standing oak wardrobe that Wade had somehow had time to carve hundreds of penises into.

“Stark,” Natasha bit out, “that is not what we came here for. Stick to the topic, if you would.”

“No need to antagonize,” Bruce agreed, and Peter abruptly wondered how long it had really been since the fight. Long enough for Bruce to de-hulk, and probably long enough for them all to change into fresh clothes. Peter looked down at his sweaty and somewhat worn suit and shrugged. Oh well.

“Fine, fine,” Tony said, “so, you got something for us or no, Wilson?”

Peter took soft steps towards the wardrobe, hoping that no one’s super hearing or spy-sense would catch him walking around in the room.
“I’m still not quite sure what you want from me,” Wade admitted, and Peter could hear the giant grin in the way he spoke.

“We would like,” Thor said slowly, “to ask the man of Spiders to join us in the protection of this city and indeed all of Midgard.”

That stopped Wade short, and Peter remembered that he still hadn’t gotten around to telling Wade everything he’d found out.

Peter took that moment to slip the wardrobe door open, climb inside, and carefully close the door behind him. He sat on the wood and curled his knees up. Hopefully they would all leave soon and then Wade could somehow sneak him out.

This wouldn’t be necessary if they just knew! a traitorous part of his brain pointed out but he shut it up. There was nothing he could do about it now.

“If you are agreeable of course,” Thor continued. “We would not jeopardize your placement on the team with his addition.”

“Yeah,” Tony agreed. “I mean, he’s a good kid, it looks like, but you’re already here, so…”

“You want to ask him?” Wade asked quietly.

“Yes,” Natasha said simply.

“Ohhh,” Wade breathed out.

“Would you be alright with that?” Steve asked.

“Yes!” Wade shouted, and Peter winced at the sudden change in volume. “Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes!”

Peter leaned his head against the wall, dislodging a hoodie from a hook above him. He still wasn’t sure how he’d feel being part of a team. Part of him wanted very badly to have back-up, to have teammates to rely on. He loved working with Wade, and if he accepted then he could work with Wade all the time.

“Well that was easy,” Tony commented.

But he didn’t think he’d be able to work with the Avengers as Spiderman and Peter on the regular. He just wasn’t built for that much high-stress subterfuge.

“A little too easy?” Natasha questioned. “Wade, you do know that if he joins you will have to be on even better behavior than you have been. It’s been easy to avoid your temptations with him separate from us, but if he joins you will need to be completely professional constantly. Do you understand?” There was a pause where Peter assumed Wade nodded. “Good. And we mean that. We will all be watching you all the time.”

“And him,” Clint added. “Not in a mean way, but despite my stupidity, I’m still going to try my damndest to keep Peter from getting hurt. So we mean it. Best behavior from the both of you or we’re abandoning this idea altogether.”

Peter sighed silently and pulled the hoodie closer to his face.

Oh.

Right.
This was a closet. Full of clothes. Wade’s clothes, granted, but still clothes that Peter could change into. That way if Wade got caught smuggling Peter out later, they’d only catch Wade smuggling out Peter and not Spiderman.

“Duh,” Wade said. “I mean, of course. I will be on my most bestest behavior! Cross my heart!”

“Good,” Steve said. “Now, do you know how we can get a hold of him?” Peter slowly tried to maneuver his body through the darkness to pull the hoodie over his head. “A phone number? An address we can send a letter to? Someplace he’s known to hang out so we can meet up with him?”

Peter pulled his arms through the sleeves, and only belatedly realized he’d put the hoodie on backwards. He let out a little huff of exasperation and pulled his arms in to twist the hoodie on correctly. “Any way of contacting him at all?”

“A spidey-symbol projected into the night sky?” Tony said. “Should we do smoke signals? Put a coded message in the ad-wanted page of the Bugle?”

Peter snorted and accidentally hit his elbow against the wood while pulling his arms through the arm-holes round this time.

“Oooohh,” Wade said. “A spidey-symbol—”

“What was that?” Natasha demanded and Peter froze.

“What was what, scary spider lady?” Wade asked.

“I heard a noise coming from your room.”

“No you didn’t!” Wade bit out quickly, and Peter closed his eyes. Way to not sound suspicious, Wade.

There was a long pause and then Steve said, slowly, as if he didn’t quite know what to think, “Wade, what are you hiding from us?”

Peter pulled the hoodie all the way down and began groping, gently, for a pair of pants. Whatever Wade had lying around at Avengers Tower wouldn’t be his normal wear, obviously, as he kept that at home, but he should definitely have pants somewhere.

“Nothing,” Wade said, with such obvious false-sincerity that Peter had to bite his lip. “Absolutely nothing. Would I hide anything from you guys? Definitely not. What are you saying?”

“I heard something,” Natasha stated. “If you are alone, what made that sound?”

“Rats,” Wade offered.

Tony scoffed. “There are no rodents in my building. Unless you count yourself. Or Legolas over there.”

Peter found a balled up pair of sweats in the corner of the wardrobe and shimmied into them as quickly as he could. Perhaps a little too quickly, as he accidentally bumped his hip against the wood.

“Again,” Natasha ground out.

“I heard it too,” Steve admitted. “Wade, why are you lying to us? What is making that noise?”

“Sorry, hot-stuff,” Wade simpered, “but there is absolutely no one hiding in my room. Why would
you even consider such a thing?"

Peter was going to kill Wade. Absolutely murder him. If they hadn’t been convinced that someone was in the room before, they sure would be now.

“I’m going in,” Natasha growled and Peter heard the door to the room slam open.

Peter tucked the waistband of the sweats beneath the hoodie and tried to straighten himself into a comfier sitting position. He listened as the rest of the Avengers and his fiancé filed into the room, and there was a part of him that still hoped they wouldn’t find him, though he could not imagine a single outcome that did not involve him being outed in one way or another.

“There is no one here,” Bruce said softly.

“Check the bathroom,” Clint said.

“It’s in the hall,” Wade pointed out hopefully.

“Remind me to fix that,” Tony said absent-mindedly. “No tenant of mine will have to walk more than five feet from their bed to pee.”

“That sounds gross,” Bruce said.

“Really?” Clint asked. “I think that’s a wonderful motto. Thank you, Tony, for lighting up my life one urine-station at a time.”

Peter slowly, cautiously, carefully removed his mask and reached up to stuff it into the pocket of a coat hanging against the side of the wardrobe.

“Might someone be beneath the bed?” Thor asked.

There was a rustling of fabric and then Steve said, “I don’t think so. A mouse couldn’t even fit under there.”

“There are no rodents in my tower!”

“Who are we even looking for?” Clint whined.

“We’ll soon find out,” Natasha replied, from way too close for Peter’s comfort. She was obviously right outside the doors.

Peter snapped his hands out to grip the inside of the wardrobe’s doors, hoping that his sticky fingers would be strong enough to win against a Natasha. Natashas were not to be underestimated.

The doors jerked against his fingers, but they stayed adhered, and the doors stayed closed.

“They won’t open?” Bruce asked.

“No,” Natasha said, sounding almost pained, as if it hurt her to point out the obvious.

“How did you lock a fucking armoire?” Tony demanded. “And on that note, Wilson, why the fuck would you ruin antique oak with fucking penises???”

“Penises are the new black. Obvi.”

Peter bit back a chuckle.
“And the lock?” Steve asked.


“You…” Steve trailed off.

Peter took the momentary pause, and the belief that he was safe to remove his hands from the door for the moment to quickly shuck his gloves and stick them in the hood of a jacket hanging above him. He then carefully, softly re-adhered his hands to the oak door.

“So you’re telling me that you locked your wardrobe for the hell of it,” Natasha said in her blandest voice. Peter shuddered. “And that it isn’t to protect someone hiding in there?”

“What?” Wade squeaked. “That would be crazy. Absolutely crazy. Loony-bin. There’s no one in there. Who would be in there? Why? What even is in there? Narnia? Winter boots? I don’t know, but it’s certainly not a fucking person because that would be the craziest—”

There was a click and then Natasha said, “So you’re saying that it would be absolutely fine for me to empty my clip into the wardrobe? Since there is no one in there?”

Peter recognized the noise. That click was of a safety being removed from a gun. A weapon. Natasha was pointing a gun at Peter, and he had no doubt that should would definitely fire it.

“No!” Peter and Wade yelped at the same time.

“Who was that?” Steve said slowly.

The door jerked once more beneath Peter’s finger tips and he tried to grip the wood tighter. It jerked again, harder this time, and Peter couldn’t help but let out a hissed, “Stop it!”

“Wade,” Thor drew out Peter’s fiance’s name like a parent would to a child they were chastising.

“That sounded like Spiderman,” Natasha spat at the same time that Tony said, “Is Peter in your closet?”

There was a longer pause this time, long enough for Peter to realize the implications of what had just been said and for his heart to break out into double time.

Tony spoke first. “That was definitely Peter’s voice.”

“Spiderman,” Natasha said. “That was Spiderman, that’s the same tone he used when Clint almost shot him.”

“Hey!” Clint said, “be nice! But I think Tony’s right with this one. That’s definitely Peter’s voice. He sounds like that every time I beat his old score on Candy Crush. Stop it,” he hissed in imitation.

“Nay,” Thor said, his words heavy on his tongue, “Twas indeed the voice belonging to the Man of Spiders.”

“Oh,” Steve said, “I’m definitely staying out of this.”

Bruce let out a long sigh. “Same.”

“Let’s call it Schrödinger’s closet-monster and leave it, eh?” Wade said. “If we never look it can
be both Peter and Spiderman!”

Peter wanted to pinch the bridge of his nose. Or punch Wade in the nose.

There was a single sharp jerk of the door when Peter was distracted and suddenly he tumbled from the wardrobe onto the floor. He landed on his hands and knees, his feet curled behind him.

“Told you it was Peter,” Tony crowed triumphantly. “I’ll thank you all to note that I can recognize my own intern’s voice.”

“Hmmm,” Natasha didn’t say.

“In their defense, Tony,” Bruce said, playing referee, “I couldn’t myself decide which was which. Peter’s voice is very close to Spiderman’s.”

Thor turned to Wade with a serious expression on his face. “It looks like I must once more apologize for my hurried actions. I did wrong by you.”

“Peter,” Clint said, stepping closer to Peter and offering him a hand up, “what were you even doing in the closet? Bro, was this some hide-and-seek I was not informed about?”

Peter shook his head as he got to his feet. “No, sorry, we just heard you all coming and I panicked.”

“And your first thought was ‘Well, better hide in the closet?’ instead of saying hi to us, your friends?” Tony demanded.

Peter shrugged.

“I think the answer might be slightly more complicated,” Natasha said, and while her voice as steady and unaffected, a small smirk was curling her lips.

“What do you mean?” Steve asked.

Instead of answering aloud Natasha merely pointed to Peter’s feet. Peter looked down in confusion. Had he put Wade’s sweats on backwards? No, they looked fine over his boots.

…

Oh right.

His boots. The red ones. With the webs.

“Oh,” Peter said articulately.

“Woah,” Clint said, “what?”

“I’m with Birdbrain,” Tony said.

Steve squinted at Peter’s face, and then at his Spiderman footwear, and then at his face again. “I think I can see it,” he said at last. When that got him no response he elaborated. “The resemblance, I mean. I can see now. They have the same build, the same walk.”

“The same speech pattern,” Natasha added, “the same humor.”

“The same kindness,” Bruce added softly.
“Forgiving for my actions,” Clint choked.

“Brother Wade’s love,” Thor added.

“Fuck,” said Tony. “No seriously. This—Fuck!”

Peter winced. “Yeah, me too.”

“Welcome, Baby-boy!” Wade squealed. “We should throw a party. Celebrate! Celebrate!”

“Wha?” Peter asked, kind of.

“A party!” Wade said, “A coming out party!”

Clint choked again.

“Hun,” Peter said, completely deadpan, “I think they know I’m gay. I’m dating you.”

Peter felt Wade roll his eyes. “No, dipshit, a coming out party for being Spidey! You just came out of the Superhero closet!”

“You came out of some superhero’s closet,” Steve muttered.

Peter suddenly remembered to be scared and spun to face the other Avengers.

“You’re fine,” Bruce said, anticipating Peter’s worry. Thank goodness, because Peter didn’t think he’d be able to form any actual coherent sentences.

“Yes!” Thor thundered. “I am most excited to find that the Man of Spiders is someone trusted!”

“And Peter,” Steve said, his smile wide, “I think I have a question to ask you.”

Peter grinned back, opened his mouth to give his answer…

“But first!” Wade screeched, loud enough to make Peter wince, “A Party!”

“Booze?” Clint asked hopefully.

“I can bring my Vodka,” Natasha offered. She leaned closer to Peter. “I make it strong enough to burn straight through your liver.”

Peter blinked.

“I will provide the spitted hog!” Thor said. “I shall go at once to capture such a beast and roast it for this occasion!”

“Hey!” Tony snapped, and the rest quieted down. “I am offended, Parker. Mortally offended. First you keep your secret night-life from your favorite boss ever, and then you try to host a party and don’t even let me organize it! Do you know how many absolutely fabulous parties I’ve had in my lifetime?”

“We get it,” Clint said drily, “you’re old. Now let’s go celebrate Peter’s coming out the good old fashioned way.”

“Vodka?” Natasha asked.

“Calmly?” Bruce asked, his voice hopeful.
“A lindy hop?” Steve asked, and then grinned like the little shit he was.

“No,” Clint said, “by asking the new superhero what he wants to do.” Clint and the rest of the group turned to face Peter. “What do you want, O’ Spiders-dude?”

Peter shrugged and pulled at the hem of his borrowed hoodie. “Movie night?”

“Huzzah!” Thor boomed and a strike of lightning brightened the sky for a moment.

“Sounds good to me, Petey-pie,” Wade said, “let’s do it.” He promptly grabbed Peter’s hand and dragged him from the room, the rest of the Avengers trailing behind like the most rag-tag group of children following after their own Peter Piper, only to stumble into Pepper in the hall.

“What?” She demanded, “is going on? Peter, are those Spiderman’s boots?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you Katja! I had such a great time writing this! I hope I did your prompt justice <3
Sex Talk; in which Mama Widow makes an awkward appearance

Chapter Notes

This chapter can pretty much replace chapter 6 of Homewrecker.

Also, oh my god, I'm so sorry that I haven't updated this fic in a month. A month! What the heck, me! Get it together! When I saw last update was 30 days ago I lost my mind. I had no idea it had been that long. Hopefully (hopefully) it won't take me quite as long for the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Natasha visibly pulled herself together and then looked at Peter with her weird intense ex-assassin eyes. "I think we need to talk."

"Uh, sounds good," Peter gulped, "what do you want to talk about? I read this really good book recently. We could talk about that. It was about a baker? She makes cinnamon rolls the size of your head. I wish I could make cinnamon rolls the size of your head. I mean I could, I guess, but they'd taste like cardboard or something awful. But if you really want to try them then I guess I could look up a recipe or something. We'll have to go shopping first because I don't have the ingredients for a cinnamon roll the size of your head… or my head if that's better. I'm not picky about head differences. In fact, do you think the other Avengers would want one too? I could make a whole batch. But then when the cinnamon rolls came out shit they might think I was being petty by serving them crap food as a peace offering, so maybe that's not the best—"

"So you do feel guilty about your almost infidelity with Deadpool?"

Peter gulped and nodded slowly, hoping that he was making the right decision. By the right decision, he meant the decision that would allow him to leave with his life. Or at least most of his limbs.

Natasha had obviously picked up on his uncertainty because she raised one elegantly shaped eyebrow and asked, "You aren't sure?" and then she sighed and seemed to slump into herself. "Listen, you seem young. How young even are you?"

Peter frowned. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"I'm just not sure you're old enough to know what you're getting into," Natasha said, an actually open expression on her face. "I can't tell your exact age, but if I had to guess I'd say you were in your late teens early twenties, but that doesn't necessarily mean that you know what you're doing in this sort of situation."

Peter wished that he could see into Natasha’s mind so he knew where she was going with this conversation. He had this horrible feeling seeping down his spine that he was going to stick his foot into his mouth sometime soon and he’d really like to avoid that as much as possible, thank you very much.

"I'm not that young," was the only thing he could think to say.
Wrong thing, apparently, Peter decided as Natasha’s eyes softened. Softened! What was happening?!

“Here,” Natasha said, and gestured to a fallen-over post box, “sit with me.”

Peter cautiously lowered himself to the metal, still tensed, ready to jump up and away at a moment’s notice. But Nat didn’t do anything sketchy, she took a seat next to him and turned to look him in the eyes. Or, well, the mask’s goggled equivalent to his eyes.

Peter said nothing, waiting for her to speak first. He wouldn’t have known what to say anyway. He was completely adrift.

“I’m not saying you’ve never had sex before,” Natasha started simply, and Peter spluttered so hard he started coughing, incidentally interrupting Nat, which, really, thank god.

“What?!” Peter demanded, his voice high-pitched and squeaking.

Natasha blinked at him innocently.

“No really,” Peter continued. “What the fuck?”

“I’m trying to give you the sex talk,” Natasha said with an unimpressed expression, like that had been obvious from the beginning and Peter was just being purposefully dense.

Peter sputtered again. “We are not having this conversation!”

“Yes,” Nat said drily, “we are. I think it’s time someone’s actually sat down and talked to you about what you were about to do with Deadpool up on that roof. When we caught you you hadn’t progressed past necking, and I know that Deadpool and you haven’t hooked up before, so obviously I know the two of you haven’t had sex, but I’m not sure if you’ve had sex before at all. Do you have any sexual experience at all?”

There was a pause in which Natasha obviously expected Peter to tell her. But. Hell no. No, no, no. Peter was not talking to Natasha about sex.

Natasha sighed, and Peter had the sudden thought that she probably considered him a non-threatening child that she had to babysit or something. “Very well, let’s start based on the idea that you’ve had sex before, and talk about why you wanted to sleep with Deadpool. Was it because of some imagined sexual prowess he promised? Was it merely friendship that progressed into something more in the heat of the moment? Is he just especially your type? Were you just really,” she paused long enough that when she said “interested,” Peter heard *horny*.

“I meant it,” Peter croaked. “I’m not having this conversation with you.”

“Of course you are,” Nat chastised. “We’re having this conversation right now. Now, maybe you haven’t had sex before at all. In which case I think it fair you know exactly what you’re getting into.”

“Oh god,” Peter groaned, letting his head fall into his hands.

“I mean,” Natasha continued, unhindered, “other than the absolutely horrible decision to sleep with someone who is practically married. That’s honestly unpardonable, but you seem young and stupid —”

“Hey!”
“—and your reasoning was probably flawed and based on your hormones. Which is why this sex talk is so important.”

“Oh my god,” Peter objected, “please stop saying ‘Sex Talk.’”

“Very well. Would you prefer me calling it ‘The Birds and the Bees?’”

“No!” Peter yelped. “Definitely not!”

“Well there you go,” Natasha said, “now, do you have condoms?”

Peter leapt to his feet. “I can’t do this. I am not talking sex with you Natasha,” he winced, “Black Widow. It’s not happening.”

“If you think you don’t need condoms because neither of you can get pregnant,” Natasha continued, getting louder as Peter covered his ears with his hand, “you’re wrong! There are diseases, and even if he says he’s been checked it’s better to be safe than sorry.”

Peter screeched. He shot a web at a crumbled building around him and pulled up, ready to just swing away from this all. His peripheral vision caught the flick of Natasha’s wrist a second before he dropped the few feet to the ground. He looked up to see his web stuck through with a small knife sliced into the wall above his head.

He whipped his head ‘round to stare at Nat. “You cut me down!”

“You were trying to run away,” she said slowly, as if Peter was a small, dull child who gained joy out of misbehaving. “Now listen to me, if you’re ever doing something you feel uncomfortable with, don’t be afraid to say something. There’s no shame in stopping in the middle, or even before anything gets started. And if you ever need someone to tell you you made the right decision in walking away, you know where I live.”

Peter breathed in slowly, wide-eyed and a little twitchy, and then breathed out even slower. “Stop,” he begged. “Please, please, stop!”

Natasha narrowed her eyes at him and crossed one leg over the other, somehow making the overturned post box look like a throne.

Peter broke. “I’ve had sex before,” he practically whimpered. “I have had,” he breathed out, “so much sex. So much. Sooooo much, so please, no more.”

“That doesn’t mean you’re having safe sex,” Natasha said.

“I’m fine,” Peter whined. “Please. I have safe sex! I promise! Please, Nat!”

Natasha stood abruptly. “I think we need to talk.”

Peter dropped his head into his hands. “What now? We are talking. We are already having a super awkward conversation right now, which I wish would just end. I want to leave. Can I leave??”

“No,” Natasha snapped. She held out a hand and when Peter placed his hand in hers cautiously, pulled him to his feet. “Let’s go.”

Peter whined and dragged his feet, but ultimately followed. And it wasn’t just because she had a strong grip on his hand, because he could have gotten away from that, but he was mildly terrified that she could break him. Maybe not physically; he has the strength proportionate to a spider’s but,
somehow. She’d break him somehow.

She pulled him through a shattered glass door of an abandoned bank, over a crushed counter, a collapsed desk, and into a back room.

“Is this the part where you kill me?” Peter asked, “I personally vote against that choice. I like life. Generally speaking, living is pretty great. So, no death. Also, I can run pretty fast and I’ll just run away from you forever, so, really, killing me is an awful idea.”

“I’m not going to kill you, Peter,” Natasha said.

Peter sighed out in exaggerated relief. “Oh thank god. I’d hate to die so young.” And then the rest of the sentence caught up with him and he froze. His heart sped up and he pulled at the collar of his suit, nervously. “What do you mean, Peter? My name’s not—”

“Yes it is,” Natasha said. “I didn’t notice at first, which is honestly staggering. I must be losing my touch, but you slipped multiple times.”

Peter winced. “I know.” He reached for his mask and tugged it up, not all the way off, but up to his hairline, enough for his entire face to be visible.

“Peter,” Natasha said, her voice sounding genuinely concerned. “Have you been Spiderman the entire time we’ve known you?”

Peter twisted his fingers together and nodded. “Only one Spiderman. That’s me.”

“And you just let us accuse Deadpool of cheating on you?” Her voice dropped into a level of disappointment that made Peter fidget.

“I didn’t want to. I thought that when you found us it would be obvious I was Spiderman. And when that didn’t happen,” he shrugged, “I don’t know. Wade tried to give me back my secret identity, and I ran with it because I thought he had a plan when he didn’t.”

There was a pause, and then Natasha spoke. “You know that we have to tell the rest, right?”

Peter’s shoulders slumped. “Yeaaahhh.” He sighed. “I guess we have to.”

“It’ll be fine,” Natasha said dismissively, and turned on her heel. Peter fumbled to pull down his mask before hurrying after her. “I mean, Thor will pout and Stark will snark and Steve will make giant puppy-dog eyes at you,” she said as she walked, not looking back to make sure Peter was following, “but they’ll accept you.” He followed her over the collapsed desk, the crushed counter, through the shattered glass window, and back out onto the rocky and destroyed sidewalk.

“I have been lying,” Peter objected.

Natasha shrugged. “I lie all the time. And they still like me. Maybe. Plus, they were about to rip apart Deadpool and Spiderman,” Peter could hear her smirk, “because they like you. I think this will barely be a blip on their radar.”

“You keep saying ‘they,’” Peter said quietly. “What about you?”

Natasha stopped and spun to face Peter. “I’ve already come to terms with this development.” She gifted him with a small smile. “Plus, now I get to tease Deadpool even more.”

Peter laughed. “Don’t tease him too much. He tries.”
Natasha shrugged nonchalantly. “I guess we’ll see, won’t we?” And then she smirked again, which sent a shiver down Peter’s back. “And now I get to make sure you’re practicing safe sex.”

“No!” Peter screeched. “You are not allowed to talk to me about sex!” He clapped his hands to his ears. “La la la, I’m not listening!”

“I’ll get you condoms,” Natasha said loudly, loud enough to be heard over the hands clapped over Peter’s ears.

Peter screamed.

“I’ll steal them from Stark!” she said with an evil smile.

Peter screamed louder.

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to nope—nothing on tumblr for giving me this hella prompt (which I was super late too, Really really really sorry about that)

I was asking my friends about how to give/receive a sex talk, because I was never given any sort of sex talk, and my friend very seriously turned to me and said: “If you’re not ready to eat his sausage don’t let him force it down your throat.” Which is, you know, good advice.

Again, really, really sorry about the long wait. And thank you to everyone who heckled me on Vigilantism to get me going again. You really helped. I’d like to thank you all individually, but I’m honestly just trying to post this chapter so I can go to bed. You know who you are, thank you for shaming me, it worked beautifully.

On that note, If there are any spelling/grammar mistakes, please let me know. I’m so tired, but I just wanted to publish this before I went to bed because I promised that the chapter would be out tonight (it’s technically past midnight, but it still counts). Thank you thank you thank you for waiting for this chapter, and I hope you enjoyed it. <3
Role-playing; in which the easiest answer really is the truth. No seriously

Chapter Notes

Here’s another version of what could have happened in the first Chapter of Homewrecker <3

Also, again, really sorry for the wait. Why is it taking me months to update this?? I feel like it shouldn't be taking me this long

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The engine to the jet shut off, and Peter thought that maybe they were here to check up on Peter (though why they would take the quinjet when they could just call, or wait till the next day when he went into work, Peter didn’t know), or more likely considering those reasons that he’d just thought of about why that was unlikely, they were here for Spiderman.

And they had just seen Spiderman making out with Deadpool.

Shit.

Shit-fuck.

Shit, fuck, damn. Damnity damn damn fuck.

Fucking hell.

And another damn for good measure.

It was over. They knew. There was no way he could get away from it this time. They had caught him red-handed. Seeing Spiderman making out with Deadpool, they could come to no other conclusion than that Peter was Spiderman, and that he’d been lying to them. For as long as he’d known them.

Damn.

He hoped that they would forgive him, because he really liked them. They were like the best friends he’d ever met and could totally see why Wade consistently fanboyed all over them. Wade and Peter were on the same page about that one. The Avengers were great, and Peter would hate it if his secret getting out would ruin his friendship with them.

Or worse, their tentative acceptance of Wade into the Avengers. He’d have to tell them that it was all his idea not to tell them who he really was, and that Wade wasn’t at fault at all. Because Wade loved working with them, and Peter could always get a job somewhere else, if they really couldn’t look past this, but Wade would be crushed.

It was so obvious to Peter, that that is what would happen, that when the quinjet door opened and the stairs descended, and the Avengers, whose expressions ranged from outrage to buried amusement, stepped out onto Peter and Wade’s roof, Peter already had an apology on his lips, and a plea to not blame Wade. That was the first thing to come out of his mouth, his voice slightly muffled by his mask, and also cracking weakly at the gravity of the situation:
“Don’t blame Wade.”

Captain America stood in front of them (and it was definitely Captain America, rocking his thin-lipped grimace and burning eyes, not Steve, who stood before them) with his arms crossed, and a very serious expression on his face. “Why shouldn’t we?” Steve asked, and Peter almost flinched at how foreign Steve sounded just then. And then Steve sighed. His crossed arms dropped to his side. “Peter, whatever he asked you to do, you’ve got to know this was stupid to agree to, right?”

Peter blinked a few times behind his mask and then cocked his head to the side. “What?” Peter asked, because he wasn’t quite sure what was happening. Hadn’t his secret identity just been revealed? What did Steve think Wade had asked him to do? Maybe it was the almost-having-sex thing? Because, honestly he’d think the fact that he was having sex with his fiancé less important than the fact that he was, ya know, Spiderman. The man of Spiders. Vigilante. Etc.

“Peter,” Bruce asked softly, “could you take off that ridiculous mask?”

“Ridiculous!” Peter said in an affronted tone, but removed the mask anyway.

“Baby boy’s not ridiculous,” Wade said dismissively. “He’s beauty, he’s grace, he’s got a spider on his face.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “A web, babe. It’s a spider web.”

“So how did Wilson get you to do it?” Tony asked, as he sauntered over. Sauntering while wearing a full suit of red and gold armor kind of looked ridiculous itself, but Tony could pull anything off.

“Was it a bribe?” Clint asked, amusement heavy in his tone.

“A bargain?” Tony asked with a smirk.

“A threat?” Natasha asked menacingly.

“A threat?!” Peter questioned, his voice so high it practically squeaked.

“Showing his true colors,” Natasha explained.

Peter looked around. “He didn’t really have to do, well anything. It was very mutual. I blame the adrenaline.”

“What are you saying?” Thor said, “that the two of you simultaneously agreed to don the garb of a warrior in order to raise the passion in your relationship?”

“What are you saying?” Peter asked. He turned to Wade. “What is he asking us?”

Wade scratched at the back of his head. “I think… he’s asking how the two of us decided you should wear the Spidey suit before shacking up.”

“I already had it on,” Peter asked. “I was out. We were out. And then we came back, and, well…”

“You were wearing that—” Tony pointed gleefully to Peter’s suit, “already? What? Under your jeans and shirt?” He let out a huff of laughter. “I can’t believe you own it.”

Peter looked down at his Spider suit in abject confusion. “Of course I own it. What, do you think I rent it or something? It’s my fucking suit!”

“Woah now,” Bruce said, his hands up, “no need to get so upset. Whatever you and Wade do in
your free time is your own business. Tony is just having a go at you for choosing, well, *that* kink.”

“Kink,” Peter repeated in a deadpan.

“Wait,” Clint said, “I want to know. Do you wear it beneath your clothes at work?”

Peter plucked at the spandex on his chest. “Well, sometimes. Not often.”

Clint and Tony looked at each other and giggled.

“You aren’t embarrassed.” Natasha said, examining Peter minutely.

Peter blinked at her. “No,” he said. “I’m not.”

“Nor are you ashamed,” Natasha continued. “You’re upset that they’re laughing at you, but not embarrassed that we caught you wearing that,” she paused infinitesimally, “Spidey suit.”

Peter straightened his shoulders. “I’m not *ashamed* of who I am.”

“Damn straight, Sexy pants,” Wade agreed. He slung an arm over Peter’s shoulder. “You do good work. You’re a hero.”

Natasha got a pinched look on her face.

Steve’s expression wasn’t as calm, he was openly gaping. “Are you still, what do you call it? Keeping up the charade?”

“Looks like,” Tony said with a chuckle.

“Damn straight, Sexy pants,” Wade agreed. He slung an arm over Peter’s shoulder. “You do good work. You’re a hero.”

Natasha got a pinched look on her face.

Steve looked like he just bit into a lemon. “Are you still, what do you call it? Keeping up the charade?”

“Looks like,” Tony said with a chuckle.

Steve looked like he just bit into a lemon. “Is that… a sex thing now?”

“Voyeurism?” Bruce asked.

Peter turned and dropped his forehead down onto Wade’s shoulder. “I have no idea what you’re talking about,” he said quietly, but still loud enough to be heard. “What is voyeuristic about my boyfriend being proud of me?”

“Fiancé,” Wade corrected, and began running his gloved fingers through Peter’s hair.

“Fiancé,” Peter amended. He turned his head just enough to see the Avengers even as he rested his head on Wade’s shoulder. “How is happiness a sex thing?”

“So this isn’t about sex?” Clint asked, confused. “We caught you practically with your pants down.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Don’t exaggerate.” Clint gave him a look. “Fine. I mean, I guess that,” he gestured to where Wade and him had been making out before being rudely interrupted, “was a sex thing. But how is anything else about this a sex thing?”

“Well,” Tony said slowly, “Wade is still treating you like you’re actually Spiderman. Role-playing usually ends when your coworkers catch you pre-coitus.”

Peter slowly lifted his head from Wade’s shoulder. He stared at Tony. Squinted, hoping he’d see something that would discount what he thought he’d just heard. But no. And in fact, Clint also looked curious.
“Role-playing,” Wade said drily. And then he broke down laughing, hunched over, his hands clasping his knees.

Peter watched his boyfriend have a major break down for a moment before turning to the Avengers. They looked mainly confused, which Peter really could relate to.

“Um,” Steve said, “What?”

“Same,” Peter said.

Steve blinked.

“No, but really,” Tony added. “Why did your boy-toy say the word ‘role-playing’ and then start laughing hystERICally?”

Peter’s eye twitched. “Because we weren’t role-playing.”

“Yes you were,” Clint said. “Wilson dressed you up like a hero he admired and you guys were going to bang while you pretended to be Spiderman. That’s, like, the definition of role-playing.”

Wade laughed harder.

“What do you call it then?” Bruce asked. “We don’t want to be insensitive. And we really don’t want to infringe on your privacy, so you don’t have to tell us.”

“But now that we know,” Tony continued for Bruce, “we’re just going to keep teasing you for it, so if you wanna call it something else I’d say it now before we get ‘role-playing’ stuck in our heads and refuse to call it anything else.”

Wade fell to his knees, his laughter turning watery and interspersed with hiccoughs. Peter hoped his boyfriend would survive.

“Uh,” Peter said, “well, personally, I call it life.”

Clint rolled his eyes.

“I feel we walked into that one,” Thor said.

“As you should,” Bruce said. “I’m sure this, role-playing, is a part of your life.”

“I’m—dying!” Wade choked out between laughs. Peter slapped him on the back, hard, and Wade collapsed onto his chest on the concrete.

“You think,” Peter said slowly, “that Wade got me this costume and asked me to dress up like a superhero just for sexy times. I’m just trying to clear that up. That’s what you think, right?”

There were scattered nods. Natasha did not nod. She frowned and crossed her arms.

“Alright,” Peter said brightly. “I honestly don’t know what else I expected after the ridiculousness of you guys finding out I was dating Wade. Or, you know, assuming things that were wrong. Do you guys do that a lot?”

“What are you talking about?” Clint asked.

“Great question,” Peter said. “You know, I really love questions. Mmm boy, I sure love questions. When people ask questions, they get answers. So, guys, how can you ever get answers if you don’t
Tony crossed his metal arms over his metal chest, not at all like a miniaturized Power Rangers villain. That would be ridiculous. “What answer?”

Thor took a step forward. “What question?”

Peter pointed at Thor, gave a thumbs up. “Exactly. None of you asked the question.”

“What is the question?” Steve asked.

Peter sighed out. “The question is: Peter, why are you wearing a Spiderman suit?”

“Alright,” Bruce said, “Tell us.”

Peter looked at him expectantly. For a moment there was silence.

Finally Natasha sighed out and spoke. “Peter, why are you wearing a Spiderman suit?”

Peter fucking beamed. “Because,” Peter said cheerfully, pulling his mask back on, “I’m Spiderman.”

He took a running leap off the building and shot a web out, and then he was swinging through the air, the wind pushing away his mild irritation and making him laugh.

“What the fuck?” Peter heard Clint shout.

“Called it,” Natasha said smugly, almost too quiet to be heard as Peter swung away.

“Awww,” Wade said, “did Petey leave?”

“What?!” Tony yelled, loud and clear, even from Peter’s distance. “PARKER! PETER, GET THE FUCK BACK HERE! PAAARRKKERRR!!!”

Chapter End Notes

Prompt given by Keeper_of_Legends on Ch 7 of this fic, and Jimmywren13 on the first chapter of Homewrecker itself. This was really fun to write. I hope it lived up to its prompt (which was given hella long time ago. Sorry ‘bout that)

Which, btw, I hope everyone knows that if you gave me a prompt for Misc. Adventures, I will get to it. I have them all written down, so I haven’t forgotten, it’ll just take a minute, but I promise I’ll get to it. And always feel free to leave me more <3
Steel; in which Wade does a boo-boo and no one is happy

Chapter Notes

This is kind of an alternate of an alternate. You know when Clint fessed up about hurting Spidey in Homewrecker and Peter thought Wade was going to go ballistic, and then he didn't? And then remember the misc. chapter where Wade did go Ballistic? This is like that one, but different. For reasons. Shhhhh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Spiderman, I’d like to make a formal apology. My actions were rash and I didn’t understand the consequences of them until it was almost too late. If there is anything—anything—I can do to make it up to you, just let me know.” Peter blinked at Clint, who stood out amongst the rest of the Avengers

“What are you on about?” Wade asked and readjusted the grip on the knife in his hand. Peter winced.

“I was taking out my anger at you on Spiderman since Peter ordered us to treat you the same as always,” Clint said to Wade without flinching. Peter would have flinched. Wade looked downright murderous.

“What,” Wade demanded, his voice icy, “did you do?”

"I might have shot an arrow at—"

Clint was interrupted by the crack of gunshot that echoed through the stadium. Peter had launched himself at his fiancé before Clint had even begun talking, and had been able to jerk Wade hard enough that the bullet went wide, burying itself in a seat a few rows behind home plate. In one hand Wade held a glock and in the other he still gripped the short bladed knife.

“Stop!” Steve commanded and took a step forward.

“I’m going to murder you!” Wade growled and tried to move towards Clint where was sitting shell-shocked where he’d fallen on the ground, Natasha standing in front of him protectively. Peter got to him first. Peter wrapped his hand around Wade's bicep, tried to get a grip on Wade's other arm, but he was an instant too slow. Wade tried to jerk out of Peter's grasp, twisted his body around, swiping his hands against Peter's torso to loosen Peter's grasp. But then, Wade was still holding the knife in his hand.

Peter hissed when the serrated steel ripped through the already tender and bruised flesh of Peter's stomach. Wade immediately froze.

"Oh my god," Wade gasped, dropping his weapons to the ground and spinning to face Peter. "Oh my god. What did I do?"

Peter grasped at the wound with bloody, but steady fingers. It was a shallow slice, something that would probably be healed in two days tops. The blade had dragged at the skin with its many teeth, but Wade hadn't been trying to cut, and it hadn't gone deep. Peter had hissed more in shock, really.
This was almost nothing.

"I'm fine," Peter said soothingly. He patted Wade's chest, leaving a slightly sticky hand print that blended in with the red in Wade's suit flawlessly.

"Wade," Steve said slowly, sounding so far off, "what did you do?"

"It's nothing," Peter said confidently. "I have a healing factor."

"Shut up you idiot," Wade said, but his voice was a monotone. He was in shock. Peter could see that.

"I taking you home," Peter said quietly into Wade's ear.

"I'm taking you home. I'm wrapping your wound, stitching you up, buying you a damn lobster dinner, I'll fucking cook it myself. And then I'm going to atone for this somehow. Somehow."

Peter nodded. "Alright. It really isn't that bad, but alright."

"Why did we suddenly stop fighting?" Clint asked. "Not that I'm unhappy with that. I'm content, happy, very happy. But, fighting?"

"I'm taking him home," Peter and Wade said at the same time, pointing at each other.

"Is that wise?" Natasha asked Wade.

"What do you think?" Wade growled. "Would I be more of a hero," he spat the word, "if I let him patch himself up?"

"Bruce would do it," Steve pointed out.

"He's certainly more qualified than you," Tony snapped.

"Well that's my decision," Peter pointed out, "and right now I just want Wade, thank you very much." Peter turned on his heel, too tired and irritated by the wound to make nice, and walked away. Without the slightest hesitation Wade followed.

"We'll be talking about this!" Steve shouted as Peter and Wade walked away, but they didn't look back.

Wade stayed true to his word. When they got back to their apartment he inundated Peter with loving care, bandaged the wound (not stitches, they would only be itchy as the cut healed), and cooked Peter a delicious meal.

Wade didn't have to say any more apologies for Peter to know how sorry he was. It was obvious. And that night Wade slept with his arms wound tight around Peter.

He was even clingy (yes, clingy. It was sweet, alright, but Peter could only take so much) the next morning as they got ready for work. He rewrapped the bandage, the wound indeed looking much better, and made Peter French Toast, and kissed him at the door of their apartment, at the top of the subway's stairs, at the doors to the subway, at the exiting turnstiles, at the entrance of SI, in the elevator, at the door to the lab, when Peter took a seat at his desk.

"How long are you gonna do this for?" Peter asked as he tried to write a new code for Jarvis and Wade kept peppering Peter with kisses.
"Forever," Wade admitted.

"I'm not sure my bosses would like that very much," Peter said, and nodded over to where Bruce and Tony were standing, side by side and arms crossed, like some pair of demented twins, staring at them.

"Oh we don't mind," Tony said.

"It's refreshing actually," Bruce agreed.

"It’s nice to see him acting this lovey-dovey with you, Parker, when last time I saw him he was fawning over Spiderman. Again."

"Steve wants to talk to you about that," Bruce said.

"He was injured!" Wade exclaimed defensively.

"We know," Tony said, "which is why we're here waiting for Steve and not kicking your ass."

Wade harrumphed and pressed another kiss into Peter's neck.

"Where is Steve?" Peter asked, a sliver of dread sliding down his stomach. He wanted this over with as soon as possible.

"Right..." there was a wooshing noise as the lab's doors slid open, "there." Tony smirked.

"Deadpool, we need to talk," Steve said as he came to a stop, the rest of the Avengers piling in behind him, creating a united front.

"Then talk," Wade said with a shrug, and then bent to kiss the crown of Peter's head.

"Be nice," Peter chided.

"I refuse," Wade said, "especially with Clint 'You're Fucking Dead' Barton standing right there."

"I deserve that," Clint said, almost defiantly.

"I know," Wade said, just as petulantly.

"Children," Natasha said, scolding.

Clint sighed out and then slumped forward. "I'll apologize as much as I can, and I know I don't deserve forgiveness, but I am sorry. Really sorry."


"Ouch, Wade!" Peter snapped. "Twice in two fucking days?"

"Oh my god!" Wade spun and dropped to his knees so Peter's tender torso was at face level. "Holy Chimichangas, Baby Boy. I'm so sorry. How do I keep doing this??"

"Keep doing..." Bruce muttered, a scowl pulling across his features.

"Wade," Natasha said with false levity, "are you implying that you hurt Peter often?"

"No!" Peter said, affronted, at the same time that Wade wailed, "Yes!"
"First you hurt Spiderman," Steve grunted, "No! First you attack Hawkeye, a member of your team. Then you wound, seriously wound Spiderman, someone we all know you are too attached too. And now you say you have been hurting Peter too?" He looked thunderous.

"Woah," Peter said, his hands held up before him, defensively, "it's not that bad. It's not as bad as you're making it out to be."

"So you deny he attacked friend-Clint?" Thor demanded, crossing his arms.

"Well, no," Peter said.

"Then do you deny that he hurt Spiderman yesterday?" Tony asked. "Cause I was there, and I can guarantee you that he did indeed slice and dice at that web-head."

"Well," Peter said slowly, "no."

"Then you deny he hurt you?" Bruce asked. "You just told us yourself that he hurt you."

Peter grimaced.

"That's it," Tony declared, "I am getting you out of this train wreck of a relationship. Peter, you can move into the Tower. Deadpool, you can move into a fucking dumpster, you piece of barely-living garbage."

"Woah, now!" Peter said. "Let's calm the fuck down, shall we?"

"Why?" Natasha demanded. "We already knew Deadpool was violent, was out of control. The fact that he's stooped to hurting you, Peter? That's unforgivable."

"It was an accident!" Peter growled.

"That's what they always say!" Tony snapped back. "They hurt you and then they apologize," he pointed to where Wade knelt, arms wrapped around Peter's hips, his face pressed gently to Peter's side "and you forgive them, because you love them, and because it was an accident. But it's going to keep happening, Peter. It's not going to stop. He's not going to change."

Peter rolled his eyes.

"I am sorry," Wade said, interrupting. "I'm very sorry. I don't deserve you." Here he lifted Peter's shirt in order to run his fingers lightly against the bandage. It tickled, and Peter batted at Wade's hand, but Wade didn't move.

"What did he do?" Clint asked bitterly. "Did he knife you too?"

Wade turned and hissed at Clint before turning back to Peter.

"What is that?" Thor boomed, pointing at Peter's skin where more of his shirt had ridden up. Peter followed his finger to the giant bruise on Peter's side that had still yet to fully fade.

"Did you do that as well, Wade?" Natasha asked in a frosty voice. "Is that what you meant by hurting Peter more than once?"

"Nope," Wade responded nonchalantly, not even bothering to face Natasha, "this one is on lightning dude."

You could have heard a pin drop.
"What?" Steve asked icily.

Peter let out a shaky breath and then flicked Wade's ear. Hard.

"Ow!" Wade whined, rubbing at his abused ear. "What did you do THAT for?"

"Superbro code," Peter chided. "You do not out your Superbro to other Superbros without their permission."

Wade finally looked up at the rest of the avengers, then back at Peter's face. And then he winced. "Oops?"

"Why did you imply I would do injury to young Peter?" Thor demanded, expression dark.

Wade sent Peter a panicked look.

Peter rubbed at his face, pinched the bridge of his nose, and then shrugged. "Cause you did," Peter said. He pulled at his shirt revealing the nasty bruise. "You did this one."

Thor looked vaguely horrified. "I would never hurt you."

"Ooookay," Peter said slowly, "but you did." Peter rubbed at his cheek, removing the make-up there. "Just like you caused this one."

"I do not understand," Thor admitted.

"I think I'm starting to," Steve said.

"You're Spiderman," Tony breathed out, letting his crossed-arms drop to his sides.

Peter shrugged, and then nodded, and then shrugged again. "Yeah."

"Oh my god," Clint moaned, dropping his head into his hands, "what have I done?"

"Shitty things," Wade was cognizant enough to say. "You have done some seriously shitty things. You too thunder-dude!" He pointed at Thor, who was looking pale.

"Oh shove it, you cheese-less enchilada," Peter said. "If we're playing the blame game here, someone stabbed me recently that I think we should bring up here. Who was that again?" Wade gulped and buried his head once more in Peter's stomach. Right. On. The. Cut. "Ouch, Wade! Stop doing that!"

"I'm sorry," Wade mumbled into Peter's skin, though he did pull back enough to stop causing Peter pain.

Peter patted at Wade's head and then turned back to find Thor kneeling before him, head bowed.

"Woah," Peter said, "what—?"

"How can I prove myself to you?" Thor asked. "I have betrayed the trust and bond of friendship between us. How can I atone?"

"Same," Clint said, stepping up next to Thor, though he did not prostrate himself.

"No," Peter said. "No atoning. Thor, are you sorry?"
“Verily,” Thor said with great solemnity.

“Then I accept your apology. And yours Clint. And I’m sorry, you guys, for—”

“No,” Natasha cut him off viciously. “You do not apologize for us. You can explain later, if you wish, but I think after this ordeal you owe us nothing.”

Steve nodded.

“Though if you’re looking to atone for your own shit,” Tony said and waggled his eyebrows, “you can make it up to me by letting Brucie-bear have a look at that wound.”

“And the bruises,” Bruce added. “I’d feel much better after looking at those bruises.”

“And then we can talk,” Steve said. “But for now, I think all of us are happy you’re Spiderman and not engaged to a serial abuser.”

“Like I said,” Wade pointed out, “I couldn’t hurt Petey if I tried. He’s way stronger than me.”

“I’m gonna hurt you if you don’t stop talking into my wound,” Peter said through gritted teeth. “I swear to god, Wade, let Bruce look at the cut.”

Wade pouted, getting to his feet, but then even when Bruce drew closer all Wade did was press more kisses into Peter’s face.

Peter groaned. “Will you please stop trying to give me cooties?”

“Never.”

Chapter End Notes

Really sorry for the long wait, guys. This chapter was based a comment by LamiaDarkholm on Ch 10 of Misc. <3 Hopefully (hopefully) you guys won’t have to wait as long for the next chapter. Hopefully.
Team; in which Petey and Wade take Taboo to a hole new level

Chapter Notes

Oh, god, guys, I am like, overwhelmingly sorry about the wait for this chapter. 3 months is a new low for me. Especially since this chapter I already had written. Well, this was something I posted to tumblr a while back, but it fits into the Petey and Wade universe, so I'm giving it to you. You might have already read it if you use tumblr as well, for which I also apologize for teasing you with a new chapter that's not really "new." I hope you enjoy (sorry again about the wait)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Choose your teams,” Pepper said, pulling out the cards and setting the buzzer out in the center of the table.

“I choose Petey!” Wade yelped, and lunged across the table for Peter’s head, upon which he placed a sloppy kiss.


“I’ll take Barton,” Natasha said, before shooting Clint an evil smile.

“We’re all doomed,” Wade said in a low voice. “Doomed, I say! Doomed!” Clint nodded. “Oh definitely.”

“I guess that means I’m with Steve,” Bruce said, and settled across the table from his teammate.

“Too bad Thor’s missing out,” Steve said as he too settled into his seat.

Peter shrugged. “I’m sure he’d enjoy it, but then we’d have an uneven number, and you’ve got to have even numbers to play Taboo.”

“I still don’t see why we couldn’t have just played Heads Up,” Tony complained. “It’s the same thing, only with actual technology.” He scoffed at the paper cards.

Pepper rolled her eyes. “We have Taboo, so we’re playing Taboo.”

“Plus there are actual rules,” Bruce added, “and a bigger deck.”

“Fine!” Tony threw his hands into the air, “We’ll play your primitive word-guessing game.”

“Can we go first?” Wade screeched. “Please? We’re definitely going first.” He lunged over the table again to grab Peter’s hand. “Don’t you want to go first, Petey-pie? We’re going to go first and win.”

Natasha lifted a single eyebrow. “Are you saying that you’re so unsure of your abilities that you need to go first in order to rack up points first?” she asked in her coolest voice.
Wade made a high-pitched screeching noise and went to pull out his katana, but Peter grabbed him by his collar.

“Pretty much,” Peter said, ignoring Wade’s flailing. “That’s why Wade grabbed me for his team so fast, it’s because he knows he sucks at games.”

Wade gasped. “I’ve been betrayed!”

“If you shut up,” Tony said, “we’ll let you go first.”

Wade whooped and settled back into his seat. He drummed his fingers against the tabletop.

“Rules?” Bruce asked.

“All right,” Pepper said and cleared her throat, “every card has a word that you need to make your teammate guess. You can say anything to describe the word, but you can’t say the word in a different language, or use rhyming words. You obviously can’t say the word, and you also can’t say any of these taboo words below the word.” She picked a card from the deck and pointed to the word on the top. “So you’d have to make your partner guess ‘CEO’ without saying any of these words,” she moved her finger down to a list of five words in a smaller font lower on the card.

“Tony,” Steve said, leaning forward, “your name is one of the Taboo words.”

Tony grinned. “I’m Taboo, eh?”

“Must be an old edition,” Bruce said, “I bet newer editions have Pepper’s name instead.”

Tony scowled at him and Bruce beamed back beatifically.

“Let’s play,” Wade whined.

“Do you understand the rules?” Peter asked.

Wade rolled his eyes. “Yes! Now let’s go.”

“I wanna go!” Wade said.

Peter rolled his eyes. “Alright.”

Pepper pushed the deck towards Wade. “Ready?” she asked, and at Wade’s sharp nod flipped the hourglass (minute-long hourglass? Minuteglass?) timer over.

Wade viciously ripped the top card from the deck and then shot Peter a ferocious look. Peter rested his head nonchalantly on his hand, his elbow propped on the table.

“Alright, Petey, hold onto your pants!”

“Time is happening,” Peter pointed out and nodded to the sand quickly sifting downward in the hourglass.

“Fine,” Wade grumbled, “You get this way when I talk to Dawna.”
Peter frowned. “Uh, hungry?”

“No! You get this…” he scanned the taboo words, “feeling, in your heart, when I talk to Dawna and not you.”

Peter’s expression cleared. “Jealous? And no I don’t.”

“You do!” Wade insisted and tossed the card over his shoulder before grabbing a new one. “Ok! You wear this on the top of your…uh, on your top.”

“A shirt?”

“No.”

“Uh…”

“Monarchy!” Wade shouted.

Peter winced a little at the suddenly loud noise. “A tiara?” Wade shook his head. “A crown?”

Wade tossed the card over his shoulder and grabbed a new one. “Treasure! That is what you are. Honey, you’re my golden…” he paused.

Peter scratched his head. “Star?”

Wade tossed the card over his shoulder. “I once broke into the…”

Peter blinked. “Babe, that’s, like, a lot of places.”

Wade narrowed his eyes at the card. “Uh, not a bank, not the w—hm…one less than six?”

Peter cocked his head to the side. “Five?”

Wade made a ‘go-on’ motion with his hand.


“Long shot,” Tony said in a sing-song.

“No no no!” Wade said, and eyed the hourglass nervously. The sand was almost out. “Ok, think president, think state secrets, think last August!”

“Oh!” Peter exclaimed, his expression relaxing. “The Pentagon?”

“Yes!” Wade shrieked.

A buzzing noise caught Wade off-guard and he fell onto the floor. Peter turned to see Natasha holding her hand down on the buzzer. “Time’s up,” she explained.

“Does that mean we get four points?” Peter asked.

“Yes,” Pepper said, making a note on a piece of paper. “You earned one point each for Jealous, Crown, Star, and Pentagon. No points off. Good job, Wade, you didn’t use any of the taboo words.”

Wade pumped his fist into the air. And then, as if that wasn’t enough, he jumped to his feet and made a running jump towards the window. And then through the window. Glass shattered around
him and he made a loud whooping noise as he fell farther down, the wind whipping his voice away.

Peter had jumped to his feet when he realized that Wade wasn’t going to stop at the glass. He looked down through the shattered window and saw the vaguely red outline of his fiancé on the ground below.

“What the fuck?” Tony asked.

Peter turned to see that the other Avengers crowded around him. “Uh,” Peter said, feeling too casual for having just seen his boyfriend jump through a window and fall over thirty floors to his death. Temporary death, but still.

“That’s not normal,” Pepper said, “right?”

“Hopefully,” Bruce said.

“Should we be worried?” Steve asked.

Peter sighed. “No, he was just excited we did so well.”

“Four points?” Clint asked skeptically.

Peter shrugged. “Like I said. He’s not so good with games, not even team games.”

There was a beat of silence, and then Tony spoke. “I’m a bit upset that a suicide was committed before I even got my turn.”

“Well, we can’t play with a member missing,” Bruce chided.

The elevator dinged, and Peter turned to see Wade, bloody and limping, hobble through the doors.

Peter quirked a smile at his mildly mutilated lover. “Ready for someone else’s round?” he asked Wade.

Wade nodded and shuffled forward, dragging a probably broken leg behind him, and took a seat at the table. There was a half second when no one moved, and no one spoke, before Wade turned to the group in obvious annoyance. “Well? Are we playing or not? Who’s next? Stark? Or is it Clinty-poo?”

The others, out of their element, let Peter take the lead, and followed when Peter returned to the table as if there had never been an interruption. They continued playing, ignoring the wind rattling through the broken window, and also ignoring when Wade, in his excitement over guessing five out of seven words correctly during Peter’s turn, threw himself out the window again.

Chapter End Notes

So I wrote this originally for a writing prompt on tumblr, and I posted it there a while ago, so here's the link if you are so inclined to reblog it or what have you.
**Hostage; in which Spiderman is Peter’s Knight in Shining Armor**

**Chapter Notes**

This probably happens somewhere around Chapter 8 of Homewrecker. This prompt doesn’t actually follow with the rest of the narrative of Homewrecker, but, ya know, what if this did happen? Huh???

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter was an idiot. A big ol’ idiot. And honestly, if something horrible happened to him he would totally be at fault here, because he knew (kind of knew) that something hinky was going to happen at work when he headed into SI that morning. Of course, he thought that it had to do with awkwardness concerning his friends/coworkers casually misunderstanding his relationship with his fiancé, getting kind of beat on by said friend/coworkers, and having to deal with those people not knowing they’d tried to beat on him recently because he had identity issues. Secret identity issues.

He had his spidey sense for a reason, goddamnit. And yet when he’d gone into work that morning, and felt the tell-tale tingling running up and down his spine, he’d chalked it up to fucking awkwardness about getting punched by a thunder god and almost arrowed by a secret agent spy.

Which was why he could only blame himself for being in the lab when armed gunmen burst through the glass door, sending shards in every direction. Three men entered. They wore balaclavas, black turtlenecks, and held semi-automatic weapons before them, aimed chest-high. The guns were all pointing at Peter.

“Where’s Stark?” one of them demanded, and the other two swept the room, looking for, presumably, Tony.

Tony and Bruce were at lunch, and Peter had just sent Clint up after them. He was alone, and he doubted that Tony would return for any reason before he’d finished eating. Pepper was good like that, forcing the man to get his daily dose of sustenance.

When Peter didn’t answer quick enough he found himself with three guns aimed at him once more. Peter’s hands shot into the air, and he tried to look as unassuming and innocent as possible. He was just an innocent and ignorant intern. A citizen! He definitely wasn’t hiding a blue and red spandex suit beneath his button-up and khakis. That would be crazy. He let his shoulders shake a little, and his arms wavered in holding his hands above his head.

“I don’t know!” he squeaked. “I’m alone in the lab today.” No need to give the gunman any hope of seeing Tony, of getting Tony. Peter at least had advanced healing. Without the suit Tony was just a guy.

One of the gunman harrumphed.

It was difficult keeping his expression a mix of frightened and even more frightened. Innocent citizens would be scared of three human gunmen. That was definitely a thing. So Peter was trying to emulate that, but it was hard because he knew that he’d be able to take the guys out in less than a minute flat. Stupid secret identity. Only he really didn’t need these three guys knowing Spiderman was secretly an intern at Stark Industries, and he didn’t need Jarvis picking up the fight in the
security cameras.

Peter frowned.

Wait a minute. Where was Jarvis. How did these guys even get in here?

Before his brain could catch up with his mouth, Peter found himself saying, “How did you guys get past security?”

This was SI. Jarvis was the whole building. He was going to flip his simulated lid when he discovered what was going on.

(A small traitorous part of Peter’s brain worried that Jarvis had been put out of commission permanently, and Peter’s heart ached. He’d grown quite fond of the artificial intelligence)

One of the guys loomed forward (did it matter which one? They were all interchangeable). “We know a guy in IT. Someone with a wife, and also a mistress. Someone who wouldn’t want that fact to get out.”

“Blackmail,” Peter breathed out.

Peter couldn’t see the guy’s mouth through the balaclava, but he got the distinct impression the man was leering. “I don’t think we’d choose that word.”

“So, what, he turned off Jarvis?” Peter asked.

The man shrugged. “Just long enough for it not to be noticed.”

“Enough,” said another man. “We want Stark.”

Peter shrugged. His annoyance at the situation was starting to peak, and he tried to tamp it down before he did something stupid. Like web them all to the ceiling. That would be bad.

He’d be fine as long as he kept reminding himself that it wouldn’t be good to out himself as Spidey to these three mooks.

“Well,” said one of the men who hadn’t talked yet, “if you can’t get Stark, we’ll just make him come to you.”

Peter frowned. “What do you mean?” His raised arms were slowly sinking back to resting by his sides.

The man shrugged. “You’re obviously important since you’re in his lab. I think if you came with us he’d come looking for you.” He sounded almost apologetic.

“You’re talking about kidnapping,” Peter said.

“This one is smart,” said the blackmailer. “That’s right, little boy. I think you’ll be coming with us.”

It was at that moment that Peter’s phone rang, and he realized that he’d completely forgotten about Wade. Who he was supposed to have lunch with. Damn.

“Fergie?” asked the apologetic one.

Peter nodded, slightly embarrassed. “That’ll be my boyfriend.”
There was some sort of silent conversation between the three men, and then the bossy one latched on to Peter’s arm and began dragging him from the room while the other two took up the rear.

“Answer the phone, tell him everything is ok, whatever you need to do to not make him suspicious.”

“Or what?” Peter asked, as he pulled out his phone.

“Or we’ll shoot you,” he said. The ‘Duh!’ was silent.

Peter swiped his phone and put it to his ear as he was led down the empty hall and into the deserted corner stairwell.

Before Peter could say anything, Wade interrupted with, “Jesus, Pete, I’m sorry. Solo mission was a little rough this morning and it carried over.”

“For missing lunch?” Peter clarified, and tried not to sound overly annoyed as he was hustled down the stairs. (Were they going to walk down all thirty plus flights?)

“Of course, Baby boy,” Wade cooed. “I’ll make it up to you for dinner, alright?”

“Sounds great.”

“What’samatter honey bunches of oats? You sound distracted. Isn’t my sexy voice enough to keep your attention anymore?”

One of the gunman pushed Peter and he stumbled down a few steps before catching himself. He glared at the gunman who looked unimpressed.

“No,” Peter said, “I think salad would be great for dinner.”

“Salad?” Wade asked, sounding scandalized. And then he paused. “Peter, this might be a long shot, but are you in some place you can’t talk to me straight?”

“That’s right, Sweetie Pie,” Peter cooed. “And I still have that vinaigrette from the other night.”

“Is it the Avengers? Are they shitting about me cheating aga—”

“No,” Peter interrupted, “I’m alone in the lab right now. I haven’t talked to my boss since this morning, there’s no way he’d let me take off early. I’ll probably have to stay late, actually, so we’ll have to postpone dinner.”

“I’m calling the Avengers,” Wade practically growled. “They’ll find you. I’ll fly back as fast as I can. Don’t do anything stupid.”

Peter laughed, and it was actually genuine. “Who are you more worried for?”

The gunman on Peter’s arm tightened his grip and tugged: an obvious indicator that Peter should wrap up the call.

“Well anyway, hun,” Peter said, “better get back to work. See you tonight, sweet-cheeks.”

All Peter heard before he hung up was Wade’s irritated sigh. And then before he could think he was being thrown out a side door in the stairwell that they’d practically flown down and stumbled into the busy sidewalk outside SI.

“But not so rough, dude,” Peter complained as he stumbled on the concrete. Hands wrapped around his
elbows and towed him (only resisting slightly) towards a windowless black van. He was thrown inside unceremoniously, and Mr. Apologies and Señor Blackmailer popped in beside him. Peter assumed that Bossy-pants went around front because a few seconds later the van started and Peter almost fell over on the rigid vinyl as they entered traffic.

He wasn’t really scared of these guys. Not at all. Just, like, annoyed that he had to go along with this farce when he knew he could beat their asses five ways from Sunday. Only he really didn’t want his secret identity getting out. He’d worked so hard to keep it—to protect Aunt May.

In that vein he hoped that no one would think to search him or anything, because he was wearing his Spidey suit beneath his clothes and that would be super awkward.

“So,” Peter said, about fifteen minutes into the ride, as the blackmailer was winding rope around his crossed wrists behind his back, “where are we going? Why did you take me? What do you need with Mr. Stark? Why do you even think I’d be good bait for him?” The ropes were tight and bit into Peter’s skin, but he felt some give when he flexed, and knew he’d be out of them in a second if he really wanted to get free.

“Shut up,” snapped the blackmail guy.

“We’ll be there soon,” the apologetic one said.

“Listen,” Peter said, “I’m just not so sure I’m cut out to be a hostage. Most people can’t stand to be around me for long periods of time because I talk so much. So maybe it’d be better if you just let me out now, especially when it isn’t even a given that Mr. Stark will realize I’m missing or try to find me.”

“You work with Stark,” the apologetic one said, “so he knows you. He’ll notice you’re missing in an hour at the very least, when his security system is reinstated. And of course he’ll come rescue an innocent. He’s an avenger.”

Sooner than that, Peter thought. The Avengers were probably already aware of what happened, that is, if Wade had gotten through to them.

“And then what?” Peter asked. “Are you going to trade me for him? I doubt he’d go for that. He’ll probably just destroy your plans completely, beat you up, and then leave you to the police.”

Peter thought, suddenly, that perhaps it was best to not antagonize his kidnappers.

Oh well.

The van slammed to a stop, and then the gunmen were sliding the side door open and pulling Peter out by his elbow. It yanked at his bound wrists, leaving him slightly off balance, and he stumbled out onto the cracked and faded asphalt of the parking lot to what looked like an abandoned factory.

“Oh goody,” Peter intoned.

“We’ll be able to take him down,” blackmailer said with a snarl. “We know someone who promises his—”

“Shush,” said the one who seemed to be in charge, “you’ve said too much.”

Peter was pushed and pulled (and stumbled a little theatrically just to make his kidnappers’ lives a little bit more difficult) until he found himself in a large bare area about the size of his high school’s gymnasium. In the middle was a wooden chair which he suffered through being tied to.
“This has got to be against the Geneva Convention,” Peter complained as ropes were twisted around his ankles, tying his feet to the legs of the chairs. “I am offended. I demand a lawyer!”

“Oh shut up!” hissed the blackmailer. “You’ve been nothing but a pain in my ass this entire time. We shoulda just killed you when we found you.”

“Hicks,” the apologetic one scolded, “enough!”

“I told you,” Peter pointed out. “I told you people couldn’t stand to be around me.”

“I know,” the apologetic one conceded, and then pulled a roll of duct tape from a cargo pocket and ripped a strip off before flattening it over Peter’s mouth.

“Mmmhmm-hhmm!” Peter complained.

“Shut up,” Hicks growled.

“Alright,” the boss said, “guard all sides of him. Keep an eye out for aerial entry.”

The three immediately turned to face outward around Peter pointing their guns at possible entries around the room. This left their backs’ exposed to Peter completely.

_Well this is lucky_, Peter thought to himself. If the three gunman, were busy on the look-out for Iron Man they wouldn’t be paying attention to Peter.

He’d have to act fast so none of them would know it was Peter lashing out. He needed to pretend it was Spiderman who’d come to rescue him. It was as simple as that.

And so with a little extra push Peter ripped at the ropes binding him and he was off.

…

The problem with being an unassuming citizen when he wasn’t Spiderman, was that he had to deal with the aftermath of being an unassuming citizen who was kidnapped and who had super powered friends.

By the time he had company the three gunman were webbed face-up to the ceiling, two windows were broken, the wooden chair he’d been tied to was in smithereens, and he was only just pulling the duct tape off his mouth. It smarted like a sonovabitch.

There was a crash as a third window shattered and in dove Iron Man who landed on one knee. On the opposite side of the giant room a double doors burst open and Steve, Natasha, and Clint ran in. After a long pause Thor followed in through a fourth, now-broken, window. There was a longer pause as everyone seemed to absorb what they were seeing.

Tony got to his feet and strode forward immediately. His mask slid and folded away, and he looked scared.

“Peter,” he said, his voice shaky, and then he was clasping Peter’s shoulders in his hands.

“I’m ok,” Peter said. “No need to freak. Really. I’m perfectly fine.”

And then the others were surrounding him as well.

“They didn’t touch you?” Natasha asked.
“Where are the guys who got you?” Clint asked.

“I’m glad you’re safe, Peter,” Steve said and ruffled Peter’s hair.

“As am I,” Thor boomed. “I am overjoyed. Young Peter, you should contact your betrothed immediately to soothe his worries.”

“Yeah, call Wilson,” Tony said in a steadier voice. “He probably needs to hear that you’re fine from your own voice. And we’ll have to tell Bruce you’re fine, no need for a code green.”

Peter rubbed at his wrists before getting his phone out of his pocket. The imprints left by the ropes were mostly gone already, but he still felt the phantom burn of them against his skin.

Before he could press Wade’s contact in his phone he heard a shattering of glass and turned to see Wade tumbling through a fifth now-broken window. He was breathing heavily, but didn’t stop until he was pressed against Peter, wrapping him in his arms.

“Did you run all the way here?” Peter asked.

Wade nodded frantically, still breathing too heavily to actually speak.

“How?” Natasha asked.

“After they tied me to a chair,” Peter said, pointing to the remains of said chair, “they turned their backs to me to wait for Tony. I was supposed to be some sort of bait for him. Don’t know what for, so don’t ask. But then Spiderman burst in, beat up the guys, knocked them unconscious, webbed them to the ceiling, and then untied me. Then he left.” Peter shrugged.

Wade squeezed Peter tighter and then made a big show of straightening Peter’s clothes as if he’d wrinkled them with his hugging. It was actually pretty sweet, since Peter was pretty sure he was doing it to make sure no spandex was peeking through.

“Did he say anything?” Natasha asked.

“Like how he knew you were here,” Clint said, “or how long he’s been stalking you.”

Peter scoffed. “He hasn’t been stalking me.”

“What did I miss?” Bruce’s soft voice wafted over to them from the open doorway. He looked rumpled and worried, but not hulked out and that was good at least for the architecture.

“Spiderman rescued Peter here and might be Peter’s stalker,” Tony said.

Peter rolled his eyes. “He’s not my stalker.”

“Did he explain why he came to your rescue?” Thor asked.
Peter shook his head. “He didn’t really say much.”

Natasha frowned. “That is very strange. He’s pretty well known for his banter.”

“And talking incessantly,” Clint added.

Bruce leaned down to pick up the shreds of rope that had once been whole enough to tie around Peter’s limbs. “Did he rip these off you?”

Steve took a step closer to Bruce to look at the ropes. “You said he untied them.”

Peter let out a huff. “He was in a rush. He ripped them. What does it matter? He got them off me, that’s the important part.”

“Hmmm,” Natasha hummed in thought.

Wade covered his mouth with a hand, but Peter could tell how hard he was trying not to laugh. He scowled at his fiancé.

“And as much as Tony was joking,” Bruce said, “I find it worrisome that Spiderman was able to get here faster than we were able to, considering how fast we were alerted to the situation.”

“Maybe he really is stalking Peter,” Clint said.

Wade let out a gurgle that turned into a chuckle that he quickly stopped with a click of his teeth.

Natasha turned to Wade with a stony expression. “Wilson. You know Spiderman. Did you hire him to stalk Peter?”

“Perhaps to protect him, like a secret knight,” Thor offered.

“Holy shit, Baby boy,” Wade said, his words strangled through trying not to laugh. “You’re a princess, a damsel in distress.”

“I swear to god, Wade, I will punch you in the kidney,” Peter bit out.

“Isn’t that a little… incestuous?” Clint asked. “Or at least in bad taste? To hire the guy you almost cheated on your fiancé with to protect your fiancé.”

“Does that count as nepotism?” Tony asked.

“It’s hinky is what it is,” Clint said, arms crossed.

Wade snorted and clamped his hand harder over his mouth.

“Is this funny to you?” Steve demanded, looking very stern. Very dad.

Wade straightened up, but when he removed his hand from his mouth he couldn’t help his giggles.

“Oh my god,” Peter muttered, and ran his hands down his face. “Ugh. Why are you like this?”

“I’m sorry,” Wade said through his giggles. “You’re a princess, and Spiderman is your Knight in Shining Armor! I’m dying here, Pete.”

“This isn’t funny,” Steve said with heavy disapproval.

“This is very funny,” Wade countered.
“This is a gross misuse of power,” Natasha countered. “And frankly rude. Leading on both
Spiderman and Peter and making one bodyguard the other.”

“Also, there’s no shame in needing to be rescued,” Bruce piped up. He shot Peter a comforting
glance that Peter came a hairsbreadth away from rolling his eyes at.

“But if Wilson did hire the web-head to stalk Petey here than he must be nearby,” Tony said. He
pulled out his phone and began typing away on it.

“Are we going to find him?” Bruce asked.

“Maybe our interrogation techniques will work better on someone saner than Wilson-for-hire over
there,” Natasha said, throwing a thumb in Wade’s direction.

Wade giggled again. “They’re going to find Spidey,” he said almost hysterically. “They’re going to
ask him why he saved Petey.”

fuck’s—”

“Is Peter’s kidnapping a joke, Wade?” Steve asked, and he sounded actually, genuinely horrified.

“No,” Peter said. “No, this is getting ridiculous. I thought I could get away with—but evidently I
can’t do shit.”

“Get away with what?” Natasha asked. “Have you been lying to us?”

“Ugh!” Peter threw his hands into the air. “Fine. Fine, yes. Do you want to know why Spiderman
was close enough to rescue me when no one else was near?”

“Spidey,” Wade squawked through his laughter.

“You knew he was stalking you?” Clint asked, agog. “And you didn’t do something about it? You
could have come to one of us. We would have set him straight.”

Peter threw up his hands in irritation. And then with no thought to the cost of his shirt, he ripped it
open, scattering buttons every which way. Beneath was, of course, his Spidey suit.

“He rescued himself,” Wade squawked through his laughter.

Peter looked at his fiancé with distaste. “Are you happy with yourself, Wade? Are you happy that
you couldn’t handle yourself long enough to keep my secret identity under wraps? This is why we
can’t have nice things.”

“You’re Spiderman!” Clint screeched.

“Shhhhh!” Peter shushed. “Not so loud. Geez, some people don’t know.”

“Oh my god,” Tony said beneath his breath. “What the fuck. Is my tower a Superhero magnet?
You people just keep popping up.”

“So,” Steve said, in a deep monotone, “when we caught Wade with Spiderman, he wasn’t really
cheating.”

It wasn’t a question.
“Uh, no,” Peter said and shrugged.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Bruce asked, sounding very guilty.

Peter shrugged. “Spiderman’s been such an important secret of mine for so long… and Wade tried to protect that for me.” Peter shrugged again. “I guess it was mainly ingrained habit.”

“And now?” Natasha asked.

Peter pointed unerringly at the rolling mass of laughter that was his fiancé. “I’m engaged to a buffoon.”

“I’m your real knight,” Wade said, sounding choked up from the laughter, but it least he was forming actual words, so that was an improvement.

Peter sighed. “So you are.” He bent down to help Wade to his feet, and then looped an arm around Wade’s waist. He turned back to the Avengers. “So, I was kidnapped today, and I missed lunch, so I’m going to take my fiancé back to my house to eat and sleep. I’ll see you all tomorrow, alright? I’ll probably also be way more freaked out about this when the shock wears off, so be prepared for that.”

He started off towards the door, dragging a willing Wade with him.

“Wait!” Tony shouted. “I have questions. Why did they kidnap you to get to me? What did they want me for? Who are they?”

Peter shrugged without breaking stride. “I don’t know. Ask them.” He pointed at the ceiling without turning back and continued onward. He was starving.

**Chapter End Notes**

This Chapter is based on prompts from rksr’s and Child_of_Eru’s comments on Chapter 11 of Misc, and truefairytales’s and heynoelle96’s comments on Ch 14 of Misc. This was fun, I hope you enjoyed :D

EDIT: I just realized that I had two other prompts that also helped inspire this that just got lost in all the jumbled pile of word doc that I have these all written in. So, special thank you to Shadows and Meria who both recommended a fic where Peter rescues himself
Wade sat at a table in a restaurant, one leg curled up beneath him on the chair, the other kicking aimlessly against the table. He was curled over a piece of printer paper, scribbling rapidly with a red crayon nub. Other crayons were scattered across the table, some laying in a long flatbread pizza that remained un-eaten on the other side of the table.

“What are you doing?” a warm voice asked from behind Wade.

Focused on the paper, Wade didn’t turn around or even pause. “I’m making a card for Petey,” Wade said with pride.

The paper had a crayon drawing of Deadpool and Spiderman decapitating Tony the Tiger.

“What for?”

Wade wiggled in his seat. “For our anniversary. Obviously.”

“Mmmmm.”

“Don’t judge me. I have made the most amazing thing ever. I made a scavenger hunt. Petey fucking *loves* riddles and shit, this is going to be the bomb.”

“Riddles?”

Wade barely had to be pressured at all. He immediately jumped in, the speed of his drawing picking up as he talked. “It’s perfect it’s all like, fucking, clues. Like, I left him a note this morning saying “Come to the place where I first propositioned you for your next clue.” Isn’t that neato?”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah, which would obviously take him to the restaurant where we joked about him being a prostitute. Obviously.”

“Obviously.”

“And there I left a note that told him to go to Avengers Tower.”

“Did you?”

“Obviously! I told him to go to his first ever job. And then I told him to go where we kissed for the first time, and then where we rescued pac man, and then where we had our first ever date.” Wade checked the time on the clock on the far wall. “I should have at least another hour. It’ll take that long for him to follow all those clues.”
“Or he won’t follow any of those clues and will find you here at Dawna’s restaurant because you left her name scribbled on the back of the note.”


“Only it did, sweetums,” and Peter leaned down to kiss Wade on the cheek.

Wade blinked then, and shot to his feet, making his chair crash to the ground. “Peter! What are you doing here?”

“Well, I woke up with you gone, a vaguely threatening note left on my nightstand with Dawna’s name written on the back. Of course I came. I had no clue it was a scavenger hunt.”

Wade crossed his arms. “But I went to a lot of trouble. You would have loved it!”

“It would have led me on a wild goose chase,” Peter said. “Hun, I think your memory is shot.”

“Well we knew that,” Wade said, “But what does that have to do with anything?”

“That first clue? The propositioning? The first thing you propositioned me for was photos, not prostitution.”

Wade frowned.

“And on that note, my first job wasn’t with Tony, it was as a photographer for Jameson.”

“Well damn!” Wade said, “Are you sure? I’m not usually that shit. Well at least the others made sense.”

“Yeahhhh,” Peter said slowly, “I don’t know about that.”

“What now?”

“I mean, this is for our Anniversary, right?”

Wade nodded.

“Ok, but you’re a month early.”

“No!”

“Yeah,” Peter said with a little smile, “we got together two years ago, next month.”

Wade paused. “Well shit.”

Peter laughed.

“I was right about Dawna’s!” Wade said stuffily. “Dawna’s was our first date!”

Peter let his mouth curl into a small smile. “You’re right about that one. I guess your memory isn’t completely awful.”

“Damn straight, Petey-Pie,” Wade said, “now let’s eat.”

Chapter End Notes
I wrote this originally for a tumblr prompt, which you can find here.
“What is this?” Wade growled as he threw the newspaper down into Peter’s lap.

Peter picked up the newspaper, the Daily Bugle, read the headline, and then tried very, very hard not to laugh.

“It’s a mistake, Wade,” Peter said, trying desperately to keep a straight face.

“A mistake?” Wade demanded angrily, his teeth gritted. “You call this a MISTAKE?”

Peter looked down at the newspaper again. At the headline which read: “ARE NEW YORK’S SPIDERS IN LOVE?” above a picture of him in his Spidey suit and Natasha, post-battle, sharing a collapsed pillar where they rested for a minute. The picture was sloppy, slightly blurred, and showed Natasha punching Peter in the arm because, unknown to the photographer or the Daily Bugle’s audience, Peter had just told Natasha that she stunk. Which was true. Their fight had, at one point, descended down into the sewers.

Peter’s lips twitched. To think the Daily Bugle was trying to pull off this moment as romantic. Just this instance, where Peter had insulted and Natasha had retaliated, was hilarious. Peter couldn’t keep it in anymore. A giggle escaped.

“This isn’t funny!” Wade roared.

Peter turned to his boyfriend, once more trying to keep his expression neutral. “Are you actually worried that I’m cheating on you?” Peter asked.

Wade ducked his head and shuffled his feet. “No,” he said in a small voice.

Peter smiled softly. “Then what’s the problem, babe?”

Wade let out a long huff and his shoulders slumped. “It just keeps happening,” Wade ground out. “First the Bugle stated that you and Hawk-butt were a thing because you kept swinging him from perch to perch.”

“Which we both laughed about,” Peter felt the need to point out.

Wade nodded. “Yeah, but then someone caught a photo of you and Iron Man paling around and they said you were dating him.”

“Yeah,” Peter said slowly, starting to see the problem.

“And then,” Wade continued, “they caught a pic of Thor throwing you into the air, so obviously that must mean that sex between the two of you is very athletic.” He scowled. “And then a picture of you and the Hulk, snuggling.”
“I was teaching him how to hug without smashing,” Peter said, feeling that he had to defend himself.

“I know that,” Wade said. “And then Captain America. Captain America, Peter! They thought you were a nice wholesome American couple!”

“I’m not sure wholesome and homosexual are often used in the same headline unless they’re negating each other,” Peter added. “So I actually count that as a win.”


Peter let out a sad sigh. “Except you.”

“Except me,” Wade whined. “And you’re mine, baby boy! I’m the one that gets to kiss those lips and slap that butt and ruffle that hair and love that face. Me! And no one even considers it an option.”

Peter let out a long sigh. “It really is just a mistake, babe. I mean, this is just the Daily Bugle anyway. Jameson loves making my life complicated.” There was a pause, and then Peter stroked his fingers down Wade’s jaw. “How about you and I, Deadpool and Spiderman, go out tomorrow and announce to the world that we are the grossest of couples. And then we can hold hands when we fight bad guys and kiss in the middle of congress and do other morally disreputable things. How does that sound?”

Wade’s smile turned sappy. “I love you, d’you know that?”

Peter nodded. “I do, actually. Now, what would you have done to Natasha if I hadn’t calmed you down?”

Wade grimaced. “That would have been a mistake. A big one. She’s scary.”

Peter laughed. “Yeah, if it was going to be anything like the way you treated Steve or Tony, I would have lost my boyfriend.”

“Good thing I have you around then,” Wade said, and leaned down to kiss Peter on the lips.

Chapter End Notes

Originally a little ficlet I posted on my tumblr
Pimp for Justice; in which Wade punches with love

Chapter Notes

I guess this technically a continuation of Chapter 17 of Homewrecker. It plays off the end of chapter 17 when the Avengers think Wade is being an abusive asshole to Peter and his bruises.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Peter!” Bruce sounded suddenly more concerned, “What’s wrong with your cheek?”

Peter blinked and tried to drag his mind away from his computer. He rubbed his cheek, and then pulled his fingers away to see that, yes, he had accidentally removed some of his foundation. Damnit!

“Uh…” Peter prevaricated, and tried to gauge how upset Bruce was. He winced. The doctor had a look on his face that Peter usually saw before he started turning green. That was never a good sign. He turned to Tony, who was looking equally murderous, but who had opted to get a better look and was at the moment striding towards Peter with a single-minded determination that made Peter want to flee. “It’s nothing,” Peter tried to insist, but soon enough Tony was upon him, and he held Peter’s chin gently even as he manually turned Peter’s head back and forth to better see the green-tinged bruise.

It actually looked a lot better now, but Peter guessed that Tony could tell even at this stage how bad it had been originally. “Peter,” Tony said slowly, “how did this happen?”

Peter winced and shrugged, but then Bruce stepped forward with his concerned eyes and Peter let out a long breath. “It’s really nothing, guys. Honestly, it’s all good. I…it was an accident. I fell down the stairs at the apartment. Nothing to worry about except me being a klutz.”

Tony narrowed his eyes. “Peter, you aren’t clumsy. I’ve never even seen you trip.”

“Then I was due for one, wasn’t I?” Peter responded in his wisest sage-voice.

Bruce frowned and wiped a finger down Peter’s cheek. He examined the foundation left on his finger. “Why are you covering it up with make-up then? If it’s nothing worth hiding, just an accident, why are you hiding it?”

Peter could feel the internalized ‘It was Wade, wasn’t it?’ but honestly, Wade would never hurt him or any other innocent, even as much as he threatened to do so and so Peter didn’t even bother getting angry about it. Instead he lied through his teeth because, hey, he could do that relatively well at this point.

“I hid it because, hello, I work around a bunch of superheroes. The Avengers are my constant companions.” He paused for dramatic effect, and then said in a quieter voice, “I didn’t want any of you thinking I’m weak.”

“Then you won’t mind me calling Wilson back down here,” Tony asked, “would you?”

Peter grimaced.
“Just to be sure,” Bruce comforted, but all it did was set Peter’s teeth on edge.

Peter crossed his arms. “I’m actually very offended. On Wade’s behalf. He would never hurt me.”

Tony looked grim as he looked up from his phone. “I believe that you think that. But that,” he pointed at Peter’s cheek, “that doesn’t look like an accident, that looks like a punch.” He turned towards one of the cameras attached to the ceiling in the corner of the room. “Jarvis, can you call Wilson down here? I think we need to speak with him.”

Peter crossed his arms over his chest. “Uh no. No we don’t need to speak with him at all.”

“And the rest of the guys,” Tony added pointedly.

“Right away, Sir,” Jarvis said.

Peter groaned. “Honestly guys, it’s nothing.”

“Hmm,” Tony said.

“We just want to make sure,” Bruce said placatingly. “It’s nothing against you—”

“No,” Peter said with a frown, “it’s just against my boyfriend.”

“Fiancé!” Wade corrected as he skipped into the room, the other Avengers strolling in behind him.

“That was fast,” Peter muttered under his breath.

“What’s this about?” Steve asked, looking to Tony and Bruce for an explanation.

“And what,” Natasha asked in her driest voice, “happened to your face, Peter?”

Clint and Steve’s heads both whipped around to zero in on Peter’s bruise.

“Peter,” Thor said in a low voice, “how did you receive such a wound?”

Peter rubbed at the bruise self-consciously. “It’s really nothing, guys. It’s fine.”

“Wilson?” Clint asked, a low growl in his voice.

Peter threw his hands into the air. “What is it with you guys and assuming that Wade is doing anything abusive to me at all?”

“As if I even could,” Wade scoffed.

“The cheating incident certainly doesn’t help,” Bruce admitted.

“And he’s a violent brute who gets money for murder,” Clint added helpfully.

“He quit,” Peter bit out.

“Yea-uhp,” Wade said, dragging the agreement out and then popping the ‘P.’ “Now all my money comes from being a pimp.”

“Wade,” Peter scolded.

“A pimp for justice,” Wade clarified, “I’m an Avenger.” He grinned wide and Peter couldn’t help but return the smile.
“So you deny putting that bruise on Peter’s face?” Natasha asked, as if she didn’t believe that at all.

“Or do you deny that you are violent?” Tony asked.

“Oh I’m violent alright,” Wade said, “or did you miss that explosion in Macedonia last month?”

“You did what now?” Peter asked, turning to Wade slowly and raising his eyebrows up ominously.

Wade took a slight step back. “Absolutely nothing, Sweetie-Pie. There are no explosions. Anywhere. And there have never ever even been explosions. I don’t even know what C-4 is. Dynamite? Is that a kind of flower? I certainly don’t know.”

Peter raised an unimpressed eyebrow.

Thor laughed. “It certainly seems like young Wade would not commit such atrocities on someone who wields such power over him.”

Wade squinted. “Atrocities? Oh! You mean the bruise.” He gestured to Peter’s cheek flippantly. “Of course I couldn’t hurt Petey-Pie. It’d be impossible.”

Tony huffed out an annoyed breath. “Just because you are in love with him, or at least say you are, doesn’t mean you couldn’t hurt him. Claiming you love Peter doesn’t mean he’s safe around you.”

Wade got this weird look on his face, a sort of scrunched up confusion, and then it all flattened out and was replaced by a grin that was really much too big to be comfortable. For Peter. It made Peter very, very uncomfortable.

“No,” Wade said slowly, as if talking down to a particularly dim Chihuahua, “I meant that literally. I cannot hurt Peter. It is impossible.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “Yes, yes, the power of love is—”

“No,” Wade repeated, just as slow and approximately 15% more patronizing. “Literally. That means I cannot literally harm him.”

There was a moment of silence and then Natasha spoke, “You mean physically.” Her face was blank, but in the same way that meant she thought he was an idiot.

Wade nodded.

“Do you think he’s invincible?” Steve questioned, agog. “Is that why you hurt him? Because you don’t think you can hurt him?”

Peter turned to Wade with disapproval written on his face. “Wade, darling, light of my life, what the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Wade ignored him. “Here, look, I’ll prove it.”

“Uh, no,” Peter said, “do not do that. You idiot,” he tacked on for good measure.

But it was too late, because Wade was lunging for him, leaping across the room, katanas drawn, and in the split second before Wade’s blade connected, Peter could see Steve jumping forward as well, Clint reaching for the arrows on his back that he wasn’t carrying, Natasha flinging a dagger she’d drawn from her boot, Tony summoning his Iron Man suit, Thor with his hammer raised high, and Bruce going a little green around the eyes. Peter saw these things, saw them, but could do nothing about them, because then Wade was on him. The impact was not as strong as if Wade was
actually trying to knock Peter’s teeth out, but he wasn’t playing weak either.

And then he wasn’t, then he was half-way across the room, flung there by Peter’s Spidey strength.

There was a pause, a widening of eyes, a scatter of indrawn breath, but Peter didn’t have time to think of that either, because Wade was on him again.

“God-damnit, Wade!” Peter shouted, as he grabbed the hilt of Wade’s sword and yanked it from Wade’s grip. Wade turned his lunge into a roll, but Peter was quicker as well as stronger, and yanked at Wade’s elbow as he spun himself, and then Wade found himself smacking into the wall behind Peter.

In the meantime Tony had become encased in his suit, making him take up more space in the lab than he really had a right to, and Thor had summoned a bolt of lightning to crash through the room which shorted out the electricity and cast the room into a grey sort of monochrome that was reflected by the clouds that had gathered outside. Steve looked confused, Clint looked more confused, Natasha was looking at Bruce, and Bruce had a greenish tint to his cheeks that could really go either way.

“Look what you’ve done!” Peter snapped at Wade as Wade made another run for him. “You almost hulked out Bruce! What the fuck, Wade?” Wade leaped high, too high, a fake-out that would have thrown him high over Peter’s head, but Peter noticed. And he didn’t care. Peter could jump, so he jumped, flipped a little, and grabbed hold of Wade, one hand on his neck the other on his hip, and brought him smashing back to the ground.

“Hey hottie,” Wade said, panting slightly, as Peter straddled the ex-merc’s hips to keep him from jumping around anymore.

“No!” Peter scolded. “Don’t say that like your recent idiocy meant nothing. What the fuck, Wade? What were you thinking?”

Wade glanced over at the Avengers, who were staring at the couple with undisguised confusion. “I was thinking that I wanted to prove that I can’t hurt you, Baby Boy. I was thinking that I don’t like being blamed for hurting my one true love.” Wade frowned, sounding much too serious, and Peter melted.

“I’m sorry,” Peter said, and bent forward to press a kiss against Wade’s forehead. “I know this must have upset you, getting held responsible for something you didn’t do.”

“Nice,” Clint said, sounding a little shell-shocked, “well now that that romantic moment is over and done with, I have some questions.” He blinked, as if he couldn’t quite understand what he was seeing.

“So do I,” Tony said, “such as: What the fuck was that?”

“Are you a—a—super?” Bruce asked, looking nice and pink and not at all like a green, raging, anger monster.

“ ‘Course he is!” Wade said and patted Peter’s arm. “Look how super he is!”

“Stop,” Peter commanded and slowly got off of Wade. The adrenaline was fading and Peter was starting to realize that there would be consequences for his actions. And so was Wade, if his suddenly contrite and guilty-looking expression was anything to go by.

“Peter,” Steve started, and then seemed to forget that he was supposed to continue with more
words, because he just trailed off.

“Peter!” Thor boomed, “Are you indeed a fellow hero?”

“Peter,” Natasha said, and it was a wispy sigh. “I recognize those moves. They way you fight.” She sighed again. “You’re Spiderman aren’t you?”

Peter nodded guiltily.

“Peter,” Bruce scolded, “why didn’t you say anything? We would have stopped harassing you about the—”

“Wade thing,” Clint finished. He covered his eyes with his hand. “We really fucked up there, didn’t we? He wasn’t cheating on you, because he was with you.”

Peter shrugged and looked down, avoiding eye contact.

“The bruises then,” Tony asked, sounding less tense suddenly, and Peter realized how much this had been weighing on him, “are from you fighting crime? They aren’t from Wade?”

There was a moment when Wade caught his eye, and Peter knew that Wade wanted to be vindictive, wanted to lash out and say that the heroes had given them to Peter themselves, and part of Peter wanted to do it too, but mostly Peter was just happy that they were accepting him. There was no reason to cause them pain.

“Yes,” Peter said, “they’re just rough and tumble bruises, some scratches from fights here and there.”

“Well,” Bruce said solidly, “come here and let me look at them. And then maybe we can discuss you working with us in the more colorful aspect of your life?”

He looked to Steve and Steve nodded immediately. “Of course. Peter, I’d love—we’d love if you’d consider joining the Avengers.”

Peter grinned.

“But first the bruises,” Bruce insisted, and with a gesture Bruce had him coming to sit before him on the lab table, surrounded by those he trusted most.

Chapter End Notes

This was a prompt that Child_of_Eru challenged me to do. Take that! I did it!
Rocks; in which Wade gets chummy with an AC unit

Chapter Notes

This speeds up the order of events pretty thoroughly :’D And it takes place during the fight against the Mouthless Bear Slug in Chapter 5 of Homewrecker

Punching a giant mouthless-bear-slug might not sound like a walk in the park, but it’s even more difficult than it sounds, and Peter was soon wondering if anything they were doing was having any effect, as the creature continued its slow forward movement without seeming the least bit bothered by the mass of superheroes attacking it.

Hulk had dropped in (literally dropped, probably from a plane or the quinjet, but it seemed as if he’d dropped from the sky) and with a “HULK SMASH” greeting, went to work pummeling at the head of the mouthless-bear-slug without the thing even seeming to notice.

Natasha was who-knows-where and Peter had at first also thought that Clint was missing until his Spidey Senses tingled for him to jump six inches to the left, and soon after a long arrow embedded itself into the mouthless-bear-slug right where his arm had been. Peter looked behind and up to find the archer roosting on the top of a somehow still standing telephone pole.

“Sorry!” Clint called down, face expressionless, and voice so neutral that it was obvious he’d done it on purpose.

Clint had seriously just shot an arrow at Peter. “Fuck you!” Peter growled back at the purple-and-black clad man, and didn’t turn back to punching the thing fast enough to miss the sly smirk that twisted itself upon Clint’s face.

Peter shivered at the implications of what Clint had tried to do. Yeah, everyone knew that Spiderman had awesome reflexes, and the arrow hadn’t whizzed into the creature too fast for Peter to move, in fact he’d been given plenty of time to avoid it, but still. Shooting arrows at people is a shitty scare tactic, and Peter really wanted to head-butt Clint because that was just a shitty thing to do.

Maybe Peter would have a talk with Clint about appropriate anger management/revenge skills, which did not involve skewering people with your weapon of choice.

And then Peter turned his head back, best not to leave himself defenseless against the Mouthless Bear Slug, and saw Wade, standing across the way, shocked, staring at Peter and Clint as if he’d never seen either of them before.

Peter took an aborted step forward. He didn’t really want Wade to gut Clint, even if Clint was being a dick-face.

A rumble behind him alerted Peter just in time to jump to avoid a swipe of the mouthless-bear-slug’s tail. “Woah, there,” Peter said to the creature, “let’s calm down, shall we?”

The mouthless-bear-slug, in tune with its character, did not respond. Peter was not surprised.

Peter glanced over his shoulder, back to Wade, but he was gone. “Shit,” Peter hissed under his
breath, and whipped his head back and forth, but it was to no avail. Wade was no longer in Peter’s line of sight. And then the mouthless-bear-slug drew his attention again, and Peter shoved his worry about Wade and Clint to the back of his mind because unless he was wanted to get smashed by a creature with no discernible face he’d better get his head in the game.

So he went into attack mode again, wailing on the creature with fists and webs, none of which seemed to affect it at all, but all the while part of his mind was wondering where Wade had gone, and what he would do, because no part of him believed that there wouldn’t be some sort of retaliation.

For the longest time there was nothing, but Peter refused to be lulled into a false sense of safety, even as he ducked blows, and listened as the other Avengers worked together to try and keep the destruction and injury to a minimum, and then it happened. Something so small, something no one else took any real attention to, but something that Peter knew would just be the tipping point.

There was a small sound, barely a plink of something small hitting something else, and then Clint’s voice, sounding nothing more than merely annoyed, said “Hey! What was that?”

Peter glanced up, out of the corner of his eye, and saw Clint on a nearby rooftop, rubbing at the back of his head with his hand, a mildly perplexed expression on his face.

“What’s up, Hawkeye?” Iron Man asked, his voice barely audible over the sound of the blasts he was shooting from his hands at the creature.

“Oh nothing,” Clint said, “I just felt something hit my head. But it was probably just—Hey!”

Peter looked again to find Clint once more rubbing his head, this time the middle of his forehead where a lump was forming, and from which came a small trickle of blood.

“Hawkeye! Report.” Ah, the soothing tones of Captain America, echoing over every comm piece and through the air. Nothing more patriotic.

Peter kicked out at the creature, not knowing what else to do. Part of him wanted to stop Wade from continuing this harassment, and part of him wanted to turn a blind eye and let Wade do whatever he wanted to get some little revenge on Clint for almost shooting him with an arrow, because, wow! Impolite much. And there was a third part of him who just wanted to just leave this place and this situation and let the cards fall as they may. Wouldn’t it be nice if he could just pretend today hadn’t happened, that today wasn’t happening? Wouldn’t that be sweet?

“I think someone’s throwing rocks at me,” Clint reported in an affronted tone, his voice high-pitched and surprised.

“Rocks?” Thor asked, sounding equally confused. “Who would be throwing rocks at our bird-eyed archer?”

“And why rocks?” Tony asked, as he descended on the head of the mouthless-bear-slug with a metallic fist.

“On a roof,” Natasha added, her voice echoing through the comms, though it sounded more like a statement than a question. And then helicopters were descending, and SHIELD Agents were swarming, and Natasha Romanoff was there in person to wrap the...the thing up and airlift it away.

There was about two seconds of silence in the aftermath, two seconds of heroes side-eyeing heroes and Peter stretching out his limbs after the attack, and then suddenly Clint yelped, and Peter looked up to see a spray of debris, rocks and smaller chunks of brick and mortar, coming at Clint. Some of
the bigger pits went over Clints head and came tumbling to the ground in a hail of stones. The archer ducked down, covered his head with his hands and tried to make himself as small of a target as he could.

“Hey!” Clint bellowed, through the winces of getting pelted with the projectiles. “What’s the big idea! Stop it! Seriously, stop throwing shit at me!”

Peter didn’t think. He swung himself up towards the man who, at the moment, was sitting defenseless against an unknown attacker. He wasn’t the first. As he swung, he saw Iron Man rocketing ahead of him, and to his right, Thor was on his way as well, carrying both Natasha and Steve in his grasp. They landed, one after the other, putting themselves between Clint and the spray of debris, but it was only when Peter landed in front of them all, crouched in a familiar pose did the attack cease.

The rocks had been coming from behind an air conditioning unit on the far side of the roof and Peter knew, like he knew the sky was blue or that a Golden Girls marathon would overrule any other plans for the evening, that Wade was behind the unit.

“Who’s there?” Steve bellowed, and raised his shield up high. He looked formidable. It was a wasted effort, Peter knew, because Wade had exactly zero self-preservation instincts and probably an unhealthy level of disrespect with authority.

Wade popped his head over the top of the unit. “Get out of the way!”

“Wade!” Steve yelled in equal mixes of exasperation and anger.


“I want you to stop pelting me with rocks!” Clint yelled, popping his head between the shoulders of two of his compatriots. Wade immediately wound his arm back, ready to throw another rock, and Clint ducked back behind his protectors.

“Well we can’t always get what we want,” Wade stated baldly.

“Wade,” Peter said, “stop.”

“No!” Wade shrieked, his voice reaching a pitch that was close to passing out of human range. “I’mma pummel this asshole with fucking trash because he’s fucking trash!”

“Woah now,” Steve said, arm outstretched in a show of good faith, “what’s the problem here? Wade, why are you calling Clint trash?”

“It does not foster good teamwork,” Thor pointed out magnanimously, “when one warrior compares another warrior to refuse.”

“Well he is refuse,” Wade insisted.

“Wade,” Natasha snapped, arms crossing firmly across her chest.

Wade dropped the rock he had in his hand. “This asshat shot a goddamn arrow at Spidey! I know you’re all dicks, but this is a new level I’m def not cool with! So I thought I’d show him what it’s like to get attacked by someone you thought you could trust!” He pointed an accusing finger at Clint, who was once more peaking his head around Tony’s shoulder.
“Spiderman?” Natasha asked quietly, and Peter nodded in confirmation.

“I dodged in time,” Peter admitted quietly. He didn’t want to cause any trouble. Yes, he was pissed at Clint, but he was tired and didn’t want to have to work out the emotional intricacies of who was right in a competition between two child-men who both thought that the answer was violence. No, Clint should definitely not have shot an arrow at him, but Wade throwing rocks at Clint was no better! They were both children.

“Clint!” Steve snapped, aghast, and spun to look Clint in the face, and Clint, his face growing paler, was only just seeming to realize what he’d done.

“Oh,” he said, “oops?”

“Oops!” Wade shrieked. “You coulda injured my Baby Boy you absolute shit head! I’m gonna bust your head in.”

“Now Wade,” Peter said, taking a step towards his fiancé, hand held up between them, “you don’t need to bust anybody’s head in.”

“Baby boy?” Tony questioned in a pointed monotone.

Wade froze, and then slowly turned to look Tony dead on. “I didn’t say that,” Wade said, sounding serious and genuine, and unintentionally suspicious as hell because Wade was never serious or genuine if he could help it. Peter closed his eyes and sighed. When he opened his eyes again he caught Natasha giving Wade her best ‘Sure-you-didn’t’ face.

“What did you say, then?” Clint piped up.

Without missing a beat Wade stooped, picked up a half-destroyed brick and lobbed it at Clint’s face, upon which it made a hearty thunk and sent Clint falling backwards.

“Hey!” Tony yelled and stooped to Clint’s side.

“Wade!” Peter snapped, taking an involuntary step towards him. “You can’t just do that!”

Wade made an offended gesture. “How am I the one getting yelled at right now?”

“You just threw a brick at Clint’s face!” Peter yelled back.

“Owwww,” Clint groaned from the ground. “My head.”

“He’s bleeding,” Tony reported, “but not that badly.”

“He’ll survive,” Natasha agreed. “He’s been hit harder in the past.”

“Nat!” Clint whined, and Peter could see, past the other supers’ legs, Tony helping Clint into a sitting position.

“A shame,” Wade said sardonically.

“Wade!” Peter gasped, pained by Wade’s callousness.

“I’m sorry, but no,” Wade snapped, turning to face Peter with an angry set to his shoulders, “I’m not going to apologize for being rude to this dickhead. He shot an arrow at you P—Spidey! I don’t forgive that bullshit lightly. Especially when he hasn’t even apologized!”
“You do not throw bricks at people who are dicks to you!” Peter hissed.

“Bad etiquette,” Natasha agreed blithely.

“Shut up, Natasha,” Peter snapped, and then returned to Wade. “You use your words like a fucking adult! As much as it’s your job to fight bad guys on the daily, that does not mean you can use violence to solve your interpersonal issues!”

“Hey!” Wade snarled “Why am I the one who’s being attacked right now? Shouldn’t you be just as pissed at Bird-for-brains over there? He is the one who tried to skewer you like an arachni-shish kebab!”

“Because I trust you more!” The words flung themselves out of Peter’s throat, coming out scratched and cracked by the force at which they were expelled. He clicked his teeth closed behind them lest any other words come tumbling out without his permission.

Wade deflated and he quickly skirted the air conditioning unit in order to put himself within arm’s length of Peter. “Hun, I’m sorry. I didn’t know you’d get offended on asshat’s behalf. He hurt you,” Wade reminded, “but I didn’t want to hurt you too.”

“Hey!” Clint piped up, sounding indignant through a wavering in his voice. He was ignored.

“I trust you,” Peter explained. “I trust you to have my back, to watch my back, but I also trust you to act maturely in tense situations, Wade. And, my dude, I hate to tell you this, but throwing rocks at co-workers isn’t a mature move.”

“No it isn’t,” Steve spoke loudly. “If you have a problem with one of our members you talk to us. The answer isn’t to physically harass the offending member, especially since you’re one of us too, Wade.”

“Rock harassment,” Tony said, “that’s a new one.”

“But if what you say is true,” Steve continued, “then Clint,” he turned to the downed archer, “we have some serious discussing to do.”

“He dodged,” Clint defended, albeit in a tiny voice.

“I did dodge,” Peter agreed.

“That doesn’t matter,” Steve and Wade said at the same time, and then Wade squealed and made heart eyes at Steve who looked at him uncomfortably.

“I know,” Clint said, even more quietly. “I was just so, so angry!”

“This is about the roof thing, isn’t it?” Peter asked dryly.

“We promised we’d let Peter decide,” Steve reprimanded and Clint hung his head.

“Aye, we did agree,” Thor said, “and while I disagree with our Clinton’s methods, I do question how close our Wade and the Man of Spiders still seem to be despite our past warnings.”

“That is true,” Natasha agreed, though her tone didn’t show a bias one way or the other.

“I think we get a free pass since Clinton tried to shoot me through with an arrow,” Peter said, though he felt a sinking feeling in his heart. He doubted that defense would go over well.
Steve gave him a very unimpressed look.

“Well he at least deserves an apology,” Tony said, looking pointedly at Clint.

Clint wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. When he looked up, he made sure to be looking Peter directly in the eyes (slightly off, since he only had the mask to go by) before saying, “I’m sorry. I acted without thinking, and I could have seriously hurt you.” He grimaced. “Deadpool was right, I was being an asshole.”

“Ass-hat,” Wade corrected.

“You’re forgiven,” Peter said. “Maybe talk to someone about your anger-management skills, or lack thereof.”

“Ooohh, saucy,” Wade said and blew a kiss at Peter.

“Now that that’s resolved,” Steve started.

“Like actual adults and not children,” Natasha interrupted.

Steve rolled his eyes. “Now that that’s resolved,” Steve restated, louder, “let’s talk about this,” he gestured between Wade and Peter, “whole thing.”

“What thing?” Peter asked, and winced when he heard his own voice crack.

“There ain’t no thang,” Wade said. “No thang at all.”

“Suuure there isn’t,” Tony said, “this whole lovey-dovey crap is going to get somebody punched one of these days, and I’m betting on Peter being the puncher and you, Wade, being the punchee. And I’ll laugh.”

“We’re going to tell him what we saw today, you know,” Natasha said, unforgiving.

“There’s nothing to tell,” Peter said hotly, starting to get worked up in defense despite knowing that if his and Wade’s plan to not act like fiancés while be-suited, they’d already fucked up pretty badly.

“Mmm-hmm,” Natasha said, her voice as cool and smooth as marble. “Except that earlier Wade called you “Baby Boy,” and then “Hun.” Wouldn’t you find that a mite suspicious if you were us? Wade, did you or did you not promise Peter you wouldn’t cheat on him again?”

“He didn’t cheat,” Peter hissed.

“Because we caught you in time, yeah,” Tony said. “But if we hadn’t come along to get in your way on that roof, you would have been playing hide the salami for sure.”

Peter gagged. “Oh my god. Please never use those words again.”

Wade practically lit up. He spun to face Peter, leaned in the close, and said in a sing-songy voice, “Hide the Salami! Hide the Salami! What do you say, Spidey, wanna hide the Salami?”

Peter gagged again, and then turned away, hunched over, and mimed vomiting onto the ground. Wade cackled.

“You aren’t taking this seriously,” Thor intoned darkly.
“Well why should I?” Peter demanded, his anger coming back full force. “Why should I take it anything seriously from a group of people who’d rather tell and command than ask, and who include at least one member who’d rather attack to punish instead of talking like a civilized person.” He paused and then added, “Two actually, since this lug,” he elbowed Wade in the stomach, “is part of your group, isn’t he?”

“Hey!” Wade said, mildly offended.

Steve shifted on his feet uncomfortably but didn’t say anything.

“What should we have asked, then?” Natasha inquired, still as coolly and calmly as ever.

Peter threw up his hands. He hadn’t meant to say anything about ask, and having said it, he’d hoped it’d get lost in everything else he was saying and wouldn’t be brought up again. He’d talked himself into a corner. “I don’t know!” He said, and hoped it sounded convincing.

It did not.

“You do know,” Natasha said, taking a menacing step forward and letting her arms fall to her sides, “and you think it’s important. Say it.”

“Shit, Baby Boy,” Wade said quietly, curling into Peter’s space, “you fucked up this time.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Yeah, well, what kind of couple would we be if only one of us was a fuck up? Off-balance, that’s what.”

“You’re no kind of couple,” Tony called, breaking into their not-very-private moment. “One of you is a cheating, lying, son-of-a-bitch, and the other is guilty of aiding and abetting in Stupid-head’s infidelity!”

“Stupid-head?” Wade huffed, insulted.

“Enough, Tony,” Steve said, his arm raised in front of Tony as if that would keep him back. “What was the question, Spiderman?”

“Ugh!” Peter moaned, and then in frustration he let the moan grow longer and lower until it was more of a guttural scream then a moan at all.

“That’s not an answer,” Wade sing-songed.

Peter stepped into Wade’s space, their chests barely touching, and hissed furiously, “Weren’t you the one who wanted to keep this a big ol’ secret last time? Shouldn’t you be saying something to get me out of this?”

“No, I know,” Wade said, hands raised in front of him in a surrender. “I wanted to tell them!” Peter exploded, “I wanted to say it! And then you got all high and mighty and said I shouldn’t and—”

“No, I know,” Wade said, mildly offended.

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“That’s before I knew they were going to hurt you anyway,” Wade whispered back softly. “I thought I was protecting you and your ability to keep yourself safe with your anonymity. And hey, if you don’t wanna tell them, I’ll stand by it, but at this point, doesn’t it feel safer to just let them know? Don’t you think none of this would have happened if we’d just told them on the roof?”

Peter reared back and then leaned in even closer. “I wanted to tell them!” Peter exploded, “I wanted to say it! And then you got all high and mighty and said I shouldn’t and—”

“No, I know,” Wade said, hands raised in front of him in a surrender. “I know, but I’ve changed my mind. I think it’d be better this way. Don’t you?”
Peter took a step back and away, and dropped his head into his hands in irritation.

“What was the question?” Steve gritted out through clenched teeth. “And don’t think we aren’t also going to talk about whatever pow-wow the two of you just had over there.”

Peter screamed again, still low and guttural, and threw his hands into the air. “No we aren’t! We aren’t going to fucking talk about what me and Wade said just now, because you aren’t our boss or our dad, and you certainly don’t somehow magically deserve the right to my privacy! What we talk about is none of your business!”

“If it concerns him cheating on his—” Clint started

“I don’t care!” Peter interrupted. “It’s not your place to butt into my conversation because you can’t trust two guys to just be friends. You’re not even the one who got ‘cheated’ on!” He made air quotes around the word ‘cheated’ and immediately felt childish.

“Uhhh,” Tony said, “that’s great and all, but what kind of friends call each other ‘Baby Boy’ and ‘hun?’”

Peter screamed at him non-verbally.

“Now, now,” Wade said, and patted Peter on the back. “Don’t you see it would all be easier if they knew? And also, incidentally, I want to see the looks on their faces.”

“What looks?” Thor boomed.

“The looks,” Wade said tauntingly, “when Spidey here tells you what you should have asked when you caught us on the roof that day.”

“And what should we have asked?” Natasha demanded. “We want to know. We keep asking you. And yet you still seem reluctant to tell us.”

“You should have asked,” Peter started, gathering what courage he could find, “what Peter Parker was doing wearing a Spidey-suit.” He ripped off his mask.

There was immediate pandemonium.

“Holy fuck!” Clint screeched and seemed to wobble a little before regaining his balance.

“It was a Peter Parker the whole time,” Steve said, open-mouthed and looking a little winded.

“Peter!” Thor roared, grinning furiously, “I am gladdened to see you have not been led in a chase of infidelity.”

Tony whistled slowly. “Wait till I tell the Big guy. Banner’s gonna flip!”

“Why didn’t you say anything on the roof,” Natasha questioned, the tiniest sliver of regret working its way out of her mouth along with her words.

“Wade—”

“I told him not to,” Wade piped up, “I thought he’d be safer, better protected, happier, something the less people knew. But I can see I was fucking wrong!” He glared daggers at Clint who looked completely horrified and ready to keel over.

“Jeez,” Tony agreed, and then straightened himself out. “I’d like to apologize as well, for…” he
looked at Peter and quirked an eyebrow, “completely dissing you to, well, yourself. And I guess also for doubting your boyfriend.”

“Fiancé,” Peter and Wade corrected at the same time.

“I’d like to apologize as well,” Steve said.

“I’d like to apologize on behalf of this idiot,” Natasha said, hooking a thumb over her shoulder in the general direction of Clint.

“I’d like to die,” Clint said, almost jovially.

“Don’t worry about it,” Peter said, trying to sound airy and unaffected, but his grin was so large it was starting to hurt his cheeks.

“I’m going to keep worrying about it,” Wade said, in an almost perfect facsimile of politeness.

“God,” Tony said, “we’re an interpersonal nightmare. We need group therapy.”

“Probably,” Natasha agreed.

“I’ll find us someone good,” Tony said.

Suddenly the comms clicked to life, and Bruce’s voice said across the line, “Where is everybody? What did I miss?”

The group of heroes, standing on a rooftop surrounded by rubble, all exchanged looks.

“We’ll tell you back at the tower,” Tony said. When Bruce clicked off Tony turned back to Peter. “You guys are coming, right?”

“We haven’t ruined anything?” Steve asked, just to make sure. “The dynamic is changing, but I think I speak for us all when I say we want you both to stay.”

“ Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Peter assured.

Wade nodded in agreement and then let out a small sigh of ecstasy, “Ah, their faces.”

Chapter End Notes

I’d like to thank IDontUnderstandThatReference and JuniorWoofles for leaving the prompts for this chapter on chapters 15 and 10 respectively. I’d also like to apologize (like, a lot) for how long this took to come out. I mean, jesus, I haven’t updated Misc since March! That was seven months ago! And I’ve had this chapter sitting half-finished in my WIPs folder for at least that long as well. But hopefully these will start coming out more often again? And I’ll also be going through and actually answering comments (I know, what a surprise) that I’ve been neglecting since March as well. As always, I’m still open for more prompts, but I make no promises as to how long it’ll take me to get to them, because, as you’ve seen, I am completely unreliable time-wise.
Peter would have liked to have been able to avoid the Avengers for even longer, but after an afternoon spent in an awkward silence with Bruce, without even being able to see Wade first, on his way home Peter got that tingle of familiar energy that he called his Spidey-sense.

Something was happening by the shore.

After a quick dive into a nearby alley to reevaluate all of his life choice as he stripped down to spandex next to a decomposing raccoon, Peter was on his way, swinging from skyscraper to skyscraper trying to get to…oh dear. Doctor Doom had really let himself go.

The Doom bots were spasmodically attacking the building along the shore, but they weren’t doing much damage, as Doom himself was barely paying any attention to the bots he was controlling. On a good day, Peter had seen the insane scientist level a three-block radius in under five minutes, but this was doing nothing.

Swinging closer, Peter could see part of that might have been because he was being attacked on all sides by the Avengers.

Oh goody.

Captain America was trying to lay his hands on the Doctor in order to pummel him into the sand, Iron Man was flying loops around the man’s head, blasting at his metal-covered body with repulsor blasts almost continuously, and Thor was sending lightning Doom’s way on a regular basis. Thor was multitasking as well, trying to destroy as many bots as possible with Mjolnir as he tried to fry doom. Hulk was doing that smash thing he was so great at, Clint was shooting arrows straight through the bots’ bodies, and Natasha was jumping from robot to robot, ripping through their wiring with her bare hands and the help of a trusty little knife Peter had seen her sometimes pull from her boot.

Wade was nowhere to be found, probably not yet back from his solo mission.
Peter found himself frowning even as he jumped into the fray with the rest of the Avengers. Wade had better not miss movie night. They were going to watch Driving Miss Daisy and Peter had been looking forward to it.

Making quick work with his web-shooters, Peter strung up one of the bots and had it hanging from a lamp post before he’d even thought twice about it. Green-tunic-ed buggers.

With a startled zap from his spider-sense, Peter rolled to the side, just in time to avoid Natasha’s lethal heels (seriously, how could anyone fight in those? He was going to have a talk with SHIELD if that was mandatory assassin-wear). He looked up at her and she gave him a cocky smile as she brushed a stray strand of hair from her face. She didn’t even look winded. “I still find it suspicious, little spider, that you show up much more readily now than you’d done before.”

Peter shrugged. “What can I say? I just can’t avoid a good fight.”

He jumped in time to avoid a bot hurtling at him, and Natasha took the opportunity to detach the bot’s head from the rest of it.

Thor’s voice boomed down at them from where he floated in a maelstrom of spiraling wind and pieces of torn green cloth. “Man of Spider. I find it most displeasing that you now follow the Water of Death even after we have insisted upon the separation.”

Peter peered around him in a theatrical show of looking for Wade. “That’s strange, because unless I’m much mistaken, Deadpool isn’t here at the moment.” His expression turned from wide-eyed to unimpressed (and it was not the first time Peter wished that his mask allowed for more recognizable facial expressions. How did Wade do it?). “As much as you hate me for what I consider to be none of your business anyway, don’t think that I’d continue calling myself a superhero if I was just going to avoid fights where Wade might show up, in worry of damaging your delicate sensibilities.”

Thor yelled and threw Mjolnir straight through a Doom bot. “Are you telling me that you are indeed not here for the Water of Death?” He didn’t sound convinced.

“I’m here because I thought I could help,” Peter yelled back, flipping up past a doombot and bouncing off of it’s back.

He was positioned in the air, mid-flip, three feet from a doombot who was just realizing that Peter was in firing range, and then Mjolnir was shooting towards him, returning to Thor who, Peter realized, was behind him now. It would have hit him in the shoulder as it shot back to Thor, if Peter hadn’t noticed it, but Peter couldn’t be sure if it was more proof of the Avengers lashing out at him, or if it was genuinely an accident. Mjolnir had a boomerang-like ability to return to Thor, and Thor had probably called for Mjolnir to return before Peter had jumped into the air and off of the doombot, so it was probably ok. Probably.

Peter didn’t dodge the hammer as it flew back, but the bot was turning on him mid-air, getting his bearings about him, and Peter wasn’t about to turn down this opportunity to hold Thor’s weapon (Wade would be so jealous!) so Peter reached for the hammer as it flew past. And he promised himself, crossed his heart, that as soon as he batted the bot out of the air (Mjolnir was infamously heavy, but Peter could lift a city bus above his head single-handedly, so he thought he could probably handle it) he’d return it to Thor. As was polite. Because Peter was a good boy, and Aunt May had raised him right.

“Mind if I borrow this?” Peter asked as his fingers closed around the handle. He would normally wait for permission before using someone else’s weapon, but it was right there, the opportunity
about to pass, so he grabbed it.

The hammer didn’t stop for a second, it kept going, dragging Peter with it exhilaratingly, but then
it slowed and Peter was able to twist his body to get enough momentum to throw Mjolnir, like he’d
seen Thor do on so many occasions, back at the doombot. It hit the poor, unsuspecting bot in the
chest, sending him flying

“Mjolnir!” Thor called, a roar across the air, and the Hammer reversed direction, and came
shooting back towards them again, leaving the doombot, with a new cavity busted into its chest,
hurtling to the ground.

And Peter was hurtling toward the ground pretty fast himself. He’d gotten up by jumping off the
asphalt, and then the doombot, and then hitching a ride towards mjolnir, but without those he
resorted once more to his webs to slow his descent. Not that he didn’t love his webs, he’d perfected
them after years of trial and error, and they were his way into the sky, but being dragged along by a
(maybe sentient?) flying hammer had been absolutely invigorating, like riding a roller coaster
without a track, or straps, or seats at all. Like riding a roller coaster if there was no coaster at all
and it was a hammer you just had to hold onto by your hands and the hammer was flying at 75
miles an hour.

Peter was bad at analogies. He could admit it.

Peter shot a web at a nearby church spire, and then the corner of a fire escape, and then a window
sill, so when he finally dropped to the ground it was a soft drop on the balls of his feet.

“Sorry,” Peter said again to Thor, who was staring at him with wide eyes and a blank expression.
He was angrier, maybe, than Peter had ever seen him; assuming that the wide-eyed blank staring
was anger. But of course he was, Peter reminded himself. Thor was not Spiderman’s friend, and
actually considered Spiderman an enemy of sorts, so of course he wouldn’t want Peter, no,
Spiderman, touching his weapon.

Thor said nothing.

Peter shuffled his feet. The doom bots were mostly gone, and Peter only felt slightly bad for not re-
joining the fray. The other Avengers could handle themselves.

A glint out of the corner of his eye drew Peter’s attention, and he turned back to Thor in time to
watch him catch Mjolnir with a deft movement of his hand. It looked natural and bright, and like
Thor had always caught Mjolnir in battle, as if it was made to fit in his hand, and so Peter couldn’t
understand why Thor promptly dropped it to the ground distrustfully.

“I don’t have cooties,” Peter protested. “I didn’t infect it or anything. I mean I’m sorry for using it
without your permission, but…” Peter shrugged. “That’s a little extreme don’t you think?”

Thor effectively ignored Peter and instead focused on bending down to pick up Mjolnir. He
seemed almost surprised when he was able to pick it up like he’d always done.

Peter frowned. “What are you doing? I didn’t, like, poison it.”

“What didn’t you poison?” a voice asked from a few steps behind Peter and he whirled to find
Natasha standing casually behind him. She smiled at him using one of her fake-camaraderie smiles
and Peter frowned at it. Hard. He didn’t like being fake-smiled at.

“The hammer,” Peter said slowly.
Natasha looked past him and Peter followed her gaze to Thor, who was turning Mjolnir over and over in his hands. Natasha walked past Peter to Thor and stood at his arm, examining the hammer with the same intensity the Norse God was giving it.

Peter scrubbed a hand across his face. “Not you too.”

“Hey guys,” Tony said, dropping to the ground with a heavy crunch of metal on asphalt, his faceplate already removed, “what’s good?”


Tony looked him over. “Wasn’t really asking you, you understand,” he said, but then continued, turning on Thor and Natasha who were both still examining the mighty hammer. “Did you poison the Thunder God’s Thunder Hammer? Because that would be a total breach of contract—”

“What contract?”

“--and I’d have to arrest you.”

Peter shook his head. “I didn’t poison anything! Ok, so maybe I touched it, without permission, but no poison was involved!”

Natasha’s head jerked up. “Touched it?”

“Yeah,” Peter said helplessly, and shrugging once more, putting his whole body into it to really get through to these guys that he didn’t know why this was such a big deal.

“Huh,” Tony said, guilelessly. He looked Natasha and Thor over. Thor was still staring at his hammer. He’d brought it close to his eyes, as if seeing it magnified would somehow change the fact that it was still his hammer. Natasha was looking at Peter appraisingly, and he didn’t like that at all.

And then Tony shrugged. “I don’t know. They’re weird. Let’s focus on you instead.”

“Me?” Peter asked, voice coming out strangled.

“Yes,” Tony said, and strode toward him nonchalantly. “I want to get to know you more, since we, all of us, got off on the wrong foot. Well, I mean, you got off on the wrong foot. But Captain America, you know, tall guy, patriotic, has a thing for staring off into the distance while God Bless America plays in the background, well, he thinks we should maybe give you a chance to prove yourself. God knows why.”

Peter blinked in shock.

“Of course, not all of us agree,” a different voice said from far away, and Peter recognized it as Clint’s seconds before an arrow pierced the ground a few feet from him and Clint zip-lined down to him. Clint landed on his feet mid-walk and followed through with his momentum until he was steady on his feet, and then turned to Peter and Tony. “Understandably,” he said, “because you’re a cheating sonovabitch.”

“Now Clint,” Tony said chidingly. “We’re supposed to try to be nice to the idiot. For Peter.”

Clint harrumphed. “I want to hit him with an arrow.”
“You’ve tried enough times,” Peter said darkly.

Tony looked at Clint, and Clint raised his hands. “Ok! Fine! I’ll stop.”

“You could poke someone’s eye out with one of those arrows,” said a different voice, Steve’s voice, and Peter turned and he was right there, and god, was everybody just standing around, ready to judge Peter? It was enough to give a boy anxiety.

Clint rolled his eyes. “Duh. They’re arrows, not nerf weapons.”

Steve looked at Peter and Peter looked back, no answer or explanation available. “Don’t look at me,” he said, “I don’t know what’s going on with these two or those two,” and he pointed at Natasha and Thor. Thor was hefting the hammer in his hand, and then tossing it to the other to heft as well.

“Nat!” Clint called, hands cupped around his lips even though Natasha wasn’t that far away. “What are you doing?”

Steve pinched the bridge of his nose.

Natasha merely shook her head.

This time Peter noticed the person before the person noticed him. Bruce was coming their way, pants held up only by Bruce’s grasp on them, and he looked faintly embarrassed. “Hey everybody,” he said as he came up behind Thor and Natasha, neither of them looking surprised by his entrance, “why are gathered around like it’s summer camp?”

“No bonfire,” Tony said, and shrugged. “Spiderman poisoned Mjolnir.”

Bruce blinked.

“I didn’t!” Peter insisted.

“I really don’t think poison is Spiderman’s weapon of choice,” Bruce said.

“Thank you,” Peter said emphatically. “I didn’t poison anything.”

“Then why are we gathered around?” Steve asked. “Not,” he clarified to Peter, “that I thought you’d poisoned anyone.”

“Thanks,” Peter said in exasperated relief.

Thor suddenly dropped his hammer onto the ground, handle pointing towards the sky.

“I told you,” Peter said emotions inching towards irate, “I didn’t poison it. And I don’t have cooties.”

“Ah yes,” Thor said, “no, you indeed did not poison Mjolnir, and whatever sort of pest or plague you call ‘cooties’ has not infected my mighty hammer either.”

“Well good,” Peter said shortly.

“You are young?” Thor asked, apropos of nothing.

Peter blinked. “I’m not a child.”
“No,” Thor agreed, “but you are youngest amongst us, correct?”

Peter looked around him, at the adults that were his friends and agreed. He was just out of college, no where near the age of the former CEO of a fortune-500 company, or the super soldier who’d fought in World War II, or the literal God who was probably thousands of years old. “Yeah,” he said slowly, feeling that this was somehow a trap, not knowing how.

Thor nodded, having already known that. It wasn’t like Peter was hiding it.

“I am but an old man,” Thor said in a confiding tone, “many many years older than you, and some days my age catches up with me and I grow feeble in mind and body.”

Peter squinted at Thor. “Are you joking?”

“As a youth, would you be willing to help this old man?” Thor gestured to himself, and Peter just, just didn’t know what to think at all. Thor was obviously not feeble in any sense of the word, and Peter just did not know what was going on.

“Am I being punk’d right now?” he asked. “Is there a hidden camera somewhere?”

“There are no cameras recording in the vicinity,” Tony said, “but if you’re being punk’d I’m being punk’d too. Thor, what are you doing?”

Before Thor could open his mouth, Natasha raised her hand and said, “Tony, don’t question your elder. It’s disrespectful.”

Tony sputtered, causing Clint to cackle gleefully under his breath.

“Would you please,” Thor said, affecting a softness of voice that could passingly be identified as that of an elderly man, if the listener was partially to mostly deaf and completely blind, but Peter had to applaud the effort, “please help me. I seem to have dropped my mighty hammer and cannot reach down to grab it. Could you pick it up for me?”

Peter blinked at Thor, and then down at Mjolnir.

“Hey,” Steve snapped. “Don’t be mean to him.”

Thor looked very seriously at Steve but said nothing to him. He returned his gaze to Peter. “Please, if you would, young spider, return for me my hammer?”

“I feel like this is a trick somehow,” Peter said, wavering.

“If it is a trick,” Steve said with a very strict tone of voice, “then Thor is going to have a lot of explaining to do.”

“And if it isn’t a trick,” Bruce said, “then he’ll have even more explaining to do.”

Thor looked at Peter beseechingly, and Peter folded. He never could say no to those big Nordic puppy-dog eyes.

“Fine,” Peter sighed, and stepped forward.

There was a general intake of breath around him as he approached Mjolnir, but there was no trick as far as Peter could tell. He bent down, grasped Mjolnir around it’s handle with steady fingers and a sweaty palm, and pulled. And up it came, easy as pie, and about as light too.
“Always thought it’d be heavier,” Peter said, a passing thought, and handed Mjolnir to Thor, who took it worshipfully. He looked up at Peter, wide-eyed and mouth agape. Peter leaned away from the intensity of his stare. But then he caught the look on Natasha’s face, which was eerily similar, and Bruce’s. Peter looked around. Everyone was staring at him.

“What?” Peter asked. He rubbed a hand across his mouth. “Do I have something on my face?”

“You were able to pick up Mjolnir,” Natasha said.

Like that explained anything.

“Is that an accomplishment?” Peter asked caustically. “I mean, no offense to you Thor, but it’s a hammer, not a jet plane. And I’m pretty sure I could pick up a jet plane.”

“You do not understand, young Spider. Only those that Mjolnir itself deems worthy may wield it. I was granted that ability after proving my worth, but even my father, great Odin the All-Father cannot wield its might.”

Peter blinked. “I don’t… I’m sorry, did you just say the hammer decides who gets to hold it? That can’t be right.” He looked at Mjolnir and winced, because, well, that was a ridiculous claim, but that didn’t mean he should burn his bridges. “Sorry,” he said to the hammer.

He apologized to a hammer.

God. He was going crazy.

“It is true,” Thor said.

“Hey,” Peter said, “maybe it’s a human thing? Like, maybe you’re the only Asgardian who can hold it, but humans, we’re different. Maybe--”

“Nope,” Tony said, “sorry, webhead. We all tried it. I even used the suit. It wouldn’t even budge. The only one who got close was Steve.” Steve waved his hand embarrassedly. “And for him it moved barely a millimeter.”

Peter tried to internalize this new knowledge, but it just kept getting stuck on its way to his brain. “Are you all punking me right now?”

“Oh my god, kid,” Clint said, exasperated. “You’re not being Punk’d!”

“Is that why you pretended to be an old man,” Peter said to Thor. “An excuse to get me to pick Mjolnir up again?”

“Ah,” Thor said with a crooked smile, “you saw through my ruse.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Are you serious though?” Peter asked.

“Yes,” Thor said, “you have been deemed worthy of holding Mjolnir. And thus you are also deemed strong of spirit and heart, and deserving of our trust and friendship.”

“Now wait a minute!” Clint objected. “He’s a--a--” he squinted at Peter and shook his head in frustration.

“Now tread carefully,” Natasha warned, “Peter told us to lay off of Wade and to let go of that whole situation. This isn’t letting go.”
Clint huffed. “But--but he’s the ‘other woman.’ How can he be worthy to pick up Mjolnir?”

“Jealous?” Peter quipped scathingly.

Clint pouted. “Yeah! A little! Who wouldn’t be? But that doesn’t change what you did.”

Peter pointed at Clint and locked eyes with Thor. “Not that I agree with this asshat completely, since it wasn’t like I was cheating on anybody, but I don’t really get the whole ‘worthy’ thing either. Is this like Scooby Doo?”

“How in the fuck,” Tony said, “is this like Scooby Doo? What does a cartoon dog have to do with anything?”

“I’m lost,” Steve admitted.

“You know, like, the live-action movie?” Peter asked. No one responded. “Has no one seen it? It’s a classic!”

“No,” Tony said, “Scooby Doo and the Ghoul School is a Classic. Scooby Doo and the early 2000s CGI starring Buffy the Vampire Slayer and Freddy Prince Jr was an innuendo-filled throwback to the 90s, which I adore, don’t get me wrong, but it is not a classic.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Not the point. What I mean is that Scooby was Worthy, right? Of that machine thing? Like, they needed someone pure of heart, and it was the best doggo in the world. Also, fuck Scrappy.”

“Language,” Natasha chided with a quirk of her lips.

“In this comparison you’re the CGI dog, right?” Clint asked with a mischievous twinge of a smile.

Peter rolled his eyes. “Yes. I’m the dog.”

“I do not know of this...Scooby Doo,” Thor said, pronouncing the name cautiously, “but it is not purity of heart that is the only factor for being able to lift my hammer, though that is probably a part of it. What matters here aren’t the details or the reasons that Mjolnir let you pick it up, it is that Mjolnir let you pick it up at all.”

“But what does it mean?” Peter asked, desperately. Maybe this was all a dream, Peter thought. It certainly made about as much sense as dreams usually did.

“It means that we’ve misjudged you,” Thor said, apology writ across his face and heavy in his tone. “It means that somewhere along the way we should have noticed you were good and right, and we’ve failed you by not noticing and not doing anything about it. And that you are a hero who deserves accolades, not the wrath that we’ve gifted to you in its stead.”

Peter blinked.

“But he tried to get with a taken man,” Clint whined.

Thor shrugged. “You aren’t incorrect, my friend. But someone of ill morals would not be able to move Mjolnir, let alone raise it in his hand with such ease.”

“Thanks?” Peter said, unable to keep his uncertainty from his voice.

“I guess that means we should talk,” Steve said.
“Why?” Peter asked, wanting suddenly to just be rid of this situation. It wasn’t like being able to pick up a hammer, even a magic moral-based one, would change how they thought about Spiderman, or about Wade, and Peter just wanted to go home.

Peter frowned.

Or… would it?

Maybe this was a good thing. Maybe if Spiderman was worthy of holding Mjolnir the others would… what? Lay off the interrogations? Stop judging? Probably not.

It was all very frustrating.

Steve looked at Thor, and then Natasha and Tony, and Peter realized that they all probably felt just as out-of-depth as Peter did. More so, maybe, since at least Peter knew he was a good guy. If he was any of them, in any of their shoes, if he’d found out that, for example, and god forbid, Pepper was cheating on Tony with someone else, he wouldn’t be forgiving. At all. He should give them a little more credit, probably, since he would have strung that man up by his gonads.

“I think we should discuss what this means for the future,” Steve said. “For you and for us, and for Deadpool. For New York.”

“What does it matter?” Peter asked trying to sound surly and only coming off as tired. “So what if I’m ‘worthy,’” he made air quotes. “All you care about is what didn’t even happen between me and Wade on that rooftop. You’re all Judgy McJudgersons. All of you. And this, I mean, picking up Mjolnir is apparently rare and amazing, or whatever, but your awe isn’t going to last. If it ever even starts.” He nodded at Clint, who was still glaring at him. “And then you’ll go back to hating me. So I’d really like to skip the heartbreak and you can all admit that this doesn’t change anything. Worthy or not, you’ll always look at me like I’m an immoral jackass who broke the heart of an innocent bystander, and that won’t change. Don’t do me the disservice of pretending it will.”

Clint shifted awkwardly, and for a long moment no one said anything.

“You are… good,” Thor said slowly out of the stillness, “according to Mjolnir. And I trust Mjolnir implicitly. That means that mayhap my belief in what makes a person worthy or good is not correct.”

“You trust a hammer,” Peter said dryly, “more than your own morals. I find that hard to believe.”

Thor shrugged. “It matters not whether you believe in Mjolnir’s abilities, or even in my willingness to follow the advice of a…hammer. I trust it nonetheless. And therefore I trust you.”

Peter was overcome with the sudden firey, all-consuming desire to destroy that trust. He just wanted to get out, get home, cuddle with Wade. He just wanted to not be under the eyes of these people who were so far above him, so far, on pedestals of gilt and glass, and he didn’t care if that meant they would never see him as a good person, because dealing with their judgemental eyes was worse than trying to convince them otherwise.

And he was trembling in his core, not outwardly, not on his skin or at his fingertips, but deep, down in his bones he was trembling, and all he wanted to do was smash and crack and break apart the feeling of their eyes on his skin.

“You trust me, huh?” Peter asked, voice tight. “You think that Mjolnir has the power to decide who’s good? And who’s not? You think that now, because of this inanimate object, I’ll just agree to whatever you want? I’ll trail after you all, high and mighty, when seconds, minutes, hours ago
you all hated me and wanted to disown me from being a hero, and just forget about me under your heel!”

“If it makes you feel better,” Clint said, “I still kinda want to do that. Not, you know, because of the cheating thing, but because right now you’re being weird and kind of an asshole.”

Peter let out a muted scream of rage, and clapped his hands to his face. “I don’t want to be here! I want to be free of you all and your–your weird-ass hammer, and your sad little eyes, and I don’t want to have to stand here and watch you try to convince me, and yourself, that you’ve changed. At all.”

“We’re not the bad guys,” Tony interrupted, affronted.

“Well neither am I!” Peter screeched.

“Dude,” Clint asked, hand upraised and specifically non-threatening, “calm down.”

Peter forced himself to breathe out, and then breathe in, and then breathe out again, shaky and angry but trying to reign it in. It was less about convincing them that Spiderman was an ok guy, and more about convincing himself that he could at least control his own actions, if not his feelings, or the actions of others. He didn’t need to be screaming at them.

“He’s actually listening to you,” Natasha said, sounding slightly impressed.

“Huh,” Clint said.

Peter looked at them, feeling wrung-out and tired, and angry, but stupidly so. “I’m just going to leave--”

“Don’t,” Thor said. A request, not a command.

“What for?” Peter asked, hands raised in supplication. “Why? Why in the hell should I stick around when this isn’t going to change anything. You’re not going to change. And I’m not going to change. And nothing matters.”

“Just come with us,” Steve said. “Come back to the tower, we’ll--”

“I’ll treat us all to a feast of a dinner,” Tony offered off-handedly.

Steve nodded. “We can eat and chat and apologize.”

Clint shuffled his feet but didn’t disagree.

“And then what?” Peter demanded.

“We’ll go from there,” Steve said, voice pitched low into a soothing tone. “Let’s not get too ahead of ourselves. We don’t know what we’ll think in an hour, how we’ll feel. Trying to hash it all out here isn’t helping anybody.”

Peter crossed his arms. “And when you guys decide that I really am just trash? And that you shouldn’t trust a hammer with the worthiness of people’s souls, or whatever the heck you think it does? What then? I just leave? And you all go back to hitting me and pushing me around and trying to hit me with arrows?” He glared at Clint.

“Excuse me?” Steve asked, turning a dark look on Clint.
Clint raised his hands above him nervously. “Hey, Cap, it was all just playful--I mean, it was just a joke. Ok, not a joke, just a way to--”

“It’s true,” Thor said, talking over Clint’s mutterings like he couldn’t hear them, “that we have not treated you correctly. But we want to rectify it. Why are you so against the idea? Is it because Mjolnir is involved? I don’t think you really believe it is ‘just a hammer,’ as you like to say.” Thor paused, pressing his lips together. “Are we too far past your threshold? Have we betrayed your little trust in us too often? Are we now less than dirt to you?”

It wasn’t said antagonistically, or sarcastically. It was said like Thor actually thought Peter could hate him, hate the Avengers, and he accepted it. Thor was ready to just, believe, that Peter could hate them all and it was like running into a block of ice.

Peter jerked to stillness feeling suddenly icy and blindingly awake and in the present. He blinked.

Did he hate Thor? Or the Avengers?

Of course he didn’t! They were his friends. No matter how dumb they were being to Spiderman, how callous, they didn’t know he was Spidey, and they were Peter’s friends. Everything they did, every blow to Spidey had been for Peter, no matter how misguided it was. And now, now they were trying to give Spiderman a chance too. Peter should be happy. Shouldn’t he? Shouldn’t he be happy they wanted to give Spiderman a chance? Show him they trusted him? Prove that he could be trusted? Didn’t Peter want to be trusted in all facets of his life?

Or maybe… maybe he was worried, deep in his soul, in the part of him that didn’t think logically or care about reasons, the part of him that always whispered that if Aunt May found out he hadn’t saved Ben she’d hate him and cast him out of her life, the part of him that was convinced that one day Wade would leave him for someone whose life was less complicated and more put-together, the part of him that told him any time Flash beat him up in high school that he deserved it, that he deserved getting hurt when he couldn’t save the day because people died, in that part of him he was worried that if the Avenger’s liked Spiderman, they’d stop being friends with Peter, that there was no way they could want to be friends with Peter twice over.

And that was--that was so stupid. So stupid. It was the stupidest thing Peter thought his psyche had probably ever come up with. Because, well, 1) and less importantly, they weren’t going to become Spiderman’s friends just because he was ‘worthy,’ which Peter was still a little skeptical about anyway. But 2) and more importantly, there was no reason they shouldn’t be able to get along with Spiderman and Peter. They were, after all, the same person.

“Oh,” Peter breathed out slowly, not feeling like he was ready to shake apart at a moment’s notice any more.

“Was that a yes?” Clint asked caustically, but with a slight downturn of his lips and a pinched look around his eyes that made Peter think that Clint was maybe starting to take this a little more seriously.

“No,” Peter said, and put a hand to his face, surprised to find his flesh warm and body-temperature, and not icy and frozen. “No,” he said again, remembering what Thor had asked, heartbreakingly serious. “No, I don’t think you’re bad people. I don’t think you’re mean, or less than dirt. You haven’t betrayed my trust too much.”

“But we have betrayed your trust a little,” Steve said. “And we understand if you’re upset with us. All we want to do is talk. If the conversation goes someplace you don’t like, you can leave at any time. But it would mean a lot to us if you’d try.”
And Peter found that he was fine with that. He didn’t want to snap at them any more.

He nodded.

“You know where the Tower is, I assume,” Tony said drily.

“Like I could miss it,” Peter said, a little more warmly than he would have minutes ago. “Meet you there?” he asked.

“Top floor has a landing pad. My AI will direct you to the conference room. That is, unless I get there first.”

“This isn’t a race,” Bruce pointed out almost disparingly.

“Hah!” Tony said, ignoring his friend. “You’re on!” And with that he rocketed off.

“Well damn,” Steve said.

Peter shrugged. “I mean, I’m gonna win, so at least his ego won’t get too big.”

“Wait,” Steve said, but it was too late, Peter had shot out a web and pulled himself away, high into the sky.

“I too will join the race,” Peter heard Thor announce, and then Thor was streaming through the sky, pulled along by Mjolnir. Peter gave the hammer a narrow-eyed glance. He still didn’t quite trust the worthy thing.

On the plus side, Tony didn’t win.

On the minus, neither did Peter.

When Tony and Peter touched down on the pad at the same time, Thor was already there, hammer in his hand, hair playfully windswept. He laughed roulous and carefree.

“Come, Man who belongs to Spiders, we have much to discuss,”

Peter balked. “Man who belongs to Spiders?”

Tony lowered his faceplate and squinted. “What happened to ‘Man of Spiders?’ Not that this isn’t any less catchy, but…”

“Or are you Spiderman,” Thor asked, scratching his chin, “Man who lives with Spiders?

“I don’t belong to spiders,” Peter said, “and I definitely don’t live with spiders. I mean, except the ones who sneak into my house who I have no control over. I just have, like, the whole, climbing walls and swinging on webs thing.”

“Spider-Man,” Thor said, “because you are like a spider?” And then in a quieter tone, as if speaking to himself, “That is not as fun.”

Tony snorted a laugh, and then brushed past Thor, into the top of the tower, his suit being pulled away, piece by piece by long metal arms that retreated back into the walls once Tony had returned to being clothed in only a grungy t-shirt and not a suit of armor. “This way. Come on. We can meet everybody in the common room. You wanna change out of that, Spidey? Spandex doesn’t seem too comfortable.”
“Thanks, no thanks,” Peter said. “It’s got to be comfier than a metal suit. And I’m used to it.”

Tony shrugged, and Peter turned to follow Tony into the tower, Thor taking up the rear. On their way down to the common area, (a trek that was semi familiar in the sense that this hall and staircase looked like every other hall and staircase in the tower, and Peter worked here, even though he hadn’t been to this particular part of the building,) Tony talked to Jarvis, letting him know what food to order them and to let Pepper know they were back and safe.

The trip to the common room didn’t take long, and they were the first to arrive. The perks, Peter supposed, of not having to rely on transport.

Well, ok, so they weren’t technically the first to arrive. Wade was lounging on the couch in the common area, reading an Archie comic and drinking a frothy sweet-smelling drink from a clear Starbucks cup. He looked up when the three of them tramped in, and then swung his feet down from where they’d been propped up on the arm rest.

“What’s up, buttercup?” he asked tentatively, looking each of them in the eye in turn.

“I’m not your buttercup,” Tony said, striding past Wade and into the full kitchen. He opened the chrome fridge, pulled out a pitcher of something in the realm of being orange and poured himself a drink. “Thai Tea? Pepper introduced me to it. I’ve been drinking it by the gallon.” The cup he poured himself was, by contrast, no more than 8 ounces.

“Who said I meant my buttercup?” Wade asked. “You can be Pepper’s buttercup. All of you can be whoever’s buttercup you want.” He gave Peter a significant look, but in a rare show of maturity, didn’t air hump or slam dunk or mimic any sort of sexual act at all. And he shifted a little uncomfortably, and kept glancing between Peter and Tony nervously.

Because Spiderman and the Avengers were not on friendly terms, and here Peter was in full Spidey glory and not only weren’t Tony and Thor freaking out, but they were playing host. Or at least Tony was.

Peter wished there was a way of updating his fiance without having to do so out loud. And if he texted someone right now, and seconds later Wade received a text, well, that would be suspicious, right?

Man. If he was going to spontaneously learn telepathy, now was the time.

“Thanks I guess,” Tony said drily. He opened the fridge to put his tea away. “Sure you don’t want any tea?” he asked Peter, and Peter shook himself.

“No thanks,” Peter said to Tony. Drinking would mean revealing his face, and that was a no-go.

“So what’s this shindig about?” Wade asked, the jocularity in his voice tempered with caution. He was feeling out the situation.

Peter was suddenly overwhelmed with love for this man. He loved Wade’s impulsiveness and silly little quirks (and accepted and tolerated his general desire to cause death and destruction), but Peter couldn’t help but feel giddy at any and all proof that in times of need, he could think ahead and try to avoid any foot-mouth interaction.

He was the sweetest.

“Well,” Tony said slowly, “Spiderman is being re-evaluated. Some pertinent information has come to our attention and it’s changed some stuff. So we decided we all needed a little chat.”
“Does that mean everyone’s showing up?” Wade squealed, jumping to his feet and clapping his hands together boisterously. “The whole squad? I’m so excited I think I’m going to pee my pants.”

“You’re disgusting,” Tony pointed out, eyebrows raised, like he was the first one to discover this fact.

“Thanks,” Wade said.

And then the elevator dinged and in walked the rest of the Avengers.

Wade cooed.

“I don’t know you,” Tony said to Wade.

“Wade,” Clint said, striding up unhappily. “Don’t fuck this up.”

Wade gasped in mock pain. “How could I mess this up! I don’t even know what’s going on here!”

There was an awkward silence. Glances were exchanged. Peter could see what was happening. They’d all just realized that Wade would have to be involved in this. And Peter’s stomach gave a lurch, because as little as his secret identity or his love life was anybody’s business, he liked these people, and the lies were starting to wear on him. And with the whole Mjolnir situation it would only get worse.

So no one in the room was comfortable. Awesome.

“Well,” Peter said, because he could never stop himself from giving Wade what he wanted, not that he’d ever tried, “it turns out I can pick up Mjolnir. Which I guess is a big deal.”

Wade was gaping at him. “A big deal! That’s-- That’s--” he made a garbled sound that Peter supposed had some sort of meaning, but Peter didn’t understand it. And then Wade’s eyes softened, visible even behind his mask, and his mouth curled into a sweet smile. “You’re so worthy. It’s obvious. I don’t even know why I’m surprised.”

Peter rolled his eyes, but couldn’t help a tiny smile that he hoped no one could read from beneath his mask.

“Is that flirting I hear?” Natasha asked menacingly.

Wade didn’t even turn to her. In a distracted voice he said, “Flirting? Who wouldn’t want to flirt with the guy who can pick up Thor’s hammer?” Then he scrunched his face adorably and said, “Was that an innuendo? It sounded like an innuendo.”

“You’re the one who said it, dipstick,” Clint said. “Wouldn’t you know if it was an innuendo?” He paused. “Also, it better not be an innuendo.”

Peter squinted at his fiance. “Did you just imply that me and Thor are a--well, an item?”

“I am afraid my hand is already spoken for,” Thor said gravely, with a tiny quirk of his lips.

Wade sputtered, shook his head, opened his mouth to say something, gave up, shuddered, and tried speaking again. “No. No, definitely not. You are spoken for, as well, Web-head, and I’m not having any talk to the contrary.”

“Oh,” Clint said lightly. “You’re in a relationship now, Spiderman? Therefore, you definitely won’t be trying get into Wade’s pants again, right? Maybe that’s why you’re worthy.”
“I don’t think that’s how that works,” Steve said.

Wade made a pained noise and his lips puckered like he’d just tasted something sour.

Peter rubbed a hand down his face. Wade, well, Wade should probably learn to shut up.

“Can I…” Wade said, in a slow, wheedling tone of voice, “see?”

Peter blinked.

“See what?” Bruce asked.

“Yeah?” Clint asked harshly. “See what?”

“I wanna see ‘im pick it up,” Wade said, voice straining to sound normal. “Like, what if this is all just a really involved joke and I’m getting punk’d right now? I need proof.”

“That’s what this kid said,” Tony said, pointing at Peter.

“I’m not a kid!” Peter said petulantly, knowing full well that he sounded like a child.

Thor passed Mjolnir between his hands and then tossed it overhand to Peter who caught it with ease.

Wade seemed to melt into the couch. “Oh, that’s, mmmm…”

Peter blinked and then smiled slyly. So Wade liked that, did he?

But he would not be bringing Mjolnir to the bedroom. That would be wrong on multiple levels. Peter’s smile turned into a grimace beneath his mask and he shuddered a little. No offense to Thor. He was a very attractive guy, but Peter wasn’t into him like that. Thor was his friend. He refused to cross the line and mix platonic friendship and sexy times. Unless that friend was Wade, but he didn’t count because they were practically married, and definitely not platonic.

Peter passed Mjolnir between his hands, and then flipped it into the air a few times. “So,” he said “you’re not being punk’d right now.”

“No, I, uh, I see that,” Wade said weakly.

“So we’re going to chat about this new information,” Steve said, “and Spiderman’s place in this City.”

“And on the team?” Natasha asked slyly.

“Anything’s possible,” Steve said.

“The team!” Wade exclaimed, practically launching himself to his feet. “That’s fucking great! Yes! Get on this team, Baby boy!”

Peter blinked. ‘Baby Boy’ was not a name that Wade was supposed to call people who weren’t Peter. Peter couldn’t blame him, Peter was kind of reeling himself, but still. That wasn’t good.

“Don’t…” he said cautiously, “call me that?”

Natasha gave him a thumbs up.

Peter shrugged. “I don’t know. There’s a lot to think about.”

“But,” Wade said, and Peter tensed, but before Wade could actually list any of the reasons why Peter should want to join the Avengers right now (and there were a lot of them, including: being able to hang out with his friends with both of his identities, not having to lie about said identities, being able to flirt with Wade while being both identities, and more being able to call out sick to his internship if he got hurt as Spidey), he paused again, seeming to understand why that was maybe a bad idea.

Peter raised an eyebrow even though he knew it wouldn’t be seen through his mask.

“Avengers, tho,” Wade said in a wheedling tone, and Peter chuckled. “We could eat lunch together again,” Wade continued, “everyday. And fight. And, like, hang out! It’d be really cool. Don’t you think it’d be cool?”

“You’d have to promise to stay hands-off,” Tony said. “And, Wade, I need you to look at me. This is a serious question. How do you think Peter will feel about this?”

And he sounded serious too. This wasn’t joking-Tony or chiding-Tony. He was genuinely asking Wade how he thought Peter would react.

“Would that still be a problem?” Wade asked, but he wasn’t looking at Tony when he said it. He was looking at Peter.

Peter’s heart stopped. Wade thought… did Wade think that Peter was going to tell them who he was? Just because a hammer deemed him worthy?

(He wanted them to know who he was. Buried deep, his mind rebelled at every instance where he had to lie to them. He hated it. He wanted them to know, but he didn’t want to do the telling. He didn’t know how they would react, and it terrified him.)

Wade must have seen something in Peter’s stance, or his silence, because he spoke slowly and with warmth, and said, “You’re worthy. No matter what else they could possibly say, there is definitive, irrefutable proof that you are the best person ever, so nice, so kind, a really great guy. Plus they like you.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Clint said, but he punctuated his words with a smile and it made Peter think that maybe it really could be that easy.

Peter looked at Mjolnir. It glinted grey like burnished steel and was a heavy warmth in his hands. “Would I...” Peter started, and then trailed off. He tried again. “If I tell you something that made you hate me,” Peter said, not looking at any of them, but obviously talking to all of them, “would I no longer be worthy? To hold Mjolnir, I mean?”

“Mjolnir’s decisions do not depend on what any person, Asgardian, Midgardian, or otherwise, think or feel.”

“It’s not like we’re besties or anything. You’re not going to break our hearts if you’ve got some big ass secret,” Clint said, but his lips were pressed together.

“You’re gonna do it?” Wade asked excitedly. He clapped his hands together. “Right here?”
Peter frowned up at him, finally raising his eyes from their previous position, focused on the floor. “Weren’t you originally against this? Like, completely? After the roof thing you were definitely against this idea.”

“But that was for you,” Wade said. “You weren’t ready, and it was just thrown at you. Now, well, you’ve been thinking about it, haven’t you?”

Peter smiled, knowing he shouldn’t be so surprised that Wade knew him so well. “Yes.”

“You’ve been thinking about becoming an Avenger?” Bruce questioned.

“Shhh,” Wade said sweetly, finger to his lips, and turned back to Peter. “But this time, this time you want it. And you have Mjolnir! No matter what they say, they can’t take away the fact that you’re, like, uber worthy and are practically Asgardian yourself.”

“I do not believe you quite understand what being able to wield Mjolnir means,” Thor said.

“So you think I should,” Peter said dumbly.

Wade shook his head. “I don’t know about ‘shoulds,’ Petey. I’m not that smart. But I know it’s what you want, and I know that you should be able to do what you want without anyone saying anything about it. And I trust you, Spidey. If you want this, and I know you want this, then you should do it.”

Peter could feel his eyes trying to well up. How, in the everloving world had he gotten such a kind man? What did he do to deserve Wade in his life? He loved his fiance so much, it actually hurt, like a crack in his heart from all the emotions hammering to be let out.

“I’m sorry,” Tony said, “did you just call Spiderman ‘Petey?’”

Peter blinked.

“Shit!” Wade barked.

Peter laughed. “Well, fuck, Wade. Guess that wasn’t much of a decision after all.”

“But hey,” Wade said sheepishly, “at least you’re still worthy.”

Peter cracked a laugh, not feeling nearly as strung out about this unwelcome revelation as he’d always thought he would.

Peter pulled off his mask.

“What the fuck,” Tony said succinctly.

“You know I think I’m going to agree with Deadpool on this,” Clint said. “Shit!”

“Ah yes,” Thor said. “This surely makes more sense. Peter is a worthy champion! And if Peter is Spiderman, than Spiderman is more than worthy to hold Mjolnir.”

Wade smiled at the god. “You’re just the sweetest, you know that?”

Thor grinned, looking far too pleased with himself.

“Does that mean that a hammer--no offense, Thor--figured out who Spiderman really was before the rest of us did?” Bruce asked. He pushed his glasses up his nose and squinted through them at
“Mjolnir is impressive,” was Thor’s only statement on the matter.

“I think I’m in shock,” Tony said. “Quickly, someone get me a snifter of brandy.”

“I will get you a shock blanket or a teddy bear,” Natasha said. “I’ll tuck you in. I’ll read you a story. I am not wasting good alcohol on a little surprise like this.”

“It’s my alcohol,” Tony whined, but he didn’t push the issue.

“What if it’s in celebration?” Wade asked. “I’m down for a little party drinky-drink to celebrate this revelation.”

“Let’s wait a minute,” Peter said, hating to stop Wade’s train of thought, but feeling like he had to. “This may be a little premature.”

Wade snorted. “Premature!”

Peter frowned at him, but he couldn’t help his lips from turning up into a little smile. “What I mean is, well, this is a big revelation for everybody. I’ve been,” he bit his lip, and looked around at his friends, who were all looking back at him with nothing but open kindness. “I’ve been lying to them. I’m happy to finally feel like I can tell them the truth, but that doesn’t mean they feel the same way, Wade.” He turned back to his fiance. “They might not like this news. They might not feel like celebrating.”


“What he means,” Bruce said softly, “is of course we’re happy.”

“I’m not super happy,” Clint said. “I feel shitty. But, that’s not on you, Peter,” he was quick to add. “I just, damn, I kept saying stupid things to you. That was really fucked up.”

“It was,” Peter agreed.

“I’m sorry,” Clint said, sincerely. “So sorry.”

Peter smiled. “It’s alright. You were just acting on my behalf. Kind of. It gets kinda twisty.”

Clint went for a high-five, and Peter met it. They grinned at each other, and Peter couldn’t even find it in himself to be angry at Clint anymore.

“I don’t know about anybody else,” Steve said. “But I’m just relieved to know that everything’s gotten sorted out. None of us hate you, Peter. I’m just happy.”

“And now everybody can calm down,” Natasha said, “and get off each other’s asses.”

Wade coughed into his fist. “I will actually keep on getting on Peter’s ass, so…”

“Ugh!” Tony exclaimed.

“Dude, no!” Clint whined.

“Please keep that to yourself,” Steve said, “we’re your coworkers if nothing else, and that isn’t really workplace-appropriate humor.” He seemed to consider Wade’s character. “Or at least keep it PG-13?”
Wade shrugged, with a wide shit-eating grin on his face. “I make no promises.”

“Peter,” Natasha said, turning to look him in the eye, “I respect your relationship. You know that. And I would like to apologize for anything done to you as Spiderman that was hurtful. But I am going to slap your fiancé.”

“Go ahead,” Peter said. “He can handle it.”

“Kinky,” Wade said with a wink.

“Please stop,” Tony groaned.

“You are both such sweet people,” Thor said, looking between Wade and Peter, like he hadn’t heard half of what had just been said. “I am profoundly glad that you have found each other, that you have each other, and that we are all able to rejoice with you in your relationship.”

“Oh my god,” Wade said, “are you awarding us with the title of Cutest Couple?”

“Hey!” Tony said. “No offense, but me and Pep are obviously the cutest couple here.”

Wade stuck his tongue out at Tony, and Tony showing his obvious maturity, stuck his tongue out at Wade in return.


“Me too,” Peter said.

“I hope we can handle it,” Natasha said. “All of us.” She squinted at Tony and Wade, who’d moved from blowing raspberries to arm wrestling, Clint playing as referee. “God, everybody is a weirdo.”

“We’ll get used to it,” Steve said. He looked at Peter with a smile. “And it’s got its upsides.”

Peter beamed back at him.

Bruce turned away from Tony and Wade’s childish tussle in resignation. “It’s going to be like this forever, isn’t it?”

“If I can help it,” Peter said, “then yes. Forever.”

Chapter End Notes

This Chapter comes from a mix of Prompts given to me, one anonymously on Tumblr, and one from Ryuscar on Ch 1 of Misc. Also Shadows left a request to his effect on Ch 21 of misc.

I should be putting out more chapters with more regularity, hopefully. If I don't, you all have permission to yell at me. Thanks.
Mutation; in which the Avengers try to get the X-Men involved

Chapter Notes

So this is going to be an AU of Chapter 11 of this Petey and Wade’s Misc. Adventures. So, like so many before this, the beginning of this chapter is going to look very similar to the beginning of Chapter 11 of Misc. which in turn is an AU of Chapter 13 of Homewrecker, and now I’m confused and you’re confused and everyone is confused.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

See, the problem with Peter worrying over his co-workers-slash-friends being huge jerks to both his fiancé and his own alter-ego, was that sometimes the worry kept him up at night. Not a huge thing, obviously. Peter couldn’t remember the last time he got a whole 8 hours of sleep, and his first few years in college he hadn’t gotten more than 5 hours of sleep a night, at least during the school week. Lack of sleep should totally have not even been a big deal, really, it should have been like a minor, minor deal that would affect exactly zero things.

So, of course, that is exactly what didn’t happen.

Because it would be just his luck (stupidity? Ignorance? Peter-ness?) to totally forget that he wasn’t alone in the lab. Peter was doing some work with questionable liquids, an experiment that he should have been able to perform perfectly in his sleep. But instead his mind was on the last Doom-Bot-battle, Clint’s problematic actions, the arrow sticking out of Hulk’s shoulder, a sleepy and disgruntled Bruce being kind if distrustful. His hands itched to scrape off the make-up that Wade had caked onto his face that morning. He tapped his legs restlessly on the tiled floor, as he imagined being home with Wade, soaking in their tub, watching Golden Girls, eating carton after carton of caramel and fudge ice cream.

He’d been avoiding the Avengers, those that he could avoid at least, because he wasn’t sure exactly how he’d react to any of them. And he was worried that this awkward feeling between Spiderman and the Avengers would never dissipate, that Wade would never be truly trusted by his teammates again, that Peter would be stuck forever in a limbo of having half-friends, and low sleep, and loving fiancés with no self-preservation instincts.

Peter shook his head and tried to focus his mind. He had to be careful with this next step, had to pour this beaker into that Erlenmeyer flask with precision, with a steady hand. He didn’t need the distraction of all these thoughts tumbling down on him all at once while working with a possibly dangerous compound. He just needed to slowly pour—

“Peter, ready for lunch?” Bruce asked from too close, way closer than Peter was expecting. Peter had forgotten that Bruce and Tony were even in the lab.

Peter’s hand jerked in surprise and the beaker slipped from his grasp.

Peter let out an “Eep,” as the beaker tumbled downward, and he didn’t know what it was, didn’t know if it could be dangerous if it touched him, couldn’t think of what it could be or what it could do, but the possibilities where many, and varied, dangerous and seemingly endless. His instincts took over, and he jumped away from the beaker as it dropped to the ground with silent grace and
shattered on the hard tile there, liquid spilling from it in a tiny explosion.

And Peter was away from it when it hit, he didn’t get a single drop of liquid on him, though the splash had made small droplets on the hem of one of Bruce’s pant legs, and the tip of his shoe. His eyes zoomed out, and he suddenly realized the distance and the angle that he was viewing Bruce at, and the sharp angle of Bruce’s neck as he stared up at Peter in confusion and alarm. Yes. Stared up at Peter, because Peter, in his immediate instinctual response in trying to escape the potentially dangerous liquid, had jumped onto the ceiling.

“What?” Bruce asked.

“The fuck!” Tony added, finishing Bruce’s question. He’d turned to stare at Peter as well, and as approaching rapidly from the other side of the lab. “Peter? Peter!” he said, voice accelerating into panic. “Bruce, what did you do to Peter?”

“Nothing,” Bruce, said offended. “I mean, I startled him, but…”

“But this isn’t normal,” Tony agreed. They both stared up at Peter, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, and Peter stared down at them with the same expression.

Because, well, shit. That had just happened. He’d worked in the lab for years, worked with heroes and risk-takers, and with other people in his space, and never had he been so preoccupied that a single invitation to lunch had launched him onto the ceiling. Had he somehow forgotten his self-preservation instincts at home that morning?

And now he was panicking, panicking so hard, because he could see the worry in his friends and cohort’s eyes, and he could see the cogs inside their brains turning, and he was outed. Here. Right here. In front of Tony and Bruce, intelligent scientists, both of them. And while part of him was screaming at the sudden turn of events, a knot in his chest loosened in relief. Because no, this wasn’t how he wanted this coming out to happen, no, this isn’t how he wanted his friends to find out he was Spiderman, no, he didn’t want to come out to them in a way outside of his control, but it was actually so nice that they finally knew. That after all of this, now, they knew. It was a weight off his shoulders.

“Peter,” Bruce said slowly, calmly, in a voice Peter had never heard him use before. It sounded like when Uncle Ben had come home to find Peter scraped all to hell from a tussle at school with Flash, a warm voice that was meant to calm Peter, meant to seem level-headed and in control, and meant to disguise fear and worry and anger. “Is this the first time this sort of thing has happened to you?”

Peter tried to shut off the internal screaming, tried to really lean into the relief, but it was hard, with Bruce and Tony staring at him with ill-disguised distress, and his own heartbeat drumming in his ears.

“The first time--” Peter started, blinked, and tried again. “You mean the first time I’ve,” he looked around him, at his fingers spread against the ceiling tiles, his body pressed as close as it could, “I’ve, um, stuck to the ceiling?”

Bruce nodded.

Peter breathed out deeply, and his breath only stuttered a little. “No, no I wouldn’t say this is the first time this has happened.” He laughed a little and it bled off a little of his tension.

They hadn’t gotten it yet, but they would. Their minds were firing away, he could tell, and soon
they’d put together all the pieces, connect his sudden skill at flipping onto ceilings and sticking to surfaces he shouldn’t be able to to Spiderman’s identical abilities. It was almost… funny, that they hadn’t jumped to the conclusion immediately.

Bruce and Tony exchanged a look.

“Have you,” Tony started slowly, “talked to anyone about it?”

Peter let a giggle out. Did he need therapy for being a super? Probably. Had he gotten therapy for being a super? Definitely not. “I’m talking to you, right now,” Peter said.

“We mean,” Tony said, “have you talked to anyone who could help you with this new--thing, you have going on for you? Have you contacted anyone who could help?”

Peter frowned down at them, his train of thought diverted.

“There’s a school,” Bruce said. “It’s run by a very trustworthy man. And we know you’re a little old for school, obviously, since you’re here,” he gestured to the lab, which Peter supposed was meant to indicate his post-university internship as well, “but they could still help you. Help you understand your powers, get your abilities under control.”

Peter made a face, a grimace, or a wide show of teeth that felt like sustained confusion and befuddlement to the nth degree.

“Hey,” Tony said, hands up. “It’s ok, kid. Things aren’t as bad as they used to be. We know there’s still a stigma, but you’ll never get any of that shit from us.”

“Or the other Avengers,” Bruce added, and made a good show of smiling peacefully up at Peter.

“Or the other Avengers,” Tony agreed, but his tone was different. His was fierce and protective, and would brook no argument. Peter got the feeling that if anyone disappointed Tony’s expectations in this, they would get a beat down. But the question then became, what was the expectation. What stigma? He knew people weren’t always down with supers, and as Spiderman he’d gotten his fair share of shitty interactions from civilians, law enforcement, and other supers alike, but it wasn’t that bad.

“Stigma?” Peter asked.

“Against mutants,” Bruce said. “But we don’t hold to that sort of thing around here. I hope you know that,” he said, eyes turning downcast for a second before searching Peter out again. “I hope that wasn’t the reason you kept this from us. You have to know that we would never judge you for something like that. Especially not me.”

Peter blinked.

“Mutant,” Peter said, tasting the words.

And then he let go of the ceiling and Bruce and Tony both let out little yelps of fear or shock, but Peter knew what he was doing in this circumstance at least. His torso twisted as he fell, and he flipped, so that when he landed it was on his fingers and toes, with a grace that he couldn’t seem to shake when he was doing anything acrobatic.

Peter stood up in a single, fluid motion, and he worried for half a second that Tony and Bruce were going to back away from him in fright (the stigma against Mutants was very real) but then they were on him, Bruce patting him down, as if making sure he was unharmed, whole, still there, and
Tony, pulling him into a hug that Peter wasn’t going to turn down.

“Can we tell the others?” Tony asked. “We won’t say anything to anybody if you don’t want, but I think they could help settle your mind. Steve especially. He had to relearn his body after the serum, and he got it mostly figured out. I think talking to him would do you some good.”

Bruce was nodding, and he finally stepped away from Peter, allowing Tony to do the same, and they both looked at him with such accepting eyes, that Peter’s denial died on his tongue.

“I want to see Wade,” Peter said, because geez-o-creezy, if anyone could figure out how to get him out of this mess, Wade could. And maybe it wasn’t a smart move, because Wade wasn’t really that great at troubleshooting diplomatically, but things seemed to be spinning around him with no rhyme or reason, and Wade was his boyfriend and goddamnit, Peter was allowed to call his boyfriend for support when he needed it. “Call the others, if you want,” Peter clarified, at Tony and Bruce’s uncomfortably supportive expressions, “I just want to see my fiance.”

They nodded, and Tony spoke to Jarvis in hushed tones, and then Bruce was leading Peter over to an empty lab stool, and then left and came back minutes later with a steaming cup of tea, and Tony was there, standing next to Peter, his hand on his shoulder, and somebody had laid an extra lab coat over Peter’s shoulders, and oh my god, was he in shock? They were treating him like he was in shock. He didn’t think he was in shock, but hey, he hadn’t noticed the extra lab coat until it was draped over him, so who knows.

“What’s up?” Wade’s voice rang out as he entered the room, followed by Steve and Natasha, and then Clint and Thor. And Peter’s mind cleared. His shoulders dropped. Wade was there, and he’d stick by Peter, and they’d figure out what to do, what was going on, how this had all happened--together.

Tony and Bruce exchanged a glance, and then looked to Peter, letting him decide how much to tell, and how.

Which, ok, this was getting ridiculous. He wasn’t a mutant. He wasn’t! He had to give up this--this charade. Now!

But the extended silence had just made Wade antsy, and Bruce’s and Tony’s serious expressions hadn’t helped any either, and Wade cleared his throat. “Hey, uh, what’s going on?” He turned to Peter. “Petey, boy. What’s happening? Are you alright?”

Peter couldn’t help but smile at Wade’s protective tone. “I’m fine, Wade.”

Wade relaxed, but Steve, if anything, grew tenser. “But something did happen,” he said, “or you wouldn’t have called us all down here. What’s wrong?”

Peter bit his lip. This was it. He was going to say he was Spiderman. He was going to say it, because letting his friends believe he was a normal guy was one thing, was safe and protective to his family and fiance, but letting his friends think he was a mutant was just the coward’s way out. But he didn’t have the chance, because Tony took pity on him at the wrong moment. Tony said, “We just found out Peter here’s been living with--” he took a deep breath, and glanced at Peter, but the look wasn’t long enough for Peter to even shake his head, “well, that’s not right. Bruce?”

“Peter’s a mutant,” Bruce said with no hesitation. “And we’re trying to show him that we don’t love him any less for it. Ok? So deep breaths everybody, we need Peter to know he’s welcome here.”
“Of course!” Steve said, tension draining from him as quickly as it had come. “Peter, no matter what, we’re your friends. Ok? And whatever we can do to help, we’ll do.”

“I do not know of these mutants,” Thor said, sweeping his hair back from his shoulders. “But you are brave and generous, and I cannot think of a single reason why I would not trust you, young Peter, with my life.”

“You’re a… mutant?” Wade asked, squinting at Peter through the white eyes of his mask.

Clint elbowed Wade in the back, and hissed, “You’re his fiance. Fucking be there for him. Don’t you dare get all holier-than-thou at this goddamn moment.”

“No,” Wade exclaimed, offended, and whirled to meet Clint head on. “Of course not. What the fuck, Clinton? NO. I love him, just…” he turned back to Peter, confusion writ across his face. “You’re a mutant? Like, Wolvie and Professor X? A Mutant-mutant?”

Peter had to speak up then. When Tony had spoken, and then Bruce and Steve and Thor, all completely accepting of this new development, his throat had closed up, and he’d been unable to interrupt them, but now, with Wade’s expression so fantastically bewildered, his vocal cords unlocked themselves.

“Yeah,” Peter said dryly, speaking just to his lover, forgetting others were even in the same room as him, “a mutant. And you’ll never guess what my mutation is. I can climb on walls and stick to the ceiling, and I’m flexible, and pretty fucking strong.” He smirked at Wade and Wade’s expression went from confused to filled with unholy glee in less than a second.

“How strong?” Bruce asked, almost clinically, reminding Peter that he wasn’t alone with his boyfriend, and he grimaced.

“Oh,” Wade said dismissively, “he’s the strongest boy I’ve ever met. You should see him in bed! He makes the bed rock so hard he plowed a hole in the bedroom wall.”

“No,” Tony said, with a pained expression. “I don’t want to know about your sex life. Please.”

“Seconded,” Natasha said.

“A hole?” Bruce asked. “In the wall?” Tony gave him a dirty look. “What? That’s not normal strength either!”

“Which begs the question,” Natasha piped up, “how long have these mutations been showing themselves?”

“How long have you been hiding this from us?” Steve asked plaintively, with big ol’ sad puppy dog eyes.

Peter considered ramming his own head through a wall. This was quickly getting out of hand, and he needed to rein it back in. And fast.

He opened his mouth. “Listen,” he started to say, but Clint spoke over him.

“Peter,” he said, “we can give a call to Xavier immediately. We can get him over here today, granted there isn’t an uber dangerous threat that the X-Men are dealing with, and he can set your mind at ease about all of this. All of the changes you’re going through.”

Peter emphatically did not want to get in touch with Professor X. He knew of the guy, though
they’d never met, and while Prof X didn’t seem like a bad dude or anything, he was a telepath, and if there was one thing that could get in the way of having a secret identity, it was a telepath.

“You make it sound like puberty,” Wade said. “Are his balls going to drop even lower? Because hot dog, I would not complain.”

“Wade,” Thor chastised, arms crossed strictly before him.

“And hey,” Tony said, obviously trying to block everything Wade was saying from his brain, “we could work on some stuff to make the lab more comfortable for you. Like, I don’t know, you seemed really comfy hanging out on the ceiling. We could rig something up so you could do your work from up there. Like, some anti-grav situation mounted to the ceiling so whatever you’re working on won’t drop like last year’s armani.”

Something else welled up in Peter’s throat, because, well, Tony was willing, and eager, to invent something just for Peter, just for his comfort. Tony was going to put effort, and time, into making Peter a thing that Peter didn’t even need, just because--

Because he was kind. Because they were all kind. More than kind. And he was lying to them through omission, and that was wrong. If Aunt May was there she’d be so disappointed in him, letting his friends go out of there way to help him when he didn’t need or deserve it.

God.

Peter closed his eyes, breathed in deeply through his nose, decided that he couldn’t put off his announcement (and self-outing) any longer, and then opened his eyes.

“Boo!” Wade said, too close, and Peter’s instincts took over, and he kicked Wade in the chest, launching himself backwards at the same moment. He landed against the far wall, upside down on the wall on his fingertips and the balls of his feet, and looked back to see Wade on the ground, pushed there by Peter in his surprise, ribs caved-in slightly, and laughing hysterically.

“Got you!” Wade cooed.

“This is not the time,” Natasha said, and stepped closer to him, as if to help him up, but instead just stood over his mirth-filled form, looking down at him with exaggerated disappointment.

“Hey,” Peter said, hanging off the walls, “don’t scare me like that!”

“What?” Wade asked, unconcerned. “They already know.”

Peter sighed in exasperation and flipped down, feet over head, landing on his feet. He eyed the Avengers, and Wade, who was still lying on the floor, half-cackling, and he just--he just made himself say it, forced the words from his mouth without another thought or consideration.

“I’m not a mutant,” he said, “I’m Spiderman.”

The silence was loud and it rang in his ears. Natasha blinked at him, Tony gaped, Wade shuffled to his feet.

“Good job, Baby Boy,” he said, thumbs up, one hand massaging the dent in his chest, and Peter winced, considering that he probably broke a few of Wade’s ribs.

“I can’t tell if you’re being sarcastic,” Peter said, trying not to sound morose.
“I’m not. I’m proud that you finally shared your secret with us. I, for one, would have never guessed you were actually Spiderman.”

Peter rolled his eyes and hefted a nearby lab stool into his hands and chucked it at his fiance, who caught it with a chuckle.

“You’re Spiderman?” Tony asked squinting. “Huh, I can see it a little bit, I guess.”

“Not… not a mutant,” Bruce said self-deprecating. “Unless,” he added hopefully, “your Spider-powers are caused by a mutation?”

“Sorry,” Peter said, “I’m afraid not. Got bit by a radioactive spider though. That’s gotta count for something.”

Bruce nodded, one eyebrow raised. “That does raise some interesting questions.”

“Wade,” Thor said slowly, “your amorous intentions towards Spiderman…”

“I knew he was Peter,” Wade clarified. “I was just joshing earlier.”

“I knew,” Thor said with a nod. “I would just like to apologize for our actions, since our intentions were misplaced.”

“Oh hey,” Wade said, sounding slightly flustered. “It ain’t no big thing. Don’t worry about it.” He flapped a hand at Thor and then scratched the back of his head. “And, uh, thanks, I guess.”

Thor nodded solemnly.

“So I guess we owe you an apology too, Peter,” Steve said, looking Peter in the eye earnestly. “Some of us mistreated Spiderman, which wasn’t ok no matter the circumstance--”

“Sorry!” Clint piped up.

“But I want to apologize anyway,” Steve continued. “I hope you can forgive us.”

“Of course!” Peter said with vigor. “Yes! I, you know, I get it. Like, from your perspective, your actions, they were, they came from a place of love.”


“Shut up,” Peter said, but it was with a smile. And then, glancing at each of the other Avengers, “And, you’re not mad about my-- um, my secret identity?”

“Of course not,” Natasha said. “We get it. We’ve all been there, having to keep bits of ourselves sealed away to protect not only ourselves but the people we care for. So thank you for sharing it with us. It means a lot.”

“And now we can be Spider-buddies?” Peter asked hopefully.

Natasha smiled at him. “No.”

“Harsh,” Peter said with an exaggerated wince.

“Ooohhh, burn!” Wade added.

“Change your name to something flying,” Clint said jovially, “and we can talk.”
“Maybe I’ll make you a suit,” Tony said, rubbing at his beard in consideration. “How do you feel about ‘Iron Spider?’ It has a ring to it, don’t you think?”

“Hey,” Wade said with sudden realization, “does this mean we’re not getting an X-Men cameo? That’s not fair! I wanted to catch up with my favorite muties!”

Chapter End Notes

I’d like to thank Tricklebee for leaving me a comment on Chapter 11 for this little idea. It was a lot of fun :D
Divorce; in which Petey and Wade break up with panache

Chapter Notes

wasn’t sure where to start with this, but I think we all know what happens in Chapter 1, and Chapter 2 is where the decision would be made, so let’s start with that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sitting in the comfort of their own home, having shed their spandex and sprawled out on opposite sides of the couch, Peter finally broke the silence.

“What the fuck just happened?” He pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Do you want me to summarize?” Wade asked with a quirk of his lips that Peter could tell was false. It was all bravado. Wade wasn’t happy about this either.

“No, I think I got it. The Avengers think that you are cheating on me with me. Why does this keep happening? How is this our life now?”

“Maybe it isn’t?” Wade said, trying to sound cryptic, but it was a pale excuse to try and make Peter chuckle and they both knew it.

“I wanted to scream, they way they were treating you,” Peter said, and he twisted in his seat, curling his legs beneath him.

“Look on the bright side, Petey-pie. At least they still don’t know your secret identity.”

“Screw my secret identity!” Peter exploded. He jumped off the couch and began pacing across the room, no doubt wearing a path into their already thinning rug.

“You don’t mean that,” Wade said calmly, and he reached out and snagged Peter’s wrist as he walked past, pulling the younger man into his lap.

“I do!” Peter insisted, and he meant it. He would reveal his true identity in a heartbeat if it meant that the Avengers would trust Wade again.

Wade shook his head, as if Peter didn’t know what he was saying. It was a look Peter didn’t see often. Peter was a pretty smart guy. But sometimes he would say something Wade took to be naïve, and Wade would shake his head and give a little smile, as if to say that someday Peter would understand.

“It’s fine, snookums,” Wade insisted, “I know that you weren’t prepared to bare your soul like that —”

“But I would have!” Peter insisted.

Wade pulled him flush against his chest. “I know, sexy mama, I know. And that’s why I didn’t let you. I’m not going to put you out there, make you uncomfortable, force your hand, just to protect lil’ ol’ me from the big bad Avengers.” He ran strong fingers through Peter’s hair, and Peter could feel his anger drain out of him.
“Are you sure?” He asked at last, because while Peter was confident that he was ready to tell his secret to the world if need be, just to keep Wade happy, and he would not regret it, he also knew that right now making Wade happy meant letting Wade protect him.

Wade nodded, and Peter smiled at him, and let himself fully relax.

“What do we do then?” Peter asked in an even voice.

Wade kissed the nape of his neck. “Well,” he started huskily, “we could finish what we started on the roof.”

Peter arched an eyebrow. “No, I mean with the Avengers. It is very sweet of you to let me keep my secret for a little while longer, but I refuse to let them bully you around or kick you off the squad because of my secret identity.”

Wade shrugged but his face pulled into an uncomfortable looking expression. “I have a, well, a plan. Well, actually, no, not a plan, an idea. I have an idea about what we could possibly do but I don’t think you’re going to like it.”

Peter put his hands on either side of Wade’s face. “I already don’t like what’s going on.”

Wade bit his lip, and then shrugged. “I know this, like, undermines everything we’ve built here,” Wade said, “but what if we let them think we’ve broken up?”

Peter gaped at his fiance. “What?!” He shook his head, rubbed at his ear. “I could have sworn you just said--”

“We pretend to break up,” Wade said slowly, eyes wide and pleading. “That way they get off your case about dating someone who’s cheated on you. They’re going to go off on you, I know it, and I want to erase as much of that as possible.”

Peter opened his mouth to protest, but no words came out. This was like a nightmare, being played out in front of him, being described in horrible detail by the sweetest pair of lips he’d ever seen.

“Tell them, tomorrow tell them that I told you what was going on today, that,” he closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath, “that I’ve been lusting after Spidey for a long time, and so you broke up with me. And, and, so you can let the Avengers take care of you, and you’ll keep your secret identity, and we can still be happy, here, in the safety of our apartment.”

Peter looked around at the shabby furniture, the tv that was too big for the wall it was mounted to, the little breakfast table made for two that invaded the kitchen space and never seemed to be empty of books and papers and Peter’s laptop, his box of photographs that lived on a shelf in their bedroom that Peter and Wade took down maybe once a week to leaf through. Memories.

“This is a bad idea,” Peter whispered.

Wade sighed, and then folded Peter into a hug. “It’s not. You know those guys as well as I do, Petey-Pie. You know they’re going to go full Anti-Wade. You know they’re going to pressure you to break up with me, because they think you are who you aren’t, or you aren’t who you actually are. This let’s you keep your secret identity and your freedom.”

“I’d rather tell them who I am and put this all behind us,” Peter said fiercely. “I’d rather go to them and let them know they’re assholes.”

Wade laughed roughly. “No,” he said, with absolute confidence, and Peter’s rebellious fire faded,
and he nodded, not happy, but trusting Wade. “We break up, and we just, don’t get together at work anymore. It won’t be a problem.”

Peter threw up his hands, but his will was already wavering. “Like, ninety percent of why I took the job at Stark Industries in the first place was so I could see you more often.”

“I know,” Wade said, softly, “trust me, I know. But do you want to give up your job there now? Do you want to stop seeing the Avengers? Of course you don’t. So this is the best way to keep everything balanced.”

“For the record,” Peter said, “I think this is stupid as fuck.”

“Oh I know,” Wade said with a grin.

“I’m going to keep dating you anyway,” Peter said with a little glint of realization.

“Well yeah,” Wade said, brow furrowed. “We’re engaged. I’m not giving you up for real, Pete. I’m self-sacrificing but I’m not an idiot.”

“No,” Peter said. “I mean, if Peter can’t date you, then Spidey can.”

Wade blinked. “Uh…”

“Don’t tell me you didn’t think of it,” Peter said.

Wade shrugged.

“This could actually work,” Peter said. “I’ll still get to see you during the day, still get to see you when we fight, and maybe, I mean, if the Avengers are going to know that “I” broke up with you anyway, why not play it like you really loved Spiderman?”

“I do,” Wade interjected, but Peter waved him away with a snort.

“And that way, maybe there’ll be some, mmm, leniency on their end. Like, one, I’m not letting them kick you off the team.” Wade opened his mouth but Peter plowed right on. “And maybe they’ll see how much you like Spidey, and come to think it’s normal or something, and become his… friend?” He tilted his head to the side. “That could backfire, I think, pretty spectacularly, but it would make seeing you so much easier. All you have to do is be a good Avenger and let me convince them to let you stay.”

Wade straightened his shoulders and gave a little salute. “Alrighty. I’ll be good, and that’ll force them to trust me again. I’ll do all of the paperwork I’ve been setting on fire, and I’ll get to work on time and follow directions and everything, if it will make you feel better.” He gave a cocky little head shake, “Hell, baby, maybe I’ll even convince them that, despite my tryst with the sexy Spiderman, and despite being dumped just so I could date the sexy Spiderman, they should actually take him seriously and invite him to join the Avengers.” He waggled his eyebrows in the way that he knew made Peter laugh, and Peter did.

“I’m not sure that’ll work Wade. Honestly, it’s my fantasy to work with you and the Avengers, but that’s all it ever should be: a fantasy. I don’t think I could keep my identity a secret working with them both as Peter and Spiderman, and you working with them is more important right now. Alright? Make them like you first. That’s our priority.”

“Aye-aye, Captain!”
There was something in Wade’s voice that made Peter question how compliant the man was being, but he shook it off. Wade wouldn’t risk working with the Avengers just to try and make the fever dream of Spiderman being an Avenger come to fruition. Especially since Wade would be “dating” Spiderman, who the Avengers had caught him cheating on his fiance with just yesterday… the odds of the Avengers coming to like Spiderman were pretty slim.

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“Peter,” Steve said, upon Peter walking through the doors of his lab, “we have to talk to you.”

All of the Avengers, minus Wade, had turned out for this little shindig, it looked like. Natasha looked tight-lipped and Clint’s expression was pinched. Tony had his arms crossed over his chest, and Bruce just looked sad. Both Steve and Thor were going for stoic, but they just looked like kicked puppies. Or like people who knew they were about to kick someone’s puppies.

“We broke up,” Peter said dully, putting down his bag on his table and turning to face the Avengers full on. He didn’t like the lies that were starting to grow around him. His lies used to be manageable, but now they seemed to twist and turn, and to divert his life from the path it should be on. He didn’t like it, but it felt like a trap he’d already fallen into and couldn’t climb out of, and the only way to go was farther down.

“So he told you,” Natasha said, voice void of expression, but Peter thought he could still sense a tone of disbelief in her voice.

“He’s not a monster,” Peter snapped.

Natasha raised an eyebrow and Peter deflated. Because they’d broken up. Right. Peter could do this.

“He told me,” Peter said, “that you all caught him, in flagrante delicto, his words by the way, with Spiderman.”

“With his pants down,” Tony said rather harshly, and Peter winced away from the tone. “Sorry,” Tony said immediately. “That was—that was bad, fuck me. I’ll just—” he cut himself off and rubbed a hand against his brow. “I’m sorry.”

“I broke up with him,” Peter said, “because he—” Peter tried to think of a way of phrasing what he wanted to say that didn’t sound clinical, “he said he’s had...feelings… for Spiderman for a while. This was the first time…” Peter let himself trail off. “But that was enough. So I broke up with him. Because it would only get worse. And now he’s free to,” Peter frowned, “date,” he pinched the bridge of his nose, and said, “whoever he wants,” in a long, winding breath.

“Very honorable of you,” Thor intoned quietly.

Peter smiled at the god. “Thanks, man.”

Thor shrugged.

“So,” Clint asked, “Wade’s now with Spidey, like, officially?”

Peter rubbed at his ring finger, bare for the first time in a long time, and had to stop himself from playing with his engagement ring that now lived on a long chain tucked inside his shirt.

“I suppose he wouldn’t update you,” Bruce said awkwardly, when the silence grew too long.
Peter shrugged. “I suppose.”

The silence built, and Peter could see some of the men in front of him start to fidget (Natasha would never), but he didn’t know what to say to break the silence in a way that would make everything go back to the way it was.

“Don’t kick him off the team,” Peter said, when it seemed like no one else was willing to say anything.

Steve frowned. “Are you sure you’re comfortable with that? I know, I’d already decided not to determine Wade’s status with us based on his personal relationships, but you’re important to us too, Peter, and I don’t want to cause you any pain--”

Peter waved him away. “It’s fine. I don’t want,” he frowned, “I don’t want to hurt Wade. I’m not vindictive.”

“We know,” Steve said with feeling.

“I’d really rather pretend that none of this happened. Don’t punish Wade for having feelings. Don’t make me feel guilty.” He shrugged. “I just want to put all this behind me.”

“We can do that,” Steve said, and turned to meet the eyes of his Avenging Cohorts. They all nodded, one by one, and then Steve turned back to Peter with a smile. “We can definitely do that.”

And after that life got...easier.

No.

That’s not right.

Life eased a little. The stress of forever keeping his Super-identity on the DL pretty much evaporated, since Wade was no longer falling over himself to be with Peter, and the stress of having to keep up the charade at group lunches disappeared as well, but so did most of the group lunches. If he ate with them, it was just a few, like at the beginning. He ate with Pepper and Tony a lot, or Bruce and Tony, or Thor and Clint and Steve (the blond brigade), but never Wade in any of those combinations, and never everybody. He guessed, well, he assumed that the other part of the Avengers were eating with Wade, or some amount of them were. Divide and conquer and all that. Well, not conquer. Divide and dine?

He didn’t get to see Wade at work anymore. Which was fine, he told himself as he typed away at his computer, accompanied by the low hum of DUM-E and Tony talking in quiet tones to each other. It meant he got more work done, which was good, and it showed good work ethic too.

But he knew it was a lie, because he missed his fiance. And he missed being able to call Wade his fiance, his lover, his boyfriend, or even just his friend. He just wanted to call Wade his friend.

But it was for the best. And he still got to live with Wade, see each other after work, watch movies together and eat dinner together and go to bed together. On weekends they still took walks together to the bridge (with hoods up and hands in their pockets in case Jarvis had eyes on them), and they went to the movies together, and made pasta, and saw Dawna, and tried to visit Aunt May at least twice a month.

It was hard, but not impossible, and if Peter got a little quiet if a day in the lab wore too long with no distraction (and no Wade), well, that was an acceptable sacrifice for their happiness. At least that’s what he told himself, and what Wade told him, over and over and over. And with enough
repetition, Peter was sure, he’d start to believe it.

And a few weeks passed like that, and a new pro to the situation was realized.

Wade was dating Spiderman, now, so, well, Peter got to flirt with Wade while they were in Spandex. And no one cared!

They got to fight this big monster thing. Like, furry, and sluggish, but with no mouth. Peter called it a mouthless-bear-slug.

Peter had been at home, waiting for Wade when he’d felt a disturbance in the force. If by ‘disturbance in the force’ he meant that his spidey-sense was going haywire, and he found himself, after a quick swing through the city, at a site of destruction.

Thus, mouthless-bear-slug.

Which was gnarly, for sure, but Peter was more agog at how, heh, how well the Avengers were taking his very existence. As Spiderman. It was...neat.

Steve even greeted him with a formal, “Spiderman,” which Peter returned with a stutter and a, “Oh! Hello there mister, uh, Captain America, Sir. Mister America? Captain, um, Captain Sir America Mister. Uhhh.” And then he ran away, back into the fray, away from that, just, roiling mess he’d left upon “Spiderman’s” and “Captain America’s” second meeting.

They didn’t throw any dirty looks (or punches, though really, Peter should trust that they wouldn’t try to hurt a fellow super over a silly little thing like perceived adultery, right?), and even seemed to welcome his help, if silently, as he failed to pummel the mouthless-bear-slug until Natasha arrived with helicopters and back-up. They didn’t speak to him, but there were some nods his way, chilly as they were.

“Hey, boo-bear,” Wade said, skipping up to Peter once the monster had been wrangled away. He swished his katanas through the air haphazardly, catching glints of sunlight in their sharpened steal, and then twisted them, spun them in the air and swished them back into their scabbards on his back.

Peter wished he could kiss Wade right there, but---Oh my god. He totally could.

Peter pressed both hands to Wade’s cheeks and lightly pressed his lips to Wade’s. It was quick, more of a peck than anything, with two layers of cloth between their lips, but it was good.

Peter smiled back at Wade with perhaps the highest form of joy that his endocrine system could provide. “Babe.”

Wade beamed.

“I see you’re relishing your newfound freedom,” Clint asked in a tone that might have been considered polite, even friendly, if Peter hadn’t known him so well.

Natasha elbowed him in the stomach, and whispered, low-enough that Peter wouldn’t have heard if he wasn’t who he was, “Chill it! Pete said to lay off, so we’re going to lay off.”

“Fine,” Clint whispered back harshly.

There was a little pang in Peter’s chest but he pushed it down. This was probably the best they could have hoped for.
“We are,” Wade said belligerent, answering Clint’s question. “We’re happy.”

Peter put a hand on Wade’s shoulder. “It’s fine. They don’t like me, but I get it.” Wade looked at him with wide eyes. Peter didn’t know why. Wade had known going to this lie, taking this path, that this was going to happen this way. “Why would they like me?” Peter asked, quietly, sliding closer to his lover in a simulacrum of privacy. “Peter is their friend,” he said, tone low and familiar, still aware that at least some of the people behind them could hear what he was saying, “and they watched your relationship with him...grow. They celebrated your engagement. They work with him and they like him. And I...stole you away from him.”

Wade looked at him with dawning horror.

“Now don’t do that,” Peter snapped playfully, taking half a step back. “We knew the options and we made a choice. This is the choice we made. And, hey!” Peter ran a hand down Wade’s arm, and then linked their fingers together. “We can be together like this. That has some of it’s own perks, doesn’t it?”

Wade’s mouth snapped shut with a click of teeth on teeth and nodded shallowly.

The rest of the Avengers came forward as well, circling around them in a way that was vaguely menacing, but Peter took solace in the knowledge that they probably didn’t mean for it to be menacing.


“Captain,” Wade said, voice high and playful and definitely false.

“Mister Captain Sir,” Peter said, only faking, like, thirty percent of his nerves. He bobbed his head. He probably looked like a bird. Whatever. He was cool.

Hulk leaned forward and patted the head of first Wade and then Peter. “Good Spider,” he said. “Be good.”

“I will,” Peter said as genuinely as he could. “Cross my heart.”

Natasha stepped forward and put a hand on Hulk’s hip, and Hulk stepped backward and then started loping away in the opposite direction, decreasing in size as he went.

Steve nodded politely. “It’s time we head out. Wade?”

Wade nodded a few times and rushed after them as they turned away and began walking back to wherever they’d come from. Wade turned back and waved a few times before they turned a corner and were out of sight.

And that was that, it seemed. Spiderman had been accepted as Wade’s rebound, or something, and the Avengers were going to honor their promise to Peter not to cause Spiderman any problems.

Peter didn’t know why he felt so disappointed at that.

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The next day at work he put a foot down. He’d specifically told the Avengers that he didn’t want anything to change, he wanted it to be like this had never happened, and while their responses had been kind and helpful, it hadn’t gone back to normal. And if Peter was going to have to live with his choices, he was going to make it an acceptable choice.
“We should have a group lunch today,” he said, semi-nonchalantly as he put his bag down at his desk when he walked in that morning. “I’ve been missing everybody, and I think it’s time we get together. I feel like it’s been weeks since we’ve all sat down together to eat.”

Bruce and Tony looked at each other, and then turned to face Peter with concerned expressions.

“Pete,” Tony started, putting down his blowtorch, “I feel for you. Really, I do. But we’re trying to do right by your request, not to blame Wade for this, no to exclude him, and that’s going to be hard if we all have lunch with you and leave him out.” He shrugged apologetically.

“Then don’t leave him out.” Peter said swiftly, busying his hands with unpacking his bag. Pens, sticky notes, a notebook, a rattier-looking notebook, highlighters.

There was long silence, and then Bruce said, softly, “Are you sure about that, Peter? It’s not going to be nice, seeing him. It’ll probably be awkward. Are you prepared for that?”

Peter nodded, not looking up from his desk.

“If you say so,” Tony said, and then he heard the sounds of typing. “I’ll let Pep know, and I’ll text the rest of the gang too. But don’t be surprised if Wade doesn't show up. He might not want to see you. Don’t be offended.”

“I won’t be,” Peter said, but he knew Wade would come. That was cheating.

By the time Peter, Bruce, and Tony made it to lunch everyone else was already there, leaving three conspicuously empty seats as far from Wade’s seat as they could be. Not quite opposite Peter, because nine to a table did not symmetry make, but a little to the left of center so Peter’s gaze was between Wade and Steve. Peter tried not to smile.

He sat willingly in the middle seat, with Tony and Bruce on either side, as a buffer. It as a kindness, he knew

“Hey-a Pete,” Wade said merrily, wide smile visible to all, as he’d lifted his mask up to his nose preparation for the food that was laid out around the table on a lazy susan, chinese-food style. Which was apt, because Peter was pretty sure it was Chinese food.

There was a moment of awkward silence, of held breaths, of people waiting to see what would happen next, to witness the car crash, to stare balefully as a fire grew higher before them.

Peter was sorry to disappoint.

“What’s up, Wade?” He reached for the plate of lo mein and started loading up his plate, which triggered the rest of the group going at it as well, spinning the plates and bowls on the lazy susan this way and that until everyone had a full plate.

“Nothing much,” Wade said, crunching down on a spring roll, spewing pork and cabbage everywhere. “I mean, ok, get this. We got to fight, like, an actual hybrid chimera type thing the other day. It was like a slug, but also like a bear?” He shrugged. “It had no mouth.”

Peter tried not to smile, and Wade grinned right back at him. “Sounds interesting.”

“It was, actually,” Tony said, shrugging off the scene that should have been awkward, and awkwardly wasn’t. “As far as we could tell its fur was impenetrable. Punching and kicking didn’t seem to do anything about it. And neither did my repulsors.”
“And we all know how important Stark’s repulsors are to him,” Clint said snarkily, but with an actual grin on his face.

Tony threw a rectangle of sliced carrot at his face, which Clint dodged by ducking out of the way.

“How’d you get it?” Peter asked, “assuming that you were actually able to defeat it.”

“Great Natasha brought in help from SHIELD,” Thor said, and then emptied a quart of rice straight into his mouth from the take-out container. Like a heathen. Wade stared at him adoringly the entire time.

“Total cop out,” Tony said.

“Yeah,” Clint agreed, “we could have taken it.”

“It literally sounds like you could not,” Peter said, not bothering to hide his smile now.

Pepper looked at him, commiseratingly.

Wade gasped dramatically. “Why Petey! Have you no faith?”

A few faces around the table winced. Steve, pretty heavily, though he tried to hide it, and Tony and Bruce, more subtly. Thor didn’t wince so much as close his eyes and shake his head in disappointment. Natasha kept her expression specifically blank, and Pepper kept her’s neutral, and Clint didn’t even stop stuffing pork egg foo young into his face.

It was, perhaps, a poor choice of words on Wade’s part what with their recent foray into faithlessness.

Wade didn’t even notice the sudden shift in air around the room. He popped a fried dumpling in his mouth, chewed, and kept talking.

“But you know, it was really good, getting to fight with Spidey,” Wade said, contemplatively, and while Peter was prepared to pass his previous words off unnoticed, this was such a blatantly inappropriate thing to say in front of the people who knew—who thought that Wade had left Peter for Spiderman, that Peter couldn’t help but gape at him.

Natasha and Steve sat on either side of Wade, to keep him in line, no doubt, and now they rose to the occasion. Steve executed the tried and true method of elbowing Wade in the stomach.

“Ow,” Wade whined childishly.

Steve rolled his eyes.

Natasha leaned deep into Wade’s side and whispered fast and harsh, in a voice not meant to be heard by Peter (who couldn’t help his enhanced hearing any more than he could help anything else about him), “You are supposed to be on your best behavior, and that does not mean flaunting your new fling in front of your ex. Especially when you cheated on him and he so graciously didn’t kill you. If I were in his shoes I would have sliced you into prosciutto, wrapped you around asparagus, coated you in olive oil, and cooked you until you were a nice crispy brown. And then I would have eaten you as a snack while watching Fixer Upper, debating where to bury the rest of you.”

“I don’t die that easy, Widow. And you should flirt more often, it suits you,” Wade said huskily and then scooted his chair away from her to avoid getting hit. He let out a little, high-pitched, nervous giggle.
“You’re disgusting,” Natasha spat. She looked downright murderous and Peter wished he could scoot further away too. He didn’t want to be in projectile range when she had that look on her face.

“So you and Spiderman… you’re doing good?” Peter asked, intending on drawing fire, because he was a good boyfriend, thank you. And then Tony and Bruce turned pitying eyes on him, and Steve set his mouth just so, and he realized that he probably sounded lovelorn.

“Mmm-hmm,” Wade agreed happily, smile curling up with contentment, shoulders relaxing. “We’re getting along just fine.”

Peter pressed his lips together so he wouldn’t smile back, and Wade winked at him. Peter imagined Wade teasing him that at least Wade was able to brag about who he was dating.

“Well,” Pepper said, tone adjacent to sharp but still with an edge of finesse and politeness, “this has all been very… fun, but I have to go. I have a shareholders meeting in an hour and Tony,” here Tony looked up, full deer-in-the-headlights, “I expect you to be there.”

“Pep,” Tony started, but after a stern look he nodded. “I’ll ask Jarvis to remind me.”

“Good,” Pepper said, standing up, “and thank you, Jarvis.”

“Very good, Mrs. Potts,” came Jarvis’s dulcet british tones from a hidden speaker in the ceiling.

“I think perhaps we should all get back to work,” Steve said.

“C’mon Pete,” Bruce said, getting to his feet as well, “we’ve got some tests to run that are time sensitive.”

Pete followed him from the table to the elevator, not letting himself look back, and trying not to smile.

“Buh-bye Petey boy!” Wade called in a sing-song voice, and then Peter did turn, couldn’t help but turn, back to his lover, and caught the tail-end of Wade waving at him vigorously, still seated at the table, and then Bruce had his arm around his shoulders and was leading him away.

He heard, carried through the walls of the elevator, before their descent, the sound of a thunk, Wade’s outraged, “Ow! My head!” and Clint saying, “You’re a complete ass, you know that?”

And then Peter did smile, safe, knowing that Bruce wouldn’t ask, or judge, and no one else would see.

They didn’t let Peter and Wade interact again after that. Any subtle, or not-so-subtle posturing on Peter’s part was shut down quickly and efficiently by everyone in hearing distance. Clint asked why he kept torturing himself, wanting to see Wade. Natasha called it self-flagellation, masochism, and told him to quit it, to stop trying to hurt himself like that. What’s past was past. Bruce and Tony threw project after project his way, trying to keep his mind on work and off of Wade.

It was all very kind, and misguided if understandably so, but it brought back the feeling of melancholy that Peter had been trying to keep at bay. Peter wanted to see Wade, and he wanted his friends to stop trying to push back at him for trying to see Wade, but the hardest part was that he couldn’t even be upset, because this was his and Wade’s own doing. And it wasn’t like a game, like when the Avengers hadn’t known yet that him and Wade were dating. That was fun and adventure-y. This just felt like walking on legos. But he swallowed it back, and tried to act cheery even when he could tell it wasn’t working, and resigned himself to only relaxing fully when he was home, snuggled up on the couch with his boyfriend and the sweetest (and maybe dumbest) man
he’d ever met.

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Peter didn’t even know there had been a battle until afterward. It was a day when Tony hadn’t come in at all, which wasn’t that odd in and of itself because he was still the face of Stark Industries even if Pepper was CEO, and Bruce was there all day. He didn’t know there was a battle, and didn’t even suspect it, because they’d left Bruce behind.

Wade texted him around noon to say he might be late home (a generic notification alert—what he did for love), but that wasn’t odd either. Sometimes they sent him out on little milk run missions. Sometimes the Avengers went to meals together, or had to report to SHIELD together. None of it was weird or out of the ordinary at all. Until Jarvis patched through the PA in the lab less than twenty minutes before Peter was to head home for the night.

“Dr. Banner,” Jarvis said, his normally composed voice uncharacteristically ruffled. “Your assistance is needed in Medical Bay number three.”

“Number three?” he asked, sounding perplexed, but jumped to his feet anyway. “Did someone get hurt in the scuffle?”

“Scuffle?” Peter asked, getting to his feet as well. Bruce set off down the hallway, not answering Peter’s question, but a solid stone had set down in Peter’s stomach, a sudden worry that something had gone wrong when he hadn’t been looking, so he followed close on Bruce’s heels, and asked again, “What scuffle?”

“Minor fight,” Bruce said, giving Peter a wary look over his shoulder, but thankfully not telling him to go back. If someone had gotten hurt, if one of Peter’s friends had gotten hurt, he wanted to be there. “No need to call the big guy in, or so Fury said.” He shrugged, obviously uncomfortable. “I guess he was wrong.”

They slid into the elevator, which rose much more quickly than was probably safe, and the doors opened into a sterile hallway that Bruce fairly bulleted down. But Peter was enhanced, and kept up without breaking a sweat.

“Who is it?” Peter asked, fearing that the injured party was Clint, who kept his distance in battle but didn’t have armor or superhuman enhancements, or perhaps for Steve who tended to rush in headlong, or for Tony who was hot-headed and fought past what his body and the suit could handle. If any of them were badly injured…

Well, Peter didn’t want to think about it.

“Mr. Wilson, actually,” Jarvis started, but Peter didn’t stick around to hear the rest of what he was going to say. Wade was hurt. Wade was hurt enough that he’d been brought into a medical facility. Wade, who re-grew limbs, who could heal from a bullet or knife wound while he was fighting, Wade who he’d kissed goodbye that morning, who he’d had breakfast with, who had made him dinner of rice porridge and curried duck the night before, who recommended they watch GATTACA because Peter thought the science was funny even though it made Wade uncomfortable, who--

Peter sprinted, faster than he should have, faster than a normal human could have and was at the door to the room Wade was in in seconds. Bruce was maybe thirty feet back, running now too, but he wouldn’t get there for a few seconds yet, and in that time Peter couldn’t help but open the door to Medbay #3.
The first thing he saw wasn’t Wade. The first sight that met him was a room of somber Avengers. Tony, sweat-streaked in a business suit rumpled and ripped from being worn under the Iron Man armor, a bright red briefcase on the floor against the far wall. Steve was still in his regalia, with his cowl pulled down and his teeth clenched. Thor looked windswept and Clint was nursing a broken nose it looked like, and Natasha, Natasha stood tall and pristine, her back to the door, her slender frame blocking Peter’s view of the bed against the wall and its occupant. There was no beeping from the heart monitor, no IVs, no medical technology was on. Peter had been to hospitals before, but never one this silent.

“Wade,” he breathed out, and stumbled into the room, pushing himself through the door. He needed to see him, just needed to see him. He knew Wade was going to be ok, had to be ok, because he couldn’t die, physically, and because Peter wouldn’t let him, but he still--he just needed to see.

“Peter,” Steve said, sounding surprised.

“Hey,” Clint said, voice soft, “you probably shouldn’t be here.”

But Natasha was turning, not willing to leave her back open to newcomers, even if it was only Peter, and her movement revealed to him Wade, who was barely there, nothing more than a head and an arm, and the ragged top half of a torso, his suit and mask cut from him, and some of his smaller wounds bandaged.

Peter breathed in a ragged breath.

Wade wasn’t awake, thank god. Sometimes he was, sometimes even torn open, eviscerated, beheaded, he was awake and chattering to hide the pain and Peter pretended it didn’t make him want to cry. But Wade wasn’t awake, could heal while wrapped in unconsciousness for at least a little bit. Or maybe he was dead and would soon break through the barrier of death to come back to him. Wade always came back to him.

“Peter,” Natasha said, voice sliding like whiskey over ice. “Wait outside. This isn’t pleasant.”

His breath hitched, but when he spoke it was steady. “Do you think this is the first time I’ve seen him like this? Do you think this is the worst?” Peter shook his head.

“Peter,” Thor said, and stepped forward, hand outstretched. Peter let Thor wrap his arms around him because it was comfort for both of them. And he needed a hug.

“He’ll heal,” Tony said, trying so hard for nonchalance, but he couldn’t keep his eyes from the somehow breathing, raggedy corpse of his coworker.

“Peter!” Bruce’s voice came, breathless, and he slid into the room.

“Sorry,” Peter said on autopilot, eyes not moving from the desecrated body of his lover. “Didn’t mean to leave you behind.”

“Is it…?” Bruce started, and then he was next to Peter, looking Wade over, and then he was over Wade, pulling his mask off, checking pulse points and breathing and whatever things doctors do, but all Peter could focus on was Wade’s now exposed face, brows furrowed in pain or concentration in sleep. What could he be dreaming about? Nothing pleasant while his body tried to regrow himself.

“What happened?” he asked.
“Bomb,” Tony said. “Lunatic Doombot set off an explosion. Wade jumped on it to shield Nat.”

That explained her focus then.

“This is all that’s left?” Peter asked “No legs or arms?” He turned to catch Tony shaking his head. “It’s easier to reattach limbs than to regrow,” Peter explained.

“How quick till he’s back in form, Bruce?” Steve asked.

Bruce, who was bent over Wade, examining the wounds with wonderment and horror, straightened up, mouth opened to speak, but Peter got there first.

“He’ll wake up in less than an hour, should have the rest of his torso and his arm by at least tomorrow morning. Whole body back in a couple days. It’ll probably speed up if he gets, mmm, fluids? Whatever’s in IVs. Sometimes he’ll have me grab him a bag, intravenous. Or maybe it just feels better.”

“Bruce?” Steve asked, and wow, should Peter be offended that Steve was getting a second opinion? He wanted to be, but he wasn’t sure he’d trust himself either in Steve’s shoes. He still hadn’t looked away from Wade and he might be in shock. He just wanted time to speed up, for Wade to heal and be whole again, and be awake and be able to kiss away Peter’s fear that one day he really wouldn’t get up again.

And maybe Peter also wanted to beat Wade over the head for sacrificing himself. Because it hurt Peter to see his love like this.

“Sounds about right,” Bruce said, “from what I know about his healing factor.”

Steve let out a long breath. “Ok. Ok. We can work with this. I know Wade has a No-Doctors policy--”

“No doctors,” Peter confirmed for Wade, who could not speak up for himself.

“--so,” Steve continued, “I think a few of us should stay with him while he heals up. Solidarity is important.”

“I’m staying,” Peter said, because he was. He would not be moved.

“Peter,” Natasha said, her voice a droplet of water on a hot day, a single streak of comfort and reminder of reality. “Are you sure you want to do this? I know you must still have feelings for him, but--”

“Yes,” Peter said simply, cutting her off mid-stream. “I love him, and I’m not leaving his side.” Until he heals, Peter added in his mind, until he smiles at me, for the rest of my life until I die.

“Alright Peter,” she said gently, and laid a hand on his back, leading him soothingly towards an open chair by Wade’s bed. Peter sat.

“Should we,” Tony whispered, words not meant of Peter’s ears, “try to contact Spiderman? He’d want to be here, if they’re as serious as Wilson makes them out to be.”

Peter twitched.

“How would we?” Clint asked, just as quietly. “And with Peter here? No, let’s hold off on that thought. If Pete’s right, Deadpool will be up in an hour, and if he wants to contact his paramour, or
he wants us to, we can figure it out then.

Peter twitched again, and closed his mind off to the gentle chattering behind him. He put his hand out, searching, and found the crook of Wade’s one elbow. He laid his fingers there and squeezed, but Wade didn’t jerk or move, or wake or breathe.

And it seemed like neither did Peter for a long time.

Fifty-eight minutes after Peter found himself tumbling into the room Wade jerked to life with a start, gasping in a long raspy breath and trying to push himself up on the bed, and failing due to the nonexistence of one of his arms.

“Hey,” Peter said, jerking to his feet and leaning over Wade’s face, wanting to capture his attention, fill his eyes with Peter. “Look at me. You’re here, you’re ok. You’re with me, you’re ok.”

Wade let out a shaky breath and let his head fall back on the pillow. “Baby boy,” he croaked.

“It hurts,” Peter said, and leaned forward to run gentle fingers over Wade’s exposed head, down his cheeks. “I know it hurts. But hey, you’re alive. That’s something at least.”

“No complaints,” Wade said, and then with a hoarse chuckle continued, “except how am I gonna celebrate not dying with you without, you know, the whole package?” He nodded down at the rest of his body, or lack thereof. “I guess blowjobs are still on the table?”

Peter felt his face heating up, realizing that he was, uh, not alone with his fiance.

“I didn’t need to hear that,” Tony said, sounding pained.

Wade blinked past Peter, and his eyes widened. “Sorry, frienderinos! I had no idea I wasn’t alone with this sexy piece right here. My B.” He turned his eyes to Natasha, who’d come up to stand next to Peter. “Please don’t make me take a sexual harassment seminar again.”

“Again?” Peter asked, a hint of chastisement in his voice and a single eyebrow raised.

Wade blinked. “Are you surprised?”

“I guess not,” Peter said, and let a small smile creep up his face. “I’m so glad you’re not dead.”

“Me too!” Wade sing-songed, and Peter squeezed his elbow again.

“Thank you for shielding me,” Natasha said, no hint of emotions in her voice other than a very, very light helping of gratitude.

“What are friends for?” Wade said, and shrugged. His eyes flicked back to Peter. “How did I fare, babe?”

Peter glanced at the ragged excuse for a torso that was already starting to regenerate, new flesh shiny and pink, and striped in scars that would never go away. “You’re down most of your body at the minute.”

“Everything below your sternum,” Bruce cut in.

Peter nodded. “And you’ve only got the one arm, but hey, you’ve still got your charming personality, and that counts for a lot.”
“And my mouth,” Wade said with a wink and a lick of his lips.

“Please,” Tony pleaded, “no more blowjob comments. I can’t handle it.”

“And it’s also pretty inappropriate, considering the circumstances,” Natasha said, tone void of judgment.

“What?” Wade asked drily, “You got something against a guy missing most of his body giving head?”

“Bad mental picture,” Clint whispered and then squeezed his eyes shut and shuddered dramatically.

“You have another lover,” Thor said, “I did not think you would have forgotten him.” He paused, considering. “Would you like us to contact him?”

Peter met Wade’s eyes and grimaced. Wade grimaced back.

“I’ll talk to him,” Wade said. “Later. When I’m all better.”

“You’ll stay here until then?” Bruce asked. “So we can keep an eye on you and your vitals?”

“And so we can finally teach you about self-preservation,” Natasha said.

Peter opened his mouth, about to say that Wade didn’t have to stay. Peter was perfectly capable of taking him home and patching him up, but wait, no, there was a lie in the way of that. There was a great big lie, obstructing Peter’s life, getting in the way of the relationship with his boyfriend that meant so much to him. He couldn’t reveal that Wade still lived with him. He couldn’t reveal that he had enough strength himself to carry Wade home and nurse him back to health. He couldn’t even let them know to let him know when he was needed out in the field, in a battle or a scuffle; this lie wouldn’t even allow him to take care of his lover, when Wade was in danger.

He felt tears prickle at his eyes, and he blinked rapidly, trying to clear them, and slapped half-heartedly at Wade’s chest.

Wade’s eyes turned to him, wide and crystal clear despite the overwhelming pain of losing most of his body. “What was that for, Pete?”

“You idiot,” Peter said, choking back the rush of words that wanted to spew out of him, forcing them onto his tongue one at a time, parsed into manageable chunks until he could pretend he was calm. “How the hell are we supposed to do any of this if you get yourself blown up, huh? No. Shut up. I know you grow back. That isn’t the point.”

Wade shook off Peter’s grasp on his one existing arm so he could run gentle fingers down Peter’s face. “I’m fine. Look at me--no wait, maybe don’t look at all of me, but look at my face.” He chucked Peter’s chin until Peter’s eyes focused on Wade’s soulful ones. Wade’s eyes searched Peter’s face and Peter shook his head, not freeing himself from Wade’s loose grasp, just showing his dissent. “What’s the point, then?” Wade asked quietly.

“I should have been there,” Peter hissed, curled over Wade, his hand still trailing from Peter’s chin, like they were magnets, constantly drawn to each other, pushing when pushed, and pulling when pulled. “I should have been with you, helping you. If I’d have been there you wouldn’t have gotten hurt.”

“What could you have done?” Steve asked soothingly, the voice or reason, only this time he didn’t
have all the parameters.

“You’re just a normal man, Peter,” Bruce said. “And that’s ok. Better than ok. But you have to
know your limitations.” A hand fell on Peter’s back, a warm solid hand, and he guessed it was
Bruce’s. “Just because we go out and fight doesn’t mean you have to as well. Don’t sacrifice
yourself like that.”

“I’m not weak,” Peter spat.

“We’re not saying that,” Steve said, and his soothing tone grated. “You are strong, much stronger
emotionally than--than so many people I know.”

Peter made a frustrated noise deep in his throat. “That’s not what I meant.”

“Peter,” Wade said with uncertainty. He ran his fingers along Peter’s face again, up, along his
jawbone, over the indent in his cheek before his ears, and then up, skirting his hairline till his
fingers grazed Peter’s temple, and then he ran his fingers through Peter’s hair, temple to crown,
and then again. Peter’s eyes fluttered at the soothing motion. “Peter,” Wade said again. “You don’t
have to.”

Peter’s eyes locked on Wade’s, hard, and he shook his head, still not dislodging Wade’s hand on
the top of his head. “I want to. I want to be there for you.”

Wade squeezed his eyes shut, but his hand stayed gentle. Peter waited. “Ok,” Wade said finally,
“ok. I guess this is happening now.”

“It couldn’t have lasted forever,” Peter said. “I wouldn’t have made it. I’m weak for you.”

“Does that mean,” Clint said slowly, “you guys are getting back together?” He didn’t sound
especially on board with the idea.

“Trauma does that sometimes, makes you regret perceived bad decisions,” Bruce said, cautiously.
“I think you shouldn’t jump back into something you were so quick to abandon, just because
you’re scared.”

“If you broke up once,” Tony added, tone dry, “you’ll do it again, statistically speaking. And what
about Spidey? Don’t tell me you’re dropping him so quick, Wade, when you were so quick to
jump on him before.”

Wade rolled his eyes. “Give me a fucking break. I’m missing most of my everything.”

“I haven’t stabbed you yet,” Natasha said, “I think that’s giving you a pretty big break.”

“Enough,” Peter said, voice rising, harsh and heavy on his tongue. “Can you lay off? Like, can you
all just lay off? Whatever the fuck we do, whatever we choose to do, it’s none of your business.
You’re our friends, and our coworkers, but this is my decision to make. Not yours.”

“And you choose Wade,” Thor said simply with no judgement, voice low and rumbling, and
sounding more like the thousands of years old he must be than he ever did. Like a mystic, or a wise
monk. Or like a wizened king that he might one day become.

And it was the wrong thing to say. Because yes, he did choose Wade, he would always choose
Wade, he would put his life on the line for Wade and he’d lay on the wire for Wade, and he’d die
for Wade, and he’d kill for Wade. And sometimes it didn’t even feel like a choice, because the
other option was Not-Wade, and what kind of life would that be? It would be empty and colorless
and cold. What choice is there when the the options were life, and emptiness? Who would choose emptiness?

But that wasn’t what was going on. They didn’t know that, the others. The Avengers. Their friends. They didn’t know that, and they couldn’t know that because Peter and Wade had served them up lie after lie. But in that moment, with his fiance half blown away, blood still oozing slowly from the wounds that were all that was left of most of his body, it was the wrong thing to say.

“I choose the truth,” Peter snarled, and brought his fist down on the metal frame of Wade’s bed, angry and irritated that the two things that should have been under his control, his love life and his secret identity, had been wrenched from his grasp by miscommunication and mistakes and it had snowballed into a mess that had left Wade half of himself when Peter should have been there.

And the frame of Wade’s bed, built to be strong enough to hold up the Hulk if it came to it, bent under Peter’s punch, leaving an indent, a sharp relief, of Peter’s fist.

Peter moved his fist away, and could feel his face draining of blood.

“What the fuck?” Tony’s voice snapped from behind.

“Woah!” Wade said, as he began to slip down the sharp incline that suddenly existed where only horizontal bedding used to be. His hand dropped from Peter’s face as he tried to steady himself, but Peter was there, securing him against his pillow (so much lighter, he was so much empty space and lack of weight due to lack of bones and flesh and limbs and Peter wanted to cry) before he could drop into the newly created valley in the middle of his bed.

Wade laughed breathlessly. “You know I like it when you muscle me around,” he said, and licked his lips.

Peter’s tension eased a little, and he smiled at Wade. “Sorry for, you know, punching your bed.”

Wade shrugged. “I don’t mind a slide-ride every now and again. But it wasn’t, like, my property you busted just now, so…”

Peter grimaced and turned to Tony. “Hey, sorry I broke your bed. I’ll pay for it.”

Tony gaped at him and blinked. In a strangled voice he said, “Naw, man, that’s…fine.”

“Did you just bust the bed with your fist?” Clint demanded excitedly. “Look out, Hulk. Peter’s coming for your schtick!”

Peter bit his lip.

“I’m,” Peter started, waveringly, and then stopped. He wanted to say it. He did. He wanted to tell them he was Spiderman, because hiding it had caused nothing but complications and regret and disappointment, and Peter was over it. He really was. He wanted to be able to cuddle with his boyfriend and fight alongside his boyfriend, and if the only way to have both was to tell them he put on a mask at night to beat up bad guys, than by gods he was going to do it.

They were watching him with wide eyes and open expressions, and Peter set his jaw. He was doing this.

“I’m Spiderman,” he said simply. “There was never any cheating. There was never any breaking-up or getting back together. We just wanted— I just wanted to protect that secret just a little while longer. But it got out of fucking hand, and I’m tired of all this carrying on in secrecy. I want to be
able to kiss my boyfriend at work, and fight alongside him in the streets without having to worry about someone figuring something out. I’m done.”

“Awww,” Wade cooed, and wound his hand around Peter’s bicep, flexed slightly as his arms were still on either side of Wade’s body, holding him up. “You must love me a lot.”

Peter rolled his eyes, and leaned down to brush his lips against wade’s. “You absolute goof. I love you so much.”

“You’re Spiderman?” Clint squeaked.

Peter gestured to the bent bed frame.

“That’s a hell of a secret,” Tony said. “And you’ve been working for me how long?”

Bruce slapped Tony on the chest with the back of his hand. “Thank you for telling us. We know it must have been hard keeping that sort of secret.”

“Why must our young Peter have kept such a secret?” Thor asked. “The world would have celebrated you and your accomplishments.”

“Or they would have strung him up,” Natasha said, “and vilified him even more than they already do.”

Peter snapped the fingers of one of his hands and shot her a finger-gun. “You got it.”

“It’s gotten a lot better,” Wade said.

“Oh yeah,” Peter agreed, “when I was a kid it sucked. Big time.”

“Thank you,” Steve said with great solemnity, “for trusting us with your secret.”

“Finally,” Tony said, sounding just a tinge too amused to actually be upset. “You know, now we’re all going to be beating ourselves up for mother hen-ing you both about the, you know, roof-top adultery. That wasn’t adultery. Because you are Spiderman.”

“Fucking shit,” Clint complained heatedly. “You were--and when Spiderman--but you broke up?”

“Do you want to try that again?” Natasha asked coolly. “Reword that so it’s an actual sentence maybe?”

“We figured,” Peter said slowly, “you’d leave him alone about the cheating thing if it was a serious relationship. We switched relationships.”

“You broke up,” Tony said slowly, “so you could get together?”

“Yeah,” Wade said, “it doesn’t sound as good when you say it like that.”

“You mean out loud?” Tony asked caustically, but with a tiny smile. “Anyway, Pete, welcome to the ‘Out and Proud’ club.”

“Of the closet?” Wade asked eagerly, and waggled his eyebrows, or what would be his eyebrows if hair grew on his face. Which it didn’t.

“You haven’t been in the closet since I’ve known you,” Tony said, and Wade laughed.
“Ok,” Natasha said, ever the voice of reason. “This has been great, but let’s move Wade here to a bed that is more of the horizontal variety.”

“And hey,” Clint said, smile growing, “when we’re all patched up we should have a coming-out party!”

"A coming out party," Tony said drily, "We already knew he was bi. Are we going to keep making this coming out joke for every hero we meet?"

Wade nodded vigorously in Peter’s arms. “Yes! A coming out Party! It’s fucken perfect!” And then he quietened and said slowly, "What if our being superheroes is just an analogy, a euphemism of homosexuality and the way it’s portrayed in society and the media? Even though heroes are good people, often the media and civilians see them as villains in some way, and they’re discredited and have to keep their status as ‘hero’ a secret, and often find it hard to tell friends and loved ones the truth about ‘who they are.’ What if it’s all one giant metaphor for how sexuality is viewed?” He perked up a little. “Or do you think that stuff is only for Dr. X and his crew?”

Peter frowned. “Uh… What?”

“Nevermind,” Wade said cheerily, “I’m just happy I get to make boning jokes around you again.”

“Definitely not,” Tony said. “You can go back to being all lovey dovey in the lab, if you must, but no dick talk, please.”

“Good enough,” Wade said, “and I’m down for a celebration. What about you, Pete? Wanna party it up as both yous?”

“It’ll be fun,” Clint wheedled.

“Aye,” Thor added, “and I will provide Asgardian Mead, as I believe your enhanced abilities make the imbibing and subsequent intoxication of spirits difficult.”

“What do you say, Peter?” Natasha asked.

“Yeah,” Peter replied with a grin, “Sounds good.” And even with Wade wounded yet laughing in his arms, and the future uncertain, Peter found himself overwhelmingly happy.

Chapter End Notes

This prompt comes from an anonymous ask on Tumblr, so to whoever you are, thanks! And I hope I did right by you.

Also, some of you might have noticed that I never responded to the comments on the previous chapter, and I’m sorry about that. Halloween season is my busiest time of year, and to be frank, it’s a miracle I even got this chapter published at all. Answering anything in my inbox feels kind of overwhelmingly impossible at the moment. I promise, as soon as November hits I’ll be back to being a real person, who actually remembers to updates, and who writes faster, and who answers all the comments in my inbox. Until then, I am sorry if I’ve missed something crucial, but I feel like death
Rejection; in which knowing is only half the battle

Chapter Notes

Alt of Ch 16: Old School; in which Peter practices classic avoidance techniques.

Hey guys! I’m back. Sorry about this giant hiatus?? I don’t know how life got away from me so much. I mean, the last time I posted for this fic was in October! That gap is too long. And if you’re reading this, thanks for sticking around

I’m going to skip the beginning of Chapter 16 so it’s not as much re-reading, since my alt happens, technically, at the end of Chapter 16, but if you don’t remember quite how it goes, and want to get more of the context of this situation, I recommend you go back and reread Chapter 16 of Homewrecker

Steve gave Peter a long look and Peter’s heart rate picked up. He was going to ask. He was actually, literally, going to ask. And Peter didn’t know how he was going to turn the guy down. How do you look into the deep blue, puppy-dog eyes of a National icon and say “No,” hmm?

He wondered if Wade had been briefed yet on the Spide-venger initiative but with a quick glance at Wade, who was nonchalantly cleaning his ear with the tip of a very short blade, Peter concluded that no, they hadn’t talked about it with Wade yet. Peter suddenly wished that he’d left Wade a note that morning before he’d headed off to work detailing everything that he’d done with the eavesdropping thing. And maybe an amended version of the Hawkeye thing. Alas, Peter hadn’t really had a heart to heart with his fiancé in a few days. It seemed that they were always busy doing other things. Peter guessed that that was what he got for dating a superhero…and being a superhero.

But, before Steve had a chance to open his mouth and complicate Peter’s life even more, Clint stepped forward. “Spiderman, I’d like to make a formal apology. My actions were rash and I didn’t understand the consequences of them until it was almost too late. If there is anything—anything—I can do to make it up to you, just let me know.” Peter blinked. That was the most sincere that he had ever heard Clint. Even when Clint had thought that Peter was going to kill him he had sounded less serious. This was strange.

“What are you on about?” Wade asked as he sheathed his knife. Peter winced.

So did Clint, actually, which made Peter start to feel bad about confronting Clint in the first place (which was ridiculous, because the man could have killed him, but they were friends after all, and what are a few homicide attempts between friends?). But, where Peter would have immediately fled the area, changed his name, and lived as a hermit the rest of his days way up high in the rocky mountains, Clint actually faced the ex-mercenary like a responsible adult (ew!) and said, “I was taking out my anger at you on Spiderman since Peter ordered us to treat you the same as always.”

Peter closed his eyes and waited for the explosion. He could see it now: Wade sputtering in rage (actually sputtering, losing his ability to speak because he was so angry. Unlikely, but possible), drawing his weapons slowly, and attacking Clint. Peter would try to stop him, because he’d already forgiven Clint for being an idiot, but Wade would not back down. Of course, the Avengers
wouldn’t let Wade just kill one of their own, so they would fight back, and really, six against one is hardly a fair fight. Or, five against two, since Hulk probably wouldn’t get between two sets of super heroes, and Peter, while disagreeing with Wade’s methods would have to side with him in a fight because duh! It was Wade! And then, after a long battle of intenseness and horror, they would be defeated in a grand, intense, horrifying way and would die in each other’s arms because Peter had watched Titanic the previous night when Wade was out and now he was feeling emotionally dramatic.

Instead, much to Peter’s happiness (and internal chagrin) Wade burst out laughing.

Peter blinked at his fiancé, realized that his life, while horribly dramatic, could never be Great Gatsby, or Streetcar Named Desire dramatic. Which perhaps, once Peter thought about it, was a good thing.

Peter shrugged, turned to Clint and said, “It’s alright.”

Clint blinked a few times, and Peter could hear in the background the Hulk tearing through the discarded corpses of Doom bots.

“I… what?” Tony asked, and even Steve looked confused at Peter’s easy acceptance.

“I forgive you?” Peter said with a slightly questioning tone.

“That happened really fast,” Clint whispered, and in the background Wade’s laughter increased. At this point he was doubled over, trying to keep himself from falling down, as he clutched his belly with mirth.

Peter shrugged again. “It’s all good. I had my little angry thing, you apologized. There isn’t much else to be upset about.”

“That isn’t normally how anger works,” Clint said slowly, as if to a small child.

“Nope,” Peter said. “I was angry because you were acting like an ass,” Clint blinked, and Tony tried and failed to smother a guffaw, “but then you learned that you were being an ass, stopped being an ass, and apologized for being an ass. My anger is free to fly away into the heart of another person who is plagued by asses.”

Natasha had cast her eyes skyward, and now it looked very much like she was trying not to strangle anyone. Tony, who stood with his face-plate up, looked close to tears as he was trying to keep his laughter silent. Wade’s laughter had simmered to light giggling with occasional bursts of renewed mirth and mutters of “go after Spidey—to keep Pete safe! Peter and Spidey! Punish! Hah!” Thor looked confused, Steve was pinching the bridge of his nose, and the Hulk was seeing how small he could crush an entire bot. So far he had gotten one down to the size of a sewing machine. Peter was so proud.

Clint was gapping like a big fish. He didn’t seem to understand. “I’m sorry.”

“I know,” Peter said.

“I didn’t realize the consequences…”

“I get it.”

“I’m…sorry?”
Peter blinked and scratched the back of his head. Coming to a decision, he turned to Nat and said, “When he wakes up from being a complete goner, let him know that it’s all ok. I don’t blame him anymore. I don’t hold grudges. I’m cool. I’m chill. Like Hulk over there,” he hooked a thumb back over his shoulder at where Hulk was casually playing with the severed Doom bot heads like dollies.

“Got it,” she responded drily.

“Ok, well, I’ve got to dash!”

“People don’t say that anymore!” Wade accused him with a pointed finger. “You’re old. Old school. The 90’s called, they say you suck!”

“Wait!” Steve said, before Peter could swing away. “We want to ask you something?”

Peter lurched, still intending to swing away before Steve could ask his question, but his body refused, intending instead on following the orders of the best strategist of the second World War. His mind warred with his body for less than a minute, but it was enough time for Steve to approach and put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Son,” Steve started, and Peter winced away from the hand. Like a glitch. Steve had never called him that before, and had super duper never called Spiderman that before, and it felt weird and wrong, like mixing raw ground beef with dish detergent. Ick. Gross. No. It felt wrong wrong wrong.

Peter jerked back from Steve. He was still reeling from Clint’s apology, and wanted to just go home and kiss Wade and curl up on the couch and order in sushi, or vietnamese, or curry, he wasn’t really picky on the type of food.

Steve let him move backwards a pace, but he frowned at Peter with disappointed eyes, and Peter couldn’t flee from that, could he? It was like kicking a puppy.

He felt torn.

“Son,” Steve said again, when Peter returned his gaze to the Patriotic Captain, and the corrected himself when Peter winced again. “Spiderman, we know we got off on the wrong foot with you, but despite that, we’ve seen how you work and we’d like you to consider joining us.”

Peter didn’t even hesitate. He shook his head, almost frantically, and backed up another step.

Steve frowned, but it wasn’t Steve who spoke next.

“What do you mean, no?” Tony asked, stepping forward lightly in his Iron Man suit. “Don’t you want to join this awesome boy band?”

Natasha coughed.

“I mean,” Tony corrected himself, “Co-ed band of not-sexists? I personally would be down for a little more femininity in the house, but--”

“So you’re asking me?” Peter said dryly.

Tony grimaced. “That’s not really what I--”

“Ignore him,” Natasha said. “We want you to join because you do good work. And while I’m not
too keen on you being buddy-buddy with your good friend Deadpool over there, it isn’t fair to discriminate against you just because you have a history with one of our members.”

“We almost all have a history with one another,” Tony explained, newly talkative. “For example, Natasha went undercover as my PA before I knew her and tried to kill me.”

“And,” said a smaller voice from far away, and Peter turned to see a half-naked Bruce Banner making his way over, “I almost killed Natasha when she first tried to kidnap me.”

“I was supposed to kill Natasha,” Clint croaked, finding his voice once more, but still looking a little foggy-eyed, “but I brought her in instead.”

“I don’t think I’ve tried to kill any of you,” Steve said, sounding too uncertain for it to be sincere.

“Neither have I,” Thor agreed, “at least not purposefully.”

“First meeting,” Tony said.

Thor winced. “I would not consider that fully my fault, as Loki was—”

“And I want to kill all of you,” Wade interrupted joyfully. “In your sleep! Tonight.”

“You’d better be joking,” Tony said blandly.

Wade pouted. “It’s like you don’t even know me.”

“I can’t tell if that’s a yes or a no,” Tony said, and groaned.

“Hey,” Peter said, trying to get this runaway train back on track, and succeeding in drawing everyone’s gaze back on him. “This is all very, um, cool. And like, the Avengers, you guys, do some seriously awesome work, but I’m going to have to say no.”

“No,” Natasha repeated back, void of any expression.

Peter winced. “Right.”

“What? Why?” Tony asked rapidly. “We’ve got tech, and protection, and back-up, and—”

Peter winced. Income. That sounded real nice. But he hardened his resolve. There was no way he could keep his distance emotionally, as Spiderman, if he couldn’t keep his distance physically. And he honestly didn’t trust himself to be able to keep his identity a secret when having to interact with all six super smart super spies as both separate Peters.

“Awww,” Wade said, and drooped a little, making a ball of guilt drop into his stomach. “It could be so much fun.” But then Wade raised his eyes a little, and even through his mask, Peter thought he saw a wink, “But if you really don’t want to join, we can’t make you.”

Peter grinned at his fiance because he was the luckiest man alive to have such a good, good man to rely on.

“Can we at least know why?” Steve asked, and he looked a little, oh god, hurt. Peter was a monster!

“I’m a very private person,” Peter prevaricated, but it sounded stilted and unreliable even to his own ears. “More of a lone wolf really, I work alone and all that. Better that way. Like an Island.
Like Batman.”

“Batman has roves of children living in his mansion and the Justice League,” Wade pointed out helpfully, and then caught himself and made a zipping motion along his mouth.

“Anyway,” Peter said, “I gotta run. Um. Work with you soon. But, like, unofficially. Um, page me if you need me.”

“Page?” Tony asked aghast. “Is it the 90s?”

But Peter didn’t stick around to answer. He shot a web at the lip of the stadium’s roof and then he was gone. His sigh of relief lost against the whistling of the wind as he practically flew through the city.

***

Peter went to work the next day like everything was normal.

Because it was.

Totally normal.

He was in his lab, typing away (it isn’t science if you don’t write it down), and trying to ignore the itchy feeling that somewhere along the way he maybe lost the plot.

The door to the lab opened and Peter looked up in time to catch Wade hustling towards him in an almost worried fashion. “Hey boo,” he said, breathlessly.

Peter checked the door behind him, and then the windows, but now, it didn’t seem like they were under attack. Still, he could tell that Wade was acting a little jumpy and he wasn’t sure he liked it.

“Wade,” Peter said slowly, brow furrowed, trying to figure out what had his fiance in a tizzy. “What’s up?”

“The ‘vengers,” Wade said, still sounding out of breath. “I was on my way here, really, you know how avoiding your teammates is a part of healthy work relationships? Right? Well, I was trying to bypass seeing them at all, and I was just going to scoot down here, but Clint caught me on the fourth floor, tried to get me to meet with the rest of them up in the common room. Somthing, somthing, something Spiderman. I shook him loose, but it sounded like they had some plan of convincing Spidey to join up, and it involves you.”


Wade shook his head frantically. “I don’t know! But I thought I’d come down here and give you a heads up, baby boy, before they--”

The doors opened again, and in walked the Avengers, Steve leading the back, Thor and Natasha taking up the rear.

Peter’s heart rate increased. What had he done? What had he done to make any of them think that Peter might be able to take a handle on finding Spiderman? He drew a blank. Unless they could think of some way of tracking him that had to do with the science he was doing in the labs (tough chance, it was all PH levels and alfalfa seeds), it didn’t make any sense that they would come down here.
(Why couldn’t they just take the no and let it go?)

Or, worse, there was something that linked him and Spiderman (besides him being the same person as himself, and the unfortunate happening on his apartment roof so recently, and so long ago) and he just hadn’t thought of it. And that was indescribably terrifying.

He tried not to let his terror leak out into his expression.

“Hi,” he said, and praised himself for not letting his voice waver at all, “anything I can help you all with today?”

There was a pause, and then Tony stepped forward. “You’re my intern, right?”

Peter quirked an eyebrow. That wasn’t the question he imagined they would ask. “Uh, yes?”

“Is that a question or an answer?” Tony asked, a little harshly, making Peter frown in confusion.

“Uh, an answer. Yes, I am your intern.”

“Good,” Tony said cheerily, clapping his hands together. “And you do work for me, right? I mean, I assign you tasks, you do them?”

“Uh, yeah,” Peter said.

“Well I’ve got a new task for you. Find Spiderman.”


“But you’re my intern,” Tony said, expression and tone flat, like that was answer enough.

“Ohhh-kay,” Peter said. “Um, but why?”

He saw Steve shoot Wade a complicated look, but Wade had been standing behind Peter since the others had entered the lab, a silent sentinel, and didn’t respond. Peter would have noticed. The look was less than a second, and then Steve was pulling over a wheel-y chair and sitting on it backwards with a huff. He practically collapsed down onto it.

“To be honest, Pete, we need all the help we can get.”

Peter knew his eyes were growing impossibly wide, but he couldn’t stop them. “What? Why? What’s going on?”

“See,” Clint said, also looking suddenly exhausted and leaning against a higher table a little behind Peter’s desk, so he had to swivel on his own chair all the way around in order to face them all. “We asked Spiderman if he would join us, and he said no.”

Peter tried to look appropriately disappointed. “What a shame.”

“We know this must be awkward,” Bruce said with a wince, “what with what happened between him and Wade. It must be very complicated, emotionally, but we really need to talk to him, and if you can help in any way…”

“Why would I--” Peter started, but got interrupted.
“It is vexing,” Thor explained patiently. “We are trained warriors, mighty, strong, and we asked another warrior to join our band of brothers--”

Natasha coughed.

“--and sister, and he refused! Does he not know who we are?”

Peter scooted back and gaped at them.

“Hey,” Wade shot out, “that’s pretty fucking rude! Spidey doesn’t owe it anybody to join anything, ok?”

“But we’re the Avengers,” Tony said with a sneer. “I mean, can you imagine, saying no to us? Really? We’ve got a pretty sweet gig here, we’re famous, and he just turns us down? I don’t think so!”

Peter’s mouth had dropped open and he couldn’t seem to snap it shut, it just hung there, while the words he wanted to say, words like, “The fuck?” and “What are you talking about?” and “Jesus Christ! Not everything’s about you!” beat against his brain in such a multitude that his tongue didn’t know which ones to form and so formed none.

Wade didn’t seem to have the same problem. “What the fuck is wrong with you guys! Can’t take a little rejection? What are you going to do, hunt him down and force him to join? That’s a disgusting violation of privacy and I will personally beat you each over the head with your own severed limbs if you don’t get ahold of yourselves pretty fucking fast you absolute vermin! Villains! Cads!”

Natasha narrowed her eyes at him. “Do you know where he is?”

Wade choked on his tongue.

“Listen,” Tony said, silkily and as sweet as antifreeze, “we don’t want him to join anymore. So don’t worry about that. We aren’t going to beg him. We aren’t obsessed with the boy.”


But that wasn’t what Peter had latched onto, and he wasn’t sure he was liking how these people, his friends, were talking about Spiderman. About him. He thought he’d known them. He had known them, and they weren’t like this, cruel for no reason. They weren’t mean. He knew them. He did. And he knew they would never say things like this.

But some little part of him thought that maybe he hadn’t known them as much as he thought he did. Clint had shot arrows at him, and Thor had almost hit him, and he’d gotten apologies from them the last time they’d met him as Spiderman, but, but was that enough? Was that enough to prove that they weren’t this cruel? When they were doing nothing but shit-talking Spiderman and threatening him, to Peter’s face?

And Peter didn’t like that at all.

“What are you going to do, huh?” Peter asked, voice hardened.

“Petey?” Wade asked, quietly, and put a hand on Peter’s shoulders, but Peter didn’t respond.

“Are you going to beat him up?” Peter asked, voice rising. “Are you going to tell him you never actually wanted him to join the Avengers? Like some cheeto-fingered greasy-haired dudebro after
a rejection? What--” he asked through clenched teeth, “--are you going to do?”

“What does it matter?” Steve asked blandly, eyes boring holes into Peter, and aww, America, no.

Peter slammed his fist down on the table next to (thank god next to) his computer, seething.

And the table bent beneath his strength, leaving a fist-shaped crater in the metal table about half a foot deep.

Wade whistled. “Wow, Petey. That was intense.”

“Oh my god,” Steve said, eyes wide, and stumbling to his feet. “Peter, are you ok?”

“Well shit,” Tony said and then reached into his pocket, pulled out a twenty and handed it to Natasha who pocketed it with a smirk.

“Told you,” she bragged, as much as she ever bragged, which meant to say that she spoke the words coolly, her tone reminiscent of the slice of a well-sharpened blade.

“Huh,” Clint said, wide-eyed.

He looked at Peter and then took pity on him, which was good, because Peter was freaking out pretty badly. He’d just outed himself. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“Hey, man,” Clint said. “Sorry about all the anti-Spiderman shit we were just saying.”

“Yes!” Thor agreed, sounding almost regretful, “I was much aggrieved to see how our words were affecting you, but our Deadly Natasha admitted that she had some beliefs that Spiderman was in fact our own Peter Parker all along!”

“What made you come to that conclusion,” Peter croaked.

Natasha shrugged. “Your voice, the way Wade reacted to you at the baseball stadium, how easy you were to forgive Clint, your friendliness with Hulk. Lots of different things.”

“For what it’s worth,” Tony said, an apologetic smile on his face, “I didn’t believe it. So, hey, at least you had me fooled.”

Peter frowned, but Wade had placed both hands on his shoulders at this point, and his grounded him. “And so you decided to force me to out myself?” Peter asked. “You insulted me and threatened me until I gave it up?”

Steve winced. “Sorry about that.”

“Why?” Peter asked. “Why not let it be?” He turned to Natasha. “Why tell everyone? Why not let me keep this secret?”

Natasha let out a long sigh. “Because we need you. And we need Deadpool. You’re good fighters, and you are our friends. And if I hadn’t told them my beliefs at some point or another we’d be at each other’s throats again for some other misunderstanding, and it would either come out then or stay hidden longer, but it would fracture us,” she pointed between him and her, him and the rest of the people in the room, “and I like you.” She shrugged. “I don’t want to lose you to another stupidity like the way we found you on the apartment building with your boyfriend.”

“Fiance,” Wade corrected.
Clint scrubbed the back of his neck. “Hey, I am really sorry about that.”

Peter let out a long breath through his nose. “I know. Thank you.”

“Do you forgive us?” Bruce asked sincerely.

Peter considered. “Yes, I think so.”

Bruce let out a relieved breath and Tony went up for a high-five that no one acknowledged.

“But,” Peter said, “what if I still don’t want to be an Avenger?”

“You don’t have to be,” Steve rushed to say. “We’re not really going to force you into that. We don’t want to coerce you. I know this maybe wasn’t the best way to convince you to tell us your secret identity, Peter. But it didn’t seem right letting you hide it after we all knew you were really Spiderman.”

“I insist that I didn’t believe you at all,” Tony said grandly. “My innocent Intern would never be a superhero.”

Wade snorted, and even Peter laughed.

He let himself relax, finding it much, much easier to do than he had even a couple days past. It had all happened so fast, suddenly everyone knowing who he was, going from mean to nice to mean to nice. It was a whirlwind, and he could barely keep up with it.

But he dropped his head back to stare up at the masked face of his lover, who was grinning down at him like a door that they’d thought was welded fast had been kicked in, letting in the midday sun and scent of wildflowers, and he thought that maybe he’d been wrong to keep this secret this long. At least to these people who were, he knew solidly, his friends.

He grinned back at them, finding their faces full of joy and acceptance for any answer he gave, and said, “I’ll think about it,” though he was sure he already knew the answer.

Chapter End Notes

This was based on a prompt by newdog14 on Ch 15 of Misc and ItIsI_ASimpleGay on Ch 19 of Misc. Thanks guys! And also, I’m really sorry for the delay, and I'm not really sure how I feel about how this one turned out. I might be in a weird head space right now, so I can't really tell how I should feel about it objectively.

And thank you everyone who left me a kind message. You're all the real MVPs.
Media Darlings; in which Petey and Wade get just what they asked for

Chapter Notes

Continuation of Chapter 19 of Misc. I got a lot of feedback at the end of the chapter requesting a continuation, and I hope this lives up to expectations.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade was tired of being the only one left out of the Daily Bugle’s “Who’s dating Spiderman now?” scheme, and Peter (holding back his laughter) offered to help change that.

So they started being as Lovey Dovey as possible while in the suits.

They started arriving at the scene of a fight with Wade clinging to Peter’s back, legs wrapped around his torso. They openly laughed and talked together during the aftermath of fights. They even once walked down the street together, side-by-side, in front of the Bugle, just begging to be photographed. But every morning they checked the paper, and the Bugle’s website, and there were no articles about Spidey’s new love interest: Deadpool.

(It occurred to Peter at some point, that this might, somehow, interfere with Peter’s relationship with Wade. It wasn’t exactly a secret that Peter Parker was dating Wade Wilson, and it wasn’t exactly a secret that Wade Wilson was Deadpool. And while people like Aunt May and the Avengers knew that Peter was Spiderman, the general populace didn’t, which could cause some friction if it got out that Deadpool, who was seen now almost openly flaunting a relationship with Spiderman was also dating Peter, but Peter pushed that thought away. That worry was for a future-Peter to deal with. Plus, it wasn’t like they wanted to announce that Peter--No, Spiderman and Deadpool were dating. Wade just hated that he wasn’t even being considered. They could… work with that. Hopefully.)

“Don’t you think you’re, hmmm, overdoing it a little bit?” Natasha asked, leaning against a smashed SUV and drinking a soy latte out of a thermos with a SHIELD logo on it that some underling had given her after the fight.

“Hmmm?” Peter asked casually. He was laying on the ground nearby, resting up, ostensibly, in a patch of asphalt that was rubble-free. His head rested in Wade’s lap, who was propped up on an overturned shopping cart. They were in full view of the line of reporters and civilians who were kept away only by New York’s finest and a thin plastic tape. Flashes of light from the human wall meant they were taking photos and Peter hoped this was enough to get a little front page coverage of the gossip variety.

“This little act of yours,” Natasha said.

“It’s not an act,” Wade said, audibly pouting.

“It is when you’re mugging for the cameras.” Natasha would never demean herself by reiterating her point, so she did not point at the line of reporters, but Peter got the distinct impression that she wanted to, if only to reiterate her own belief in his stupidity.

“Look,” Peter said, “it’s just--the papers are obsessed with pairing me up with one of you, and
never Wade. Which isn’t fair. We’re just trying to rectify that.”

“I remember,” Natasha said simply, and then rolled to her feet. “And I won’t try to stop you. I think you’re both idiots for doing it. Spiderman, you know the press like none of us do. You honestly think you can manipulate them this way?”

Peter looked away. He didn’t. Not really. He worked for JJJ long enough that he knew that at least the Daily Bugle wasn’t here for the truth, or even the obvious. They were here for what was the most scandalous, and incidentally, what made Spiderman look the worst. But if just one paper, just one made a “mistake” of thinking Spiderman and Deadpool were dating, than Wade would be happy, and Peter would do—and had done—a lot of stupid stuff just to make Wade happy.

“And I think you’re going about this the wrong way,” Natasha said. “Very ham-handed.”

Peter shrugged.

“That’s the only way we know how to do things,” Wade said, looking up at her, and laying a comforting hand on Peter’s chest. Peter smiled up at him. Yeah, this could blow up in their face, but Peter couldn’t really find himself caring, when Wade looked like this.

The paper they picked up the next morning had a blown up, grainy photograph of Wade staring up at Natasha, who was looking down at him with an expression that could be mistaken for fondness. Peter, laying in Wade’s lap, had been cropped out of it entirely.

“Is the seductively capable Black Widow and the elusive Deadpool hooking up?” screamed the headline. “This reporter’s take on an after-battle conversation may reveal hidden feelings between these two Avengers,” the article continued.

“Oh,” said Peter, consternation warring with hilarity.

“What’s it say? What’s it say??” Wade asked giddily, making grabby-hands for the paper.

Peter handed it over.

Wade’s mouth dropped. “Really?” he asked plaintively. “Are you serious?”

“I’m not serious,” Peter said, “but they seem to be.” He tapped the back of the paper with a fingernail. Wade glared at him, mock-angrily. “Hey!” Peter said. “At least they’re matching you up with somebody!”


“We’ll keep trying,” Peter said, and leaned forward to press a kiss into Wade’s forehead.

The next couple of times they went out, they made sure to be even closer to each other than ever. Walking arm-in-arm, blowing kisses at each other, rushing over to the other if one got injured. The most that ever came of it was a tumblr post that Tony gleefully showed to them, that sited their hand-holding and air-kisses as such an amazing display of modern platonic friendship.

Wade spent that entire night killing zombies in a video game Peter was pretty sure he downloaded from a Japanese server without understanding the directions.

“I just don’t get it,” Peter confessed to the Avengers during one of their lunches. Wade was sat next to him, mournfully twirling his spaghetti around his fork and then dropping it back down to the plate before repeating the action. “They--the, the reporters, were so quick to jump to
relationships that make absolutely no sense.”

“No goddamn sense,” Wade agreed.

“But we try to show them an actual, real, live relationship, and they--they ignore it?” Peter threw his hands into the air and brought them down on the table, hard enough to show his frustration without actually breaking anything.

Tony shrugged. “What can I say? The media is a fickle mistress.”

Pepper coughed.

“What?” Tony asked. “You’re neither fickle nor my mistress. We’re partners. The media is an annoying busybody.”

Pepper rolled her eyes, and then turned to Peter. “Have you tried just making an announcement?”

Peter grimaced. “See. I would.” Wade looked up at him with a frown. “What? I totally would! Only, see, Spiderman isn’t really dating Deadpool. Peter is. And a little news gossip is one thing. But announcing that Spidey and Deadpool are in a relationship officially would, like, really hinder Peter’s ability to walk down the street with the love of his life in civvies.”

“Ah,” Bruce said, “an identity problem. I can understand that.” He quirked his head to the side. “Theoretically. I wouldn’t personally ever be in the situation where the Hulk would be dating anybody.”

“Awww,” Tony whined. “And here I thought we had something special.”

Pepper slapped his chest. “Shut up, Tony,” she said with a small smile.

“Just see how it plays out,” Steve recommended.

“Yeah,” said Clint, cutting the meatballs on his plate into precise little cubes with a bowie knife. “the media will get it eventually, they would even if you weren’t trying to make them, (they’re annoying like that), and you’ll find yourself regretting ever wishing to be in the spotlight. Revel in this while you can.”

Peter pouted, but agreed with a small nod.

Wade finally shoved a forkful of spaghetti into his mouth, and sat up. “That’s fantastic.”

“Duh,” Peter said, but Wade was too busying scarfing down his food to respond.

It actually ended up coming to a head during a battle against the Green Goblin (Thanks, Osborn), who was trying to blow up New York. It wasn’t official Avengers business, just Peter and Wade, suited up, patrolling the night when they caught sight of the sky-boarding green menace.

“Aww, man,” Wade said, as he pulled himself onto Peter’s shoulders seconds before Peter lept from the roof they’d been loitering on. “I was hoping we could go home early tonight.”

“Stop wishing things that specific! You jinxed us,” Peter complained loudly, just so Wade would be able to hear him past the rushing of the wind.

“But I didn’t say it!” Wade whined. “I just thought it! Are you saying jinx happens from thinking things now too? That’s not fair!”
They followed the Green Goblin around the city, never quite fast enough to catch him, but ready to head him off as soon as he made a misstep.

“Hey,” Peter said as they swung around a tall spire, the Goblin not more than thirty feet ahead of them, “this looks familiar.”

“Oh!” Wade exclaimed, and then pointed down at the building below them. “Isn’t that--”

And then an explosion rocked the night as the Goblin flung one of his bombs at none other than the Daily Bugle itself. Peter almost wanted to thank the man. And then Norman flew away, cackling into the night.

Peter glanced at the building, at the blackened hole where a higher-up office used to be, and then at the Goblin, rocketing away. He’d worked enough at the Bugle during school that he knew people worked late more often than was perhaps normal. Statistically there must have been people in the building.

But the Goblin…

“Drop me,” Wade demanded, “and go after Smeagol.”

Peter didn’t hesitate, dropping Wade a few feet from the ground mid-swing and then hurrying after the Goblin, hoping that without Wade weighing him down he would be fast enough to catch up with the man.

He rushed after him, swinging web after web, hitting skyscrapers and landmarks, across the bridge, through neighborhoods, and then he lost sight of the man, the monster. He didn’t give up until he’d traversed another three neighborhoods and a park, but there was no sight of him.

“Well fuck,” he said.

He heard a gasp and turned to look down at a person of indiscernible gender wrapped in fourteen coats with a knit hat pulled low on their head, who was, if Peter guessed correctly, approximately nine hundred years old. “Excuse me young man! Watch your language.”

“Sorry, uh, citizen,” Peter said clumsily, “won’t happen again.”

“You better make sure of that!” the person said, angrily shaking their walking stick, as Peter high-tailed it out of there.

“Damn,” Peter said to himself as he swung through the city, going faster, ever faster, “I didn’t think the swear police were real.”

By the time he got back to the Bugle a half an hour had passed. Police had arrived, and so had the firefighters, and Bugle employees, wide-eyed and in shock, were being looked after by EMTs in the front of the building. All that was left of the fire and the explosion (which didn’t look nearly as bad as it had in the moment), was a plume of smoke coming from the building, lost to the night sky as it rose.

Wade stood in front of the building, near a few employees that Peter had no doubt he’d pulled from the building by the wild-eyed, thankful looks they were shooting him, close to the building and the EMTs and the firefighters and the police, in case anyone had need of him. He was slightly smoking too.

Peter dropped down next to him, startling a few employees, but was ignored by the emergency
workers. They saw enough of him, knew he was good people, and usually left him alone unless his saving-the-day thing got in the way of their saving-the-day-thing.

“You ok?” he asked.

Wade nodded. “Yeah. Everyone’s out.” He looked Peter up and down. “I’m guessing Gollum got away?”

“I’ve been meaning to tell you, actually,” Peter said. “Smeagol isn’t a goblin. He’s a—well, he was a hobbit, or an early version of a hobbit, a creature that would evolve into hobbits later, who was corrupted by the one ring of power—”

Wade pressed a finger against Peter’s lips. “You know how much your nerd talk drives me crazy,” he said playfully, “but I’m not really keen on lingering, you feel me, Baby Boy?”

Peter nodded and slapped Wade on the shoulder. “Wanna ride out of here?”

“You know it, hotstuff,” Wade said and jumped. Peter turned just in time for Wade to land on his back and not run into his shoulder.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of J. Jonah Jameson, Peter’s old boss and editor-in-chief of the Daily Bugle, watching them with a smirk. And he had his phone out, camera pointed right at them.

Peter spared him not more than another second’s thought before leaping off and swinging away.

“What was that about?” Wade asked as they swung through the city. “What’s got your mask in a twist?”

But Peter shook his head. That question was for a tomorrow’s Peter, a well-rested Peter. Tonight he was going to sit back, relax, and pretend he was fine with the way JJJ had been looking at them, like they were his next meal ticket. They hadn’t said anything to each other any worse than how they usually spoke, and in comparison to when they were trying to get the media’s attention, it had been pretty tame. And if the Bugle wrote about them, wasn’t that their plan in the first place? It would be fine, Peter told himself, totally fine.

And he tried to ignore the sinking feeling in his stomach.

He was able to ignore it until right before lunch the next day, and, honestly, Peter should be happy it took at least that long. He’d put effort into not looking at the Daily Bugle all day, but to get all the way to lunch? That was vaguely impressive.

“Hey, uh, Peter?” Bruce asked, coming into the lab that Peter had been working solo in for most of the day.

“Yeah?” Peter asked cautiously. If it was Bruce they sent to break the bad news, it was probably bad-bad. He was the most sympathetic of the crowd and they usually reserved him for when something really distressing happened.

“Hey, uh, Peter?” Bruce asked, coming into the lab that Peter had been working solo in for most of the day.

“Yeah?” Peter asked cautiously. If it was Bruce they sent to break the bad news, it was probably bad-bad. He was the most sympathetic of the crowd and they usually reserved him for when something really distressing happened.

“Have you seen the news today?”

Peter had not. In fact, he’d put actual effort into not reading any morning newspapers or turning on the tv, and had turned a deaf ear to all the radios that he’d passed that morning. He’d left the house before Wade, not giving the paper a second look. He supposed that he knew something was going to be in there. He couldn’t exactly ignore the look Jameson had given him and Wade. And it had
wrapped itself around his brain so many times in the half-sleep of the night, making him more and more worried, and no. Peter didn’t want to know. Trying to get the Media’s attention didn’t seem like so much fun anymore. It seemed like a really stupid idea. Clint had been right. Peter knew that being on the wrong side of the Media was nothing to joke about. God, why’d he gone along with Wade? No doubt J. Jonah Jameson had written something horrible and disgusting and oh god, really, what had Peter been thinking?

So, no. He hadn’t looked at the news, convinced that he would find himself regretting everything. And what he didn’t know couldn’t hurt him, right? Ignorance was bliss.

He shook his head.

Bruce grimaced and silently pulled out his phone, pulled up the Bugle’s website and showed Peter a shaky video of what was doubtlessly Peter and Wade from the night before, turning on the sound. It was a small clip, didn’t catch the whole conversation, but it caught Wade calling him ‘Baby Boy’ and ‘hotstuff.’ Peter supposed that was enough.

He took Bruce’s phone from him with no resistance, and scrolled further down the page. He skimmed the article below, and honestly, it could have been worse. It wasn’t nearly as bad as Peter’s imagination had cooked up in the early hours of the morning. It wasn’t outlandishly homophobic, focusing not on the fact that the two of them were men, but instead on the moral ramifications of two loose cannons shacking up, how inappropriate it was for two adults in positions of power to use the language they’d used and act the way they’d acted in public, and how their obviously rocky relationship might cause issues amongst the Avengers and other heroes when they inevitably broke up.

“Huh,” Peter said. “That is, actually, that’s not that bad.”

Bruce tipped his head to the side. “Do you mean that?” he asked. He wasn’t casting judgement, his voice said, he was just honestly curious.

“Well, it’s so off from the truth,” Peter said. “We’re not in a rocky relationship, we aren’t—well, ok, we can be pretty vulgar, but what a thing to focus on. And hey, if it ever gets out that Wade is dating me—Peter-me, then we’ve kind of got an out because this is still in the same stream as the rest of the articles. There’s no proof, just speculation.”

Bruce smiled. “Do you think Wade would agree with that reasoning?”

Peter winced. “Maybe?” he said, voice rising in pitch. He wasn’t actually sure. Wade was always surprising him. And while he, Peter, knew that the Bugle’s statements had actually been pretty mild (he’d worked for the paper long enough to know how vicious it could be), Wade might still be offended at the slight they’d been dealt. And he couldn’t really blame Wade, if he felt that way, because it was hella rude. But it also gave them an exit, a very vague exit, should they need one.

“Well I guess we’re about to find out,” Bruce said, and then turned to one of the glass walls of the lab. “Jarvis?”

A holographic projection started up on the wall, a rectangle of bright light, a streak of blue at the bottom, a black woman in front of a microphone, a scrolling text on the bottom of the rectangle that said, “…Avengers preparing for press conference in response to this morning’s video post on the Daily Bugle’s…”

“I’m sorry,” Peter said, lips downturned, “what is going on?”
“The press release will be starting in just a few short minutes,” the woman said. “As you can see behind me, the stage is set to allow all of the Avengers at once, excepting one, who is rumored to be Deadpool himself, one of the supers who debuted in the YouTube video from this morning, shot last night. It already has half a million hits. There is talk that this afternoon’s announcement will signal another turn in the standing of these Heroes, with some saying that Deadpool will be kicked from the team—”

“What is going on?” Peter begged, turning to face Bruce with wide eyes.

“Well,” Bruce said, “no one really liked how the Bugle had handled the video of the two of you, and you didn’t seem to be doing anything about it, so Tony, with Pepper’s help, took it into his own hands. And of course, Wade was ecstatic. He really wants to put these reporters in their place.”

“But it was his idea in the first place,” Peter objected.

Bruce shrugged, and Peter guessed he could agree. Minds can change. And also, Wade wasn’t known for being stubbornly steadfast in his ideas. He could be very fickle.

“Oh! And here they are,” said the woman on the screen, a reporter for a channel that Peter didn’t frequent enough to know off the top of his head.

The camera moved past her, to focus fully on the stage, bringing the whole platformed stage in frame. And climbing onto the stage from the side, from what Peter assumed was a hidden set of stairs, were the Avengers, minus Bruce. Steve led the pack in his classic Captain America outfit, his helmet tucked beneath his arm, Tony right behind him in one of his expensive Italian suits, and then came Thor, long cape swaying behind him as he walked, swinging his hammer heavily in his hand, like the pendulum of a clock. All three had thunderous expressions. Behind the three of them, with a pause between the steps was Wade, dressed in spandex, with his katanas strapped to his back, looking more depressed than murderous. And bringing up the rear were Natasha and Clint. Clint in a T-shirt and jeans, and Natasha in a business casual skirt and blouse.

They stepped up to a series of microphones that had been placed at the foot of the stage, evenly spaced, Steve in the middle, next to Wade, with Tony and Natasha to Wade’s side, and Thor and Clint to Steve’s.

“I don’t know if I like this?” Peter said, turning his mouth to Bruce but unable to move his eyes from the makeshift screen, his voice turning up at the end so it sounded like a question even though it was a statement of fact. “Anything they say will just be twisted—right? I can’t believe they’re having a press conference over some stupid—” and then cut himself off as Steve started talking.

“We’re here today to talk about an unfortunate article that was published recently, and the response it has received,” Steve said into the microphone, voice carrying solidly across the room and across the screens across the world, eyes boring into the camera, and into Peter, as if he was directly responding to Peter.

“We may allow questions,” Tony added, smirking into his own microphone, “at the end. If you’re all good children. But until then, shush.”

Where Steve was a strong presence in the room and on the screen, he didn’t have the natural acumen in controlling the room like Tony obviously did. The mutterings in the room quieted, and Peter found himself leaning forward subconsciously.

“Is this about the video the Bugle posted?” shouted an indistinct voice in the room. “The one with-
Steve’s hard stare turned into a glare and the question cut off.

“It is, actually,” Tony said, smile wide and not at all inviting. “But like I said earlier. Shush. The adults are talking.”

“Yesterday,” Steve said, voice loud and rolling and hard, not taking any prisoners, “Deadpool,” Wade waved helpfully, “and Spiderman responded to an explosion caused by the Green Goblin on the Bugle Headquarters. A video was taken without their permission, of a conversation that took place between the two of them, and that same video was then uploaded to the Daily Bugle’s website, also without their permission.”

“Some people,” Tony said in sibilant tones, leaning across the microphone, bending himself around it smoothly, “have concluded from their conversation that there is a romantic relationship between Deadpool and Spiderman. And speculations have run wild.”

“Are you claiming--” shouted a different voice from the crowd, “--that that conversation was platonic? Excuse me if my memory is incorrect, but didn’t Deadpool call Spiderman “Baby Boy?” Which I am fairly certain one does not call their friends.”

“You obviously don’t know me very well,” Wade said, speaking up for the first time. Peter was surprised it had taken this long, but he’d assumed that most of the Avengers were up there for moral support, and that Tony and Steve were supposed to be taking point. “I flirt with everybody.”

“He’s right,” Tony said dryly. “The other day he smacked my ass and told me I was sexy.”

Peter didn’t remember that happening, which means it must have happened while he was in the lab. He didn’t doubt it had happened, and he supposed it couldn’t be helped. They weren’t lying. Wade did flirt with everybody, all the time.

“So you are claiming you aren’t in a romantic relationship with Spiderman?” a third voice in the crowd asked.

Steve leaned very purposefully into the microphone. “That doesn’t matter.” There was a small smattering of voices in the crowd, but no one had time to raise another question before Steve continued. Peter wanted to close his eyes. Saying something like that pretty much confirmed, at least for the reporters in the room, that they were in a relationship. Steve continued. “The press conference is not to make an announcement about a relationship, of any kind. Neither romantic or platonic. We are fighters--”

“Warriors,” Thor boomed in agreement.

“--and protectors, and it shouldn’t matter who we date, if anyone at all. We’re here today because the pure unadulterated outrage that some people have been expressing at the possibility of a relationship between Deadpool and Spiderman, is outrageous.”

“It’s frankly homophobic,” Tony said, “and disgustingly none of your business.” He looked around the room, meeting eyes and frowning, before ending on the camera, staring straight into the eyes of the viewers.

“We’re not going to comment on the actual state of Deadpool’s relationship, because anyone he chooses to date is no business of the public,” Steve said.

“And,” Tony said, voice raising, “it is certainly nothing that a gossip rag of a newspaper like the
Bugle has any right commenting on.”

“Thanks, Daddy-o,” Wade said with a saucy wink. A few members of the audience chuckled.

“And don’t think we haven’t seen this before,” Natasha said, stepping forward, past her microphone, and raising her voice just enough to be heard above the din. “Every other week it seems like someone, some paper or another, is claiming that one of us is sleeping with another of us.” She shrugged. “It comes with the territory. But not more than a few weeks ago, there was an article about Spiderman and I being in a relationship. And before that, one on Spiderman’s relationship with Steve here.”

She gestured to Steve who didn’t so much as blush. He was glaring into the crowd ominously. Peter didn’t know how any of these reporters had the gall to do anything but cower and feel ashamed when faced with that patriotic disappointment.

“In fact,” Tony said, leaning back on his heels and putting his hands in his pockets, affecting casual nonchalance, “you sorry excuses for tabloids have gone and paired Spiderman off with every single one of us. It makes an old man like me jealous, all the attention being shunted onto the younger generation.” He fluttered his eyelashes and let the pause grow.

“The difference,” Steve said, “was that there was never any accompanying article to those rumors that said, and I quote, ‘With these two menaces dating it is only a matter of days before New York is leveled to the ground,’ like is stated in the article about Deadpool and Spiderman. There was never anything but baseless speculation and ridiculous hypothesis. And that was—” his frown deepened, “not fine, but acceptably background.”

“Funny even,” Wade said daintily. “Always good for a laugh, seeing who people think one of us is sleeping with.”

“Hilarious,” Natasha said dryly.

“So what makes this one different?” Steve asked. “Because it shouldn’t matter at all, and yet somehow it does.”

“They’re not trustworthy,” someone in the crowd shouted. “What happens when they break up and they take it out on the city? New York can’t take another Chitauri-level incident.”

Tony furrowed his brow and took a step back before leaning up to the microphone again. “Do you know how many times me and Pep have broken up and gotten back together? And never, and I mean never have I taken it out on New York. And neither has Pepper.”

“Aye,” Thor agreed. “When my ladylove, the good Doctor Jane Foster, for those who are unaware of her import, and I took a ‘break,’” he said it like it was foreign word, “I did not lay waste to this city. And I would like to point out now, as well, that as sweet as it was for me to be considered a worthy companion to our Spider Man, I am indeed contracted to another.”

Someone in the crowd whooped, and Wade pressed a hand to his chest and let a heartfelt, if extremely exaggerated, “Awwwwwwww.”

“So no,” Steve said, “if there were a hypothetical ‘break-up’ to Spiderman and Deadpool’s hypothetical ‘relationship,’” Steve made good use of air quotes, “they would not destroy the city. That’s just ridiculous. Again and again you’ve seen them save civilians, take down criminals, and try to help this city in any way they can, and this is how you reward them? By insisting that their interpersonal relationships would make them lose all grasp of their morals and take their anger out..."
on the City? Ridiculous.”

A few of the hands that had gone up in the crowd dropped, and the muttering of the reporters were reduced by maybe half.

“Wow,” Peter said, wide-eyed. He turned to Bruce. “That was amazing!”

Bruce was grinning. “I know. They were pretty upset by the Bugle’s post.”

Peter grinned at Bruce and slung an arm over his shoulder. “You guys are the greatest. Defending my honor like this.”

Bruce laughed.

“What about their language?” someone off-screen shouted. “And the way they act. They’re role models; they shouldn’t be acting like that! Kids look up to them.”

“Ok,” Tony said, “which part? I think the worst thing said in that video was ‘baby boy,’ and neither ‘baby’ nor ‘boy’ are inappropriate words as far as I know. Unless something really effed up has happened recently that I’m not aware of.”

“Or do you mean their means of transportation?” Natasha asked.

Tony scoffed dramatically. “I don’t think so. I mean, who could possibly find something morally unconscionable about a piggy back ride?”

The audience was silent and even though they couldn’t see Peter, he grinned up at his friends, who had gone up to defend his and Wade’s relationship, and reveled in the devastation they’d created on his behalf.

“So,” Tony said after a long moment of letting their victory sink in, “I think that’s it.”

“Wait,” someone in the crowd shouted. “Are they dating? Are Deadpool and Spiderman dating?”

“Why?” Deadpool asked. “Are you disappointed that this hot bod is off the market?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Steve said through gritted teeth, too close to the microphone, making his voice distorted and overly loud. The sound system squealed. Peter winced. So did the on-screen audience.

“And we’ve never announced our relationships before,” Natasha said, “I don’t know why you think we’d start now. Clint?”

Clint came around and drew his arm through Natasha’s before the two of them stalked off the stage.

“Is the Black Widow in a relationship with Hawkeye?” someone shouted, and then there was a flurry of other voices shouting the same question, worded differently, over and over.

“Are Natasha Romanoff and Clint Barton secretly married?”

“Is something going on between the two most human members of the Avengers?”

“Is Hawkeye dating the Black widow?”

“I guess,” Tony said slowly, “that’s the end of the press conference.”
He turned, as did Thor, and also exited hand-in-hand.

The crowd’s shouts turned stilted, and then dropped, eyeing the two people who’d just claimed to be in loving relationships with two people not on stage, as they walked off arm-in-arm.

Peter pressed his lips together to keep from laughing.

“Go away!” Wade yelled, and then turned to Steve, who was waiting patiently beside him, rested a hand on Steve’s armored shoulder, and used that grip as a springboard to jump into an airborne horizontal reverse plank. Steve held his arms out in front of him at the last moment, catching Wade in a bridal-style hold.

Steve stared at the audience with a stoic mix of pride and rebellion, just daring someone to say something.

“Avengers out!” Wade cried, yanked one of the microphones out of its stand and tossed it onto the ground. “Mic drop!”

And then Steve very stoically carried Wade off the stage, bridal-style, Wade cackling all the way.

The screen returned to the main reporter, the woman who Peter just remembered was named Summer Marsten, who was looking a little shell-shocked. She started to say something, to compose herself, but Peter didn’t care. He turned from the screen to face Bruce, letting out a long loose laugh.

Bruce smiled back at him

“Did that really just happen?” Peter asked.

Bruce nodded.

Peter’s cheeks hurt from how wide he was grinning. “God, I love you guys. You’re all amazing.”

“Thanks, Peter,” Bruce said. “But you’re worth it. We’re always going to have your and Wade’s backs.”

“I’m going to give you a hug now,” Peter said, and did so. “And I’ll give everyone else hugs when they get back. You’re all the best.”

It was overwhelming, everything that had happened, from wanting people to recognize that his relationship with Wade wasn’t out of the realm of possibilities, to regretting ever letting the caustic media getting a handle on it, to having his friends and lover defend him to the world at large, and defend his relationship. It was, just, massive. But in a good way. A really, fucking, good way.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was based on a prompt from luchan101 in a comment for Chapter 17, and recommendations at the end of Chapter 19 that I continue the plot of that chapter, comments left namely by Child_of_Eru, Dragones, BobTheTurtle, and GimmeDatElephant. Thank you, guys!
Fake; in which there are two (count: 2) Spider Men

Chapter Notes

This alternate version starts in Chapter 13 of Homewrecker

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter was starting to worry that the Avengers were starting to worry about Peter (Inception!). And it made sense, kind of, because Peter was acting a little strange around them. As Peter. Well, as Spiderman too, but they didn’t know that so it couldn’t hurt them.

The day after the Doom bot battle Wade had had to apply even more make-up to Peter’s face before heading to work, as the bruises he’d amassed were, if not awfully dark, than at least many and varied. Thankfully he didn’t have anything as telling as a split lip, though considering his luck, he didn’t hold out that there would be much longer before he got one. The Thor-hand-shaped bruise on Peter’s cheek had lessened into a pale purple that was turning a sickly yellow/green around the edges. The foundation and whatever else Wade had smeared onto Peter’s face was working wonderfully, and Peter was amazed once more about the things that one could do with make-up. He should have taken before and after pictures, to show just how much black and blue had turned into perfectly smooth skin-colored skin. Make-up was amazing…and scary. Another reason to fear Natasha. And Pepper. And Tony.

Despite being able to flawlessly hide his darkened skin, Peter still wished he could take the day off. He’d rather not have to worry about stopping his hands from rubbing against the bruises hidden under the shallow layer of powder and cream. And, if he was being honest, he didn’t really want to face any of the Avengers. Not after everything. He knew that if he just saw them as Peter that he’d have nothing to worry about, but it was difficult trying to differentiate between how they treated Spiderman and their camaraderie with Peter when they truly treated both sides of him completely differently. He wasn’t sure how to talk to any of them without giving away who he was and all of the lies he’d built up around himself.

And Wade. Most importantly, if he took off work than him and Wade could laze about the house all day, watching Golden Girls and having terrific sex. Only, no they couldn’t, because Wade had to go to work too.

As it was, because of both Peter and Spiderman’s busy schedule, and Wade’s own agenda planner filled with an odd assortment of Avenger-ly duties, they hadn’t really had time to do the do with any great regularity in a while. On a side note, Peter did not count the quickie they’d had that morning in the shower together as sex. Mostly because Peter had tried to be more flexible than his tender muscles and bruised skin would allow for and ended up pulling both of them out of the shower and onto the floor with nothing but a ripped shower curtain and a stubbed toe to show for it.

It might have been worth it, though, as Wade couldn’t stop laughing at him for a full five minutes, even as Peter tried to see how much damage to their little bathroom he had done. Every time Peter tried to stand up Wade would just pull him back against his scarred chest, ruffle his hair, and begin laughing anew, with breathless “I can’t believe—”’s, “Spiderman tripping over his own feet”’s, and “Pete the klutz”’s being thrown at him. It was nice to hear Wade laugh so openly, even if it was at Peter’s expense. If Peter finally yanked himself out of Wade’s grasp only to accidentally kick him
in the head on his way out, well Peter had to get to work sometime, there was no time to laze about. And it only made Wade laugh harder and try to push himself off the ground with minimal success, as his hands, still wet from the shower, kept slipping on the tile.

The point (keep it together, Parker!) was that despite wanting to take the day off of work, there was no point in doing it if Wade wasn’t home too, and that it would really just be better to get seeing the Avengers over and done with as soon as possible.

Which was totally why Peter completely avoided all of the Avengers that he didn’t have to work in close proximity with, and mostly ignored those who he had to see, namely Tony and Bruce. Though, avoiding the other Avengers was easy, since no one had come to visit him yet, and he just stayed in the lab.

“Peter, ready for lunch?” Bruce asked as he stretched his hands over his head.

Peter imagined the arrow lodged in his back grinding against his bones as he twisted this way and that.

Peter shook his head and gave them a false smile. “Not today either, sorry. I told my Aunt I’d call her on my lunch break.”

Tony raised his eyebrows as he too stepped over to Peter’s work station. “You’re going to talk to your Aunt for the entire break?” He sounded far too skeptical. If he’d met Aunt May he’d know… Not that Peter was really going to call Aunt May, though now that he thought about it, it would make her happy, and it would add a certain edge of realism to his story. Why not, right?

Peter felt a twinge of something at the back of his head, but he twitched it away. With all the abuse the Avengers were hurling at Spider-him, his spidey sense had been a low-level hum for days. All it was was an annoyance.

Peter forced a laugh and tried to dredge the conversation they were having up from behind the rising hum of his spidey sense. He wanted nothing more than to go home. Just go home with Wade. But no. He was at work.

“Sorry Tony, but I’ll probably have to fake an alien attack just to get her off the phone,” Peter said distractedly. Why was his spidey-sense this loud? It had been a low buzz around most of the Avengers, but this, this was ridiculous.

Tony shook his head. “Peasants are strange.”

Peter squinted at Tony, and then at Bruce, but, no he didn’t view them as any more of a threat now than twenty minutes ago. He didn’t want to view them as a threat at all.

Something BOOMED, and the floors shook, the glass walls shook and cracked and shattered, and then sirens were going off, and--

“Peter!” Tony yelled, “Get down!”

--Peter reached for a table and yanked it up and over the place where Bruce had been, but the Hulk was suddenly there, amongst the slowly wafting shreds of Bruce’s lab coat and yellow plaid button-down. The table clattered to the floor, the scientific detritus that it had been housed on it just a pile of broken machinery and now unusable data. There was a whizzing sound of metal-on-metal, and--
“SMASH!” Yelled the Hulk, and did as such, bringing large fists down on the reinforced floor.

--Peter had never seen the Iron Man suit form like this, quick and dirty, whipping against Tony’s flesh almost quicker than the eye could see. It kept his attention for just a second too long, the smooth transition from Tony to the suit of armor enticing the tiny portion of his brain that could be bothered at the moment to squeal at such technology, and then there was another presence in the room, and Peter turned to look at a form in familiar red and blue.

“Spiderman!” Tony barked, his voice modulated through the suit.

Peter whipped his head around to look Tony in the eye--Well, what passed for one of the eyes of the Iron Man suit--out of habit. But Tony wasn’t looking at Peter. The angle of his body language was wrong. He was looking past Peter to the, the… interloper? The. Person. Dressed as Spiderman. As Peter. And wasn’t that a mind fuck?

“Hey there Ol’ Ironsides,” said a voice that was similar enough to Peter’s that his mind stuttered (and a very, very tiny part of his brain was aggrieved that he hadn’t thought up that nickname for Iron Man himself). “I’m not here to cause any trouble.”

“Tell that to my lab,” Tony said, gesturing to the destruction around him.

The fake Spiderman shrugged unconcerned.

Peter thought, almost clinically, that seeing someone impersonate him should make him angry. As should the destruction of his lab. Tony’s lab. His lab. But all Peter could feel was a curious emptiness.

Shock.

Right.

Seeing your doppelganger will do that to you.

Thankfully the lack of immediate emotional upheaval at the sight of an impossible Spiderman allowed Peter to process what was happening logically. He could look at the situation objectively. This man was not Spiderman. This was an imposter. Peter knew this, for obvious reasons. Reason. One reason. The reason being, of course, that he was Spiderman.

But Tony, Tony thought this was Spiderman. Which Peter was mildly offended at, even though Tony had no viable reason to think this man who looked just like Spiderman, and sounded like Spiderman, wasn’t Spiderman.

“Tony,” Peter said, intending to warn his friend that this was a fake Spiderman because--frankly, it was because that was the only thing he could think to do. Tony thought this guy was him, thought this menace in a suit was Peter, even though he didn’t know that he thought he was Peter--

It gets confusing.

If Peter tried to fight the fake Spiderman, his own super strength and agility would be revealed. In retrospect, if Peter were to ever think about it retrospectively, looking back on this moment, it wouldn’t make any sense. Peter, mouth open to tell Tony that this guy isn’t Spiderman--how would he know it isn’t Spiderman? How would Peter possibly be able to tell real Spiderman from a fake one? Objectively, there is no answer that isn’t incriminating. And honestly, was his secret identity worth more than the safety of Tony and Bruce, of their lab? No. Of course not. Peter would never think that.
But.

But in the moment?

In the moment Peter fell back on habit. Keeping his identity a secret was important to the parts of his brain that weren’t screaming, and his logical thinking was too busy keeping track of the exploding things and shattered glass to add any input.

So, when Peter opened his mouth to shout at Tony, and instead saw the fake Spiderman pull something that looked suspiciously like a gun from behind his back and point it at Peter--he saw every second of it in agonizing slow motion, and all his brain could provide was a litany of ‘Don’t get caught. Don’t get caught. Don’t get caught out in a lie. You’re a civilian. Just a civilian. You don’t have your own spandex supersuit beneath your clothes right now’ which was the opposite of helpful--all he could do was watch in numb horror, and stupid goddamn indecision, as the Spiderman shot him point blank in the chest. What would have been point blank in the chest, except Peter, while stupid, wasn’t fatally so, and twisted just enough that it only clipped his shoulder.

Because Peter was probably the stupidest asshole in the world. And if--when--Wade heard of this he would never let Peter live it down.

But the gun hadn’t shot a bullet. Instead it was filled with a sticky adhesive-like net that was uncomfortably similar to Peter’s webs. The net glanced off Peter, but boomeranged back around, wrapping Peter in strong gum-like substance that gave when Peter strained against it, folded around his arms as he stretched and flexed, but did not break.

“Peter!” someone yelled--Tony!-- but it was happening too fast, and Tony had his hand up, the repulsor glowing an electric haze of white-blue like it did seconds before it fired, and Hulk was roaring, but Peter was trapped in a sleeping bag made of chewed up bubble gum and couldn’t get out no matter how he strained. And then the fake Spiderman jerked at the gun he was holding, which was still attached by a thread of gum adhesive, to the gum surrounding Peter, and Peter was suddenly flying backwards, towards the Spider-imposter. There were two small noises from behind him, little phits, and something whipped past him, at Iron Man and Hulk, and the part of his brain that wasn’t freaking out about flying backwards through the air against his will, hoped whatever else the guy had shot at his friends hadn’t landed.

His stomach dropped and he grimaced at the quickly receding faces of Iron Man and Hulk. He liked to swing around the town, often going much faster than this, but he found that when the movement was involuntary and a surprise, he did not like it nearly as much.

But he didn’t stop when he hit the fake Spidey, like he assumed he would. He just kept going. And twisting around to see what was going on, he saw that the man in the Spider Suit was dragging him behind him as he ran.

“I’m being kidnapped,” Peter said with surprise to himself. Tony would follow immediately, he knew, and probably the other Avengers would show up soon as well (Wade!), so he wasn’t really worried.

He made a decision. Since the Avengers were going to come for him anyway, and soon probably, and when they did come for him (not if, when) then it’d be better if they didn’t see him doing backflips and acrobatics and swinging webs. That’d be bad for keeping a secret identity secret. So even though he did have his web slinger on him, he resigned himself to not fighting back, to just waiting to be rescued. It was even kind of relaxing, being able to sit back and not struggle. A little mini-vacation. If mini-vacations involved being dragged along the floor and through service areas
that weren’t really meant for people.

Plus he couldn’t move anyway, what with the sticky gum.

But then suddenly they weren’t in the building any more. There was a door where there shouldn’t have been a door, and then Peter was free-falling.

Which, by the way, he did not like when he wasn’t in control of the falling.

“Easy there, Parker,” the Spider-imposter said, his voice still perfectly Peter--Perfectly Spiderman. Which was weird, very, very weird, but also sort of comforting. Peter didn’t like that someone was pretending to be Spiderman, but if he kept up the charade around Peter than he didn’t know Peter was Spiderman. Which, wow, relief, but also was a sharp reminder that until this moment Peter hadn’t even considered that his guy knew Peter was Spiderman.

Hopefully he was just being absent-minded, dealing with the shock of an imposter, and didn’t have a concussion from being dragged down a flight of stairs.

Fake-Spiderman shot some more of the gummy material that surrounded Peter from the gum gun (say that five times fast), this time at the building, and it slowed their descent. Almost like this was what he thought Peter’s webs were like, or this was the closest he could make himself. But really? Out of a gun? Who did he think he was?

“Where are we going?” Peter demanded, as he was lowered slowly onto the top of a black van. The metal thunked beneath him, and then thunked again when the fake Spiderman landed beside him. He was dragged from the roof, down the side, and thrown into the back of the van. “Please stop throwing me around,” he asked unkindly, wishing he could rub at the sore spot on his head that he kept landing on. The floor of the back of the van was corrugated, and Peter wasn’t loving it.

Peter heard the sound of one of the front doors being opened, and then the engine turning over, and with a jerk the van pulled into traffic, weaving in and out of lanes with jerks that made Peter roll this way and that.

“Hey!” Peter snapped. “What the fuck!”

“Language, Parker,” the man said, sounding completely unconcerned. Even a little bored. “I don’t need a noisy hostage. So if you could just tone it down that’d be great.” He elongated the last word and it made Peter twitch. He sounded almost like a parent, or a teacher, talking to a troublesome child. Almost tired. That’s how he might sound, if he weren’t also absolutely speeding through town.

“You obviously don’t know me very well. I’m not the quiet type.”

“Me either,” the man said, but then didn’t continue.


The van jerked a little before straightening out once more. When the man spoke he tried to be nonchalant, but Peter could hear a tick in his voice. “I’m no fake Spiderman. I don’t think we’ve ever met before, but I can guarantee I’m the real deal.”

Peter hummed. “No. I don’t believe we have met. But I believe in Spiderman’s morals. I used to take photos for the Bugle, you know, so I’ve seen Spidey up close. He’s a good dude. And you’re not. Quid pro quo, you’re not Spiderman. Also, and I’m just spitballing here, I don’t think Spiderman would ever go as low as to drive a van. In New York? Take the subway like the rest of
us.”

The man hummed, but he seemed confident once more. “It doesn’t matter if you believe I’m Spiderman or not. I am.”

“Why did you take me? Where are you taking me? What do you want? Why--” But there was a sudden buzzing noise and the van took a sharp turn and started going down, down, down, at a sharp angle.

“I’m taking you here,” the man said. “And what I want is for you to shut up.”

The van slammed to a stop, and Peter moved with it, sliding further into the van, before the back doors were jerked open. Fake-Spiderman reached in and dragged Peter out, and Peter found that they were in a concrete area, much like a parking garage, but with only space enough for a couple vehicles.

“That was quick,” Peter said. “You know, I’ve never been kidnapped before, but I was expecting to be in the car forever. Or on a plane or something. Being whisked somewhere far, far away.”

The man yanked Peter to his feet, and Peter stumbled on purpose, just to make the man flail trying to catch him.

“Because,” Peter continued, “by how quick that was, how quick we got here, to your hidden, underground lair, I’ve got to assume that we’re still in New York. Obviously. Still in a twenty block radius of the Tower. Which is kind of stupid. I work with Tony Stark for a living. My boyfriend is Deadpool. You cannot assume that you’re going to get away with any of this, can you?”

The man forced Peter through a door, down a short hall, and into a small room with a single metal chair in the center facing a large tv mounted to the wall. The screen was black at the moment, but the room’s whole setup gave Peter very bad vibes.

The man dropped Peter into the chair, and then brought out his gum gun and shot it at Peter and the chair, effectively trapping him on it. Which was unfortunate, because it wasn’t really a very comfy piece of furniture.

“Here’s the deal,” the man said, crossing his arms over his chest, obscuring the Spider emblem there. “You are the only civilian in years who has been able to infiltrate the Avengers’ close-knit group. I have to assume in part it’s because you’re shacking up with the mercenary.”

“Ex-cuse you!” Peter spat.

The man shrugged. “I’ve got nothing against mercenaries. Though I hear he’s turned over a new leaf.” He shrugged again. “Not sure I believe that, but hey, good for him or whatever.”

“So?” Peter asked. “You kidnapped me as bait or something?”

“No,” the man said. “Good guess though. No, I’m going to take your place.”

Peter blinked. “Take my place?”

“Yes,” the man said, and then in a second it wasn’t a Spider-man look-a-like that was standing in front of him, but a middle-aged man wearing an argyle sweater vest and khakis. “I’m sure you’ve heard of me. I’m--”
“Chameleon,” Peter hissed, feeling particularly stupid and slow on the up-take. This wasn’t the man’s real face either, Peter knew. Chameleon always used someone else’s face.

“Oh,” the man said, looking pleased. “You have heard of me. Well good. Too bad you're going to have to die. But your existence is so useful. You should feel glad.”

“Useful!” Peter snapped. “You’re going to, what? Pretend to be me in order to worm your way into the Avenger’s ranks? They’ll spot you out in an instant.”

“I don’t think so,” he said. “For, you see, I am an Actor.” He trilled the ‘r.’

“Oh my god,” Peter said with a sigh.

“But I’m not all bad,” Chameleon said. “In fact, I’ve even gotten you a little present. Isn’t that nice of me?”

“I doubt it,” Peter muttered, but Chameleon didn’t hear him.

“It’s really much more than I usually give people, but, I’m feeling generous. I’ll let you see your friends, one last time, how is that?”

And then he pulled something long and black from his pocket, pressed a button, and the TV came to life.

“You keep your remote in your pocket?” Peter scoffed. “Nerd.”

“Well, that should keep you busy while I ready the acid bath.”

“Acid Bath?” Peter questioned, his pitch rising.

But then what was happening on the TV filtered into his ears (“You don’t know if that’s what really happened!” Wade bellowed.), and he snapped his head around to see the screen, which was showing an image of a computer screen and a keyboard, with long, red, gauntleted fingers typing on it. Peter would recognize the Iron Man suit anywhere. If Tony was typing on something, if this was Tony, the camera must be somewhere on the left side of his chest. The image was grainy. A micro camera? Something Chameleon had shot at Tony during the fight?

Peter tried to force his mind back to the fight. Had Chameleon shot something at Tony? Or thrown something? Peter couldn’t remember. It had happened so fast, and he’d been focusing on other things.

“--do know is that Spiderman somehow broke into my tower,” Tony was saying, not hesitating at all as he typed, “and kidnapped my intern, and we’re going to get him back. No matter what.”

“Agreed,” Natasha said from somewhere off camera.

“I just think that we’re being hasty.” Wade said, and he moved behind Tony’s computer, hands on his hips, and even though all Peter could see was a stripe of red and black above the computer monitor, he couldn’t help but be overjoyed to be seeing Wade right now.

The camera stuck on Tony didn’t have a microphone good enough to pick up on the tense and frosty silence that descended in the room that Peter wasn’t in, but he knew it was happening.

“Hasty?” Clint’s voice growled.

“I am sure that that is not what good Wade meant,” Thor said, though he didn’t sound like he quite
condoned Wade’s words either.

“I just meant,” Wade hurried to say, “that I don’t think hunting down Spiderman is the way to go. I definitely, I mean definitely want to rescue Peter. That’s not up for debate. We are getting him back. I just don’t believe Spiderman had anything to do with it.”

“I saw him,” Tony said, and did pause typing then. The code on his monitor continued streaming, courtesy of Jarvis no doubt. But then the angle changed, the room tilted and shifted, and there were the Avengers, sitting around looking pissed. Clint was pacing, Natasha was sharpening a knife, Bruce was fiddling with the sleeves an oversized sweater he kept in the lab for Hulk-accidents. Wade looked concerned, but not nearly as frantic as the others. Which made sense. Wade was the only one who knew that Peter really could defend himself. Though, he thought as he struggled against the gummy net adhering him to the chair, he really wouldn’t mind the help.

Unfortunately, if the video was live (which Peter really couldn’t be positive about, but he wasn’t sure why it wouldn't be), then no, the Avengers weren’t hot on his tail.

“You saw,” Wade rolled the words slowly around his mouth, “Spiderman? And he kidnapped Peter? I just really,” he sighed out, looking tired and serious and not like his normal goofy self at all, “can’t believe that.”

“I was there,” Tony snapped, louder than the rest of them due to proximity to camera. “Spiderman busted into the lab, wrapped Peter in webs, and stole him away. He did it. You can say that it isn’t the web-slinger’s MO all day long, but that doesn’t change the fact that I was there. I saw it happen.”

“Jarvis,” Steve said, pure Captain America with his voice steady and hard, and his cowl pulled low on his face. “Can you pull up the kidnapping again? I want to see it.”

Tony didn’t turn to look, so Peter didn’t get a chance to see in the third person what had happened. Peter wasn’t really aching to see it happen again. It was kind of embarrassing, getting kidnapped by an imposter of himself. Wade was never going to let him live it down.

Instead Tony turned back to the computer screen, this time not typing, just watching. Peter thought he picked out a few coordinates of places around New York, places that, with a little wracking of his memory, he recalled as being points that Spiderman had been at odds with the Avengers at. They were trying to pinpoint where Spiderman was most likely to bring Peter. Right. With the way the algorithm was running (all hail Jarvis) they’d probably find the most likely place Spiderman stayed. But that wouldn’t help, since it would just be Peter’s apartment, and not this very classy and chic concrete box some amount of space underground.

“So there you have it,” Bruce said, and Tony turned back to the group of people. “Spiderman.”

Wade put a hand across his face but didn’t dispute it again, no matter how much it was obvious to Peter that he wanted to.

Peter couldn’t blame him. He was fighting a losing battle. The Avengers had seen, what looked like, Spiderman kidnapping Peter. They didn’t know it couldn’t be Spiderman. And Wade wasn’t going to win that battle unless he spilled the beans on Peter’s secret identity. Which he wouldn’t do.

Peter wasn’t even sure he cared that much. It would certainly be easier if the Avengers knew that it couldn’t possibly be Spiderman who kidnapped Peter, because Spiderman was Peter.
But that was immaterial. Wade wasn’t about to out Peter without his permission, even if it’d be easier if he did. Because Wade was a sweet, sweet boy.

“Ok,” Wade said, “let’s say it was Spiderman.”

“It was,” Clint snapped. “I know you have some thing with the Spider kid, but this is more important than that. And anyway, isn’t that thing you have with Spiderman the reason he kidnapped Peter?” He looked around. “That’s the only thing that makes sense to me. He was jealous of your relationship with Peter and decided to get rid of the competition.”

“If that is so,” Thor said, decibels above a normal speaking voice, but just around the normal pitch for his speaking voice, “than we must retrieve young Peter before the Man of Spiders does irreparable harm!”

Wade squeezed the bridge of his nose and then let out a long and gusty sigh. “Fine, fine, fine. Let’s--whatever. I’ll tell you what. If it turns out that it was indeed Spiderman who kidnapped Petey-Pie,” and his tone showed how unlikely he found that idea to be, “I will gut Spiderman myself.”

“And Jarvis is tracking the traffic cams,” Tony said. “It took us a minute to figure out their point of egress. Looks like there are a couple of holes in the tower’s security around the old service areas. We closed up whatever couldn’t be renovated a couple years back, but I guess the security wasn’t up to par and a little spider snuck in. He made a hole in an exterior wall to escape through, and that’s what took up most of our time. But we found him. Jarvis did, a minute back, and now he’s tracking their progress through traffic cameras. Which isn’t as easy as one might think by the way.”

“Why didn’t you follow them?” Wade groaned.

“You know why,” Natasha said sharply. “We’ve been over this. Spiderman webbed Iron Man’s boots to the ground.”

“And Hulk isn’t really great at recon, you know?” Bruce said. He sounded regretful nonetheless.

“It’s not really a web,” Wade muttered.

“That’s actually true,” Bruce agreed, perking up at the change of subject. “It really looks and feels and acts nothing like Spiderman’s usual webs. We’ve researched them before. Purely professional curiosity. And this stuff is more like glue or gum than webs.”

“If I may,” Jarvis’s smooth tones interjected, “Mr. Parker was moved via van to a location nine blocks away. I have the address if--”

“We’re on our way,” Tony said. “Send me the location, J. And let SHEILD know that we’ve done their jobs for them. Again.”

They were moving then, and Tony and Thor separated from the group to go up to the launch pad. They were the fliers in the group. Peter knew without having to be told that the others would get
into one of the many vehicles in the garage below, and met them there.

Here.

Where Peter was.

Thank god.

“I don’t care what Cap says,” Tony announced to Thor as they ran, their exit already in sight, “Spiderman is going down. No questions.”

“Haste may not be the best option, friend--” Thor started to say, but then his voice was lost as Tony jetted into the sky before the norse god.

With the wind whipping past the camera and microphone, everything became a white noise, but he thought he heard Tony say, “He took Peter. He doesn’t deserve a second chance.” Or it could have been in Peter’s imagination.

Peter watched the screen as Tony flew, but all it was was a birds eye view of New York. Beautiful, but nothing he hadn’t seen before. And the wind buffeting against the suit made hearing anything impossible.

He tried flexing against the gum again. It was harder than it had been, like it had dried out, and a tiny hope shot through Peter that that meant it was more brittle as well. He strained harder, and finally heard a creaking from the adhesive at his back, and then one on his left side. It sounded kind of like frozen food being pulled apart, like when the microwave burritos got freezer burn, and Peter had to tear them from their siblings before putting them in the microwave. Not a loud sound, not a BANG or a SNAP. No where near actually breaking, not yet. The sound was almost inaudible, but there all the same.

Peter grinned.

The door swung open, and Peter came to the sudden realization that it mightn’t matter. He hadn’t forgotten the mention of an Acid Bath.

“Pe-ter!” Chameleon sing-songed as he walked in the door. He was pulling behind him a dolly which Peter frowned at before realizing that he could use the dolly to wheel Peter out of the room without having to unstick him from the chair. And then Peter and the chair could go into the acid bath together.

Peter didn’t particularly want to die strapped to this chair. It wasn’t very comfortable. One of those fold-up metal types they keep as extra seating at church events and PTA meetings.

The man left the dolly by the door, but stationed himself in front of the television screen, directly in Peter’s line of sight. Peter couldn’t avoid looking at him.

“Chameleon,” Peter responded politely.

The man pouted and took the remote from his pocket to silence the tv (and Peter almost jumped at the sudden lack of white noise), and then in an instant the middle-aged man was gone and in his place was a beautiful woman, tall and lithe, with almost incandescent black hair in a tumble down her (his?) back. He was wrapped in a tight napoleon-type captain’s jacket with medals and ribbons, and jodhpurs. He grinned malevolently. It was a shame he was Chameleon, and trying to kill him, because he looked pretty punk as a beautiful woman and Peter wanted that outfit. Though, he doubted he’d be able to rock it as well as Chameleon’s gorgeous stolen lady-body could.
“Is this better?” Chameleon asked, and his voice as soft and bell-like, “You’d like being killed by a pretty lady a lot more than a middle-aged man, wouldn’t you? Everyone does. Not that I do for this everyone, mind you. But you are giving up your life for my benefit, so...” he shrugged.

“I mean,” Peter said, “it’s not really better. I don’t want to be killed no matter what.”

Chameleon looked down at himself, ran a hand down his voluptuous chest, and then through his long tangle of hair. “I guess you don’t swing this way. You are dating that fool Deadpool.”

“Don’t call him a fool,” Peter snapped, and tried to surreptitiously snap the gum. It still had too much give, it wasn’t brittle enough yet to break, so he stopped straining. “And I’m bisexual, not that it’s any of your business.”

“Good to know,” Chameleon said neutrally. “Details are always important when learning a new part.”

Peter scoffed.

“And I suppose you’d prefer this form then, since you didn’t seem to like Angelica or Robert.”

Peter made a face and came to the realization that the last two forms he’d shown Peter were probably real people whose faces Chameleon had stolen. And then that thought flew from his head, because in the place of the woman in military-esque dress stood Wade. Not Wade-Wade, but Deadpool Wade. The mask was perfect, as was the rest of his suit, from gloves to boots, including the weapons strapped to his thighs and back.

“No,” Peter said, fury rising in him. “You do not get to look like him. You asshole!”

“Why not, Peter-Piper?” said Wade’s voice, pitch perfect down to the way he lilted Peter’s name when he talked. “You’re gonna die either way, Baby Boy. Might as well get to see your hubby here before you go. See, I’m a nice guy.”

Peter snarled wordlessly.

“Wow,” said Chameleon, tipping his head, looking so much like Wade that Peter could feel himself reddening in anger. This man--this monster had no right, no right at all, to wear Wade’s face. Peter was going to make him hurt. He was going to make him suffer. “I was starting to think you were a sociopath or something. All polite and cordial while being kidnapped. I thought maybe you were a villain in your own right, like you seduced your way into Deadpool’s pants to get in with the Avengers. So cool. But now you’re hot, burning up!”

He laughed in Wade’s voice, but much more cruelly than Peter had ever heard Wade sound.

Behind Chameleon the angle the screen was showing changed dramatically. The birds eye view of the city turned into a very close-up view of an apartment building. Peter couldn’t hear what, if anything, Tony was saying, as the screen was still silenced, but he caught it when Tony landed and started advancing on the building with purpose.

He tried to watch Tony’s actions out of the corner of his eye. If Tony was here for him (what a stupid supposition. Of course Tony was here for him), then he didn’t want to give that away to the Chameleon.

“What are you going to do, anyway?” Peter said, mostly in a play to distract Chameleon, to keep him from turning around and seeing where Tony was. “You said you’d replace me, which I still don’t think is going to work, but then what? I’m not an Avenger or anything. And eventually the real Spiderman will show up, and then where will you be?”
“But that’s the beauty of it!” Chameleon said in Wade’s voice, and clapped his hands together like Wade did when he had something dangerous planned. “I’ll be you. I’ll come back to the Avengers, say that I escaped the evil clutches of Spiderman somehow, and then I’ll be home free! The Avengers will hunt down the real Spidey, and no matter what he says, they’re not going to believe him. It’s common knowledge amongst your heroes, and us villains alike that Spiderman is on the Avengers’ shit list. They won’t hesitate to hunt him down, lock him up, and throw away the key. If they don’t kill him.” He chuckled, and Peter shivered in revulsion. Wade should never make that sound. Never. Never, ever, ever.

“They’re not idiots,” Peter said. “They’d figure it out.”

Chameleon shrugged, and Peter watched the ripple of muscle that was so familiar to him, and bit his tongue.

“Maybe, but I doubt it. No matter how intelligent they are, they won’t deny your--my memories, or the trauma,” he made his voice sound terrified and shaky, and clutched a hand to his heart, “that Spiderman inflicted on me! I’m going to be a mess!”

Chameleon rippled again, and there in front of Peter was himself. An identical replica, from the messy hair and lanky frame to the T-shirt and high tops.

It was actually a relief. Watching Chameleon imitate Wade had been a hard thing to look at, harder than he’d ever like to admit, but Peter could deal with himself. He did, on a daily basis.

“It was Spiderman!” Chameleon cried out, twisting Peter’s voice into something whiney and cowardly. Peter didn’t like it, but it was still better than hearing Wade’s voice warped into something disgusting. “He kidnapped me because he’s jealous! The things he did. The things I saw! I’ll never recover.” And Chameleon lowered his head into his hands and began to wail. It was so unlike Peter, so little like Peter’s actual tears, which were always as quiet as he could make them, that Peter couldn’t help but laugh.

Chameleon jerked his head up and growled, a look of malice and anger settling onto his features. Peter hoped that he’d never looked like that, because it was ugly.

Peter glanced at the tv screen, barely taking in the moving image of the black van, and the door past it that Peter knew led straight to him, before returning his eyes to Chameleon.

“I don’t cry like that,” Peter said almost cheerfully, “and I hope to god I never make that face, because it is disgusting. I’ll assume that one is all you.”

“Laugh all you want,” Chameleon said. “I won’t have to be you for long. Any inconsistencies will be chalked up to the trauma of what ‘Spiderman’ did. And then I’ll be in their inner circle, and I’ll kill them,” he ended simply.

Peter rolled his eyes. “Like it’d be that easy.”

And then a large explosion rocked the outer wall of the building, and Peter got to watch as his face, the face Chameleon was wearing, morphed into the Spiderman mask.

“Looks like the Avengers caught up to us after all,” Chameleon said, turning to see the screen, which was a shot of a blackened and crumbling wall. And then Tony’s gauntlet came up again, a blue light radiating from the palm.

“I did tell you that would happen,” Peter pointed out.
“No matter. Now they’ll get to see me in action. Oops, I’m sorry, I meant Spiderman in action!” He didn’t sound sorry at all.

Tony blasted through the wall, scattering concrete debris in his wake. The suit was a little scuffed up, and there was a divot on the chest piece that was no doubt where the camera was stuck to him. Peter made a mental note to tell him about it as soon as possible. Iron Man didn’t need a camera stuck to his chest. He worked with enough secrets that that could only end badly.

Peter tested the strength of the gum and it creaked encouragingly. He could probably snap it, at least enough to break away from the chair, if not to get the sticky stuff off altogether, but now Tony was in the room. He hesitated.

The issue was the secret identity thing. If he broke the gum adhesive, and if he tried to help Tony take down the Chameleon, it would become apparent pretty quickly that he was Spiderman. Unless Tony continued being fooled by Chameleon, in which case he could claim that he was a mutant or was just pumped with a lot of adrenaline or something. But, here was the kicker, Chameleon knew that Chameleon wasn’t Spiderman, so then Chameleon wouldn’t have any trouble, or any of the preconceived notions of Peter that the Avengers had, would put two and two together and figure out Peter was Spiderman.

And while Peter found himself not completely upset at the idea of Tony, of the Avengers knowing he was Spidey (and was actually kind of hoping he’d get the chance to tell them himself if this all worked out ), he did not absolutely did not want Chameleon knowing. No. A big N-O on that one, thanks.

So he didn’t snap the gum, and he hoped Tony would be able to take down Chameleon quickly.

Of course (of course), if Tony found himself getting the short end of the stick, Pete would step in. He wasn’t a dick or anything. But this was Chameleon, not actually Spiderman. And Peter had taken him down before. Tony could totally do it.

“Hey there, Iron Giant,” Chameleon said in Spiderman's voice. Peter’s voice. He was crouched on the floor in front of Peter, one leg splayed out in an imitation of a pose that Peter knew he did all the time. Granted, half the time he was on the ceiling, or a wall, but yeah, same. Good god, how many youtube videos of Peter did this guy watch before coming out as Spiderman? It was creepy how similar he was. “I knew you missed me.”

Tony, Iron Man, faced Peter, and the Chameleon in front of him, and raised a hand, palm-out, that was glowing electric blue. There was a hum, that Peter knew from experience meant the repulsors were charging, and that Iron Man was about to fire.

“Step away from my intern,” Tony barked, his voice coming off louder and more synthetic than Peter was used to, but still recognizably Tony. “If you let him go now, I won’t kill you.”

“Tough words,” Chameleon said, “but I’m not sure you’re actually man enough to kill a fellow hero. Especially with how wide your blast radius is. If you aim for me you might hit young Pete as well.”

Peter scoffed. “Young,” he said derisively. Spiderman wasn’t any older than Peter Parker, thank you very much.

Obviously.

“Pete,” Tony said, “don’t worry. We’re going to get you out of this.”
“You and what army?” Chameleon demanded, and pulled the gum gun from his back waistband and pointed it at Tony in a way Peter was sure he thought was menacing.


Which was when Thor flew into the room through the hole Iron Man had already made, followed first by Wade, and then Steve, and then Natasha. Peter assumed Clint was somewhere waiting to put his sniping skills to some use (a small concrete room was good for close fights, not long-distance), and Bruce, who hopefully wouldn’t be needed as Hulk, as Peter wasn’t sure Hulk could even fit inside this room.

“Spider Man!” Steve barked, voice hard and commanding. “Release your hostage immediately.”

“He’s not my hostage,” Chameleon said. “He’s the only thing keeping me from Deadpool. We could be happy together if it weren’t for him!” And he pointed a shaking finger behind him, at Peter

And the thing was, he even sounded the part. Peter shouldn’t be surprised, because Chameleon’s whole thing was being a good actor, but he was surprised, and Chameleon did sound like a love-crazed fool. And it was infuriating!

Peter shot a foot out to kick the man but he was too far away for the strike to hit.

“You disgust me,” Tony spat.

Thor frowned at Chameleon in abject disappointment. “Man of Spiders. There’s not much that I know of this land you call earth, besides what I’ve learned beside my comrades, but I do know love, as that is universal. And I know that the way to a man’s heart is not through threats, especially threats towards the one that man calls ‘Lover.’”

It was a very logical and reasonable argument. Unfortunately Chameleon wasn’t likely to be swayed by logic.

Thor took a step forward and the Chameleon whipped his gum gun towards Thor before pointing it back at Peter’s face. “Take one more step and I’ll shoot him!”

Thor froze, as did the others. Everyone except Wade.

“For fuck’s sake,” Wade complained conversationally. “That’s not even a real gun. It just shoots silly string.” He sidled forward casually.

“It’s not silly string!” Chameleon yelped. “It’s my web! And at this range, if I shoot him in the face it’ll block his air passages and he’ll suffocate to death. See if I won’t.”

He wouldn’t. If he killed Peter there went his plans of infiltrating the Avengers as Peter.

Peter met Wade’s eyes over Chameleon’s head, looking past the barrel of the gun, and very pointedly rolled his eyes.

Wade’s shoulders relaxed infinitesimally.

“Don’t do anything hasty,” Natasha said soothingly. “You don’t want to be in any more trouble than you already are. Put down the weapon and step away from the boy.”
“Not a boy,” Peter muttered beneath his breath. Steve gave him a strained smile no doubt meant to be encouraging. It looked more pained than anything.

Wade took a confident step forward, a large one, and the Chameleon faltered, dropping the gun to Peter’s chest for just a second before aiming it back at Peter’s face.

“I said,” he snapped, his voice drifting away from Peter’s recognizable tones and into something harder, “stay back. I will kill him. See if I don’t.”

“Deadpool,” Steve hissed, and motioned for Wade to return to his place, but contrarily, Wade moved forward. With a grin.

“Isn’t that what you wanted anyway?” Wade asked. “You said you were going kill Petey here just so we could bone, right? That’s what you want? You want to bump uglies with me, right? Join me in a bedroom rodeo. Do the do. Make the beast with two backs. Get down, get laid, get it on, get some. Take part in a little hanky panky. Wet my willy. Really just get the blood pumping with a good ol’ rumpy pumpy.” Chameleon winced, and then tried to hide it, but he hadn’t been very subtle. Wade could be pretty raunchy. If Chameleon couldn’t get used to that how was he ever going to imitate Peter?

Weak.

“Then why don’t you do it?” Wade asked, drawing his Katana and taking another step forward. “Shoot that gun. Kill him right now. Hey, I’ll tell you what. If you kill Petey-Pie right now, I’ll take you home and give you my maidenhead.”

“Wade,” Natasha said quietly, voice cold and dangerous, “if you don’t get back this very second I will shoot you. This is not how you handle hostage situations.”

Wade didn’t even turn his head. His gaze hadn’t wavered from Peter’s almost since he entered the room. Every now and then he glanced at Chameleon, and with the mask Peter wouldn’t have been able to tell that his gaze was on Peter and not on Chameleon, or Chameleon’s gun, except that Peter was Peter and he knew Wade.

Wade was now well past where the rest of the Avengers stood, closer than even Tony, who had gotten there first, but he was still far enough away that he’d have to lunge forward in order for his katana to connect if he were to swing it.

“But here’s the thing,” Wade said, talking to Chameleon and looking at Peter, “I really doubt your motivation. I don’t think you want to get a dose of Vitamin D. That stands for dick, by the way.”

“Deadpool,” Peter said.

The room’s attention was on him and he shifted in his gummy-hold. It creaked, and Peter actually had to put effort into not breaking it. He itched to flex.

“Vitamin D,” Peter clarified. “It could be Vitamin Dick, or it could be Vitamin Deadpool.”

Wade let out a huff of breath. “God, if you weren’t already marrying me I’d propose to you again.”

“Feel free,” Peter said, grinning.

“Enough,” Chameleon interrupted gruffly, because he was a jerk-face. “Shut up, or I’ll shoot! Both of you, shut up. Now.”
“As I was saying,” Wade said, sweet and cloying, “I don’t think you’re actually after this ol’ thing here.” He gestured down his body. “I think you’re trying to fuck with us. And that—that I do not like at all.”

“Deadpool,” Steve started, voice like gravel, low and rough, but Wade held up a hand, never turning his gaze from Peter’s face.

“Trust me,” Wade said simply, and there was a hesitation, but Steve backed off, and ooohh, that felt good. To see the trust in action. To see that no matter how stupid Wade was, his team would take him at his word.

And then he turned back to Chameleon and said, simple as pie, “You’re not Spiderman.”

“I am Spiderman,” Chameleon said, a little too loud, a little too eager, and suddenly Peter could see the others didn’t look too sure of themselves anymore.

“No you’re not,” Deadpool said. “I know Spidey, and you may look like him, heck, you even sound like him, but you’re not him.”

Chameleon wavered, just a little, and his finger tightened on the trigger. If he did shoot (and he might, now, since it was obvious that he wasn’t going to be able to take Peter’s place), Peter could probably dodge. Well, he could definitely dodge, but if he did it would mean showing off his powers.

He could probably let well enough alone. They’d rescue him, if he didn’t do anything to help himself. Wade would. Tony and Steve and Thor and Natasha all would. Clint and Bruce would, even from afar. If he gave Wade a few more minutes his fiance would talk the man in circles and then take him down swiftly, and Peter would enjoy watching it.

But.

But, Peter was not defenseless. And if keeping his powers secret from his friends meant making them rush to protect him any time anything bad happened, meant making them worry that he was defenseless and damageable, then, maybe, he shouldn’t keep it a secret. Maybe it was a bad secret. Maybe it was something he should have trusted his friends with long ago.

And maybe he wanted, just a little, to be able to show off. In front of his friends. In front of Wade.

Also, Chameleon was an asshole who deserved to be brought down a peg or two.

“How would you know?” Chameleon growled. “You think you know the real Spiderman? I’ll show you the real Spiderman!”

Well that was a dramatic introduction if Peter had ever heard one.

He winked at Wade, and only had a second to see Wade start to grin in response, and to raise his sword as a distraction for the Chameleon, before Peter flexed—muscles easily breaking the creaking and now brittle adhesive—and launched himself from the chair. Chameleon, poor stupid Chameleon, with his back to Peter, never had a chance. In another second Peter had his arm around Chameleon’s throat like an iron vise, unmoving and unbending as the man began to struggle, tried to look over his shoulder to see who could have gotten the drop on him, and then he slammed the villain’s head very helpfully into the concrete ground. Not hard enough to kill, just hard enough to knock out.

Three seconds, and Peter had freed himself.
Peter was quite pleased. That was impressive even by *his* standards.

Wade went for a high-five, and Peter met it with a grin.

“Nice going, Baby Boy,” he said, and then turning to the other Avengers, said, “I told you that dipshit wasn’t Spiderman.”

Steve was gaping, and Tony raised his face plate so he could very dramatically goggle at Peter.

“You’re Spiderman,” Natasha said drily, and then actually gave in and rolled her eyes. She pressed a hand to her ear, to the comm, and said, “Hawkeye, Banner, feel free to join us. The threat has been handled...No. By Peter...Yes. I’m not going to repeat myself...Just come and see with your own eyes if you don’t believe me.”

Peter bit his lip.

“Bruce is going to freak,” Tony said. “I know, because I’m a genius. And also, because I’m freaking. Peter, what?”

“Freak out?” Bruce’s voice said, as he stepped cautiously across the rubble that used to be the wall, stumbling once but catching himself. “What do I have to freak out about? Besides my friend getting kidnapped in front of me, because that freaked me out a lot.”

Clint followed behind him, arrows strapped to his back, bow hanging from his hand, walking with a steadier foot than Bruce, and a more neutral expression.

“Nat says you took care of Spiderman?” Clint asked, eyes on Peter, tone non-judgemental.

Bruce looked to Clint, and then to Peter, and then back to Clint, and then back to Peter. And then his eyes trailed down to the knocked-out “Spiderman” laying face-down and unmoving on the concrete.

“Yeah,” Peter said, “but he’s not Spiderman.” Peter pulled up the bottom of his shirt, revealing blue and red spandex. “I am.”

Clint’s draw dropped. As did Bruce.


“Yes,” Peter said with a huff of laughter.

“That,” Tony said loudly, the start of a proclamation, and then continued after a pause, much more softly, “actually makes me feel a thousand times better. You could have gotten out of it this entire time. You were safe.”

“Yeah,” Peter said, “and I’ve got, like, healing. Faster healing. Not just normal healing. We all have healing. Humans are able to heal themselves. Not--doctors. Not like healing in--”

Wade thankfully shut him up--physically pressing a hand over Peter’s mouth to stop the word vomit. “Baby Boy’s got sped up healing. Not as cool as me, but pretty damn spiffy.”

“Why?” Thor asked solemnly. “Why feel the need to hide your status as a warrior from us, your comrades and friends?”

“I get it,” Clint said, “at least after we caught you and Deadpool making nookie up on that roof. Sorry about giving you such a hard time. God I’m an asshole.” He blanched. “But before? When
we first found you? Why didn’t you say anything? Even just to defend yourselves?”

“Don’t be difficult, Clint,” Natasha said. “We’ve all had our secrets. In this kind of business, it’s good to keep some things close to the vest. And he’s young.”

“Hey!” Peter whined good-naturedly. Natasha was such a bro. He made up his mind to give her something really cool for Christmas. Or her birthday, if she ever let slip when that was.

Natasha smiled at him. “I’m sure you’ve held this secret for a long time. We’re honored that you trust us enough to tell us now.”

“Here, here!” Thor cheered, Mjolnir raised high.

“Well,” Tony said. “I for one think this calls for celebration. My Intern is safe, he’s actually a hero, there has been no infidelity despite our mistaken belief to the contrary, and since we all thought Peter here needed rescuing, Pepper has let me out of some shareholder meetings for this afternoon. How about dinner, on me?”

“It’s barely lunchtime,” Bruce said.

“You’re going to call Pepper right now,” Steve commanded, turning is attention away from Peter and Wade and towards the real troublemaker of the group. “And you’re going to let her know Peter is safe because she’s probably worried sick.”

Tony waved a hand. “I had Jarvis let her know as soon as Pete here slammed creepy-fake-spider-guy into the concrete. By the way, the police will be here soon to pick the guy up. So we should boogie before they arrive.”

“We’re not criminals, Tony,” Steve chided. “We don’t need to run away when the cops get near.”

“But they’re going to make us give statements,” Tony whined. “It’d be much easier if I sicced my lawyers on them. Claim that my now un-abducted intern needs to recoup with friends and loved ones, etcetera etcetera.

“I mean,” Peter said, finding himself agreeing with Tony’s general madness (part of why they were able to work in the same lab day after day), “I know that I don’t like associating with the cops. They don’t really like Spiderman, and I’m always afraid one day I’m going to blow it and then I’ll end up in jail forever.”

“Never going to happen,” Wade told him comfortingly, pulling Peter into a warm hug. “I’d break you out. Obviously. I don’t know why that never occured to you. I’m great at explosions and escape plans.”

Peter met the eyes of Tony and Steve, and then Natasha, and Bruce, and then Clint, and finally Thor, and they all silently agreed not to respond to that statement.

“Fine, we can go,” Steve said.

“Should we secure,” Bruce pointed at Chameleon, “that?”

“I could thwip thwip him to the floor,” Peter offered. “And then the police would know that wasn’t really me. I mean, Spiderman.”

“Go for it,” Natasha said, and Peter began securing Chameleon to the concrete, showing off what his webs are supposed to look like.
“I’ll let them know he’s not the real Spiderman,” Tony said. “Actually, I’ll let Jarvis know to let them know. And who knows, if Spiderman joins the Avengers,” he shrugged, “maybe his rep with New York’s finest will get better?”

Peter blinked at him, eyes suddenly wide and impossibly dry. “Are you serious?” he said, voice as creaking and brittle as the Chameleon’s false webs.

“Of course, Peter,” Bruce said, and came over to give Peter a side hug. (It might have been a full hug if Wade weren’t still clinging to Peter like a limpet).

“No pressure of course,” Steve said, “but you know we’d love you on the team.”

“You’re trustworthy,” Natasha said.

“And funny,” Clint added.

“And one of the bravest warriors to walk the realms,” Thor said with the widest of smiles.

If Peter sniffed it was a very brave, manly sniff, and he was definitely not tearing up. Of course not. “Thanks, guys,” he said, his voice only slightly watery.

“Awww, Pete,” Wade said, and crushed Peter closer to his chest. “Join the fucking club. We could be Avenger Boyfriends.”

“Avenger Fiances,” Peter corrected.

“Is that a yes?” Tony asked, and then without getting an assent (and it would be an assent), he said, “Good enough for me. We’re going out to celebrate. Jarvis’ll get us the best table at the fanciest restaurant in a three block radius. C’mon kiddos, let’s go,” and he started out of the room, kicking bits of concrete wall and floor out of his way with his metal boots.

As they left, Thor turned to look at Peter. “I’m glad indeed you are safe and sound, young Peter. But do you know who that villain was? He was a perfect facsimile of your powerful alter ego, which I thought not possible.”

“Oh him?” Peter asked nonchalantly as he followed his friends, and new comrades out of the concrete den, past the van, and out into the light of day. “His name’s Chameleon, and I’ve actually fought him before. He was an actor, I think, before he turned to supervillainy. Of course, when I first saw him he was pretending to be...”

Chapter End Notes

I honestly had so much fun writing this. I can’t remember the last time I truly, really, genuinely enjoyed writing. Not, enjoyed what I was writing, because I like most of what I write, but writing his chapter was the first time in a looooong time that I enjoyed the act of writing. I got excited every time I sat down to write. I’m excited now just remembering it. God.

This was a prompt from calmAnarchist on Ch 19 of Misc. I hope I did it justice :D

Also, you can now find me over at Twitter at @isaDanCurtis !
Freebie; in which Petey and Wade don’t get caught, or do they?

Chapter Notes

This is not only going to be starting in Chapter 1 of Homewrecker, but it will be nullifying most of the rest of Homewrecker because, uhhhh, we’re gonna be changing some stuff up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter would later blame the adrenaline pumping through his veins for his lack of decorum concerning the making-out practices of him and his very hot fiancé. They had just completely annihilated these three douches who were holding elementary school kids hostage for ransom. Spiderman and Deadpool, that is, not Peter and Wade. Well, technically yes, Peter and Wade, but only because they were Spiderman and Deadpool, because secret identities are a thing. So no one knew that they were themselves when that happened.

Or something like that.

But that was beside the point. The point was that they had just swooped in, kicked some serious kidnapper ass, rescued (and got cheered on by) a group of adorable little twerps (Peter knew that kids were only that adorable right as you were rescuing them. Afterwards they became brats once more. He will swear to this in court), and then were cheered on by the police and on-lookers as they came out of the school, flocked by the sticky-handed fiends.

The children, not the villains. The villains were webbed to the roof of the gymnasium.

So, yeah, it had been a good day. No one died. No one even got hurt, or anything. So, Peter definitely felt like he and his super hot fiancé deserved some making out.

It was not the adrenaline’s fault that Pete and Wade’s lips adhered to each other’s. Nor was it the adrenaline’s fault that Peter was panting, and Wade had his hands up Peter’s spandex shirt running his gloved hands down Peter’s ribcage, and Peter wanted to stay pressed against Wade for the rest of their natural (or unnatural, he wasn’t picky) lives.

No. The adrenaline was not to be blamed for any of that. What it was to be blamed for was Peter’s overconfidence and Wade’s absent-mindedness when they started the making out business on the roof of their apartment, instead of inside their apartment like they should have.

It must have been the adrenaline that made him forget all about not doing the do out in the open on the roof of an apartment building that his real-life identity lived in.

Wade had Peter’s spandex shirt hiked up revealing lean muscles and taut skin, and Peter had his uncovered mouth firmly cemented to Wade’s ear lobe, and they were rolling around quite a bit, playing at who could be the stronger, more dominant one, when Peter heard the distinct whirring of the quinjet somewhere to the east and incoming. Peter pulled his mouth off of Wade reluctantly and looked up. Yep, there was the Avengers’ favorite mode of transportation flying directly towards them.
Peter looked around and saw that, nope, there wasn’t anything horrendous attacking the city, nor were there any fires, natural disasters, or even any petty crimes occurring in a 40-mile radius. He would know if there were. So, either the Avengers were on their way out of town (without Wade?) or they were coming for Peter and Wade.

But that would be crazy.

“Uh, babe?” Peter said slowly, prodding Wade in the stomach with his fingers.

“Mmm?” Wade asked, not moving his hands from where they roved over Peter’s torso.

Peter hurriedly pulled his shirt down, and dragged his mask, which had been shoved up to just over his nose, back down again, hiding all of his face from view. “We have company.”

Wade let himself be manhandled away from his fiancé, sensing the worry in his voice, and turned his head to the sky.

The quinjet was coming in fast, and Peter pulled Wade towards the ledge of the building—for either a better escape or to leave the quinjet room to land if that was what was going to happen. Peter really, really hoped it wasn’t that second one. Really. He had no idea how he’d deal if the Avengers did land.

Peter had never seen the quinjet this close up since as Peter he didn’t get to see the Avengers stuff, and the few times that the Avengers deemed Spiderman worthy enough to fight alongside them, they were generally doing the more hands-on things, not riding in the sky. He’d fought in close proximity to Cap and Iron Man, and even the Hulk on one memorable occasion, but the quinjet was usually far off, doing god knows what, and flown by god knows who. It was a fine specimen of machinery, and normally Peter would be itching to go look at it up close, to examine its engines and stealth functions. Today he was content to stay with Wade as far away as possible from the thing. He considered escaping by jumping off the ledge and swinging away.

But the jet didn’t land. It slowed as it passed overhead, and Peter couldn’t bring himself to tear his eyes away from the machine, but then it passed them, off and away, and Peter let out an anxious breath.

“Well,” Peter said breathlessly.

“I thought they were going to land for a sec there,” Wade said, and sidled closer to Peter so he could wrap his arms around Peter’s spandex-clad shoulders. The motion, and what it meant (suit-on-suit touching) forced any last vestige of adrenaline from Peter’s body.

“Let’s go inside,” Peter said. “There’s been enough exhibitionism for the day, I think.”

“Aww, snookums,” Wade cooed. “Does that mean you’re going to bed me in an actual bed? I’m so touched.” He shivered theatrically. “Actually,” he said, his voice dropping to something deep and husky that lit a spark of heat low in Peter’s gut, “I’m not feeling nearly touched enough. Touch me, Peter?”

And what could Peter do but comply? He grabbed hold of Wade before tipping them both over the side of the building, and swinging them into their bedroom through the window. With an easy twist of his body they landed on the bed, Wade flat on his back and Peter straddling Wade’s hips.

All thoughts of the Avengers, of the quinjet, of the roof at all fled Peter’s mind. His fiancé was beneath him, bucking up in an attempt to wriggle that was doomed to fail, warm and sweet and the absolute best person that Peter had ever known. Where else could his mind be than on Wade?
Peter left first the next day. Steve had texted Wade sometime in the night (Peter and Wade had been busy all night, so it didn’t really matter specifically when) and said to take the morning off. Lucky bastard.

Peter had questioned Wade’s good fortune, if it could indeed be called good fortune (Wade better be in the tower by lunch time because Peter was planning on manhandling the Avengers into ordering sushi and he didn’t want Wade to complain about missing out on his rainbow rolls again), but Wade had just called him jealous and laughed him out of the door with only a brief goodbye kiss. They didn’t even get to have a miss-you-already quickie, which, really. Not fair.

Ok. He could admit he was jealous that Wade was getting to relax while Peter trudged to work. Don’t get him wrong. He liked work. He loved being in the lab with Tony and Bruce, doing (insert mad scientist cackle) SCIENCE, but still. Morning off. Sounded nice.

But then, getting into the lab he didn’t find Tony and Bruce busy away at mechanical engineering or the pursuit of knowledge, he found the whole line-up of the Avengers, standing in a semicircle, waiting for him.

Peter blinked at the assembled group, took in their serious-verging-on-pitying expressions, and frowned. He was sure that, if nothing else, this was the reason that Steve had told Wade to take the morning off. Whatever this was about. Peter might have felt suspicious, or worried, if he weren’t still feeling petty about having to go into work when his fiancé got to stay home and—and—well, and probably have a mini-marathon of Golden Girls or the Nanny, or even just go back to bed.

Peter looked around for a sign to what this was about, but found nothing.

“Is this an intervention?” Peter asked. “Because I don’t think I’ve been doing anything that warrants an intervention, but hey, what do I know? Maybe science is now considered an addictive, mind-alternating substance.”

“No,” Steve said apologetically, “it’s not—that.”

“Intervention?” Tony asked. “Pete, if we were having an intervention I’d have strung up a banner and had confetti cannons at the go. Any excuse for a party, am I right?”

“So, not an intervention,” Peter said, ticking it off on his fingers, “and not a party. I assume you aren’t all here for a science lesson?”

There was a general shaking of heads and Peter added a third finger.

“No,” Steve said, and cleared his throat. “We have some—well, we discovered something—there’s—”

“Steve,” Natasha snapped, and Steve closed his mouth looking flustered and thankful. She turned to Peter, her face drawn into something gentle and sympathetic, and Peter’s heart skipped a beat because, no, Natasha wasn’t allowed to look like that. She was the backbone of this operation, the emotionally stable one, the one who would always, always, tell it like it was. If she was trying to break something to Peter gently, well, that meant something horrible had happened.
“It was giving him an all-over feeling of ‘Oh Shit!’

“Peter we have some upsetting news, but we want you to know that we’re here for you no matter what, ok?”

If Peter hadn’t kissed Wade goodbye less than an hour ago he’d assume that something had happened to his fiancé.

“Yeah,” Peter said, and tried to swallow past his suddenly dry mouth. “What is it? What’s wrong?”

Thor bowed his head in the background, and Bruce winced, but Natasha kept her face smooth and solemn, and Peter couldn’t tear his eyes away from her. His heart was beating a loud tattoo in his ears and the hair on his arms was standing on end. He could feel every whisper of wind made by every infinitesimal movement in the lab against his skin, and his own breath was hot and quick against his lips.

“We saw Wade,” Natasha said slowly, as if she were testing each word in her mind before it left her mouth, “in a compromising position, with another hero.”

Peter wasn’t sure what to make of that. “Like, he was whaling on Daredevil or something? Or him and Punisher went on a gun spree?”

“I don’t know if I’d use the phrase ‘hero’ when talking about the Punisher,” Tony said.

“We caught him with his pants down,” Clint clarified. “With another hero.”

“We didn’t really catch him,” Steve said. “We saw him getting serious with someone other than you. We would have stopped him.” He sounded upset with himself. “I’m sorry for not—”

“We would have put a stop to it,” Natasha interrupted, “but frankly his mistakes are none of our business. What is our business, is your happiness. That’s why we kept Wade home this morning, so he couldn’t twist this somehow, or whisper sweet nothings in your ears before we had time to tell you. Because you deserve the truth, Peter.”

Peter realized that he was gaping at the assembled Avengers and quickly snapped his mouth closed. He wasn’t—they were—The Avengers were implying... well, stating, that Wade had cheated on him. Yeah. He’d worked that out.

But that was, of course, patently ridiculous.

“Wade’s not cheating on me,” Peter said with a relieved sigh, feeling his heartbeat begin to slow. “Geez, you guys really freaked me out! I thought you had something serious to tell me.” He put a hand over his heart and took a few steadying breaths.

“What?” Thor questioned loudly. “This is a serious matter, good Peter. I saw with mine own eyes your beloved in the embrace of another!”

“A superhero?” Peter questioned lightly, and then chuckled, feeling the last of his worry completely dissipate. God. He’d been really scared for a second there. Really scared. Like end-of-the-world, Wade-is-going-to-jail, Dawna-is-being-nice levels of terrified.

The people in front of him, his friends, looked between themselves, still nervous, and a little fidgety, and one by one they nodded.

“No,” Peter said, his sudden relief wiping any worry or caution from his mind. “Wade would never
cheat on me. That’s not even, like, possible. Wade cheating on me with a hero?” He laughed.

“Sure, I mean, you saw what you saw, if you say so,” he rolled his eyes good-naturedly, “I’m pretty sure the only hero I’d allow Wade to get jiggy with is Spiderman, so…” he pulled at his bottom lip with his fingers, and couldn’t help his smile, relief making him giddy and stupid. “And I only have one hero I can sleep with too.” He flapped his hands at his friends. “So. Yeah. God, you really freaked me out.” He let out another breath. “Now, I don’t know, get out of my lab?”

“My lab, actually,” Tony said, but it was weak at best.

Peter gestured to the door. “And please let my fiancé know that he can come into work now? He’s going to be insufferable already, bragging that he got the morning off and I didn’t.”

“Yeah,” Steve said. “Yeah, sure, definitely, I’ll, uh, text him right now. That he can come in. Um. I guess, sorry? For…”

“Freaking you out,” Tony offered.

“Butting in,” Clint said.

“Since it seems you were aware,” Natasha added.

Peter shook his head. Aware? Aware that Wade hadn’t cheated on him? Yeah, he was aware of that, obviously, but it was a pretty weird thing to just point out.

“It is well that we brought it to your attention first,” Thor said as he herded the others past Peter and out the door. Tony looked like he wanted to dig in his heels, but Thor’s large frame and steadfast demeanor put a stop to that. “We considered interfering. For you see, as was mentioned, we happened to see the initiation of something amorous between your Wade and the man of spiders.” He laughed boisterously. “And to think of the damage we could have caused if we had, at that very moment, descended on them!”

And the door closed behind him, leaving Peter, mouth agape and quite alone, and realizing for the first time exactly what he’d implied, and how this was somehow—he didn’t know how, but somehow—going to bite him in the ass.

Out in the hall, the Avengers found themselves on-edge.

“That wasn’t really how I was expecting that to go,” Tony said, as his feet led them somewhere more private. “I don’t know if I’m surprised—”

“Maybe you shouldn’t feel surprised, maybe none of us should feel surprised,” Steve said. “It’s not a secret how much Wade dotes on Peter. It’s not in his character to cheat. But…”

“No,” Tony said, “I am surprised.” Then Steve’s words caught up to him. “No, I mean, not that I’d have thought Wade would cheat on Peter—”

“We did think that,” Clint pointed out.

“Wade does adore young Peter so,” Thor said.
“It’s just,” Tony said, “somehow him cheating on Peter made more sense than this? Than him having a—an extramarital *allowance* involving Spiderman.”

“They’re not married yet,” Natasha said, being purposefully obtuse, “so I’m sure we could find a better term than ‘extramarital.’”

Tony flipped her the bird, and she chuckled.

“But whether or not Wade would cheat on Peter,” Tony said, “I wasn’t expecting it to actually be, well, this.”

“It’s a freebie, right?” Clint asked. “Like that Friends episode?”

Bruce put a finger to his lip and hummed in thought, “I haven’t seen Friends since it aired. It tends to make me, um, angry.” He shrugged. “But I think I remember the episode you’re talking about.”

“Episodes? Is this a show you’re talking about?” Steve asked. “Should I add it to my list?”

“Yes,” Clint and Tony said at the same time that Bruce and Natasha said, “No.”

“It’s a classic!” Tony defended.

“It’s sexist and portrays a series of unhealthy relationships as something to aspire to,” Natasha argued.

“Ok,” Clint says, “some of it hasn’t aged well, but it changed a generation! It was *the* sitcom for years!”

“I believe lady Darcy enjoys this ‘Friends’ entertainment,” Thor said, pronouncing the name of the show slowly. “But she has yet to show me it as she did once promise.”

“Enough,” Steve said with a tired wave of his hand. “We’re off topic. What’s ‘Friend,’ got to do with Wade and Spiderman?”

“Friendz,” Tony said, emphasizing the plural into a hard zee sound. “Not one friend. Friends.”

Steve rolled his eyes.

“So,” Clint said, stepping into the role of educator and lecturer with glee, “there is an episode of Friends where Chandler admits that him and Janice each have a freebie list. That’s a list of five celebrities they’re each allowed to sleep with without the other one getting mad.”

“I’m so confused,” Steve said, eyes wide and innocent-looking. “There’s a character named chandelier?”

“Are you fucking with me?” Tony asked. “Are you? Oh god, you are. You’re fucking with me.”

“So,” Natasha interrupted before Steve’s shit-eating grin could get any wider. “Peter said that the only hero Deadpool is allowed to sleep with is Spiderman. Therefore—”

“Quid pro quo,” Clint corrected.

Natasha kicked Clint in the shin. “*Therefore*, Spiderman must be on Peter’s ‘freebie list.’” She made air quotes.

“This sounds like a weird show,” Steve said.
“Don’t watch it,” Natasha said, at the same time Tony said, “Go watch it.”

Tony glared at the redhead and she smirked back.

“And that was why Peter was unsurprised by our findings,” Thor concluded.

“Right!” Clint said ecstatically. “But Peter also said that Peter is allowed to sleep with one hero as well. And that means that while Spiderman is on Wade’s freebie list, there is a hero on Peter’s freebie list and I’m dying to know who it is!”

Steve made a noise of disgust. “That is none of our business.”

“You’re such an old-man gossip,” Natasha teased.

“Ah!” Thor exclaimed. “You want to help Peter in his amorous activities as well! Kind of you, Hawk-eyed one.”

“That’s why you said ‘quid pro quo,’” Tony said with a sigh.

“I for one,” Bruce said softly, but with amusement, “don’t particularly want to insinuate myself into Peter and Wade’s love life.”

Steve nodded vigorously in agreement.

“I don’t want,” Clint groaned, “to, uh, help Peter go to bed with some hero. That, even if there is a freebie list, seems against bro code. I think I’d keep out of that.”

“Good call,” Steve said.

“But I still want to know who it is,” Clint said. “I’m just—I’m curious! Can’t a guy be curious?”

“It’s not illegal,” Tony said.

“It’s none of our business,” Steve said sternly.

“Come on,” Natasha wheedled. “It probably wouldn’t hurt just to know. It might even be advantageous.”

“Yes!” Clint whooped and pumped his fist in the air. “Nat’s on my side!”

“How?” Steve demanded. “How could it possibly be advantageous?”

Natasha shrugged. It was nothing more than a quick shift of muscle, economic in movement.

“We could cock-block Peter if we knew,” Tony said musingly. “What?” he demanded when everyone’s eyes locked onto him. “I’m not saying we should, just that we could. I’m actually with birdbrain here—”

“Woohoo!” Clint cried out, bouncing on his feet. “Stark, join the team!”

Tony cleared his throat. “I’m curious. I took Wade to be more, mmm, possessive. If he’s letting Peter have a list…”

“Well he gets one too,” Clint said. “Quid pro quo.”

“Please stop saying that,” Bruce entreated. “Latin doesn’t need to be associated with this situation.”
“You want to hear something really dirty in Latin?” Tony asked with a leer. He opened his mouth, but Thor cut him off.

“It does seem slightly out of character. For both Wade and young Peter. But I’m still becoming accustomed to earth customs. Perhaps this is normal?”

“I don’t think so,” Steve said.

Tony made a high-pitched whine and waggled his hand back and forth in a so-so motion. “I mean, sexuality is so,” he did the high-pitched whine again. “They could be in an open relationship. Or be polyamorous. Or—”

Natasha let out a huff. “Stark means that nowadays we try to be more open to and inclusive of many different types of sexualities and relationships. Peter and Wade are in love with each other, but sex doesn’t always have to do with love, and as long as everyone involved is a consenting adult?” Natasha shrugged. “Then it’s not really our business and I personally don’t see anything wrong with it.”

Steve mulled that over for a second before nodding.

Thor didn’t take nearly as long to agree. “Aye! You are, as always, correct, Warrior Natasha!”

“So,” Clint said in a wheedling tone, “does that mean you’ll help me find out who Peter’s hero freebie is?”

“Obviously,” Tony said.

Natasha nodded loosely. “Could be fun.”

Steve sighed. “Look, I’m not going to tell you not to ask him, because that’s your prerogative, but whether or not he tells you is up to him. And I don’t think I’ll be helping your endeavor.”


Steve grinned at the archer. “You should be happy I’m not putting my foot down on this little knowledge-gathering mission altogether. It looks like curiosity is eating you and Tony up, but I really don’t think it’s any of my business what those two decide in the privacy of their relationship. So,” he shrugged, “no thanks.”

“I’m with Steve on this,” Bruce said. “And on that note, I have an experiment to get back to. It’s been nice chatting. Please don’t make Peter hate us,” and he exited.

“I am intrigued,” Thor said with benevolence. “I will help you three in your quest.”

Clint patted Thor’s arm. “Thanks buddy, we need all the help we can get. Now,” he cleared his throat, and in a loud booming voice said, “Avengers Assemble!”

Steve rolled his eyes and followed Bruce out.

“You’re such a dork,” Natasha told him.

“Thanks,” Clint said. “But seriously. Let’s go! We have a mystery to solve!”
Peter was still reeling from his conversation with the Avengers. The Avengers sans Wade.

He had. Fucked. UP.

Bad.

God. Now they were all going to think—something. He still wasn’t actually sure what conclusion they’d come to. He should have paid better attention when they were talking, but it all seemed like nonsense! Wade, cheating on him? Impossible.

He’d been a god-damned fool.

Peter typed something into the document on his computer without looking at it. He’d probably have to delete it later as it was almost definitely nonsense, but doing something with his hands made him feel better than just sitting there, staring into the distance, mouth agape and dunce cap on his head.

Ok, no, he didn’t really have a dunce cap, but he was thinking very seriously about making one because he was an idiot!

So stupid.

And then at the end! Thor said the Avengers had seen him and Wade. Seen them on their apartment roof, both dressed in their suits, making out like horny kids.

Which he could have predicted, since he’d seen the quinjet the previous night, flying overhead.

He could slap himself.

But somehow, somehow, they hadn’t come to the right conclusion. They didn’t think that Spiderman was actually nerd, intern, and local idiot Peter Parker. They thought…

But what did they think?

He ran through the conversation again in his head.

They tried to say Wade had cheated on him. Peter shut down that idea hard and fast. They insisted, because, Peter now realized, they’d seen Deadpool with Spiderman. And Peter, stupid and giddy that their serious expressions were over a stupid mistake and not because something really bad had happened, had said—what? What had he said? What exactly had he said?

“Wade would never cheat on me,” he tried out.

He did, they’d insisted. He’d been cheating on Peter with another hero.

“Wade wouldn’t cheat,” Peter tried again. “The only hero he’d hook up with would be,” Peter bit his lip, “Spiderman.” He shook his head. “Is that what I said? Did I really fucking say that?”

Peter let out a long groan and buried his head in his hands.

“Hey there, sweet thing,” a voice said, and it spoke to how distracted Peter was that he jumped to his feet in surprise before realizing it was Wade. He looked at his lover and smiled, but he knew it looked strained when Wade’s dramatic leer dropped from his face. “What’s up, buttercup? You look,” he looked Peter up and down, “well, you look kind of like you just found out Dawna was
shutting down the restaurant.”

Peter’s eyes snapped wide and his heart rate sped up a tick and his mouth went dry and, and, and—

“It’s not,” Wade said hurriedly. “I was just saying you look that bad, like, if, for example, purely hypothetically, Dawna was going out of business. She’s not. And also, I guess I was wrong, because you look way worse when you think Dawna’s is shutting down.”

“Wouldn’t you?” Peter demanded, more harshly than he’d intended. He let out a long breath and ran his hand down his face. “Sorry, I’ve just had a series of scares today already.”

Wade pulled Peter against him and ran gloved fingers through his hair. “Wanna tell me about it?”

Peter leaned into Wade, his ear to Wade’s chest, taking comfort in the steady thrumming of Wade’s heartbeat and the warmth he exuded. “So, I may have really fucked up. Somewhere.”

“Mmm-hmm?” Wade prompted nonjudgmentally.

Peter let out a gusty sigh. “Ok, so, first, did you know, the reason they told you to take the morning off wasn’t because they like you more than me? Nor was it because you’ve been doing super good lately.”

“I have been doing super good lately,” Wade said with a pout. “I haven’t killed anyone in years.”

“First, that’s great sweetie, but that’s more of a plateau. You’ve been doing good for a long time, but you haven’t been extra good lately, at least not from an Avenging standpoint. I mean, from me? Always. You know that. But the guys?” Peter shook his head. “No, it wasn’t a reward for you. Sorry, hun. They wanted a guarantee they’d catch me alone.”

“It’s always about you, you, you,” Wade teased. He squeezed Peter’s shoulder. “Why did they want to catch you alone?”

Peter let out a sigh that was actually a groan. “They wanted to, um, warn me about your infidelity.”

“My what?”

“That’s what I said. I know you’d never cheat on me. But, like, see, when they first came to me, they looked all solemn and worried and like they had really bad news, and it freaked me out! So when they said you cheated on me, I was relieved.”

“You were relieved that I’d cheated on you?” Wade asked incredulously. He pushed Peter back enough to look him in the eye. Then, very dramatically, he pressed the back of his hand to Peter’s forehead. “I think you’re coming down with something.”

Peter rolled his eyes and swiped Wade’s hand from his face. “No, I knew you wouldn’t cheat on me. I was relieved that that’s all they were worried about. Since I knew you hadn’t cheated on me, I knew there was really nothing to be worried about.”

“My next line was going to be something about how I can tell you must be sick because of how hot you are,” Wade chastised. “But no, take me literally.”

Peter pursed his lips and decided not to respond to that. “So,” he said loudly, to focus Wade’s attention. “I was, listen,” he took a deep breath, and Wade caught Peter’s hand with one of his so he could twine their fingers together in a loose tangle. “I was stupid,” Peter said bluntly. “And I think I fucked up really bad.”
Tell me,” Wade said, and it was not so much a command as an offer to listen.

Peter groaned. “So. Ok, so, they were really gung-ho about it. Like they were convinced that you were cheating on me. With another hero to boot.”

Wade gasped in sudden realization. “No! They didn’t!”

“They did!” Peter exclaimed, upset that Wade had gotten it so quick and Peter himself had been so embarrassingly slow on the up-take. “They saw us last night. But not us. Deadpool and—”

“Spiderman,” Wade breathed out. And then he too groaned. “What did you say?”

“I didn’t—listen,” he bit his lip, “look,” he took a deep, steadying breath, “look and listen. I was, not in my… I wasn’t on my toes. I didn’t even realize that had happened, that they’d seen us, until Thor told me. I didn’t connect the dots. I’m, I’m such an idiot.”

“You’re not an idiot.”

“I am an idiot,” Peter insisted. “I thought—I was just relieved that there was nothing to stress over, that I said, and I mean, I said this with my own stupid mouth, I said, ‘Of course Wade wouldn’t cheat on me with a hero. The only hero he’s allowed to sleep with is Spiderman.’ Or, I think that’s what I said. Something close to that.”

Wade was gaping at him. “You didn’t!”

“I did,” Peter wailed. “I did! I’m the stupidest person in the world. I just meant me. I meant that the only hero you’d sleep with would be me, but of course they don’t know I’m Spidey, and I was so relieved I didn’t even notice what I’d done. I think I said some other stupid things. But now—Now they think…” Peter blinked rapidly. “Well frankly I don’t know what they think. I’ve been trying to figure it out. But I wasn’t really paying attention to what they were saying, or what I was saying, because I thought they were being idiots for thinking you’d cheat on me. And instead I’m an idiot for running my goddamn mouth!” He ran both hands down his face and groaned into them, long and low and full of anger at himself.

Wade squeezed Peter’s fingers. “There, there, Petey-pie. I’m sure it’ll all work out.”

“They think I gave you permission,” Peter bit out. “To cheat on me. With...well, me.”

“This could be a good thing,” Wade offered. “If you’d figured out what they were saying you might have ended up blowing your cover. But you didn’t! And now they just think that we’re in an open relationship.”

“I’m not really good at sharing,” Peter warned.

Wade laughed. “Oh pookie-bear, you know you’re the only Spider in my life. My one true love. The beef to my burrito. The bullet to my Glock. The penis to my—”

“Thanks!” Peter interrupted loudly, with a laugh, before he had to hear whatever Wade would have said next. “That’s very sweet. But, well,” he blew air out through his nose, “what are we going to do about the absolute idiocy I vomited on the Avengers, and the fact that they bought it?”

Wade shrugged. “Nothing? No, really, don’t give me that look. I know you’re panicking right now, doe-eyes, but this could be ok. They don’t suspect you’re Spidey. They don’t think I cheated on you. At least, not without your permission. And now we kind of have a fallback plan if we slip up with one or both of us in the suit. C’mon. This could be good, actually. It could be really good.”
Peter reluctantly nodded, though he had to admit, he did feel a little better. “It’ll all be back to normal, right? Nothing to freak out over?”

“Nothing at all,” Wade said comfortinglly, and brought Peter’s fingers, still tangled with his own, to his lips, just so he could kiss them one by one.

“So,” Clint said from above him, making Peter jump a little, theatrically, but thankfully not drop the petri dish he was holding. Clint landed beside Peter in the lab, a day after the...frankly, the incident where Peter accidentally told his coworkers and friends that he was ok with his fiancé sleeping with Peter’s alter ego--looking like he was trying very hard to look unsuspicious.

Which obviously made Clint look suspicious.

Bruce and Tony were both in the room, though they weren’t anywhere nearby, Bruce on a computer in the back corner and Tony sitting on the ground with a gauntlet of the Iron Man suit in his lap, and several screwdrivers scattered around him.

“So?” Peter prompted, and placed the petri dish beneath a microscope. There was nothing actually on it, but Clint didn’t need to know that. And it would give him something to do if he suddenly needed an excuse to be looking anywhere else at all.

“So,” Clint said, “I was out the other day, fighting crime, punching people, you know, the usual.”

Peter nodded. Wary, but not willing to waste his get-out-of-jail-free-card quite yet. Or, get-out-of-my-lab-I-have-work-to-do-card. Hopefully Bruce and Tony would back him up if he needed to use it.

“And who do I see but Daredevil!”

Peter blinked. “Were you in Hell’s Kitchen? Because being in that part of town, while punching people, pretty much guarantees that Daredevil is going to show up.”

“You caught me,” Clint said, hands raised, but he sounded instead like Peter had just fallen into his trap. Peter didn’t like the feeling. He looked at Peter out of the corner of his eye. “Daredevil’s a pretty interesting guy. I know he gets some flack from the media, but he’s not all bad. What, uh, what do you think of the guy?”

What did Peter think of Daredevil? Spiderman had fought beside the horned Super a number of times. He liked to think they had a camaraderie. Certainly Wade considered Daredevil his friend, though whether Daredevil returned the affection, Peter didn’t know.

But what did Peter think of Daredevil? Not Spiderman, but Peter? Peter...didn’t—shouldn’t, have an opinion about Daredevil.

He felt that somehow this was a trick, though he couldn’t imagine what kind of trick it would be.

“He’s ok?” Peter said with audible uncertainty.

Clint made ‘go-on’ motion with his hand.
Peter looked wildly around the room to see if anyone was going to come to his aid. Bruce was seemingly entranced in whatever was on his screen, either unable to hear Clint’s question, or willfully ignoring it. Tony was watching the scene unfold out of the corner of his eye, but he also didn’t look like he was going to jump to the rescue.

Peter looked back to see that Clint’s gaze had intensified. “I don’t know. He’s fine. Does good work. Has a set area where he, you know, punches people. It’s interesting to think of a hero who stays in, like, one neighborhood, but, eh, to each their own I guess.”

Clint seemed to deflate. “Oh, well. That’s cool.”

“Yeah,” Peter said. He pointedly turned towards the microscope. “If that was all?”

“Sure, see you at lunch, Pete,” Clint said, more morose than normal, and wandered off, exiting through the door, which was just plain weird.

“That was bizarre,” Peter said to the room at large, once Clint had vacated.

Tony made a noise that might have been one of agreement, or might have been one of judgement. “Want to help me with this?” he asked. “I wouldn’t mind the help of a fourth and fifth hand.” He shook the gauntlet in the air, making the hand wave at Peter.

“Ha ha,” Peter said drily. “Dad jokes. God you are so old.”

“I’m so firing you,” Tony said, but waved Peter over instead, and Peter, lost in the intricacies of the wiring in the metal hand, the beauty of the machinery, and the continuation of the Dad Jokes, put Clint out of his mind.

“What do you think about the Fantastic Four?” Tony asked over lunch. It was a small affair, Natasha and Bruce and Tony and Pepper, and they were having fancy salads, which looked hipster-y and instagram worthy, but was never enough to fill him entirely. Salads in general didn’t. With chinese food or Italian, where the portions were huge, no one noticed him finishing his 2 quarts of lo mein when Tony had to save some of his for leftovers. But salads? No, Peter would have to dip into his stash of granola bars when they got back to the lab to supplement it.

“What do you think about the Fantastic Four?” Tony asked over lunch. It was a small affair, Natasha and Bruce and Tony and Pepper, and they were having fancy salads, which looked hipster-y and instagram worthy, but was never enough to fill him entirely. Salads in general didn’t. With chinese food or Italian, where the portions were huge, no one noticed him finishing his 2 quarts of lo mein when Tony had to save some of his for leftovers. But salads? No, Peter would have to dip into his stash of granola bars when they got back to the lab to supplement it.

“The Fantastic Four?” Peter asked, confusedly. He shouldn’t really be surprised at the non sequitur. They had been talking about a show on Netflix that Pepper had just watched and loved and absolutely recommended and Oh Peter, it’s just so good! And the soundtrack’s killer, I mean really. Do you like Groundhog day? You’re not too young for that, right? Well, then you’ll love—

And then Tony had asked his question.

Which was very confusing.

“Yes, the Four,” Tony said. “I figure, hey, you like science, you must know of Reed Richard. And you’re dating a hero, and you work with us, you must know of the Four. What do you think about them?”

Peter thought of Johnny Storm, cracking jokes in the middle of a fight, and the article Reed had just
published in a scientific journal that Peter was sure would be groundbreaking as soon as someone was able to decipher the actual discovery past all of Richard’s science gobbledygook that was so dry it even made Peter fall asleep. “They’re cool,” he said.

“Who’s your favorite?” Natasha asked, and Peter turned to see that her eyes were wide and glistening with innocence.

Fuck.

What kind of weird trick/trap was this? It was a trick. Or a trap. It had to be. Or why else did Natasha have that face on? But what could it be about?

“Uhhhh,” Peter said. “I’m um, tempted to say Reed, just because he’s got too many degrees in science and has a mastery of mechanical, aerospace and electrical engineering, chemistry, all levels of physics, and human and alien biology. And that last part was literally just a quote from his wikipedia page, because did you know? He has a wikipedia page.”

Tony frowned. “I have a wikipedia page. And I’m cooler.”

“Oh for sure! That’s why I applied to be an intern at SI and not at the Baxter Building. And incidentally, I don’t want you to try and fight him, so no, he’s not my favorite. Why am I choosing a favorite?”

“Because it’s fun,” Natasha said with a scary amount of insistence. “We’re having fun.”

“Are we all picking?” Pepper asked, and oh, good, she wasn’t in on the plot. Thank god. “Because I’m personally a fan of the Human Torch.”

“You pyromaniac, you,” Tony said with affection.

“Doesn’t hurt that he’s hot in more than one way, though, right?” Natasha asked Pepper, and elbowed her lightly in camaraderie.

Tony’s lips pursed, and Natasha smiled at him dangerously. Pepper laughed into her hand.

Peter let himself relax a little since the room’s attention seemed to have drifted away from him and onto Tony.

“And I am myself much amused with the Thing,” Thor added, not caring about the teasing undertone in Natasha’s words and Tony’s face. “His strength is impressive, and his skin is of the like that I have not seen before. What do you think, Peter?”

And drats! Thor had brought it right back to him!

Peter couldn’t blame him though. Look at that innocent face! He was as much in on this Tony-Natasha-Maybe-Clint tomfoolery as Pepper was. Which was to say, not at all.

Hopefully.

“Thing’s cool I guess. Very brutal, if you like brute strength. Human Torch,” he tried to put memories of Johnny’s quips and jokes during a fight out of his mind so he’d answer from Peter-not-Spiderman’s point of view, “is funny.” Shit. “And fire is… nice. But if I had to choose a favorite, I mean, it has to be Sue Storm, right? Like she’s cool as heck.”

“It’s the body-tight suit, right?” Tony’s eyebrows waggled lecherously, and Pepper smacked his
“She turns invisible,” Peter said. “What does the suit matter? But no, not, the Invisible Woman. I mean that I’m a fan of Sue Storm. She’s compassionate and smart, and more importantly, she’s somehow able to whip Johnny, Ben, and Reed into shape when they get a little too… you know. Obsessed with going into Space and creating dangerous things. She’s like you, Natasha,” Peter said, turning towards the spy, “only less scary.”

Natasha ruffled his hair. “That’s sweet.”

“Yeah,” Tony said, “sweet.” But he sounded disappointed.

“The Invisible Woman does indeed succeed in containing her husband, brother, and friend when they push too far. She is a person one might aspire to be like,” Thor added.

“Yeah,” Peter said.

“Now anyway,” Pepper said, “enough about the Four. You guys, you have to watch Russian Doll. No, it’s not Russian, that’s just the name, it’s…”

Natasha wandered into the lab just as Peter was packing up, ready to go home for the night. Peter paused, but she waved him to continue, so he shifted the notebooks in his bag one last time, trying to tetris it so the bag could fit his snack sized bag of Cool Ranch Doritos without puffing up in a way that irked Peter.

“I was hanging with Professor Xavier the other day,” she said as Peter rearranged (if he put the notebooks in vertically, the chips could go beside them, but then the messenger bag’s flap would sit at a diagonal), “and we got to talking about the X-men. You know, his pride and joy?”

“I know the X-men,” Peter said. “Who doesn’t?”

“Right, well, do you want to bang any of them?”

The notebooks dropped from his hand, falling to the floor in a flurry of paper and a clang of spiralled metal hitting hard ground. He turned to her, sure that his eyes were wide and his mouth was gaping, and he didn’t actually care, because, “No! What? No, I’m—Wade is my—what?!”

Natasha nodded. “Good to know. Thanks,” she said, and then wandered out, leaving Peter with his mouth hanging open, surrounded by the scattered contents of his bag.

He heard them talking, past the door to the common room, as soon as he exited the elevator.

They’d decided to all have lunch together today since they were all in the tower, and Peter was looking forward to the meal. He’d forgotten breakfast on his way out, too sidetracked, thinking
about everyone’s weird behavior concerning his, well, it seemed to be about his opinion on other heroes?

Maybe they were thinking of asking another local hero to join the Avengers and they wanted his opinion first? But, if so, Wade would know what was going on and he definitely would have said something to Peter about it. Also, theoretically, they shouldn’t really be fishing for Peter’s opinion. It wasn’t like he was an Avenger.

(And a part of him hoped that wasn’t what was happening, because if they were looking to ask another hero to join, Spiderman was right here. And he didn’t know if he—Spiderman, would join, even if they asked, because knowing his friends as two different people was bound to be trouble. But he didn’t like that they didn’t even think to ask him. He was a good hero, right? Right???)

But also, Tony had asked about the Fantastic Four, who were a group, and Peter highly doubted they’d ask the Four to team up with the Avengers on anything near a regular basis. And Natasha had asked about the X-Men. Or more specifically, if he, Peter, wanted to bang any of them! Which was just crazy. They knew he was with Wade. Had he ever even mentioned the X-Men to any of them, let alone Natasha? He didn’t think so.

It just didn’t make any sense.

And with all of these thoughts, all the confusion, swirling in his head, he completely forgot breakfast, so he was very, very ready for food. So hungry that he didn’t even wait for Wade to pick him up, even though Wade had texted him that he was going to be (only) ten minutes late. Peter wanted food now. He wrote back that Wade could meet him in the common area.

And he tried not to think of the weird behavior of most of the Avengers, and stay mostly focused on the thought of food, or eating delicious roast duck and shrimp dumpling soup and as many egg rolls as he could stuff in his face at once.

But as soon as he got off the elevator, voices from down the hall and behind the door leading to the common area where they were all meeting for lunch, wafted back to him. They couldn’t hear him yet, or if one of them did hear him, his quiet footsteps or the ding of the elevator, they knew that he’d be too far away to hear what they were saying. But he wasn’t. It wasn’t their fault. He just had exceptionally good hearing.

“So it isn’t any of the Fantastic four,” Clint was saying, “and it isn’t Daredevil. I still think Daredevil was more likely.”

“Whine, whine,” Natasha said. “Don’t complain so much. At least Tony and I asked about more than one person at a time. Eliminated multiple possibilities all at once.”

“Though, strong Natasha,” Thor added, “I do believe that enquiring about a group of warriors as big as the X-Men, all at once, might not have been wise either.”

They were talking about their odd behavior, about asking Peter about the other superheroes. Peter paused in the hall to eavesdrop. Shamelessly. He wanted to know what this was all about, because frankly, this whole thing had Peter hopelessly confused. And if he could just get on the other side of this, somehow find out what was going on and get a few steps ahead, well, he would rather be ahead of them than trailing helplessly behind.

“Fair,” Natasha granted. “But, he was so affronted by the idea of having sex with any of them. That definitely wasn’t an act.”
“Who else might Peter desire?” Thor asked. “Surely not one of us?”

“I don’t think so,” Clint said.

“Why don’t you just drop it altogether?” Steve offered. “Why don’t we not pry into our friend’s...um...”

“Sex life?” Tony said.

“Possible sex life,” Clint said with a hum.

“I don’t think that’s an accurate descriptor at all,” Bruce said.

There was a shifting sound that might have been a shrug. “It’s not,” Clint said. “But I wouldn’t really call it a lack of sex life, because while Peter has yet to get it on with his freebie hero, as far as we know, he’s still getting it on with Wade.”

Peter could feel that his forehead was crinkled in confusion. Listening in had not, actually, been that helpful. He. He was actually much more confused than before. Someone had said something about Peter ‘getting it on’ with his... his freebie hero? What was that? Was that a thing? Did every hero get a freebie with another hero? That was... weird. And either untrue (likely) or very scary-cultish and Peter needed to quit being a hero immediately.

“Again,” Tony added, “as far as we know.”

“I really want to stop hearing about Peter ‘getting it on’ with anybody,” Steve said plaintively.

Except, no, because they didn’t know Peter was Spiderman. Which was totally their fault, at this point. They’d thought that Peter had allowed Wade to have a tryst with Spiderman instead of realizing that Peter was Spiderman, and that was on them. All the clues were right there, but no, instead they thought that Peter had given Wade permission to sleep with a hero

Like a freebie?

“Why Cap,” Tony said in a voice filled with faux shock, “are you telling me that back in your day people didn’t gossip about who was fucking who, or who wanted to be fucking who?”

Steve let out a long, exasperated sigh. “Yes, they were, Tony,” he said drily. “I’m sure people have been doing that since the dawn of time. I didn’t much feel comfortable with it then, and I don’t really feel comfortable with it now. Especially since Peter is our friend, and we work on a sometimes basis with all these other heroes. And... you know, Peter is Wade’s fella, and Wade is his, and—I know! I know, Natasha, consenting adults can do what they please with other consenting adults. I just don’t think it’s any of our business to speculate.”

Wait, wait, wait. Maybe this wasn’t a thing for all heroes. Maybe they thought (or maybe not, what did Peter know?) that this was a thing between Wade and Peter. Like, each of them had a hero, other than each other, that they could sleep with? Did that make sense? Like, at all?

“Boo! Spoilsport!” Natasha hissed.

The Avengers thought—hypothetically speaking, it could be that the Avengers were under the impression that Wade and Peter each had one freebie, who the other had allowed them to sleep with outside of their relationship. Peter let that roll around in his head. It seemed confusing at first, but the more he thought about it... actually the more he thought about it the more confused he got.
He tried rephrasing it in his head. Wade and Peter were together. As part of their relationship, they each had one person outside of the relationship, that they could sleep with without repercussions.

Ok, yeah, that made sense.

“Here, here, for the spoilsports,” Bruce mock-cheered.

Well, the sentence made sense. The idea was… improbable to say the least. Peter really didn’t share. Not in this aspect. And Wade didn’t either. Which was kind of exciting to Peter in a way that was better suited to time spent between the couple in their bedroom, and not here, in this hallway, eavesdropping.

So Spiderman was Wade’s freebie, in the minds of the Avengers.

Who, it turned out, were not all hunkydory with this really backward fact-finding scheme, it seemed. Woohoo to Steve and Bruce! They were his new favorites.

“Who else could it be?” Tony said, getting back to the subject on hand. “I mean, I think it’s safe to say that we’re the only heroes Peter has ever met face-to-face, so we don’t really need to keep it local. His freebie could be anyone.”

And that’s what it was, after all. They were just curious. They knew who Wade’s ‘freebie’ was. Now they wanted to know Peter’s.

Peter wasn’t sure if that was exceptionally stupid, or… no there was no alternative. This was stupid. Peter and Wade didn’t have freebies. This wasn’t a sitcom!

Of course, in the minds of the Avengers, the other option had been that Wade had been cheating on him. But even just the idea of a poly relationship, or an open one, made more sense then this.

Maybe?

“Well let’s keep it local for now,” Natasha said, “and then we can work outward.”

Ok, no, he could totally see where they were coming from with this. Drats! And now he was feeling sympathy for his idiotic friends. Drats again! It wasn’t their fault they didn’t know. They didn’t really have all the clues. They should, they should have been able to guess Peter was Spiderman when they saw Wade and Spiderman on that roof, but he couldn’t fault them for not thinking that their mundane friend-slash-intern could be a superhero. He’d never given them any idea to the contrary. How would he feel if he found out his—did he know any civilians anymore?

Aunt May.

How would he feel if he found out Aunt May was a superhero?

Very confused, actually, and now Peter was going to stop thinking about it, because it was giving him heart palpitations.

“Hey there, boo-bear,” said a voice much, much closer than the voices coming from the common area, and Peter jumped about a foot in the air. “Relax, sweet-cakes,” said the voice, Wade’s voice, as he caught hold of Peter before he could make it to the ceiling or crash back to the floor, “it’s just me.”

“Jesus,” Peter said quietly, “you scared me!”
He listened for the conversation back in the common area, but whereas they hadn’t heard Peter arrive alone, on swift feet, those with superior hearing had definitely heard how Wade had surprised Peter. They were being quiet, waiting for Peter and Wade to join them.

What a pickle this all was.

“I scared you?” Wade asked. “Why, Petey, how exciting! I can never get the drop on you!”

Peter punched Wade’s arm and they grinned at each other.

Wade gestured to Peter’s place in the hall, maybe ten feet back from the door. “What were you doing just st—” Peter shook his head violently, gestured to the door. Wade didn’t falter. “—aring at me when we could go and get some food this very instant?”

“You’re just so gorgeous, honeysuckle,” Peter cooed, because fuck you, he could be disgustingly sappy as well. Wade didn’t have a monopoly.

Wade tilted his head in a way that Peter knew was a series of question that would go un-asked until they were alone. But Peter knew what the questions would be. What is going on? Why were you standing in the hall, eavesdropping? Did someone hurt you? Do I need to hurt someone?

Peter mouthed the word, ‘No,’ and then, ‘Later.’ And then pulled his arm through Wade’s and marched them both to and through the doors to the common area.

“Peter! Wade!” Tony said in exaggerated joy. “Welcome to the clubhouse! Pull up a seat and grab yourself some food.” He gestured to the food piled table.

Evidently there would be no freebie-talk in Peter’s hearing. Or Wade’s.

“Fuckin’ A!” Wade said excitedly, and descended on the table, stealing an empty plate from a stack and filling it with food before he even had a chance to sit down. Peter followed more sedately, sitting in a chair between Natasha and the only other empty seat at the table (meant for Wade) before filling up his plate as well.

The Avengers descended into slightly stilted small talk. Steve asked Thor about his latest date with Jane (which Thor exuberantly gave too much information about in return) and Clint tried to rope Bruce, Tony, and Wade into a conversation about the latest exhibit at the Met that he, a) knew nothing about and b) didn’t actually seem to be interested in at all. That left Peter to Natasha’s devices.

But, hey, it seemed like maybe she wouldn’t bring up the ‘freebie’ thing even while Wade was otherwise occupied.

(Unlike Clint, Tony and Wade were both fond of and knowledgeable about the Met’s newest foray into showcasing daguerreotypes [did Peter hear that right?]. Peter made a mental note to surprise Wade with a date there in the near future.)

Instead Nat asked after Aunt May, and then about what Peter was working on in the lab, and then how Peter’s secret photography blog was going (which! Was a secret! He hadn’t even told Wade! It was just a place to put his favorite pictures. He hadn’t expected to get a following! And he hadn’t expected Natasha to bring it up because it was a secret! A secret, Natasha! Shhhh!)

But.

Hey.
That wasn’t fair.

So, they got to ask him weird and confusing questions, but suddenly when Wade was around, they grew shy?? Peter didn’t think so, pal. Ok, yes, he definitely felt bad that they’d jumped to this erroneous conclusion, but, uh, jumping or not didn’t mean they had to go out of their way to confuse Peter left and right.

And also, they didn’t have a commodity on that bullshit.

They wanted to play this game with Peter? He was going to fucking play. And he’d win!

Because he was a winner!

“But enough photo-talk,” Peter said, drawing Natasha away from the subject of his (secret!) photo blog, which Peter was almost positive Natasha was getting a kick out of mentioning, “I’ve talked through two plate refills.”

“You’re tagging out?” Natasha asked with a tone of voice that was her alternative to laughing in Peter’s face. “Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone. Of course, I might just have to send a link to J. Jonah Jameson anonymously, if only so I have the knowledge that he knows he fucked up, not appreciating your talent.”

Peter could feel his cheeks flush. “Please don’t.”

Natasha did laugh at that.

“Don’t laugh at me,” Peter whined. Quietly, so no one else at the table would ask what they were talking about. “Let’s—let’s talk about you, instead, eh?”

Natasha grew serious. Faux-serious. Theatrically and dramatically serious. “You know I can’t reveal any sensitive information concerning missions, Peter.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “I just meant, since you mentioned the X-Men earlier,” he tried to gauge her reaction out of the corner of his eyes, but she was talented, and gave nothing away save very realistic-looking casual curiosity, “I was wondering if you guys were thinking about a superhero team up. I think it’d be pretty cool to meet some other heroes in the city!”

He tried to play his emotions off as enthusiasm and not as worry that she’d notice he was lying. He was a pretty good liar where it counted (thus the secret identity), but around Natasha.... and with everyone else at the same table as well? He just wasn’t sure.

“I don’t know if we’d have a team-up,” Natasha said. “But it’s nice to know if you’d have any issues with meeting other heroes if any were to drop by.” Coyly not mentioning that her literal question had been about banging any of the X-Men, Peter noticed. She was totally fucking with him.

“No issues here,” Peter said, making his face look as innocent as fucking possible. “In fact, it’d even be kind of cool to meet other heroes!”

He tried to act excited, and like he didn’t casually meet other heroes all the time. At least not the local ones. ‘Cause he met locals all the time. As Spiderman.

“Oh yeah?” Natasha asked casually, putting more pickled bamboo shoot on her plate, “like who?”

There was a sprinkling of silence around the table, ears listening in to Peter and Natasha’s
conversation. Wade was talking about how every artist tended to have a blue period, but how every period he’d ever met had been red, and how don’t you think we should just combine those to make a purple period? Wouldn’t that be fucking neat and inclusive as shit? Only Bruce was making any effort at actually listening and responding, though even he was doing a piss poor job of it as he’d made an affirmative hum at Wade’s question of a ‘Purple Period’ and now Wade was excitedly talking about how they could make other colors out of blood and, wow, Peter really needed to sit down with Wade and explain that that wasn’t at all what Picasso’s blue period was about.

“Well,” Peter said slowly and in as arch a tone as he could feasibly use in this situation without sounding suspicious as fuck, “I’d really love to meet Squirrel Girl!”

He could practically hear six different minds around the table all stutter to a stop.

“She’s just so cute!” Peter explained, and made a motion with his hands as if he were pinching her cheeks. “And she’s unbeatable, so that’s like, pretty fucking legit, you know?”

“Uh,” Clint said, “Yeah, totally.”

And now they were all openly invested. No one was even pretending to have other conversations anymore. Except for Wade who was really invested in somehow coming up with an exhibit of art that could be called ‘Period Period’ about, well, the menstrual cycle. All by female artists. Peter was engaged to a visionary.

“Like, she could beat me up,” Peter said, which wasn’t actually a lie. “Hashtag goals.”

“Goals,” Bruce said weakly, which caused Wade to finally notice he was no longer paying attention.

He turned to Peter. “What’s that, hunny bun?”

“Oh I was just saying I’d love to meet Squirrel Girl,” Peter said. “She’s like, pretty fucking awesome.” He hadn’t actually met her as Spidey either, but he knew from word of mouth that he was speaking the truth.

“Oh totally,” Wade said. “Love to team up some day. That’d be tight. Oh! And you know who else? Wolverine! Wolverine loves me!”


“No,” Tony interrupted with a very dry voice. “No magic.”

Peter shrugged. “Alright, no magic in the tower. What about Silver Surfer?”

“Metallic!” Wade squealed. “I love it! Hard to hit though.”

“We’d be fighting with him, not against him,” Peter pointed out. “Or, I mean, um, you guys would be. Fighting with him. Not against him.”


“Who?” Peter asked, trying to think back. He didn’t think he’d ever heard of a hero named Drax. Or one named Rocket. Or a group called the Guardians-with-a-capital-G.
Wade waved his hand. “Oh. We haven’t met them yet. We’re about to, I mean, the Avengers are about to, in the MCU. Don’t know if we are ever going to meet them. The author seems pretty stuck in 2012 Avengers, if you know what I mean.”

“What?!” Peter said, and looked around to see only befuddled faces around the table.

Wade waved it away. “How about the Punisher? I could probably get Frank to come around.”

“Oh, as long as he doesn’t kill anyone?” Peter said, though it felt like more of a question.

Wade shrugged. “No promises.”

Peter shook his head. “Sorry, no thanks.” He tried to think of other heroes the Avengers might balk at when assuming Peter was offering up the name as his ‘freebie.’

“Aquaman?” Wade offered when Peter paused too long. “That bod is fucking smoking. Jason Momoa could take me home any day of the week.”

“Who?” Tony asked.

Wade waved his hand again. “Wrong universe. Though, you know, if I was going to team up with anyone from DC it’d have to be Green Lantern. For meta reasons, you know?” He chuckled and elbowed Peter in the ribs even though Peter had no idea what he was talking about. Wade sometimes did that, referenced things that only he knew about. The ultimate inside joke. But still. Weird.

“Not really,” Clint said weakly. “Meta?”

“Green lantern?” Thor asked. “Is that indeed the name of a hero?”

Wade nodded. “Second in handsomeness only to moi,” he pressed his fingers, fanned out, against his chest. He looked at Peter with such extreme seriousness that Peter couldn’t help but take him seriously. “Petey-Pie. If you ever meet him, Hal’s his real name, you may be tempted to go down on that hot bod. I would be too, if I were into incesturbation. Or would it just be masturbation at that point? Sexin’ it up with another me.” He shook his head, which didn’t help Peter at all. Or the other Avengers. He decided to chalk this up to Wade just being himself, and saying weird things. Otherwise he’d get a headache. “But don’t!” Wade said. “You’re going to be tempted, Peter-Piper, because Hal Jordan is a hot-as-fuck motherfucker, but you cannot succumb to his sweet, sweet, sexiness. The only hot bod you’re allowed to get it on with is this one,” and again he gestured to himself, this time running a hand down his chest sensually.

“Boo,” Peter thought, because, well, there went that game. If Wade was just going to casually state that he wouldn’t actually allow Peter to sleep with someone else, then that was that. The game was over. The Avengers would know that Peter couldn’t have a ‘freebie.’ Which brought to mind the question of what they’d then think of the fact that Wade did have a ‘freebie.’ At least, as far as they were concerned.

“Exclusive,” Tony said.

“Well of course,” Wade said in actual surprise. “Petey is the love of my fuckin life. I’m not exactly one to share my happiness, my pride and joy, my sun and moon, with someone else. Even if Green Lantern is practically me anyway.”

“I don’t know what that means exactly,” Steve said, “but don’t you think that’s unfair?”
Wade made a face. “Unfair for Hal, definitely. Who wouldn’t want to get it on with my boy here.” He threaded his arm through Peter’s and pulled him close, unbalancing Peter. He shot a hand out to grab onto the table in order to steady himself. “But, I mean, I’m not really great at sharing my love. He’s mine.”

“So you will not share Peter with another, but he’s expected to share you with another?” Thor asked, his expression stormy.

Wade gave him a bewildered look before his expression evened out. “Oh! You mean because me and Spiderman,” he emphasized the word oddly, and Peter pinched the bridge of his nose, “are doing a polyamorous thing. Riiiight…”

He shot Peter a really obvious and super dubious thumbs-up.

“Why are you like this?” Peter asked plaintively.

Wade grinned at him shamelessly.

Steve was frowning at Wade pretty seriously. “Now I know it’s not any of my business—”

“It really isn’t,” Wade said, but he was still grinning.

Steve frowned.

“I mean, really,” Wade said, “who each of us is or isn’t allowed to sleep with is no one’s business but our own.”

“And the other people you want to sleep with,” Natasha pointed out.

“Of course,” Peter said.

“There are no other people,” Wade said, which was technically the truth, but was less than helpful. Peter frowned at him very hard.

“You mean you did not want to fornicate with the Man of Spiders?” Thor questioned.

“Spiderman,” Wade said. “Right. Right, right, right. Forgot about him.”

“You just forgot about your freebie?” Clint asked with curiosity verging on anger.

Wade’s brow pressed themselves into deep furrows in his forehead and stayed there. He tilted his head to the side. “Freebie,” he said slowly, like he was tasting the word. “Freebie?” he said again, a question this time. And then, “Freee-biee.”

Peter wished he could lean over and whisper-explain to Wade what he’d discovered, but there would be no privacy with this lot.

“Is that new slang?” Wade finally asked. “Is ‘freebie’ like, a person in an open relationship? I don’t really get it, but what do I know? I’m just an old fogie. Kids these days are always coming up with new words for things.”

“No,” Natasha said. “That’s different. So does that mean you and Peter are in an open relationship? Is that why we saw you and Spiderman on that rooftop?”

“Yes?” Wade said with an upward lilt, like he was asking a question.
“You don’t sound so sure of yourself there,” Tony said.

“Still pretty stuck on the ‘freebie’ thing,” Wade admitted.

There was a pause where no one explained. Wade’s face was full of questions and, gah, this might only help in identifying him as an eavesdropper, but he couldn’t just let Wade stay ignorant of this subject if he had the ability to explain. That’d be a pretty asshole-ish thing to do. And he loved Wade. He didn’t want to purposefully be an asshole to him.

“They mean, like, a person one of us could sleep with that the other person has given permission for.”

Wade’s expression cleared. “Like that Friends episode!”

Clint snapped his fingers. “Exactly! So your freebie is Spiderman. And Peter also has a freebie who is…” he gestured to Peter, waiting for Peter to fill in the blank.

But…

But Peter didn’t have a freebie.

Wade fluttered his eyelashes and gazed straight into Peter’s soul. “Your, uh, freebie, huh?”

“Yes,” Peter said cheerfully. “Spiderman is your freebie. So, I must also have a freebie.”

“Were you eavesdropping on us?” Natasha asked.

“Whaaaa?” Peter said, probably sounding as fake to them as it sounded to himself.

“Well,” Natasha said, “Wade seemed fairly confused by the term, so I doubt you have any agreed-upon freebies in your relationship.”

“Awww,” Tony complained. “No wonder the kid was confused.

“I really was,” Peter pointed out.

“Confused?” Wade asked.

Peter turned to Wade. “They kept asking me about other heroes I’d sleep with, hypothetically. It was very confusing out of context.”

Wade looked each Avenger in the face. “The answer is none.”

“Yeah,” Clint said, “we kind of figured that out.”

“But why?” Wade asked. “I get thinking that sleeping with Spiderman is part of me being in an open relationship.” And that sentence sure got a lot of confused looks on its own. “But where’d the freebie thing come from? How was that even a thought any of you had?”

Steve shrugged. “Peter said that while you were allowed to sleep with Spiderman, he too had a hero he was allowed to sleep with.” Steve gave a self-conscious little shrug. “Sorry, I really tried to stay out of this.”

Peter gave him a commiserating look. “Thank you for trying.”

Wade turned to Peter slowly. “Another hero you were allowed to sleep with, huh?” Wade asked,
both eyebrows, or where the eyebrows would be if hair ever grew on his face, raised high.

Peter blushed. “I meant you. I meant—I meant that you were only allowed to sleep with me, and I was only allowed to sleep with you.”

There was a moment of silence as Peter stared deep into Wade’s eyes, and Wade stared back, and there was a soft smile gracing Wade’s lips and Peter could see the love, deep inside of him, and he felt grateful and loved and like he was being warmed by the very sun itself. The earth spun around them. And then:

“What?!” Clint said, loud and shocked. “No! It was Wade and Spiderman! We saw Wade and Spiderman on that roof, not you, Peter, Spiderman!”

Peter couldn’t even find it in himself to feel stricken by the dawning realizations on everyone’s faces. It was—well, it was many things. It was a relief to know that everyone now knew who he was, that he’d no longer have to lie to them at every turn, and it was a relief to know that they now knew that it was Peter up there on that roof, so they’d stop plying him with the possible candidates of his super-hero sex freebie fantasy they’d all cooked up. It also was pleasant to a very primal part of him that wanted everyone to know that Wade was his his his and no one else’s! Now they knew. Because no, Wade would never cheat on him. And he’d never sleep around. He had nothing against people in polyamorous relationships, or the idea of polyamorous relationships itself, it was just, well, Wade was his.

And he was also suddenly really embarrassed that they all knew it was Peter they’d seen up on that roof. They were friends, and they were colleagues, and they’d seen him making out with boyfriend on the roof of their apartment building like a couple of randy teenagers!

God!

“You’re Spiderman?” Bruce asked, eyes wide and mouth gaping.

Peter was so past that realization, and on to the far more embarrassing ones, that it took a minute for him to rewind his mind, play back what Bruce had said, and nod.

Steve massaged the bridge of his nose. “How did this get so convoluted?” he asked in a groan.

“I’m not a hundred percent on that,” Wade said. “And also I’m kind of miffed that, seeing me necking with Spidey, the first thought you came to was that I was cheating.”

“Well,” Bruce said, “I can see where you’re coming from. I’d be—”

“You have every right to your rage,” Thor said grimly. “We are cretins of the worst kind. To come to such an assumption about our fellow warrior, and our closest comrade! We are naught but knaves!”

“It’s just…” Tony started, staring at Peter with an absolutely flabbergasted expression. “You’re Spiderman? You’re Spiderman. You’re Spiderman???”

“It’s going to take some getting used to,” Natasha said apologetically.

“I’m not upset,” Peter said, feeling his cheeks get even warmer (god, could he really blush harder?). “I get it. No one really believes I could be a hero.” He held up a hand to ward off the sudden influx of guilty expressions and open mouths. “I don’t blame you. I’m just, I’m Peter. To be honest, I wouldn’t be surprised if you guys were upset with me for lying to you all this time.”
“Can I tell Pep?” Tony asked.

Peter gave that thought some consideration. “Yes,” he said slowly, “but no one else please. I trust Pepper, as much as I trust you all, but that doesn’t really extend out of this tower, you know?”

“Of course,” Tony said. “And if I can tell Pep then I have no reason to be upset. I don’t like lying to her any more than I really have to. Which, nowadays, is hardly at all.”

“Of course we’re not upset,” Steve said. “We all know heroes who hide their civilian identities, keep them a secret. We’ve all done that at some point. We’d be hypocrites to blame you for doing the same thing we’ve all done.”

Peter doubted that Steve had ever hidden from anything.

“Aww, Bae,” Wade cooed. “I think they like you!”

“Of course we do,” Clint snapped. “We’re just in shock. And, hey, Wade, sorry for jumping to the worst conclusion.”

Wade shrugged. “I get the why. I’ve got a bad reputation—”

“But we should have looked past that,” Natasha said. “We know you now.”

“You follow the rules,” Steve added. “You’re an asset to the team, and you’re our friend.”

Now Wade was blushing too. They probably looked quite the pair.

“Aww shucks, Cap! That’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

Steve grinned.

“So,” Tony said, “my intern is Spiderman, his boyfriend—”

“Fiancé,” Peter corrected.

“Aww, Bae,” Wade cooed. “I think they like you!”

“Of course we do,” Clint snapped. “We’re just in shock. And, hey, Wade, sorry for jumping to the worst conclusion.”

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“Aww shucks, Cap! That’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

Steve grinned.

“So,” Tony said, “my intern is Spiderman, his boyfriend—”

“Fiancé,” Peter corrected.

“Fiancé,” Tony said, “isn’t cheating on him, and isn’t in an open relationship, and there’s no secret hero you have as a freebie in your relationship, and my intern is Spiderman?” He scratched his head. “This is going to take some getting used to.”

Peter winced. “Not too long I hope?”

Tony checked his watch. “Can’t take too long, the next part of our experiment starts in twenty minutes. We’ll need to be firing on all cylinders when that happens.”

Peter laughed in relief. A joking Tony was a good, accepting Tony.

“You know,” Steve said, a bid for being casual, “we should talk sometime about a team-up with another hero. I think it could be beneficial after all.”

“Oh yeah?” Tony asked, trying not to grin, like he’d already guessed the punchline and he was trying to hold it in. “Who?”

“Not the X-Men,” Natasha said, and winked at Peter.

“No, no,” Steve said theatrically. “But I think the Avengers would really flourish from a team-up, or even, say, a long-term relationship with this really cool hero. His name is Spiderman. I hear he’s
a pretty awesome guy.”

Wade shrieked and clutched at Peter’s chest. “Avenger-buddies! We’re going to be Avenger-buddies!”

Peter was engaged to a madman, and looking at the smiling faces around him, he realized he was friends with a whole bunch of other mad people as well, and, honestly, he wouldn’t have it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

Today's chapter is brought to you by a two different prompts given to me on Ch 21 of this Fic, from taw and Keeper_of_Legends
Hope you liked it! :D
Peter would later blame the adrenaline pumping through his veins for his lack of decorum concerning the making-out practices of him and his very hot fiancé. They had just completely annihilated these three douches who were holding elementary school kids hostage for ransom. Spiderman and Deadpool, that is, not Peter and Wade. Well, technically yes, Peter and Wade, but only because they were Spiderman and Deadpool, because secret identities are a thing. So no one knew that they were themselves when that happened.

Or something like that.

But that was beside the point. The point was that they had just swooped in, kicked some serious kidnapper ass, rescued (and got cheered on by) a group of adorable little twerps (Peter knew that kids were only that adorable right as you were rescuing them. Afterwards they became brats once more. He will swear to this in court), and then were cheered on by the police and on-lookers as they came out of the school, flocked by the sticky-handed fiends.

The children, not the villains. The villains were webbed to the roof of the gymnasium.

So, yeah, it had been a good day. No one died. No one even got hurt, or anything. So, Peter definitely felt like he and his super hot fiancé deserved some making out.

It was not the adrenaline’s fault that Pete and Wade’s lips adhered to each other’s. Nor was it the adrenaline’s fault that Peter was panting, and Wade had his hands up Peter’s spandex shirt running his gloved hands down Peter’s ribcage, and Peter wanted to stay pressed against Wade for the rest of their natural (or unnatural, he wasn’t picky) lives.

No. The adrenaline was not to be blamed for any of that. What it was to be blamed for was Peter’s overconfidence and Wade’s absent-mindedness when they started the making out business on the roof of their apartment, instead of inside their apartment like they should have.

It must have been the adrenaline that made him forget all about not doing the do out in the open on the roof of an apartment building that his real-life identity lived in.

Wade had Peter’s spandex shirt hiked up revealing lean muscles and taut skin, and Peter had his uncovered mouth firmly cemented to Wade’s ear lobe, and they were rolling around quite a bit, playing at who could be the stronger, more dominant one, when Peter heard the distinct whirring
of the quinjet somewhere to the east and incoming. Peter pulled his mouth off of Wade reluctantly and looked up. Yep, there was the Avengers’ favorite mode of transportation flying directly towards them.

Peter looked around and saw that, nope, there wasn’t anything horrendous attacking the city, nor were there any fires, natural disasters, or even any petty crimes occurring in a 40-mile radius. He would know if there were. So, either the Avengers were on their way out of town (without Wade?) or they were coming for Peter and Wade.

But that would be crazy.

“Uh, babe?” Peter said slowly, prodding Wade in the stomach with his fingers.

“Mmm?” Wade asked, not moving his hands from where they roved over Peter’s torso.

Peter hurriedly pulled his shirt down, and dragged his mask, which had been shoved up to just over his nose, back down again, hiding all of his face from view. “We have company.”

Wade let himself be manhandled away from his fiancé, sensing the worry in his voice, and turned his head to the sky.

The quinjet was coming in fast, and Peter pulled Wade towards the ledge of the building—for either a better escape or to leave the quinjet room to land if that was what was going to happen. Peter really, really hoped it wasn’t that second one. Really. He had no idea how he’d deal if the Avengers did land.

Peter had never seen the quinjet this close up, since as Peter he didn’t get to see the Avengers stuff, and the few times that the Avengers deemed Spiderman worthy enough to fight alongside them, they were generally doing the more hands-on things, not riding in the sky. He’d fought in close proximity to Cap and Iron Man, and even the Hulk on one memorable occasion, but the quinjet was usually far off, doing god knows what, and flown by god knows who. It was a fine specimen of machinery, and normally Peter would be itching to go look at it up close, to examine its engines and stealth functions. Today he was content to stay with Wade as far away as possible from the thing. He considered escaping by jumping off the ledge and swinging away.

But the jet didn’t land. It slowed as it passed overhead, and Peter couldn’t bring himself to tear his eyes away from the machine, but then it passed them, off and away, and Peter let out an anxious breath.

“Well,” Peter said breathlessly.

“I thought they were going to land for a sec there,” Wade said, and sidled closer to Peter so he could wrap his arms around Peter’s spandex-clad shoulders. The motion, and what it meant (suit-on-suit touching) forced any last vestige of adrenaline from Peter’s body.

“Let’s go inside,” Peter said. “There’s been enough exhibitionism for the day, I think.”

“Aww, snookums,” Wade cooed. “Does that mean you’re going to bed me in an actual bed? I’m so touched.” He shivered theatrically. “Actually,” he said, his voice dropping to something deep and husky that lit a spark of heat low in Peter’s gut, “I’m not feeling nearly touched enough. Touch me, Peter?”

And what could Peter do but comply? He grabbed hold of Wade before tipping them both over the side of the building, and swinging them into their bedroom through the window. With an easy twist of his body they landed on the bed, Wade flat on his back and Peter straddling Wade’s hips.
All thoughts of the Avengers, of the quinjet, of the roof at all fled Peter’s mind. His fiancé was beneath him, bucking up in an attempt to wriggle that was doomed to fail, warm and sweet and the absolute best person that Peter had ever known. Where else could his mind be than on Wade?

Peter left first the next day. Steve had texted Wade sometime in the night (Peter and Wade had been busy all night, so it didn’t really matter specifically when) and said to take the morning off. Lucky bastard.

Peter had questioned Wade’s good fortune, if it could indeed be called good fortune (Wade better be in the tower by lunch time because Peter was planning on manhandling the Avengers into ordering sushi and he didn’t want Wade to complain about missing out on his rainbow rolls again), but Wade had just called him jealous and laughed him out of the door with only a brief goodbye kiss. They didn’t even get to have a miss-you-already quickie, which, really. Not fair.

Ok. He could admit he was jealous that Wade was getting to relax while Peter trudged to work. Don’t get him wrong. He liked work. He loved being in the lab with Tony and Bruce, doing (insert mad scientist cackle) SCIENCE, but still. Morning off. Sounded nice.

But then, getting into the lab he didn’t find Tony and Bruce busy away at mechanical engineering or the pursuit of knowledge; he found the whole line-up of the Avengers, standing in a semicircle, waiting for him.

Peter blinked at the assembled group, took in their serious-verging-on-pitying expressions, and frowned. He was sure that, if nothing else, this was the reason that Steve had told Wade to take the morning off. Whatever this was about. Peter might have felt suspicious, or worried, if he weren’t still feeling petty about having to go into work when his fiancé got to stay home and—and—well, and probably have a mini-marathon of Golden Girls or the Nanny, or even just go back to bed.

Peter looked around for a sign to what this was about, but found nothing.

“Is this an intervention?” Peter asked. “Because I don’t think I’ve been doing anything that warrants an intervention, but hey, what do I know? Maybe science is now considered an addictive, mind-alternating substance.”

“No,” Steve said apologetically, “it’s not—that.”

“Intervention?” Tony asked. “Pete, if we were having an intervention I’d have strung up a banner and had confetti cannons at the go. Any excuse for a party, am I right?”

“So, not an intervention,” Peter said, ticking it off on his fingers, “and not a party. I assume you aren’t all here for a science lesson?”

There was a general shaking of heads and Peter added a third finger.

“No,” Steve said, and cleared his throat. “We have some—well, we discovered something—there’s —”

“Steve,” Natasha snapped, and Steve closed his mouth looking flustered and thankful. She turned to Peter, her face drawn into something gentle and sympathetic, and Peter’s heart skipped a beat
because, no, Natasha wasn’t allowed to look like that. She was the backbone of this operation, the emotionally stable one, the one who would always, always, tell it like it was. If she was trying to break something to Peter gently, well, that meant something horrible had happened.

It was giving him an all-over feeling of ‘Oh Shit!’

“Peter we have some upsetting news, but we want you to know that we’re here for you no matter what, ok?”

If Peter hadn’t kissed Wade goodbye less than an hour ago he’d assume that something had happened to his fiancé.

“Yeah,” Peter said, and tried to swallow past his suddenly dry mouth. “What is it? What’s wrong?”

Thor bowed his head in the background, and Bruce winced, but Natasha kept her face smooth and solemn, and Peter couldn’t tear his eyes away from her. His heart was beating a loud tattoo in his ears and the hair on his arms was standing on end. He could feel every whisper of wind made by every infinitesimal movement in the lab against his skin, and his own breath was hot and quick against his lips.

“We saw Wade,” Natasha said slowly, as if she were testing each word in her mind before it left her mouth, “in a compromising position, with another hero.”

Peter wasn’t sure what to make of that. “Like, he was whaling on Daredevil or something? Or him and Punisher went on a gun spree?”

“I don’t know if I’d use the phrase, ‘hero’ when talking about the Punisher,” Tony said.

“We caught him with his pants down,” Clint clarified. “With another hero.”

“We didn’t really catch him,” Steve said. “We saw him getting serious with someone other than you. We would have stopped him.” He sounded upset with himself. “I’m sorry for not——”

“We would have put a stop to it,” Natasha interrupted, “but frankly his mistakes are none of our business. What is our business is your happiness. That’s why we kept Wade home this morning, so he couldn’t twist this somehow, or whisper sweet nothings in your ears before we had time to tell you. Because you deserve the truth, Peter.”

Peter realized that he was gaping at the assembled Avengers and quickly snapped his mouth closed. He wasn’t—they were—The Avengers were implying... well, stating, that Wade had cheated on him. Yeah. He’d worked that out.

But that was, of course, patently ridiculous.

“Wade’s not cheating on me,” Peter said with a relieved sigh, feeling his heartbeat begin to slow.

“So you know,” Natasha said cryptically. “And you approve?”

Peter didn’t know what Natasha was talking about. “What’s there to approve? Look, I don’t know what you all thought you saw, but Wade would never cheat on me. If he was with another hero, doing, whatever,” saving the day, eating tacos, playing backgammon, “it was with my blessings. I mean. I trust him not to do anything I’d disapprove of. But I can guarantee whatever he was actually doing,” whenever he’d been doing it, and whoever he’d been doing it with, (again, possibly whaling on Daredevil), “it’s with my approval.” (Daredevil and Wade had a love-hate relationship wherein Wade was convinced they were bosom buddies, Daredevil possibly tolerated
him, and they both had violent tendencies that came out at inopportune moments).

Boyfriends have to stick together. If the Avengers were going to take their false accusations to Wade, and possibly upset him, well, Peter would do whatever was in his power to nip that in the bud.

“Oh,” Tony said with relief hidden behind sure-fire superiority. “Well that’s a different story! Why didn’t either of you tell us you were open like that? We’re very welcoming people you know. And it’s not like I haven’t had a few ménage à trois in my time.”

“Stark,” Natasha said. “We know. And the less said about it the better.”

“You know you love me,” Tony told her with a smirk.

Natasha didn’t deny it, which from her was practically a signed writ to the affirmative.

Peter was still trying to figure out what Tony had meant by ‘open.’ Did he mean that Peter was open to Wade having friendships with other heroes? Because, that was to be expected, right? Of course he’d have friends in the hero community. And why would Tony be surprised that Peter would be open to the idea? Did they think he was that possessive a lover? That he wouldn’t even like Wade having friends?

The idea that his friends, their friends, viewed him as a tyrant was—mind boggling, and he wished Wade was there so he could remind Peter that he wasn’t a tyrant.

“Um,” Peter said, trying not to sound upset, “could you let my fiancé know that he can come into work now? He’s going to be insufferable already, bragging that he got the morning off and I didn’t.” He smiled crookedly and tried to tell himself that they probably didn’t really think he was that possessive, that he’d just misunderstood them and that the adrenaline in his veins was making him misconstrue things and jump to conclusions. He held fast to that thought.

“Is he still with Spiderman?” Clint asked. “Is Spiderman still in your apartment? Is this a poly type thing, or—”

“Clint,” Steve hissed. “None of your business! If Peter wants to talk about it, he will! He never brought it up before, stop interrogating him.”

Peter crooked an eyebrow. Spiderman? What were they talking about, Wade being with Spiderman? Unless…

Fucking shit. They’d seen him and Wade on the roof the previous night. Obviously! God, and he’d even seen the quinjet flying overhead, and had then promptly forgotten it in lieu of filling his mind (and other parts of his body) with Wade (and other parts of his body).

Of course. That’s what they’d come to talk to him about. They thought Wade was cheating on him with Spiderman. Peter was such an idiot. Such a motherfucking, goddamn, worthless idiot. Wade was going to laugh his ass off when he found out.

“I’m not interrogating,” Clint said. “I’m just curious!”

“Do you even know what an open relationship is?” Tony asked Steve. “That sort of thing would’ve been scandalous back in ye olde time.”

Steve rolled his eyes. “I’m from the ‘40s, not the ice age.” Tony raised his eyebrows. “Ok, so yes, it would have been fairly scandalous, but that doesn’t mean it didn’t happen. And you can’t tell me
you’ve never heard of men having mistresses? That’s not new.”

“Spiderman isn’t a mistress,” Peter croaked, and of all things that could have come out of his mouth, why oh why did it have to be that?

“No of course not,” Steve said, cheeks pinking. “I just, for so long it was normal for a man to step out on his lady without her consent, I never thought it was morally alright, but no one much seemed to care. Or at least it was widely accepted as a Thing That Happened. But suddenly if a fella has permission to step out, you expect me to be up in arms? Really, Tony.” He crossed his arms over his chest and tried to put on his best disappointed face.

Oh.

Oh.

Open relationship. They thought that Wade and Peter had an open relationship. Not that Peter didn’t let Wade have any friends. That was both a relief and a worry. Yay! No one thought Peter was a tyrant!

On the other hand—Peter closed his eyes and took a long inhale of sweet, sweet, restorative oxygen —his friends now thought that Wade was sleeping with both Peter and Peter. As separate people.

Sometimes he wondered if it all wouldn’t be easier if they all just knew. If they just knew who he was, all of him, not just Peter, intern, nerd, but all of him, his life would be so much easier.

He sometimes couldn’t even remember the cons to telling the Avengers he was Spiderman.

Pro: They wouldn’t assume Wade was cheating on him if they saw Wade making out with Spiderman.

Pro: They wouldn’t assume that Wade and Peter were in an open relationship

Pro: Peter could maybe team up with the Avengers as Spiderman. That would be so cool!

What were the Cons again? Why didn’t he tell them?

“Well,” Bruce said, “not to cut this short, but it looks like Peter is a bit overwhelmed.” His gaze was soft and it made Peter want to cry in frustration.

“Sorry Pete,” Clint said, “I didn’t really mean to interrogate. You don’t have to tell us anything you don’t want to.”

“It’s not our business,” Natasha said. “And now we won’t make this mistake again.”

“That’s right!” Tony enthused. “And now you can get down with whoever you want, within whatever terms of your open relationship you and Deadpool have worked out between yourselves.”

Steve clamped a hand down on Tony’s shoulder. “None. Of. Our. Business.” And then hauled the man from the room.

“This is my lab!” Tony protested, as Steve dragged him away. “My lab! You can’t pull me away from my own lab! That’s where my stuff is!” And his voice got quieter and quieter, and more and more offended the farther away he got.

“We’ll excuse ourselves as well,” Natasha said, and through the very force of her glare, pushed the rest of the men out as well.
And then Peter was alone.

He hadn’t even been able to refute the open relationship thing! They thought… they still thought that Peter would actually allow Wade sleep with anyone else. Which was patently ridiculous. Peter tried to be an altruistic person, but he was a very selfish boyfriend. Wade was his, thank you very much. And Wade felt the same. This was a fact of their relationship. In the bedroom it was, and would always be just them.

Not counting various and sundry toys.

Obviously.

And they were—and they were—well at least they were supportive. He’d just have to straighten it out somehow. Not that it was any of their business. (Steve was right). He normally wouldn’t bother correcting someone on that because what he and Wade did in private was nobody’s business but theirs.

But! He just knew Tony wouldn’t be able to leave well enough alone, and he’d bring it up, left and right, try to show how supportive he could be and soon Peter would want to tear his own flesh off his bones in annoyance. The less of that, the better.

The only downside was that literally the only way he could think to explain Wade’s behavior with Spiderman that didn’t involve pretending they were in an open relationship was to, well, tell the truth. And, ok, he’d just been over the pros list of telling the Avengers he was Spiderman, and there weren’t really any real cons (ok, there were actually a few, like the Avengers hating him forever, somehow trying to convince him to go public with his identity, but those were mostly from Peter’s paranoid brain trying to cause him to panic, and he recognized that), but that didn’t mean telling them would be easy. He’d gone so long without anyone knowing, and then Aunt May and Wade, but they were close and they were safe and Peter had known them, known-known them, forever. Telling the Avengers, telling six new people all at once, that was scary even if he knew it made the most sense.

God he wanted to talk to Wade.

Which.

Ok.

That was a good idea. Why not talk to Wade first? Wade would know what to—ok, no, he probably wouldn’t know what to do, and he’d probably freak at Peter telling, and would definitely find the assumption of him and Peter being in an open relationship hysterical! But talking to Wade always calmed Peter down. His panic subsided around his fiancé, and that, if nothing else, would help him figure out the best thing to do.

Ok.

Alright.

That wass the plan. Talk to Wade, calm down, then maybe talk to the Avengers. Mention there being no open relationship.

Mention his secret identity.
“So let me get this right,” Wade said that night on the couch, Peter’s sweatpant clad legs across his lap. “The good ol’ boys—”

“And Natasha,” Peter added.

“The good ol’ boys and Natasha,” Wade ceded, “saw us on the roof of this building yesterday. And you were in your sexy spider suit, so they assumed I was cheating.”

“Yes,” Peter said.

“Ok, valid,” Wade said. “Would have thought they’d have come down to break it up if they thought I was bumping uglies with any not-Peter, but I guess they were busy or something.”

“They wanted to tell me first in case you’d have somehow tried to work it to your advantage,” Peter said.

Wade made a face. “You know, I’m going to have a talk with them. If they ever find me cheating on you, really cheating, I fully expect them to descend on me like avenging titans and cut my head off.”

“Hey,” Peter said, “you wouldn’t! And, frankly, they should have known that.”

“You know that, babe, and I know that. And I’m sure the Avengers knew that, but they weren’t exactly confronted with a lot of options, you know?”

Peter did know that, but he frowned at his lover anyway.

“Ok,” Wade said, “let’s play a game. Let’s say you were out, swinging around, or walking to work or something, and you happened past a hipster coffee shop, and you just happened to look inside, and you saw Stark making out with Black Cat. Like, really hot and heavy stuff.”

Peter reared back. “Tony would never!”

Wade gazed at him with wide eyes. “Why not?”

Peter blinked. “Him and Pepper are a thing. They love each other. Like, really love each other. He’d never chea—Ok, I see what you’re doing. But unlike the Avengers, I know that Pepper couldn’t possibly be Black Cat.”

“Who even brought up Pepper being Black Cat? Of course they couldn’t be the same person. Pepper’s not a hero. She’s just a civilian and CEO. She has a serious job and doesn’t, as far as we know, fight people. There’s no way she’s Black Cat.”

Peter furrowed his brow. “I know you’re trying to trick me somehow… I wouldn’t say Pepper isn’t heroic. She is. She just isn’t—couldn’t possibly be Black Cat.”

“Oh I agree,” Wade said. “Just because we’ve never seen them in the same room doesn’t mean they could possibly be the same person. So, you see Stark necking with Black Cat. Do you go
break it up? Do you tell Pepper?"

Peter shrugged slowly. “I guess I go tell Pepper? Or maybe, confront Tony? Demand he stop cheating on Pepper.”

“But he’d never cheat on Pepper,” Wade said. “You said it yourself, he’d never cheat on her.”

“But—” Peter gawped. “I mean, I know he’d never cheat on Pepper. But in this hypothetical situation I’m seeing him do it.”

“So, you think it’s more likely that Tony Stark is an adulterous bastard than Pepper is a hero?”

Peter shut his mouth. “That’s not fair.”

Wade shrugged. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’m peeved they thought I would cheat, but when faced with the alternative? Frankly, Petey-boy, I doubt it even occurred to them.”

It felt doubly annoying because Peter had already had this internal debate. He knew Wade was right. He’d thought of it first! It was just difficult to really accept when it also caused so many problems.

“That’s not the end of it either,” Peter said.

Wade raised his brow. “Yeah?”

“Well,” Peter said, “I’m obviously not going to let them think you’d cheat on me.”

“Oh,” Wade said, “I thought, I mean, well, the alternative is, um, does that mean you told them?” he squeaked on the last couple of words. Wade swallowed, and continued in a thready voice that was at least no longer squeaking, “That you’re our neighborhood Spidey? Babe, how did they take it? Are you ok? You seem awful calm for someone who…” He gently pushed Peter’s legs off his lap and drew himself closer to Peter, looking into his eyes with open concern.

“No,” Peter said, taking Wade’s hand and patting it uselessly. He wanted to soothe Wade’s worry as quickly as possible. Of course Wade would come to the wrong conclusion, because frankly speaking it was actually the right one. “No, no, sorry baby. No, they don’t know I’m Spiderman. I, um, denied that you were cheating on me with Spiderman. Which I stand by,” Peter felt the need to point out, “because you weren’t. Cheating on me. But, ok, so I just told them you weren’t cheating on me, and without any questions or input from me whatsoever, they took that to mean that you and I,” he took a deep breath, “are in,” he exhaled, “an open relationship.”


“Well,” Peter said, “like you said, it’s not like they’d just assume a mundane civilian was a hero.”

Wade scowled at him, and flopped back to his corner of the couch. “This is stupid.”

“I agree,” Peter said.

“And it pisses me off.”

“Me too,” Peter said.

“Like, are they idiots?”
“Probably,” Peter said, and then shrugged. “But I don’t really like lying to them, about this, or the Spidey thing. Listen, Wade, I don’t want to lie to them anymore. And I don’t want them to think that I want anybody else in the world but you, so I am going to tell them. I’m going to tell them I’m Spiderman, and that you’re mine and mine alone, and that they are idiots.”

And saying it out loud to Wade did make him feel better. He could breathe evenly, like he hadn’t been able to do alone in the lab, and he felt comfortable, having come to a decision.

“You can’t!” Wade said with a gasp. “Oh Petey, no! Don’t tell them! Not yet.”

Peter’s lips turned downward without him telling them to. “I thought, I thought you’d be supportive of my decision. It’s decided. I am going to tell them.” He squared his jaw and pursed his lips. He would not be swayed. Just because Wade felt special, being Peter’s only non-relative who knew this secret, didn’t mean he had some sort of hold on it. Peter had the right to tell whoever he wanted. Wade was his boyfriend. He should be supportive.

“I didn’t mean it like that, Petey-pie,” Wade scolded gently. “If you want to tell the ‘venger bros about your spandex kink suit I am one hundred percent down. Make them eat their words, Honey pie. But, just think about it. Before that, before you spill your secret spider guts to them, why don’t we fuck with them. Just a little. Huh, Petey boy? Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

Peter’s pursed lips widened into a smile. “I like the way you think Wade, I really do. But how would we even fuck with them? Without more lying?” His smile turned sour. “I just, I just want to stop lying to them. Is that ok? Can’t I just tell them without drawing it out anymore?”

Wade’s expression softened. “Of course. Yes, Peter. Let’s tell them.”

“Tomorrow,” Peter said.

“I’ll be right there,” Wade said. “Preferably with a camera so I can have permanent copies of their faces.”

Peter laughed.

X

Wade was there the next day with Peter, in his lab. Wade had brought one of Peter’s old cameras with which he planned on capturing the shocked expressions of the Avengers. Wade had even brought popcorn.

The only problem was that no one else showed up.

“I guess we can do it at lunch,” Peter said awkwardly, after a few hours of neither Tony nor Bruce showing up. Wade was in the corner on his phone, chewing on the last kernels of popcorn, the rest having long been eaten.

“Sure,” Wade said.

“They haven’t tried to contact you?” Peter asked. “Didn’t they text you when you didn’t show up to do Avenger things?”
“Sure did, boo,” Wade said, sounding distracted. He tapped his thumbs against his screen erratically.

Peter waited a moment for Wade to continue, but he didn’t. “And?” Peter asked. “What did they say?”

“Hmm? Oh, I don’t know. I’m playing CatCastle and didn’t look at it.”

“Waaade,” Peter groaned. “What if it was important?”

Wade hummed.

“Wade,” Peter snapped. “Close the app! See what they sent you.”

“But I’m about to finish building the Palace of Versailles out of Angora Short Hairs!”

Peter blinked and shuffled over to Wade’s side to peer intently at his phone. “That’s amazing! Those are cats? Is that what you’re supposed to do with this game? Build castles out of cats?”

“I think technically I’m supposed to be building cat castle/tower/townhouses for cats, but that wasn’t very complex and I got bored.”

“Well it looks amazing, honey, and please send me a screencap when you’re done—”

“Wanna see the concentric 13th century castle I built out of tuxedos? I added some flying buttresses to spice it up but I think I liked it better without so I might get rid of those cats. I made the buttresses out of sphynx cats, but...”

Peter opened his mouth, closed it, opened it again and said, “Well, um, yes. I do want to see it. But can you please check your messages? I’m kind of really nervous and want to get this over with.”

Wade looked at Peter finally, looked back down at his phone, added a few more Angoras to the west wing, and then closed the app. “Okey-dokey, Pete. Let’s see what they said. Oh! There’s a thing, I guess. Hawkbutt and Scary Widow are on some SHIELD thing. Cap’s doing PR things. Pep has stolen Stark and Brucie-Bruce is asleep. He stayed up too late doing a science. I assume. It just says he’s otherwise occupied, but I assume that means he’s sleep-sleep-sleeping.

Peter’s heart dropped. “Oh. Do you know when they’ll be back.”

“If it was more than a day they’d have said so. Cap is very concise like that.” He looked up and patted Peter’s shoulder consolingly. “Sorry Pete-Pete. But I’ll be back tomorrow. I’ll gather them all up and everything, make sure they don’t get loose.”

Peter gave him a weak smile. “Thanks.” He let out a long sigh. “I guess tomorrow will have to do. It just stresses me out, you know? I had a hard time sleeping last night.”

“I do know that,” Wade said. “We share a bed.”

Peter elbowed him in the shoulder. “You slept like a log. How would you know anything?”

Wade stuck out his tongue, and because Peter is an adult, he stuck his out as well.

“Does this mean I have the day with you?” Peter asked. “We can very romantically sit in the same room while I work and you play... did you say it was called CatCastle?”
“Yes, CatCastle, all one word.” Wade shook his head. “But sorry, I’m going to abandon you as well. Something about investigating something? Not killing anybody. Down by the wharfs.”

Peter perked up. “Want me to come with you? I have my suit on beneath my,” he plucked at his business casual button down, “this.”

Wade shook his head. “Naw. It’s just a little recon. SHIELD doesn’t want me doing too much without direct supervision. And either way you can’t just abandon your very important—” he gestured to Peter’s station.

“Alfalfa seeds,” Peter filled in.

Wade made a delighted face. “Really? What kind of science muckety-muck does old-man Stark have you doing now?” he shook his head. “No, don’t distract me. I really do have to leave. I’ll meet you at home tonight, maybe pick up something from the Taco Truck on my way. That means no snacking!” He waggled his finger at Peter, and then gave him a sloppy kiss on the lips.

Peter tried not to let his shoulders sag until he returned Wade’s goodbye with his own, “See you at home!” and watched his fiancé leave the lab.

And then he did let his shoulders sag, and let himself revel in a long, drawn-out sigh as well. “Maybe this isn’t so bad,” he said to himself as he plodded back to his desk. “More time to figure out what I’ll say. That’s a good thing, right?” But he knew he was only lying to himself.

He bit the inside of his cheek and forced himself back into his work with more gusto than he usually allotted for alfalfa seeds

X

Around two o’clock he decided to give himself a break. It was a little past when he would usually take lunch, but as no one was there to eat lunch with him (ie. drag him to lunch), he found himself jumping in surprise when he looked at the time. Two was late for lunch, especially if he wanted to have an empty stomach for Taco dinner.

He finished typing up the line of data he had already started, and then saved the document, shut down the program and put his computer to sleep.

Lunch.

Right.

He wasn’t really looking forward to it.

He hadn’t brought his lunch, assuming that he’d eat with one or more of the Avengers like he had every work day since, well, almost since the beginning of his internship. Only at the very, very, very beginning of his internship had he eaten alone. In the cafeteria.

It came to him that that was where he’d probably have to get food. Theoretically he could go out to eat, but the prospect didn’t fill him with any joy, and honestly, SI’s cafeteria was pretty good.

Maybe it’d even be nostalgic. Remind him of back when he first started working here.
But it was also kind of sad, because the truth was he hadn’t eaten in the cafeteria since being invited to eat with the Avengers, and going back to eating alone felt lonely. Ouch.

Tomorrow he’d get to eat with one of his friends, he told himself. Or all of them. That was preferable. And then he gathered his stuff, putting phone and keys and wallet into his various pockets, and headed to the cafeteria.

He saw that he was right when he got there. SI did have a good cafeteria. Today on the menu there was a vegetarian curry, a pasta in a white sauce, a skinny steak burger, and chicken nuggets. Peter, classy motherfucker that he is, chose the chicken nuggets. With it he got a side of onion rings, then ordered some fried pickles, garlic knots, and a fruit bowl. The only good thing about not eating lunch with his friends was he could eat as much as he wanted without them first judging him, and then worrying for his health, and then being just agog that he could even fit that much food in his gullet. Peter was a very hungry person, because of metabolism reasons, and that kind of thing was hard to hide.

Which only reminded him that he’d planned on telling them, and when he did tell them (soon), he’d have no reason not to eat as much as he wanted in front of them.

Pro #4: Can eat as much food as possible in view of others.

Peter plopped his overflowing tray on the table of an empty booth and slid in. The cafeteria wasn’t empty but it certainly wasn’t crowded. He supposed he’d at least missed the lunch-time rush. If that was something he could be glad for. It didn’t feel like that much of win comparatively

He ate mechanically. Nugget, onion ring, frickle, frickle, third frickle (they were so good), chunk of pineapple. Nugget, onion ring, three frickles, onion ring, strawberry, nugget, grape, nugget, frickle, frickle, frickle, frickle, onion ring, frickle, cantaloupe. He only noticed how much time had passed when he went for another frickle and found that basket empty.

He made a noise of disappointment that was neither a whine nor a groan but some unholy union of the two.

“Out of fried pickles?” an unfamiliar voice said from a few steps away, and Peter turned to look at the owner of the voice. It wasn’t that he hadn’t noticed someone stander there, a few feet from his table, because he had (he notices too much, most days), he’d just assumed the person meant no harm (no Spidey sense zinging in his pores), and was doing something unrelated to him. It was a safe assumption. So many people just stand, face in their phone, in the middle of a public area, no idea that they’ve stopped moving. Peter himself did it all the time. They usually notice they’re just standing there (eventually) and move on. But no, this guy had, Peter guessed, been waiting for Peter to notice him.

He wasn’t an unattractive man, a little older than Peter, but probably not any older than twenty-nine, if that. He wore a business suit, navy blue, with black dress shoes and a yellow tie with tiny almost invisible silver diamonds. The guy probably belonged to one of SI’s business offices. Definitely not one of the scientists, not an R&D guy. If Peter had to guess, not that he was particularly good at guessing, he’d say the guy was in sales. Definitely too smarmy to be in accounting, too well primped to be one of the office runners, not harried enough to be in either PR or HR, and not important-looking enough to be in management. The other option was legal, in Peter’s mind, but he looked even more assholeish than most of Tony’s legal team did, so: Sales. “Yes,” Peter said, because it was true. He was out of frickles. Mournfully so. Would this man produce more frickles? (Probably not, but wouldn’t it be nice if he did?)

“That’s too bad,” the man said sinuously, and slid into the booth across from Peter.
Peter glanced at the bench across from him, at the man, at his empty frickles basket, back at the man, perplexed. The man’s voice was soft and slinky and low in the kind of way that didn’t sound natural but didn’t sound off either, like he’d practiced sounding sinuous a lot.

“It is,” Peter agreed. “But I have these,” he waved his hand at the rest of his food, “chicken nugs and onion circles, so I’m doing ok I guess.”

The man laughed a little, showing of perfectly straight, shiny white teeth. Peter hadn’t been trying to be funny. He didn’t think he had been funny. “Looks like you ordered enough for two. Did you get stood up? Mind if I join you instead?” His smile was wide and seductive and would Peter get fired if he just up and left without saying anything else to this guy???

No, he probably wouldn’t, but it would also be incredibly rude, and Aunt May had tried to teach him, if nothing else, not to be rude.

And also, what was he supposed to say? No, he didn’t get stood up. Yes, he did order all of this for himself.

“I guess my eyes were bigger than my stomach,” he said, and then laughed, awkwardly.

The man reached across the table and stole an onion ring, which uh, no! That had not been an invitation. Peter stealthily pulled his chicken nuggets closer to his body, out of casual reach of the man’s arm. If Smiley McFuckFace wanted his nugs he was going to have to stretch. And he still wouldn’t get them because Peter was starting to get pissed and he had fast reflexes.

“Do I know you?” Peter asked though he knew that no, he did not know this jerk.

The man laughed. Again. Infuriatingly. (Peter had not said anything funny). “We’ve never been formally introduced,” he said, “but I know who you are. You’re Mr. Stark’s personal Intern. That must mean you’re a genius,” his smile was wide and white and Peter wanted to mess it up somehow, “Tony Stark doesn’t hire idiots, especially not ones he’s going to work with personally.”

“Thanks I guess,” Peter said, and shoved four nuggets in his mouth at once, hoping to throw the man off of by passive-aggressively having bad table manners.

He didn’t even notice. “So, Peter, wasn’t it? You’re kind of a minor legend around Stark Industries. Tony Stark has never taken a personal intern before. He sometimes deigns to visit R&D, but almost everything he does in his lab has a hands-off eyes-off policy.”

Peter wasn’t sure he liked that he had a reputation. It wasn’t like he was really any smarter than anyone else, he just—this was his job. And now Tony was his friend, which he was very thankful for, but it wasn’t like he was a genius. Tony Stark was a genius. Bruce Banner was a genius. Pepper Potts and Steve Rogers were both geniuses in their own rights as well, but not in the same way that Tony and Bruce were. Peter just really liked science. He was no genius.

“He’s a private kind of guy,” Peter allowed, very vaguely.

The man shrugged. “Yeah, we all know about Mr. Stark. He is our Boss, with a capital ‘B.’ What we don’t see in the news, we get in the SI newsletter every week, you know?” He laughed, flashing his teeth again. Did this guy do anything except laugh? “But you, you’re curious. The only other people Stark really interacts with are the Avengers, so you must have something special about you, right?”

“No?” Peter said, his voice pitched higher than he meant it to come out.
“But then, hey, you’re dating Deadpool, right?”

Peter let out a relieved breath. “Yes. We’re engaged.”

“Did he get you an in with Stark?” the man asked, and the teeth showing in his smile suddenly seemed way sharper. He’d consider the teeth less friendly now as well except they’d never seemed friendly to him.

“No,” Peter snapped. “Tony didn’t even know we were dating until weeks after I started working for him.”

Would Peter get fired if he punched this guy in his stupid fucking teeth?

Possibly.

With impossible restraint he reached out and grabbed the rest of his chicken nuggets (six in number) and stuffed them into his mouth. A makeshift gag so he wouldn’t scream in the guy’s face.

“That’s a relief,” the guy said, and smoothed down his already perfectly smooth and pomaded hair, showing off a thick graduation ring. “And that really only leaves one other option, right?”

Peter wanted to ask ‘What option?’ but he was too busy glaring at the man and very slowly chewing his nuggets.

The man actually seemed slightly off-put by this, but rallied confidently and continued. “So one of MaryAnn’s lackeys in Lab Five happened to overhear a really interesting conversation Stark was having with Ms. Potts yesterday and—I hope you won’t get upset—but it’s kind of gotten around. Rumors are like that in a place like this. No reason to get angry.”

Peter very painfully swallowed the chicken nuggets in his mouth. “What rumor?” he said through gritted teeth.

“Well, you and Deadpool are in an open relationship, right?”

Peter let out a long breath. Of all the things for someone to overhear, this was probably not the worst. At most it was inaccurate. If someone had overhead Peter and Wade talking about him being Spiderman, well, that would be catastrophic and Peter would probably have a break down, but this wasn’t too bad.

“Ah,” Peter said, “that rumor.”

The man leaned back in the booth, looking far too pleased with himself. “I thought so. First one to bring it up too, I’ll guess, based on your expression.”

Peter gritted his teeth. “Yes, that much is true. You are the first stranger to drop this on me.”

“Delightful, now let me ask you another question.”

“I really wish you wouldn’t,” Peter said through gritted teeth.

“Are you sleeping with Mr. Stark?” The man’s smile was wide and stupid and insipid and Peter was going to break those teeth. Watch him.

“No!” Peter snapped. “Not that it’s any of your—”
“I thought maybe that was how you got to be so buddy-buddy with Stark. Not to disregard your relationship with the mercenary, but we all know how Stark likes to sleep around. And what better place to keep your fuck-buddy than in your lab, do you know what I mean?”

Peter was done. He shot to his feet, grabbed his tray from the table and stood a moment, staring down at the horrid little man, seriously considering dumping the rest of his food on the man’s head before deciding Peter wasn’t that far gone, and turning to storm away.

But the man obviously didn’t realize the internal struggle Peter was going through, because he stood as well, rising to his feet slowly, stretching in a way that showed off his nonexistent muscles and lacking booty.

“Let me get that for you, sweetheart,” the man—the asshole said and took Peter’s trey from his hand.

“I can carry my own shit,” Peter growled, idiotically. And then, when his brain finished having a breakdown, “And I’m not your sweetheart.”

“But you could be,” the man said with a saucy wink. Like, did he have no idea how awful he was being? Or that Peter was insulting him? Did he think this was flirting?

“I’ve seen you around,” the man said, looking Peter up and down and making him feel like nothing more than an object being inspected before purchase.

He wasn’t for sale, and treating him like he was was making Peter seethe. He tried walking away again, but the man blocked his path to the exit, and Peter wouldn’t be able to get around him without pushing him to the ground or showing off his powers.

Which he was very close to doing.

“And I like what I’ve seen,” the man continued, still running his eyes along Peter’s body. “And I figure, you’re already in a relationship so there’d be no worry of emotional entanglements. Let me be a part of your open relationship. Like Stark is. And whoever else.”

Peter gaped at the man.

“You spend a lot of time with Bruce Banner too, don’t you?” The man asked, voice as slick as an oil spill. “Have yourself a sex party up there, do you? Hell, maybe you’ve got something going on with all of the Avengers. That’s kind of hot. I like it, knowing I’m going to get to use—”

But that was enough—more than enough for Peter, and he lashed out. Like he should have done much, much, earlier, he realized. Peter yanked the trey from the man’s grasp and upended it over his head. The man gawped at him, eyes wide, and shoulders up in indignation. There was fruit juice running in reedy rivulets down his head, through his hair, and over his suit, staining the shirt, though unfortunately probably not permanently ruining the fabric. Chunks of honeydew melon and pineapple lay scattered around his person, sitting cupped in the folds of fabric and sticking to his skin, and there were a few onion rings that had landed on the crown of his head which stayed there when the rest of the onion rings had tumbled in breaded glory to his feet.

“Don’t you ever speak to me again,” Peter said gruffly. He’d tried to make the words sound calm and serious, but had only succeeded in sounding like a hermit who hadn’t spoken in twenty years but who was also ready to skin a bitch alive. “It is none of your business what I do in any aspect of my life, but especially not this. You are a disgusting slug of a man, slimy and worth less to me than garbage. I have no idea how you’ve lived long enough to get this amazing job with these amazing
people and still be under the impression that a) anyone would want to have sex with you when you look like you stuck your whole body in vaseline, and b) it is appropriate and/or professional to hassle a stranger and fellow employee about their sex life at all. Oh, and c) that you should just keep insulting the person you’re supposed to be propositioning, that is not how you ask someone out, open relationship or not, and—”

But here Peter cut himself off, because as much as he wanted to just blast this guy verbally and write a referenced, cited, and footnoted essay on every single thing this guy did so horribly wrong, it was obvious the man wasn’t taking him seriously. He already started brushing fruit from his suit and face, and was giving Peter a look like Peter was the crazy one. Like he was the one being polite and normal and Peter had overreacted like some wild animal.

So, Peter resorted to the only measure that had worked so far: Violence.

He took the tray he was still holding in his hands, now devoid of food, and slammed the back of it into Asshole’s face, making his nose crunch very satisfyingly.

“Ouch!” the man yelped. “What the fuck you hysterical bitch!” He brought his hands up to his nose, not able to stop the torrent of blood rushing out. He touched the cartilage gently and then winced away. “That fucking hurt! What’s wrong with you?!”

“Big baby,” Peter said, feeling slightly better.

“You broke it!” the man cried, trying to touch his nose again. He winced again. “Ow!”

“I could have done a lot worse,” Peter said, unrepentant, and walked around the man, towards the exit.

“I’ll get you fired for this!” The man shouted. “I’ll have you blacklisted! You won’t work another job in this city for the rest of your life!”

Peter paused at the door, noticing for the first time the utter silence besides the nasal screams of the asshole. Everyone else in the cafeteria (again, not a lot this time of day, but there still was an audience), was watching what would happen. No one had even bothered to call security. Peter was sure there was a lapse there, but he wasn’t going to complain. He didn’t particularly want to have to let himself be dragged out by security guards.

(There was a voice in the back of his head saying that this guy was right. This was it for Peter. He was definitely getting fired for this, for breaking a coworker’s nose, even if it had been in reaction to what amounted pretty much to sexual harassment. This is what they had seminars for, though. Peter should have reported the guy, talked to Tony, not broken a nose. But, but, there’s only so much a guy can take. Sometimes you just have to draw a line in the sand and say enough is enough.)

“Don’t think so,” Peter snarled, “I mean, you said it yourself. The only reason Tony Stark could possibly fire me as an intern is because he’s fucking me.” Everything he was saying tasted like bile and Peter wanted nothing more than to curl up into himself, fall into a pit and never come out. And he would, as soon as he got home. That’s what snuggies were for. But he couldn’t help but savagely throw the man’s words, the absolute garbage that had come out of the man’s mouth, back into his face. Shove it down his throat. “And you don’t really think Tony Stark would just fire his fuck buddy would he? Oh no, no, no. I think the most I could get from this is a slap on the wrist. A love tap. No, fuck you, asshole. Next time you want to hit on a person in a relationship make sure they don’t have any weapons available.”
And then he left, dropping the trey in its holder on his way out.

He didn’t even notice he was shaking until he tried to sit down on his stool in the lab and almost fell off it. His fingers trembled, and now that he was no longer moving, no longer taking huge strides, breaths heaving out of him in anger, he realized his whole core was shaking. Adrenaline he knew. Aunt May was a nurse, he knew the effects of adrenaline, it was just… abnormal for it to be affecting him this much. He got into fights all the time. Literally, *all the time*. But this was an abnormal reaction to a fight, and there hadn’t even been a lot of fighting. Peter had hit the asshole’s nose with the trey once. He did more than that, fighting actual criminals on the streets of New York on the *daily*.

He tried to think past the ragged sound of his breathing and the galloping of his heart. This wasn’t the fighting, this was the, the… the anger? Yeah, that felt right. He was still angry at the guy. Angry at the man’s assumptions, and his actions due to those assumptions, angry that maybe other people thought the same thing as the asshole and were convinced that Peter wasn’t here, working under Tony because he was smart and hard-working and a good at what he *did*, but because he was under Tony in *other* ways.

Which was just *ughh*. Like, no offense to Tony, he was an attractive guy, sure, but *urgghhhhh*. Disgusting. That would be like someone implying him and Aunt May had a sexual relationship. Repulsive. Gross. Peter was going to vomit. Tony was great, he did love the guy, but *not like that*.

God he wished Wade was here. Wade would make him feel better. Wade would make it feel like a joke, a stupid but hilarious thing that happened instead of, like, *the worst thing ever*. Or, maybe Wade wouldn’t think it was hilarious (it didn’t *feel* hilarious), and he’d get enraged on Peter’s behalf, and then Wade could be angry and Peter wouldn’t have to be. Sharing the burden, halving it, that was part of what being in a relationship was about, right?

But Wade was on a mission and Tony (who wouldn’t make it feel better like Wade would, but would still get angry on Peter’s behalf, and could maybe force asshole-man to spend the rest of his days in sexual harassment seminars) was doing Stark Industries things, and everyone was somewhere else and Peter’s skin was still buzzing and he couldn’t *be* here right now. There was no way he’d be able to get any more work done today when feeling like this. He was on a knife’s edge between needing to go out and punch criminals straight into prison to get rid of his excess adrenaline, and collapsing into a puddle on the floor.

He just couldn’t be *here*.

Tony wouldn’t mind if he took the rest of the afternoon off. It was only a few hours until the end of his work day anyway. And he could make it up later if he needed to.

And it wasn’t like anyone was *here* right now to tell him not to.

Peter dragged a blank piece of scrap paper from a pile of papers and folders he usually kept shoved to the edge of his desk, and was a couple lines into penning a note to Tony when he realized how unlikely it was that Tony would actually come up here today, and how unlikelier it was that he’d even notice a piece of paper if he was far enough into the creative/scientific process to come back to this lab sometime before tomorrow morning.

“Jarvis?” Peter asked, directing his voice to the ceiling even though he knew Jarvis could pick up his voice anywhere in the room. He *did* try to direct his gaze to the closest security camera though. It was the polite thing to do when having a conversation, look into the other person’s eyes. Eye. Singular.
“Yes, Mr. Parker?” came the dulcet British tones of the AI from a speaker set into the ceiling.

“Could I leave a note to Tony with you? It’s not a rush or anything, but I—I think I’m going to go home for the day and I just wanted to let him know, and he seems busy.”

“Sir is indeed in a board meeting at the moment,” Jarvis agreed, “though I’m quite sure he wouldn’t mind the interruption, especially if it were coming from you.”

Peter face made a moue without him telling it too. He could just imagine the rumors that would sprout if it was known that Peter, an intern, had interrupted a board meeting just to tell Tony he was leaving early. It would only make the rumors of Tony and him having a—a—fuck-buddy-ship, explode. And he really didn’t need that right now.

“No,” Peter said, “I’ll just leave him a note.”

“Very well,” Jarvis said, and after a pause, said, “I am recording Mr. Parker. You may proceed.”

Peter jolted forward an inch and then mentally chastised himself. Duh. Of course the message would be a video. Tony was like that, futurist and all that jazz. Peter should have expected it. But he hadn’t, and now he was slightly flustered, and still a little jittery, and, motherfucker, Jarvis was still waiting!

Peter blinked at the camera and tried to paste on a convincing smile. He wasn’t sure he succeeded.

“Hey Mr. Stark, I mean, uh, Tony. Sorry. That was weird, I don’t know, this feels,” he glanced away from the camera, scratched the back of his head, looked back, “too official? I shoulda just texted you. This is like the longest, awkwardest voicemail I’ve ever sent and it’s not even a voicemail. Facemail? Is that, like, a thing?”

He pinched his arm in an effort to focus.

“Anyway so, I think I’m going to head out early today. Um, I guess, let me know tomorrow if I need to make up the time. Do I get vacation time? I can’t remember what my orientation packet said.” He shrugged self-consciously. “I can stay late tomorrow if you want though. I just gotta—I need to leave. I’m just—” He cut his eyes away from the camera again and decided that he didn’t want to talk about it, and that he didn’t have to talk about it. “Ok, um, bye? I mean. Bye. See you later!” He blinked at the camera and then said, “Ok, Jarvis, that’s it.”

“Very good, Mr Parker,” the AI said.

“Thanks, man. Alright, I guess, see you tomorrow too,” and he grabbed his bag and made for the door.

“Indeed,” Jarvis intoned.

At the door Peter paused. “Hey, Jarvis?”

“Yes, Mr Parker?”

“Um, awkward question, but did you hear about what happened in the cafeteria?”

There was a pregnant pause. “I do not know if I would consider my knowledge of situation in the cafeteria as having been gained by ‘hearing’ of it. My cameras access every floor, and every public room in the tower. I think the correct parlance would be that I “saw” what happened.”
“Oh,” Peter said with a wince. “Um, I was just going to ask. That guy who, um, was talking to me. I never got his name. Who was he? Not that it matters, he, like, he was a total asshole, but I think I’m going to have to talk to someone about it eventually. Probably. There’ll probably be some disciplinary action. I mean. Like, no doubt I’m going to get in trouble for busting his nose. But he better get in trouble for being inappropriate too! And that’ll be easier to defend if I even know who that guy is. So, um, do you know his name?”

“The person with whom you had an altercation is listed in the SI directory as Landon Brady. He’s a Client Relationship Manager in the Sales Department of SI. More specifically he’s a Client Relationship Manager of the Local and North American Sales of personal technology accessories.”

Peter considered this. “Personal technology accessories?”

“Headphones, earbuds, chargers, phone cases, etcetera,” Jarvis explained.

Peter rewound the title in his head, and then couldn’t help a bark of laughter from practically jumping out of his throat. “Are you telling me—Wait, wait, wait, Jarvis. He’s a ‘Client Relationship Manager?’” He made the appropriate air-quotes of disbelief. “Does that mean what I think it means?”

“Landon Brady is a manager who deals with customers and companies who have complaints about the products they’ve bought from SI. His job includes issuing refunds, returns, and exchanges, and most importantly, keeping the customer or company happy so they return to SI for any further purchases.”

Peter laughed again. “That asshat? Seriously? The first time I ever meet him and he practically insinuates that I only got this job because I was boinking Tony, and then implies that I would be honored to boink him as well, and he works face-to-face with customers? If that’s how he treats a coworker, I’m terrified to find out how he treats a customer. Dear god.”

Jarvis was silent for a long moment, and then he said, with audible regret in his synthetic voice, “Mr. Parker, I was unaware of the verbal portion of your altercation with Landon Brady. I must apologize for my inattention. Unfortunately the microphones in public areas are not as sophisticated as those in the Avenger and residential portions of the tower.”

Peter blinked, eyes wide. “Oh! No, Jarvis, it’s ok!” He waved his hands in front of him, as if warding off bad spirits. “I mean, he was, seriously, a fucking asshole. I’m not exaggerating. But I should have just said fuck politeness and boogied out of there as soon as the guy sat down and started talking to me like I owed him something. That’s not your fault. And I mean, I got to smash his nose in which felt pretty fucking good. Don’t feel bad.”

“If you say so, Mr. Parker,” Jarvis said, sounding almost purposefully disbelieving.

Peter bobbed a nod at the closest camera. “See you tomorrow.”

“Indeed Mr Parker,” Jarvis said, “I will see you tomorrow.”

And Peter walked out the door, relishing the breath of fresh air once he exited the building. It felt good to be out. It felt good to take long strides amongst the people of the city, look up at the sky, be able to physically feel the world he was moving through. Maybe a little afternoon Spiderman-ing could be a good thing after all.

And he was wearing the suit beneath his clothes too. What serendipity.

A dozen blocks from SI Peter dipped into an alley, webbed his messenger bag, now thicker with
the addition of his day clothes, above an awning some forty feet off the ground where no one was likely to see or steal it, and exited out onto a sea of roofs as Spiderman. Time to get excise that excess adrenaline.

X

People don’t really commit super bad crimes in the daylight. That’s why most of Peter’s patrolling he did after dark. It didn’t really make much of a difference crowd-wise. New York was just as hopping at eight or nine pm as it was at four, even more so depending on what day of the week it was, so there really should be just as much crime at four as at eight or nine, but there wasn't.

Maybe it was an aesthetic thing?

Maybe the dark of night was just more tonally correct for doing crimes than a sunny afternoon.

Either way, Peter didn’t end up finding a mugging or robbery to stop, though he did stop a car accident on 47th and 5th. The guy in the lexus yelled at him for it, which was a bummer even if the mom in the minivan made a point of thanking him, loudly, in front of the lexus guy.

After the vehicles had been driven away, and Peter had shaken off the annoying lexus-guy’s bad attitude, he situated himself on a vantage point on a corner of the an office building in order to watch the traffic, on the lookout for another accident-in-the-making, but only peripherally. He kept a sharper ear out for the sound of something worse going down somewhere else, and sat tense, aware that at any moment the tingle of Spidey Sense might zing down his spine, warning him that something was wrong, but it never came.

The traffic was just traffic, and New York was just being New York on a weekday afternoon. Namely: rush hour.

Thank god for webs.

Peter pulled his phone from his suit pocket to check the time and noted at a glance that it was about a half an hour before he’d normally get off work (he’d been out on the streets a few hours and had only been able to stop a car accident, but, he supposed, he shouldn’t really complain. No crime was a good thing), but then his eyes were drawn to the series of text notifications floating on his lock screen.

**Tony Stark**
*Got your message, Pete, but J says…*

**CEO Potts (All Hail)**
*Peter, Jarvis sent me the clip of the…*

**Future Husband/Sex God/Light of…**
*Peter! Answer your got-damn text …*

**Future Husband/Sex God/Light of…**
*I’d really love it if you’d text me b…*

**Future Husband/Sex God/Light of…**
*Hey Petey-Pie, I just got a really w…*
And then they faded off the screen with a terrifying +29 at the bottom and wow, that just about gave Peter a heart attack. He’d only been gone an hour and a half. And ok, yeah, he put his phone on silent when he suited up, but, still. Thirty-four messages in an hour and a half?

He tapped the ones from Wade first, pulling up that whole thread. And, yes, expectedly, a whole bunch of the texts had been from him, starting with:

*Peter!*

and then working on from there, to:

*Do you want your usual from Taco Taco Truck-queria?*

*Hey!*

*Peter!*

*Pete! Pete! Pete!*

*If you don’t answer soon I’m going to call the lab and make you talk to me, and Jarvis will hear everything and you’ll be embarrassed.*

*TT_TT*

*Fine, I’ll just get your usual. 27 soft beef tacos, no cheese, no lettuce, no tomatoes, extra onions, right?*

*I kid! The Quesadilla-Burrito Value Pack will be waiting for you on our sublime kitchen table when you return, sexy beast.*

*Hey!*

*Hey, are you dead?*

[/Eggplant Emoji/]

[/Poop Emoji/] [/Poop Emoji/] [/Poop Emoji/]

*I know for a fact that Stark isn’t in the lab rn*

*No one’s gonna snitch if you check your phone babe*

*Come on!*

*Wanna sext? ;0*

*You’re so boring. I’m in line right now and I really will just order you a single churro if you don’t send me a dick pic rn*

Peter couldn’t help but smile.

*I got you your fucking burrito-quesadilla box*

*Boring*

*I’m bored Pete*
Pete Pete Pete!

Ok, I’m home and I know you haven’t gotten off yet so I guess I misjudged time things but, uh, maybe leave early

Play hookie!

Come on! I got fresh food. That’s worth it right?

It’s not like anyone’ll notice if you leave work early

Or care

Come on, Pete-Pete!

Please?

Hey Petey-Pie, I just got a really worrying text from Stevie Boy Wonder. He said you got harassed at work and then mcfucken bailed? One, I hope you beat somebody to kingdom come cuz that’d be hot as fuck. Lil Petey Parker absolutely deckin’ an asshole? I’m swooning, sexy pants. Also, they’d one hundo percent deserve it. Oh, they’re still blasting up my phone. Ok, if you get this, text me asap. Captain Underpants is summoning me back to the tower so we can handle this together? I’m guessing they’ve texted you too. Whatever. I’m heading over there now.

I’d really love it if you’d text me back. I’m with the world’s mightiest etc and I do NOT like what they’ve been telling me. Incidentally, we’re all hanging out, having a great time without you, so if you’re feeling jealous you can just go fuck yourself and get the fuck over here so we can stop worrying about you?

And that made Peter feel even guiltier. Wade devolving into text gobbledygook was never a good thing. And ok, yeah, Wade could probably assume that Peter had gone out all suited-up. He assumed Wade didn’t mention it in case someone in eye-shot read it over his shoulder. Which might happen, since he said he was with the Avengers.

Peter! Answer your got-damn texts right this got-damn minute or I swear to mutherfucken god I’m going to call Aunt May. You. Are. Freaking. Us. Out.

Peter’s heart leapt into his throat. He didn’t mean to freak anyone out. He just needed to get away for a moment. Did this mean he could assume Jarvis had snitched and told them what had happened with Landon Brady in the Cafeteria? Well, considering Pepper and Tony had also texted him, yeah, definitely.

As he was contemplating this, Wade sent another text:

And fuckity-fuck, I think I forgot to put the food in the fridge.

Shit.

Also, Thank God for read receipts. Can you just, like, respond so I know your abandoned/forgotten/discarded phone hasn’t been discovered by some alley cat with opposable thumbs? And this is actually my runaway Boyfriend?

Peter scoffed and typed out a quick reply.

Runaway FIANCE!
And I didn’t run away. I just had to go out for a—He considered an appropriate civilian version of “swing,” tried “jog,” “walk,” and “run,” before remembering he planned on telling any over-the-shoulder readers that he was Spiderman anyway and continued—swing around town. Phone off. Sorry boo. Are you really with the vengers?

While the ellipses next to Wade’s picture undulated, Peter exited the message thread and tapped the picture of Pepper he’d stolen from a photoshoot she’d done with Vogue (CEO of the Century: Virginia Potts talks with us about running a multi-billion dollar company and destroying perception, one glass ceiling at a time) a few years before he’d met her. It was just a block of text and read almost like an email:

Peter, Jarvis sent me the clip of the altercation from the Cafeteria this afternoon, along with more specific details that I believe he gathered when talking to you. You’re not in trouble, but I really need you to come talk to me as soon as you can. I’ve already sent emails to Brady’s direct supervisors and his department head, but we’re going to have to have a meeting about what happened and I need your statement. Officially you’ll get an email from the head of HR, but since you’re technically Tony’s Intern, he’s your direct supervisor, which means I’m your department head. As your friend I’m worried about you (are you ok? I know you probably want more time to yourself and I’m so sorry I’m cutting that short), but we need to nip this situation in the bud before more rumors start to spread. I really do need you to come speak to me at your earliest convenience. You leaving the building early is making things slightly more difficult. I’d really appreciate it if you could return to SI this afternoon. And I know it would make everyone else feel better to see you as well. We’re concerned for you Peter.

Oh, that made Peter’s heart constrict as well. He wasn’t nervous about getting in trouble (at any job but this one he might be, but even if he wasn’t friends with Pepper and Tony, he knew the kind of business they ran, and there was no way the victim of such harassment, even one who lashed out in retaliation, would ever get the short end of the stick). But now he did feel guilty about leaving them to find this info out from Jarvis, and from video footage. Not that he particularly wanted to have to say out loud everything Landon Brady said, but it was probably better than letting them freak themselves out.

Peter sighed and shook his head.

This really was getting too convoluted.

Next he went back to his messenger’s main page and tapped the picture of Tony. It was a picture Peter had taken seconds after Tony accidentally slammed his head into the undercarriage of one his fast cars; eyes focused in the middle distance, hair a mess, grease smeared across his face, a goose egg forming on his forehead. Tony’s text had been more restrained that Wade’s and more to-the-point than Pepper’s but it still made Peter’s heart leap to read it.

Got your message, Pete, but J says there’s more to it. I’m firing this Brady fellow as soon as I can. Enjoy your breather, you deserve it after dealing with that asshat. Nice use of a trey. I’m proud, Peter.

It made Peter feel all choked up.

“Oh Tony,” he sighed into his phone, and kicked his feet against the side of the building. He thought maybe he had the best friend/boss in the world.

And then a notification popped up, another message from Wade, and Peter tapped on that. If he stared at Tony’s text any longer he was going to cry.
said Wade’s message, and then immediately following,

Steve says to tell you he’s glad you’re ok and you didn’t do anything reckless and that he’s going to show that ruffian a piece of his mind and would I please stop typing everything he’s saying?

Obviously not!

So are you coming back, or what, honey-butt?

Peter considered this for a moment, but, yes. As much as he just wanted to keep screaming at the sky, he’d at least gotten his excess adrenaline out, and now should revert to being a real person and return to the tower.

He wanted to see Wade.

And Pepper and Tony wanted to see him.

And probably everyone else did too.

And that made him feel warm and grounded in ways that fighting bad guys and stopping traffic accidents and sitting on top of high-rises couldn’t give him.

Yes, he typed. I’m on my way.

And he let himself tip forward, off the building, until he was falling, falling, and then swinging away, back towards the tower with just a little side trip to retrieve his webbed messenger bag.

X

Peter gave himself a few hopefully subtle sniffs as he stepped back into the lobby of SI. He was pretty sure he smelled fine. He kept a travel-size deodorant in his bag and used it excessively, but there was still something inherently stinky about changing in alleys behind dumpsters that always made him feel malodorous even if he knew he probably smelled fine. He pulled at his shirt, readjusted it as subtly as he could to keep any of his suit showing, and took a deep breath before entering the elevator bays.

“Peter Parker?” a voice asked, and Peter turned in surprise to see a large man wearing a generic security guard uniform and an SI laminated badge on the left breast. The name on the Badge was Lucas Cardoso and the picture was very unflattering, but the man in person didn’t look unkind. As he approached Peter he also made a point of situating himself between Peter and the elevators.

Peter blinked, looked first to the elevators behind Cardoso, and then the man himself, and nodded. “That’s me.”

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to escort you from the building. Due to allegations of violent assault you’ve been suspended without pay, and there is a required meeting with HR tomorrow at three to discuss the allegations.”

Peter gaped at the man. At the first mention of being escorted from the building his heart dropped into his stomach, and now it had somehow worked its way up into his throat where it was
squirming and thumping erratically in a way that seemed designed to make Peter feel like he was going to throw up.

“I...I’m—What?” spewed from Peter’s mouth with little say-so from him. “I’m suspended? For, for, violently assaulting that little… Brady? I’m really…” he thought of the texts from Pepper and from Tony, and from Wade. “I don’t believe it. No way. In fact, I was summoned back here just now. You can’t possibly tell me they called me back here just to tell me I’m not allowed to come back here!”

Cardoso frowned and took a very high-tech tablet from a swinging holster on his belt. He opened it with a swipe of his hand, and began laboriously scrolling, though Peter was not at an angle to see what it was he was looking at. “No, we got a notification an hour ago saying you were suspended, and if we saw you, either leaving today or coming in tomorrow morning, we were to relay that information to you.” He turned the screen to show Peter a page with Peter’s picture, taken during his orientation with SI, with a large SUSPENDED next to ‘Status.’ There was also text there, but it was mostly what Cardoso had told him. He was suspended until further notice, and there was a meeting tomorrow with HR to discuss it.

“I can’t believe this,” Peter said weakly. “There has to be a mistake.”

Cardoso shrugged. “Sorry, guy. You can’t just go around hitting people at work. I mean, I’ve dealt with that Brady fellow myself a few times, and I think he should probably be taken to task, but you can’t do that sort of thing at your job, capiche?” He shrugged, and then put a hand out towards the door. “Now I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

Peter shook his head mutely, shock gluing his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

Cardoso’s expression hardened. “That wasn’t a request. Leave now, or I’m going to call the cops and this is going to get a whole lot worse for you.” He took pity then, seeing Peter’s face (and thinking about facing the cops, as Peter Parker sent a jet of fear through him), and his expression softened again. “Whatever you have to say you can say it tomorrow. It can wait. Just, you gotta go. Go on,” he ushered Peter back towards the door, and Peter took a few steps back without thought before digging in his heels.

“No,” Peter said. “I can’t be suspended.”

“Well you are,” Cardoso said bluntly.

Peter’s eyelashes fluttered closed and he took a long breath and he was trying really really hard not to freak out, and the only thing keeping him from freaking, freaking, freaking out all the way was the fact that he trusted Pepper, and he trusted Tony, and there was no way they would have lied to him. Even if they hadn’t approved of his actions towards Brady, there’s no way they would have lied about it!

Just.

No.

“Who—who sent that?” Peter asked, pretending he hadn’t stuttered. “Was it Pepper—uh, Potts? Ms. Potts?”

Cardoso gave him a strange look. “Of course not. Why would Ms. Potts involve herself in the suspension of an intern?” And his voice held a full note of incredulity, which, honestly, Peter couldn’t fault. Why would the CEO of the company get involved in the suspension of an intern?
Except, well, they were friends.

Which, Peter just knew would not be an answer Cardoso would believe.

“Then who suspended me?” Peter asked.

Cardoso took out his tablet again and found the alert on Peter much quicker this time. “Rose Klausen, Human Resources Administrator and Employee Relations Specialist.” As an aside he added, “She’s fair, and she’ll hear you out, but she won’t take any bullshit, so,” he shrugged, “keep that in mind tomorrow. But for now you really have to go.”

“Lucas,” another voice said loudly from across the lobby, “that kid giving you any trouble?”

Oh god, were people looking at him? This was about the end of the work day for most of the office positions. People were streaming out of the building, ready to go home, and had for the most part been obstinately ignoring him with New Yorker doggedness, but at this exclamation people were starting to turn and Peter really didn’t need a reputation for causing issues in the lobby any more than he needed a reputation as the guy who slept with Tony Stark to get his position.

At least the lobby thing would be true.

“No, we’re fine,” Lucas responded the voice, and then took a step closer to Peter and leaned into Peter’s personal space. “Listen, I’ve been pretty lenient, but if you’re not out of this building in five minutes I’m going to have to call the police. Stark Industries policy. Sorry.”

Peter gulped and reflexively rubbed at the outline of his cell phone in his pants pocket. “Look, if I can prove I’m allowed to be here, will you let me go?” he gestured to the elevator.

Cardoso crossed his arms. “You’re not allowed.”

Peter nodded. “But, see, like I said, I’m expected upstairs, so, I think there’s been some kind of mistake. What if I can prove I am supposed to be here?” When Cardoso didn’t immediately shoot him down Peter pressed harder, “Look, just a quick phone call to my direct boss, you can talk to him, and it’s all hunky dory. If he agrees with you I’ll leave. Hasta la vista. So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen, adieu.”

Cardoso rolled his eyes. “Ok, call your manager. But I’m just letting you do this so you’ll go, ok?”

Peter grimaced and pulled out his phone. Calling Tony was the work of hitting two buttons, and then the phone was ringing and Tony’s familiar voice was in his ear. “Pete! Good to hear from you. You’re on your way I take it?” Peter opened his mouth, but Tony kept talking. “Of course you are. Jarvis let me know as soon as you entered the building. Only you seem to be held up at the moment is that right?”

“Well,” Peter said awkwardly, glancing at Cardoso’s shocked face for just a moment.

“Doesn’t matter,” Tony cut in. “I’m on my way down to reclaim my waylaid intern.”

Peter turned his own wide eyes to the closest elevator. “Oh, Tony, no, I just thought you could talk to the, um, security guard? Tell him I’m ok?”

The elevator dinged and the doors opened, and out walked Tony Stark in smooth grey suit in the act of pulling his phone from his ear and putting it in his pants pocket. He turned a wide press-release smile towards Cardoso. “He’s ok, big guy. No worries. Now I’m just going to bring him up with me if that’s ok? That’s alright with you, right? What’s your name—Lucas? Lucas Cardoso?”
Huh. Well, that’s ok with you, right Lucas? I’m allowed to bring him in with me? You’re not going to kick him out, are you? I mean, I could go even higher to get the ok. I could call Ms Potts, and I’m sure she’d just—"

Peter elbowed Tony just to get him to shut up. “He was being really nice about it,” Peter hissed to Tony. “It’s just, well, HR sent out an alert that I was suspended! Apparently I have a meeting tomorrow with Brady?” His tone rode a fine line between sarcasm and actual, genuine worry.

Tony looked at Peter and let some of the artificiality leak out of his smile. “You’ll be fine, Pete. Now,” he turned back to Cardoso, who was looking worryingly green, “I’m officially rescinding the hit on my intern. And in fact, if I could just—you know what? Just,” he pointed at the tablet hanging off Cardoso’s belt, “give me that.” He snapped his fingers a few times, increasing in speed, and Cardoso rushed to remove the device from its holster and hand it over.

Tony tapped on the screen, scrolled, tapped some more, and then gave the tablet back to Cardoso.

“There you go,” Tony said. “Everything’s been settled. You might want to give a little look-see to the new alerts, but I’ll tell you what they’re going to say anyway. If you see Landon Brady, hold him for me. I need to have a very official meeting with him.” And then turning to Peter, he continued, “And I’m having the HR twerp that backed up Brady’s little plans meet us upstairs in twenty minutes, so, let’s go!” He put a hand on Peter’s back and herded him into the elevator. Peter twisted long enough to shoot Cardoso an apologetic smile before the doors closed.

“What the fuck, Pete?” Tony asked in his real voice. “What happened? Wait, don’t tell me. We should wait for Pep first.”

“Uh,” Peter said. “Ok.” There was a long moment of silence before he said, “Just, I don’t mind telling her, but, can I get Wade too? I kind of really to see him right now.”

Tony made a sweeping gesture. “Yes! Of course! Pep’s with the whole gang. You can have your Wilson and—” Tony made a face and cut himself off.

Peter smirked. “And eat him too? Really? You’re going to compare Wade to a pastry? You know what would happen if he heard that!”

“I didn’t really think it out,” Tony said with a wince. “I also don’t want to hear any more about you eating Deadpool, so….”

Peter mimed zipping his mouth closed, and then the doors opened, and Tony stepped out into the hall that was definitely not in the Avengers common area.

“A conference room?” Peter asked, as he hurried to follow Tony who was taking big strides down the hall. “I thought—”

“Yes,” Tony said, “but then it turns out some HR loony put a hit out on you, so we’re having a meeting now. Jarvis is sending everyone else down here to meet us.”

“Oh,” Peter said weakly, not feeling even remotely ready to have a meeting with HR. “But Wade is coming?”

Tony stopped abruptly and turned, causing Peter to stutter and almost run into the man, just so Tony could roll his eyes at Peter. “Yes,” he said emphatically, already striding off again, “Wade is coming. Pep is coming. Bruce, and Steve, and Nat, and Clint, and Thor are all coming. We’re your support system Pete. Maybe not your only one,” he said with a shrug, “but we’re here for you, of course we’re always going to be fucking here for you when something shitty happens. That’s just
Peter was glad Tony wasn’t facing him so he couldn’t see Peter’s sudden flush.

“Thanks,” Peter said quietly, and Tony nodded, and that was enough.

They stopped at a wall of glass, behind which was a room with a long oval table and perhaps twenty chairs, that felt a little too professional for Peter’s liking but, well, he guessed it was to be expected considering they were going to be having an HR meeting and this was a professional environment.

Tony burst through the door, Peter close on his heels, and threw himself into the supple leather of the wheely chair at the head of the table. Peter hesitated for a second, but Tony gestured to the seat at his right hand, and Peter sank into it gratefully.

A gentle buzz reverberated through Peter and it took a second for him to realize it was his phone and not his Spidey Sense. He pulled it out far enough just to catch the top notification.

**Future Husband/Sex God/Light of…**

*omw*

“Wade says they’re on their way,” Peter reported.

Tony made a noise of affirmation, but he too was stuck in his phone.

But Jarvis must have alerted the gang in real time while Peter and Tony were talking to Cardoso because it was literally not more than two minutes later before the entirety of the Avengers, with Pepper in their ranks, could be seen stalking down the hall, grim expressions on their faces and confidence in their strides. And maybe more than confidence. Maybe anger. Maybe the desire, the willingness, the—the commitment to protect.

Wade burst through the door first with a shouted, “Petey Pie!” and skidded across the top of the table to land in Peter’s lap. Peter caught his fiancé and released an involuntary laugh. Wade pressed mask-covered kisses across Peter’s cheeks and at the crown of his head. “I’m so glad you’re here! We’ve been worried. Quick, what happened!” His voice grew serious as he asked, “Do I need to hurt somebody?”

“I kind of already did,” Peter admitted awkwardly. “And I think I got in trouble for it, so maybe no more hurting?”

Wade didn’t seem convinced.

There was a general sound of cloth rustling and leather squeaking and Peter looked up to see the rest of the assembled Avengers sat around the table, with Pepper at Peter’s opposite, on Tony’s other side, and Natasha and Thor and Bruce next to her. Peter had to peer around the ex-merc in his lap to see that Steve was on his other side, with Clint in the next seat down.

“I guess you’re staying here,” Peter said to Wade. “No one seems to have left you a space next to me.”

“And I’m definitely not going to sit three seats down from you, honey bear,” Wade concurred.

“Oh,” Steve said awkwardly, “well, I mean, I can—”

“Nope!” Wade said melodiously. “Don’t even think of moving. I need every excuse to stay in my
“Baby Boy’s lap here.”

“You really don’t,” Peter said.

Wade grinned at him, his smile stretching the mask, and then pressed another kiss to his head.

“I hate to interrupt,” Pepper said, sounding genuinely apologetic, and Peter’s attention snapped to her, “but our time is limited. Tony, you’re having Brady and Klausen meet us here in—”

“Thirteen minutes,” Jarvis filled in.

“Right,” Pepper said, and returned her focus to Peter. “Now I need to know everything. What happened? As close to verbatim as you can get. I don’t want to be unprepared when Brady arrives because it looks like he’s already shooting to get you fired, and while I’m not letting that happen, I’d like to avoid an extended warfare.”

Peter took a deep breath and tried to call to mind exactly what had happened. Wade wrapped a comforting arm across Peter’s back, and laid his head in the crook of Peter’s neck, and it steadied Peter like nothing else could.

“Ok,” Peter said, “Around two I realized I hadn’t eaten yet, so I went to the Cafeteria to pick something up.”

“What did you get?” Wade asked, and was instantly shushed by five other voices.

Pepper gestured for Peter to continue.

“So got some food, and then this guy came over and started chatting me up. Asked me about my frickles.”

Pepper blinked at him.

“Sweet,” Wade said, and nuzzled further into Peter’s neck. “I fucking love frickles.”

“Frickles,” Pepper said.

“Breaded and fried pickles,” Peter explained. “Very delicious. I’d run out, and this guy, who Jarvis told me later was named Brady, came over and asked about them. He looked smarmy so I pinned him as probably a guy from Sales. So he’s chatting at me about frickles and just slides himself into the booth across from me. Like, did I invite him? No I did not!” He paused to think, tried to look back at it objectively. Now he was pissed about it, but back then, what had he been feeling? “To be honest, I was just mostly confused.”

“Mmm gonna hit ‘m,” Wade mumbled into Peter’s neck, and Peter patted his head.

“He commented on how much food I had—”

“Which is very rude,” Wade pointed out. “You’re a growing boy!”

“Wilson,” Natasha snapped. “Stop talking!”

Wade mimed zipping and then locking his lips. He slipped the invisible key down the front of his suit and shimmied.

“And then,” Peter continued, “asked if I’d been stood up and if he could join me. Remember! At this point he’d already sat down. I tried to be, like, diplomatic. I… really didn’t want to talk to this
guy about my personal life, or answer any of his questions, so I just made some comment about ordering too much and hoped he’d get the hint.”

“He did not get the hint,” Tony surmised.

“Tony,” Pepper said with a slight edge in her voice, and Tony leaned back in his chair, ceding her the floor once more.

Peter waited a beat and then continued. “So at this point I’m like, what the fuck. Who is this guy, what’s he doing, blah blah blah. And by the way, he stole one of my onion rings which was very not cool and I was just, I don’t know, shocked? I’m like, “Do I know you?” and he’s like, “No, but I know you. You work for Tony Stark.” And then he made some comment about how I must be super smart because Tony doesn’t hire idiots or something. And then he starts talking about how apparently there are rumors about me.” The room got a little tense there, and Peter made sure to keep petting Wade because Wade’s muscles were bunched under his skin—he was ready to leap out and hunt down this guy at the drop of a hat—and Peter didn’t want this escalating any more than it already had.

Any more than Peter had already done.

“What rumors?” Pepper asked softly, and Peter grimaced.

“So, I mean, this is bullshit, but he said that there are rumors as to the reason why I was hired as Tony’s personal intern since apparently that’s never happened before.”

“You’re a genius,” Tony snapped. “That’s what they should think, because it’s true. When I saw your application, your work with—”

Pepper’s hand lashed out and Tony’s mouth shut with a click.

Peter was blushing. He still didn’t think he’d consider himself a genius, not really on par with Tony or Bruce, but it meant a lot that Tony had said it, and had obviously meant it.

Peter forced his mind back to Brady. They were on a time crunch. Right. Right. He could do this.

“Well,” Peter said drily. “He said I must be special,” he made air quotes, “because everyone else you hang out with, Tony, is an Avenger. And then he brought up me dating Wade, and insinuated that maybe Tony was giving me special treatment because I’m dating Wade?” Peter shook his head in remembered exasperation. “Which I vehemently denied, citing that none of you even knew I was dating Wade until I’d been working here for a hot minute!” He let out a long breath. “So, obviously, according to this asshole, there could be only one other reason that Tony had hired me as an Intern working in his personal lab and not in SI’s R&D department. And that reason has to do, again, according to him, with something that someone he talked to had overheard in a hall. That apparently I’m in an open relationship.”

Peter glowered.

Wade gasped. “He did not! Baby boy, he did not! Did he really? Ooohh! I’m going to fuck him up!”

Tony’s face was buried in his hands and Pepper’s jaw was on the floor.

“I’m sorry,” Pepper said, “this man actually said that Tony hired you in order to sleep with you? And he works for us?”
The implication of course being ‘How could Stark Industries hire someone so stupid?’ A question Peter had asked himself a multitude of times since Landon Brady invited himself to Peter’s booth in the cafeteria.

“We,” Tony said, very forcefully, and gestured between himself and Pepper dramatically, “are a pretty permanent and widely publicized couple. What the fuck?!”

“And!” Peter said, warming to his subject, “He said something like, ‘what better place to keep your fuck buddy-than in your lab?’ Which, I mean, is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard! Besides the fact that he had no right even approaching me and spewing this absolute garbage at me, but to imply that I would ruin the hygenic integrity of the place where we do research important to—”

Wade guffawed loudly into Peter’s ear, and he had to cut himself off and jerk his head away just to escape the sudden boom of sound scrambling his brain.

“Well are you like this?” Peter moaned as Wade continued to laugh uproariously, wiping away imaginary tears from the corner of his eyes.

“You!” Wade whined, voice squeaking in hysteria, “You get accused of—hah! With Stark! And you care more about your,” he whined non verbally, “status as a scientist!”

“Yeah!” Peter said, “imagine how many experiments you could ruin by introducing semen into the —”

“Time has run out,” Jarvis announced. “Klausen is incoming in ten, nine, eight seven—” his voice cut out as she probably entered the range of being able to hear him, but Peter counted down in his head as she suddenly appeared outside the room in the hallway behind the glass wall, and then in the conference room door.

Thankfully Jarvis had given them enough time to pull themselves together, Tony and Pepper donning masks of professionalism, and Wade sliding to the floor beneath the table in order to lose his mind silently and out-of-sight, as approved by every Avenger PR person who has ever worked with him. Peter took the time to pull himself together, hopefully better than his hyperventilating fiancé, straightening his Wade-wrinkled clothing and trying to paste a professional expression on his face. He wasn’t really sure what kind of expression that was, so he probably didn’t succeed in achieving it, but he tried. That was worth something, right?

The woman who walked through the door was very professional too, which was slightly intimidating. She wore a tight knee-length skirt beneath a crisp blouse and sharp blazer, and her hair was pulled into an impossibly tight ponytail at the top of her head, leaving her hair to fall down her back in one long black column. She even had cat eye glasses, like Peter needed any more hints that she was a sharp lady.

“Rose,” Pepper said politely, “Sorry for running over time. Please have a seat.” And then, “Guys?” and she gave a pointed look to Steve and Clint, and then turned to give the same look to Natasha, Thor and Bruce. They rose reluctantly, but Natasha first bent to whisper something in Pepper’s ear.

Peter could of course hear every word of it.

“We’re going to be right outside. If anything happens, anything, send Peter out to us.”

Pepper nodded seriously, and Peter tried to look like he wasn’t feeling every emotion known to man simultaneously.
They filed out, but Peter heard their footsteps stop when they were just out of sight through the door. They were probably less than two feet from the door, not visible through the long glass wall.

Rose Klausen sat in Natasha’s vacated seat, next to Pepper, and turned sharp eyes back to Pepper, her stony expression never faltering.

“Thank you for coming,” Pepper said, taking the lead. “Now we’re just waiting for Braydon Landy—”

“Landon Brady,” Klausen corrected easily.

Pepper put a hand to her mouth. “Oh! How embarrassing! Gosh I can’t wait to go home and take a nap. Slips of the tongue are so annoying.”

Peter bit the inside of his lip to keep from choking on a laugh.

Klausen gave Pepper an intense look, and then leaned back in her chair. “I see I’ve fallen on the wrong side of this somehow.”

“Well yes,” Tony said, unable to keep himself from butting into any conversation. “You put a hit on my intern! What did you think was going to happen?”

Klausen blinked at him, completely unimpressed. “I didn’t consider that SI would start bowing to favoritism. We’ve been a fair company until now, so I’m sure you can forgive me for the confusion. Brady came to me immediately after the incident in the cafeteria. The security footage shows Parker,” she nodded to Peter, “dumping his trash on Brady’s head and then hitting him in the nose with his trey. Brady’s nose was broken, and is incidentally running a little late to this meeting as he is making his way back here from the hospital.”

Peter winced.

“I think you’ll find,” Tony said, “that with the audio, it makes quite a different story.”

Klausen frowned at him. “That may be so, Mr. Stark, but that was why I called a meeting between Mr. Brady and Mr. Parker for tomorrow. So I could assess the full situation and hopefully come to a fair conclusion. Without involving the CEO of the company,” Klausen added with a side look to Pepper, but Pepper took it in stride.

“Then I’m sure you won’t mind us moving the meeting up. Peter’s doing a time-sensitive experiment and can’t afford to be suspended for most of the day tomorrow.” Pepper smiled. “I apologize for taking this out of your hands.”

Klausen shrugged, and was somehow able to keep the lines of her blazer crisp as she did so. “ Less stress for me.”

A movement out of the corner of his eye drew Peter’s gaze to the glass, and the man behind it who was walking straight for the room’s entrance.

Landon Brady.

He pushed his way in, sneer firmly in place, with a bandage taped over his nose making him look ridiculous. “Did you know the Avengers are standing outside?” he asked, his voice more nasal and way whinier than when he was harassing Peter earlier. Due to the broken nose, no doubt.

Pepper smiled at him in greeting and it was ice cold. “I do indeed. Brady, take a seat.”
If Pepper had directed that voice at Peter he’d be shaking in his shoes, but Brady merely smirked and strolled around the table, taking his sweet time, before falling into the seat beside Peter. Way too close for comfort.

“I thought this meeting was set for tomorrow?” Brady asked smarmily, like he had no idea he was talking to the boss of his boss of his boss, and Tony Stark!

“It got rescheduled,” Tony snapped. “Now I’m really interested in how you had the nerve to absolutely mistreat another of my employees—”

“My employees,” Pepper corrected.

“—and then go to HR and try and get them in trouble.”

Klausen silently removed a voice recorder about the size and shape of a pen from her blazer pocket, held it up, turned it on, and placed it in the middle of the table. She then removed a notebook and pen from an inner pocket of her blazer, and started taking notes.

“Did you see the footage?” Brady demanded, leaning forward across the table. He glanced at the recorder, and then cast his eyes back to Tony. “He hit me in the face with a trey!” Brady pointed at Peter’s face without looking away from Tony. Peter felt the inexplicable desire to bite the finger. “He broke my nose!”

“Why?” Pepper asked, the very image of patience. “Why did Mr. Parker break your nose?”

Brady paused for no more than a second, but it was a very telling second, and Peter noticed Klausen look up from her notebook for a second to look Brady up and down before bending over it again.

“He asked me out and I said no.” Peter couldn’t help his incredulous and loud scoff. Brady continued like Peter hadn’t made a noise at all. “He was upset I’d turn him down. He’s very stuck-up, you know! Couldn’t stand the thought that I wouldn’t want to sleep with him, and so he broke my nose.”

Peter could barely believe what he was hearing.

“Are you serious?” Peter asked. “No really, are you serious? That’s the story you’re going with? Really?”

“It’s not a story,” Brady snapped, just a little too loudly. “It really happened!”

Peter rolled his eyes, and then almost jumped when a hand landed softly on his thigh and squeezed. But, no, wait, Wade was still beneath the table. Peter dropped a hand into his lap, and Wade took it. Peter tried to hide his smile.

“That’s not what Mr. Parker says happened,” Pepper said calmly. “He claims you intruded on his lunch time in order to insult his intelligence and imply that the only reason he had his job was because he was in a sexual relationship with Mr. Stark.”

Klausen startled, and it was the first time as of yet Peter had seen an extreme emotion change in her, but there she was, brow furrowed, mouth slightly agape.

“I would never!” Brady said, sounding impossibly outraged, and like a liar. He was honestly the worst.
But, Peter,” Pepper said, ignoring Brady entirely, “Rose missed your recap. Mind filling her in?”

Peter grimaced but nodded. He didn’t really like having to say it at all, but especially not while sitting next to Brady-the-Asshole. But Wade squeezed Peter’s hand and he took a deep breath before restarting.

“Ok, so, I was eating in the Cafeteria when this guy,” he jerked a thumb at Brady, “came over to me, sat down uninvited while making useless small talk, stole one of my onion rings, and I tried to politely imply that I wanted him to leave me alone.”

Brady scoffed. “You did not.”

“I really did,” Peter said. “Maybe learn to read a situation better. I wanted you stop and leave me alone, and I could not have been any more obvious! When politely implying it didn’t work, I literally told you to your face, and you did not take it!”

“Did not!”

“Did too!” Peter almost yelled, only a little louder than Brady had been, and felt like a child for doing so. So, in a normal indoor voice he explained, “I tried to walk away! And then you called me a ‘Sweetheart,’ and took my trey like I couldn’t carry my own...things. And I told you, I literally said, ‘I’m not your sweetheart!’”

“He did what?” Tony barked. Pepper looked aghast as well, and even Klausen looked unsettled.

“You were being repugnant,” Peter corrected. “You are despicable! You approached me without my invitation, stole my food, told me to not be upset, belittled my relationship with my fiancé, and Tony’s relationship with Pepper! You called me an endearment you had no right using with me, or anyone else you’ve just met! And—and you—” Peter’s throat closed up, thinking of what Brady had said next. It was anger. He was practically shaking in rage. The offense done to Peter, and to his friends, and the—the gall—

Peter felt himself moving backwards before he registered the hands on his knees, and then Wade was rising from the ground, out of the shadow cast by the thick conference table, like a demon from the depths of hell.

“What the fuck!” Brady screamed, jerking away from Wade, which caused his chair to roll lazily away.

“This is highly irregular,” Klausen choked out.

“Jesus, Wilson,” Tony said, hand across his heart.

“Wade,” Peter sighed, and stood so he could embrace his fiancé, let some of the emotion leak out of him. Wade wrapped Peter in a big bear hug that made Peter feel safe and secure and supported once more.

“Brady,” Wade growled, to the man now sitting plastered back into his chair, a good footh and a half away, “If you talk to my Petey-Pie after today, even just to wish him a good morning, I will destroy you.” He blinked. “In a completely legal and not at all illegal way. Very legal. Emotional upheaval. I’ll... think something up.”

“Wade,” Pepper said with a sigh. “You can stay, but you have to sit against the wall. No more
springing out from under tables.”

“Why does he get to stay?” Brady demanded.

“I’m Peter’s emotional-support boyfriend,” Wade growled. “I’m here to make sure he doesn’t break your nose again. You should be happy.”

Brady did not look happy.

“Then what happened, Peter?” Pepper asked, voice soft and kind.

Peter let out a guttural sigh, but continued his story. “I—ok, so like I said, I tried to bail, he called me his sweetheart, I told him I was not his sweetheart, and he said that I could be though. He treated me like a piece of meat, as cliché as that sounds. Said he’d seen me around, liked me. And he wanted to be a part of my “open relationship,”’” Peter made finger quotes, “like Tony was. Or,” Peter added, feeling like he was dropping a nuclear bomb, “Bruce. Oh yeah,” he turned to Brady, “you said it was like some kind of sex party, that I was probably sleeping with all of the Avengers! And that you thought it was hot that soon you’d get to use me like they use me.”

Peter was shaking. His whole body was shivering, vibrating in place, and it took a second for him to realize part of it was because Wade had plastered himself to Peter’s back and was shaking as well. Pepper didn’t even tell him to go back and sit down, which was really a testament to how awful everything Peter had recounted sounded being said aloud.

“Brady! You will leave my building,” Tony said coldly, his expression one of pure revulsion. “You are fired, effective immediately. Get the hell out.”

“Now wait a minute,” Brady said, hands up before him and a slimy smile smeared across his face. “That’s not what happened. I told you. Peter here—”

Wade growled, and Brady’s head jerked, but he kept going.

“He came on to me! He said he wanted me to fu—uh,” he cast his eyes around and changed his language, “have sex with him. And I said no! But he pushed the issue, saying he was in an open relationship, that he wanted me—”

“Bullshit,” Peter spat, “I would never say that!”

“You did!” Brady insisted.

Pepper held up a hand and Brady subsided, for the moment. She turned to Peter, place her hand on the top of the table, and cocked her head to the side. “I believe you, Peter, but you seem especially vehement that that’s not something you would have said, and if you can explain why I think it would help.”

Peter exhaled roughly and said, “Just, ok, frankly? Me and Wade aren’t in an open relationship. I know that it’s a rumor going around right now,” he glared at Brady, “and I know the rumor is because someone overheard the two of you talking about it,” Tony and Pepper exchanged a horrified look and then turned to Peter with looks of regret, but Peter waved that away, “but we’re not in an open relationship. That was, a, well, a miscommunication error.” He winced. “I was going to casually mention it today but I didn’t see you today, and then, well,” he gestured to Brady, “this happened.”

“That’s not any proof!” Brady said. “You could be lying,” he turned to Pepper and Klausen with badly-hidden panic. “He’s definitely lying.”
Wade’s arms around Peter tightened. “If I weren’t in front of witnesses right now I would—”

Peter slapped a hand over Wade’s mouth. “Keep it legal, babe.”

Wade blinked, and then brought his hand up to gently peel Peter’s fingers from his face, wrapping their hands together in the process. “If I weren’t in front of witnesses I would verbally dress you down and then find your mama’s number so I could call her and tell her what you did because you need help.”

Peter nodded, a tiny smile edging at the corner of his mouth.

“You want proof?” Peter asked Brady, who was quickly losing composure. “I know the cameras in the cafeteria don’t have sound, but you don’t need sound to see that you approached me first, you sat at my table, and that I tried to leave. Plus!” Peter added, the thought just coming to his head, “It’s not like we were the only people in the room. I know every other lunch-goer would have heard the things you were saying to me.”

Brady’s face had taken on a waxen sheen. “No!” he said, choked on the word, cleared his throat and tried again. “No, don’t—I mean, that, you don’t have to get anyone involved, I…”

Klausen closed her notebook with a snap. “I think I’ve heard enough. Pepper do you mind if I…”

“Not at all,” Pepper said, and leaned back in her chair.

Klausen looked up, casting sharp eyes on Brady, “Landon Brady, you are suspended without pay while we investigate your harassment of a fellow employee. Don’t expect to be called back any time soon. My department will make sure to gather all of the necessary information, including accessing the security footage and talking to witnesses, and if we find that your actions were as vile as Mr Parker alluded, than you will be terminated from Stark Industries, and if Mr Parker chooses to press charges, we will of course back him.”

“Charges for what?” Brady growled, and somehow kept himself from wiping the sweat from his forehead. “Chatting a guy up?” he sneered at Peter. “If I knew he was going to be such a prude about it I wouldn’t have opened my mouth.”

“Oh my god,” Tony said. “Get the fuck out.” He pointed at the door, and after a moment of Brady not moving Steve appeared in the door, arms crossed angrily over his chest, face like a storm cloud, and that was enough to make Brady book it.

Klausen sighed, and snapped off the voice recorder laying on the table. “I’ll have security meet him downstairs, and I’ll write up the incident report.” She met Peter’s eyes. “You needn’t worry. We don’t want that kind of person associated with SI, let alone working for us.”

“I don’t honestly know how he got this job in the first place,” Pepper said.
“Some people find smarmy endearing,” Steve said, and then inched his way into the room, followed closely by Thor and then Natasha, Clint, and Bruce.

“Well,” Klausen said, got to her feet, and then almost awkwardly, said, “goodbye.” She left without a backwards glance, nodding politely to the standing Avengers as she went.

“So,” Wade said, once Klausen was well out of ear shot, “who’s going to help me make that asshat’s life an absolute misery? I can have his home address in ten minutes, and we can be there in half an hour.”

Peter slapped Wade’s arm lightly. “Stop it.”

With a very serious expression on his face, Clint raised his hand, followed closely by Tony. Pepper raised hers after a moment as well.

Peter found himself smiling even as he shook his head. “We’re not—no. Let’s just, can we not talk about Brady anymore? Talk about him, or go murder him in his sleep.”

“We’re not going to murder him,” Wade said, mock-offended, in the way that meant he was going to do something much worse.

Peter pried himself from Wade’s hold and sat himself back in his chair, relieved at no longer having to hold himself up on shaking legs. The rage had been swept out with Brady, and now there was nothing left to hold him up, and he was tired and hollow. Wade sat next to him, pushed the rolling office chair as close to Peter’s as was physically possible, and wove their fingers together, above the table this time.

Natasha, Thor, and Bruce dropped back into the seats across the table they’d occupied before, and Steve and Clint sat themselves on Wade’s other side.

“Well,” Clint said, “that was fun. And by fun, I mean terrible and awful.”

“You should press charges,” Steve said to Peter.

Pepper sighed. “Unfortunately there isn’t really a law in place to punish first-attempt sexual harassment. I think the most we can do is fire him. You could,” she said, looking Peter in his eyes, “get a restraining order out on him. Which I can have legal draw up for you. But to actually have him arrested,” she shrugged, “I’m sorry, but I don’t think we can.”

“I can still beat him up,” Wade offered.

“Now,” Peter said, “that is illegal.”

“It seems there is something I have to apologize for, Peter,” Pepper said solemnly.

Peter blinked at her.

Tony sighed and said, “Me too, Pete. Pepper and I shouldn’t have been gossiping about your and Deadpool’s relationship somewhere we could have been overheard.”

“Somewhere we were overheard,” Pepper corrected.

“But you don’t apologize for gossiping in the first place,” Wade said archly.

Tony rolled his eyes. “Like you guys don’t gossip about us all the time. And about everything else. We’re the Avengers, we gossip.”
Wade pointed at him. “Valid point.”

“Thank you.”

“But seriously,” Pepper said. “We’re so sorry.”

“It’s ok,” Peter said weakly, “you didn’t know.”

“But it caused so much pain and suffering,” Pepper sighed. “And,” she looked between Peter and Wade with a little uncertainty, “it seems we were wrong?”

Peter’s heart gave an uptick but he told it to calm the fuck down. He wanted this.

“Yeah,” Wade said, while Peter was trying to convince his cardiovascular system to take a chill pill, and simultaneously bribe his mouth to open and actually say words. “I mean, if you were engaged to this hot piece of ass, would you share?”

“Not that we have anything against open relationships,” Peter said.

“I’ve been in them before,” Wade continued, “it can be fun.”

“It’s just not for us,” Peter finished. “We are hopelessly—”

“Disgustingly—”

“—and permanently monogamous.”

Wade bumped Peter’s shoulder with his elbow and grinned, and Peter grinned back. Peter reached over and pulled up Wade’s mask so he could see his beautiful smile, and Wade helped the motion, pulling the mask the rest of the way off, and rubbing a gloved hand over his scarred head twice before shoving his mask into his belt.

Peter couldn’t believe that he was getting to marry this man.

“Ok,” Clint said, breaking Wade and Peter’s moment, and reminding Peter that they were not only still at their place of work, but that they also still had some explaining to do.

Well, Peter had some explaining to do.

“That’s all good and well,” Clint continued. “I guess, also, sorry from me for also assuming you were in an open relationship?”

“From us all,” Steve said.

“It’s understandable,” Wade said, giving Peter a pointed look, “because what else were you supposed to assume when you saw me getting hot and heavy with Spiderman.”

“Excellent point,” Thor boomed, and then frowned. “No. I am afraid I do not quite understand what happened if it was not the case that your relationship is, as it is called, ‘open.’ You did not indeed cheat on Peter, correct?”

Wade shook his head.

“No,” Peter agreed, “I was really adamant about that. No cheating was going on.”

“But you said you gave Wade permission,” Clint said.
“No,” Natasha corrected. “We asked if he approved, and he said that whatever Wade had actually been doing, he approved of.”

“At that point,” Peter clarified, “I genuinely had no idea what you were talking about. I just, I knew that Wade would never do something I wouldn’t be behind one hundred percent, you know? So, no matter what he’d done, I approved.”

“Because you didn’t know he was with Spiderman, in a compromising situation,” Bruce said.

Peter nodded.

Steve looked to Wade. “But you hadn’t cheated.”

Wade snapped his fingers and then shot two-handed finger guns. “You got it!”

“So if you aren’t in an open relationship,” Bruce said slowly.

“And Wade was not breaking his promise of monogamy to Peter,” Thor added.

“Then—holy moly!” Pepper exclaimed, “Peter is Spiderman!”

“No way!” Tony whisper-screamed, eyes wide.

“What an astounding discovery!” Thor boomed, a smile on his face.

“They got it!” Wade crowed, and jumped to his feet in joy. He started doing a victory dance that was part Michael Jackson’s Thriller, part Hammer Time, and part the Fortnite Floss.

Peter watched him an abject silence for a moment before saying, “I think I’ve never been more ashamed of you. Wow. Please stop doing that before my eyes completely retract into my head.”

“That’s what happened to Fury,” Wade said, and didn’t so much stop as switch to the Macarena.

Peter narrowed his eyes at his fiancé, but decided that this was probably the lesser of two evils, and that he should probably only fight battles he was going to win.

“That implies that Fury has seen someone do the Floss,” Clint said, “and that’s scarier than seeing Wade actually do it.”

“Obviously a lie,” Natasha said grimly. “If Nicholas Fury had ever watched anyone do the Floss, he would have obliterated them so entirely not even Wade’s healing factor would have saved him. So, it obviously hadn’t happened.”

“I like this Midgardian dance,” Thor proclaimed, and got to his feet to try replicating Wade’s movements. “I may return to Asgard and teach it to my Mother, Frigga. She is much interested in the culture here on Midgard.”

“Oh god,” Bruce said.

“He’s got to be shitting us,” Tony said, staring at Thor in horror. Peter was also staring at Thor in horror. The God of Thunder was Flossing with enthusiasm and a surprising amount of confidence. His movements were more precise than Wade’s had been, and Peter wasn’t sure if he should be proud or start preparing for the end times.

“Can you imagine Frigga Flossing?” Clint whispered in terror.

Peter pictured it, and immediately regretted it. “Ugh, please no. Thor, stop. I never thought I’d say
this, like, ever, but could we please go back to talking about my secret identity?"

“No,” Wade said immediately, and Peter looked over to see that Wade was staring straight at Thor, who was staring back with a large grin, as they were both flossing in tandem. And they were getting faster.

“I am breaking up with you,” Peter threatened, but it was weak.

“Pshaw! Break up with the next Gene Kelly? I don’t think so!”

Peter slapped his hand down on the table with enough force that both Wade and Thor jerked to a stop to look at him. “How dare you sully the very being of Gene Kelly with flossing! I refuse to imagine him flossing while singing in the rain, and you can’t make me!”

Bruce groaned and covered his eyes. “Now I’m picturing it. Peter, I trusted you.”

“You’re monsters!” Tony cried out melodramatically.

Peter grinned at Wade and Wade grinned back.

“You did that on purpose,” Wade cooed. “I knew you loved me.”

“I do,” Peter admitted, “but seriously. No more flossing. I can’t stand it.”

Wade shrugged and flopped himself back in his seat. After a disappointed sigh from Thor, he sat as well.

“You’re taking this much better than I would have expected,” Natasha said. She had her chin propped on hands, on the bridge made between the intertwining of her fingers, her elbows resting on the table. “From what I know of Spiderman he is very private. You worked as Spiderman for more than a decade without anyone finding out.”

“That’s not quite true,” Peter admitted with a wince, “but you’re essentially correct. I tried to keep my Spidey life and my Peter life well separated. My Aunt knows. And so does this lug,” he wound his arm through Wade’s and Wade sighed in contentment. “But, no, it’s not something I really considered telling anyone else. No offense.”

“None taken,” Natasha said, but there were nods from all around the table, a general consensus of agreement.

“So what changed?” Pepper asked.

Peter bit his lip. “Well, I suppose—I mean.” He took a deep breath and tried again. “I think I wouldn’t have minded telling you guys earlier, I mean, I trust you. You’re all my friends. But, I didn’t even consider telling anyone until it hit me in the face. I just, I literally didn’t even think of it until you guys thought Wade and I were in an open relationship. Once I figured that out, well, I my first thought was, ‘I’ve got to correct them!’ I didn’t want you guys—I don’t know. I wanted you to know the truth about that! This innocent thing about my relationship, and I wanted you to know the truth, and I knew at that moment that the only way to explain that Wade and I weren’t in an open relationship, and also that he wasn’t cheating on me, was to tell you guys that I am Spiderman. And, frankly, I didn't hate the idea. Heck, I couldn’t think of a single good reason to keep it from you. And I, you know, I tried. I racked my brains, but, not a single reason came to me.” He shrugged.

Pepper had a hand across her heart. “Peter, thank you. Thank you for trusting us.”
He couldn’t help but smile at her.

Bruce shifted in his seat and turned a curious smile on Peter. “Does that mean we can expect Spiderman to be a regular around our battles?”

“Yes,” Tony offered, “does that mean we can throw a ‘One more Avenger’ Party?”

“That was lame,” Clint said.

“Think of one better,” Tony snapped back.

Clint thought for a moment before saying slowly, “A ‘Welcome to the gang,’ Party?”

Tony narrowed his eyes but didn’t seem to have rejoinder.

“I think they’re both stupid,” Natasha said. “And I also think we have as much time as we could possibly need to think about it. And by ‘we’ I mean ‘Peter.’ Peter, if you want to join us officially, we’d love to have another Avenger. If you want to stick to freelance, know that you’ll still be our friend. Whatever you want. But don’t get rushed into it by these knuckleheads.” She jerked a thumb at Tony, and then at Clint.

“Thanks,” Peter said, not thinking it would take much consideration at all, but willing to give it a few days just so he wouldn’t come off as desperate. Natasha looked like she was reading his mind, and smirked.

“In the meantime,” Steve said, looking between Natasha and Peter with a purposefully neutral expression, “since we’re all here. Movie night?”

Clint whooped. “Hell yes! Let’s do action! Let’s do sci-fi!” He jumped to his feet and headed out the door.

“Pick one,” Natasha said as she followed Clint out, which was tantamount to agreeing.

The room emptied, and they walked down to the elevator in a parade of heroes.

“What kind of Sci-fi are we talking?” Tony asked as they walked, “Trek or Wars?”

“No,” Clint said, “E.T.”

Tony blinked. “Ok, yeah, I guess that is technically a sci-fi movie. I wouldn’t really have pegged it as one, but…”

“Phone… home…” Wade said, trying to mimic E.T.’s voice.

“I guess that means that’s a yes from us,” Peter said with a laugh.

The elevator doors opened and they piled in, fitting very snugly.

“What is this E.T.?” Thor asked.

“Movie about an alien coming to earth,” Tony said. “Maybe he’s your cousin?”

Pepper slapped Tony’s chest lightly with the back of her hand. “Stop it.”

“Interesting,” Thor said. “The way in which people of Midgard reacted to my presence when I first arrived led me to believe Midgard had not had previous contact with beings outside of Midgard.”
From what realm is this E.T. from?"

“No,” Pepper said. “Thor, it’s fictional. He’s not real.”

“Sam added it to my list a while ago,” Steve said. “I guess it’s a classic?”

“Yes,” Peter said. “And like, little baby Drew Barrymore? It’s the cutest!”

The elevator dinged and the doors opened into the Avenger’s common area. “Hey, Jarvis,” Tony called, “start up E.T. for us?”

“Of course, Sir. The movie is awaiting you in the living area, and popcorn is popping.”

“Thanks, J,” Tony said, and then the group of heroes settled themselves around the living room, sprawling across couches and loveseats, curling into armchairs, and propping themselves up on the plush carpet. Peter found himself laying on the couch with Wade in the V of his legs, his head propped on Peter’s chest and his legs hanging off the opposite arm rest. “Everyone comfy?” Tony asked.

“Yes!” Clint said, “let’s go!”

“Where’s the popcorn?” Steve asked.

“Soon, Cap, very soon,” Tony appeased. “As soon as it’s done we’ll get it. No other complaints?”

“No,” Peter laughed, “let’s roll it.”

“You heard the Spider, J,” Tony said, and the movie started.

X

After Credit Scene:

“Heimdall,” Frigga said as she stepped lightly across the stonework floor of the Gatekeeper’s observatory. “Why have you summoned me?”

Heimdall’s gaze did not waiver. The vastness of space was before him, the entirety of the universe, every infinitesimal movement along Yggdrasil’s branches, and he saw all of it.

“Your son,” he intoned, “Prince Thor, expressed interest in conveying to you a Midgardian custom he found to be… intriguing.”

“Oh,” Frigga said, stepping closer to Heimdall. “Yes, I do have a passing interest for the customs of Midgard, at least those that might influence my son.” She smiled at the thought of Thor and his golden disposition. “Alright. If my son thinks I will enjoy this custom, I’m sure I will. What is it?”

“It is a dance,” Heimdall said, “that I believe is called…” he hesitated, “Floss.”

“Floss,” Frigga said uncertainty, with a little moue of disdain on her face. “How…fascinating. And what does it look like?”

“Well,” Heimdall said, and began to demonstrate.

And somewhere across the universe, somewhere hidden, far away, Frigga’s other son awoke with a
fright, a chill running down his back, with the inexplicable feeling that too far away for him to stop it, his beloved mother was experiencing an evil too great, too powerful to comprehend.

Chapter End Notes

Do I come off as an old fogey in this? Do I seem Anti-Floss? I actually like to do the Floss. Maybe that, too, makes me sound like an old fogey. I don’t even know anymore.

The prompt for this chapter came from Moonlight236 on Ch 21 of misc. I hope I did it justice. I had a lot of fun writing it, and it also came out way longer than I expected. I just kept adding more things, I don’t know why. But, I loved writing it, and I hope you all enjoyed it as well :D

The After-Credits Scene was written for @chandaehunmin on Twitter. Is it in-series canon? Who the fuck knows. Why not. It’s a fun thing, I think.
Three’s Company; in which Peter’s identity gets out of hand.

Chapter Notes

I’m taking most of the beginning of this chapter from Chapter 1 of Misc, and therefore Chapter 1 of Homewrecker. I hope it’s not a spoiler when I tell you that a lot of you really wanted an extended what-if-polyamory plot. So. This is what I’ve got.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter would later blame the adrenaline pumping through his veins for his lack of decorum concerning the making-out practices of him and his very hot fiancé. Peter definitely felt like he and his super hot fiancé deserved some making out after the fight they’d just won.

It was not the adrenaline’s fault that Pete and Wade’s lips adhered to each other’s. Nor was it the adrenaline’s fault that Peter was panting, and Wade had his hands up Peter’s spandex shirt running his gloved hands down Peter’s ribcage, and Peter wanted to stay pressed against Wade for the rest of their natural (or unnatural, he wasn’t picky) lives.

No. The adrenaline was not to be blamed for any of that. What it was to be blamed for was Peter’s overconfidence and Wade’s absent-mindedness when they started the making out business on the roof of their apartment, instead of inside their apartment like they should have.

It must have been the adrenaline that made him forget all about not doing the do out in the open on the roof of an apartment building that his real-life identity lived in.

But, alas, that was all he could blame on the adrenaline. And unfortunately, he could not blame his adrenaline for the Avengers finding the two of them up there either.

Wade had Peter’s spandex shirt hiked up revealing lean muscles and taut skin, and Peter had his uncovered mouth firmly cemented to Wade’s ear lobe, and they were rolling around quite a bit, playing at who could be the stronger, more dominant one, when Peter heard the distinct whirring of the quinjet somewhere to the east and incoming. Peter pulled his mouth off of Wade reluctantly and looked up. Yep, there was the Avengers’ favorite mode of transportation flying directly towards them.

Peter looked around and saw that, nope, there wasn’t anything horrendous attacking the city, nor were there any fires, natural disasters, or even any petty crimes occurring in a 40-mile radius. He would know if there were. So, no, the Avengers weren’t just coincidentally flying over them on their way to fight crime and/or save lives.

Which meant that they were coming for Peter and Wade.

“Uh, babe?” Peter said slowly, prodding Wade in the stomach with his fingers.

“Mmm?” Wade asked, not moving his hands from where they roved over Peter’s torso.

Peter hurriedly pulled his shirt down, and dragged his mask, which had been shoved up to just over his nose, back down again, hiding all of his face from view. “We have company.”

Wade let himself be manhandled away from his fiancé, sensing the worry in his voice, and turned
his head to the sky.

The quinjet hovered above them, and Peter pulled Wade towards the ledge, giving the jet some room to land.

He had never seen it this close up since as Peter he didn’t get to see the Avengers stuff, and the few times that the Avengers deemed Spiderman worthy enough to fight alongside them, they were generally doing the more hands-on things, not riding in the sky. He’d fought in close proximity to Cap and Iron Man, and even the Hulk on one memorable occasion, but the quinjet was usually far off, doing god knows what, and flown by god knows who. It was a fine specimen of machinery, and normally Peter would be itching to go look at it up close, to examine its engines and stealth functions. Today he was content to stay with Wade as far away as possible from the thing. If he thought that he could escape by jumping off the ledge and swinging away, he would have, but he was just one man, and the Avengers were, well, the Avengers. The only reason they hadn’t caught him before was because they hadn’t wanted to catch him.

As the jet landed, Peter wracked his brain for what their reason for being there could be. The most likely option was that they needed Wade for something, and couldn’t contact him. They knew where Peter and Wade lived, Clint had even visited them once, and they’d spent the evening playing Tekkan and eating pizza. But Wade had his phone on him, and Wade always answered the phone when one of the Avengers rang. He was smitten with the whole lot of them, and would have (and had before) begged off sex to go save the world. Not that Peter blamed him. The Avengers were pretty awesome, and so was saving the world. Peter could totally understand. He liked saving the world too.

So, yeah, it was unlikely that the Avengers were here to pick up his fiancé or scold him for not answering his phone.

The engine to the jet shut off, and Peter thought that maybe they were here to check up on Peter (though why they would take the quinjet when they could just call, or wait till the next day when he went into work, Peter didn’t know), or more likely, considering those reasons that he’d just thought of about why that was unlikely, they were here for Spiderman.

And they had just seen Spiderman making out with Deadpool.

Shit.

Shit-fuck.

Shit, fuck, damn. Damnitly damn damn fuck.

Fucking hell.

And another damn for good measure.

It was over. They knew. There was no way he could get away from it this time. They had caught him red-handed. Seeing Spiderman making out with Deadpool, they could come to no other conclusion than that Peter was Spiderman, and that he’d been lying to them. For as long as he’d known them.

Damn.

He hoped that they would forgive him, because he really liked them. They were like the best friends he’d ever met and he could totally see why Wade consistently fanboyed all over them. Wade and Peter were on the same page about that one. The Avengers were great, and Peter would
hate it if his secret getting out would ruin his friendship with them.

Or worse, their tentative acceptance of Wade into the Avengers. He’d have to tell them that it was all his idea not to tell them who he really was, and that Wade wasn’t at fault at all. Because Wade loved working with them, and Peter could always get a job somewhere else, if they really couldn’t look past this, but Wade would be crushed.

It was so obvious to Peter, that that is what would happen, that when the quinjet door opened and the stairs descended, and the Avengers, whose expressions ranged from solemn to rage-filled, stepped out onto Peter and Wade’s roof, Peter already had an apology on his lips, and a plea to not blame Wade. That was the first thing to come out of his mouth, his voice slightly muffled by his mask, and also cracking weakly at the gravity of the situation:

“Don’t blame Wade.”

Captain America stood in front of them (and it was definitely Captain America, rocking his thin-lipped grimace and burning eyes, not Steve, who was softer and goofier than the Captain) with his arms crossed, and a very serious expression on his face. “Why shouldn’t we?” Steve asked, and Peter almost flinched at how foreign Steve sounded just then.

They couldn’t be that angry at him, right? They might be upset that he hadn’t told them, but he did have his reasons, and the Avengers were known for respecting superheroes who wanted to keep their identities a secret.

Peter made a placating gesture, and Wade moved closer to him, giving Peter whatever non-verbal comfort he could.

But then, inexplicably, Natasha had her gun trained on Wade, and Clint his arrow, and Iron Man his repulsor, and Wade, his almost non-existent self-preservation instincts kicking in, stepped away again. They immediately lowered their weapons.

Peter’s mouth dropped open, though that couldn’t really be seen beneath his mask. “What’s going on?”

“That’s what we want to know,” Steve said, his arms still crossed menacingly across his chest.

Peter blinked.

“It looks like they’re angry,” Wade explained slowly, and tried stepping towards Peter only to step away immediately upon the weapons being aimed at him again.

“Yeah,” Peter said, just as slowly, “I’m just trying to figure out why.”

“Maybe the Man of Spider does not know,” Thor intoned darkly.

“Know what?” Peter asked desperately. These actions were super extreme for finding out that Tony’s intern was a superhero. If he had guessed, earlier, he might have thought that they would have been angrier with him dating Wade than with him being Spiderman, because whenever Peter had ‘accidentally’ overheard them speaking of Spiderman it sounded like they considered him harmless, at least in comparison to them, but they hardly ever gave Wade the benefit of the doubt. But that obviously wasn’t the case because they’d already found out that Peter was dating Wade and they were all totally cool with it.

Or at least they weren’t trying to cock-block him anymore.
Bruce, who was looking a little greener than Peter felt comfortable with, stepped forward and Peter tentatively relaxed. He could usually rely on Bruce to be the voice of reason. Hopefully he would explain why they the Avengers were all spitting mad. Because Peter was ready to apologize, more than apologize, beg for forgiveness for lying to them, but the way they were standing, the way they looked at Wade and Peter made Peter think that they would not make such an apology easy on him.

And Peter didn’t know why.

“Spiderman,” Bruce started, and Peter flinched back minutely. Why, now that they knew who he was, did they not call him Peter? “I don’t know what your relationship with Deadpool is, but he actually has a boyfriend.”

“A fiancé,” the intensely mechanical voice of Iron Man inserted in an accusatory fashion.

Peter gaped. “Excuse me?” he ground out.

Perhaps he had misheard.

Obviously Wade had a fiancé. Peter was the fiancé!

“So you did not know, then?” Steve asked, and he sounded slightly less likely to decapitate them with his shield.

Peter looked at Wade whose lips were twisted into some version of profound mirth. Peter narrowed his eyes at his boyfriend. This was not funny.

Ok, maybe it would be funny later, years from now, maybe when they retire and have time to reminisce, but now it was just confusing.

Peter glanced back at the Avengers and had to fight down the urge to run. For the first time when looking at them, Peter feared for his life. He was used to them smiling at him, laughing at Clint’s jokes, softly explaining technology to Steve and Thor, chuckling at him and Tony as they made plans to build a stasis chamber that would run off of ethanol but have the integrity of a nokia. And now they looked at him as if they didn’t trust him, couldn’t understand him, didn’t even know who he was anymore.

It was disconcerting.

It was so disconcerting that Peter retrieved the flee-from-Avengers playbook he had trashed in his mind right before they had landed. Maybe it was viable after all?

Or maybe, Peter’s mind supplied as he mentally flipped through all the ways he could escape while retaining his life, maybe the reason they were looking at him as if he were a stranger was because they thought he was a stranger.

Were they still under the misapprehension that Spiderman and Peter Parker were different people?

Peter shook his head. That couldn’t be. They were smarter than that. Tony and Bruce had enough degrees between them to make an undergraduate cry and Clint and Natasha were spies who literally figured out people’s secrets for a living. Thor was a prince, soon-to-be-king, and royalty wasn’t exactly shabby either in the brains department. And Peter had heard Steve throw around strategy like a pro-football coach trying to stave off retirement forever, so no one could tell him that Steve lacked brains. They were all smart people. They had to know that Peter was Spiderman. At this point, given the evidence, it had to be obvious.
Didn’t it?

“Answer us,” Natasha said slowly and took a menacing step forward.

“Yes,” Peter spit out. “Wade’s fiancé and I have an… arrangement.”

Wade blinked at Peter uncomprehendingly, and Peter tried to convey through his facial expressions, through the mask that he knew what he was doing, he’d fix all of this, all Wade had to do was shut the hell up and let Peter work his magic. Magic fingers.

No wait…

“What kind of arrangement?” Natasha was kind enough to ask in a voice that could freeze vodka. (See? Peter’s new obsession with random trivia, was totally worth it. Vodka freezes at -16 degrees Fahrenheit, which was, like, over 40 degrees below the freezing point of water, no he was *not* a nerd, shut up!)

“Well,” Peter said, trying to sound as if he wasn’t about to jump off the building and swing to Guam in fright, “me and Peter have this agreement. He gets Wade after work and school, they live together so, ya know, obvi, and I get Wade when the adrenaline is pumping after a big fight, and alternating weekends.”

If Wade’s eyes got any wider they’d pop right out of their sockets. Not that he wouldn’t be able to fix them, or grow new ones, if need be, but Peter didn’t want to have to deal with that, so he leveled a glare at Wade until the merc stopped looking like a dead fish someone had just stepped on.

Tony’s helmet raised, revealing a vaguely incredulous expression. “You guys share… *Deadpool*?”

Wade had the great idea then to be totally offended, and Peter could only be glad that at least Wade had caught on before he started word vomiting. “Hey! What’s *that* supposed to mean? I’m a hot commodity around these parts!”

Clint had the decency to return the arrow to his quiver before speaking. “You sound more like a kid being shuffled between two divorced parents than between lovers.”

“I resent that!” Wade shook his fist at Clint, who only rolled his eyes in response.

“I…don’t understand what’s going on,” Steve admitted in a small voice. He had replaced his shield on his back, and his stance was less stiff and more ‘the future is weird and I don’t like it or understand it at all.’


“I get it!” Steve interrupted, his face beet red.

Tony chortled.

“Ahhh,” Thor said, as if Tony’s explanation had made perfect sense, “Young Man of Spider and young Peter of Parker both share a bond with our Water of Death.”

“It’s called polyamory, actually,” Bruce pointed out, looking much less green, thankfully. “Loving
more than one person. Or, loving many people.”

“And Peter approves of this relationship?” Natasha asked, expression stony.

“Doesn’t he mind sharing?” Clint asked, in a backwards agreement.

“Uhhhhh….” Peter said, very articulately.

“Well,” Wade jumped in, “it’s not like Peter doesn’t get something out of it as well. The only reason Spidey here doesn’t live with me and Petey-pie is because he’s so busy all the time. And of course, Peter doesn’t fight,” he made some weird half-laugh, half-choked noise which Peter hoped came off as amused rather than ‘I’m lying to you all,’ “so he doesn’t get to see Spidey as much as I do. But it’s not like Spidey loves me more than he loves Peter.”

Peter’s eyelid twitched, and he was suddenly overwhelmingly grateful that his mask did not accurately illustrate all of his facial expressions. Having himself split in half, as if Spiderman and Peter were different people, was a very strange experience. He didn’t usually have to participate in conversations where the two of him were the main focus.

There was a pause as Peter tried to realign his mental pathways to try and make sense of life again, but then Wade gave him pointed look and Peter realized that the pause was so that he could confirm or deny.

“Yes,” he finally said, trying to keep his voice as even as possible. “I love Wade, but I love Peter too.” He had to bite off the end of the last word to keep from laughing hysterically. There was a pause as Peter forced himself to breathe in and out once to calm his nerves. When he felt calm again he spoke. “I really wish I could see Peter more often, but I don’t want to be a danger to him.”

“Deadpool is a danger to him,” Tony pointed out.

“Wade,” Peter said, emphasizing the use of his first name, “protects Peter. He’s able to go to far more lengths than I could, and he can be with Peter all the time. I’m often… busy.”

“Busy doing what?” Natasha asked, arching an eyebrow.

“None ‘yo biz,” Wade spat, intercepting the question.

“So you’re not upset,” Bruce asked Peter, looking fairly intrigued, “that Peter and Wade are getting married and you aren’t marrying either of them?”

“Why could not the man of Spider join young Peter and Brother Wade in their matrimony?” Thor asked, a confused expression on his face.

“Bigamy is illegal in the United States,” Steve stated, and then his mouth twisted. “I mean, I think.”

“No, it is,” Tony said.

Thor looked completely heartbroken. “I am so sorry, Man of Spider. I wish it was allowed in this fair land for you to join your lovers in matrimony.”

Peter gulped in guilt, because, awww, Thor, no. Spidey wasn’t really not able to marry Wade. In fact they were getting married.

Peter turned to Wade and caught his own guilty expression, though the merc quickly hid it.
Peter set about reassuring Thor. “Hey, dude, don’t worry so much. I don’t mind that I don’t get to join Peter and Wade. I mean, yeah, I’d like to join them, but I don’t get to see them as much as they do each other, and I want them to be happy together?” He tried to sound confident, but the end of the sentence lilted up as if it were a question.

“You don’t sound so sure there,” Clint said with a crooked smile.

Peter laughed, because fuck! What was he doing?

“Maybe I’m a little jealous,” Peter said, “but I would never take away from their happiness, especially when I’m hardly around as it is.”

“Maybe you’ll be around more often,” Steve said slowly.

Peter blinked, and then looked straight into the eyes of America himself. “Huh?”

“The reason we came today,” Steve said, “was because we wanted to invite you to join the Avengers.” He narrowed his eyes at Wade. “If we’d known that Deadpool was already this close with you we would have used different channels to find you.”

Peter’s brain was short-circuiting.

“You,” Peter said slowly, as if focusing on the words, one-by-one, as they came out, would help him understand their meaning, “wanted to ask—Me. Spiderman. To be an Avenger.”

There. That sounded like a sentence a human person would say.

“At least on a temporary basis,” Tony said. “Like a consultant. Can a hero be a consultant? A consulting hero? Listen, Spiderman, we’ve never worked with you before, so if you decide to join us, it won’t be a smooth transition, but we keep an eye on the heroes around the world, and you are one of New York’s finest. And we think you’d bring something to the team.”

Peter’s throat was in his heart. “Wow,” he croaked, and blinked quickly to forestall any possible tears that might want to leak out. “Wow, that’s—that’s really cool.”

Natasha raised her hand and every eye turned to her. “Not that this isn’t a touching moment in the young Spider’s life, but there’s a tiny chance that Spiderman and Deadpool here are lying to get out of immediate trouble, and Peter is not actually ok or even aware that this situation is happening.”

Wade slapped a hand against his chest and gasped in exaggerated shock. “How could you even think I’d do that to my Baby Boy?”

Natasha shrugged. “I’d rather seem like an asshole now, and question this,” she gestured between Wade and Peter, “then realize later we’ve been lied to, and have to console a hurting Peter.” She shrugged carelessly. “I hope you understand.” Her tone said that she did not at all care whether they understood or not.

Peter turned to Wade and Wade returned the look with a shrug.

“Sure,” Wade said, “go talk to him. He’ll be at work tomorrow like always.”

“Of course he knows what’s going on,” Peter said, which was completely true because he was here right now. “I mean, I don’t judge you for being skeptical,” Peter told Natasha, which was also true because wow, this was a big fucking lie. “I doubt Peter,” weird-weird-weird talking in about himself in the third person, “has ever mentioned his sexuality. He can be pretty private about that
kind of thing. I mean, him and Wade didn’t even tell you guys that they were together when they were seeing each other every day at the tower. It just makes sense he wouldn’t volunteer their relationship with me.”

Did that sound real? Was that plausible? Peter wasn’t even fucking sure. If he and Wade were in a poly relationship with another person, would he tell the Avengers? They were… well, they were friends now, so yeah, probably. He would have told them about him and Wade being a thing earlier if it hadn’t been so funny that they hadn’t figured it out. But now? At this point? Yeah, he probably would have mentioned it.

Oh well.

It’s not like this lie was a realistic one anyway.

“So you don’t mind if I call him?” Natasha asked. It didn’t sound skeptical, but that was probably just because she didn’t want it to sound skeptical. She was good like that.

Peter thought about the cell he had hidden in his suit that was currently not on silent.

“Uh,” Peter said nervously. “No?”

Natasha narrowed her eyes at him. “Good,” she said, and dug out her own phone.

And then, an explosion sounded from a few blocks away, and the Avengers turned as one to see a billow of smoke coming from an apartment building.

Deus ex machina.

Or, possibly, Green Goblin ex machina.

There wasn’t even another question, they were heroes. They were going to do what they could to help. Rescuing citizens from the now blazing fire, and taking down whatever baddie (again, if Peter had to guess he was going to say the Green Goblin) might have had a hand in this. Tony and Thor took off from the roof as Steve, Bruce, Natasha, and Clint ran back into quinjet. Steve hesitated on the ramp, glancing at Peter and Wade for a second.

“Need a ride?” he called.

Wade shook his head and hooked a thumb at Peter. “I’ve got one!”

And with that he jumped on Peter’s back, wrapping his legs around Peter’s middle, and—ok! Peter could take a hint!

Peter took a running leap off the building, Wade snug against his back, and shot out a web.

The battle was weak.

It had been the Green Goblin, but he was gone well before Peter and Wade showed up. After that it was just relief effort. Peter helped Iron Man and Thor empty the building of residents while Wade and Steve helped the firefighters water down the building. Natasha, Bruce, and Clint were notably absent, but frankly it didn’t surprise Peter. Their skill sets were probably being used elsewhere, and Bruce at least would be more of a help as Bruce and not as Hulk, so Peter was A-Ok with him being kept away from the fire.
And then it was over. For them at least. Someone in charge, probably a SHIELD Agent based on the suit and the bland expression, told the lot of them to clear out. They’d done all they could, and it was now time to leave the rest up to the professionals.

And Peter was fine with that.

Really.

He was.

And frankly he didn’t want to deal with the Avengers’ questions or their stares, or the fluttering hints of guilt he felt at lying to his friends, and the conflicting sense of righteousness because they came to Peter first, accused Wade of cheating first, didn’t see enough—didn’t understand. And it was none of their business! They didn’t get to know Spiderman was Peter just because they were friends! They didn’t have the right to Peter’s secret identity just because they stumbled upon Peter and Wade in a compromising (a stupid, stupid, stupidly compromising) position. But, of course, if he’d caught one of his friends being cheated on—or cheating…

Well, it became complicated.

It was a whirlpool in his mind. Even as he’d rushed time and time again into the burning, and then smoldering, building to rescue every last person, beside his friends and coworkers and fellow heroes, he couldn’t help the rushing cycle of guilt and peevishness and regret and superiority.

So he figured it’d be best if he just sat down and worked it out in the comfort of his own home.

Or cuddled up on the couch and watched mindless cooking shows until his brain numbed sufficiently enough to let him sleep. Because the guilt was really starting to eat at him. The lies.

Well.

The lie. The big one.

Because somewhere in his mind, in the heat of the moment (and looking back at it from the clear headedness of the disaster-induced adrenaline rush, he had been very panicky, and rushed and had definitely not been thinking straight) he’d thought it was preferable for the Avengers, his coworkers and friends, to think Wade and Peter and Spiderman were in a polyamorous relationship, which was so bound to blow up in his face he didn’t know what to do with himself. And at this point he was too far in it. He couldn’t back down. And if he did, if he did say, ‘Hey, actually, no, Peter and Wade and Spiderman are not all in one big relationship,’ then they’d assume the worst. That Wade had been cheating on Peter with Spidey. And Peter couldn’t think of any other excuse. None!

There seemed to be only two possibilities: He keep up the charade that they were in a Polyamorous relationship and that Peter was two different people, or he tell them they are not a polyamory and the Avengers come to the conclusion that Wade was not only cheating on Peter but lied about it, and do something horrible, like kick him off the team or at least ostracize him, and convince Peter to break up with him or something.

And those somethings, the kicking Wade off the team or guilting Peter into breaking up with Wade, or having the team ostracize him… those things weren’t even options. He’d rather keep lying for an eternity, jump through hoops, and wear a mask to work everyday than let any of those things happen.
So.

He was going to keep lying.

But that didn’t really assuage the guilt.

And it definitely didn’t mean Peter wanted to stick around to keep up this charade any longer than he had to.

So when the SHIELD agent shooed them away, Peter gave Wade a quick peck on the lips through two pairs of masks (and that was something he could get behind. PDAs as Spiderman and Deadpool? He would love to keep those up), and swung away.

He was debating the merits of watching Chopped vs watching Chopped Junior in his head when his phone rang.

“Whatcha gonna do with all that junk

All that junk inside your trunk?

I’ma get get get you drunk

Get you love drunk off my—“

Peter yanked his phone from his pocket and dropped onto a convenient roof before looking at the screen because this was his Peter phone, so someone must be calling Peter and Peter should be somewhere quieter than being buffeted by the wind because he’s swinging on webs through the skyscrapers of New York City.

The contact name was just: Natasha, because Peter liked all of his limbs right where they were, thank you, but the image was a nature shot of a black widow spider spinning a web, because Peter had to have fun somehow.

Natasha was calling him.

Right.

Right.

This was fine.

She definitely wasn’t going to recognize Peter as Spiderman over the phone. And she wasn’t calling to tell him the jig was up. Right? Right. Right. That wasn’t happening and he wasn’t freaking out. Right.

Peter swiped the screen to answer and put his phone against his ear before jerking it away long enough to yank his mask up over his face, freeing his ear, before slamming the phone against his ear and saying, in a voice that he hoped to god sounded calm, cool, and collected: “Y’ello?”

“Peter,” Natasha said, “I’m with Wade right now, and we have a little question to ask you.”

Peter’s heart was a little mechanical cymbal monkey residing in his chest and the cymbals kept crashing together; an offbeat clanging that worried and distracted Peter in turns.

“Yeah?” Peter asked, voice steady, much steadier than he felt. “What question?”
“Are you and Deadpool dating Spiderman?”

The cymbal monkey stuttered, crashed the cymbals, and then began to clang the cymbals together at a slower pace.

“Yes!” Peter said, in artificial surprise. “Yes, we are— how did you know?”

There was a small pause before Natasha said, “We happened to find Deadpool and Spiderman in a compromising position and stopped to assess the situation. Spiderman informed us of his relationship with you and your fiancé.”

“You didn’t believe him,” Peter said, because that much was obvious, from how dry her tone was and the fact that she was calling Peter to confirm.

“I did not,” Natasha said, and it was full of inflection. It seemed to say, ‘Of course I didn’t,’ at the same time as it asked, ‘Why would I believe it?’ and also, ‘I don’t know if I even believe it now.’ Natasha was talented like that.

She didn’t really believe, but she had to. They all had to. Because the alternative just wasn’t an option. So when Peter spoke he put in as much feeling as he could that this was the truth.

“Yes,” he said with a sigh. “It’s kind of…” he paused, “awkward? I guess. Like, just the explanation of what polyamory even is is kind of a hassle, and we’re never sure how people are going to take it. Some people… don’t. Take it well, I mean. And…”

Peter wracked his brain on how to explain this in a way that a) made sense, b) seemed like a realistic thing Peter and Wade would do, and c) would be easily memorable and something Wade wouldn’t deny in the short time before Peter could catch him up.

“And,” Peter started again, “It’s different with...Spidey,” that felt bizarre to say, “than with Wade. Wade and I have been together longer. Spidey is still… new.”

“But you love him?”

“I do,” Peter said, and that much was totally and completely honest. Peter loved Spiderman as much as anyone could love themselves. He loved being Spiderman, and he loved helping people. It was a kind of love.

“Ok,” Natasha said, and added almost incredulously, “I believe you.”

Peter let out a breath. “Great. I’m glad. That you believe me. But also, I’m glad you didn’t, like, hassle the two of them. I know that must have been a shock.” He swallowed hard. “I’m sorry about that.”

“Don’t apologize,” Natasha said. “Yes, we would have liked to have known before we accused your fiancé of cheating on you with your other… boyfriend?”

“Sure,” Peter said, “that sounds good.”

Natasha hummed in what Peter thought he might be right in interpreting as laughter.

“Yes,” she said more softly, “we would have much preferred to have heard it from you and Wade first. But we want you to know— I want you to know, that this doesn’t change anything. We’re still your friends, we still respect you.” Peter’s heart melted. “Though you might want to prepare yourself for questions. Clint seems to have a lot.”
Great,” Peter said, feeling quite the opposite.


Peter’s head twitched. “I will!”

“I’m sure Wade will text you, but we’re being released, so he’ll be home soon.”

Peter smiled at his phone. He liked that Natasha liked to keep him updated on Wade’s location and eta. “Thanks,” he said, and then hung up.

Peter looked down at his phone for a moment, at the flashing of Natasha’s contact photo (the spider) and the word END before it reverted to his lock screen. He sighed at it.

“I already thought this was going to be complicated,” he admitted to himself aloud, “but I think it might turn out to be even worse than I thought.”

He stared at his lock screen a moment longer before sighing, tucking his phone away, and pulling his mask back over his face.

“No,” he said again, with more energy. “I’m not putting that out into the universe. This is going to be easy. This will work. We’re going to do this. We can do this.”

OOO

Peter didn’t understand why this was so hard.

The day had started easy. Wade and Peter had gotten up early enough to make waffles and cuddle on the sofa, so he came into work chipper and eager to get down to science. (They’d gone to bed early the previous night after a long, exhausting talk about what they were even doing trying to pull a polyamory card. But Wade said he’d follow Peter’s lead, he trusted Peter, and that gave Peter enough relief to let him fall asleep in Wade’s arms.)

Bruce and Tony were normal too. Tony had casually (too casually maybe) worked with Peter on an experiment pertaining to alfalfa seeds (bizarre), and Bruce had worked nearby on his own work, a research project, he called it.

And then for lunch they went up to eat with everybody on the common floor, Peter and Wade sitting in their normal seats beside each other at the round table. Tony had ordered an array of pressed sandwiches and subs and wraps and Peter had immediately scooped a pressed Cuban and a tuna melt for himself. And they were amazing.

But then, without much warning, in the middle of Peter taking a bite of his Cuban, Natasha’s prophecy came to fruition and Clint opened his mouth.

“So,” he asked, “where’s the Spider dude?”

Peter very purposefully did not hack or choke or flinch. He blinked a few times, finished chewing, swallowed, and said. “I’m not exactly sure where he is now. He left when we left this morning,” he turned to Wade for what was ostensibly confirmation, but secretly affirmation, and found him mostly still, chewing his turkey bacon ranch wrap mechanically, with his a vein tensed on his jaw that pretty much told Peter he wasn’t going to be getting much help from him. “But,” Peter said, turning back to Clint and putting on an easy smile, “he has a day job too.”
“You should invite him to lunch sometime,” Tony said. “We’d love to meet him.”

“And,” Steve added, sounding unsure of himself, “I don’t know if he told you. Or if Wade did. But we would be interested in him working with us in a more regular capacity. We tentatively offered him an invitation into the Avengers, and I’d like to know if he would be interested in that. So, if you both could let him know…” he trailed off.

“That’s not the only reason we want to meet him,” Bruce said.

“Of course not!” Steve agreed.

Bruce nodded. “He’s also your… um… boyfriend? And we’d like to get to know him.”

“Since we are comrades and brothers in arms,” Thor added. “I would much like to talk to this man of spiders. If he is beloved by both you, Peter, and you, Wade, he must be a wonderful being indeed.”

“We’d love to get to know him,” Natasha interpreted.

“Uh,” Peter said, feeling slightly short of breath, but doing everything in his power to ignore that feeling. “Well, like I said, he does have a day job, so, probably wouldn’t be able to make it to lunch any time soon.”

“Oh,” Tony said, “what does he do?”

“Whatever it is, it’s probably not as cool as working as an Avenger full time,” Clint said.

Natasha slapped his chest with the back of her hand.

“Oh,” Peter said, his voice as thin as a reed. He hadn’t thought of this. What did Spiderman do as his day job? Why would Peter say he had a day job? Except that, well, he did. And, Peter needed an excuse as to why Spiderman could never show up when Peter was around. For reasons. “Well,” he prevaricated, “um, uh, uh, he…”

“Do you not know?” Clint asked, melodramatically offended on Peter’s behalf. “Did he not tell you? But he’s your,” Clint frowned, “boyfriend? Lover? One third of your trouple?”

“Trouple?” Tony asked. “Really? Triple was right there and you went for Trouple?”

“Triple Couple,” Clint defended himself. “Triple just sounds like a thing that happens in ice skating or whatever. A couple is two people, together, in a relationship. Therefore a trouple is three people, together, in a relationship.”

Peter felt swamped suddenly. He had not come nearly as prepared as he’d thought he was. Trying to hide any fear or anxiety from showing on his face, he surreptitiously kicked at Wade’s ankle.

“Oh,” Wade said, “I mean, oh, um. No. He’s our, um boyfriend.”

“We haven’t really talked about it,” Peter said. “He’s with us, you know?”

“We are dating him.”

“But we’re not engaged to him,” Peter added.

“Because that’d be illegal?” Steve asked.
“Do you wish to betroth yourselves to Spiderman as well?” Thor asked.

“Well,” Wade said weakly.

“That’s an awkward question,” Peter cut in. “We haven’t been dating him as long as we’ve been dating each other.”

“And also,” Wade added, “he’s not big on marriage.”

“Secret identity,” Peter added.

“So yeah,” Wade continued quickly, “he’s our… boyfriend.”

“So where does your boyfriend work?” Natasha asked, looking at them through half-lidded eyes, like a predator, watching for just the right moment to lunge for the kill.

“Oh,” Peter said weakly. He’d really been hoping they would have forgotten that question.

“We can’t tell you,” Wade said. “Just like we wouldn’t tell you his civilian identity. He’s very secretive about that part of him. If he ever wants to let you know, he’ll do it. You can’t force his personal life out of us.”

Oh, and that was sweet too. In that moment, Wade had grown serious, and even though what he was saying was outwardly about this fake-boyfriend third-person Spiderman, Peter could tell it was also about him. If Peter was going to tell anyone about him being Spiderman, it was going to be by his rules, when he was ready, and not before. It was the one thing Wade was very serious about, and it made Peter love him even more. Which should be impossible at this point, and yet here he was. Loving him even more.

“Do you even know where he works?” Natasha asked with sly curiosity.

Peter made a face that he really hadn’t been meaning to make and Natasha made a chirp of success.

“You don’t,” she said, “how interesting.”

Which was technically wrong. He did know where Spiderman worked. Obviously. It was just that Spiderman worked right here. And that was a fact that he didn’t really want to share. But it wasn’t like he could prove that he did know where Spiderman worked if Natasha pressed the issue. He couldn’t say it, that Spiderman worked here, at SI.

Unless he implied that Spiderman was just some rando who worked at the company, but then Tony could (and probably would) go through all of the employees of SI trying to figure out who he was.

So: No.

And he wasn’t going to just name a random other place because 1) he didn’t want them trying to find Spiderman (they wouldn’t find him, because he wouldn’t be there, and that would turn their attention back to Peter) and 2) he’d already said he wouldn’t tell them. He wasn’t going to go back on his previous word just because of this. What kind of message would that send?

“I don’t,” Peter said slowly, not completely sold on this being the right choice, but not seeing that anything else he could do at the moment. “He’s very, mmm, secretive. Have I mentioned?” he laughed lightly.

Steve, looking skeptical, leaned forward across the table. He’d already finished three grilled cheese sandwiches and a turkey and bacon on rye, and had a meatball marinara in his hand. It was
dripping marinara sauce onto his plate despite his obvious efforts to keep it all in the sub. “Was that a choice you three decided? That he wouldn’t tell you where he worked? And you’re both ok with that?” He blinked at them seriously. “You don’t even know where he spends his days.”

“Well,” Wade said tentatively, obviously even more confused than Peter was about where this was going and how they were going to get out of this, “it’s not like we love him because of his day job, you know? He’s who he is, and we love him, no matter where he works.”

“But does he even trust you?” Clint asked, face dower. “I mean, yeah, ok, we don’t need to know where he works.” He put his hands up in front of him. “That’s none of our business. But he’s your —your boyfriend, and he won’t even tell you where he works?”

Objectively, Peter could admit, it didn’t sound great.

“Oh my god,” Tony said, “you do know who he is beneath the mask, right?”

Peter opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

In his defense, he had no idea what he was fucking doing, ok? He was just flying by the seat of his pants, and he’d never been great at improv.

“Of course we do,” Wade said with such loud enthusiasm that it came out sounding like a giant lie. (Which, ok, thinking about it objectively, was kind of hilarious. They were wrong. Peter and Wade did know who Spiderman was beneath the mask, and they obviously knew where he worked. They were there right now. They were, at this very moment, sitting in the building where Spiderman worked, with his coworkers, right now, at this very moment. It was, frankly, hysterical, and Peter might even laugh about it as soon as he stopped being here right now, and freaking out.)

Around the room faces turned melancholy. Thor looked downright depressed, and Bruce looked pitying!

“We do,” Peter reasserted frantically, because no. He wasn’t going to let them believe that he didn’t even know who Spiderman was behind the mask. That was too much. Even he, Peter, the actual, not fictional Spiderman, had made sure Wade knew he was before he even asked him out. Spiderman would not date someone without telling them who he was beneath the mask. That was just a fact. Like, historically, it did not happen.

The amount of pity in the room went up. And Peter got to watch his friends and colleagues come to the conclusion that Peter did not know who Spiderman was. That Peter did not know who he himself was.

It was certainly a… unique situation, that was for sure.

“No really,” Peter insisted. “We know who Spiderman is. I promise.” And the fucked up thing was, it really was the truth, but the more Peter insisted the more pitying the looks got until Peter had to drop his eyes to his plate just so he could avoid their looks.

“Hey, man,” Tony said, and then corrected himself to, “guys. It’s alright. We get it. Sometimes superheroes are private people.”

“And Spiderman sounds like a very private person,” Clint added unhelpfully.

“But that’s alright,” Bruce said. “I’m sure it doesn’t mean he loves you both any less.”
“He just doesn’t trust you,” Clint said.

Peter scowled at him.

“Sure he does,” Wade said, “he’s just—”

“Private,” Natasha interrupted. “Yes, we know.”

“Friends,” Thor said, looking solemnly between Peter and Wade, “I do not mean to cast aspersions on your choice of lover. If you find him desirable, we do not want to get in the way of that.”

“But,” Tony added, “I personally think it’s important for partners to trust one another when in a romantic relationship.”

Steve pointed at him in agreement.

Peter pursed his lips. “Thank you guys for caring, but…” he paused, trying to figure out a way to phrase what he wanted to say in a way that wasn’t rude. “What our relationship is like is kind of none of your business?” He winced. He didn’t want to push them away, he just wanted them to stop worrying themselves about Peter and Wade’s fake relationship with Spiderman. “That sounded worse than I wanted it to. It’s just, we know what we’re doing. We can handle ourselves.”

Wade nodded. “We’re a trouple, we’re not idiots.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Thanks, Clint. Now we’re going to have to live with this.”

“I like trouple,” Wade whined.

“Of course you would,” Peter said drily.

“We get it,” Tony said, hands up. “It’s your relationship. We’ll stay hands off.”

Peter smiled at Tony in relief. “Thank you.”

“Tony’s right,” Steve said.

“Just,” Bruce said, and chewed on his bottom lip before speaking again, “just because he’s a hero who wants to keep things private doesn’t mean your relationship should be unequal. If you’ve all agreed to this, and you’re actually fine with it, with not knowing who he is during the day, that’s your prerogative. But if you’re not ok with it, we’re here for you, and if you speak to Spidey about it, and he truly loves you as much as you seem to love him, then I’m sure he’ll understand.”

“Who knows?” Clint asked. “Maybe he’s just trying to figure out how to tell you himself?”

Peter smiled past a crawling guilt that was trying to take up residence in his throat. “Thanks guys. You’re the best.”

“I thought I was the best,” Wade said.

Peter laughed, releasing some tension, and slapped at Wade’s arm lightly. “You know what I mean.”

Natasha looked at Peter and Wade with obvious affection. “You really should invite him over sometime,” she said. “Even if he can’t do lunch. I’m sure he’d be able to take an evening off to have dinner with us?”
She shrugged, but others around the table were already nodding in agreement.

Peter grimaced. That was not going to be possible. Full-stop. Peter and Spiderman could not be in the same room together.

Physically.

“We’ll try,” he said, even though what he meant was no. Could not do. Sorry. It just wouldn’t work out.

“He might not like hanging with other heroes casually,” Wade said, coming to the rescue. “In case you try to unmask him.”

“We would never,” Steve said, aghast and hurt.

“Of course not!” Peter was quick to correct. “We know that. But he doesn’t know you guys as well as we do.”

God, what a knot of lies and misdirection Peter and Wade had tied themselves in. Everything was bad.

“But we will try,” Wade said.

“It can be something simple like take-out and movie night,” Tony tried. “No pressure.”

Peter nodded.

“But we’ll stop haranguing you about your boyfriend,” Bruce said with a kind smile, “since it’s none of our business.” He laughed, like he was looking at the effects of a cute crush, which made Peter feel even worse. They were all being so supportive.

Fuck.

“Yes,” Tony said with a clap. “I do have a question for you all.” He paused dramatically. “Do you think Pepper would kill me if I dyed my hair gold for our anniversary?”

And the room devolved into laughter and confusion and a litany of “No! Don’t you dare!” and “Yes! Do it!”’s that allowed Peter to forget the lies for the moment and smile.

OOO

But it wasn’t to last.

The next day, Peter was alone in the lab, situated at his computer, typing up data because science is only science if you write it down (which, while true, was also a needlepoint saying that was hung in a hidden corner of the lab, created by who-even-knows), when Clint dropped from the ceiling all casual-like.

Peter made himself jump just a little, even though he knew the archer was coming from a mile off, and turned on his stool to look him in the eye.

“Clint,” he said, exaggerating his exasperation. “Do you have to drop in on me in the lab? What if I was doing something dangerous? Or time-sensitive.”

“Oh,” Clint said dismissively with a wave of his hand, “I made sure you weren’t before I landed.”
Peter pursed his lips. “So, spying,” he said, even though, again, he’d known he was there since Clint first stopped in the air vent over his head. Spidey-Sense was useful even outside of being Spiderman, like in his 9 to 5 lab assistant internship. Something he hadn’t expected when he’d first gotten his powers in high school.

Clint grinned at him, unrepentant. “Uh huh.”

Peter kept his expression unimpressed for half a second more before breaking down and smiling up at Clint. “So what’s up? What can I help you with?”

Clint looked around the lab casually. “Why do I have to come down here for any reason? What if I just wanted to chat with my favorite polyamorist?”

A twinge of guilt ran through Peter, but he forced it down, kept his expression light and happy. “Don’t let Wade hear you say that. He’d make it out to be a competition and suddenly you’d be confronted with 24/7 Deadpool. Do you want that?”

Clint scratched his chin. “Sure, why not? Could be fun.”

Peter laughed. “Good answer.”

Clint sauntered to a nearby table, pulled out a stool, and plopped himself into it. He took out a DS from one of his many pockets, and opened it. Peter took that to mean that Clint was just here for casual company, and turned back to his work as well.

“What are you working on?” Clint asked, sounding distracted.

“What are you playing?” Peter asked instead of answering.

“Nintendogs. My dachshund is a good boy, so I’m taking him on a walk. Possibly to the obstacle course.”

Peter laughed. “How old is that game?”

“Don’t know, don’t care. I love dogs, but it’s hard to raise a pet when you’re a hero, you know? And I’m not a billionaire like Tony, can’t just hire someone else to take care of a pup while I’m globe-trotting, saving the world, etcetera etcetera. So: Nintendogs.”

“Won’t die if you forget to feed them,” Peter agreed.

“Exactly,” Clint said with a snap. Peter looked over at the man, but his head was still bent over his DS, so Peter let himself relax a little and went back to typing in the data. “Is your work a secret?” he asked, “Shit, no, Pizza dog, jump, do the jump—sorry. You don’t have to tell me if it’s some confidential thing. Just curious.”

Peter looked at the boxes of numbers on his screen. “It’s actually pretty boring, objectively. I mean, I find it curious, interesting even, but there’s not any amazing outcomes to share, you know? I don’t even know why I’m doing this. Alfalfa seeds aren’t, like, world-shattering, you know? I think Tony just needed something for me to do while he and Bruce cooked up their own highly confidential something-something. Above my paygrade.”

Clint hummed.

“So what about you?” Peter asked, following Clint’s lead and continuing to work. “Anything fun going on?”
“Nah,” Clint said. “Steve and Nat are punching each other in the gym, and usually I’d be all over that, but Nat keeps trying to set the guy up with SHIELD agents, and it’s just a little awkward, you know?”

Peter laughed. “What, the idea of Steve dating?”

“No,” Clint said with a scoff, “the idea that Nat knows all the single agents at SHIELD and has them stored in a rolodex in her mind.”

Peter considered this. “Does that surprise you?”

“No,” Clint said, “but I try not to think of all the information Nat has stored away upstairs, you know? It gives me the willies.”

“Amen,” Peter said.

“I mean,” Clint continued, “it makes a guy wonder. How much stuff does she have on me?”

Peter hummed. “Probably a lot. I mean, how long have you known her?”

“Forever,” Clint groaned.

“So yeah,” Peter said, “definitely a lot.”

Clint paused and then said, “But maybe that’s a good thing. I mean, she knows everything about me, so, I can go to her for anything.”

Peter smiled into his laptop. “That’s sweet.”

“Do you have anything like that, Peter?”

Peter blinked. “Well, I have Wade, so—”

“No Wade,” Clint said. “He’s your fiance, your lover, of course you can go to him for stuff. But, do you have anyone you’ve known longer, forever, who knows everything about you? Someone you can trust explicitly, like me and Nat?” He sighed wistfully into his DS.

Peter thought about it for a second, because, really, Wade was that person for Peter. No matter what happened, Peter went to Wade, could tell him anything. Wade knew him better than anyone else in the world, except for maybe Aunt May.

“Well,” Peter said, deciding that if the answer couldn’t be Wade, it obviously had to be his aunt, “I have my Aunt. She raised me with my Uncle since I was small, and after Uncle Ben died,” he swallowed, “for a while my Aunt and I only had each other. She knows everything about me.” She hadn’t always, hadn’t known about Peter being Spiderman for years, but now, now there wasn’t anything Peter was keeping her in the dark from.

“Does she know about Spiderman?” Clint asked sharply, his voice suddenly clear and focused, and Peter turned, shocked, to find Clint only feet from him, no sign of his DS, or a distraction.

“What?”

“Does she know you and Deadpool are dating Spiderman?”

Peter blinked wide eyes at the man, and Clint sighed, taking that as a no even though Peter was only shocked at the question. He hadn’t meant to imply anything.
“Don’t you think that’s strange?” Clint asked. “Did Spidey ask you not to tell her? Even though you tell her everything else? Doesn’t that feel a little...odd?”

Peter’s mouth opened and then shut again without saying anything. He opened it again and forced out, “Uh, no? He’s just—I mean, of course he didn’t tell me not to tell my aunt that would be,” he tried a casual laugh but it came out sounding forced, “crazy.”

Clint put a hand on Peter’s shoulder. “Hey, bud, it’s ok, you don’t have to lie to me. And man, like we said earlier, we don’t want to control your love life, it just seems to be affecting you, ok?”

Peter swallowed harshly. “Not really,” he said. “It’s not affecting me too much, I mean—”

“How many lies have you had to tell since getting together with Spiderman?” Clint asked. “How many times have you had to lie to your Aunt? Or to us?”

Peter flinched, because the answer was a god-damn lot. He’d lied to the Avengers a lot even if it wasn’t about what Clint thought it was.

“No,” burst from Peter’s lips, and then he shook his head, “I mean, yes, but, but, I mean, shouldn’t it be my business? Why does it matter. Maybe I wanted to keep it a secret. It’s not Spiderman’s fault!”

“Hey, hey, hey,” Clint said gently, hands raised before him. “I’m not trying to attack you, or Spiderman. I’m not. It just doesn’t seem like to you have kept this relationship a secret for so long, and if Spiderman is making you act like you normally wouldn’t, well that’s a concern, you know? If you’re happy, we’re happy, but you don’t seem super happy, so…”

Peter blinked at him. “I am happy,” he said, and it felt like a lie, and probably sounded like one too. “Really. And maybe I did want to keep it a secret. That’s my business, isn’t it? If I wanted to keep it a secret, that’s my prerogative, right?”

“Of course, Peter,” Clint said, soft and kind. “You never have to tell us anything that you don’t want to. We’d never begrudge you that. Everyone has secrets. But,” his brow furrowed, “you should at least ask Spidey to let you tell your Aunt. She’s supposed to know everything about you, right? If you don’t want to tell her, or if Spidey doesn’t want you to, whichever one it is, you might want to ask yourself why. Why it’s important to keep this relationship from her.”

“I’m not—” Peter started weakly, after a pause where his brain wouldn’t stop producing only white noise, but Clint was gone. Up into the vents and out of the room. Peter swallowed drily and looked back at his screen, but suddenly it was very hard to focus. This lie, this lie, out of all the ones he’d told throughout his life, this lie seemed to have triggered a tsunami that was crashing down on Peter all at once and he really, really didn’t know how he was going to stay afloat amongst all this.

He needed to find a life vest or a raft or something. But people just kept pouring more water over him. It was getting to be too much.

OOO

“Clint cornered me today,” Peter started as soon as Wade walked through their apartment door. Peter had gotten home first and stress-baked maybe a dozen calzones, and he was now laying his multiple meals out on the counters and tables around the kitchen for dinner. “He buttered me up with talk of Nintendogs, and then asked if Spiderman was making me lie to my Aunt about being in a polyamorous relationship.”

“Oh,” Wade said, voice cracking. “That’s, um. What?”
“Yeah,” Peter said weakly, “so now he thinks Spiderman is somehow coercing me into keeping not only our relationship with him a secret from the Avengers, but also my Aunt, and he implied pretty heavily that the fact that he’s making me lie to my loved ones is highly suspect and questionable behavior and that he supports me—us, in our choices, and doesn’t blame us for lying to them but that we should think about why our boyfriend would want us to lie to everyone, and is it really for a good reason.” Peter sucked in a breath to replace the air he’d exhaled while relating, quickly, that awkward run-on sentence.

He picked up a pepperoni calzone and switched it with a feta and spinach one on the table, and then bustled around, moving calzones and pulling out silverware and pouring them drinks from the fridge.

“Well,” Wade said, and Peter could hear him dropping his weapons and belt on the living room floor, and heard too the slithering fabric sound of Wade pulling off his mask before the man appeared in the kitchen as well, looking wide-eyed and put out, “Clint must have passed on the word, because Thor had a talk with me about brotherhood and lying and healthy bonds and matrimonious relationships and if I was sure I wasn’t being taken advantage of by a certain web-slinging hero, and was I positive Spiderman was also giving you, Peter-you, attention as well, since they’d only seen him with me that one time when you were home, presumably, and did I know for certain he was good for us.”

He dropped into a chair at the little table in the dining-room-nook off to the side of the kitchen, and let out a long sigh.

“Oh god,” Peter said, dropping into the chair opposite him. “They’re tag-teaming us.”

“It’s going to work,” Wade said, “if it keeps being this exhausting.”

“Almost makes me want to call out tomorrow,” Peter said.

“Which would be very suspicious,” Wade pointed out, a smile leaking onto his face. “What if they think Spiderman made you stay home.”

Peter let out a bark of laughter, kicked at Wade’s feet beneath the table, and pushed one of three calzones on the table towards his fiance. “Enough Spidey-talk. How was work besides that?”

“Oh! Pete, it was such a fantabulous day. I finally beat Widow in hand-to-hand combat!”

Peter leaned back, impressed. “No weapons?”

“No weapons,” Wade concurred with unrepentant glee. “And I only lost three fingers!”

Peter let out a bark of laughter, kicked at Wade’s feet beneath the table, and pushed one of three calzones on the table towards his fiance. “Enough Spidey-talk. How was work besides that?”

“Oh! Pete, it was such a fantabulous day. I finally beat Widow in hand-to-hand combat!”

Peter leaned back, impressed. “No weapons?”

“No weapons,” Wade concurred with unrepentant glee. “And I only lost three fingers!”

OOO

Let’s do dinner, Tony texted a couple nights later while Peter was perched on a rooftop in the Upper East Side, watching a cat burglar try to pick the lock on a window of a nice brownstone. He was taking a breather, watching to see if the guy actually succeeded in breaking in before going to stop him. Scaring the daylights out of bad guys was one thing, but if the guy was going to be arrested and put in jail, he’d have to actually commit a crime first. And there was a security camera on a building across the street that would catch the whole thing, which the police could use to arrest the guy, and which the prosecution could use to put the guy away.

And Peter would jump in as soon as the guy had even a single hand inside the house. It’s not like he’d watch the guy steal anything. Just, you know, proof would be nice before he strung the guy up in a web cocoon.
And it gave Peter time to answer his texts, also a plus.

*You and me?* Peter texted back.

Tony’s response was immediate. *Don’t be dense, Parker. Us-Vengers, you, your boy, and your other boy.*

And then another text right after it: *And Pepper.*

*And maybe Jane-who-Thor-loves, if you’re ok with her hanging out.*

*And if Jane comes, Darcy-her-sidekick will probably also show up, so it’ll be a full house.*

Peter bit his lip. *We can’t make it tonight,* he responded.

Again, Tony replied immediately. *Of course not tonight. What, do you think I’m some sort of heathen? Who invites people to a dinner party they’re holding the same night? It’s ALREADY night, Peter. No, like, tomorrow, or next week, whenever you and your two boys are available.*

Peter pinched this nose through his mask, took a look at the guy down below (getting closer to picking the lock by the minute), and responded: *Let me ask them what they think* OOO

“So?” Tony asked when Peter walked through the lab’s doors, bright and early the next day. “What did they say?”

‘They’ was just Wade, because ‘Peter’s other boy’ according to Tony et al was in fact just Peter himself. But Peter *had* talked to Wade, late last night, laying in bed in the dark of the night. And really the only conclusion they’d come to was that Peter and Wade and Spiderman could not *possibly* all have dinner together unless they hired a really good Spiderman impersonator or invented a time machine, so Peter could literally be in two places at once.

So.

“I don’t think so,” Peter said, guilt making his voice a higher pitch than he’d normally use. “I mean, Spidey, he’s a busy bee. Bug. A busy bug. Well, an arachnid. Spiders aren’t insects. Insects: six legs, arachnids: eight legs. Of course, Spidey only has two legs, two arms, but—”

“Hey,” Tony said, his voice calm, and Peter cut his eyes to the man, realizing that he’d been talking to the wall, or to the middle distance, and hadn’t even been looking at Tony at all. “It’s fine,” Tony said. “If he doesn’t want to meet us, that’s fine, but I promise we won’t go peeking into his secret identity. I promise, if he did come, he’d be safe, identity and all.”

Peter grimaced at him. “I know,” he said, “but Spidey…” and that was the toss up, right? How could he not offend these people, his friends, when the only way to defend Spiderman was to say that *he,* Peter, didn’t want this to happen? The options were:

1. He let Spidey take the blame for why the couldn’t meet, citing that Spiderman didn’t want to meet the Avengers for secret identity reasons, or nerves, or something, and reiterate that *Peter* knew the Avengers could be trusted but *Spiderman* was just cautious, or didn’t trust the Avengers, which would cause the Avengers to be even more suspicious of Spidey then they already were, which Peter didn’t dig, or,

2. Protect Spidey’s reputation by saying this was *his* idea, and that *he* didn’t want the Avengers meeting Spiderman—for whatever reason. But then the Avengers would be hurt. Tony and
Clint, Natasha, Thor, Steve, Bruce, and even Pepper (because Peter didn’t believe for one second that Tony would withhold this from Pepper) would be hurt. Because it would mean Peter didn’t trust them.

And those were horrible options! Of course Peter trusted the Avengers. Of course he did! They were his friends, they were wonderful people, they were his family. They were as important to him as Aunt May, and so was their opinion of him. He didn’t want them to think he didn’t trust them, because he did. With all his heart he did trust them.

But, that wasn’t quite true, was it? Peter didn’t trust the Avengers. If he did, he might have realized earlier that there was a third option regarding the rooftop-make-out incident. He’d thought there were two options: Let the Avengers think Wade was cheating or tell them that Spiderman was the third part of their trouple (God, Wade was infecting his mind). But there was a third option all along. He could have just told the Avengers the truth. Peter is Spiderman. There is no trouple, Wade wouldn’t cheat, and Peter had been Spiderman all along.

Peter gulped and searched Tony’s face, for what, he didn’t know, but all he found was acceptance and understanding.

“It’s ok,” Tony said, unaware of Peter’s internal revelation, “if he’s not comfortable meeting us, that’s fine. Maybe that can change in the future.” He laughed. “I know Cap’s been dying to invite him to our club. But, like we said, we’re not going to force anything. Just don’t be surprised if we start asking him to movie nights when you and Wade are coming, because we’re polite assholes, if nothing else.”

Peter was going to tell him. Peter was. He had to. He was going to tell Tony Stark he was Spiderman, because the alternative was killing him. Doing this, this rigmarole, with everyone being so nice and understanding while Peter and Wade were lying to their faces was torture. If he didn’t scrape this guilt off his heart it was going to eat him up.

Peter opened his mouth, croaked, and then tried again. “Tony, I’m S—”

“No,” Tony interrupted with a mock-stern expression. “You don’t have anything to be sorry for, Peter. Now, I’m sure you want to get back to work, so I’ll get out of your hair.” Peter opened his mouth to protest and correct, but Tony steamrolled over him. “Pepper’s got me scheduled in a board meeting with some boring execs who want me to blah blah blah.” He waved his hand. “Boring stuff. But you won’t be without company, Bruce’ll be in by noon probably. Ok, see ya, Pete. Give my love to the alfalfa seeds. Ciao!” And then he was out the door.

Peter swallowed, feeling almost dizzy from the combination of Tony’s non-stop whirlwind monologue and his own internal debate, conclusion, and decision.

“That’s… not what I was going to say, Tony,” Peter said weakly to the empty room. “I wasn’t going to say I’m sorry. I was going to say: I’m Spiderman.”

OOO

Bruce did come by around noon, but only long enough to tell Peter that he had to go again, and that lunch would probably just be Steve, Thor and Wade, since the SHIELD Assassins were needed for a SHIELD thing, and Tony was still in meetings, and Bruce himself had had a late brunch with an old friend, so he was begging off to catch up on his experiments.

So Peter headed up to the common area alone, and found his fiance sitting on the couch in the living room beside Thor, chinese takeout in his hand. Steve was on the floor across the coffee table
from them, sitting criss-cross applesauce.

“Very casual,” Peter commented as he entered the room, with a smile on his face. “I like it. It feels cozy.”

“Figured with only four of us we shouldn’t take up the whole dining table,” Steve said.

“Aye,” Thor said, nodding sagely. “and with so many empty seats around us—”

“Empty chairs at empty tables,” Wade sang solemnly, “Now my friends are dead and gone.”

Thor continued unperturbed—we might feel on some hidden level as if we were forsaken by our comrades, which is not true at all. So we are consuming sustenance in a more familial way. I hope you do not mind?”

“Not at all,” Peter said.

“Well, good, pookie,” Wade said. “Now sit your sweet little tush down—” Steve made a face and then tried to hide it in his take-out container, “and dig in.”

Peter examined the set-up. Thor and Wade were both thicc boys and took up the whole couch. Not that Peter would want to sit three people opposite one person. That would be weird. So, even though there were armchairs on each end of the coffee table, Peter settled himself on the floor next to Steve, across from Wade, and Wade pushed a container and a pair of disposable chopsticks towards Peter.

“How has your day been?” Peter asked as he ripped into his beef lo mein.

“Boring,” Wade said immediately.

“We had to attend a seminar,” Steve corrected.

“Only the three of you?” Peter asked, and then, “Tell me it wasn’t a sexual harassment seminar.”

Steve sighed instead of answering.

“Why?” Peter asked, genuinely confused. He hadn’t heard about anything untoward happening recently. Not anything that HR would have to get involved in. “What happened this time?”

Steve sighed again, louder, and raised his eyes to the ceiling as if in prayer.

“Our good Wade,” Thor said, “offered his services to Director Fury during a mission debrief.”

Peter squinted at Wade who fidgeted. “Sexual services?” Peter asked.

Steve sighed very loudly.

“In my defense,” Wade said, “I was totally joking. I’d never really give Director Eye-Patch dome, if you know what I mean.” He waggled his eyebrows, which translated poorly, though identifiably, through the mask. “I was just trying to make a point that the meeting was taking forever and that I’d literally—figuratively—do anything to get out of it.”

“The words Wade spoke were, specifically, ‘Yo Furious, I’d literally suck your dick if you’d just shut up.’” Thor quoted, and boy was it weird hearing those words from Thor’s mouth. His accent was so, upright, hearing, well, hearing him quote anything from Wade would be bizarre, but that sentence was particularly mind-numbing to hear from the God of Thunder.
Peter blinked at his fiance, and Steve sighed again. So loud.

“And Fury was P.O.’d,” Peter concluded, “rightfully so, and made you listen to an impromptu sexual harassment seminar.”

“Don’t call it that,” Wade whined. “It was just Fury yelling at me for like an hour! It was no seminar! I did not walk out of there feeling smarter, just more yelled at.”

“Fury can call it whatever he wants,” Steve said drily. “You should be happy he didn’t schedule you for an actual SHIELD Sexual Harassment. You’d lose a whole week of free time. SHIELD takes their seminars seriously.”

Wade huffed and stuffed a dumpling in his mouth, which he then proceeded to chew while talking, spewing sauce and pork bits and spittle everywhere. “Yeah! But at least it wouldn’t be Fury himself! After hour one I just zoned out. Couldn’t focus on anything. It was annoying at first, and then it was boring.”

“You and I,” Peter said, “are going to have a talk on appropriate workplace behavior.”

Wade leered at him. “Ooohh, are you going to teach me something? Can I call you professor?”

“No,” Peter said immediately, and then considered it. “At least not at lunch.”

“Oh my god,” Steve moaned, and threw a fortune cookie at Wade’s face, and then tossed one at Peter as well. Wade’s bounced off his head, but Peter caught it, unwrapped it, and popped it into his mouth.

“Is not there a tiny document in that desert snack?” Thor asked curiously.

Peter blinked and stuck a finger in his mouth to pull out the now soggy fortune. “Oh dang, the ink’s run.”

“Can you read it?” Wade said. “What’s it say? What’s your fortune, Baby Boy?”

Peter squinted at the text. “A fresh start will put you on your way,” he read, turned it over and continued, “My lucky numbers are: 13, 24, 7, 18, and 30, and the way to say ‘I will see you in the evening,’ in Chinese, is Wanshang jian.” He tried it again. “Wanshang Jian. I’ve got to be saying that wrong.”

“Indeed you must be,” Thor said, “for the AllSpeak understands any language, Midgardian, Asgardian or Alien into the deepest reaches of the universe, and it sounded like nought but nonsense to me.”

“Thanks,” Peter said drily.

“You’re welcome!” Thor responded with genuine enthusiasm. It was unclear whether he hadn’t noticed Peter’s sarcasm, or if he had and was just trolling Peter. Both were equally possible.

“Speaking of proper workplace behavior—” Steve started before being interrupted by Wade.

“We were?”

“Yes,” Steve said with a sigh. “Literally, just now.” he waited to see if Wade would catch on, but he didn’t, just staring at Steve with his head cocked to the side. “Sexual Harassment Seminar? Ring any bells?”
“Oh!” Wade said. “Yeah! I forgot that happened.”

Steve sputtered and spread his arms out, palms up, a silent plea to whatever god could exist in a world that Wade Wilson also existed in. “But we were literally just talking about it!”

Wade shrugged.

Steve dropped his face into his hand, sighed, (barely audible over Peter’s only semi-suppressed laughter), and then popped his head back up with determination drawn in every line of his face. “Speaking,” he said again, with loud confidence, “of workplace behavior,” Wade nodded condescendingly, “we were thinking about having a dinner tonight,” he turned to include Peter in what he was saying, “and inviting you two and your, um, boyfriend?”

Peter’s heart sank, the guilt weighing it down. And then it ballooned up suddenly, into his throat at the reminder that he was going to tell them the truth. He was!

He glanced at Wade’s slack-jaw expression and wondered if he should talk it over with Wade first. It was Peter’s own secret-identity thing, but it seemed rude to just spring this on Wade. Wade took Peter’s civilian-hero dichotomy very seriously.

Steve and Thor exchanged a glance, looking slightly awkward at Peter’s extended silence, and Peter tried desperately to decide if he wanted to say he was Spiderman now, or if he wanted to wait for Wade’s opinion-slash-support first.

But obviously, he’d taken too long because Thor started speaking first. “If you do not feel comfortable introducing your beloved to us at this juncture, do not fear of hurting our feelings. We understand the tenuousness of romance and your paramour’s desire not to interact with us.”

“No, no, no,” Peter said, deciding at the last minute that he’d talk to Wade first, “or, I don’t know. Maybe yes? I’d have to talk to Spidey before making a decision. But, hey, uh, probably not on short notice.” He smiled, or at least, he hoped it looked like a smile. “He’s probably got plans. Going on Patrol or something.”

Wade nodded in uncomfortable-looking agreement. “Yeah,” he said, “busy night. But, we can talk to him? Maybe plan some other day?”

And Peter figured it was a harmless lie, because he’d be able to correct them long before anyone had to concern themselves again with the Peter/Wade/Spidey Dinner Party.

“That sounds good,” Steve said, obviously relieved. “We’d love to meet him.”

“For Spiderman-heroing reasons?” Peter asked archly.

Steve looked slightly pained. “I’m not going to say I don’t want to invite Spiderman to work with us, but I really do just want to meet the fella you and Wade are stepping out with. If he’s important to you, he’s important to us.”

Peter’s heart would have melted if it weren’t already lodged, frozen and heavy in his throat.

“I’ll talk to him,” Wade said, coming to the rescue. “We’ll see what we can do.” And even though Peter knew there was no need to talk, and that he’d already come to a decision, he still couldn’t help the overwhelming warmth Wade’s words sent through him. It thawed his heart enough for it to drop out of his throat, leaving Peter able to smile effortlessly.

“Thanks,” Steve said.
“Tell him we really would like to meet the man whom our friends are enamored with,” Thor said. “Perhaps that will convince him.”

“Perhaps,” Peter agreed with ease, and distracted himself with lunch once more while the conversation turned to less stressful topics.

OOO

Peter was in the lab with Bruce later that afternoon, both of them doing their own, individual experiments (Peter was taking a break from alfalfa seeds to jot down a possible alternate formula to his web fluid that he’d thought up on the spot and was trying to hide by writing it on a scrap torn from the New York Times that he’d found deep in his messenger bag with other detritus; Bruce was doing gods know what), when he received a text from Wade.

*Petey-Pie! I think we should actually do dinner with the Avengies!* (Peter winced at ‘Avengies.’) *It can be just us two. I already got the OK from Natasha (the secret is to surprise her!), and after she pulled the knife out of my chest, she said yeah of course we can come over! It’ll be fun! Intimate dinner with the bros*

Peter bit his lip in consideration, and typed out an off-topic response while he thought.

*Does Natasha know you call her a bro? Be careful, she might stab you again.*

Peter had time to jot down another part of the equation while the ellipses next to Wade’s photo undulated. And then text appeared. *First of all, yes, do you think I’m stupid? Of course the Black Widow knows I call her a bro. She is a bro. She’s the bro-est. Second, I see what you’re doing and you don’t have to worry. It’s just dinner. We do lunch with the A-bro-gers (Peter couldn’t decide if that was worse than ‘Avengies’ or not) all the time, Pete. And dinner with them isn’t exactly a foreign thing either, ya feel?*  

It was a rhetorical question, because another message popped up seconds later.

*C’mon Petey! Let’s get dinner with the Vageners!*  

*WAIT! Does that sound too much like Vagina?*  

*The Vaginas!*  

Peter shot off a quick: *No! Do not! Absolutely do not!*

There was a solid pause before Wade responded: *Fine.*

And then he continued. *But we ARE doing dinner. It’s at 7 long enough for you to run home if you want too, but dude, you’re already here. I have a quick thing I have to do, so I’ll be there maybe late a little bit? Don’t worry about it*  

Peter pursed his lips, staring at his screen. When Wade said shit like that it always felt like Peter should worry about it. But it was just dinner. Wade and Peter had had dinner with the Avengers plenty of times. Peter was a semi-regular member at team movie night, as was Pepper and any other visiting SO. There was no reason this should be any different.

And it wouldn’t be.

Except that the Avengers really hadn’t let the issue with Spiderman drop, and it was wearing Peter down, and—but wait! Dinner. Group dinner. That would be the perfect time to let the spider out of
the bag. He just had to get Wade alone first, but that wouldn’t be impossible. He could say he forgot something in the lab and drag Wade along with him. And then he could at least warn Wade of his plan. He didn’t want to blindside his fiance, and he valued Wade’s opinion.

Yes. That was it. That was good. Dinner as a pretext, drag Wade away for a talk, come back and out himself to the Avengers as a double liar (Polyamory and Secret Hero-ing, what a combination) with Wade’s support. And then hopefully the Avengers won’t feel too betrayed about being lied to double time. Triple time? God, Peter was drowning in so many lies.

And he really, really wanted to put it behind him.

Ok, Peter typed. That actually sounds great. See you tonight I guess, unless you’re going to stop by the lab this afternoon and he added the kissy face emoji.

He debated saying something along the lines of ‘By the way, I’d like to talk with you about something important,’ or ‘Heads up, we need to chat, no pressure,’ or ‘Hey, can we talk real quick tonight?’ But Peter knew a vague text like that would just freak Wade out, so he decided to wait. It’d give Wade less time to freak out or jump to conclusions. If Pete phrased it just right at the party, maybe Wade wouldn’t freak out at all!

(This was unlikely as fuck, considering that the ‘telling the truth’ bit involved Peter outing himself, and the Avengers possibly being upset about it, and Wade was a very protective boyfriend).

See you then! Wade responded, adding an eggplant emoji, an eggplant emoji, a clock face, the dancing salsa lady emoji, and the blowing a kiss emoji. Peter smiled at his phone for a moment longer, unable to help himself in the face of such cuteness, and then regretfully put it away, turning his mind back to the web formula, and eventually the alfalfa seeds.

OOO

Seven came too soon. Peter didn’t even stop working, figuring there was no point in trekking back to his apartment just to return to SI in a few hours. Especially since Wade said he had something to do (The fact that he hadn’t mentioned what it was either meant it was a highly secret Avengers/SI thing, in which case he’d tell Peter when they got home later tonight, or it was a surprise for Peter himself [frankly, a more worrying option] and Peter would find out soon enough) and Peter didn’t fancy going all the way to his apartment just to sit alone in his living room before coming all the way back, when he could do some extra work in the lab, and maybe get some personal research and experimentation done in Tony’s fancy lab as well. Better than using the corner of a desk and his own less-than-stellar safety procedures in his apartment. And!

He could guarantee here in this lab, that nothing of Wade’s could have made itself into the chemicals, or any of the necessarily sterile lab equipment.

Perks everywhere.

But it felt like Peter had barely scratched the surface of his research when he realized Bruce was saying his name, and it felt like maybe he’d been saying it for a while.

“What?” Peter asked, slightly distracted, but trying to force himself to focus back on reality, and his lab mate who was trying to talk to him.

Bruce looked affectionately understanding, like he knew exactly what Peter was feeling, and really, honestly, he definitely did. He spent more time in the lab than Peter did—almost as much as Tony did! And that’s saying something. Tony sometimes spent hours and hours in the lab, which seemed crazy and dangerous to Peter, but Peter liked to fight crime wearing only a layer of spandex and a
“It’s seven,” Bruce said softly, with a knowing smile, and it took another moment for Peter to remember why that was important.

“Oh!” Peter said. “The dinner! Right. Right, right, right.” He started frantically trying to clean up, to shove his papers and data sheets into his bag, and put his dirty glassware in the large metal sink in the corner of the room (that also had quite a few mugs in it a couple of plates as well), and store the rest of his stuff in whatever corners he didn’t think Tony was likely to disturb. “Sorry,” he said, as he shifted things around, somehow making everything worse and more disorganized in his rush. “Sorry, almost done.”

“Take your time,” Bruce said with a laugh. “I doubt they’ll start without us.”

“Still,” Peter said, shoved the last flask into place, and turned to Bruce expectantly. “Done! Ok, let’s go, let’s go.” And he practically ushered Bruce out of the lab and into the elevator, Bruce quietly laughing at him the entire way.

While they rode up Peter checked his phone again, but all Wade had sent him about half an hour previously was a winking emoji, which could mean something but was also so par for the course that Peter just rolled his eyes and shoved his phone back in his pocket.

“Know what we’re having for dinner?” Peter asked Bruce.

Bruce hummed. “No, but if I know Tony, probably something extravagant and expensive or a boatload of pizza.”

Peter laughed, and then let it taper off. “Hey, Bruce?”

“Yes, Peter?” Bruce asked kindly.

Peter sighed. “Almost everyone’s cornered me or Wade, or both of us, about Spiderman—”

“Has anyone said anything cruel?” Bruce asked, sounding tense, like he was ready to be outraged at a moment’s notice but wasn’t quite there yet.

“No,” Peter was quick to say. “No, definitely not. In fact everyone’s been more than supportive about it.”

“Oh,” Bruce said with audible relief. “Good.”

“It’s actually kind of overwhelming,” Peter admitted.

“Well,” Bruce said, sounding slightly out of his element. “I’m sorry about that? But around us I’m afraid you’ll have to get used to overwhelming support. We’re kind of like a huge annoying family in that way.”

Peter grinned at him. “What if it doesn’t work out?” Peter asked, awkwardly, not really sure why he was asking what he was asking anyway. Maybe he was trying to feel out the repercussions of his lies being brought to light. “With Spiderman, I mean,” Peter clarified at Bruce's passive expression of confusion. “What if he isn’t the one for us? What if he’s not who we think he is? What if he’s a…” but he trailed off, not sure what he could say here that would have the same meaning as what he wanted to say, without giving it away. Not yet.

Bruce hummed. “Do you mean, what will you do?”
Peter shook his head. “No,” he let out a little laugh. “We’re still adults, we can handle our boyfriend. But will you guys…” and once more he trailed off.

Bruce let out a sigh. “I’m not sure what you’re looking for me to say Peter. Will we be upset? Of course, but it will always be on your behalf, on Wade’s behalf. It won’t affect how we think of you. The same would happen if you were just dating one single person. We’ll always be on your side. Or do you mean will we think any differently of you? I don’t think so, Peter. No matter what happens, you’ll still be you. You could date and break up with any number of people and I don’t think our opinions of you will change much. Or is there something else you’re worried about?”

Peter shrugged and let out a long sigh. “I’m not really sure myself.”

“Well don’t worry about it so much,” Bruce advised and placed a hand on Peter’s shoulder. “Tonight’s dinner. And if you’re that worried about our support, I’ll talk to the guys about laying off a little?”

“No,” Peter said, “that’s alright. It’s actually, um, kind of sweet.”

Bruce made a pleased sound low in his throat, and then the doors of the elevator opened and the conversation was officially over.

Peter and Bruce left the elevator, and followed their noses down the hall to the common area where, indeed, Tony had stockpiled the kitchen with pizza from, at a first glance, three different delivery places—all non-chain local restaurants. Tony was hovering over a box on top of the stove, with Pepper beside him, holding two glasses of red wine, and Natasha was already making her way to the big table they usually ate lunch at, a plate of pizza in hand.

“Smells delicious,” Bruce said as they entered the room, and pulled a plate from a stack on the counter, before stepping from box to box, seeing what was inside.

“There’s a box of mushroom, black olive next to the sink,” Steve said as he siddled into the room, stepping lightly around Pepper and the pizza-obsessed Tony to get to the fridge.

“Thanks,” Bruce said, making a beeline for that box.

Peter grabbed a plate as well, and took a slice from the first box he came to, classic pepperoni. “Are we the last ones?”

“Hmm?” Steve asked, closing the fridge door. “No, we’re still waiting on one, but since you’re here I’m sure he’ll show up soon.” He gestured to the fridge. “Want something while I’m here? We’ve got juices and water, coke, budweiser,” Tony made a noise of disgust, “or if you want something stronger, Tony’s bar is stocked.”

Peter made a face and distractedly grabbed two slices of something pizza from the next box over. “Uh, coke, please. And thanks. But, sorry, Wade’s not here yet? I thought he’d have been here first.”

There was a beat of awkward silence wherein Peter found himself the victim of many confused looks. Even Tony looked up from his gremlin-like stance over the box of unknown pizza atop the stove.

“What?” Steve asked. “I thought, well, Wade said he’d already told you he couldn’t make it tonight.”

“Oh,” Peter said, slumping a little in on himself. If Wade wasn’t coming… if Wade wasn’t coming
he wouldn’t be able to talk to him first before he told the group he was Spiderman. Should he, should he even go through with it now? He was really looking forward to having Wade at his back. He didn’t want to keep lying to everyone, but he needed to talk to Wade first. It was important that Wade was there, that even if Wade didn’t agree with Peter’s decision, he’d still be there. He’d still know what Peter had planned! He couldn’t reveal who he was to the Avengers without Wade even knowing! That was blasphemy.

Oh.

Without Wade he couldn’t go through with it.

But that was ok, he tried to tell himself. He could talk to Wade tonight, and tell the Avengers tomorrow. It wasn’t that big a deal. Just a small set back.

“He didn’t tell you,” Steve surmised in a monotone.

“Well,” Peter said, “no. The last thing he texted me was a winky face, but winky face does not mean, ‘hey, I’ll be missing dinner with the guys.’ And the last thing before that that he texted me was that he’d invited himself over to dinner tonight with you guys and I was also invited.”

Steve frowned. “That’s not what happened.”

“I’m confused,” Tony said, broadcasting enough that his voice drew Thor, Natasha, and Clint from the other room.

“What are you confused about, Stark?” Clint asked. “Is it the pizza? Pizza is pretty straightforward. Just choose what you want and get your ass into the room so we can eat. I’m starving!”

“No,” Tony said, and stuck his tongue out at Clint (which made Pepper pinch his arm as a reprimand), “Peter was under the impression that Wade was also coming tonight.”

“Oh!” Clint said excited, “the full trouple! Wade’s coming too? Sweet!”

“He’s not,” Steve said.

“He was very clear,” Natasha said in agreement. “He said he had plans tonight, but after lunch, when you looked so down,” she nodded at Peter, “about not being able to bring Spiderman to dinner with us, he’d texted Spiderman and Spiderman said he was free so it’ll just be him. No Wade.”

During Natasha’s explanation Peter’s eyebrows had slowly been rising on his forehead. He thought for sure by the time she finished, that they must be well above his hairline. “I’m sorry,” Peter said with a strangled and false-sounding laugh. “Did you say Spiderman is coming to dinner with us?”

Natasha frowned now too. “Yes. Why? Is that a problem?”

“Is that a problem?” Peter asked with a squeak. “No! Of course not! Why would that be a problem?”

It was just that Spiderman was already right here, and if Peter was already here, and Wade wasn’t coming, but “Spiderman” was! That only meant one thing, and it wasn’t fucking good.

Wade knew where Peter kept the suit, had worn it on a few separate occasions in the past, and Peter could see it, could understand why in Wade’s brain this made sense. If they were going to
keep this up, at some point Peter and Spiderman were going to have to be together in the same
room or eventually it would be suspicious that anyone ever only saw Spiderman and Wade or Peter
and Wade. But. But! Peter was going to tell everyone!

Peter was trying to admit he was Spiderman! That’s what he wanted to do! And now there was
going to be a separate Spiderman in the building, and how could Peter possibly claim to be Spidey
when Spidey was right there?

Peter dropped his head into the palm of the hand that he was not using to carry his pizza. He
groaned into his palm, loudly.

“It does indeed seem to be a problem,” Thor said with a kind tone. “Did you actually indeed not
want us to meet your Man of Spiders?”

Peter groaned again. “No, that’s not it…”

“Oh Peter,” Pepper said, “What’s wrong? If you’re uncomfortable we can—”

“Now wait a minute, Pep,” Tony said, “I want to know why Peter’s upset by this. Peter, I thought
you wanted us to meet him, but it was Spiderman who wasn’t comfortable. But now he’s interested
in coming and you don’t seem into the idea. Did you not want us to meet him? Or did you not want
him to meet us? What’s the deal, Pete?”

No, screw this. Wade made this problem, he could deal with the repercussions. If he’d just told
Peter his plan, Peter would have informed him that Peter already had a plan! And then this
wouldn’t have happened. Peter was going to tell the Avengers. And when “Spiderman” showed up,
Peter could fill him in too. But this was getting way out of hand and Peter was going to do what it
took to stop this from spiraling any further.

“No,” Peter said, “it’s not any of that. I have nothing against you guys meeting Spiderman, or
Spiderman meeting you guys. It’s not that. It’s…” he took a deep breath, “it’s just that Spiderman
isn’t who you think he is, he’s—”

And there was giant sound, a huge reverberation of flesh on inch-thick, bulletproof,
skyscraper-grade glass, and Peter and the other startled members of this get together turned to the
window to find “Spiderman” on the other side of the glass, waving cheerily, hanging onto a web
with one thick, and muscular arm that obviously—or obviously to Peter at least, belonged to Wade
Wilson.

“Whatever issue you’ve got with Spiderman,” Tony said, as he gazed with resignation at the man
clinging to the outside of his building, “maybe hold onto it for a little bit longer? It looks like your
boyfriend’s here.”

Peter let out a long, low, and very annoyed groan. “Fine.”

A clink to his left alerted Peter that Pepper had set down one of the wine glasses she was holding,
so he wasn’t surprised when he felt her hand on his arm. “If you’re really uncomfortable though we
can cancel. Or reschedule. If you don’t want him here…”

Peter groaned again. “No. No, it’s cool. I can work with this. We needed to talk anyway.” He
smiled at her and caught her confused expression. “Me and this guy, I mean,” he said, pointing at
Wade, who was now waving almost frantically at the people who had all approached the window,
who he could definitely see watching him from inside, but who were all of them doing nothing to
let him in.
“Oh,” Pepper said, “ok then.”

“So I should let him in?” Tony said, voice viscerally unimpressed.

“Guess so,” Peter said.

“Hear that, J?” Tony asked.

“Of course, Sir,” Jarvis said, “letting Mr. Spiderman into the building now.” And then the window popped open outwards and Wade scrambled over the lip of glass and into the building, falling to the floor in an (admittedly accurate) facsimile of the Spiderman crouch.

“Hey everyone!” Wade said and oh god, it was so obvious it was Wade. Was this what it was like, hearing Peter talk, and then hearing Peter talk as Spiderman? How did more people not realize it was him?

And speaking of which, this was obviously not going to work. Why did Wade think this would have worked? These were the Avengers. They’d recognize Wade’s voice. They worked with him every day!

But, to Peter’s shock, Steve greeted him without even an iota of recognition. “Spiderman, nice to meet you. We’ve heard a lot about you from Peter, and Wade. Sorry he couldn’t make it.”

“Oh, me too,” Wade said, rising from his crouch and striding across the room with no hesitation, like he’d been in this room many times before (god, Wade was an idiot), “but I’ve been looking forward to getting to know your pretty faces as well! Petey-pie and Wade,” he floundered, “boy talk about you guys all the time! What’ve we got, pizza? Sweet!” and he made for the kitchen immediately, pulling a plate from the dwindling stack on the counter and making a tower of pizza on it.

Pepper looked a little put-off and Peter totally got it. Not even greeting everyone, interrupting introductions just to rush into someone else’s kitchen and start helping himself to so much Pizza? It was a pretty rude way to treat people he was supposed to be meeting for the first time. Objectively it was a very asshole move. Subjectively, Wade already knew these people, and probably on a subconscious level he didn’t think he had to try very hard with these people he already knew and who already knew him.

The problem being that they didn’t know they knew him. So. Yeah. It came off as asshole behavior.

Wade could be very sweet, the very reason he was doing this was to help Peter out (albeit in a weird and unhelpful way), but he was also an idiot and Peter was going to smack him over the head as soon as possible.

The pizza tower Wade was building was quickly getting uncomfortably high, and dangerously wobbly.

“Hey, uh, Spiderman?” Peter called. Wade didn’t respond, and Peter tried again. “Yo! Spidey!”

Still no response.

“No offense, Parker,” Tony said, “but I think your boyfriend might be an ass.”

“Oh my god,” Clint said, “is that why you didn’t want us to meet him? Were you going to break up with him?”
“Does Wade know?” Steve asked. “Or have you not talked to Wade yet about your new, less-than-satisfied feeling with Spiderman?”

“If you wanted to no longer have a bond with Spiderman,” Thor began, “would that affect your relationship with Wade?”

“They’d just talk it out,” Natasha said to Thor, as if it was a given. “Wade wouldn’t give up Peter for this guy.” She gestured to Wade, who was so busy building a pizza tower he wasn’t even paying attention to them.

“Peter,” Bruce said with a soft voice, “is that why you asked about it in the elevator? I thought you were speaking hypothetically.” His voice held too much regret, and it broke the shocked silence Peter had been stagnating in.

“No,” Peter said, “sorry. This guy is being an asshole, but I’m not breaking up with him. Not quite. There are just… extenuating circumstances.”

“Do you want us to step out?” Pepper asked. “Leave you two to talk for a moment? Since it seems you have something to say to him.”

“Thank you, but no.” Peter scoffed. “I wouldn’t kick you guys out of your own area just because my boyfriend and I need a chat anyway, but especially not for this. There’s something you guys should know about Spiderman, and I’m going to make sure you get that info. Today. Even if I have to beat some sense into him.” He pointed at Wade, whose tower was over two feet tall, and who was starting to resemble Shaggy carrying all that food, missing only a great dane to complete the look.

“Ok,” Steve said, sounding vaguely uncomfortable. “If you say so.”

“I do,” Peter said. “Just, ok...” He marched over to Wade and poked him in his side.

Wade squealed and jerked away from Peter’s finger, causing the pizzas to start to topple, but Wade’s quick reflexes got them all back on the plate before any hit the floor, though the stack became much less organized in the process.

“Pete-Pete,” Wade whined in admonishment. “I almost dropped my pizzas!”

“Mmmhmm,” Peter said, and Wade finally caught sight of Peter’s unimpressed expression.

“Sorry,” Wade whispered, “but, surprise! Isn’t this perfect?”

Peter shook his head and whispered, “The opposite actually, for reasons I was going to tell you about next time I saw… Wade. But Wade’s not here.” He pressed his lips together and shrugged.

“Oh,” Wade said, a little put out. “But, since I’m here, and Wade isn’t, and you are, isn’t that a good thing?”

Peter shook his head, stomach clenching up. Wade had thought up a theoretically really clever idea and had followed through with it with only a few snags. Peter would normally be really proud, really happy for Wade. But this time it was wrong. Peter didn’t want to tear down Wade’s hard work. He was going to do it, because it needed to be done, but he was definitely going to feel bad about it.

“Hey Spidey,” Peter said, louder now, at regular talking volume.
“Yes?” Wade asked cautiously.

“How’re you gonna eat all those pizzas?” Peter asked.

Wade scoffed. “What’chu on about? I’m going to—” he put his hands to his neck, right where the lip of the Spiderman mask ended, and paused, realizing what Peter had realized right away. If Wade raised his mask up to his nose like he normally did when eating in his suit he’d reveal all of his very identifiable scars. If Spiderman had as much scar coverage on his face as Wade did the Avengers would at least question it. He dropped the plate onto the counter in shock. The top two slices slid off onto the marble countertop.

Peter shot Wade a sympathetic look. “Sorry boo, but this is literally not going to work out.”

Wade looked at Peter, the wide white eyes of the Spiderman mask looking straight into Peter’s soul (and boy was that weird, seeing the suit on a body, from the outside. He was used to being inside it), and then raised his head to look past Peter, at the assembled Avengers, and Pepper.

“We can still make this work,” Wade said, but he didn’t sound like he believed it at all.

Peter shook his head. “What if I don’t want it to?”

Quieter than should have been audible to Peter if he wasn’t also Spiderman, Clint whispered to Natasha, “Is he going to break up with Spiderman right here?”

Peter closed his eyes and shook his head, trying to figure out how to say what he wanted and failing pretty spectacularly. “I realized I want to… I don’t want them thinking I…”

And Wade, bless his entire existence, caught on immediately. “Oh Peter! Why didn’t you say—oh, right, because we didn’t talk. Ugh, I’m the worst!”

“No!” Peter said, and leaned in for a tight hug. “I could’ve given you a heads up too, but I wanted to talk to you in person first. Before I…” Peter shook his head again. “I was going to drag you off for a sec before dinner, but then,” he gestured to Wade’s body.

“Or not?” Clint whispered, slightly louder, and this time Natasha shushed him.

“Yeah,” Wade said roughly. “So, what now? Where do we start?”

“Is this romantic?” Peter heard Steve whisper. “I can’t tell if it’s sweet or weird.”

“Mood,” Tony said aloud, not even hinting towards a whisper.

Both Natasha and Steve shushed him.

“It is romantic!” Peter said, looking at the group behind him. Steve looked suddenly embarrassed. Peter turned back to Wade. “Well first, I’m going to let you take the lead in revealing your secret identity.”

“Oh hey!” Bruce said, “That’s not necessary if—”

At the same time, Tony said, “Woah, not cool Parker! You can’t force heroes to out themselves if they don’t want to. It’s up to Spiderman if he wants—”

And at the same time as both of them, Thor said, “Nay, young Parker. We do not want the Man of Spiders to provide us with any information he does not wish to give us!”
And there were other voices thrown in as well, a cacophony of voices objecting to Spiderman outing himself when he wasn’t ready to, or might not want to, and Peter had to laugh.

Wade raised his hands above his head and the voices quieted. “Now class,” Wade said, “don’t you worry your little heads. Petey-piper here isn’t making me do a single thing I don’t want to do.”

There were a few, “You really don’t have to”s and “Don’t feel pressured”s but Pepper’s voice cut through them all. “Are you sure?” She asked, her eyes drilling into Wade’s, and Wade nodded. “Alright then,” she said, and that was enough for everyone else.

Thank god.

It was getting a little out of hand.

Wade stepped a little closer to the Avengers, putting himself slightly in front of Peter. “Alright folks, are y’all ready for the strip tease to conquer all other strip teases?”

Steve made a face.

“Aww shucks,” Peter said, “and I left all my ones in my other pants. Damn.”

Wade turned and blew Peter a kiss. Again, an odd thing coming from the Spiderman mask. But, whatever, Peter was all about new and unique experiences.

Wade turned back towards the Avengers, and fidgeted a little, and then pressed his palms to both of his cheeks. “Now I’m embarrassed,” he said in a cutesy falsetto. “No one look at me!”

Peter tried to roll his eyes in exasperation, but probably ended up looking mildly amused instead, because he couldn’t stop himself from smiling.

“I don’t want to pressure you,” Tony said, “but if you don’t reveal yourself—or whatever soon, could we postpone this? The pizza’s getting cold.”

“No!” Wade shouted, a cry of pure pain, and ripped the mask from his head without hesitating a second longer. He reached over to the closest pizza, one that had dropped from his stacked plate, and shoved the entire thing into his mouth, causing him to choke a little, but he hardly noticed, just started chewing, his cheeks bulging like a chipmunk.

“Wade?” Clint asked, mouth agape. “What the hell?”

“Nawi uh me woo!” Wade said around his food.

“He said,” Peter translated, “‘Nice to meet you,’ but that was him just being an asshole. He knows you guys recognize him.”

Wade gave a thumbs up.

“You’re not Spiderman,” Steve said, like he knew it was the truth, but maybe saying it slowly would trigger an explanation for how it became necessary for him to have to state it at all.

Wade swallowed the last bits of his pizza in a gulp that looked seriously painful and said, “I’m sure as hell not!”

“Why would you pretend?” Thor asked.

“Where’s the real Spiderman?” Pepper asked.
“You know,” Tony said, “we kind of already knew he didn’t want to meet us just yet. You didn’t have to pretend to be the guy just to make us like him or something.

Peter shook his head, coming up beside Wade to rest a hand on his fiance’s shoulder. “If that had been his reasoning he wouldn’t have acted like an ass first thing first.” He turned to Wade. “Babe, when you’re meeting people for the,” he made air quotes, “‘first time’ it’s polite to introduce yourself, wait as everyone else is introduced, and actually be invited to grab food before you start stacking your plate.”

“Oohhh,” Wade said, “is that that manners thing you keep saying I need more of?”

Peter rolled his eyes. “You’re such a troll. Yes. Get some manners.”

Wade leaned in to peck Peter’s cheek, and when he leaned back Peter saw that he’d also used the temporary closeness to the counter behind Peter to snag another slice.

“So what was the reason?” Natasha asked, “If it wasn’t a misguided attempt to endear us to Spiderman in some way? We would have met, talked to even, the real Spiderman eventually.”

“He wasn’t really thinking in the long-term,” Peter said, and ruffled the back of his head with a hand, shoulders suddenly tense. But then Wade was in his space, pressing his side against Peter’s, giving him support, and Peter let himself relax, just a little. “See, Wade thought he was being helpful. It was actually sweet,” he turned his head to meet Wade’s eyes, no mask between them to hide behind, and smiled at the endearing man that had done—would do, so much for him.

“After telling you guys that we were dating Spiderman,” Peter continued, letting his eyes roam the room, gazing at kind and curious face after kind and curious face, “we knew eventually you’d have to meet him. Any third to our couple would of course be brought up. We think the world of you guys, and we’d want to include them in it as well.”

“So you’re not dating Spiderman?” Bruce asked, brow furrowed. “This is starting to sound hypothetical.”

Peter put a hand up to pause that thought. “If we were dating someone, if we were in a polyamorous relationship, we would of course want to include you guys. We’d want you to meet them. And since we’d told you we were dating Spiderman, we knew eventually you’d have to meet him if we didn’t want you to get suspicious.”

“Suspicious?” Natasha asked drily.

“So if you’re not dating Spiderman,” Steve said, “how were you going to have us meet him?” He pursed his lips. “Like this I guess?” He gestured to Wade.

Wade shook his head, but it was Peter who continued. He wanted to tell the truth, he wanted to explain, and with Wade with him it wasn’t even hard.

“It would have been the real Spiderman you’d have met,” Peter said. “We’re not that dumb. Well, I thought we weren’t that dumb,” he shot a smile at Wade. “You saw how well this turned out. But eventually we would have introduced you to the real Spidey, the same Spidey you would have met if you were out fighting and he showed up to lend a hand.”

“Only,” Wade said, “Y’all might’ve noticed that whenever one of us showed up with Spidey, it would always have been Spidey and me, ya see?”

“Not really,” Bruce admitted.
“Perhaps,” Thor said slowly, “only maybe not.”

“Spiderman, the real Spiderman,” Peter said, “could only ever show up with Wade. It would always be Wade and me or Wade and Spidey. Never me and Spidey. So Wade decided to give you guys one instance of Spiderman and Peter Parker being in the same room so you’d never, like I said, get suspicious.”

“Oh god, you are Spiderman!” Tony said. “Oh my god. My intern is Spiderman. And obviously isn’t in a threesome with himself, himself, and his fiance.

“Bingo, baby!” Wade snapped, and did a twirl right there in the middle of the kitchen, like a beautiful spider-inspired ballerina.

“See,” Peter said, “what Wade didn’t know was that I simultaneously had decided to just tell you all who I was. That I was him. Spiderman. That I panicked when you caught me and Wade necking on the roof of our apartment building, and when I realized you hadn’t guessed who I was, I took it as a blessing and ran with it because I’ve been hiding my secret identity so long, it was second nature to just add more lies to keep the secret a secret. I am Spiderman, I always have been and always will be. But you all were right. You’re like family to me, and I really hate lying to my family. And more than that, I realized that I wanted you to know.”

“Aww,” Pepper said, hand on her heart. “Peter! You are the sweetest boy. Come here, I’m going to hug you now.” And she strode forward, arms open, and Peter had no choice but to step into them and let them wrap around him. A second presence appeared at his side, Wade, making it a group hug.

“So you’re not mad?” Peter asked, voice small.

“Of course not!” Pepper exclaimed, and let Peter pull away just enough that he could see everyone’s faces.

“I’m a little confused,” Clint admitted, “but I think I’m getting there.”

“What we told you hasn’t changed,” Tony said, “we support you.”

“And we understand hiding your identity,” Natasha added.

“Thank you for telling us,” Thor said with sincerity. “I have many questions, like our archer, but I too wish to embrace you with open arms.”

“Group hug!” Wade shouted.

“And then can we eat the Pizza?” Tony asked. “It really is going to get cold soon and DelMonico’s should never be eaten cold.”

“Tony,” Pepper chided with smile in her voice.

“And it’s kind of cool,” Steve said with a huge smile. “We are going to end up having dinner with Wade, Peter, and Spiderman after all.”

“Yeah,” Clint agreed, “but the real question is, can I still call them a trouple even if there are only two people involved?”

“No,” said practically everyone, but Peter was close enough to Wade to hear his fiance cry out a very resounding, “Yes!”
Chapter End Notes

Based on prompt requests from CesWest, Da_notso_Lazy_righter, Cahlandrah, Sage, and many more
I hope you enjoyed!
I’ve kinda fallen down a rabbit hole of MCU Peter goes on a school Field Trip to SI, and I may have to write one of those before I get to anything else? Because #obsession
Forgotten; in which several assumptions are made, not all of them right

Chapter Notes

Hey, everybody, it’s been a hot minute. Not the longest break I’ve ever taken, but one nonetheless. Sorry about that. Summer was… hectic. That’s a word for it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Virginia [Middle Name Redacted] Potts was many things. She was smart, hardworking, a go-getter, passionate and kind, serious when seriousness was needed, and unfortunately, was sometimes—not too often, but sometimes, forgotten. It wasn’t purposeful, she knew, but it happened nonetheless. It was to be expected, honestly, since the man she was dating, and living with, was a superhero, and all of his coworkers and fellow superheroes lived in the same house [skyscraper] as both she and Tony did. She didn’t let this bother her, because as well as all those other things, she was also a mature adult person, and could handle it when Tony forgot to inform her of something.

Honestly he was leagues better than he’d been before they started dating, and before he’d become Iron Man. He remembered mostly everything nowadays. But it was always the big things that seemed to somehow slide through the cracks.

He hadn’t told her that he’d promoted her to being his Personal Assistant (so many long, long years ago) until her first paycheck was deposited into her bank account and it was well over ten times the amount she was expecting. Frankly, it had given her a heart attack, and she’d spent hours on the phone with first the bank, and then Stark Industries’ financial department before finally calling Tony and yelling at him to goddamn tell her if he promotes her! God!

He didn’t tell her that he’d started calling her Pepper to her coworkers, his employees, and his few (very few) friends. Just, one day she realized that everyone Tony came into contact with called her that. A nickname that had started out as something stupid Tony called her had flourished, without her noticing, into something that felt more like her name to her than Virginia did.

He never told her, even, why he started calling her Pepper, and to this day she didn’t know. She asked, often, and sometimes he’d say it was because of her firecracker personality, and sometimes he’d say it was because she came in to confront him about his mathematical error with pepper spray armed and ready to go, and sometimes he’d say it was referring to her freckles, and her blazing red hair. All three were mostly true, but who really knew why he started it? It hardly mattered now. Pepper was as good as her name, no matter the reason, or lack thereof.

Even after years of working as his PA, Tony never told her when Rhodey was visiting, despite knowing she’d find out anyway. He didn’t tell her when Hammer tried to stage a takeover in the late 90s, and he didn’t tell her when Hammer tried again in the early 2000s. (Both times were abject and humiliating failures on Hammer’s part, but still, it would have been nice if she’d have been informed, instead of finding out about it from a form-letter-style company-wide email.)

He hadn’t told her he was Iron Man, and he hadn’t told her when he was dying from Palladium poisoning. He hadn’t told her when he’d invited the Avengers to move-in, they’d just shown up one day. He didn’t tell her what he worked on all day in the lab, and he didn’t tell her before he went to go save the world (no time, he claimed, again and again and again, and she supposed he
was right, though she didn’t like it). He didn’t tell her lots of things.

(He didn’t necessarily blame him for this. They led very busy lives. She forgot to tell him things sometimes as well.)

So, she supposed, it was just par for the course that he’d forgotten to tell her that Peter Parker, Tony’s young intern, and a boy that had somehow wormed his way into the hearts of all of the Avengers (and herself), and who it turned out was engaged to Wade Wilson (the Avenger who had the most tenuous hold on sanity and reality), was actually Spiderman.

She’d come to the conclusion not long after they’d figured out Peter and Wade were actually dating. Peter just made a little too many references to swinging by places before or after work, he always seemed to be late on days Spiderman was sighted taking down the Green Goblin or tussling with Mysterio, and frankly, Pepper had seen him surreptitiously pull his sleeves down low to cover the red, webbed spandex peaking out at his wrists too many times to count. At first, when she thought of it she’d thought she was being ridiculous. What were the odds of another hero winding up at Avenger Tower?

Which was a stupid though, she realized immediately. All heroes ended up here eventually.

But she’d gone youtube-ing for clips of Spiderman talking and she’d found them. And found out that Peter didn’t even try to disguise his voice while out in his hero suit.

Dear god, the boy was sweet, but just a tad slow.

So, yes, it was obvious to Pepper that Peter Parker, Intern, Fiancé to Deadpool, and generally good guy, was also Spiderman.

And it was also obvious that everyone else had to know. How could they not? They were all heroes. Why wouldn’t they mingle out and about in the streets? Probably Peter had mentioned it, or possibly the Avengers had beaten him to it, figuring it out (Like Pepper had) before Peter had a chance to announce it himself. And how could they not? Tony and Bruce spent so much time with Peter, it was unfathomable that they hadn’t figured it out. So, Pepper knew, they had to have. They had to know, and no matter how they’d found out, they had found out, and then they’d just forgotten to mention it to Pepper.

She wasn’t upset. Tony often forgot to tell her things, but, as usual, she’d figured it out on her own. She was clever.

That wasn’t a brag, it was a fact. It’d be hard being both CEO of Stark Industries and dating Tony Stark full time and not be clever.

But she didn’t say anything—not for a long while, and certainly not on purpose. She wasn’t that type of person, to rub it in the nose of those who forgotten about her that she’d figured it out anyway. Virginia [Middle Name Redacted] “Pepper” Potts was many things, but petty wasn’t one of them.

Pepper got the first inkling that maybe things weren’t what she believed them to be when Tony came home one evening looking shell-shocked and gutted, and made a bee-line to the medicine cabinet for sleeping pills, shucking day clothes as he went.

“What’s wrong?” Pepper asked, as she watched him stumble across their bedroom first towards the
bathroom, and then out of the bathroom towards their bed. She was curled up in a cushy armchair, a red wine on the end table next to her and a manila folder with paperwork that she really could wait until tomorrow to do on her lap.

“Caught Wade cheating on Peter,” he mumbled and then grimaced as he downed the sleeping pills dry.

“What?” She demanded, instantly on her feet. She didn’t know Wade as well as Tony did, but she ate lunch with him often enough to know that this seemed bizarrely out of character. Wade didn’t just wear his heart on his sleeve where Peter was concerned. Wade practically radiated his love for Peter, he shouted it from the mountain tops, wrote it in the sky, sang it to the ocean. Wade was loudly and vociferously in love with Peter Parker. She could not imagine he’d ever cheat on Peter. Ever.

Tony nodded at her, and then dropped face first into their bed, clothes half-on half-off of him. “Caught him with his pants down with Spiderman,” Tony mumbled into the bedspread. His voice was already slurring as he drifted into sleep. She wanted to shake him awake, demand he explain himself. “Another hero of all people…” he muttered and then trailed off.

“Wait,” Pepper said, “I’m confused, who did you catch Wade with?” She thought he’d said Spiderman, but that couldn’t be right, because Peter was Spiderman. Tony had been talking into the mattress, so it was very possible she’d misunderstood him.

But he didn’t answer her besides a snore.

“Oh Tony,” she sighed and shook her head. And then she downed her wine in one fell swoop. She needed it.

Whatever it was, she could suss it out of him tomorrow.

But tomorrow held even fewer explanations. Tony went to the lab early, before even Pepper woke up (which was very backwards of them. Usually she was the one up and ready to go first thing in the morning and he slept in till Jarvis overrode the snooze on his alarm.) and Pepper had no doubt that he was forcing his emotions down in the only way he knew how: playing loud music and inventing things. Not the healthiest of ways to process, but not the worst either. Better than drinking by a long shot.

Only she also had a job to do, Stark Industries wasn’t going to run itself, was it? So she’d have to wait to get the whole story out of him later, hoping all the while that it had been some misunderstanding, and Tony would come back with a funny anecdote instead of another expression of disappointment and shock.

And in the evening, after skipping a lunch with Tony and Natasha and neither Peter nor Wade in order to finish her work even faster, she ended up not get to see Tony at all anyway.

“Jarvis?” she asked, slipping off her heels and then massaging the sole of one foot, and then the other.

“Sir is currently on this fifty-sixth repeat of ‘Shoot to Thrill’ and has activated his Do-Not-Disturb protocol,” Jarvis told her, and then emitted just a whisper of electronic white noise that was his version of a sigh.

Part of her wanted to march down there and demand an explanation, but that wasn’t the kind of
gesture that got through to Tony. Sometimes, yeah, bursting in and demanding he talk, worked. But now… she knew him well enough to know that what he needed was time in his own head, time to blow off some steam. If she went to him now he’d be impossible.

So instead she went to bed alone and hoped that Tony would join her sometime in the night.

This new schedule of her days (Waking up with Tony already gone, working all day, either missing lunch with Tony and his friends, or having lunch canceled on her, coming home to find Tony still in the lab or already fast asleep, going to sleep alone) lasted almost four more days before she put her foot down. It was on the fourth day that she decided enough was enough. Pepper Potts was clever, but even she couldn’t figure out why Tony was in this fugue, why, it seemed, everyone was in this fugue. Yes, Tony had said they’d caught Wade cheating on Peter, but that made about as much sense as when Tony had said the person Wade had been cheating with was Spiderman.

Obviously she was missing something.

But in the meantime, Tony’s forced isolation needed to come to an end, and frankly, she’d like to talk to Peter, and Wade, herself. Just to see if she could figure out what was going on.

So she invited everyone to lunch. A mandatory lunch. And maybe she could figure out what was really going on without too much fuss.

She ordered chinese food, she set the table, she watched as the Avengers filed in, filled their plates, sat and ate and chatted. They were doing a bang up job of pretending everything was normal. Honestly.

And when Wade and Peter showed up, and sat next to each other, closer than normal, Pepper could definitely tell something was wrong. They were a little too subdued even when Wade was being too loud. And Peter… Peter seemed protective. That was the only word for it. He looked ready to, at a moment’s, jump to Wade’s defense, and that was… odd.

Why would Peter need to protect Wade from the Avengers? From even herself?

She wasn’t going to hurt anybody.

But even as lunch passed, and all of them ate and chatted, she could feel the tension heavy in the room.

And then Thor started telling a long-winded morality tale that involved a king’s courtier betraying the trust of his beloved, and something about frost giants, and a side-step into an action subplot concerning the Warrior Sif. Pepper couldn’t really tell where Thor was going with it, but Peter was getting more and more tense, his shoulders rising and his expression turning more stony, and Wade had started to slump in his chair.

“... so the treacherous Bragi pulled Hod through Jotunheim, going slow, for Hod had no sight in his eyes, in search for the apples that he had stolen from his wife, Idun, and which might be able to return her to him, if he were to discover their whereabouts. He could not know if returning the apples to Idun would be enough, but it was the least he could do to atone for his act of betrayal.”

Peter had his teeth clench ed together so hard a vein was popping out along his jaw, and Wade was practically only shoulders and head above the table. The tension was heavy, but it was the way Tony was reacting to the story that told Pepper how serious this was.
Tony, who could bluster and bluff with the best of them, whose poker face was faultless, as much as she sometimes hated it, who would ignore you and joke around at your expense when it suited him, had his phone out, and was fidgeting with it nervously, hardly looking at it, or at Thor at all.

Whatever it was that was wrong, was very wrong.

But Pepper couldn’t see how this tale of Thor’s was helping any. Who knows, maybe if she had the full story it would make sense, and she’d be buried under the same tension that everyone else seemed to be. But she didn’t know what was going on, and so the tension felt uncomfortable and unnecessary. Frankly, Pepper was tired of it.

So she broke it.

“Speaking of apples,” she said, not loudly but sharply, and Thor broke off his winding, meandering story with the quiet click of his teeth, “or not exactly apples, but things that can be made into a dessert… so, I suppose, speaking of desserts, who wants dessert?”

Tony looked at her with wide eyes behind colored sunglasses, and his lips twitched, just the tiniest bit, in confusion. She raised her eyebrows at him, and he subsided.

For half a second the room was awkwardly silent, and then Peter’s hand shot into the air so fast she almost didn’t see it move, and with a voice seeped in relief and gratitude he said, “I would absolutely kill for an apple pie right now. Or something. A dessert.” He blinked at her, and some maternal part of her that only reared its head for kittens and baby lizards and Tony’s bots cooed loudly at the back of her brain. If anything ever happened to Peter she would rip the world apart with her bare hands to help him.

She got the feeling that he inspired that protectiveness in lots of people. Certainly everyone in the room.

“You are a dessert, baby boy,” Wade cooed at Peter, though it didn’t feel as natural as his flirting usually did.

Steve cleared his throat and immediately Wade shifted back and closed his mouth. “Yes,” Steve said, “anyway, dessert. Right.” He blinked. “What are we having?”

“Apple pie sounds fine to me,” Clint said.

“I don’t know how you can eat any more,” Natasha complained, and she, perhaps, sounded the most like herself, “I’m stuffed.”

“That’s what you get for wiping us out of egg fu young,” Clint said with a little laugh.

She waved that away with the back of her hand. “Whatever. Just get what you guys want, but don’t include me. I don’t need any sweets.”

“I’d love some sweets,” Bruce said quietly.

“Then the rest of us will order something sweet,” Pepper pronounced. She checked her watch, a delicate feminine thing that Tony had bought her, unknowingly, for her birthday over a decade ago. “But actually let’s make it quick. I really should be getting back.”

“You’re always running away from us,” Wade complained. “And here I thought you liked us.” He pouted, his bottom lip sticking out and quivering in artificial sadness. Peter whacked Wade on the shoulder, and then they grinned at each other.
“I do like you,” Pepper said, which happened to be truth, “but I also like it when my secretary doesn’t have an aneurysm, and if I’m late for another meeting I think he’s actually going to have an aneurysm.”

“Pie’s not exactly quick,” Steve pointed out.

“We’re not making it ourselves,” Tony said with a scoff. “We’ll order something up, lickity-split.”

“Lickity-split,” Wade repeated with a leer, “why, that sounds like—”

He was cut off when Peter clapped a hand over his mouth. “Bad Wade,” Peter scolded, fond amusement in his voice.

The tension rose for a moment, shoulders going back, chins going down, but then Pepper spoke, and she could feel the tension fold itself away again. It didn’t disappear, but it was folded up and tossed in a trunk, ready to be extracted again at a moment’s notice.

“Is pie good for everyone?” She asked, and then waiting only for a quick moment for the nods that she knew were coming, said, “Jarvis, could you have some pies sent up? A few apple pies, maybe cherry, a couple of peach ones?”

Tony laughed. “You’re ordering for a hoard,” he complained. “We did just eat lunch you know.”

Pepper nodded. She did know. But she also knew that Thor and Steve’s stomachs were seemingly bottomless, and though she hadn’t noticed it particularly in person, she would bet, what with his own super strength and endurance, that Peter also had a super-fast metabolism and wouldn’t mind a pie all to himself. Or two. “What we don’t eat we can save for tomorrow,” she said, but she doubted, honestly doubted, there’d be much leftovers at all.

The pies were delivered almost immediately (the perks of dating a billionaire, she supposed), and immediately they were pounced upon.

Steve pulled an apple pie towards himself with a sheepish expression, but didn’t slice a piece and put back the rest. He cut it into wedges and then ate the wedges one at a time, with fork and knife, because she suspected he’d been raised well. Thor also snagged a whole pie for himself, a cherry one, and dove into it with only a spoon and a god’s worth of gusto.

“Too bad we don’t have any ice cream to go with it,” Bruce said, as he watched the pies get passed around. He hadn’t grabbed one for himself yet, but when he did, he cut himself just a sliver of apple pie.

“That’d be so good,” Clint moaned, slicing a piece from the same pie that was substantially more than a sliver.

“Too late now,” Natasha said, who, true to her word, did not have any pie at all. She crossed her arms over her chest. “Should have thought of that earlier.”

They could definitely order down for ice cream, Pepper knew. It wouldn’t even take that long. But she didn’t personally want any, and was happy to let Natasha make the decision for the rest of the table.

Tony had sliced a quarter of a peach pie for him and Pepper to share (how romantic, she nearly swooned), and as she was placing a delicate forkful of sugary peach and flaky crust into her mouth, she noticed that Wade and Peter were sharing a slice of apple smaller than the one she and Tony were sharing.
Her first instinct was, again, to coo internally at how cute the two of them were. Wade was mostly vulgar, but with Peter it always somehow came across as adorable instead of disgusting. She didn’t know why.

Her second thought was to frown and lower her fork of pie back onto her plate. Peter had to be hungry enough to have a whole pie, just like Thor and Steve. But there he was, splitting a slice with Wade.

That just wouldn’t do.

“Well,” Pepper said, leaning forward so she could push the rest of the pie towards Peter, “that’s not enough at all. Go on, eat up.”

Peter gave her an odd look.

Quietly, almost as an aside, meant just for her, Tony said, “Pep, dear, don’t you think that’s a little much? I mean, I know he’s a growing boy but he did just finish a quart of lo mein all by himself.”

She frowned at Tony, and then at Peter, who was looking at her with a curious expression and had made no movement towards the rest of the pie she’d pushed towards him. The others were also giving her curious looks, because Tony Stark was many things, but quiet wasn’t one of them.

“He did,” Pepper said slowly, feeling like she was missing something, something very obvious. “And he also finished off a pint of fried rice, eight egg rolls, two orders of cream cheese rangoons, and drank a two litre of Mr. Pibb. But I’ve seen Steve eat double than that and then wipe out a freezer’s worth of rocky road ice cream. Why shouldn’t Peter have a pie for himself?”

“Pepper are you feeling ok?” Tony asked jokingly, but with a strand of real concern in his tone. “That’s Steve. Of course Steve can eat that much. He’s Captain America. But Peter’s no super soldier.”

That was true. Of course, Pepper didn’t really know about Peter’s dietary needs. She’d just been making assumptions. But still, Peter wasn’t acting like he was stuffed. In fact, at the moment he was looking downright worried. And it kind of looked like he was gripping Wade’s hand beneath the table, though she couldn’t be sure, what with the table being in the way and everything. Wade was just making a pained expression, like someone with superhuman strength was crushing his hand.

“Guess you’re the new baseline, huh Steve?” Clint asked, teasing the other man. “Does that mean I can get a pie to myself as well?”

“Only if you eat it all,” Natasha said, “right now.”

“I’ll barf,” Clint whined.

Natasha shrugged. “Then that’s the sacrifice.”

“Please don’t make yourself vomit,” Bruce asked, sounding tired.

“Is it a competition?” Thor asked. “In my younger years, the warriors three and I would compete to see how much we could consume before needing to expel it once more. And then we would see how far the food would fly when projected from our mouths.”

“That’s disgusting,” Steve said, and Natasha nodded solemnly.
“Where can I sign up?” Wade asked, his voice coming out hollow and strained. Almost as if he were trying to hide the fact that he was in pain.

Peter was still staring at Pepper with wide eyes.

“Let go,” she mouthed to Peter, not wanting to embarrass him.

“What?” Peter croaked aloud, drawing attention to himself.

She pursed her lips. She had tried to avoid that. “I said, you should let go of Wade’s hand. I think you might rip it off.”

Peter’s eyes flashed down to beneath the table, and then he jerked, letting go of Wade’s hand, and pulling away from his fiancé, just a little. “Oh, sorry Wade.”

“Ha ha,” Wade said, voice almost normal. There was a slight creaking noise, like Wade was stretching his hand out and the bones were shifting awkwardly, “not a problem baby boy. I like it when you hold tight to me.” He waggled masked eyebrows and leered at Peter. Again, Pepper found it sweet, for some inexplicable reason.

Though, Pepper did notice that Wade kept the hand beneath the table. Perhaps Peter had actually hurt him in a visible way, and Wade too wanted to protect Peter from the embarrassment of their colleagues realizing Peter had accidentally injured Wade while his mind had wandered.

“All this over a little pie,” Tony joked. “I mean, if you’re that worried about if Peter’s eating enough, we can send him home with a pie, that’d be no problem.”

Pepper nodded, and then turned to Peter, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to put you in the spotlight or anything. You can take home as much food as you want.” Peter nodded. “I just figured, you know, with all the crime fighting and the super-strength,” she shrugged, “your metabolism must be lightning fast.”

Peter’s eyes were bugging out of his head and she blinked at him in concern. A word of concern was on the tip of her tongue when Tony interrupted her, first by laying the back of his hand against her forehead, and second by saying, “Pep? Are you feeling ok?”

“What?” she asked, turning to Tony, who looked actually worried. She swatted his hand away from her face. “Yes, I’m fine. What are you doing?”

“I’m checking on my girlfriend,” Tony said slowly, and patronizingly, in a way Pepper hated, “who’s spouting gibberish.”

Pepper gaped at him.

“Pepper,” Bruce said gently, drawing her attention to him, and thus revealing to her that those assembled around the table were all looking at her with varying shades of concern. Except for Peter, whose eyes were still bugging out (Had he forgotten to even blink?) and Wade, whose expression was stoically casual. “You haven’t perhaps gotten Peter mixed up with, well, Captain America, have you? Or Thor?”

“Or the Hulk?” Natasha added drily, but with slightly pursed lips that were a little too tense than normal lunches normally entailed.

“What?” Pepper asked, feeling as if she’d fallen into the twilight zone, or some crazy backwards reality. “Yes! Yes, I know who Peter is. Steve is Captain America. Thor’s got the appetite of a
“God.”

“Verily,” Thor agreed.

“Bruce,” she said, “you’re not Hulked out right now. I can see you, right here. Of course Peter isn’t any of you.” She glared around the table.

Were they having her on? Trying to trick her? If that was what they were trying to do, she didn’t like it one bit. And frankly, she wasn’t going to stand for it. Forgetting to mention something to her was one thing, but knowingly trying to gaslight her? Uh-uh, that was not going to happen.

“Peter is Spiderman,” she said, speaking sharply and clearly to ward off any possible denies, “and I’d thank you all not to act like I’m unaware. I do have eyes, you know.”

The silence following that was loud and obnoxious.

“Oh stop acting like it’s some surprise,” she said with a scoff.

But the expressions of shock and confusion around her didn’t crack and fall apart. No, they looked… real.

But that—that couldn’t be right.

Even Peter looked shocked, as did Wade.

In a voice that betrayed how nervous the ongoing silence and shocked expressions were making her, Pepper said, “Why are you all looking at me like that?” She looked to Peter. “It’s not like it was a secret, right?”

Peter’s eyes, impossibly, widened even further.

And then the pin dropped.

“Oh,” she said, softly, though it was more of an exhalation than anything else. And then, with only the slightest bit more of force, she said, “Well, fuck me then.”

That startled a laugh out of Peter, though the laugh itself was weak and wobbly.

And Pepper came to the startling realization, that, in this instance, she had not been forgotten. No one had forgotten to tell her that Peter was Spiderman, because no one knew that Peter was Spiderman.

Or they hadn’t.

Now they did.

She turned to Peter feeling suddenly stupid, and horribly contrite. “Geez, Peter, I’m so sorry. I thought--I mean, I really thought everyone knew.”

Peter gulped, and then weakly said, “It’s, ah, it’s ok?”


Pepper looked to Peter. She’d only say it if he agreed because she’d made enough mistakes today and it wasn’t her that would have to deal with the backlash. But he just nodded, weakly. So she turned to Tony and said, “Yes. I thought you knew that. Actually,” she looked around the room, “I
thought you *all* knew that… already.”

“We didn’t,” Steve said, voice dry.

“And frankly,” Clint said, and then turned to Peter for an aside, “sorry Peter, but frankly I don’t quite believe it.”

Pepper perked up at that. If Peter didn’t want them knowing he was Spiderman, well, them not believing her might be for the best, right?

But then Peter said, “How did you find out?” slowly, in a whisper of a voice, and well, that was confirmation from the man himself, wasn’t it?

Pepper pondered that question. “I mean, it was obvious, wasn’t it?”

She got a round of head shakes and a bark of laughter from Wade Wilson.

“Obvious?” Wade asked sharply, “I don’t think so. Baby boy’s put a lot of effort into it *not* being obvious,” he ruffled Peter’s hair, and Peter leaned into the touch with a grateful expression on his face. “It took me *forever* to find out.” Wade continued, “and he had to tell me. It wasn’t something I just *figured out*.” He gestured around the room. “None of these guys figured it out either.”

“Well,” Pepper said, straightening in her seat, feeling like she was facing a conference table of unhappy board members instead of the superheroes who shared her tower-home with her. “Like I said, to me it was pretty obvious. Maybe because I’m not a hero, and I don’t expect normal people to act like heroes. Frankly, it occurred to me that Peter acted more like the rest of you than like any other civilian I’ve ever met. He has good days and bad days, sometimes it seems like something impossibly heavy is weighing him down…” She shook her head. “But that’s just a feeling, right? You want more concrete evidence. Well, any days Peter was late coming in, or had to leave early for an,” she made air quotes, “‘emergency’ I’d always see Spiderman was on the news that day, doing his crime-fighting at the same times that Peter was supposed to be at work and wasn’t. Also, Peter?” she looked at him, and smiled in order to cushion the blow, “you make a lot of swinging puns. And a lot of web puns.”

Wade’s fist went into the air and he shook it. “Curses! Foiled again, Petey Pie.”

Peter blinked at Pepper, and then Wade, and then back to Pepper. “You found me out because I was making puns?”

Pepper shrugged. “That was part of it, certainly. Especially to Wade. Do you know how often you say you’re going to ‘swing home before going out again’ or ‘swing by and see a friend who’s visiting from out of town?’ And you wink! You say something like that, and then you wink. And Wade,” Wade came to attention, back straight and mouth grim. He even saluted. “You’re no better. I have heard come out of your mouth: ‘Why don’t you find it on the web?’ ‘Peter’s taking a swing around town,’ ‘That isn’t very Friendly Neighborhood Peter Parker of you,’ ‘Petey, are you spy…der-ing on me?’ and many more. Those are just the ones I can remember.”

Wade grimaced, hard.

“Oh, don’t feel bad,” Pepper said, “I figured it out, but no one else did, it looks like, so you were probably being the right amount of cautious.”

She didn’t mention also seeing the wrists of the Spiderman suit riding under Peter’s sleeves. She wasn’t sure how much more Peter and Wade could take. She didn’t want them feeling *bad* about it. Maybe she could talk to Peter privately, later, and give him a heads up so he could be more
cautious in the future, since this was apparently a secret he’d intended to keep for much longer.

“So Peter really is Spiderman,” Clint said, his voice slow and cautious.

Pepper looked at him in surprise. “Yes, sorry, I thought we covered that. Do you need proof?”

Clint shook his head. “Uh, no?”

“I’d like some,” Natasha said. “No offense, but I trust my eyes over hearsay.” She looked to Peter. “If you’re willing.”

“Uh,” Peter said, eyes widening.

“Do not feel pressured, young Peter,” Thor said. “It is evident that you did not expect the fact of your warrior status to come to light, and we do not mean to question your integrity. Please, be at ease.”

“And for god’s sake,” Pepper said, “eat the damn pie, will you?”

Peter looked faintly relieved and pulled the rest of the pie closer to himself before digging in.

“There,” Pepper said. “When I figured out you must have a metabolism like Steve’s I was worried that we’d been under-feeding you.”

Peter had, in that short span, already gobbled down a quarter of the pie. “Oh, don’t worry about that. I didn’t want to be a bother is all. I’d feel bad about eating more than my fair share anyway, so…”

“Peter,” Tony intoned sternly, Peter’s self-deprecating words apparently having snapped him from his shocked stupor, “eat your fill. Do not feel bad about… whatever you’re worried about. Wasting my money? I have too much. Eating my food? I order in excess, Pete, I have a gang of superhuman superheroes living in my house, please eat my food, for fuck’s sake.”

“Tony,” Pepper said quietly, and he let out a long breath.

“Sorry,” Tony said, “but seriously. If Pep is right and your metabolism is like Steve’s you need to be eating more.”

Bruce nodded forcefully as well. “Please eat more.”

“Can I also eat more?” Wade asked, leer planted on his lips.

Tony frowned at him and Steve sighed.

Ignoring Wade completely, Peter leaned forward, head ducked down just a bit and said, “Thanks.”


Pepper grinned then, and the tension that had encircled the room, and had made Tony stiff and unreceptive, seeped out, leaving everyone loose and happy and relaxed in a way Pepper hadn’t seen in maybe a week.

“I actually have a question myself,” Pepper said awkwardly, reluctant to speak the tension back into existence but oh so curious. Eyes around the table turned to her, and she had to take a fortifying breath before saying, “A few nights ago Tony told me, in a very uninformative fashion, that he,” she blinked at the assembled Avengers, all listening in, and changed her tense, you all
found Wade cheating on Peter?” She shook her head, agog. It still sounded like nonsense, “And I just can’t believe that’s true.”

Suddenly Peter’s face was red up to the roots of his hair, and Wade was scowling, and Tony, from beside her, said very succinctly, “Well, fuck.”

“Oh shit,” Clint agreed, his eyes growing increasingly wide. “Oh shit, oh shit.” He looked around the table, landing finally on Peter and Wade, “oh shit!”

How was dealing with all of these adult children so exhausting? “So I assume there was some revelation there?”

“Dear Peter, Dear Wade,” Thor said slowly, voice filled with grief. “We have caused you undue worry! I cannot apologize enough to truly show how sorry of our mistake we are!”

Tony turned to her. “I thought I told you…” she didn’t jump in, forcing him to continue with, “we caught Wade trying to sleep with… Spiderman.”

“No,” Pepper agreed, “you did say that.” She thought about it for a moment. “I guess it makes sense. I was under the apparently erroneous impression that you knew Peter was Spiderman, so when you said as much to me,” she paused, “well, I thought I was misunderstanding you. Obviously Wade couldn’t be cheating on Peter with Spiderman. That’d be like you cheating on me with the CEO of SI.” She realized her mistake immediately and put a finger up. “We are not roleplaying that.”

Tony subsided immediately. “But I didn’t even say anything.”

She glared at him.

“I can’t believe this is real,” Natasha said with a sigh. She cut a look at Peter and Wade. “For what it’s worth though, I’m sorry too.”

Peter bit his lip. “It’s ok, it’s kind of Wade’s fault too. I thought, well, when you saw me and Wade I thought for sure you’d figured out I was Spiderman, and when it turns out you hadn’t,” Pepper cleared her throat, just to make it clear to everyone in the room that she’d figured it out with much less evidence, and they should all be ashamed of themselves. “Ah,” Peter continued, “I was going to tell you, because you thinking Wade was the kind of person to cheat on me was--was not good. But Wade stopped me,” he knocked his shoulder against Wade’s, “the idiot,” Wade reached over and pulled Peter into a one-armed hug that Pepper couldn’t help but coo at, quietly, but actually aloud this time, “because he wanted to protect my secret identity.”

“You’re right,” Natasha said with a sigh, “that is stupid.” Peter opened his mouth, to snap back at her no doubt (Pepper could see the fire alight in his eyes), but then Natasha continued, “But also impossibly sweet. But seriously Wade,” she said to the man, “next time could you, I don’t know, talk to your man before that decision? We really went hard on the both of you.”

“Not that that isn’t mostly our fault,” Bruce said. “We shouldn’t have acted like that.”

“Yeah,” Natasha said, “we said some fucked up things to the wrong people. But, if we’d found out someone in the group was being cheated on, and was actually being cheated on, and the cheater showed no regrets, I’m sure we would have acted very similarly, and I wouldn’t have ended up feeling nearly as guilty about it as I do now.”

“Ah,” Peter said.
And at the same time, Wade said, “Yeeaaaahh, that sucks.”

“Still pissed off about how you guys were treating Wade,” Peter said.

“And that’s totally valid,” Natasha said, “because you knew he was innocent. I feel kind of pissed that the both of you let us think Wade was a cheater, and then expected us to treat you both normally. I’m not upset that you didn’t want us to know this secret of yours,” she said, “it was yours to do with as you like, but,” she shrugged, “I do feel kind of like there must have been a better solution to this than letting us truly believe Wade was an adulterer.”

“Like pretending the three of us,” Wade said, “I mean, Peter, Spiderman, and I, were in a polyamourous relationship.”

Natasha made a face. “That’s… a way of doing it. I suppose.”

“I’m still very sorry,” Thor said.

“Me too,” Steve added.

Clint nodded, looking properly chastened.

Pepper got her phone out and started typing. “Alright, I’m signing us all up for group therapy since it seems we’re going to need to work this out. Are Wednesdays good for everybody?”

“No,” Tony snapped, horrified.

Pepper purposefully misunderstood him. “How about Thursdays?”

“I’m not seeing a shrink,” Clint said, loudly.

“I was a shrink once,” Wade said, contemplatively, “a sexy one.”

“You’re still sexy,” Peter told him.

Wade snuggled closer to Peter. “Oh you. You’re just complimenting me so you can get in my pants.”

Pepper did coo at that.

“Well,” she said, “if you don’t want to go to therapy then we’re going to have to all try,” at the looks on the faces around her she repeated, with emphasis, “try, to actually talk about our feelings. Agreed?”

“Absolutely not,” Tony said, which was a yes. Or at least, she took it as one.

She looked to Natasha.

“Sure,” Natasha said. “It’s not like any of you will know if I’m lying.”

“I will know,” Pepper said, though it wasn’t true.

Natasha shrugged.

“Have you been hiding your emotions?” Thor asked sadly.

“We know you don’t do that too much,” Clint told Thor. “That’s ok. We still like you, tears and
“I’d actually love to go to therapy,” Bruce said, “but all the therapists I’ve seen in the past have just made me angry.” He shrugged apologetically. “I am ready to talk about the feelings I have, as long as they’re happy ones.”

“Wow,” Peter said, as if this was a new thing, “we really are all fucked up.”

Pepper was briefly nostalgic for a time when she had been that optimistic about all of her friends and colleagues’ mental and emotional states.

“What made you realize?” Wade asked. “Was it the way we all dress up in costumes and use violence to fix our problems?

Pepper went back to her phone. “Therapy,” she said with as much level-headed decisiveness as she could muster.

“Stop,” Tony said, this time with a little laugh, and pulled her phone out of her hands. “At least finish your pie first.”

“Pie!” Clint exclaimed. He looked down at his empty plate. “Aww, Pie, no.”

“God,” Natasha complained. “Are you secretly Spiderman too? Why do you need that much food?”

“I’m a growing boy,” Clint said.

“There’s enough pie to go around,” Steve said, cutting Clint another slice of apple.

“Oh good,” Thor said, “then may I have another as well?” He held up his empty pie tin. “A whole one.”

“Me too,” Peter said.

Wade took Peter’s empty pie tin, placed it in his hand like he was weighing it, and then frisbee’d it across the room. It scattered pie crust crumbs in its wake.

Pepper’s eyelid twitches, and then with great force of will, she turned away from Wade and the mess he’d just made, and picked up her fork. It still had a chunk of pie on it, and she lifted it gratefully into her mouth. And it was as she was savoring the sweet flavor of peach pie, listening to the increasingly rowdy conversation around her, and ignoring the mess that was no doubt going to grow since none of the Avengers could let another one-up them in anything, even in something as stupid as frisbeeing pie tins across the room, she came to the astonishing realization that this time she hadn’t been forgotten after all.

It was a nice thought.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was thanks to a prompt by Dracogal in a comment on Ch 30. I had a lot of fun with this one, and I hope I not only did the prompt justice, but also Pepper Potts. I love her so.
Also
I said I'd get this out before the next chapter of Constant Internal [Spider] Screaming, so here it is, but I do have chapter 3 of that one written and ready to post, so I'll try to get that out (hopefully) today, but maybe tomorrow.

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