Two Teachers, One Classroom

by MysticMoonhigh

Summary

Two teachers, one classroom.
What could possibly go wrong?

Notes

Hey! I'm Mystic. I'd like to inform you readers that this is the unabridged AO3 version. That means that there will be full-on smut scenes, reader beware. If that's not your thing but the plot still sounds interesting to you, you should head over to my wattpad (MysticMonarch) to read the child-friendly version! I'd also encourage people to read the tags, because there are some references to past abuse/self harm that may bother some readers.

You can also find this story under the tag 'TTOC' on my tumblr. My username on both AO3 and tumblr is MysticMoonhigh. Also, I'll be releasing little snippets of story on tumblr the night before chapters release, so you should follow me there if you can!

This story will be published in once-a-week chapters until all of it is completed. Updates should be early in the mornings on Fridays.
I have noticed I spelled Natasha's last name wrong. This will be fixed soon, but ignore it for now, please!

See the end of the work for more notes.
May 2015

At first he was afraid. Scratch that, he was petrified.

Bad idea didn't even begin to describe it. This was so crazy, it was almost like something that Wade had come up with himself. And Peter wasn't going to even entertain the thought.

"Listen, if we can combine two teachers into one classroom, there's a chance that we could pull a few strings, get some extra kids in there, and get both of you some extra compensation for the hassle. I know you need the money right now..."

Okay, so maybe he could entertain the thought a little.

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December 2014

"I can't believe she quit halfway through the year. As much as I saw it coming, I thought she'd at least wait until over the summer. I mean, I have two weeks to find another English teacher. And even though nobody could be as good as you, Peter, she was pretty damn good. That is, until she deserted us." Mr. Jameson remarked, angrily. Peter could practically see the steam coming from his ears.

Peter leaned against the counter, his hands clutched around the warm cup of coffee he was nursing as he half-listened to his superior's rant. As the principal of this school, Jameson had to take care of business, and he constantly had something to rant about. Peter usually zoned out, eyes roaming across the tacky flower-print wallpaper that they had covering the top half of the wall in the teacher's lounge. Sometimes, if he was lucky, Jameson wouldn't start ranting at him until after he'd already sat down, and he'd look at the swirling patterns of the round, six-chaired table.

Usually he wasn't lucky enough to be sitting down. And Jameson could rant for a full hour as long as Peter kept playing along. Usually, he had to.

He ignored most of the things that were said.

"That was a bit of a dick move. But you have to admit she wasn't reaching her full potential here," Peter reasoned. His old associate had been one of the best teachers they had. However, she'd had a doctorate, and the only reason she was even teaching high school was to get the practice that she needed to move on to bigger and better things.

She'd gotten offered a job at Harvard. She would've been crazy to turn it down, and Harvard would've found someone new if she hadn't jumped at the opportunity.

"I don't give a rat's ass about Harvard. The school board is on my case about finding a new teacher, and the position has been open for days. Do you know how many applications I've received in that time, Peter?"

"Two." He responded, taking another sip of his coffee. He really should decrease his caffeine intake; he was starting to get massive headaches without it. But since he was an avid procrastinator and the king of waiting until the night before to grade papers, he would likely have a helluva time kicking the habit.
"TWO! I remember a time when English teachers were a dime a dozen."

"They still are." Peter reminded him. "You're putting out an all-call in the middle of the year. Listen, I know that you and the school board don't want to hear this, but maybe you should consider giving the position to a substitute for the rest of the year. There will be more applicants if you wait until the summer."

"Peter, usually you're logical. Right now, you're being a dumbass." Jameson remarked, shaking his head. Peter began to tune him out.

Oh, well. If he wanted to pick whoever walked through the door to fill the position, that wasn't really Peter's problem. Besides, he could work with pretty much anyone. As long as the person gave a care about the kids, it would be fine.

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January 2015

Peter groaned as he shuffled into the teacher's lounge. The bell was ten minutes away from ringing, and he needed some green tea. Not coffee, but it would stop the headache for long enough for him to get through his lesson.

Peter tried to help his students succeed. He usually had an amazing group of kids, and all in all he considered himself a pretty good teacher. He tried to get the students engaged with literature and tried to help out those who he noticed were struggling. Hell, last year he'd seen all but one of his students pass. But one didn't change the fact that he'd set a new school record.

He was flexible, never assigned more than twenty minutes of homework, and worked hard to create an environment where the kids felt safe with him. Where they didn't feel like they were being forced into unreasonable busywork, but were being treated like adults who held their own success in their hands. He didn't want any of them to feel like they were helpless, and was always available to answer questions and help those who struggled.

If a student was willing to try, Peter was willing to do anything he could to help. He understood some kids had issues with reading and writing, but he tried his hardest to get them through it with minimal struggle on their part. He might not be perfect, but he damn well tried.

Suddenly a voice rang from the teacher's lounge, "And then I said, "That's not my wife's!'"

Peter opened the door just in time to see Clint Barton spit a mouthful of his coffee back into the cup, chuckling wordlessly and smacking his hand weakly against the table. Natasha stood with one eyebrow raised, leaning against the coffee table. Her signature black skirt and suit-jacket combo made it look like she was all-business, but Peter knew her well enough to know that that wasn't true.

He turned to see the source of this joke. He didn't recognize the voice, which meant that it was likely the new hire.

Peter's eyes widened. He immediately looked away, turning towards the window and clearing his throat to announce his arrival. Good god, don't fucking stare. Don't be a rude asshole. He chanted to himself, trying to process it. The man standing in front of him was tall, broad-shouldered, and wearing a button-sown shirt that covered up his skin. His skin, which was scarred and wrinkled and disfigured everywhere Peter could see.

He tried not to feel guilty. It was just the shock factor that got to him, that was all. He looked back, and saw a pair of bright blue eyes staring back at him.
"Hey, you must be my coworker! Nice to meetcha." He greeted, sticking out his hand. Peter stared at it for a moment before putting out his own, looking back up into the stranger's eyes as their skin touched.

"Um, hey. So, I'm guessing you're the new English teacher?" He asked, trying to compose himself. The skin on his hands didn't feel bad, just... Bumpy. Different. He relaxed into the touch, not realizing when it had gone on longer than a handshake typically lasted.

"The one and the only, buckaroo!" He announced. "I'm Wade Wilson. Please, call me Wade." He enthused. Peter nodded, finding himself unable to look away from the eyes. A morbid kind of fascination rose up in him, and he tried not to give into the urge to ask what had happened.

"Peter. Peter Parker." He announced.

"Ooooh, alliteration! That's lovely, Mister Parkah." Wade said, mispronouncing his name in a move that was clearly characterly intentional. He reached away from Peter and pretended to tip an invisible hat. He switched out of character and immediately swooned, "That's why I became an English teacher. Alliteration. Ahhhh."

Peter didn't know what to say. This... 'Wade', seemed to be quite the character.

"Oh, shush, it is too a valid reason." Wade mumbled to himself. Peter felt his eyebrows draw together in confusion. He hadn't said anything. In fact, nobody had. Wade looked up again, as though he had heard something that wasn't there. "Well, even though I'd love to stay and get acquainted with you, I have students to scare-I mean, teach. Either way, there'll probably be screaming involved. Toodaloo!"

He swept out of the room, in a move that was oddly graceful for a grown man. Peter watched with his mouth open in shock. This man was a teacher?

"Well, he's gonna get fired." Clint said, bluntly. Natasha crossed her arms over her chest.

"I don't know about that. Don't get me wrong, he's entirely inappropriate," She announced, tilting her head to the side, "But we're pretty damn desperate to have hired him in the first place. And even if his methods might not be conventional, I have a feeling the students are gonna like him.

"Did you hear that he turned in his application in comic sans?" Clint asked. "And he came to his interview wearing a Hugh Hefner mask. Said that he didn't want to shock Jameson too much."

"I understand it. That skin? That's gotta be a shocker. I can't even imagine the kind of shit he probably gets over it." Natasha said, shaking her head. "I'll throat-punch the first person who's rude to him about it."

It was just like Natasha to say that. Of course, should she actually decide to punish someone for their rude behavior, it would be more subtle. She wasn't going to lose her job as a teacher over one or two lousy seconds of physical violence. No, she'd find another way to bring her revenge. But that didn't mean it wouldn't be just as unpleasant for them.

"The other guy who applied for the job must have dropped out." Clint mumbled, giving a shrug.

Peter decided not to worry about it now. If this guy was really as odd and unprofessional as the rumors hinted at, he would likely be gone before next year. Even though it made Peter nervous considering that he may end up having to work with Wade at some point down the road, he overall trusted the authorities at his school to get rid of someone who didn't deserve to be there.
And if he did stay, it meant that he had earned it. Besides, there was only so much a teacher could do without getting fired, right? If Wade really was that unreasonable, then he'd probably be gone before the month was over.

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February 2015

Peter was standing in front of his chalkboard. He looked at the students, pencils working furiously as they copied the notes from the projector. It was quiet, not a soul being unruly. He felt pretty damn proud of the control he had over his classroom.

"So, as you can see, the Oxford comma is a pretty big spectacle. You can each form your own opinion on the matter. But, I expect to see some evidence backing your opinions up. So, a paragraph on why you believe the Oxford comma should, or shouldn't be used in literature is due tomorrow. You still have a good twenty minutes in class to work on it, so most of you should have time to get it done. Questions?"

A small girl in the front row raised her hand. He pointed at her. "Mr. Parker, could you maybe let us watch a movie next week? Mr. Wilson's class is watching the new Star Wars."

"Yeah!" Piped up a boy's voice from the back. "They've also had a Mexican food party."

"I heard he let someone do their book report on the Communist Manifesto!"

"I heard that while they were reading Romeo and Juliet, he wore a dress into school!"

Suddenly, the classroom erupted into scandalous gossip, most of which focused on Mr. Wilson's teaching method. Suddenly, Peter's classroom was overcome with chit chat. It normally wouldn't bother him, but he had to keep under control for the sake of the students who needed silence to work. Not to mention that he himself found the onslaught of information distracting. Especially since most of it was... well, crazy.

"Guys, guys, settle down!" He announced, raising his hand to draw attention. For the most part, they did. He ignored the couple of whispers in the back of the room, knowing that pointing them out would just cause a spectacle and that those who would listen were listening already.

He waited a few seconds before continuing, "That's ridiculous. We haven't even gotten to the Romeo and Juliet unit yet. These rumors are-"

"He's gone completely off the wall." Someone butted in. Toby, fourth row. One of the few students that Peter actually had trouble with. He was rude and oftentimes hassled him with questions that were entirely irrelevant, as well as making it a point to sass Peter in front of the other students.

"That has nothing to do with today's assignment. Please, guys, get back to work. We'll discuss this after a little bit of silence, okay? You know how I feel about talking."

"Only if we've given other students time to work." About half of the students mocked. Peter knew it was a mostly teasing.

"I still think you should let us watch a movie." One kid mumbled. Peter tried not to groan.

"I have no clue how he got that approved by Jameson, but I'll try to see what I can do. But, to get it approved, I'll need to give you a small assignment to do during the film." He relented. That did
sound kinda fun, and the kids deserved a break. And a newer movie would be refreshing.

Watching the same old, poor-quality plays over and over again was pretty damn boring.

He didn't even know why he kept showing some of them. The kids had already seen Romeo and Juliet in the ninth grade when they'd read snippets of it. The whole play again was bad enough, but the same shitty 90s movie? Yeah, it would be nice to switch things up.

But he doubted it was true anyway.

The people in charge tended to be assholes about what they let teachers show, and had a picky and oftentimes repetitive curriculum. Wade likely never would have gotten clearance to show anything less than ten years old. Peter loved English, but sometimes, he hated being a teacher.

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March 2015

Peter had only seen Wade around a handful of times. Mostly, just in passing.

He'd asked Jameson about showing a different movie, but he'd been flat-out denied. In fact, when he'd mentioned Wade's showing, Jameson had reassured him that he didn't actually give the other man permission to do that. Peter brushed it off as a rumor.

But it wasn't easy. Because these impossible, odd rumors kept finding their way into his classroom. And at a certain point, he started to wonder how much of it was true.

Until he'd gotten the ability to see for himself.

It was his free period, and Jameson had asked him to go and observe Mr. Wilson's classroom. He was supposed to write up a report on his performance as a teacher, something all the teachers had to go through at least once a year. The reports would stay on-file for the extent of their jobs.

He walked into the classroom and watched as students poured in, a little bit impressed already. Although the students usually lingered outside for as long as possible, they seemed to be eager to get to class today. He stopped a little girl named Megan, whom he'd had last semester.

"Hey," he whispered, in a hushed voice. "What's the rush? Everyone seems pretty excited." He said, raising an eyebrow. Megan looked a little hesitant to tell him, and glanced back at her group of friends, as if looking for some kind of guidance in what to say. Finally, she reluctantly relinquished the information.

"He said that he was gonna catch something on fire in class today."

Peter was stunned into silence. Surely, she couldn't be serious. This had to be some kind of a joke. Those weird and eccentric rumors kept flying around, and some of them likely made their way back into his class.

The bell rang, and Megan took it as an excuse to scurry off into her seat. Peter felt bad for making her nervous, and made himself a mental note to try not to ask her for anything again. He didn't want to be one of those assholes that called on and or harassed students with social anxiety.

"Alright, small children." Wade announced, busting into the classroom. "Sorry to come in fifteen seconds late with a Starbucks," he gestured towards the mug of coffee in his hand, "But this stuff is great for the digestive system."
A couple of kids snickered. Wade smiled.

"Anywho, let's get this party started!" He announced. He walked over to his desk, which Peter now noticed had a whole plethora of small beakers on it, and reached into a drawer. He grabbed something and pulled, pretending it was stuck briefly for a few seconds before pulling it out all the way.

"As you can see, this is a gen-u-ine hundred dollar bill." He announced, waving it around.

"That's monopoly money." One of the students countered. Peter leaned forward from his seat in the back of the classroom, seeing the manila coloring. Yup, this was getting nuttier by the second.

Mr. Wilson took a second look at it, narrowing his eyes. "This is why you don't take cash from people off Craigslist." He announced. Several of the students were holding back laughs, a few of his former ones turning back and looking towards Peter as if to see how he would react. He kept his eyes trained on Wade, trying not to get distracted. This had to have some kind of lesson to it, right?

Wade wasn't just going batshit crazy and trying to burn down the school building, right?

Noting the disruption, Wade's eyes followed his student's until they met Peter's. Peter was certain someone had let him know that he was going to be observed today, but he still looked surprised.

"Whoa, Mr. Parker. It was already gonna be a little hot in here today," He teased, grabbing the edge of his button-down shirt and pulling it out as if to fan air over his skin, "But you too? Summer's come early."

Peter felt his face heat up. He couldn't be one hundred percent sure, but he was pretty damn convinced that Wade had just openly hit on him in front of a classroom full of students. Which was both unprofessional, and a little bit confusing. Was he...?

"Anyways, let's get on with this." Wade announced, grabbing a big cylinder full of liquid and quickly dipping the money in it. The kids watched in fascination as he grabbed one of the small flint stone lighters they used in the chemistry lab and squeezed several times, small sparks flying out and eventually catching.

Flame immediately engulfed it, and the students let out a collective gasp. Even Peter himself was enthralled, if not a little bit worried. Okay, so a lot worried. He really hoped he wouldn't have to find a new job if the school burnt down.

Wade dropped it onto a glass plate, and a couple of seconds passed. Eventually the flickering flames died out, and the bill was left behind unscathed.

He held it up, smirking.

"That's what you kids have to do to books and poems and shit to find the theme. There's a layer on the outside, one that we don't really need. And to get to the nitty gritty of it all, you have to burn that mother-bleeper off. So, when you read a story that you can't see the theme of, burn the extra. Repeat it back to me, kids."

"Burn the mother-bleeper." Several students tentatively said, and one student gleefully shouted. The rest of the kids started giggling and whispering, though Peter didn't doubt that they were still paying attention.

This was so glaringly unprofessional, he could hardly tear his eyes away. This maniac was asking to get fired. He might as well hand in his two-week notice now, because there was no way Jameson
would put up with this.

"Right. So, we have to find out what we don't need about a story. Reduce it to its basic elements. It'll help you find the theme if you can summarize the story in one or two sentences, and then take it from that. When talking about a theme, a lot of the time the simplest one to find is the one that summarizes the entire story."

"So like, reading the little blurb from the back of a book?"

"If that little blurb told you the ending, sure. Not if a quote from the book on the back. That's ridiculous. I don't know why we do that." Wade paused for a moment, thinking. "Yeah, that actually sounds like a decent idea."

Peter noted that nobody had said anything to warrant that response. And that it was said in a slightly hushed kind of tone, as though he were speaking to someone closer to him than the students.

He got up from his seat. He'd seen enough.

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"No." Jameson said. "Just turn in your report, Peter. There's nothing we're going to do about it."

"But he set something on fire." He argued, his eyes widening. This man could actually be a danger to the school. What the hell? He should be out of a job today.

"The school board loves him, Peter. You do realize that he's currently tied for your record of the most students passing, right?"

"Excuse you?" Peter questioned, everything jerking to a halt.

"It's still early in the semester, but all but one of his students are passing. There are ten failing in both of the other classes, and there are two failing in yours right now. He could be teaching the students Satanic rituals for all I care. Now file the report and get the hell outta my office." He grumbled. Peter was dumbfounded.

How could someone possibly hope to control his students with that kind of behavior himself? More importantly, how the hell was he tied for Peter's record? There were a total of a thousand eleventh graders alone in their school. That gave each of them around two-hundred fifty students to take care of in a given day. There was no way he could be challenging Peter's record with his behavior.

Could he?

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May 2015

The results are in. Peter's chest swells with pride as he looks over the standardized testing for his class. He was the top English teacher again. Twenty-five of his students had gotten admittedly low scores, but it wasn't a problem. Sometimes, students didn't test well. It was one of the reasons most of his assessments were projects, rather than the traditional in-class scantrons.

Out of morbid curiosity, he checked Wilson's scores.

His jaw immediately dropped.

He shook his head, blinking. Then, he re-checked the scores. Over the past couple of months, he'd
come up with the theory that Wade's kids were so successful because he was neglecting to give them any actual work to do. But Wade Wilson's students were just ten points behind his. Which was... Well, it was really freaking close.

And this wasn't the kind of test your students did well on based on prior knowledge. They really needed to remember a lot of vocabulary and know the ins and outs of it all to be able to pass. Peter had been preparing his students for two weeks, and even then he'd been iffy on it. He'd had to take a lot of valuable class time to get the kids ready for it.

"How does he do that?" He asked, out loud.

"How does who do what?" Came gruffly from behind him. Peter turned, jumping back and hitting his head against the wall with a solid thud as he came face-to-face with James Jameson.

"I was just looking at the test scores." He said, truthfully. He reached up to rub the back of his head, ruffling the papers taped to the wall behind him. "It's just... You're right. Wilson's scores are right behind mine."

"You know, Parker, your method isn't the only one that works. Maybe Wilson's onto something. I mean, don't get me wrong, whatever it is it's a pain in my ass. But he's got potential." Jameson said. He paused for a moment before mumbling, "He could stand to learn a little bit about self control from you."

"I just don't know how he's getting his results. I honestly wish I could understand it." Peter said. Then, mostly for his own amusement, he added, "His students are really on fire."

Jameson glares at him. He doesn't like puns. Or jokes. Or people in general. Really, Jameson needs to lighten up at least 300%.

Suddenly, his face changed a little. He softened just a fraction. "You know, Parker, I heard about your aunt. Shame she has to be put outta work."

"She's handling it well." Peter said, feeling his chest tighten. He fought through it.

Aunt May had been told by a doctor that her hip was bad enough that she shouldn't be working anymore. She used to sub for the school, but she'd been out of work for the last few months. It could be fixed with a hip surgery, but there was no way she could afford that.

He wasn't really worried about her working again, though. He was worried about her doing basic tasks. Aunt May's home wasn't really built to be wheelchair friendly and most of the things she loved to do the most would require her to be able-bodied.

"Good. I want to talk to you in my office in ten minutes." Jameson said.

Peter nodded, but he didn't respond verbally. He was too lost in his own thoughts. Jameson quickly marched away, towards his next meeting. As soon as he was out of sight, Peter felt himself visibly relax.

"Now that he's gone, let's get this party started."

Peter laughed, turning to see Natasha swing around the doorway and into the lounge. Clint followed closely behind, grinning like a high school kid.

"My Manly Mustache requires that you follow instructions." Peter mocked.
"The kids on that damn school newspaper think that I'm a hellian. All I've done is cut the funding to
the arts and music programs! Surely they'll survive. Just put down a paintbrush and pick up a
football." Clint mocked back. Well, sorta-mocked. Since he was mostly deaf, he tended to avoid
doing the funny voices. They always came out a little wonky.

Unfortunately, it was a truth. They had little more than pennies in the arts program.

Not all of it was Jameson's fault. But he could have helped the teachers out when they protested
against it, and he'd refused.

"What do you think he's gonna have you do?" Romanoff asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm not sure. It's probably gonna be another lecture about how I'm supposed to keep you two out of
the Literature Lounge."

"But we're half the fun in here."

Natasha looked around, eyeing the empty chairs and unused cabinets. "More like two-thirds."

"Without you two, it would be the Lame Lounge." Peter agreed. Natasha smirked, but it held little
humor. It was a valid point; he could be getting chastised for allowing them in here. But really, they
had an excuse. They were foreign language teachers and deserved to have rights to the Lounge on
principal. Just because it wasn't English didn't mean it wasn't language.

Natasha taught Russian, whereas Clint taught sign language. They did have their own Lounge, but
the Spanish teacher was the devil and neither of them wanted to put up with her bullshit. She was
constantly leaving messes and ate anything either of them left in the fridge. So, they usually hung out
with Peter.

Besides, nobody else really used it. It was one of the nicer teacher's lounges, but it was small and
most of the other Literature teachers hung out with the librarians in the mornings. And Wade was a
loose canon; he'd occasionally show up to refill his coffee cup, but he never used anything besides
that. Peter knew that he likely didn't care or notice that Natasha and Clint had open access.

The school was literally massive. Two teachers being in unassigned areas for half an hour each
morning wasn't gonna cause any trouble.

"You'd better get going now. You know how he is about being any less than five minutes early." Natasha pointed out. Peter gave a groan.

"Right. I guess I do have to get outta here. You two stay out of trouble." He said, turning to go. He
gave a small wave, beginning to walk down to Mr. Jameson's office.

One disadvantage of having a larger school? How fucking far he had to walk to get anywhere
around here. He swore that half the reason he kept his weight down was the massive walk in
between his classroom and the bathroom.

He approached Jameson's office, the darkened room ominously situated smack in the middle of the
entrance hallway. The lighting was shoddy there, and Peter was convinced that they didn't get
someone to look at it entirely because of the effect it had. Jameson liked the idea that his office might
strike fear into the students.

The three vice-principals were all really nice. (Yes, three. The school needed the extra personnel for
the massive amount of students that they had). Really, they were. It was just Jameson that had the
stick up his ass.
Peter pushed the door open slowly, going through everything this could possibly be about in his head. He didn't want to psych himself out before he even went in there, but it was pretty hard not to. Jameson never had anything good to say, unless he was handing out an award. Peter knew he hadn't done anything award-worthy lately.

He stepped into the room, and he immediately froze up.

The man of the hour himself, Wade, was sitting in one of the Principals chairs. He was playing with a Rubix cube, his hands working fast as lightning. Peter could tell on principal that he wasn't actually solving it, but just giving his hands something to do.

Was this about the report he filed? That was months ago, surely-

"I have a proposition for you two."

"As flattered as I am, Mr. Jameson, my body is my temple and I'd like to remind you that I'm a classy lady."

"Shove a sock in it, Pipsqueak. I'm getting through with this as quickly as I can. Sit down, Peter. You're gonna need the seat."

Peter sat down, color draining from his already pale face. He sunk into the red leather, his eyes wandering across the dirty yellow paint and the multitude of awards and newspaper clippings hung all over Jameson's office. Finally, his eyes drifted back to his superior, who was currently reaching into his desk to get a nicotine patch.

Usually, he smoked Cigars. In school? Well, no smoking zone.

"The school board wants to put two of our finest teachers together in a new program. Over the summer, when Melony and Destiny usually teach two separate classes," Peter started to piece things together, and was already preparing his argument against it, "They want two teachers teaching one summer school class. They think that decreasing the student to teacher ratio and allowing for two separate teaching styles would make for higher graduation rates."

"So what you're saying is that you want me and Petey-Pie to work together?" Wade asked, with a fake, high-pitched gasp.

"He caught something on fire last time I was in his classroom!" Peter declared, backing up in his chair. "No offense, Wade," He said, turning to the other, "But I'm not going to work with him. I don't think our... Er, teaching styles, would match up."

"That's exactly what they want, Peter. 'Two teachers with vastly different styles will help to facilitate students blah blah blah, everyone gets taught in a way that best suits them.'" Jameson quoted, "Or some bullshit like that. That's not the point, though. Your paychecks for this will already be much larger than your current paychecks, since you're already on for the through-the-year-stipend."

That was true. Peter's paychecks had been set up as to take some off the top of every month, so that he could continue to receive the same amount he always did through the summer without working. But the whole reason he did that was so he could have the summers off.

But none of that mattered, he wasn't gonna do it.

Bad idea didn't even begin to describe it. This was so crazy, it was almost like something that Wade had come up with himself. And Peter wasn't going to even entertain the thought.
"Listen, if we can combine two teachers into one classroom, there's a chance that we could pull a few strings, get some extra kids in there, and get both of you some extra compensation on top of that, for the hassle. I know you need the money right now..."

Okay, so maybe he could entertain the thought a little.

"How much are we talking here? I already told you I can't be bought. Except, maybe with Mexican food. I'll admit I'd probably do some unspeakable things for a nice-" Wade started before being cut off by an impatient James.

"Probably an extra hundred a week. Peter, we both know I don't care much for playing dirty, but we both know that your aunt needs that hip surgery. Being in a wheelchair is gonna kill someone like her." He said, leaning forward. Peter felt his chest tighten, and he immediately got angry.

"That's none of your business." He said, his voice coming out dark and flat.

"You're absolutely right, but what I'm giving you right here is an opportunity. You can take it, or you can walk away. It's up to you. But I'm just gonna leave it on the table. Both of you decide together, because-What the hell are you doing?" Jameson cut off, glaring at Wade.

Peter turned to see him attempting to balance the Rubix cube on his nose, like a seal would balance a beach ball. He watched in a morbid kind of fascination as Wade swayed from side to side, keeping it from falling.

"You know what?" Jameson asked, disgusted. "Get the hell out of my sight, both of you. I expect responses by the end of the week, because Summerschool starts in just a little under a month. You boys would be idiots to turn down this opportunity."

"Ha! Joke's on you, I'm already a certifiable idiot." Wade sing-songed.

Peter stared at him. His chest hurt, and he knew that he'd never forgive himself if he let aunt May be permanently placed in a wheelchair when he could do something about it. She'd survive, but so many of the things she loved to do would be out of the question for her after that.

The next morning, he told Jameson that he was on board.

He had resigned himself to his fate.
The First Day

Chapter Notes

Welcome to chapter 2! I'm your host, the author person, here to tell you guys thanks for voting, commenting, or just reading. I really hope you all enjoy this chapter! Also, I'm planning on having a little snippet of writing from someone else in the next chapter. So if you're enjoying this story and would like to write something anywhere from 300-600 words long to be included in this fic, and you'd like to get to read the next chapter before it actually comes out, message me with a sample of your writing please! If nobody steps up, I'll just write it myself.

I should also mention here that my pet peeve is people commenting "please update" and nothing else. If you can't think of anything more to say please don't say it at all. Especially since this story is updated on a schedule. Anyone who ignores this will be sacrificed to the Gods.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Really, he should have expected this.

Whenever Peter had something he was dreading, he had this habit of pushing it back as far as it could possibly go. Which meant that he ended up sitting with his arms crossed in front of his chest in the office of Jameson one week before summer school was starting.

Wade was lounging in the chair next to him, his feet propped up on Jameson's desk. James would likely be irate if he saw it, but Peter wasn't about to say anything. After all, he wouldn't be back for at least another thirty minutes, so as far as Peter saw it, Wade could do anything he wanted to as long as he cooperated.

Jameson's office was one of the only unlocked places in the building. Uncomfortably small and poorly decorated, yes. But unlocked.

As though reading Peter's mind, Wade cleared his throat. "We could've met anywhere else, y'know. My buddy has this real nice bar down the street. We could've talked about lessons, knocked a few back, and sat in chairs that were actually comfortable." He shifted around in the hard, leather-covered chairs as if to illustrate his point.

"Are you implying that we should've gotten a drink?" Peter asked, feeling the heat rise to his face. He flashed back to other slightly flirtatious comments that Wade had made.

"Well only if you wanted to, Sweet Stuff." Wade said, flashing him a wink. Peter gulped, trying to shake it off.

"Okay, so what we're dealing with here are the kids who failed the first time around." He said, reaching for the file on top of Jameson's desk and opening it. "So, we'll have to work harder to get most of these ones motivated."

"Right. So, I think we should start off class with each of us introducing ourselves and talking about what we'd rather be doing." Wade said. Peter looked at him sharply, blinking slowly, several times.
"Umm, I don't think that's such a good idea." He said. Wilson raised an eyebrow. Well, his eyebrow muscles. His face was entirely hairless. Which prompted Peter to wonder whether or not the rest of his body was hairless, and then immediately re-divert his attention to somewhere that wasn't Wade Wilson's naked body.

"Why not?" He asked, clearly pouting.

"That's a little unprofessional, don't you think? And it might give kids the wrong idea." Peter attempted. Wilson gave a sharp gasp inward.

"Unprofessional? Why, I'll have you know that everything I do is professional. Where would you ever get that idea?"

Peter thought back to the multitude of rumors that had started buzzing ever since Wade arrived at the school, and he tried to decide how to word it. Finally, he just went with the more blunt option of, "Most of the students, some of the faculty."

Wade made a few small clicking sounds. "That's totally unfair. I mean, I should've expected it. I've seen the movie Mean Girls at least nineteen and a half times, and that really does show how rumors get out of control. But no, I'm very professional."

Peter tired not to make a face. "Okay."

"I'm serious. Tell ya what; why don't we put some of those rumors to rest, right now? Ask me something you've heard about, and I'll tell you whether or not it's true."

Peter considered it. Okay, there were a few of those rumors that sounded fake. He was itching with curiosity, and he didn't think that he could really come up with a reason against it. He wanted to hear what the other man had to say for himself.

"Alright. The time you had your students do a crayon drawing of the first death scene from MacBeth?"

"Absolutely true. Some of them were so gorgeous, I cried. I still have Freddy Timburly's hanging up on my fridge at home." He confirmed, pretending to wipe a tear away from his eyes. Peter thought for a moment before he went on with the next one.

"When you lost a bet with a student and actually chugged an entire gallon of milk in class?" Peter questioned. Mr. Wilson thought for a moment before nodding and smirking.

"I'm proud of holding that down." He said, puffing out his chest.

Peter narrowed his eyes, the project all but forgotten. "The time you spent the entire class talking about touching the statues in an art museum inappropriately?"

"I have the pictures to prove it." He stopped. So far, Wade hadn't disproved any of the rumors. But there was no way he could get away with so much. There had to be something that he was lying about. But, to prove his theory, Peter would have to make sure he asked Wade something he knew was a lie. He wracked his brain, trying to come up with something to ask.
"Mooned Miss Hammersfield outside of the Library?"

"Whoa, no. Sexual harassment is where I draw the line, Buckaroo. I mean, do I aggressively hit on people? Yes. But do I show without asking first? No. Everyone has to be on board for this freakshow." He said, gesturing up and down his body with his hand.

Peter thought on that. Okay, so he'd spotted the one that was made up. That meant that the other rumors were all likely true. Not to mention that he had a pretty good point; doing something like that to a female coworker would probably warrant sexual harassment.

"Okay. I can respect that." He reluctantly agreed. He let the two of them sit in silence for a moment, but he knew that it wouldn't last if he didn't pick up talking. Wilson had already proved to him that he had a mouth on him. Peter wracked his brain for something, anything, to say. "Do you catch stuff on fire often?"

"I find that danger helps students remember stuff better. Hell, all I cared about as a kid were explosions and good places in the house to hide."

"So you think that putting them in danger is okay because it helps them to remember?" Peter asked. Wade thought for a few seconds, tilting his head to the side.

"That's exactly what I think, come to think of it. Huh. How meta is that?" He wondered, the question clearly being rhetorical.

Peter sunk down further into his chair. This was a bad idea. He should have never, ever agreed to let himself be subjected to this.

He gave a groan as he realized that they'd gotten nothing done.

He groaned even louder twenty minutes later when he realized that they had gotten nothing done and he had to get going. His aunt May needed picked up outside of the bingo hall in twenty minutes.

"Listen, as un-productive as this time has been, I have to go."

"We'll have to schedule something again soon." He stood and grabbed his satchel, shrugging it onto his shoulder. He took most of the documents, putting them into his bag. The information about their new, larger classroom and the students that would be with them was the most important to him.

"Later, alligator." Wilson teased. Peter didn't respond as he went out the door.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket, hitting Natasha's contact and beginning to type out a message. I'm so fucked. Literally, physically, fucked. Start planning my funeral. He typed, squinting as he transitioned outside and the sunlight reflected off of his phone screen.

Moments later, he received the response.

Alright. Do you want roses, or daisies?

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They'd gotten nothing done.

The walls were a bright blue. In fact, the same shade of blue as Peter's shirt. There were no windows in the classroom, and all of the desks were small, three-person tables stacked upwards. The floor rose, reminiscent of large stair steps, so that as many people as possible could see the board in the center.

"So, we're both just going to introduce ourselves today, and give a brief summary of how this is
"going to work." Peter told him. "Then, we'll finish up the last thirty minutes of class by going over the rules of RAP, and we'll give them a couple of questions to answer. Is that okay?"

"That sounds fine with me, sport." Wade said, nodding.

"Okay. They stay here for four hours, and then they go home. Four weeks of this, and then we're done. But we need to make sure these kids are prepared, so we can't just skimp on it and give them an A." Peter said, mostly to himself.

"I understand. Oooh, I get it! You're nervous. Oh, that's adorable." Wade said, giving a dramatic sigh and leaning forward on his elbows. He sat at the desk while Peter paced back and forth, hearing students mingling outside.

He shot Wade a small glare. "You need to behave yourself."

The bell rang, and Peter watched as the doors swung open. The students all marched into class one-by-one, some of them carrying book bags and supplies, and some of them coming up empty handed. He watched as they all took their seats, the back filling up far before the front did. The last couple of kids trickled in, dressed in all black with short hair, and piercings in various places on their faces. Aaaah, the troubled kids.

Peter mentally smacked himself, as he often did, for being judgmental.

"Alright. Now that everyone is seated, we can begin. My name is Peter Parker, but you all will likely address me as Mr. Parker." He announced, coming around to sit on the desk. This part was mostly routine. He had to keep up the appearances, after all. "As some of you may know, this is part of an experimental program."

He was met with complete silence. He trudged on, trying not to feel discouraged already. "Now, you'll quickly learn something about me; I have a passion for the English language. I want each of you to walk out of here with the skills you need to succeed in the real world. I like to joke, and I like to have fun, and I want all of you to have fun as well. Which means that, given you do your work and follow some basic rules, I'll make sure that happens."

Again, he was met with silence. A couple of snickers in the back, some kids whispering. He decided not to let it bother him, and he stepped aside, gesturing for Wade to begin his own introduction.

He stood and suddenly, Peter could feel that all of the eyes were on his comrade.

"Now, I'm going to immediately answer the question that I'm certain is on everyone's mind." Wade said. Peter took a moment to connect his words to the reality of the situation.

All the kids were staring, their eyes roaming, looking over every revealed piece of skin that Mr. Wilson showed. Peter leaned forward, actually eager to hear the story himself.

"My name is Mr. Wilson, but you can call me Wade. And I'm a Pisces." He said. Peter could almost hear the shock in the room as the real question went unanswered. Mr. Wilson looked around for a few more moments before dawning a look of sudden realization, and continuing his speech.

"Oh, right, the other elephant in the room. I know, my devilishly good looks are unique. You see, third degree burns over most of your body will do that to ya." He told them, grinning spectacularly. "On a side note, I'll probably blow something up later in the year if you guys behave."

"We're not doing that." Peter said, out loud. He was shocked at both Wilson's words, and at his own. He hadn't even meant to speak, but the shock had been too much on him. He couldn't believe that
even Wade would immediately promise destruction on the first day of the new semester.

A couple of kids in the back of the classroom let out laughs. He tried to ignore them as Wade leaned over the desk, his large body stretching out as though he were a jungle cat.

"But Peter, what with you being a bombshell and all, an explosion is inescapable." He purred.

Peter was stunned into silence. He felt his face heat up, and he tried not to get too flustered in front of the students. Did Wade somehow know?

When Peter was in college, he’d decided to kiss a friend of his. A very close, intimate friend. And, well, long story short, Peter found out that he was actually bisexual. His friend turned out to be straight, and that was the end of that. He’d had a couple of short relationships with guys since then, but he’d never really gotten to where he could feel comfortable talking about it. He felt awkward when it was brought up and though he accepted himself, he didn't want to be thrown out of the closet on the first day of school.

It didn't seem like something the happy-go-lucky man would do, but Peter had seen some people do some pretty monstrous things.

The thought in and of itself made him more than a little angry. Suddenly, he realized that his face wasn’t just red from embarrassment.

"Well, how about we get around to introducing ourselves. I have an idea, how about you go first?" Wade said, pointing to a girl in the front row. Peter looked, snapping out of his thoughts. Her combat boots were propped up on the table, her head turned to the side as she sat in stone silence. Her hair was so short that it almost classified as shaved, and she blew a bright pink bubble at Wade. She sat in silence.

"Alrighty then, if you don't want to introduce yourself, I will. Class, meet future Hot Topic Employee. And that's not a dig, you look fabulous. Hot Topic employee, meet class."

A couple of boys snickered. The friends of the girl started laughing, and she sat, still unamused. Finally, after what seemed like forever, she spoke. "My name is Ellie. But my friends call me Negasonic Teenage Warhead."

"Negasonic Teenage what in the ass?" Wade asked. A couple of students gasped at his use of language. Peter simply gritted his teeth.

Ellie made a face.

"Your nickname is so cool!" He gushed. "I wish I had something half as good. Next person, please. And just so you know, I am absolutely calling you that for the rest of the class. I don't care if it's supposed to be a joke or not, that name is absolutely fabulous. It's happening. What? No, it's great. Whatever, your opinion is irrelevant. Next."

Nobody had said anything to contest him, but he still spoke as though they had.

The next student spoke, and the student after him. One by one, they all stated their names. A couple of them gave silly nicknames they wanted to be called, and a few were meek and quiet. But all of them participated freely after that little display.

"Why don't you all talk among yourselves for a little while?" Peter asked. He walked away, grabbing Wade by the arm and yanking him off to the side. He didn't want to leave them alone, but this talk needed to happen. Now.
They entered the hallway. The sun light filtered in through the large glass windows, creating a tantalizing warmth. It reminded Peter that, had he not agreed to do this, he likely would have been hiking and fishing and working on his own science projects this summer.

He may be an English teacher, but he also had a love of science. He had written a couple of papers on molecular theory, but he'd never done anything with any of them. After all, it's not like that's where he got his doctorate, and he'd probably just embarrass himself.

"You really need to cut the shit." He said, simply. Wade looked surprised, pulling back. Peter felt a little bit of pity well up in him, but he quickly put a stop to it. No, he had to be blunt for both of their sake. "You're being crass, crude, and the kids aren't going to have any respect for either of us."

"They don't need to respect us, they need to listen. That's what I do. I get them to listen." Wade argued, puffing out his chest. Peter felt his face contort. Anger and frustration battled in him for dominance. He gritted his teeth, feeling it surge through his bloodstream.

"Wade, that's not the way to get them excited about English. Unless you teach them to love the subject, there's no way that they'll remember anything. Pulling stunts and getting yourself laughed at isn't drawing attention to English, it's drawing attention to you. You're acting insane."

As soon as the word left Peter's mouth, Wade's face morphed. He puffed up, hands at his sides turning into fists. Peter could practically feel the rage radiating off of the other man as he stepped closer, invading Peter's personal space. Peter didn't have a wall behind him, he knew that he could back up if he needed to, but he stood firm, holding his ground. He could feel the hard muscles of Wade's torso ripple as he looked up into his eyes.

Wade's voice dropped low into a threatening growl as he said, "Listen, Buddy. This might be some kind of a game to you, but that shit isn't cool. Tell you what; how about you teach your half of the class, and then I'll teach the second half, and we both walk out of here at the end of the day without the low blows, okay?"

Peter thought for a moment. He'd feel guilty doing that. That wasn't the original agreement he'd made with James. But even thinking about James and how he'd manipulated Peter into saying yes to this in the first place made him okay with doing something vengeful. Really, Peter didn't owe him anything.

And even teaching separately would expose the kids to a wider variety of teaching styles. Then again, Peter still didn't trust Wade not to drive him up the walls during his teaching time.

But he'd take something over nothing. Half of the time to teach was better than none at all.

"Alright. That's acceptable to me. We'll set a timer and for the first half of the period they're mine. For the second half, they're all yours. Deal?"

"Alright, Mister Parker. Did you know that they used to seal deals with a kiss, historically?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

Peter suddenly realized just how close they were standing. He could feel the warmth radiating off of Wade. He chalked up the abrupt change in mood to their agreement, and tried to brush off the flirting. He swallowed, thickly. "How about a firm handshake?"

"I'm down with that, too." He said, sticking out his hand. They did a firm shake, and Peter noticed how surprisingly soft Mr. Wilson's skin was.
"Good." He said. His eyes met Wade's blue ones, which looked even brighter for the red of his scars. It really set them off. Not that Peter was really noticing his eyes, or anything. Because he wasn't secretly thinking that his insane, oddball coworker was attractive. Nope. He absolutely hated Wade, and that was the truth. There was practically steam coming out of his ears from the anger the other man stirred within him.

He let go, and they marched back into the classroom. Wade looked up at the clock and walked over to the desk, setting the timer. He turned it around so Peter could see that he still had an hour and a half to go. He nodded in agreement.

He spent the next little while handing out one of the syllabuses from his class through the year, and going over some standards. He taught them how to answer constructed response questions, and went ahead and assigned their only book project. Wade was running his mouth to himself, and occasionally interrupted Peter to make a joke or answer a question from a student, but for the most part, it worked.

Everything functioned smoothly until the timer went off.

Then Wade took over, and he taught the kids something completely different.

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"Mister Parker?" Angel asked. She approached his desk and put her hands down on it, looking intimidating. She had a toothpick hanging out of her mouth, one that he knew from experience was usually a match outside of school. She kept it something non-dangerous through the day so she wouldn't end up expelled.

"Yes?" He questioned. She looked pissed off.

"We need to talk. Listen, it's three days into this class, and I can barely fucking keep up."

"Language, please." He responded, raising an eyebrow. That was one of the disadvantages to having Wilson teach the second half of class; none of the students bothered to control their language. Normally, it wouldn't bother Peter. Hell, he cussed like a sailor. But if someone from the administration walked by and heard a kid drop the F-bomb without getting in trouble, it would be a problem. "Please, make your point."

His eyes flicked to the toothpick. Haha, point. He cracked himself up sometimes.

"Listen, this is like being taught two entirely separate classes at once. We get assigned twice the work, learn twice the stuff, and we don't get a break in between to sort everything out. You guys are basically teaching back-to-back classes."

Peter felt his brow furrow.

Oh, Christ. She was right. In his eagerness to get rid of Wade's erratic behavior and make sure things got done his way, he'd entirely forgotten how this could affect some of the kids. If they were having issues keeping the two "classes" separated, then it would make everything twice as hard on them.

These were already the kids who failed the first time.

"You have a valid point." He said, unhappily. He glanced at Wade, who was looking at the ground, but clearly still listening to the conversation.

"Alright. You two might have this weird, sexual tension vibe happening, but you need to get your
shit together. Half of us in here haven't picked up a book in our lives. Hell, there are five of us now who haven't picked up a pencil yet. How do you expect us to cooperate with you when you won't even cooperate together?"

Wade looked up at that point, and he flinched.

Something, the unspoken tension, softened between them. He hated to say it, but Peter knew that Angel was right.

They were making this harder on the students than it had to be.

"Alright. That problem should be remedied soon. Thank you for bringing it to our attention." Peter said, shaking his head. "And if you ever need help again, please don't hesitate to come to us, okay?"

"Whatever." She said, turning around and walking to the back of the classroom. She paused, right before she stepped out the door. She turned, and her voice was smaller than it had been before, softer. "I really do want to pass this class. I'm not always a dumbass."

The door shut behind her, and the sound echoed through the large room. Peter felt dread come to rest in his stomach. He turned to Wade. Only a couple of flirtatious quips had been exchanged between them since then, (Peter was not reciprocating, thank you. Just. Hoping that it would go away without him saying anything about it. Yeah, that's what he was doing) but even those felt tense and forced.

Keeping up appearances, if you will. Because Wade flirted with almost all of the other faculty, and they wanted to keep the students from piecing together that they'd been fighting. After all, teachers being unable to get along, grown-ass adults, set a bad example. But if Angel's comments were anything to go by, they hadn't done a good job.

"I have dinner with my aunt every Wednesday." Peter announced, standing and grabbing the small paragraphs the students had written to grade. "We need to get this sorted out, though. She's right, this isn't fair to them."

"We were being kinda assholes to each other when we made that deal." Wade agreed. "I think that counts as an apology already, I don't have to actually say the words, do I?"

"No, you don't." Peter confirmed. Wade jumped a little.

"Oh, sorry. I wasn't talking to you." Wade said, letting out a little laugh. Peter tilted his head to the side, tempted to push for more information. But he didn't know how long the story was, and he had somewhere to be.

"Alrighty, then. Why don't we meet here a little early tomorrow, and we'll get everything worked out? We can meet somewhere in the middle."

"I think that sounds like the best thing to do for the kids." Wade agreed, nodding. A couple of brief seconds of hesitation flashed as he decided whether or not to add to that. Peter stayed, curiosity overcoming his urge to be free of school. "But... We need to lay down some ground rules. I think you'll agree with that."

"Sounds good. I'll see you in the morning." Peter informed him, already mentally planning what he was going to say. Ground rules are always good. He was actually surprised that Wade had been the one to make such a level-headed suggestion.

He pushed against the heavy door, feeling the hot air brush across his skin as he walked to his car. The teacher's parking lot was much closer than the student one, so he didn't have far to walk. He
jammed his key into the door, unlocking his small, red four-door and swinging inside. He threw his bag into the passenger seat and typed the address to Frisches (May's favorite place to eat) into his phone.

He started the car, sighing when it purred underneath him. He leaned forward and put his head against the wheel, a whole array of emotions fighting for dominance.

It wasn't that he actually hated Wade. He just hated how his success made Peter feel. Peter had worked his ass off for the record of students to pass, and Wade swoops in and ties that record in one year. He also gets away with murder, openly makes jokes Peter isn't brave enough to make, and has the balls to go against what Jameson says he is or isn't allowed to do.

Peter had always wished that he could have acted the same way. When he was in high school, he'd adored teachers who could take a stand against the administration. Teachers who were reasonable. Teachers who weren't whipped to the rules.

But that's just it; Wade wasn't reasonable, he was just plain reckless. He was going to get himself, and possibly Peter, fired if he kept this up. All it took was one parent with their head shoved up their ass reporting to the principal that he was behaving inappropriately in the classroom, and then the two of them would be out of a job.

Only... That hadn't happened with Wade.

Peter let out a soft groan, straightening himself up and forcing himself to concentrate on the road. He had aunt May to get to, and she'd always made a great sounding board. Even if she was stubborn and occasionally pushy, she always told Peter what he needed to hear, regardless of whether or not he wanted to hear it.

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The red walls of the restaurant felt like they were closing in on him. His eyes scanned the room every couple of seconds before skipping back to his watch, checking the time. The wood of the table felt soft and cool against his forearms, and his fingers sat interwoven on top of his napkin. Not because he was a germaphobe, but because the tables here always felt just a little sticky.

He felt like eyes were on him. For the most part, the through-the-week crowd of Frisches was older people, and he screamed "youth". Normally, aunt May soothed the awkwardness of it.

He checked his watch again, untangling his fingers to put his hand over it, casting a shadow across the digital numbers. Yup, she was ten minutes late. Any more, and Peter was going to have to call and see-

"Sorry, Dear!"

Peter turned, relief flooding through him. He stood, eagerly enveloping aunt May in a warm, welcoming hug. She leaned into the embrace, taking the weight off of her cane and putting it on Peter.

"I thought I was gonna have to call AARP." He teased. She pulled away and hit him playfully with her purse.

"Peter Parker. If you don't stop teasing me, you're going to need to call them for yourself."

"While I'm certain you could take me," And, had it not been for her bad hip, he really was certain aunt May could win in a fight, "We should sit down and get to looking at the menu."
They sat, and a waitress came to take their order. She had a bright smile and her hair was done up in a large, Jersey-style bun. She clicked her pen several times before asking them what they'd have, and she smelled like lavender.

When she left, May turned to Peter. "Okay, so spill. I can tell when you need to tell me something."

Peter smiled, a little ruefully. He wanted a chance to get to hear about aunt May and ask about her hip first, even if he was certain that the answer would be the same now as it always was; it hurt, the doctors had little they could do, and she was currently picking out a wheelchair for when it got to be too much.

But she'd asked, and May was going to get her way.

By the time he finished telling her everything, their meals were steaming in front of them. May had been mostly silent the whole time, only interrupting to clarify ("The Wade Wilson? That set the dollar bill on fire?") and occasionally comment.

Peter finally reached the end of his story with a resounding, "And now, I'm not sure what to do."

He took a few deep breaths. He'd been talking for awhile.

"Peter," May said, softly. She reached a hand out and caressed his on the table, sympathy in her eyes. She clearly didn't want to say what needed to be said, and Peter mentally braced himself. "Have you ever considered his feelings in this?"

"What do you mean?" He asked. May gave a sigh.

"I mean that you're focused on your job, your record, your feelings. Sure, he's a little nutty, but all of the great minds are. You lashed out at him, and he responded in turn. Haven't I taught you to give new things a try? Maybe it's risky, but I doubt the school board would fire a teacher like you for showing a movie.

"I'm not saying to abandon your principals, but maybe you should give this some more thought. I think that the two of you could learn from each other if you would just open up. And maybe, in the end, both you and the students will benefit from it."

"May." He relented, giving a small sigh. Okay, so maybe he had a bit of a stick up his ass about the whole thing. He liked to joke and oftentimes got sarcastic with his students too. He shouldn't be so quick to judge Wade's methods, especially when they obviously work.

"I know you'll be able to find a balance, Peter. And, son?" She questioned, raising an eyebrow. "If you want to know why he's flirting with you, ask him."

Peter felt his face heat up. God, what was with all the blushing lately?! He gave a small nod, though he had absolutely no intentions of following that advice. He wasn't going to acknowledge it, thank you very much. He wasn't going to take the risk of Wade stopping-Er, he meant, take the risk of making things even more awkward.

But he had to say something about it in front of the students.

"Aunt May, you always know what to say." He said. The waitress came and put down the bill, which Peter quickly swiped.

"Peter, you know I can handle-"
"You and uncle Ben took care of me for fifteen years." He interrupted, silencing her. "I can take care of the check once a week for you. It's not a big deal, aunt May. Besides," He said, leaning forward a little and lowering his voice, "You should be saving up for your hip replacement. I know it's a lot of money, but if you start now, you can save up enough in a few years."

"I don't know, Peter. It's going to be $20,000 with insurance. That's nothing to scoff at."

"And you already have $10,000 in the emergency medical fund." He pointed out.

He conveniently didn't mention that he was going to make an extra $3,000 for working this summer. At that rate, three years of summer school would put them in the clear to have the surgery.

At this rate, it might not keep her out of a wheelchair, but it would take her out of one.

"I just... I'm getting old. Things like this happen to old people." She argued. Peter shook his head.

"No, arthritis and forgetting where you put the keys happens to old people. This is preventable aunt May. You're sixty-five, you still have another twenty years before you're allowed to say things like that." He said. He stood, taking the bill with him.

"Peter?" She questioned. Peter turned around. Her voice was soft as she said, "Thank you."

He nodded, feeling his entire body relax. Really, it was the least that he could do. Aunt May deserved more than that.

Chapter End Notes

Question of the day: Who's teaching style do you relate to more, and why? Thanks for reading!
A/N: Alrighty everyone! Sorry that this chapter is a little bit shorter than they are traditionally. I think you'll really enjoy it though ;-) Things start to get a little flirtier. Which I have learned is the second most-loved thing for a fanfiction to get, right behind dirtier. XD. Please leave me a nice comment, or maybe even several if you're feeling a little frisky.

Nobody took me up on my offer to write a short fic to be included in this, so the entire chapter is indeed my work.

The room was cool. The air conditioning was blaring. Peter was there ten minutes early, and he'd been waiting for fifteen minutes for Wade to show up.

He opened the window to let a little heat in. The air conditioner sped up in defiance.

"Alright then, Parker," Wade's gruff voice greeted from behind him. Peter froze, his hands still wrapped around the window pane. "We have some negotiating to do."

He turned around to see Wade standing in a cowboy pose, with his hands positioned by his sides and fingers placed into fake guns.

"Looks like this classroom aint big enough for the both of us." Peter responded smoothly. Wade immediately cracked a smile, and Peter felt his heart warm, just a little bit.

Aunt May's words echoed in his head, "And maybe, in the end, both you and the students will benefit from it."

"Alrighty then, Peter. I think it's about time to have some negotiations." Wilson said, letting himself fall un-gracefully into a chair. He put his legs up over the side of it, sitting sideways.

It was a brand new, miniature lay-z-boy that Wade had dragged in himself. Peter assumed that it was child-sized due to the sheer smallness of the thing. Wade was clearly much too large to fit properly, but Peter let himself be amused instead of questioning the other man's sanity again.

Wade smacked a list onto their desk, written in crayon. Which, Peter had learned, was pretty much the only thing he wrote with.

"Alright. For once, I can say you're actually more prepared than I am." He said. He sat down in his own chair, turning the list in his hand so that he could read it. He scanned over it, reserving any commentary for the end.

Stop calling me 'Mr. Wilson'. For a multitude of reasons.

Peter's eyes flickered back up to him, but Mr.- Er, Wade, was looking off to the side. He had his lips pursed in a peculiar, almost serious way. Peter had never seen him look anything other than violent or playful, so this shift was odd, to say the least.
2. Please, for the love of Thor, never call me 'insane' or 'crazy' again. At least, not in a serious way. Not cool, dude.

3. We do this, we don't fight in front of the kids. If you're angry at me, it waits until after class. If it happens in class, they can still tell that we're going at it. (And not in the sexy way).

4. IF we come to an agreement, we stick to it.

The list stopped there. Peter glanced up again to find that Wade was staring at him, looking intense. Peter had a multitude of questions to ask, but he didn't bother to actually voice any of them. He nodded, sliding the list back.

"Alright. I can agree to that."

"Good enough for me, Baby Boy." Wade said, nodding. "Now, what is it you wanna add?"

"No explosions, fires, or anything potentially dangerous to the kids. And especially without telling me." He said. Wade's eyes widened.

"I know I joke a lot, but I'd never do anything to actually hurt the rugrats. I know my limits, and I know that I can keep 'em safe. That dollar bill was coated in a specific alcohol solution; I got Dr. Banner to show me how before I ever did it in the classroom. Nobody was in danger."

Dr. Banner was one of the top Chemists in the state. They were proud to have him at their school. Peter generally liked him.

The only thing he wasn't fond of was that Banner could sometimes forget that certain students needed a slower learning environment, and leave students who couldn't comprehend the subject matter practically drowning in work. So, he only taught AP classes.

"Okay, that's good to know. Um," He said, thinking. "No more cussing. Don't get me wrong, I'm fine with it. But if a board member walks in and students are dropping those words left and right, we'll both be in trouble."

Wade thought. He raised a single finger. "On the condition that I am allowed to cuss in iced cream flavors."

"Elaborate." Peter said, narrowing his eyes.

Wade's face wrinkled as he worked up the pretend anger to make his words believable. He snarled, "What the cookie dough? I will shove my foot so far up your cherry cordial, I mint chocolate-chip promise you you'll feel it there for a week. Stop being a little rocky road, you insufferable-"

"Okay, fair enough." Peter said, unable to resist the smile that was fighting its way onto his face. "That's fine. And last but not least, you can make the sexual jokes, I do understand that these are high school students, but you have to tone it down. And I'm allowed to object to anything derogatory."

"I'm not sure what that means, but I guess I'll agree to it."

"Alright then."

"Are we gonna seal this deal with a big ol' smackeroo, or are you still insisting on that handshake method of yours?"
"You wouldn't... You wouldn't really kiss someone to seal a deal, would you?"

"You should ask my lawyer. Matt's face was priceless." Wade said, laughing heartily and shaking his head. Peter felt his eyes widen.

"Um, anyways. I'll stick to the handshake for now." He admitted, sticking out his hand in invitation. Wade immediately took it, and Peter felt relief wash through him. He figured that the flirting was likely a side affect of Wade's personality, and less of a personal thing. It's not like he really minded, anyways.

"Your loss." He purred. Peter rolled his eyes for show.

"Okay, so we have to get some kind of planning done today. I figured that it would be a good time to teach them about some grammar mechanisms. We could have them edit a few hand-picked sentences and-

"Editing won't help it, chief. They need to know how to use it first." Wade interrupted. "I say we make a list of things that they have to incorporate, and they make it into their own story."

"Wouldn't that generally be a lot more work?" Peter questioned. Wade thought for a moment.

"Some kids don't like to write, so generally, yeah. But we could tell them it can be any kind of a story that they want. I don't care if we get pure pornography if it's got the right grammar. The kids who don't wanna do it will write something stupid just to see how far they can push the envelope, but that also means they'll get the assignment done."

"I... I never thought of it that way." Peter said, surprised by how much sense that made.

"And we give them an extra few minutes to get it done. It's not gonna be a problem as long as they have the time. I don't like giving kids homework."

"I feel the same way. And I can't believe I'm saying this, but that's a damn good idea."

"A sea-salt caramel good idea."

"Okay. And since we don't have all that much time left to plan something-" Peter glanced at the clock, and noticed that they only had ten minutes to go until it was time for class. "I think we can give the rest of the time to them to prepare for their book projects. A couple of hours of class reading time will really help some of them out."

"Don't I know it," Wade put in, nodding. "My daughter, Ellie, has dyslexia. She can read pretty well, but it takes awhile sometimes."

"Right. That's one of the reasons why I'm agreeing to let the kids read any book in the library as long as it's a chapter book. We're not getting picky about length."

"Speaking of which, have we been to the library yet? Because we really should go and let them get a book from up there."

"A wise suggestion, Mr. Wade. How about you go and make sure nobody is standing outside of the classroom waiting for us, and I'll run to the library to make sure the librarians are okay with us coming in today?" He suggested.

"Absolutely astounding answer to an abeyant altercation." He mused.
Parker stilled. Okay, so that was unexpected. He'd heard Wade use some fancy words before, but that was by far one of the best displays of vocabulary he'd witnessed since his last conversation with Tony.

"You really do like alliteration." He observed.

"Always." Wade said, moving to stand. Peter walked over to the window and shut it while his partner went. He felt soft, and light. Even though he still thought Wade was a little unhinged, he couldn't argue with the fact that he could be reasoned with. Maybe he'd jumped to conclusions a little too soon.

He ran up to the library, getting the thumbs-up from the librarian before he went downstairs, skirting into the class with seconds to spare before the final bell.

"-And there I was, with my parachute torn, thousands of feet above the arctic ocean. But I wasn't about to give up then. No, I'd made the commitment to jump out of that airplane, and I was gonna do it. So-"

"Alright, class, everyone take your seats. Wade will finish his story right after we go over today's lesson. Which means that the faster we get through this, the sooner you get to hear the ending." Peter announced. Several of the teens gave out groans, a couple of them rolling their eyes. Slowly, they returned to their seats.

Peter wrote the words on the board, him and Wade taking turns going back and forth defining the terms. They shot back and forth, playfully bantering with each other.

"A hyperbole is an extreme over exaggeration." Wade explained, smirking, "For example, if I were to say, 'Mr. Parker's beauty is unparalleled', it would be a hyperbole. I mean, as attractive as Mr. Parker is, he's no Ryan Reynolds."

"Right, and when Wade says five inches, it's a hyperbole." Parker felt nervous exchanging these jokes, but quickly loosened up. After all, these were high school kids, who could likely handle a couple of innuendos as long as they kept them PG-13.

Finally, they made it to the story section of class. They had picked out ten of the grammar rules and five literary words to have the students use in their stories; metaphor, allegory, and the like. At the end, Peter was satisfied with the results. Boys in the back of the classroom who hadn't done anything all year were giggling and trading (likely highly inappropriate, but still gradable) stories.

"And if you want to write a graphic makeout scene between me and Mr. Parker, nobody is gonna stop you. But I might dole out some extra credit points." Wade said, suggestively.

Angel raised her hand, and Peter pointed towards her.

"You're okay with that?" She asked, her face wrinkling in disgust. She looked pointedly at Wade, and Peter felt his stomach drop.

Angel had had a girlfriend for half of the year last year. They'd had to be broken up in hallways a couple of times, (making out in public was gross no matter what your sexual orientation was) and he knew for a fact that Angel was still identifying as bisexual. This wasn't a gross, homophobic comment. She was being directly cruel about Wade's skin.

"I think it's a lovely idea." Peter responded, giving her a tight smile. "Just, uh... Ignore the 'graphic'
part. Please, everyone, try to keep it PG-13."

"There's no penalty if you don't." Wade added. Peter rolled his eyes.

Soon enough, most of the five and six paragraph stories were turned in, and they were left with the library trip and reading to do before class would be over. They still had an hour and forty-five minutes left in class, and for the first time since they started the program, Peter didn't feel stressed out about how much time he had left to teach.

He thanked his rare, lucky stars.

"Alright. Now that class time for your stories is over, we're all gonna go to the library. You guys know that you have fourteen days until the book project is due, and some of you need to start pacing yourselves immediately. I'd say that giving yourselves ten days to read and four days to work on your poster board should be a good-"

"You said that Mr. Wilson could finish telling his parachute story." Someone interrupted. Peter paused, thinking for a moment before recalling the scene he'd interrupted earlier.

"Alright. Take it away, Wade." He said. Suddenly, he remembered item number one on Wade's list. He didn't want the other man to be uncomfortable so he added a quick, "Oh, and Sandy? He doesn't like to be called Mr-"

"Ignore Peter." Wade interrupted. "It's fine if you guys call me that. It's just certain people that need permission."

Peter turned and looked at him, curiosity bubbling up. He forced himself to hold in the question, not wanting to delay the class even further.

"Now, for the moment you've all been waiting for." Wade announced. He sat on the desk and leaned forward, his voice taking on a hushed quality as he spun his tale. "So, I jump from the plane. I know that my parachute has a hole in it, but I'm not sure how big it is. I let my line rip, and I find out that the hole is only about as big as a two-liter. But I'm still going too fast."

The class leaned in, many of the teens appearing captivated by the story. Peter didn't give Wade the satisfaction of his attention, preferring to turn away and pretend to be uninterested.

"I had brought a little something off of the plane; the big, self-inflating, rubber boat. So, as I'm falling from the sky, I calculate when the best time to pull it open would be. Damn, is the thing heavy! I almost dropped it at least twice. Anyways, I pull it out and it open, placing it between me and the ground. I landed hard, but that boat kept me from my imminent demise."

There was a short pause before the students erupted into chatter, and Wade looked satisfied with his work.

"I don't believe you." A voice suddenly shouted, from the back of the room. Like something out of a movie, the kids parted to reveal their classmate Ajax. He walked forward, his black leather jacket moving around with his steps. It was a couple of sizes too big.

"Come again?" Wade asked.

"You're lying. I'm sorry, can you not hear?" He questioned, gesturing towards his ears. Then he reprimanded, "Sorry, wrong teacher. That's Mr. Barton."

Peter felt rage immediately rise like the tide. What the hell? That was a low fucking blow. Clint
sometimes joked around about it himself, but that's because it was his disability, and it was his right to. People had been assholes about the kinds of jokes they told before, and Peter thought that Ajax was one of them. The way he'd sneered his words was enough to let Peter know that he hadn't meant the comment to be harmless, but to hurt. It was clearly not in good taste.

"Listen, you little twerp, I have the pictures."

"There's no way someone could survive a fall like that unhurt. Photoshop exists in the twenty-first century, even if you do have pictures, I wouldn't believe you." He said, shrugging.

"I never said I was unhurt, Pal. I shattered three bones in my foot. And even if you're gonna be an asshole about it, I'm bringing in the pictures. Mark my words, you little Cookies n' Cream, I'm no liar."

"I believe you, Wade." Peter butted in. Most of the class voiced their approval. "Oh, and by the way, Ajax. I think we both know that snide comment about Mr. Barton deserves a detention. You can either serve it, or you can write a two-page paper on the struggles that deaf people face in the twenty-first century."

Ajax made a face.

"I was just gonna make him read Hellen Keller for his book project. But that's a much better punishment." Wade agreed. Some of the students seemed surprised by this; it didn't seem like Wade to dish out punishments. It took a lot to get him angry.

"C'mon, kids. Let's go and pick out some books." Wade said, moving them along. "I've got this one, Mr. Parker. You stay here and fill out that boring paperwork you have to do whenever a kid gets in trouble."

"Thanks. You're my hero." Peter snarked, rolling his eyes. It was just like Wade to hate paperwork.

"Now that I aint." He argued, swiftly. He waved goodbye as the kids filed out of the classroom, the previously straight line spreading out as students began to walk beside their friends once they were out of the classroom.

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They'd decided to stay after school so that they could grade the papers together. The room was darkened, only the set of lights closest to them remaining on. The only sounds were Wade endlessly chattering to himself and the occasional shuffle as one of them switched to the next paper.

All of the stories were relatively short. Peter could honestly say that he was impressed; the lowest grade he'd had so far had been a 10/15, which was still passing.

Wade wanted to just give all the students who turned it in an A for effort, but Peter insisted that doing that wouldn't help them. Wade agreed to actually take off points as long as they had a curve; anyone who got below a twelve was allowed to re-do the paper for a higher grade, and everyone would get an extra two points on top.

"Oh my cherry pie, Parker!" Wade squealed. Peter jumped, actually glaring at him for upsetting his work. He'd accidentally made a large red mark across the paper he was grading, and he hoped that it wouldn't be too upsetting that there would be no explanation for it when he handed the papers back. He capped his felt-tip marker and turned towards Wade, raising his eyebrows. "What?"

"Well, my little Snickerdoodle, someone followed my advice!" Wade informed him enthusiastically.
Peter tilted his head in confusion. Not just for the exclamation, but the nickname. *Snickerdoodle? Really?*

"What suggestion?" He asked. Then, quickly added, "Snickerdoodle? Really?"

"Well yeah. You're spicy at first, but then you're sweet. Someone used a little too much cinnamon, but I like that in a man." He explained. "Oh, and a student followed my advice! I know, I'm surprised they listen to me too. But look, someone named [insert name here] actually wrote a story between us!"

"They, uh... They did?" Peter asked, feeling oddly intrigued. "It's PG-13, right?"

Wade scanned a few paragraphs, hunkering down in his seat as he did. "Yeah, unfortunately. But I will admit that it's pretty saucy. Oooooh, that's a great idea! Yeah, Petey, read it out loud!"

Wade turned slightly and shoved the paper into Peter's hands, crinkling it up in the process. He noticed then that Wade was putting stickers on the top of any stories that he liked. He made the sound decision not to comment on that, but he wasn't sure what to do about the story.

He could say no, and refuse to read it. But then again, he also had a million opportunities to let Wade know that he wasn't comfortable with the flirting already, and he'd taken exactly none of them. Peter Parker didn't have the best track record with making decisions. Or playing well with others.

And here he was, doing both at the same time with the futures of at least thirty kids hanging in the balance.

"Sure." He agreed, berating himself for it even as the word slipped from his lips.

Even though he could play nice and joke around with Wade during class time, he knew that doing this was wrong. They were coworkers, and indulging himself like this was passing some very specific workplace boundaries that he usually stuck to. He liked Wade, but...

He wasn't sure if he could go out with someone like him. He seemed so... For lack of a better word, crazy. Peter wasn't sure how much of it was an act, and how much of it was the real Wade. He needed someone who could be frank with him, someone who was serious enough to have an intelligent conversation. Someone who he could trust.

He wasn't sure that he'd ever be able to trust Wade. The rumors, his flippant, devil-may-care attitude... Peter just wasn't sure it was something he could get behind.

He looked down at the paper, and he began to read.

"Peter Parker was exhausted. He slumped over his desk, his forehead resting on the cool wood like a leaf rests on top of a body of moving water. He thought that if he could just get some sleep, everything would be a little better. But he had no such luck.

Wade Wilson strolled up, his eyebrows raised. "So, did you forget about the bet you lost?"

"I wish I did" Peter responded. Of course, he was referencing the bet that they had made a couple of months ago, which had just now fallen through. Peter felt like he was going to die of embarrassment; since he lost the bet, he'd have to make out with Mr. Wilson!

Wade grabbed Peter's shoulders and slowly guided him up. Peter kept his eyes closed, as if not seeing it would make it any less real.
What he wasn't expecting, however, was for Wade to dominantly press his lips to Peter's own. Soon enough, his tongue was probing at Peter's lips, almost demanding entrance."

"Wow. Saucy, no? That's a real way with words, right there."

"I dunno, it's unrealistic. Does me being the bottom really make sense to you? Because I think that's what they're implying." Peter teased him, shaking his head. "You can't change up people's personalities just because it's fiction."

"Baby boy, clearly you're mistaken." Wade teased. "The fact of the matter is that you're obviously a power bottom. You've never been with a man before, have you?"

"T-That's an extremely unprofessional question." Peter responded, curtly. To avoid thinking about it, and to cut off the rest of this conversation before it got out of hand, he continued reading,

"Peter let out a groan, opening up his mouth and allowing the other access. Wade's hands tangled in his hair and Peter gasped sharply, as though he'd just been stung by a bee. His face was the sunset, red with embarrassment and longing.

Wade wasn't deterred by the small break. He hungrily chased after Peter's lips, continuing to savor the flavor of the other man."

Peter had to stop. He cleared his throat, getting to be a little uncomfortable. His skin was heating up and his cock was beginning to take interest in the story. He took a couple of minutes to compose himself before he kept going.

"This girl has some talent." Wade interrupted, smirking. His eyes scanned up and down Peter's body, the gaze seeming predatory in the dim room. Peter suddenly realized that a great deal of pornography probably started this way.

He hated to admit that the thought turned up the notch on the heat dancing across his skin.

He quickly began to read the last few paragraphs,

"Wade pulled away after a few more moments of glorious smooches, looking content. He could tell by Peter's wonderful reactions that he'd liked it just as much.

"So, Mr. Parker," He purred, "Wanna take this miraculous makeout and meander to my mansion?"

"If you mean your one-bedroom apartment, then sure." Mr. Parker agreed."

"Nice work on the alliteration." Wade cooed. Then, he added on, "So, what are you doing this Friday night?"

Peter froze. Was Wade actually asking him out? Right after he'd just read that?

"Relax, toots. I was thinking that the two of us could plan out the lessons for next week at my place. Not a big deal." He soothed, immediately. Peter felt himself relax, and he considered it.

There wasn't really anything overtly important that he had to get done, and having the work all laid out would probably make him feel about a million times better. Peter did like to be prepared, and spending time with Wade outside of class would help him to accomplish that.

"Okay, I can agree. What time and what address?" He questioned. Wade smiled broadly.
A/N: Please let me know today; Who in your highschool did you/do you want to punch in the face as much as Ajax? Feel free to explain why.
Hey everyone! This chapter took me like, five-ever to edit. Anyways, it's my prom tomorrow night, so with me fun and luck! Enjoy the chapter.

It was a good thing that Wade suggested they meet after school, because without any planning, Friday was a disaster. Wade showed off his proof that he made the parachute jump, (pictures from before and after) and let all the kids sign his cast from the fall in crayon, (even though it was already cut in half, and firmly off of his foot) and after that, things descended into chaos.

In the ten minutes Peter and Wade were discussing what to do with the class, the students lost their shit. Things were flung across the room, people started yelling at each other just to be heard over all the other noise, and Peter had to stand on a chair before he finally got their attention. Even then, people whispered over him.

The only thing that got them all under control was Wade playing what he lovingly referred to as "chainsaw porn" on his computer and turning the volume all the way up. Turns out, people put videos of themselves fighting their friends using chainsaws like light-sabers on the internet.

And Peter thought that regular light-saber battles were dangerous.

Once their attention had been captured, they moved on to teaching the students about the different kinds of poetry. The class was still rowdy and Wade's talking to himself was incessant and obtrusive, and didn't exactly help the kids to stay calm. Peter tried to keep his cool, but he could feel it slipping come the end of the day.

At least he had a few hours before his planning session with Wade. He wasn't sure he could deal with any more school news without some major cool down time first.

So, when he got home, he immediately sat down his briefcase and turned on the lights. He walked through the linoleum kitchen, taking note of his old and dirty stove and the takeout menus slung carelessly across the counters. The fridge, which was probably older than him, hummed loudly.

And sure, the kitchen was run down, and the lights were all weirdly dim, and the place was in the city, which meant that it could sometimes take up to half an hour to make the seven-minute drive to and from the school, but it had its charms.

By charm, of course, Peter meant to say that it had a clawfoot bathtub.

He walked into the cozy bathroom and turned on the water, letting it fill to the very brim. He saw the yellow of the walls reflected in the rippling waves, and began to relax.

He let it slowly warm up, sticking his hand in the running water and trying to make sure that it didn't get too hot for him. He reached over and grabbed some of his Old Spice shampoo, pouring a generous amount on his hand before placing it back under the spray of the running water. He watched as it foamed, turning into glorious little soap bubbles bobbing up and down on the surface
of the water like ships on a turbulent ocean.

He was too poor to buy real bubble bath, but a teacher's salary was enough for a little extra soap every now and again.

He stripped, leaving his clothes on the floor as he stepped into the bath. He hissed as the water warmed his too-cold feet, and he sunk into the bath. He slowly let himself relax, working the tension out of his muscles.

His cock responded pleasantly to the warm water and relaxation, and he decided to ignore it. Sure, masturbation would bring the stress relief that he needed, but if he touched himself now, he was certain that he would end up thinking about Wade while he did it.

He wasn't sure of his ability to look the other man in the eye if he touched himself to the thought of those large muscles, that playful voice, the way that he'd probably aggressively kiss him senseless just like he did in that story-

NO!

Peter immediately began to methodologically scrub down his body, avoiding anywhere close enough to his cock. He worked the luffa (yes, he used a luffa, because they're manly as fuck) just a little too hard against his skin, hoping the pain would make him lose interest in the situation.

He let himself soak for a few more minutes before he drained the bath and turned the water back on, letting it run cold and turning it into a shower. He gave an undignified yelp as the cold water sprayed him down.

"Well, now that I've had some time to cool down." He mumbled to himself. He grabbed a towel, stepping around his clothes to walk out the door. He told himself that he'd pick them up in a minute. He was likely lying.

It was a good thing that he didn't keep his apartment cool, because the cool air on his already shivering body would've sucked right about then. He made his way to his bedroom, trying to ignore the couple piles of dirty clothes and pop cans by his bed.

He picked out some regular jeans and a t-shirt, figuring that he should probably try to dress in cooler clothing, for the weather. He put on an extra layer of deodorant and lay across the bed, glancing at the clock.

He had thirty minutes until he had to leave. He grabbed his phone and set it to go off in twenty. A quick nap before he left certainly couldn't hurt his mood.

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He knocked on Wade's door moments before four o'clock. It hadn't taken him as long as he'd expected to get here, which was good because he had been late getting out the door.

The door swung open and Wade immediately raised his arm above his head and leaned against the doorway, smirking as his eyes traveled up and down Peter's body.

"Hey there!" Wade said, "You're wearing something new. Huh. I figured all you had was school clothes."

"Funny that you'd say that. These are work clothes. Or at least, they were."
"What do you mean by that?" Wade questioned. He stepped aside, granting Peter entrance into his house. Peter stepped through the threshold, immediately noticing the strong smells of greasy pizza and febreze fighting for dominance. "Sorry, the place is a bit of a wreck."

He walked forward, peering into the kitchen. Admittedly, it was messy. Messier than Peter's house, by far. But the way Wade said it, like he was almost nervous to lose Peter's approval, made it all alright. Peter shook his head as he moved on to the living room, seeing a couple of big, mismatched lay-z-boy recliners and an unused futon propped up in front of a big-screen TV.

"The height of luxury." He commented playfully. Wade laughed. "And I used to just be a freelance photographer."

"Yeah, but the neighbors are a little nosy. Blind Al is always trying to feel up my muscles. I don't blame her, though. I mean, these are the most dangerous guns I have in the house." He flexed his biceps, "And I do, in fact, have a lot of guns here."

"That's... That's a joke, right?"

"Most of them are legal!" Wade said, putting his hands up in defense. Peter shook his head to clear it, trying to rid himself of the image of Wade holding a rocket launcher. He gave a heavy sigh and placed his nose between his fingers to alleviate his sudden headache.

Eventually, he recovered. "Where do you wanna do this?"

"The bedroom, obviously. Where do you usually-"

"The planning, Wade." He interrupted. "Do you have a kitchen table?"

"Yeah, but it's currently covered in pizza boxes. If you want, I can have it cleared off in a couple of minutes. Just have a seat and I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Okay." Peter agreed.

Wade sped out of the room, humming "Baby Got Back" to himself as he went. Peter took a couple of steps away from him, headed towards the large, green chair. He tried not to imagine all of the various fluids that might light up on it if he had a black light (like a Jackson Polluck, because Peter is a massive nerd saw Guardians of the Galaxy at least four times that he can remember) and sunk down into the fluffy cushion.

"Hey, you won't mind if I order pizza, will you? I'm fucking starving." Wade shouted out to him.

Peter dragged his hand across the finely textured arm of the chair, noting that it did at least feel clean.

He snapped back to reality, re-playing what Wade had said.

"That's fine with me."

"What kind of stuff do you want on your half?"

Peter paused. He didn't expect that he'd be eating it, too. He thought for a minute. "Hawaiian, as long as the place doesn't try to replace the tomato sauce with barbeque sauce."

"That's a crime against nature." Wade agreed, "To fuck with barbeque sauce and pizza, you have to really know what you're doing, or else someone's getting hurt. Sorta like anal."

"Do you have to be so gross?" Peter asked, although he admittedly found it amusing. He heard
Wade dialed the phone number, and relaxed as he ordered a large. At first, he'd been convinced that this was going to end up an awkward experience. Now?

Well, Wade's arm chair was really comfortable. And his house was just the right balance between cool and warm. And he was ordering a pizza. So, everything was falling into place.

"Alright, I have the place cleaned, if you wanna bring your nerdy planning stuff over here." He shouted. Peter regretfully excused himself from the chair, standing and grabbing his bag along the way. It felt a little weird to be toting it around when he was in his regular day-clothes.

He slammed it on the (now mostly clean) table and unbuckled the straps, sliding out the files on the students and the standards for English 11. He spread them out across the table, working quickly so that he and Wade would have their own little workspace set up. He grabbed his notebook and his pen, ready to write down whatever they would come up with.

By the time the doorbell rang and the pizza was there, they already had the lesson plans done through Thursday. Even though Peter had to continuously redirect the scatterbrained Mr. Wilson, he thought that the progress was promising. But as they crept towards Friday's plans, Peter had noticed that they were slowing down.

Wade handed the pizza guy a $20, telling him fondly to keep the change. He slammed the door shut with his foot, one hand balancing the pizza in it as he walked over to the table like an over exasperated waitress. Peter snorted in amusement as he set down the box.

Wade winked at him, a small and playful gesture.

Peter could smell the melty, gooey cheese as well as the sweet and sour pineapple. The smell permeated through the room, filling up every nook and cranny. Peter hadn't even known that he was hungry, but his mouth was watering and his stomach gave a growl of appreciation.

Wade lifted up the lid of the box and steam wafted from the food.

"Hey, you like pineapple pizza, too?" He asked, excited and enthusiastic. Wade's half was covered in pineapples and anchovies, sweet and savory. He nodded his head.

"Pineapple is the only fruit that belongs on pizza."

"Tomato is technically a fruit."

"Yeah, but I'm conveniently ignoring that fact. Sorta like how the government conveniently ignores alien abductions, and the janitors at the school conveniently ignore gum stuck to every surface in the entire building."

Peter snorted, but didn't respond. There was something better he could be doing with his mouth-God, that sounded pervy, but he didn't even care right then.

He bit into the pizza, letting out a groan of appreciation. The cheese almost scolded his tongue, but he persevered, quickly chewing his bite and swallowing before it could do any real damage. Suddenly, his mouth felt dry.

"Do you have something to drink?"

"Sure. Do you want a beer, or a glass of water?" Wade offered, putting down his own slice to go and get a drink. "Just so we're clear, a tall glass of yours truly is also on the menu for this evening."
"I think a water will be fine." Peter teased. "I don't put out on the first date."

"So that's what we're calling this? A date?" Wade questioned. Peter paused, reviewing his word in his head. A quick bit of panic streaked its way through him, and he immediately felt denial rise up like a title wave. He decided immediately that he needed to change the subject.

"Um, so, about the Socratic seminar. What kind of questions do we want to ask about the poem?"

"I don't know, I've never read it." Wade said, his footsteps sounding louder as he walked around the table and sat the glass of water in front of Peter. Peter took a big gulp, thirsty.

"Then that should be the first thing we do." He said. They looked over the poem and came up with a couple of questions to get the ball rolling, each of them coming up with their own interpretations. (Wade had enthused that, "It's about aliens, Parker!", and Peter thought that he was just being silly until he picked the poem apart and actually proved that it might be about aliens. Or sex, he hadn't quite made up his mind yet).

Soon enough, all the work was done and the pizza was halfway gone. Peter sat rubbing his stomach contentedly as Wade babbled on about his favorite places in the world.

"And let me tell you, no place in the world compares to Louisville Kentucky. They have a wonderful TGI Friday's. It's really and truly the best place on earth. And I've been to Disneyland, so I'm uniquely qualified to say that. Although I did get kicked out; some creep was trying to rub one out. He wasn't in front of any kids, but it was clear he shouldn't have been there, and I kinda beat the shit out of him. But he's in prison and on the sex offender's list now, so I guess it was a win-win situation."

Peter had been thinking about other things through this rant. He was vaguely absorbing the things that Wade said, but not truly paying attention. There was something that was bothering him, almost like an itch that he had to scratch.

"Hey, Wade?" He interrupted, "Why don't you want me to call you Mr. Wilson?"

"Do you want the honest answer?" Wade asked. Suddenly, where he had been completely relaxed, (and talking up a storm), he looked vaguely insecure. He stepped back, and... Was that a blush coloring his cheeks? Peter had thought that blushing was his move.

"Yeah, sure." He said, raising his eyebrows. He wouldn't have asked if he didn't.

"Well, it actually kinda turns me on a little bit." Wade admitted, with a solid clear of his throat. Peter's eyes widened, and he felt heat flare up in his stomach. Why didn't he masturbate before he came here? Oh, right, because he was an idiot.

"Oh, really? Well, uh, I can see why you'd want that to stay... Y'know. Not at school." Peter said, fumbling over his words like a teenager. He wanted to hit himself over the head, but figured that this wasn't the best time.

"It's cool. It only works that way when you do it, though. I'm not sure why." Wade clarified.

Peter knew that what he was about to do was dangerous, but he was getting hard fast and the danger only made the idea sexier. He'd always been the idiot who played with fire when he was younger, and here he was, sitting in front of a fucking inferno, mesmerized.

"So, if I were to do it now, Mr. Wilson," He let the words come out in a purr, his eyes scanning up and down Wade's body for good measure, "Would it do anything for you?"
"Well, Baby Boy, why don't you come and see for yourself?" He questioned, smirking at Peter. Peter could tell that he was being undressed with Wade's eyes, and he barely restrained himself from shivering.

But it was a challenge that he couldn't take. Wade was his coworker. Not to mention that he barely knew anything about the man, aside from the fact that he occasionally drove Peter up the walls and he was about as sane as the Joker.

He decided to switch topics.

"You know, thanks for backing me up when that Ajax kid was being an asshole. Clint is one of my best friends, and I couldn't stand the brat talking like that."

"Of course I'm standing up for him. Some of these ridiculous people who think it's okay to mock and ridicule and- I can't fucking stand it. It's not Clint's fault, y'know? And he's honestly one of the best conversationalists around. I've faced my fair share of assholes in the past, and I don't want anyone else to have to." He clarified, looking down.

"...Because of your skin?" Peter presses. He didn't want to make Wade feel uncomfortable, but he did want to know.

The more he realized how smart and caring Wade was, the more he felt like he might have misjudged him at first. In the fluorescent lighting of his home, Wade looked thoughtful, almost... Vulnerable.

Peter wanted to know more about that. He wanted to explore this. Because Peter had learned his lesson about judging the book by its cover, and he wanted to read it all the way through.

Wade scoffed. "Not exactly. My skin is a product of it."

Peter felt confusion bubble up. Wade was clearly upset, but he didn't want him to stop talking.

"I thought you said your skin happened in a fire?" He questioned, tentatively. Then he quickly added, "If you don't want to talk about this, that's fine. I totally understand."

"If you want to hear it, I'm up for talking. But I need your promise that you aren't gonna judge me." Wade said. Peter thought through that for a moment.

"I won't judge you." He promised, hoping that he could keep it.

"Alright." Wade relented. A couple of unending seconds stretched between them, filled with silence as Wade decided what to say. "Okay kid, buckle up, because this is gonna be a wild ride.

"I was diagnosed with schizophrenia when I was sixteen. I got put into the foster care system and the stress just... I dunno, triggered it, or something. They say it's a mix of environmental and genetic factors, and I think that's true for me, cause my old man was a big bag o' mixed nuts too. In assorted flavors.

"Well, I got into some bad stuff back then. Starting when I was sixteen, I was involved in illegal weapons dealing. I know, I wasn't exactly the role model that I am now." He said, but the words dripped with sarcasm. Peter could tell that he was bitter about his past.

"Turned out that I'm actually allergic to most of the medications used to treat schizo. And believe me when I say that it's pretty damn hard to get anyone to take you serious when you're mentally ill and unmedicated. Unless, that is, you're violent.
"I liked hustling people. I liked breaking the fingers and I liked carrying the big guns. Because for once in my life it felt like I was being taken seriously. The only kind of serious I got from Paw was a serious beating, and most of my foster families just had me so they could write it off of their taxes. I know, it's a shitty excuse, but people actually listened when I had a gun pointed at their throat. So, I got into some really bad places and pissed off some bad people.

"It was around that time that I went undercover at a college. As it turned out, I actually loved my classes. I started out in psychology but eventually just ended up in the English department. When I started college, nobody knew what a nutcase I was, and my teachers actually treated me like a human being. It was around that time I realized that I wanted to be a teacher myself."

"So, you... hear voices?" Peter interrupted, realizing now that this would explain a lot. Wade held up a finger.

"Hey, let me finish first. Questions will be answered at the end." Wade said. Peter relented, leaning back in his chair to listen to the rest.

Wade waited a few seconds to make sure that he had Peter's full compliance before he started back up again. "Well, you can't really be a teacher and be involved in armed trading. So I cut ties from the business as much as I could. Made some of my bosses angry, but I didn't really care. I was good at what I did and I had enough money from jobs saved up that I wouldn't have to worry about working while I was in college. It was cloud nine.

"I graduated at the ripe age of twenty-eight. Found myself a little job teaching at the high school I had gone to. But it wasn't all smiles."

Wade's story up until now had had a reminiscent quality, a kind of happy tone. Now, it turned dark and grim, and Peter saw him truly angry for the first time. His muscles tensed and his eyes were alight with fire.

"Pretty soon, I had someone stalking me. I went to the police for help. I'd gotten rid of most of my heavy ammunition, and I wanted to send a message that I really was out of the game. I mean usually I can take care of myself, but that wouldn't have had the same impact. But as soon as I let it slip that I was a little psycho, they sent me away with a pat on the head and a therapist's number."

"That's bullshit." Peter said, surprising even himself with his outburst. He was intrigued by the amount of anger that was currently bubbling up inside of him. He felt rage like he'd never felt before.

"Yeah, especially since I had proof of a guy coming into my yard and then leaving at two in the morning the night before. My friend Weasel had installed some security cameras for me a couple of months before, and they caught most of what the guy was doing. That should have been grounds right there to take me seriously.

"But the cameras didn't catch what he had set up. Small, home-made bomb, right on my gas line. That night I went to sleep and woke up with my entire body on fire. It was... I don't wanna scare you, kid, but it was the worst pain I'd ever felt in my life. Every second of it, I wished I were dead."

"So that's how you got your scars?" Peter questioned, his eyes widening. He couldn't even imagine the pain that it must have caused.

"Yup. Sixteen corrective surgeries and a few skin grafts to the important bits later, and I'm now the Frankenstein you see today. The only relief was that the police bureau paid for it to get me to shut up about a lawsuit. Still didn't make up for the year and a half I spent in the hospital, but at least I didn't have to worry about my bill."
"That's... That's really fucked up. I'm so sorry Wade." Peter said. He leaned across the table and put a hand on Wade's shoulder. Wade's eyes lifted off of the floor, and they met Peter's own.

"It's fine. Sometimes I think that I probably deserved it. After all, I'm no saint. I just hope that I can redeem myself, y'know? Give these kids some kind of hope."

"So, is the fire why you quit your old teaching job?" Peter asked, curiosity still burning. "And you still haven't answered my question about the voices."

"No, I lost my old teaching job because one of the students complained about my 'wreckless behavior'." He said, laughing a little. "It was because I failed her though. She didn't do any work, it's not like I could pass her."

"Yeah, I've had some students throw fits about their grades before, too. Sometimes you get to change them, sometimes you don't." Peter agreed. He noticed that Wade hadn't addressed his second question, and he assumed that he didn't want to. The last thing Peter wanted was to be pushy, so he decided to let it go. Wade would tell him when he felt like it.

A few moments passed in a heavy silence.

"Oh, and there are two, by the way. Voices. I call them Whitey and Yellow, because when I do see them, they appear as sorta... white and yellow boxes? I respond to them mostly because they don't shut the fuck up unless I do."

"I guess you and them have that in common." Peter teased. He was briefly nervous that saying that had overstepped a line, but Wade just laughed softly.

"I guess we do." He said. He took a slight pause. "I'm really not dangerous unless I wanna be though. Or else I'd never let myself be around kids." He reassured. Peter nodded, almost surprised to find that he actually trusted Wade.

"Yeah. That makes sense. I don't think you'd ever put the kids in danger." Peter agreed.

"I'm glad that you still think so highly of me." Wade responded, smirking. Peter paused, wracking his brain for something to say. He didn't want to leave, didn't want this night to be over, but he also knew that there was nothing else work-related they could talk about. Especially not after that feelings-fest.

Wade must have read his mind, because he suggested, "You know, I saw you eyeing my TV. I have a couple of wii controllers and Mario Kart, if you're up for the challenge?"

Peter nodded his head. "I'm gonna warn you though, I'm pretty damn good at rainbow road."

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When Peter woke, he had a moment of striking confusion.

The surface underneath him was harder than usual. When he opened his eyes, the usual crème white of his bedroom walls was replaced with a dingy, dirty yellow. His pillow shifted underneath him, and his head snapped up, heartbeat picking up.

"Good morning, Sunshine." Wade grumbled. Peter felt his stomach do an odd flip as he realized that he was sleeping directly on Wade, their bodies lined up. He paled when he shifted, and subsequently realized that he had morning wood.
"Um, this is a little awkward, but do you have a shower?" He questioned. Wade yawned, raising a hand that Peter hadn't realized was placed protectively on his hip, to cover his mouth.

"Nope, I just wait until it rains to scrub myself. The neighbors all come out to get an eyeful, and the pictures wind up plastered across the internet." He responded. Then, he gave Peter the real answer. "Down the hall, first door on the left. I have mouthwash in the medicine cabinet, in case ya got morning breath."

Peter quickly rose, peeling himself off of Wade's (rock hard, lithe, sexy) body. He quickly made his way to the shower, turning the water on cold and undressing, letting it run over his too-warm skin until his hard-on went away. That was something that he was gonna have to take care of as soon as he got home, because he knew that it was just going to keep happening more and more often until he fixed it.

As he stepped out, he noticed that the scent of bacon was wafting through the air. He grabbed the mouthwash and swished it around a few times, spitting in the sink. He jumped as there was a knock at the door.

"Hey, Peter?" Wade asked, softly.

"Yeah?" He called back.

"I have some clothes for you to borrow. Or, at least, I have a pair of sweats that you can borrow." He said.

Which is how Peter ended up sitting in Wade's kitchen chair at ten o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday morning, watching him flip pancakes and occasionally take a little bit of bacon from the heaping plate sitting on the stove.

Wade was finished soon, and he piled up some pancakes and bacon on a plate and slid them across the table to Peter, along with a bottle of syrup.

"I didn't know if you liked crunchy or soft bacon, so I fixed you some of both." Wade informed him. Peter immediately picked up the crunchy kind, and took an enormous bite.

"I like both, actually. Thanks. This is really good." He enthused, finishing off the piece. He grabbed the syrup and ran it over his pancakes, his stomach growling.

"Those are chocolate-chip banana." Wade informed him, sitting down across from him. He had a plate with four on it himself, and he took the syrup as soon as Peter was done with it. He looked lovingly at the bottle. "Aaaah, one of the four main food groups."

"Candy, candy corn, candy canes, and syrup." Peter responded. He sucked a little bit of syrup off of his thumb and bit into his pancakes, holding back some truly erotic noises as the flavors danced across his palate. Wade was a damn good cook, that was for certain.

"Awww, he understands me." Wade cooed, before shoving a large bite into his mouth. He chewed thoughtfully for a little while. "You know, we fell asleep on entirely separate ends of the couch. I don't know how you managed to get on top of me."

"I don't know how you managed to get underneath me." Peter retorted. He could remember most of the night before- The pizza, Wade's confession, finding out that they were truly an even match at Mario Kart. At one point he knew he decided to rest his eyes, and then he fell asleep. The rest was history, apparently.
"Touche." Wade said, smiling. Peter glanced at the clock, and flinched.

"I have to go soon." He informed Wade, mentally planning his day. "I have a friend who I have to meet for lunch. Although I'm not sure how hungry I'll be after this."

"That's what they all say. Please, Baby Boy, be the one who actually calls me later." He teased. Peter smiled a little. This did feel a little bit like a friendship one-night stand. They hadn't planned it before, and neither of them dared to ask whether or not it was going to happen again. Wade made him breakfast the next day, and Peter had woken up with an awkward boner. So exactly like that.

"I'll see what I can do." Peter said. He reached for his bag, which still lay on the other side of the table, and pulled out a blank piece of paper. He scribbled down his number on it and slid it across the table.

"Oh-Em-Gee, Petey-Boy! Thank you. I'm totes gonna text you later." He gushed. Peter rolled his eyes and grabbed a napkin, wiping some of the syrup off of his face.

Chapter End Notes

Time for a question: team Cap, or team Iron Man? (I'm team Iron Man myself, but still love my bisexual propaganda man).
Cool Nickname Club

Chapter Notes

My prom was absolutely wonderful. Thank you to everyone who wished me a good one! I appreciate it from the bottom of my heart.

I'm back on snapchat, so if anyone is interested in adding me, my username is MysticMonarch.

I'm going to see Civil War tonight! ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday went off without a hitch. The students loved the activities they had planned, and Mr. Wilson didn't do anything dangerous. Well, he did text and drive while he was leaving the school, but promised that he'd he stop when Peter mentioned it.

Over the weekend, Peter had gotten used to receiving texts of varying length and subject matter from his friend. He'd open his phone to find things like, 'What do you think mole people look like?', or, 'Taco Bell's new quesalupa is actually vaguely disappointing. I mean, I still like it, but it's not what I was expecting at all. Needs more of a punch. Speaking of punch, Taco Bell has great punch.' and, 'I googled what mole people look like. Never. Again.'

Honestly, he loved it. Even though he didn't respond to every text, the constant chatter just felt right to have. He liked knowing that he could open his phone at any given moment and have a text from Wade in his inbox.

He decided that he'd gotten used to the idea of him sticking around.

Tuesday and Wednesday went much in the same manner. Thursday, though?

Thursday was a fucking disaster.

"Okay, kids, so what do you think the poet meant when he used the word "unintelligent"? And did it really apply to the character?" Peter posed. They'd moved the desks around a little bit, so that they were in the shape of a lopsided, deformed circle.

"Well, to give you the dictionary definition, ‘Unintelligent’ is Wade Wilson."

Peter felt shock take over. He turned around to see Francis with his feet propped up onto the desk, like a class A douchebag.

A couple members of the class laughed, but most of them just looked uncomfortable. In the silence that followed, Peter could practically hear Wade's self-loathing.

"Wade is actually one of the best teachers that this school has. He managed to pass all but one of his students last semester. Therefore thank you, Ajax, for giving us the perfect example. That comment was unintelligent."

"Ajax knows." Wade said. Although he was currently playing Kwazy Kupcakes on his cell phone,
instead of than paying attention to the class. "He's the one arse-hole who decided to fail."

"Yup, and I'm failing again this semester." He let them know, looking out the window. "I've only turned in one assignment so far, and I'm not worried about it. I'm going to drop out of school in the fall anyways, once I'm old enough."

"You're going to drop out of school?" Peter questioned, surprised. "What do you plan on doing with your life?"

"My dad owns a company." He said, shrugging. "I'm going to inherit it when he retires in five years. Once that happens, all of this will have been a waste. So, I'm not doing anything."

"What, you never think you'll need to use critical thinking skills running a company? Don't realize that while the curriculum is admittedly off-base with reality, this is stuff you will need?"

"That's bull-" Ajax cut off. "That's a load. I won't need this, and I'm not doing the work. Besides, all you two do is flirt all day. Half of this I already learned in Kindergarten. You two are the most incompetent teachers I've ever laid eyes on."

"Hallway. Now." Peter said, struggling to keep his calm. Ajax stared him down, fire burning in his eyes as he looked Peter up and down.

"How about you make me?" He challenged. Peter would have loved to make the brat move, but he knew that he couldn't. Violence isn't the answer, violence isn't the answer, he chanted to himself. He walked over to the phone with a faked calm and dialed the number for the principal's office.

"The fuck do you want? This had better be important, I swear to Christ, unless Wade has started a fire again-"

"We have a hostile student who is refusing to leave the classroom. Could you send down security?" Peter questioned. There was some muffled growling and cursing on the other line before he heard the dial tone. He assumed that help was coming.

A couple of minutes later, one of the school officers was at the door to remove Ajax. Although he was all talk at first, in the presence of the officer he immediately backed down. He sent Peter a hateful glare before walking with him out of the room.

"Hey Negasonic? Still love the name." Wade said, looking up from his game. "Could you be in charge for a few minutes? I have to take honey-buns out into the hallway to work some things out."

"Sure." She said flatly. Wade rose, waving Peter along with him. Peter rose as well, wondering why Wade needed to have a word.

"Honey buns?" Peter questioned. "That's the best you can come up with?"

"That's the best I can come up with in front of the poor children." Wade retaliated, as they walked out the door. Peter stopped just outside of the door and listened as Negasonic took control of the situation with ease.

And by that, of course, he meant that she ignored the other students, but occasionally complained about how loud it was.

"Okay, so what is it you needed to talk about?"

"That dish-soap-named motherfucker is going down. And by going down, I mean he's passing this
goddammed class." Wade said, balling up his fist and slamming it onto his open palm. Peter felt the
determination radiating off of the other man, and he liked it. Suddenly, Wade's expression changed to
confusion. "You know, now that I think about it, Ajax sounds suspiciously like a made-up name."

"Okay. I can agree with you there. I think that our goal for this semester should be to get everyone to
pass this class, regardless of whether or not they think daddy's company is gonna bail them out of
doing real work when they're older." Peter said, trying not to be bitter.

"This is so great. It feels like we're teenage girls at a sleepover using our period blood for exciting,
exotic witchcraft rituals."

"Agh." Peter said. "Don't ever say something that bloody gross again. Period."

Because honestly, what could Peter say? The metaphor was strangely accurate for their friendship.
Besides, they had already done the whole sleepover thing.

Wade guffawed, his laughter echoing down the hallways. He placed his hand on Peter's shoulder
and put his full weight on the other man. Peter leaned into the touch, mainly to keep himself
balanced. But the result was that he was closer to Wade than he had been before, and he could feel
the other man's body heat radiating onto him.

Wade's laughter died off. Peter looked up to find that the other man was gazing at his lips, eyes
 glazed over. All of a sudden he felt like the breath had been stolen from his lungs, and he froze.

They hovered on the edge for a long time, breathing each other's air and feeling each other's warmth.
Peter wasn't sure if it was a second or an eternity, but he knew that he'd never quite felt this way
before. He was torn.

Eventually, he forced himself to look away. This wasn't the time or the place to do this, and he
wasn't even really sure that he wanted to. Everything had been so confusing for him lately.

"Erm, let's go see the damage." He said, turning and opening the door. Wade's hand lifted from his
shoulder, and Peter found himself missing the contact.

They got into the classroom, and found that Negasonic was at the board, writing with a piece of
chalk. She scribbled out words on the board-a list of Names, time periods, and numbers. Across the
top in her large handwriting was written 'Dead Pool' next to what Peter assumed was a perfect
rendition of the skull emoji.

"What's this?" He asked. Negasonic turned and smirked, her black lipstick in sharp contrast with the
white of her teeth.

"We're making bets on how long it'll be before Mr. Wilson does something stupid enough to get
himself killed."

Wade sucked in a sharp, over exaggerated gasp. "Awww, you guys are talking about me? That's so
sweet!"

"What are you betting on?" Peter questioned, looking at the various times etched into the board. It
went from one week to sixty years.

"Anywhere from fifteen to twenty years." She said, gesturing at that spot on the board.

"Write me down for that too." Peter teased.
"Joke's on you." Wade said, curtly. "I'm gonna live to a hundred and two, and then die. Like the city of Detroit."

Peter chuckled as Negasonic kept taking the numbers, going around the room. Students each had their own little bit to add. A few of them specified how they thought he would die, which was usually something badass and totally possible. But it made Peter realize something: How old was Wade?

"Hey," He said, suddenly afraid he had unparalleled attraction to a sixty year old, "How old are you?"

"I'm forty-two right now." He admitted. Peter felt relief flood his body.

"Thirty-six." He offered, even though nobody had asked. Wade nodded his head.

"You know, 'Dead pool' sounds cool as heck." He said, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Negasonic shrugged, placing down the chalk and walking back to her seat. A thin layer of chalk dusted her hands, but the board was complete. Ten of the students had proposed that Wade would die within the month, which was probably not accurate, but definitely plausible.

"Not as cool as Negasonic Teenage Warhead." Peter teased. Suddenly, Wade's eyes lit up.

"That's perfect." He shouted. "I hope you guys are ready to induct me into your super-secret cool nickname club, because I shall henceforth be known as Deadpool! Oooh, or maybe Captain Deadpool. Nah, just Deadpool."

"Are you serious?" Peter asked, raising his eyebrows. He knew that there was nothing he could do to dissuade his friend once he'd gotten started on something.

"As serious as a heart attack. No, as serious as a pornography addiction. Oooh, even better, as serious as-"

"We get it." Negasonic said, flatly. Wade ignored the scorn, continuing on his merry way.

"From now on, I want all of you students to refer to me as 'Deadpool'." He announced, straightening his back and puffing out his chest in pride.

Yeah, things were going pretty well.

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"So, I was thinking," Wade said, lounging over the desk. Literally, half of his body was splayed across it.

"Don't hurt yourself." Peter said, trying to get at the papers underneath Wade's body. He shoved at the other man's thigh, pulling at them. "And get off of my goddamned papers."

Wade dutifully ignored his request. "If we're gonna get Ajax to pass, we need some sort of a game plan. So I think that we should go out for lunch today."

"How will that give us a game plan?" Peter questioned.

"We can talk, eat, and get our thoughts together. Come on, I know you love Mexican food." Wade taunts, rolling over on top of Peter's hand. Peter didn't move, looking up at Wade with amusement.

Well, that was true. He did love Mexican food.
"How do you know I don't already have plans?" He asked, deciding to be antagonistic. Wade seemed to think on that for a second.

"You'd better not, these pens are poking into my back like hell, and not cause they're happy to see me. More in a stabby-stabby kinda way. The only reason I crawled up on this desk is so you'd actually listen instead of going off into your own little world and tuning me out. Which I do know you do."

"So you think I owe you going out to lunch because you got stabbed by some of my pens while crawling all over our desk?" Peter questioned. As much as he hated to admit it, he could kind of see the logic in that.

"I think you owe me going out to lunch because I would show you a good time. I'll open the door, pull out your seat, and treat you like a real lady." Wade teased.

Peter rolled his eyes at Wade, for what felt like the millionth time. "As soon as we get through these papers, we can go. But I pick the place. I don't trust your judgment."

"Deal-o!" Wade agreed, immediately rolling off the desk. He took a small picture frame, an apple-shaped paperweight, and Peter's mug of pens with him. He landed on the floor with a dull thud, and Peter forced himself to pretend like he didn't care, keeping his eyes glued to the paper.

Of course, he couldn't ignore Wade for long. Soon they were packing up and Peter was giving him the name of the Mexican place to put into his GPS. Wade was bouncing around like a hyperactive puppy. He kept rambling on about stupid, irrelevant things, and Peter could still hear him talking to himself even when they climbed into their separate cars.

The separate driving gave Peter some time alone with his thoughts. Time that he really didn't need, thank you very much. His thoughts were a messy jumble of admitting that he was attracted to Wade and being upset at himself for not being able to control his hormones and reminding himself of just how damn unprofessional this all was. He groaned and sank further into his seat.

He pulled up to the Mexican place at two o'clock on the dot. Wade grabbed the parking spot next to his, and Peter's stomach did weird flip-flops as he looked at him.

The sun was high in the sky, beating down on Peter. He could feel the warmth through his button-up, and he couldn't help but enjoy it. He shut his car door behind him, the red of his small buggy reflecting the light perfectly. Peter wasn't really much of a car guy, but he knew how to take care of his own.

"Whoa. I was just gonna have us go to taco bell. But this place looks really classy." Wade teased. He raised a hand to hold over his eyebrows, blocking out the sun for a better view. Peter casually brushed against him as he began to walk towards the doors.

As soon as they opened the door a blast of cool air greeted them. The bright colors and open floor plan kept Peter's eyes moving around the room: the neon sign, the hand-carved chairs, the slightly tacky paintings.

A waitress wearing wide hoop earrings with warm brown eyes and tanned skin lead them to a small table in the back. It was fairly close to the television, which was playing baseball. Peter ignored all of that in favor of picking up the menu and opening it to the lunch page, eyes scanning the pictures and prices.

"Could I get you boys something to drink?" The waitress asked, her hand poised to write their order.
"Yes please, Miss..." Peter searched her for a name tag, "Lucile. I am pronouncing that right, correct?"

"Why yes. Thank you for asking. What would you like?" Lucile questioned. Peter's eyes scanned the drink section.

"How about just a traditional water? Please go light on the ice." He requested. She wrote it down and then turned to Wade. She took him in for the first time, her eyes widening at his skin. Wade didn't seem to let it bother him.

"I'd like a margarita, strawberry, hold the alcohol. Gotta drive home." He said. She nodded and went off without another word, her note pad clasped tightly in her hand. Peter went back to the menu, half-listening as Wade read it out loud to himself.

"Tacos with steak, tacos with chicken. Ooooh, that comes with refried beans. I know, you love those." He mumbled, talking to himself again. Peter quickly picked out what he wanted and folded his menu up, eyes drifting to Wade. Wade was still looking at everything they had to offer, indecision etched across his features.

Peter let his mind wander. Although there weren't that many people in the place, he still felt uncomfortable with how many eyes were shifting their way. He usually liked to remain unnoticed, slide through places like this quickly and quietly and without causing a scene. But Wade's skin caused people to look and whisper. He tried not to let it get to him.

"So, baby boy," Wade said, bringing Peter back to the present, "You know my life story. I don't think that's quite fair, since I don't know nothin' bout you."

"What do you want to know?" Peter questioned, shifting uncomfortably. He wanted to open up to Wade, he really did. This was just an awfully public place to do it.

"Why did you become a teacher?" Wade questioned. Peter sighed, closing his eyes briefly. Nothing was going to make this question get any better, and it was really now or never when it came to answering it. He collected his words.

"Well... My uncle was a teacher. He died when I was a freshman, and after that, I didn't really have a father figure in my life. My parents died when I was young. I had my aunt May, but I needed someone who I felt like I could really relate to, y'know?

"Then came Tony Stark. A science teacher in my freshman year of college. He encouraged me to chase after my dreams, taught me life lessons. Hell, when I turned 21, he bought me my first beer. He has his own company now. But he made me idolize teachers. And for a good reason, too. Tony is only ten years older than me, graduated way before his time.

"He's a tech kinda guy now. I actually got offered a job as a geneticist with him at Stark Industries, but I turned it down. I wanted to be able to be an example to kids, and teaching is how I accomplished that."

"Okay, all perfectly understandable." Wade said, nodding his head. Lucile came back by and set down a big bowl of salsa and a basket of chips, and Wade immediately grabbed for one. He scooped up a big bite and shoved it into his mouth. "But what I don't understand is this; why English? Why not genetics or tech or some other equally nerdy science bit?"
"I'm not even sure myself. I'm qualified to teach either." Peter said, shrugging. "But my friend Gwen found a job opening at a school just a couple of blocks away from her work, and we thought it would be cool to be that close to each other. So, English teacher it was."

"That backstory is tragic, heartbreaking, and involved Tony Stark. I have to rate it four and a half stars." Wade said, obnoxiously shoving another chip into his mouth. Peter grabbed his own chip from the basket and tossed it into his mouth, savoring the way the tomato and peppers and onions danced flavor across his tongue.

"Not as bad as yours, though." Peter commented. Wade laughed a little.

"Definitely. But yours has a certain kind of charm. If I'm being honest, everything about you has a little bit of charm."

It was an oddly tender moment. Wade reached out across the table to set his hand on Peter's. Peter glanced back and forth between Wade's hand and his eyes, feeling an odd kind of longing settle into his chest. It had been a long time since he'd felt emotionally connected with someone.

Peter felt his heart give a small squeeze. It was a rare and precious moment of silence between them, and the world seemed to shrink until it was left with just two people: Wade and Peter. The Mexican music played softly in the background, other people talked, but all Peter could hear was the steady beating of his own heart.

Wade's hand was warm and reassuring against his skin. He was tempted to turn his palm over and lace their fingers together in a display of affection, to-

"What would you boys like to eat?"

Peter was pulled out of his moment. Wade jerked his hand away like a four-year-old who had gotten caught getting into the cookie jar, and he gave a nervous chuckle. Peter tried to remember what he'd wanted before that little moment.

"I think I'll go with a chicken quesadilla." He said, plainly. Lucile shifted her gaze, landing on Wade, who cleared his throat.

"I think I'd like two steak chimichangas and an order of nachos with shredded chicken." He said, handing her the menu. Peter raised his eyebrows, but waited until she had walked away to comment.

"Really?" He questioned. "How do you keep off the weight? That's enough to feed three people."

"I don't keep it off, I burn it off." Wade said, giving Peter a sadistic grin. "And I know what you're thinking; no, I don't light myself on fire. I mean technically that would be a way to literally melt the fat off, but I've been there and done that and I'm not doing it again."

"Okay, okay. Get to the point." Peter chastised. He knew that if he didn't say anything now, Wade might very well end up talking about random thought after random thought for the entirety of the evening.

"I work out. I have to keep these guns nice and firm just in case. Y'know, next time someone tries to get to me, it might not be fire. And even though I may be old, I have a kickass punch. You should see me sometime."

Peter thought about that. He could vividly imagine watching Wade throw punch after punch into a punching bag. He could imagine the sweat would roll off of his brow and down his abs- and whoa, when did fantasy Wade lose his shirt?- he could imagine Wade wiping his brow and reaching for a
bottle of cool water, messily drinking, a trail of it dripping off of his chin.

Okay, so maybe that wasn't the best idea. Because Peter admittedly let his imagination run away with him sometimes. And he knew that the next part of that fantasy would involve significantly fewer clothing articles, and no punching bag, and Wade deciding to be his personal trainer.

"Um, maybe sometime?" He said. Wade shrugged and grabbed his strawberry margarita, taking a sip out of the bendy straw sticking up. He drank deep and took large gulps, and Peter was suddenly concerned. "Hey, you might not wanna do that, you'll get-"

"Brain freeze!" He declared, immediately setting down the drink and pressing a thumb into his mouth. He gave a sigh of relief as it started to fade, and Peter couldn't help snickering just a little bit.

Wade gave him a glare, holding out his middle finger in protest. Peter grabbed his drink from him and took a sip himself, tossing the cold treat around in his mouth. Wade's mouth dropped open in indignation, and he pointed a finger at Peter in accusation.

"Hey!" He said. His right thumb was still in his mouth, so his speech was a little bit slurred. "I neber tolb you you coulb habe sum."

"Use your words, Wade. I can't understand you like that." Peter said. Wade immediately pulled his thumb out of his mouth and sent Peter a simmering glare.

It would have been scary, had Peter not known for certain that he was joking.

"Fuck you." Wade teased.

"You wish." Peter responded. Wade reached out and grabbed his margarita back, mumbling the whole time. Peter grabbed another chip and chewed thoughtfully.

"So..." Wade said. "Are we gonna do the same thing tomorrow night as we did last Friday? I think that having everything planned out worked great for us, and for the kids, too."

"Yeah, I think that sounds good." Peter said. He knew what he was agreeing to; about two hours of actual work, and then playing videogames until he fell asleep on Wade's couch again. And he thought that there wasn't much else at that point that could sound better to him.

The waitress came and set their plates down, leaving them on the table. Peter was surprised to see that Wade actually ate every bit of his monstrous order.

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"Romeo, oh Romeo, where for art thou, Romeo?"

"Uh, I'm down here, thanks for asking."

Wade and Peter were goofing off, the beginning of Friday making them both feel giddy. The kids were laughing along, for the most part. Ajax sat in the back with his hands crossed firmly across his chest and his bottom lip pushed out. Peter thought that at least pouting was better than extreme sass.

"Wade just gave us a perfect example of a misunderstanding. You see, when Juliet is actually asking about Romeo, she's not asking about his physical position, but rather his blood position. She's wondering why she's fallen in love with a member of a rival family. A lot of people misunderstand Shakespeare."
"A lot of people also ignore the insane amount of innuendos in his work." Wade put in, unhelpfully. He was smirking, and looked towards Peter with his eyebrows raised.

"That's actually true. People will try to convince you that generations back we didn't have all of this sex and violence in media, but that's not true. It was absolutely there, it was just subtle. Your generation is just the one that decided not to be ashamed by it."

"I'm not ashamed! I think sex and violence are great, Peter." Wade joked. Peter gave a sigh and continued to flip through the cheap print-out of the play.

"I want all of you to pick a topic related to Romeo and Juliet to write on. It can be anything you want, as long as you can tie it into the story."

"Erm... Peter? I thought that we were gonna let them pick any text they wanted?"

"The curriculum specifies that they have to be able to write about and respond to academic texts. I think we'd better stick with this."

"Yeah, but if they can write about any text, they can write about this one. It's the same basic skillset-How about we rock, paper, scissors for it?"

"You only want to play rock, paper, scissors because you know that if it was a Mario Kart competition, I'd wipe the floor with you." Peter said. Wade gasped, his hand raising to rest softly over the place where a regular person would have a heart.

"Why I never." He said, eyes widening. "Peter Parker, was that a challenge? Because I will absolutely drag my wii to the school and show you how it's done."

"Mario Kart?" Negasonic questioned, raising an eyebrow. Wade and Peter both turned to look at her.

"Yeah, Mario Kart. Do you have a problem with the classics?" Wade questioned. Negasonic rolled her eyes and gave a deep sigh.

"No, Mr. Wilson. I'm just wondering what this has to do with class." She responded. "How do you two know which one of you is better at Mario Kart, anyways?"

"Oh, Mr. Parker and I have weekly sleepovers. It's great." Wade gushed. He immediately went into teenage girl mode, sighing dreamily. "We braid each other's hair and dance in our PJ's to the Backstreet Boys, and Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater here loses at Mario Kart."

"In your dreams, Deadpool." He antagonized. Negasonic blew a bright pink bubble out of her mouth, and it popped loudly.

"Gross." She observed.

"Anyways, we have a score to settle. Like adults." Wade proposed. He put his left palm out flat and balled his right hand into a fist. Peter stared at it for a moment before he put his own hands out in a similar position. He could practically hear the old Western showdown music playing in the background as they stared each other down.

"We need to get the kids excited about literature, Wade. That's never going to happen if we let them write their report on anything out there. Half of them would write them on video game manuscripts. We have to give them some semblance of discipline. I already let you replace the original Romeo and Juliet film with Gnomeo and Juliet."
"That's because *Gnomeo and Juliet* is a cinematic masterpiece." Wade observed. Then he added, "And if the school board wanted the kids excited about literature, they would have approved my request to read *Fifty Shades of Grey.*"

"You didn't... You didn't actually fill out a request form to read that in class, did you?" Peter questioned.

"Rock, paper, scissors," Wade responded, raising his hand and lowering it to the beat of his voice. Peter quickly scrambled to catch up, making the snap decision to go with paper.

Wade's hand stayed balled into a fist, and Peter let out a whoop of triumph. He turned back to the class, most of the kids already groaning.

"It only has to be three paragraphs. But it's due on Tuesday. You'll have thirty minutes of class time on Monday and the rest of class today to finish it. Does that sound good?"

They hadn't given much homework despite the fact. This wasn't going to be a long assignment, and most of it could probably get done in class. Still, Peter felt a little bad about giving them homework over the weekend.

"I love it when you take control." Wade purred, sending him a wink. Peter tried not to let the slightly lewd comment get to him. Glancing back out to the students, he could see that most of them were already writing away, their copies of the play open to various places.

"Whoever wins Mario Kart tonight gets to decide on the topic of next week's constructed response questions?" Peter proposed. Wade narrowed his eyes and turned back to face him.

"You are so on. I hope the kids are ready to write about the historical significance of the *Spice Girls* movie." Wade said. Peter laughed, knowing that he was likely joking. And even if he wasn't, things would be alright.

Peter had found himself more and more comfortable with Wade's flirting, and more and more comfortable flirting back. It was dangerous territory they were moving into, an odd sort of dance. Peter decided that, above all else, he liked it when Wade flirted with him. Besides, he could let a little flirting happen, right?

The occasional playful comment wouldn't completely compromise their professional relationship, right?

Wade sat down in his mini-chair, and grabbed a cup of coffee that he really didn't need off of the table. He took a long sip from it, and he took out his phone to keep playing candy crush.

Chapter End Notes

Today's question just so happens to be; What's your favorite app?
Wade opened the door before Peter even knocked.

The sun was setting. It was already pretty late in the evening, due to aunt May needing some emergency help fixing random appliances around the house, which Peter dutifully volunteered for. After that she ended up inviting him to a home-made dinner, and he couldn't say no to her.

"I thought you were standing me up!" Wade accused.

He was in an old pair of sweats that had a couple of holes around the knees and ankles, showing off his scarred skin. An old T-shirt with a band name Peter didn't recognize hung around his shoulders.

"Is that why you're wearing breakup clothes?" Peter questioned. Wade gave a loud, obnoxious laugh, shaking his head.

"Come on in." He said, waving his hand in a gesture that reeked of grandeur. Peter entered, his eyes glancing up the loose sleeves to see that Wade's shoulders were scarred as well. He wondered just how much of him was scarred, but didn't want to ask. He thought that that would probably be a little rude.

"I see you already have the kitchen table cleaned off." Peter said, nodding towards the empty space. The only thing that occupied it was a case of Monster energy drinks.

"Well, a lady has to keep her house clean." Wade teased. Peter set his usual satchel on the table and opened it up, ready to get down to business.

He heard Wade tear open the cardboard covering the drinks with ease. The can slid across the table and right in front of him, and he glanced up at Wade with his glasses low on the bridge of his nose.

"Hey, you need to keep up your energy." He argued. "We're gonna play all night long."

Peter almost responded with *There are lots of things I'd like to do with you all night long* but was barely able to control himself. He felt a blush rise to his face and he cleared his throat, trying to remind himself that this was supposed to be a professional environment.

And he was going to *professionally* kick his co-worker's ass at Mario Kart.

He had to acknowledge that he'd lost the whole professionalism thing with Wade at least a week ago. If it was ever really there.
Alright, but first, let’s get some work done. What are we going to do for next week? Here’s the list of curriculum that we still have to cover.

They worked for about an hour. By that time the first energy drinks were setting in, and both of them were even more jittery than usual. Wade’s mouth was going a million miles a minute, throwing out suggestions and ideas and reminding Peter that the book report was, in fact, due fairly soon. “Towards the end of this week, Peter. We should give them some time to work on the project.”

“That was a great idea the first three times you said it.” Peter responded. Wade laughed a little, shaking his head.

“Sorry, Old Sport. Please forgive me?” Suddenly, he was sprawled across the table, and Peter knew that they were done working for the night. They already had three days of class time planned out with an extra twenty five minutes set aside for individual work in each one, so he figured they deserved a break.

“Let’s go and play.” Peter relented. Wade immediately sat up, practically sprinting to the living room and turning on the television. Peter found himself over by the radio, fiddling with it. He changed channels quickly and without really listening to what they were playing, mostly just giving his hands something to do.

“Hey! Wait!” Wade called out, suddenly behind him. Peter moved aside, rolling his eyes as Wade moved the channel back a few. Peter tuned in for long enough to realize that it was the smash hit Everybody, by none other than the Backstreet Boys.

Wade immediately cranked the music up, taking a few steps back and placing a hand behind his head to move his body to the beat of the song. Peter laughed as Wade moved along to the music, shaking his hips sensually and occasionally busting out an actual move.

“Are you doing the thriller?” Peter asked. Wade was quickly moving his hands from side to side, his knees coming slightly off the ground with his movements. Wade immediately sucked in a shocked gasp as his head snapped up to look at Peter in surprise.

“Clearly, someone hasn’t seen the original music video.” He said, raising his eyebrows. Peter was trying to think of a snarky remark when Wade suddenly stepped into his space, slotting his hand with Peter's and placing his hand on Peter's shoulder. Peter briefly froze before going lax, uncertain how to behave in this situation.

He moved them in a small circle, humming along to the music. Peter was too surprised to say anything, so he just moved along with Wade, allowing him to lead. Wade spun him out and then let go of his hand, laughing loudly. Peter didn't think he’d ever heard something that sounded so joyous.

Soon enough, he was moving along too. Wade really knew what he was doing, but Peter didn't let his own lack of experience deter him. He was laughing along, giggling like a teenage girl at prom.

Then, all of a sudden, Wade pulled him close. Peter could feel the heat of his body, the swaying of his hips as he sang along to the music. He felt his body quickly heat up as Wade leaned down. Peter automatically moved his neck to give the other man more access, his hands moving from their position against his sides to glide up Wade's body, firmly gripping the other man's muscular shoulders.

Peter's mind faded into a fuzzy oblivion. He didn't think, just moved his body to the music. Wade's breath was hot and heavy against his neck, and Peter's breath hitched as he felt a small kiss pressed into his skin.
"Is this a part of the music video?" Peter questioned, voice low and sultry.

"Yeah. But I may have improvised a bit." Wade said. His own voice matched Peter's; low and seductive in a way that immediately had his blood rushing south.

Wade pulled away all at once to continue his solo dancing, and Peter cut off the noise of protest that tried to force its way out of him. He cleared his throat, a blush on his cheeks.

"I, uh..." He stammered. Wade continued to shake his hips, uncaring (or unnoticing) of Peter’s situation. "I need to go to the bathroom."

He quickly pushed past Wade and walked down the dark hallway. He pushed open the door with a shove and locked it behind him, the bright light of the mirror hurting his eyes. He glanced in the mirror and walked closer to his reflection, hands dropping to grip the sides of the sink as he caught his breath.

His pupils were wide and his cock was hard. He looked down at the floor and thought of anything to calm himself down: Baseball, getting shots at the doctor’s office, those creepy spiders that had six eyes and furry legs. Finally, he felt his skin cool down, and he had his body under control.

There was no way he could deny his attraction to Wade. It was like some kind of a giant magnet was pushing the two of them together, closer and closer. (Or, as Wade would put it, maybe some kind of unquenchable fanbase of nerds who were thirsty AF for OTP fic.) He didn’t think he’d wanted someone this much since Mary Jane in high school. And that hadn’t turned out too well.

Once he was certain he wouldn’t immediately pop a boner at the first sight of Wade, he unlocked the door and sluggishly crept out, certain that he was blushing and hoping Wade couldn’t tell why he’d needed a moment alone.

His fears were mostly for nothing. Wade was on his knees in front of the television, and the radio was playing something entirely new. Peter walked over to the green loveseat, (which he had claimed as his chair) and plopped himself down in it, spreading out and looking at the ceiling. He jumped as a wii remote landed in his lap, and he looked over to see Wade smirking.

"Will you do the honors?" Wade questioned.

Peter picked up the controller, and he pretended like he didn’t just have the life-changing revelation that he was irrevocably attracted to his insane coworker.

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Wednesday found Peter sitting with May. His hands were over his head and he’d already let out not one but two growls of frustration. He shook his head, closing his eyes and letting out a rough sigh.

"Peter, baby, talk to me about it. It might help you work things through." May said gently, her eyes soft as she looked Peter up and down. He was a wreck, and he knew it.

"Okay. Fine. But I’m going to keep my voice down, because there are some things that Betty would side-eye me for, and you know it." He said, eyes glancing over to where Betty sat. She came over and said hello every once in awhile. She looked like a nice enough old lady, but Peter was convinced that she was secretly Satan in an old lady costume.

"Go ahead. You know I won’t judge you."

Peter took a deep breath.
"So I still think he's insane, and it's pretty hard to look at him and take him seriously. But he hits on me constantly. At first I thought that some rumors had gotten out and he was mocking me, but that clearly wasn't the case. He just hits on everyone like that, apparently."

"Okay. Why are you letting it bother you?"

"I'm getting there." Peter promised, giving his aunt a stern look that said, Wait until I'm finished to ask questions. "He is still crazy. He signs checks in Crayon, aunt May. Crayon. And he constantly breaks rules, and he hits on me in front of the students. But it turns out he's actually really sensitive and thoughtful and really good at Mario Kart."

"So what you're saying is-"

"I think I have a big, extremely unprofessional crush on Wade Wilson." Peter said. It came out just a little louder than he intended, and he got the satisfaction of watching Betty's eyes go wide before she turned and gave him a small, homophobic (biphobic?) glare.

"Unprofessional?" May asked, raising her eyebrows. "Aren't Clint and Natasha engaged? After four years of dating? I highly doubt professionalism would be an issue."

"I know, I know," Peter said, sighing overdramatically like the sassy teenager he will always be at heart, "But this is different. He's... He's done some really bad stuff, aunt May."

"Haven't we all? I think you're making up excuses because you're afraid to face serious feelings, Peter." She informed him, looking down at him from under her reading glasses. She leaned forward in the booth, an action that had Peter leaning in as well. "Or... you're just nervous because it's been awhile since you've had any action."

"Aunt May!" Peter accused, looking around wildly to see if anyone had heard her. His face was as red as the booth they were sitting in, and he was considering digging himself a hole, crawling into said hole, and never coming out again. Like some kind of a weird desert spider.

"We both know it's true. Aside from that," She said, sobering up, "you've not let anyone in in a long time. And that's not an innuendo. You're afraid that you'll get hurt."

"That's... Astoundingly accurate." Peter said. He was a little bit disturbed when Wade's voice popped into his head with an enthusiastic 'alliteration!'.

"The only way to heal is to move on. You've had a lot of pain in the past but you can't let that hold you back. If you really have a crush on this Wade character, I say that you go after him like only you can. Make your own future."

"But what if he isn't interested?" Peter asked hesitantly. "I mean, we've only known each other for two weeks."

"You two have an undeniable connection. Embrace that. You can get to know each other more as you go along." May encouraged. "I ever tell you that your uncle Ben and I only knew each other six months before we were engaged?"

"Wade and I are hardly getting married." Peter said flatly. May just shot him a wink.

They talked for a little while about superficial things like the plumbing acting on the fritz again at May's home, but the entire time Peter's mind was on Wade and their would-be relationship. Or friends-with-benefits-ship, whatever the hell it was that Wade wanted to have with him. He couldn't force himself to concentrate on anything else for long.
He hugged May goodbye and walked over to his car with a fresh perspective.

"No."

Peter gritted his teeth harder than he'd thought possible. He forced himself to smile. The hum of the air conditioner in the background and the scribbling of traditional pencils across paper filled his ears. He replayed the last few seconds in his mind, hoping that he processed it wrong the first time.

"Alright, your loss." He informed Ajax with a tight-lipped smile. Ajax immediately turned to his friend, a boy who was actually *doing the goddamned assignment*, and distracted him with whispered words. Both of them gave disruptive chuckles. Peter felt his eye give an involuntary twitch.

Peter walked back to the desk, and leaned down in Wade's space. He lowered his voice so that no student would be able to hear. And if that meant he was a little further in Wade’s space than was socially acceptable, so sue him.

"I don't know what we're gonna do. He hasn't done anything yet, and this is the third week of summer school. I don't think we're going to get him to pass. And I feel like that's letting him win this stupid game."

"I agree. We need to come up with something to motivate him. Something that won't be illegal." Wade mused, rubbing his jaw thoughtfully. His bald jaw. In fact, Wade didn’t have any hair.

At least, not that Peter knew of. Oh my God, did Wade even *grow* hair? He put that on his growing list of questions about Wade Wilson's body.

Suddenly, Peter had a realization. His eyes widened, and he looked at Wade. He’d almost forgotten.

"Kids!" He announced, turning around. The children all looked up, eyes training on him. "Wade and I-"

"I didn't approve this message; don't listen to a word he says!" Wade interrupted. Peter shot him an annoyed look before continuing.

"I would like to remind you of your upcoming book report. It's due tomorrow. If any of you need us to give you poster boards or some paint or other supplies, you can feel free to come up to us after school and ask for it. We can also print colored pictures, though only two per student. Now, can anyone tell me the parts of a story that must be labeled on this board?"

A small girl in the front row raised her hand. Peter pointed towards her.

"The exposition, inciting incident, rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution." She announced. Peter nodded immediately, pride filling his chest.

Even if Wade had technically come up with the way to get them to remember. He'd pulled out a ukelele (from thin air, if Peter remembered correctly) out and strummed it along to the tune of the skeleton structure song, singing *the exposition is connected to the... inciting incident! The inciting incident's connected to the...rising action! The rising action is connected to the... Orgas-CLIMAX!*

Peter had accepted the innuendo with grace, mainly because he hadn't technically said the word. Or made weird, obnoxious finishing groans as Peter had originally feared.

"Okay. So everyone is going to be prepared for tomorrow?" He asked. There was an unenthusiastic
chorus of agreement from the kids. He took it as a yes.

Suddenly, the bell rang.

"Mr. Parker, do you want us to turn in these papers?" Came from the back.

"Nah." He said, waving his hand. "I trust that you guys did them. Everyone gets an A." He announced. Mainly because he knew that some of the kids weren't finished with them yet, and he knew that all of them had yet to finish their book reports. He wouldn't want to stress them out more than they already were.

Slowly, the kids trickled out. Peter watched as they left, a little intrigued when he saw Negasonic wave her friends on and stayed glued to her seat. She didn't move, eyes glued to the wall as she waited. When the last student was gone and the door had shut with a creak, she finally turned her large, brown eyes towards Peter.

She got up and walked over, her shoulders held high. "I need a poster board for my project. I mean, if that's okay. I know I act like I don't really give a-"

"Iced-cream flavors." Wade reminded her.

"-Mint-chocolate-chip-"

"Already used that one."

"-But I actually do care about graduating." She let them know. Peter nodded his head, leaning down underneath the desk to root around for the spares.

"I know. You do have a B in this class. You don't get a B without caring, at least a little bit." He let her know. He grasped the poster board and pulled it out, setting it onto the desk with a flop. A couple of spare papers went flying away with the rush of air, but it was nothing Peter was worried about. "I'm guessing black will be okay with you?"

She reached out to grab it.

Suddenly, Wade's hand was in the way. He had an intense look in his eyes, and he didn't look away from her.

"Why do you need it?" He asked, his voice coming out softer than Peter expected.

Peter tried not to freak out. They had told the students that questions wouldn't be asked, and he wanted to stick to that standard. He didn't want to send the message that they couldn't be trusted to keep their word.

"My dad won't give me the money for one." She mumbled. Her eyes looked down towards the poster board, and they refused to look back up again. Peter ignored the voices in his head screaming to just give her the poster board, doing the difficult thing and trusting Wade instead. He decided that trusting Wade was something that he should do more often.

"I'll give you this poster board no matter what." He said, softly, "But I want you to roll up your sleeves for me."

Negasonic looked further away, and her eyes shut tightly. She moved slowly, as if her body was in water. Peter watched as she revealed cut marks across her wrists. But that wasn't what surprised him the most.
Bruises. Bruises in the shapes of fingerprints were scattered across her arms, places where hands had grabbed hold and twisted too tight.

"Are you done yet?" She growled. Wade reached out to touch her wrist, softly. She sucked in a gasp, but she let him. His touch was gentle, and he kept looking at her until she finally turned back. Tears shown in her eyes, no doubt tears of fear.

"You're worth more than being treated this way. And I think we both know I'm not talking about the self-harm. Though that's a sucky situation, too." Wade informed her, eyes honest and sincere. "I have a friend, his name is Colossus. He works at children services, takes in kids himself sometimes. If I call him and tell him you're being abused, they will have you out of that house tonight, before he has a chance-

"She." Negasonic interrupted. Wade had a moment to get over his surprise before she said, "It's my mother. She gets black-out drunk and takes my dad leaving out on me."

"They'll have you out before she gets the chance to hurt you again." He said. Negasonic looked conflicted for a moment, her eyes staring deeply into Wade’s. Suddenly, she reached out and grabbed a notepad off the desk and a pencil out of Peter’s mug.

She wrote something down, and passed it to Wade.

"She usually starts around seven-thirty. If they come in around that time they might even catch her in action." She informed them. "That's my address. I'm..." She took a deep, shaky breath. "I'm not sure about this. But I trust you and your weird, crazy bull-bull-strawberries and cream."

"I take that as a compliment." Wade said. He sounded like he really meant it. "And he'll be there before that, all they need is your testimony and those bruises. I'll make sure you get put somewhere close to the school. If you want, you'll be able to finish summer school here. If for some reason you can't, I think Peter here would agree to try and pull some strings and pass you with the grade that you have now."

"Thank you." She said, gratefully. Wade pulled away and she quickly grabbed the poster board, turning and practically running out of the door with it.

Peter was speechless.

"How did you know?" He asked, turning towards Wade.

"That friend of hers pretended to throw a punch the other day and she flinched like her life depended on it. I used to do the same thing horsing around with my friends. She always wears long-sleeved shirts, even though it's hot as shit outside and I know for a fact she walks to school. There were only two explanations for that. Both of them ended up true."

"They'll get her help for that in foster care, right?"

"I have a favor I can call in from Colossus. He's been to college for therapy, ended up working for children's services instead." He reasoned. "I'm going to ask him to take her, at least for a little while. I'm gonna get him to talk to her."

"Oh." Peter said. There was silence between them, and the air hung heavy with unspoken words. He stood and shook his head, walking to the edge of the classroom before he partially turned. "You know, you're a good man. It's difficult to find one of those."

"A Good Man is Hard to Find." Wade said, smirking. Peter recognized the title of an old story he'd
read in college, and figured that it was a reference to that. He vaguely recalled that story being about a serial killer and some vague philosophy about human nature.

But isn't that what Wade was? A killer, or maimer, or whatever the hell else he'd been put up to? Did that really matter in the end when he acted with compassion and caring now?

Peter shook off the thoughts, taking a deep and shaky breath before walking out the door. He didn't look back because he didn't have to.

He knew that Wade was smiling, and leaning back in his too-small chair with his feet propped up on the desk and papers in his lap. He knew that Wade was probably going to be chewing on the end of a pen and making comments to the boxes as he worked through the papers. He knew that Wade would soon be picking up the phone on the desk and saving a sweet girl from a really terrible situation.

He knew that Wade was a good man.

The only question Peter now was for himself.

What was holding him back?

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The projects were fun to listen to. Each student could choose to go to the front of the classroom and give their presentation for ten points of extra credit, and fifteen of them actually did. Peter watched in boredom as each one gave their vague summaries of the book and then sat down in their chairs, leaving their mediocre boards at the front of the class.

Not that he cared much about whether or not they were artistic. He just wanted them all to have a full understanding of the parts of a story.

As the minutes ticked away, Peter found his mind drifting. Aside from the occasional comments from Wade, he didn't really have any reason to pay attention; just getting up there would give kids the extra credit points, and he would be giving their actual grades on the boards themselves.

He was feeling apprehensive. Tonight was Friday, and he knew that he and Wade had plans. He knew that all of his walls, all of the reasons he'd given himself why they'd never work, had been shattered over the last week. Peter was going to see him later tonight and he wasn't sure what was going to happen between them.

He could vividly imagine a few scenarios he'd like. But he wouldn't because he was in the middle of class, and sex fantasies aren't okay if you're the teacher. It sets a bad example or something like that.

The kids gave a round of unenthusiastic claps as the last speaker finished his project. Peter stood and stretched, working out his sore muscles. He walked up to the desk and sat down, grabbing the project closest to him and taking out his felt-tipped pen.

"You can all talk amongst yourselves, or you can have Wade tell you a story from his glory days." He informed them. "Take a vote. I'm going to go ahead and get started on grading my half of the papers."

The kids voted, and soon Wade was spinning a hard-to-believe tale about a time when he supposedly caught a garden squirrel using a Ping-Pong paddle and a ball of half-unraveled twine. Peter listened in amusement while he graded the projects, impressed to find that most of them were solid B-Plus work.
He glanced back up towards Wade, watching as he elaborately explained himself. The kids listened with intense interest, some of them occasionally commenting or making jokes. At a couple of points everyone was giving small chuckles, smiles stretched across their faces. Peter had to admit that he'd never felt more in love in his life than when Wade tipped back his head and gave a large, guffawing laugh.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Since next week is the riskier chapter, please tell me what the weirdest smut you've ever read has been. And if it isn't my late and great fanfiction Destibagel, it should be. Here's a link for your pleasure.
Chapter Notes

I'm really proud of this chapter title okay
I wanna dedicate this chapter to my Baby Girl Maia, who is one of the Peters I roleplay
with. Love you, doll <3
I'm pulling a Beyonce and releasing this chapter with no warning. This is to celebrate
my very last day of High School, which was yesterday. It's all over now, and I'm very
excited for all of the writing I plan to do this summer.
The last chapter will still be published tomorrow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter was nervous.

He was prepared physically, sure. He'd brought some water bottles, condoms and lube stashed into
various pouches of his bag, and he'd made sure to take a thorough shower (just in case things
escalated into something physical tonight).

But that didn't mean he was confident. It had been over a year since he'd gotten a real lay, and he'd
never been with a man before in his life. He couldn't stop pacing around his house and double-
checking everything he had with him. It was like he was preparing for his first time again.

When he rang Wade's doorbell, he could feel the nerves in his stomach jumping up and down like
toddlers who had been given an entire bag of pixy stix.

Wade opened the door and opened his arms. He pulled Peter into a big hug, burying his face in the
junction between Peter's neck and shoulder and inhaling deeply. Peter felt himself melt, butterflies
rising up like a mutiny.

"It's nice to see you!" Wade declared. He stepped back inside and turned, trusting that Peter would
follow him. Peter went inside, shutting the door behind him.

Peter tried to calm the sweating of his hands by reminding himself that he didn't even know if
anything was going to happen tonight. All that was guaranteed was more Mario Kart and pizza.
Besides, what if Wade wasn't even really attracted to him? He didn't want to consider the possibility,
but he had to. Wade flirted with everyone; what made him so special?

"So, pizza or Chinese?" Wade asked. It took Peter a minute to realize that he was being spoken to.

"Oh, either is fine with me." Peter said. Wade immediately picked up the phone and dialed the
Chinese place.

"What's your usual order?" He questioned. Peter was busy looking at the drawings hung on Wade's
fridge, and almost missed the question again. Man, he needed to pull his head outta the clouds.

"Oh, General Tso's chicken." He said, still distracted. He added, "Are these drawings yours?"

All of them were done in crayon, as usual with Wade. But some of them showed actual artistic
control and talent.
"Yeah." Wade agreed. Peter turned away, afraid that his face would go red with his next comment. "Will you paint me like one of your French girls?" He teased. Wade laughed. "Only if that means you’ll show me your boobs." Wade teased back.

The person on the other end of the line picked up after that, and Wade had to give the order and the address. Peter sat down at the table, getting the supplies out for a couple of hours of work. He hoped that everything would go well tonight.

Wade eventually put down the phone and walked over to the table.

He grabbed some of the papers and shuffled them around. "I think we should have a marshmallow fight the last day. Because marshmallows are awesome, and we have most of the standards covered already."

"We'll have to make sure that it's just marshmallows, and we get the kids to agree to clean up after we're done first. As long as those conditions are met, then we should be able to do it. Are you going to teach them how to build marshmallow weapons?"

"Well, I do have the best guns around." Wade teased, immediately lifting an arm up in the air and flexing it. He teasingly leaned forward to press a kiss to his bicep.

Peter thought. He wanted to wait until Wade made a move, but he was admittedly already nervous as fuck about everything. Maybe going ahead and getting the ball rolling would do him some good? Not necessarily doing anything blatant, of course. Just a little foreplay to show Wade that he was serious.

"You certainly do, Mr. Wilson." Peter purred. He reached forward with false confidence, ghosting his touch along the muscles on display. Wade's eyes widened and he looked between Peter's hand and his face, trying to get a read on him.

"You know, my biggest weapon is somewhere else." He teased. Peter felt the blood rush to his cock at Wade's words. He'd already been simmering with a low-level arousal ever since he'd started packing up his things, and by now it was pretty damn hard to feel anything other than hot or nervous.

"Do you want to teach me about that, Mr. Wilson?" Peter questioned. He flinched a little at the cliché, but saw Wade's eyes darken with lust, so he supposed it had been alright. Wade stepped just a little bit closer. His body was warm, and Peter closed his eyes, reveling in the feeling.

"I have plenty I could teach you. I mean, if you're a good enough student." Wade said suggestively. Peter's eyes snapped open again, suddenly just a little tense.

Wade looked tentative. He was clearly lustful, but he wasn't going to go in for the kill. Slowly, Peter realized that Wade likely wasn't sure whether or not they were joking. They were straddling the line between playful and serious, and Peter knew that he would have to show Wade he was ready to hop the fence.

He reached up to grab Wade's neck, stepping forward to press their bodies together. Peter raised up on his tip-toes, his breath ghosting over Wade's lips. His eyes flickered back and forth between Wade's startlingly blue ones and his soft, kissable lips. He wanted to kiss him more than he'd wanted anything else in his life.

"Is this okay?" He asked. Consent was important to Peter, and he wanted to make sure that he had it before he kissed Wade silly.
"Anything you wanna do to me is okay." Wade announced, swallowing thickly. "Just to be clear, we're serious here? You're actually hitting on me back? You with your perfect ass and messy hair and adorably dorky glasses."

Peter shut him up with a kiss. The moment their lips met, he felt like the world itself ground to a halt and everything that wasn't Wade ceased to exist. Wade's scent, the hard lines of his muscular body, the feeling of his lips moving against Peter's, took over his entire world until he was panting and dizzy.

He forced himself to pull away. His heartbeat pounded against his chest and his breath came in short gasps. It felt like his body was on fire and Wade was an extinguisher, the only remedy to his longing.

"So you are serious then." Wade mumbled. He leaned down and put his forehead onto Peter's, giving him a full view of his beautiful baby blues.

"And I'd like to get seriously fucked later tonight." Peter responded. Wade's earlier praise had given him the confidence that he needed to be more forward. He felt a deep satisfaction stir in his gut as Wade's eyes darkened in arousal.

"Baby boy, you're in for the ride of your life." Wade said. His lip twitched up into a twisted smirk. Peter felt triumph rise in place of his nerves. He had nothing to worry about.

"But not now." He said. "We have to finish up planning for next week first. But know that the entire time, I'm thinking about that big cock of yours."

At least, Peter assumed it was big. Judging by the size of the bulge currently pressing into his thigh, Wade was pretty much massive. A shiver worked its way through his body at the thought of what was to come.

He reluctantly peeled himself off of the other man's body.

They worked slowly, Wade's feet occasionally finding his and pushing up his leg. Even though they didn't have a lot of work to do, it took them almost as long as it usually did for them to finish. By the end of it, Peter was hard and throbbing in his pants, and he couldn't deny that he was beyond ready to get this show on the road.

They ate dinner in a hurry. The food had arrived about halfway through their work and was already cold, but Peter didn't mind. He ate, though food wasn't what he was hungry for.

When both of them were finished and the trash was in the can, Peter immediately pounced.

He pushed Wade up against the wall and began to press small, sloppy kisses into the other man's jaw, working down to suck o the skin of his neck. Wade let out a groan and melted against him. Peter pressed their hips together with a small growl, reveling in the glorious friction that it caused.

"Wanted this for so long," He panted against Wade's ear. He slowly moved his hips into a grind, spurred forward by Wade's hands dropping to grab his ass.

"Well, you're gonna have to wait a little longer." Wade said. Peter had barely processed these words before he was pushed off of Wade, his cock giving a throb of protest as the sweet stimulation was taken away. Wade smirked. "I have an idea."

"Alright. Shoot away." Peter said.
"Not yet, later tonight. If I unloaded now, it wouldn't be any-

"Smart-ass." Peter interrupted, crossing his arms across his chest. He decided to pull out his secret weapon (and NO, that's not the name of his penis, he just knew how to turn Wade on), "Mr. Wilson, you'd better get to the point."

"Alright, alright. But I have to go grab a pair of sweatpants to wear. I'm gonna give you a pair too, one that I don't use anymore. This won't work unless you go without your underwear too." Wade warned him. Peter was admittedly intrigued.

Wade disappeared down the hallway, coming back a few moments later and passing Peter the sweatpants. He was already wearing the holy ones he'd been in last time Peter had been over, and Peter felt a flash of arousal at seeing all the skin Wade was openly displaying.

He went into the bathroom, not wanting to give Wade the satisfaction of seeing him pantless until he'd be given the same. He stripped down and slipped the sweats over his hips, hissing when the soft fabric brushed against his swollen, six-inch cock.

He walked out to find Wade setting up the television. He sat on the futon in the middle, hoping that Wade would be sitting next to him. Wade stood up and turned around, walking towards him.

His prayers were answered. Wade plopped down close enough that their hips were touching. He handed Peter a controller, and Peter's eyebrows pulled together.

Wade wanted to... Play video games?

"It's not what you're thinking," Wade said. "I'm hoping that we can add a little bit of real-life intrigue to the game. How good do you think you'd be at steering one handed?"

"Depends on what the other hand is doing," he teased. Wade smirked.

"Well, that's the catch. I'll be driving with my left hand, but my right hand..." He trailed off, putting his hand on Peter's thigh and inching up until it was resting on his hardened cock. Peter's breath caught in his throat, and he looked back to Wade with his eyes wide. "First lap, hands stay still. Second lap, we can move our hands. Third lap, you can go under the clothes. You can do as much or as little as you want to."

"I think I'm on board with this," Peter agreed. His eyes dropped down to the hand resting on his length, and he took a deep breath. He tried to calm himself, knowing that he wouldn't make it far if he stayed this excited.

"Okay. Safeword is 'pumpkin butter'. Anyone says that and it's all hands to themselves. And if either one of us gets the other to cum before the game is over, they automatically win. Deal?"

"Absolutely. What road are we playing?"

"Luigi's mansion." Wade said, lifting his controller and clicking a few buttons. He kept his right hand on top of Peter, a heavy and warm reminder of everything that was to come.

He started the game, and Peter dropped his hand to sit in Wade's lap.

He immediately fell behind. It was hard to resist the temptation to move and see just how big it was. Wade felt thick, and Peter's cock gave a soft jerk at the information. He shifted in his seat, only to find that it didn't help his situation. Wade chuckled as his hand was rubbed along Peter's aching shaft.
"Fuck," Peter said. His eyes were focused on the game, trying to recover the lost ground. He got a banana peel, but knew that he couldn't use items when he was playing with just one hand.

The second Wade passed the finish line for round two, his hand began to move. Peter bit back a groan as those strong fingers stroked up and down his cock through the fabric, a tease of what was to come. Wade set a slow but still pleasurable pace, and Peter could vividly imagine what his hand would feel like once there was no fabric to separate them.

He barely noticed when he made it to the second lap. Once he did, he immediately began to move his hand up and down, stopping at the head to feel along the tip. He rubbed in small circles, taking pride when Wade's hips gave a small buck.

Wade threw his head back and moaned, the sound rich and loud. Peter's cock gave another interested twitch, precum dribbling out of the tip.

Wade picked up speed, but Peter was already catching up. He passed Wade's character with ease, staying ahead even when he slipped in oil. He tried to ignore the waves of pleasure currently fighting for his attention as he drove, his hand moving.

He could feel ridges in Wade's cock. He could also feel seven solid, thick inches. He passed the finish line into the third lap, and his hand immediately made its way up to pull the band away from Wade's hips. He fought the temptation to look away from the game, get an eyeful of Wade's cock, as his hand met with smooth skin.

He got his hand around Wade's cock and began to pump, twisting his wrist as he went along. He was so focused on the game and on his task that he didn't notice when Wade passed the line himself until a hand was down his pants.

Wade's hands were freaking magic. He had just the right hold on Peter's cock as he stroked up and down, bringing him closer and closer to completion.

"God, Baby Boy," Wade groaned. Peter realized then that he still had an untapped weapon; dirty talk.

"Mr. Wilson," He breathed. He bucked his hips up just a little. "Mr. Wilson, I want your cock in my mouth so bad. I want you to fuck down my throat and cum in my mouth. Wanna taste you."

"Fuck!" Wade exclaimed. He ran off the road and into some bushes, effectively securing Peter's lead.

Wade's hand stopped towards the top and his thumb swiped across the tip of Peter's dick, smearing precum. Peter let out a startled cry of pleasure, feeling his legs begin to shake with restrained tension. He wanted so badly to chuck the stupid videogame remote across the room and buck into Wade's hand until he was spilling into Wade’s hand.

"I wanna bend you over the table and fuck you so good you'll be feeling it for weeks. I wanna make you forget everything other than my name." Wade growled, hand picking up speed. Peter crossed the finish line in seventh place, still ahead of Wade.

He tossed the remote onto the floor, relief flooding through him. He his hips thrust, giving into the rhythm his body had been begging for. He threw back his head and let out a whole litany of curses as he continued to rut into Wade's palm.

Suddenly, Wade's lips were on his neck. His free hand reached over Peter to possessively grip his hip, pulling him closer. Peter got the memo and, using every ounce of self-control he had, pulled Wade's hand briefly off of his cock. He stood up and turned, putting his hands on Wade's shoulder.
and allowing his knees to fall on either side of him.

"I want to feel your skin on mine." He said. Wade was quickly pushing down both of their pants, and spreading his legs so that Peter's cock was level with his. Peter gave a loud moan as Wade's hand trapped their cocks together, starting a slow and steady pace.

Peter closed his eyes, reveling in the feeling. Wade's hand twisted and pumped, sending fire shooting through his body. Wade sped up as they both came closer and closer to the edge, stopping occasionally to rub his slick thumb over the heads of their cocks.

Wade leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Peter's. Peter was overcome with the litany of sensation and Wade's blue eyes staring into his soul, the pupils wide and blissed-out.

"Please, fuck, fuck me," Peter begged. Wade gave a growl and worked his hand faster. Peter felt the coil in his stomach tighten, and he knew that he wasn't going to end up making it much longer.

Wade finished first, his hand speeding up to an almost impossible speed as he came. He groaned Peter's name, spilling his seed all over their cocks. He kept pumping and soon, Peter was cumming too, his toes curling and his eyes closing and his back arching as the pleasure peaked and then rapidly fell.

His body felt like it was floating, and he slowly relaxed.

"How was that for a climax?" Wade asked. Peter was still panting, and he gave a breathless chuckle.

"I won." He responded, feebly.

"Do you think you'll be up for a round two in a little while?" Wade asked. Peter thought for a moment.

"I think it's been years since I've had a good lay, and I do intend to have your cock inside of me before the night is over. I, um..." He looked away, "I brought condoms and lube, in case you don't have any with you."

"How long have you been planning this?" Wade asked, his voice full of wonder.

"I just like to be prepared." Peter responded, casually. He noticed that his hands were still resting on Wade's shoulders, and he took the opportunity to let them casually fall over his pecks, pressing lightly to feel the muscle underneath. Wade caught on to what he was doing and flexed for him, making the muscle bounce lightly.

Despite the recent orgasm, his cock gave an interested twitch. Wade laughed.

"You have the recovery time of a teenager!" He accused. Peter was too excited to be embarrassed. It was true, anyways. Sometimes it seemed like he could never get enough.

"What do you want to do in the mean time?" Peter asked, itching to have something to do besides wait for Wade to get it up again.

"I kinda want to kiss. I mean, if you want to. I really love your mouth." Wade mumbled. "Or, we could watch a movie."

"Why not both? What are the kids calling it these days, 'Netflix and Chill'?" He proposed. The other man laughed a little, picking up the remote from the floor and quickly switching the console to the
Netflix app. They bickered for a couple of minutes before they decided on watching Marvel's *Agents of Shield*.

"Honestly, I cannot believe this." Wade announced.

"Tahiti's not so magical." Peter agreed. He'd already seen further than this episode, but he didn't want to skip ahead. He would re-watch a few episodes for Wade's sake.

Soon, though, neither of them were paying attention. Wade leaned forward and started pressing small kisses into Peter's neck. He occasionally gave the skin a small nip or a firm bite, sending warmth through Peter's body.

"So," Wade purred, "Wanna move this back to my bedroom?"

Peter nodded, and Wade got up. He offered Peter a hand, which Peter gratefully accepted. The two of them slowly made their way back to Wade's bedroom, exchanging kisses and bold touches along the way. Peter pulled away when they got to the kitchen door, running quickly to his bag and grabbing a condom and a packet of lube.

He came back and waved it in front of Wade. "Strawberry flavor?"

"Whatever you like." Wade purred. "You're the one who said that he wanted my cock in his mouth."

Peter was suddenly overcome with nervousness.

"Yeah, about that..." He informed him, "I actually haven't done any of this before. I really want to, but I'd appreciate it if we could take it a little slow?"

"Absolutely!" Wade exclaimed. Peter felt himself relax a little as Wade leaned down for another sloppy kiss. Wade's tongue pushed against his lips and Peter let him in with a wanton sigh. Wade's tongue thoroughly explored his mouth while Peter's left hand came up to clutch at his neck.

Peter wasn't sure *how* they made it back to Wade's bedroom. He remembered being shoved roughly against a door and then Wade fumbling with the handle for a minute before he was falling. Wade caught him, and Peter laughed.

They worked their way back to the bed, Peter fighting to maintain his balance. His entire emotional spectrum right now ranged from 'Horny Again' to 'Fucking Elated', and he thought that he could get used to this.

Wade lightly pushed his shoulders, encouraging him to fall back onto the bed.

"I don't think so." He said, quickly spinning them around so that Wade was the one backing up against the mattress, "We're doing this. I'm sucking you off before we get on to the main event."

"Alright." Wade agreed. He allowed Peter to take control, surrendering to the younger man's wishes.

Peter immediately dropped to his knees. He let his hands trail along the outside of the sweats, his touch light and teasing. He gripped the waistline of the pants and gave a rough tug down, impatience making him quick.

"Take off the shirt." He requested. Wade hesitated, and Peter looked up.

"Are you sure?" He asked. The light was dim, but Peter could make out the concerned expression on the other man's face. "My handsome mug isn't the only thing about me that's scarred. The fire... My
skin... All of it. Are you sure you-

"Yes. Fuck, Wade, yes. Do not be self-conscious about this. You're so muscular and sexy and-and--Fuck, your cock is huge. You have nothing to worry about. I want the whole package." Peter reassured. Wade's eyes glazed over with emotion before he reached down and took off his shirt, revealing inch after inch of his glorious skin. Peter's mouth watered.

Peter tried to look up through his eyelashes as he leaned forward. His hands came to rest at Wade's thighs as he approached his cock. Peter rubbed soothing circles into the other man's thighs before removing his hands, fumbling around in the half-light for where he'd set the lube.

Finally he grasped it and pulled the packet up to his mouth. He bit the corner with his teeth, tearing it open slowly. When he was done, he attempted to spit the small plastic triangle out several times before giving up and raising a hand to pull it off of his lips. Wade laughed, and Peter lightly smacked his thigh for it.

"No. No laughing while I'm trying to suck you off." He chastised. Wade nodded.

"Okay. But I'm gonna be making some other interesting noises. And don't be surprised if I start spewing- Hehe, spewing- Random blowjob facts, because I tend to just-"

Peter gripped his cock at the base, ignoring his words. Wade sucked in a sharp gasp and, for once, was completely silent. Peter spread it around a little before he handed the package to Wade.

"For when you prep me." He said.

He could smell the sweet scent of strawberry permeating through the air. He could also smell the manly scent of Wade's cock, too strong to be overpowered with cheap lube. He breathed deep before leaning forward and licking at the soft cockhead, sampling his lover.

Wade's hand came down to run fingers through his hair. Peter shivered with excitement, pulling away a little. "God, yes. Pull my hair."

Wade gave a small and experimental tug. Peter felt heat streak through his body and he leaned forward eagerly, wrapping his mouth around the head of Wade's cock. It was soft to the touch and warm, and tasted like a strawberry jollyrancher with the help of the lube.

Peter gave an experimental suck, groaning in pleasure as Wade's hands tightened in his hair in response. He sunk down a few more inches, relishing Wade's groan.

He began a steady rhythm of bobbing his head up and down and up and down, taking as much of Wade as he could and then relaxing his throat so that he could take even more. He licked along the underside and tongued the slit taking note of what made Wade gasp or groan or buck.

Eventually, he had saliva dripping down his chin. His own cock was harder than it had ever been before and he was certain that his pupils were wide and lust-blown. He had to admit that he'd never thought he'd like sucking cock as much as he did. But Wade's taste through the lube was even better than he could have imagined; salty and a little bitter, but just right.

"Peter, Baby Boy," Wade growled, pulling at his hair. Peter let Wade's cock slip out of his mouth. His jaw was a little sore, but he still missed the pressure on his tongue, the weight of another man's cock, Wade's girth as he slid ever so slightly down Peter's throat. "You need to stop or else I'm not gonna make it much farther. As much as I love seeing you suck me like a lollipop, I wanna pound into your virgin hole before the night is over."
"Ugh, do I have to?" Peter complained. Even as he said it, he was pulling up. He was a little nervous about having a cock in his ass, (he'd fingered himself a couple of times and enjoyed it, but that was nothing compared to Wade) but he was also turned on and ready to have the experience.

And he couldn't pick anyone he'd rather have it with. Wade was amazing- Tall and strong and sexy and witty as fuck. He was complicated, sure. But everyone had their complications, and Peter admired him even more for how he overcame his love of violence and picked the high ground. Peter could honestly say that he loved Wade Wilson.

Three weeks be damned. He was in love, and he'd scream it from the rooftops if he had to. He'd shout out-

"Aaah!" He said. The yelp turned into a groan halfway through. Wade had grabbed him and pulled him close, immediately reconnecting their lips. He had worked his hand down the cleft of Peter's ass, before pushing in a wet finger.

Peter constricted around the digit before forcing himself to relax. He took a steady breath and spread his legs further in order to give Wade easy access.

"It'll be better if you lay down on the bed." Wade informed him. Peter ungracefully moved himself, giving an unsatisfied hiss when Wade's finger slipped out. Soon, though, they were lying on the bed and Peter's leg was hooked over Wade's shoulder as Wade's finger slid in and out.

Peter melted as the burning stopped. Wade slid a second finger in, and Peter gave a groan at the full feeling. It burned, but not nearly as bad as he was expecting it to. He relaxed and let Wade work his fingers in and out of him, moaning when they brushed up against his prostate.

"Fuck, Wade," He panted, "Fuck me."

"Are you sure you're prepared enough?" Wade's nervous voice barely made its way through his lust-induced haze, "Because I don't want to hurt you. Not to took my own dick or anything but it's big-"

"Fuck me right now," Peter demanded, bucking his hips down onto Wade's fingers. Wade quickly withdrew, mumbling playful comments about Peter being a demanding, bossy power bottom.

But it got him what he wanted. Soon enough, Wade's cock was all lined up with his entrance. Peter gripped the sheets and forced himself to relax, nodding to Wade.

Wade's hands squeezed on his thighs as the tip of his cock breached. Peter sucked in a sharp gasp, reminding himself to stay still and not to clench around the intrusion. Wade sunk deeper and deeper in, and although the sensation was odd, it was also fucking satisfying. Peter waited until Wade had bottomed out and was catching his breath to speak.

"I'm flexible enough, you can push my legs further." He offered weakly. "I'd kinda like your tongue in my mouth."

"But then you can't use that pretty mouth to chant my name." Wade suggested. Even as he did so, he moved. Soon, Peter's muscles were giving a pleasant burn as he was pushed in half, Wade's forehead resting against his.

Like this, Peter felt baren. Naked in more than the physical sense. He felt like Wade and him were connected at the soul, just two human beings boiled down to the base of who they truly are. Wade was broken, but so fucking beautiful that it almost hurt to look at. Blinding light, the potential for greatness, staring Peter right in the eyes.
Peter leaned forward and connected their lips as Wade began to thrust. His movements were shallow and slow. Each time he pushed back in, Peter felt a burning spike of pleasure shoot up his spine.

Wade connected their lips, silencing any comments he could have given. The kisses ebbed and flowed like the ocean, big crashing waves of passion and frenzy tapering off into little nips and kisses of brimming affection before building into mighty waves again. Peter had never felt so in tune with someone.

Peter rocked his hips eagerly against Wade, hoping that he'd get the message and speed up. Ever so slowly he began to pickup speed. Peter's cock let out a blob of precum against his stomach as Wade leaned forward just a little more, so that his sternum was rubbing against the underside. Peter gasped and threw back his head.

Bad idea. From this angle, Wade had full access to his neck. He gave Peter sloppy and wet kisses, leaving a trail of them like a string of promises across Peter's collar bone. His hips sped up the smallest increment, and Peter gritted his teeth.

He was not going to beg. Wade could take his dear sweet time speeding up if he wanted to. Peter was a grown, adult man and could take a little bit of slow-fucking before he fell apart. He wasn't desperate. He wasn't desperate. He wasn't-

"For the love of god, fuck me like you mean it!" He demanded, not begged, because Peter Parker doesn't beg.

"I was waiting for you to say that." Deadpool informed him with a smirk. Peter prepared himself mentally as Deadpool started to speed up, his hips making obscene smacking sounds against Peter's as he pulled in and out. Peter's hands reached up to latch onto the other man's shoulders as he held on for dear life.

Once he'd been started, there was no slowing down. He brushed over that spot inside of Peter over and over again, until all he could feel was pleasure radiating down to the core. He would certainly be sore the next day, but he couldn't find it in him to care.

Wade pounded harder, now certain that Peter could take it. Peter let out a long groan, beginning to work his hips upwards in time with Wade. Wade was growling every manner of obscenity into his ear, only adding fuel to the flame currently engulfing Peter's body.

"Fuck, you feel so tight around my cock. So perfect," Wade panted. He gave another deep groan. "You and your perfect hips and your perfect mouth and your goddamned tongue. You're so fucking amazing."

"Beautiful," Peter breathed. He ran his hands along Wade's scarred skin, and his back arched off the bed as he desperately fought to hold back his orgasm just a little bit longer. He could barely control himself. He hadn't felt like this in a long time. "You're so fucking hot, Wade."

"I am, huh? Do I have you all hot and bothered? All desperate for my cock?" He questioned. He emphasized every word with a pronounced thrust into Peter's pliant body. Peter writhed as a hot surge swelled, threatening to take him over the edge.

Wade let go of one of his legs. Peter used all of his willpower to keep it still as he was pounded into the mattress. He let out a cry as Wade's hand wrapped around his cock. A few short pumps and hard thrusts was all it took to shove him over.

He came so hard he saw stars. He arched off the bed and shouted, "Wade!", his grip on the other
man's shoulders tightening exponentially as the pleasure crested all over his body.

His toes curled as he briefly lost touch with reality. He panted hard and heavy when he started to come down, registering with a satisfying feeling that Wade was groaning and cumming too.

Wade pulled out, collapsing beside Peter on the bed. He reached down and slipped off the condom he'd been wearing, tying it in a knot and throwing it over to the side. Peter assumed (hoped) that there was some kind of trashcan there.

"That was..." Wade started, but appeared to be at a brief loss for words. He eventually overcame it and gave a thumbs up, saying, "Awesome-sauce."

"Wanna be the little spoon?" Peter offered. Wade immediately sucked in a sharp gasp of surprise.

"After sex cuddles and letting me be the little spoon?" Wade asked, pretending to be shocked. "Now I have to marry you. I hope you know this. Whitey and Yellow are cheering for it right now. They're chanting, 'OTP!' over and over and over again."

"I wish they'd chant, 'go to sleep'." Peter grumbled. While he was joking, he was also a little bit serious. He was tired as fuck.

"Haha! Okay then. Just as long as you hold me tight. My big, strong man."

Peter rolled over and wrapped his arms around Wade's middle, pulling him close. Wade snuggled up, and Peter hissed as the other man rubbed up against his sensitive member. He pressed small kisses into Wade's neck.

He stayed up for a little while longer, listening to Wade's breath slow. If Peter squeezed his arms just a little bit tighter, he could feel Wade’s heartbeat beating steadily against his palm. He was certain that if he ever had to pick one moment to be stuck in for the rest of eternity, this would be his pick. Just him and his lover and a darkened room, and the steady beating of both of their hearts.

Chapter End Notes

Today's Question: What's your biggest kink? And for those of you who are uncomfortable with that question, you can answer this instead: what is your passion?
That's Not His Name

Chapter Notes

This chapter goes out to Lou, who also roleplays Spideypool with me and hardcore praised this fic. Thank you Dearie <3
Also, I'm literally freaking the fuck out because I'm getting to meet my Baby Girl IRL tomorrow!! I am very VERY excited. Love you, Sweetie!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter woke up at ass o'clock in the morning.

His phone was ringing off the hook. He didn't know how long it had been going for, but he didn't want to find out. Wade was still snuggled up against him and his muscles were sore. Peter left it, assuming that it would go to voicemail.

He closed his eyes again, letting his body go limp. Slowly but surely the tension drained from his muscles until-

BEEP! BEEP!

His phone started up again. He gave a deep sigh of regret as he moved his arms away from their position around Wade. He stopped in the doorway, placing his hand against the wood before turning back. Wade looked so peaceful; his large body slumped into a relaxed crouch, sunlight filtering through the window and onto his mottled skin-

BEEP! BEEP!

Peter flinched, walking into the kitchen and reaching into his bag. He squinted at the brightness of his phone screen. Why the fuck did he have the brightness turned all the way up? This hurt his eyes more than the pale, white skin of the Oscars nominees all lined up in the sunlight.

He saw that he had several missed text messages from aunt May. He tilted his head to the side, knowing that she wouldn't call or text this much unless it was an emergency. He quickly called her back, and she picked up on the second ring.

"Peter!" She exclaimed. "Thank Goodness you answered! You see, the pipes in the bathroom have gotten a little rusty, and may or may not be flooding my bathroom. And the kitchen. And the living room, but-

"Say no more." He responded. He immediately headed towards the bathroom, searching for his pants. He grabbed his bottoms and looked around until he found his shirt laying on the floor. Wade was sleeping soundly through the entire encounter.

"I'll be there soon." He promised.

"Alright, Peter. Thank you! I have no clue what I'd do without you."

"Pay for a plumber." He teased. Aunt May scoffed. "Bye!"
He fixed his hair by attempting to use his fingers as a comb. He was hoping that the quick run-through would make it look a little less like he'd had wild and crazy sex the night before, but ultimately knew that he'd miserably failed. He grabbed his satchel and slung it over his shoulder, heading towards the door.

Suddenly, he paused.

He didn't want Wade waking up all alone and without any kind of warning. He reached into his bag and grabbed a pad of sticky notes. He was rummaging around for a pencil when he noticed the crayon sitting on the table and grabbed it, shrugging and figuring that Wade would probably like it. He quickly scribbled out a note, sticking it onto the table before turning and running out the door.

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When he got to school on Monday, Peter immediately noticed that there was something a little off about Wade.

He was pacing around and had a deep frown on his face. Where he was usually bright and cheerful, he just wasn't as into it. Peter tried to give him his space, not wanting to make it worse.

Suddenly, all at once, Peter was fucking nervous.

He hadn't had any contact with Wade since their special night. He'd avoided texting him, hoping that Wade would be the first to message. When he didn't, Peter just assumed that he was busy and he shouldn't bother him.

Besides, he himself had his hands full with keeping aunt May from asking too many prying questions. He'd forever regretted the day he'd let it slip to his aunt that he had lost his virginity. Ever since then, she'd thought that it was okay to occasionally attempt to instigate conversations about sex with him.

It didn't necessarily make him uncomfortable, just embarrassed. So he tried to avoid most of the questions at all costs. She meant well, he knew that.

The bell rang loud and clear. The students all made their way to their seats, mumbling and groaning along the way. It was a clear sign that they were all tired and ready for summer school to be over.

And Peter didn't blame them.

"Okay, I hope you guys are ready for some fun!" Wade announced. He sounded bitter and sarcastic in a way that he usually didn't. The sarcasm wasn't new, of course, but this sounded... Well, different. This sounded like he might actually be angry.

"I'm always ready for fun." Negasonic snarked. She was looking down at her phone instead of looking up at him.

"Okay, because today we're going to write a four-page paper on whether or not people closest to you know how to take a hint. Start by describing a scenario between them, like I don't know,-"  

This definitely wasn't what they discussed. And Peter may have been mistaken before, but he knew that he wasn't now. Wade was angry and hurt, and Peter's heart ached to see him this way. He wondered what the hell had happened to make him this upset. Peter would physically fight someone if it was necessary.

"If, for example, you have amazing sex with someone and then wakeup in the morning and they're
gone, would they take the hint? Or would you have to be more obvious than that?"

Peter felt a jolt go through his body. He could hardly register what was happening; Was Wade talking about... About him? Was Wade angry at him?

"And if you would have to be more obvious, how would you do it? Would you use a fakey excuse like 'I just had an emergency', but then never elaborate on what the emergency could have been? Or would you decide not to call or text for the entire rest of the weekend, just to rub in that you decided you made a big fucking mistake?"

"Wade!" Peter chastised. Okay, so he'd been a little vague with the note. But it's not like he got any helpful hints about any of this! Wade could have called, or texted, or just fucking asked. Now he was making a scene and it was obvious something was wrong and-

"You guys fucked, didn't you?" Negasonic added, unhelpfully. She was still looking at her phone, refusing to make eye contact with either of them. Peter immediately felt the blood rush to his face, and he gave a weak groan. He was pretty damn close to slamming his head against the desk repeatedly, but he was barely able to contain himself.

"Wade, a word in the hallway."

"I would, but I wouldn't want you to run away afterwards." He said indignantly. Peter gritted his teeth, trying to keep control of himself.

"You're breaking your own rule." He hissed. Wade's posture immediately softened, and he glanced around the room. He still looked indignant, but Peter could tell that he was getting through to him. He looked around at the students, many of which were looking at their friends with wide eyes.

"Sorry kids." Wade announced. "Mommy and Daddy are gonna go fight in the hallway now, like real men."

He walked up through the classroom and the doors. Peter followed as closely behind as he could, trying to keep up with Wade's furious pace.

As soon as the door shut behind them, Wade started to speak.

"Listen. I'm sorry I made a scene, and yeah, I'm a dumbass."

"Wade."

"-But you're a real asshole sometimes. I mean, don't get me wrong, I don't expect much from people. I understand that I'm gross."

"Wade."

"-And unappealing, and old as balls. But a decent human being would have at least let me know that they weren't interested. I mean, you strung not only my dick along-"

"WADE, I-"

"-But my heart, too. I really fucking liked you Peter Parker. I had to wake up alone and figure out for myself that it was a fuck and run. I would have honestly been fine with that, too, if you had just told me beforehand. At least then I wouldn't have let myself get so fucking atta-"

Peter covered Wade's mouth with his hand, silencing him. "SHUT THE FUCK UP. Wade, my
aunt's water pipes broke. It was flooding the entire fucking house. I am NOT disgusted by you, it was NOT a hit and run situation, and I was being an emotionally stunted teenage boy and decided to try and wait until you texted."

Wade paused. Peter removed his hand and for once in his goddamed life, the other man was actually stunned silent.

"So that means that you actually do still like me?"

"Everything about you."

"And you want to fuck again?"

"In every position I can possibly contort my body."

"And you're not angry at me for taking out my anger in class?"

"Not that lucky, buddy." Peter announced. Wade looked sheepishly down towards the ground, a blush rising to his face. Wade was admittedly justified in being upset, because Peter had been a fucking idiot, but it still didn't excuse his actions. If Jameson found out...

"What's my punishment gonna be?"

"Hmmm..." Peter thought. He had to be creative here. "Firstly, no sex for a week. Secondly, you have to go in there and publically admit that you're a dumbass. And fix those kids' opinions of me and my moral character." Peter softened then. "They really like you, and I don't want them, or you, thinking that I would ever intentionally hurt you."

"You got yourself a deal." Wade agreed eagerly. "Teacher boyfriends. Wow. That sounds just like something out of a cheesy, fucking awfully written, terribly smutty romance novel, banged out entirely over spring break by a writer who is unpracticed, overworked and weirdly obsessive."

"Whatever." Peter said, rolling his eyes. Honestly, he'd never truly understand Deadpool, or his crazy rants.

"You must really love your aunt to have run out like that." Deadpool mumbled. Peter thought back to his affections for aunt May; she had fed and clothed him for years. She mattered more to him than he could ever express through words alone.

Granted, she hadn't always been all affection and occasional embarrassing kinky comments. No, there was a time when May actually scolded him for forgetting to do the dishes and got on him for his grades slipping. Hell, he was certain that he would have failed his sophomore year math class if it wasn't for her constant pestering to do his homework. He loved her for it now, but back then, he'd found it a bit of a nuisance.

Suddenly, time seemed to grind to a halt. Peter's head whipped up and his eyes met Wade's. He grabbed Wade's shoulders and shook him as much as one could shake a six foot tall, solid wall of muscle.

"I know how we're going to get Ajax to pass." He announced.

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"I just can't believe my poor baby boy is failing!" His mother wailed. Wade was currently laughing maniacally, rolling around on the desk like a crazed animal who just ate its trainer and then realized
that the world was its oyster.

"I understand this news might be alarming. But there is still hope." Peter said.

"I know, I know, it's just... It's so hard. Ever since he started going by Ajax, he's been acting different. He's put up this wall and it's so hard to reach him. But I think that a grounding is in order. I love him more than anything, but I don't want to see him go down this path.

Suddenly, Wade was upon him. Peter barely had time to register what was happening before the phone was out of his hands and pressed against the side of Wade's face.

"Yes, hello, this is the weirder teacher. You mentioned that Ajax isn't his real name. May I please know what it is? Because I think it might really have an impact on him if, when I talked to him about his behavior, I used his real name. It would show that I cared about him as an individual." Wade gushed. Peter didn't bother to correct the spew of bullshit coming out of his mouth.

"I think you're right. My poor baby Francis has just become so cold and numb to the world."

Peter grabbed the phone back, quickly covering the receiver. His hand came down in the nick of time, barely covering it before Wade let out laughter akin to the hyenas from Lion King. He fell back, his body hitting the floor as literal tears came from his eyes.

"FRANCIS!" He cried out. "The only acceptable excuse to have that name is that you make meth in an RV."

Peter shushed him violently, lifting the phone to his ear.

"-And I just... Will you please make sure that I get everything? I want to make sure that he actually does all of the work. I really think that he can shine if he tries. Please?"

"I'll send you everything that I can." Peter said. "I'll also extend the deadline. Grades for summer school don't have to be in until a week from Friday, so he has the extra seven days to catch up on it all. You can fax us his work at my home fax machine number-" Peter started rummaging through his papers, looking for where he'd written it down.

"You have a home fax machine?!" Wade questioned. He quickly followed the question up with an enthusiastic exclamation of, "NERD!"

Peter sent him a glare.

"Thank you two. You're really wonderful men, who I can tell truly and deeply care about the students and about their success. I would love it if we could stay in touch. My younger daughter will be going into high school next year, and I'd love it if she could have two nice role models like yourselves."

Peter glanced over to where Wade was standing with the stapler. Wade cursed loudly as he accidentally send a staple into his hand. Peter flinched in sympathy. That's gotta hurt.

"Of course. I'll have everything compiled and sent to you tonight."

He hung up after a few more pleasantries. Wade was still having trouble concentrating on anything. He was too jazzed. Because they just checked the student's grades, and it really looked like everyone was going to pass. They were going to beat the record. Their tied record. Together.

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That Friday, Wade was practically screaming, "EAT MY MARSHMALLOWS, FRANCIS!"

Everyone was laughing, playing, and having a grand old time. Even Peter had made a marshmallow gun and kept shooting Wade. Wade retaliated by hitting him multiple times on the buttocks.

"My name is AJAX!" He yelled back, ducking behind a desk. Several of the other kids snickered.

Suddenly, the air of fun stopped as the door swung wide open. Peter, who had been aiming for Wade's crotch with a jumbo-sized marshmallow, immediately stopped what he was doing. He turned, dropping his gun on the floor and putting his hands behind his back. He stood up straight, smiling sheepishly.

"Uh, Mr. Jameson, sir?" He questioned. Jameson walked forward slowly. The silence in the room was deafening. How can silence be loud, you may ask. Well, James Jameson.

"Hello, boys. I was just checking on this little project." He said. He looked around slowly, his steps coming down at cold and calculated times. "Just wanted to inform you that it will be up for review in front of the school board soon, and that they plan to require a hand-written letter from every student who took part in this monstrosity to see what it was all about. Feel free to rat your teachers out for any ill-behavior, kids."

Peter immediately felt like crawling in a hole. He had completely forgotten about that. Jameson had mentioned it to him earlier in the week, but he'd had a lot of things on his plate then.

"Hey there, sir!" Wade shouted. Peter watched as he strode up to Jameson with an obviously faked confidence and stuck out his hand. His other one was still gripped tight around the gun.

"Hand me the marshmallow shooter, son." He said. Wade hesitated for a moment, looking back towards Peter for guidance. Peter gave him a stern look, the one that they both knew meant, Do what the man says right now Wade. Yes, even if he asked for the weapon.

He handed it over, crossing his arms over his chest and pouting like a massive four year old. "Don't put your mouth on it. Only I'm allowed to blow it."

He could hear the words Just like Peter silently tagged on. But he didn't comment. He only hoped that he was the only one the little tag-on was obvious to.

"Let me tell you something. Peter is one of our finest teachers." Jameson said.

"Oh, believe me, I know just how fine he is."

"If you've corrupted him with your shenanigans and games and your weird rule breaking that I can never technically prove-"

"Oh, I've definitely corrupted him."

"I will shove this gun so far up your ass that you will never see it again. Is that clear?"

"Sounds kinky. Can Peter watch?"

"AM I CLEAR?"

"CRYSTAL! WHY ARE WE YELLING?"

Jameson glared at him. Wade glared back. Peter was certain that the world was going to end in a hail of fire and brimstone and nobody would ever find his body.
James turned and stormed out of the room, dropping the gun along his way. Wade leaned forward to snatch his baby out of the fall, but other than that, everyone remained silent. The students watched as he slammed the door behind him, and things remained quiet for another few blissful seconds.

"Well, that just happened." Deadpool said. He turned and blew into his gun faster than Peter could blink, hitting him directly in the face. "Now there's the money shot."

The only reply Peter could think of was to raise his gun back.

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"I'm about to read the most praiseworthy letter as well as the most scathing letter aloud." Mr. Jameson said. Peter shifted in his seat, adjusting his tie for what was probably the fourth time. His only saving grace was that Wade moved around even more beside him, which offered him an excuse.

He just knew that the letters were going to incriminate them. He was going through every single rule they had technically broken, every innuendo that had passed between them in front of the students, and every single time he'd told himself that it would be fine if he just let this one thing go. The world wouldn’t end.

And, of course, the world didn't end. Because the world was saving up for this specific moment so that it could end all at once, leaving Peter gasping for air and struggling to crawl his way across the floor and away from the firey explosion or zombies or great flood.

If it would be a great flood, Peter would be pissed. God needed to broaden his apocalypse artillery if that was the case.

Jameson cleared his throat loudly. The board of soccer moms-Erm, the school board, all sat up a little bit straighter.

"The scathing comes first. 'Hello. I'd like to start off by saying that this was a terrible idea in the first place. Not because of the actual idea, but because you chose the two biggest idiots to execute it.'"

Jameson read. Wade and Peter exchanged quick glances towards one another. They both simultaneously slid lower in their seats.

"What little intelligence they did show was overshadowed by the sheer amount of stupidity. They wasted valuable class time constantly, occasionally palled around with students, and Mr. Wilson told outrageous lies that were both shocking as well as ridiculous. I walked into the classroom every day praying for a meteor to strike so I wouldn't be subjected to those two idiots flirting again. Please fire them both, they deserve it."

Peter's face was beet red. However, he knew exactly who had written that preposterous note. He refused to look around the room and meet anyone's eyes, but still silently cursed the little fucker known as Francis for ever setting foot in his classroom.

"However," Jameson added reluctantly, "It is important to acknowledge that this student wanted to stay anonymous. And, he still passed the class with a C average."

The members were all sending each other sideways glances, talking without ever saying a word. Peter had never before wished that he spoke the language of suburban soccer mom, but in that moment he prayed to be fluent. He wondered if making wine puns and pretending to like the minions would help his case.

"Now, let's move on to the praise letter. I know it might be hard for some of you to imagine after that
scathing review, but that was the only negative letter we received from a student."

Peter perked up at that.

You know what? Fuck Francis. Because even if the little shit-stain tried to ruin this for them, they had ultimately come out on top. They had helped a lot of kids get acquainted with literature, and acquire a passion for English. Or at least a tolerance. And that should count for something.

"Here it goes; 'Peter and Wade are dorks. Neither of them are gonna argue about that. At least, I hope not, because them arguing is the worst and most unsubtle thing ever. Married, much?''"


"'But they are good teachers. Sometimes even dorks can make stuff sound interesting. And even though they sometimes take things too far (mostly Wade) or act like they have entire planets of honor and rules shoved firmly up their rectums (mostly Peter), they're good to us.'"

Peter felt his heart melt. He looked over towards Wade, who had a similar expression of emotion on his face.

"'I've never felt much like people cared about me very much. Even the people who I called my friends didn't really seem to give a damn. But when they didn't and when they ignored my problems, Wade and Peter didn't.

"'And it's not just me, either. Those two have always stopped whatever they're doing to help the students around them, and that's something that's really special for a teacher. At first I thought that they'd be just like the others; uncaring, cool, and ready to just pass anyone who gave an iota of work just to keep their own heads above water.

"'But I was wrong. They work with and help the students. They helped me more than I can express in words. And they're really fu-Fudging stupid, let me tell you. But it actually works on them, if that makes any inkling of sense.

"'And putting the two of them together makes them even better. Because no matter how much they may fight and bicker like teenagers (seriously, grow up or get a room, or both) they balance each other out in a way that nobody else could. I think that my experience this summer will have a big impact on me as a person.

"'Overall, I'd say that this class was the most important one I've ever taken.' Jameson finished. Peter was certain that he had tears in his eyes, but he refused to blink and shed them because he was a man. A big, strong man who had amazing self-control and wasn't going to give into his emotions.

Wade was practically a waterworks show, though.

He had to admit from the way a few of those soccer moms were looking at his boyfriend, it looked like it was really working for him. Maybe the strong and sensitive man was a secret weakness of theirs?

"This was signed 'Negasonic'. I don't know who the hell that's supposed to be, but it proves that parents should never be given the rights to name their own children."

The silence was almost tangible. Peter could hardly stand it.

"Please excuse us while we review the information."
They waited outside for what felt like forever. Wade kept pacing and wouldn't stop moving, doing anything to rid himself of the nervous energy that seemed to be built up inside of him. Eventually Peter stood up and marched over to his lover, grabbing him and pulling him into a searing kiss.

It was hot and passionate and if anyone had walked in on it Peter would have died right then and there, but nobody did and it calmed Wade right down. His body relaxed and melted against Peter's, and his hands came to rest delicately at Peter's hips. He pulled away and looked into Peter's eyes, brushing a strand of hair away from Peter's face.

"What did I ever do to deserve someone like you?" He questioned. Peter smiled twistedly, mischievously, and tilted his head to the side.

"You opened my eyes. And you have a surprisingly short refractory period, which is always a plus."

Wade chuckled and leaned down to kiss him again, their lips touching in just a light ghosting. Anticipation coiled tightly in Peter's stomach as his lover got closer, closer...

The door slammed open again and they jumped apart. Jameson stood and looked off to the side as though he were on The Office (TM) and knew exactly where the camera were located. He waved his hand, gesturing for both of them to follow him.

"The ladies expected me to deliver the news." He grumbled. Immediately, Peter's stomach sank.

Oh, no. News. From what he knew of the world, that word was almost always a bad sign. If someone had good news to deliver they'd do it themselves, and not send some lackey to do it. James Jameson wouldn't be giving this to them if they weren't fired. Oh God, they were fired, weren't they?

Wade reached out and took his hand, a gesture of love and strength. Peter allowed for it, letting out a shaky breath as Wade gave a small squeeze.

"So, Doc, what's the diagnosis? Is it terminal?" Wade questioned. He had a light and joking tone, most likely trying to keep things from getting too serious.

"Shut the fuck up." James Jameson said.

They approached his door and he opened it, pushing in and going to his computer. He opened it up and waited, grabbing his oversized glasses from the desk and putting them on. He entered a few swift keystrokes, which was probably him removing their names from the system.

Peter wondered if Tony would still want him for that scientist job. The pay was nice and he'd offered him a position in the Stark tower, which had sounded both pleasant and luxurious. He'd only declined because he wanted to be a teacher, and clearly that didn't pan out.

The printer whirred to life. Jameson scooted his wheeley chair over to it and took it out of the machine, licking his fingers before paging through the stack, making sure that everything was in order before he handed it over.

He tossed it across the desk, and Peter's mind ground to a halt.

"What is this?" He asked, looking down. He hands shook with excitement and nervous energy as he picked up the paper. It was a list of names, and more importantly, it wasn't their names written on a pink slip.

"Well, I figure you two will want the names of your first class. This is being graduated to a through-the-year program, and there are your students. Your first and seventh periods will be filled with
students who are drop-out possibilities. As much as I hate to say it, they think that you two can handle the extra responsibility."

"So we're... We're not being fired?" Peter asked. James Jameson dropped his head into his hands.

"No. Unfortunately that karma would be just too good for me. I haven't done enough good deeds to deserve something like that. You two are the biggest idiots I've ever met, but you're idiots who have a job. Congratulations."

Peter felt like he was going to explode. Not only did he get to keep his dream job, but he would be working all through the year with Wade! He couldn't wait to get started; lesson plans, meeting students, and fixing the crumbling infrastructure of the school system, one poorly concealed dick joke at a time.

"Get the hell out of my sight before I change my mind and fire you myself. They'd probably bring you back before the end of the week, but I'd get the satisfaction.

Peter and Wade immediately stood. They were practically tripping over one another trying to get out of Jameson's office. They broke out and into the hallway in a tangle of limbs and excitement. The door shut behind them, and Peter immediately gave out a victory whoop.

Wade swept Peter up into his arms and spun him around, romantic chic-flic style. Peter laughed, dizzy and drunk already off of victory and having Wade so close by.

"You know, I could get used to this." Wade said, affectionately.

"You'd better." Peter threatened. "Because I think the two of us are gonna be working together for a long, long time."

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August 2015

Peter had no clue how he'd gotten into this mess, but he loved it.

He was with the students, standing in front of a giant statue of Albert Einstein.

Okay, so he knew exactly how he'd gotten into this mess. He fell in love with someone that taught him that bending rules was okay, and he had come up with some lame connection between literature and Oscorp so he could take their classes and nerd out over everything.

He had been through a wild ride throughout the summer, that was for sure. He'd had everything he stood for and believed in challenged, and somehow he'd found a way to meet the new halfway. He'd managed to keep his core values, and he'd gained a ridiculous amount of experience. Not to mention a smoking hot boyfriend, and a new perspective on life.

Everything had changed so rapidly, he could hardly believe it all. The mess that was his life just kept getting weirder and weirder. Things kept evolving, kept growing, kept turning into these wacky and wild and fun adventures.

He was learning more and more about himself every day. He felt like it had to change sometime soon; I mean, there's only so much a person can learn about themselves before they're done. It wasn't like another life-changing event would happen anytime soon. That kinda stuff was once-in-a-lifetime bullshit. He was sure that things would settle down.
Well, as much as they could settle down when he was dating Wade Wilson.

Peter felt a sharp pain in his neck and immediately swatted at it. He pulled a thin, wiry-legged spider off of him. He squinted at it before groaning and letting it down, watching as it crawled away over the lab equipment. He hoped that none of the kids here were arachnophobic.

What was he getting at again?

Oh, right. No more life-altering, extreme changes were going to come any time soon. He was totally, definitively sure of it.

Wade swung around, dropping down to give him a sloppy kiss on the forehead. He was carrying Mexican food in his hand, something that smelled fresh and spicy.

Peter smiled.

Because honestly, even if something big and life-changing did happen, he knew that he'd make it. He had Wade with him, and aunt May, and he had a fresh perspective and a positive attitude. Even if his life wasn't perfect, he had a great support system, and amazing friends.

He'd survive.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is over, but it's not /over/. I have a chapter of credits that will come out in the next few days thanking some people.
Credits. At the end of a marvel fic. Published as an entirely new chapter 2-3 days after the fic ends. Nothing suspect *cough* extrascene *cough* about that.
I will also be writing more full-length spideypool. I have started on an Angel/Demon au. Stay tuned for that.
Question of the day: Which chapter was your favorite, and why?
Natasha Romanoff stalked forward, her eyes narrowed. Her students looked relaxed, but excited. Peter knew that for many of them, this was the highlight of their year.

"Why do I have to see this, again?" Wade questioned. Peter hushed him.

"Because you're gonna love it." He whispered back. "Now be quiet, the kids will hear and catch on. Nat would actually crush your skull between her thighs."
"In an enjoyable way?"

Peter shot him a glare, although he didn't feel jealous. He knew that Wade was more than faithful; cheating wouldn't be in his nature. So, even though he did occasionally make teasing comments, it didn't bother Peter.

"This will be enjoyable if you'd stop talking." He said. Wade shut his mouth. He still rolled his eyes, but he had, for the most part, obeyed Peter's wishes.

Peter had a sad sort of reminiscence. Aunt May used to love coming down to watch Nat's show every year. But right now, she was healing from her hip surgery. (Which she had been able to get due to a large, anonymous donation. Peter wasn't stupid; the check had been written in crayon. He'd felt bad that Wade had spent money, but he'd felt a great deal less bad after finding out that his boyfriend was basically filthy rich).

He heard shuffling and excited, young voices. Natasha's head snapped up, and she smirked, hissing, "Places, everyone."

The doors swung open, bringing in the prospective freshman. In five short months, they would be joining the ranks of the High School. Some of them may even be joining Nat's Russian classes.

Well, okay. Probably not for the first few days. Unless th had a superb bullshit detector.

A few of the kids looked up, and Nat narrowed her eyes.

"Excuse you?" She questioned in a thick Russian accent. The kids turned to stare at her with wide eyes. She suddenly stood, moving forward and slamming her hands on the table, pure rage showing on her face. "You pieces of doo-doo are not to look up from your work until it is finished!"

"B-B-B-But, Miss Romanov?" A voice came from the back, her glasses low on her nose and her eyes wide with unshed tears. Peter thought she was a good actress. "You told us to read the entirety of the bible translated into Russian." She argued, holding up a thick book. "This will take hours! Can't we have a-"

"NO!" She interrupted. "You should know by now breaks are for lazy Americans! Drop and give me twenty push-ups!"

A boy in the front row spoke up, "But Miss Romanov, her heart condition!"

"You will now give me forty!" She spat. Both students dropped from their chairs at the same time, silently obeying her commands. She turned to a boy in the front row and pointed. "Describe the room in Russian. All of it. You keep listing details until your tongue is bleeding."

He immediately started, and Natasha sat back down in her chair for a few moments.

The eighth graders were staring, wide-eyed. The current freshman who was leading them around had a smirk on her face, but was trying to avoid smiling and giving the joke away.

Suddenly, the boy fumbled with his list of words. Nat stood up.

"Stop." She spat. She walked forward. Peter took note of the fact that this student was one of the few who had his desk and chair separated, no metal bars connecting them.

She grabbed his desk, and he shrunk back into his seat. The class knew she was joking, of course, but he was ninety-five percent sure that the fear in his eyes was real.
"Clint can speak Russian better than you, and he can't even hear himself." She spat. She took a step back before taking his desk in her hands and with a quick twist of her body, sent it flying across the room and towards the chalk-board. One of the metal legs came loose and broke off.

The entire class let out a gasp. Even Nat's lip quirked up, her usually flawless acting breaking. Okay, so that hadn't been a part of the plan.

Clint helpfully got things back on track by saying something in Russian. "Ne perevesti etot chertov umnik."

"Okay kids, I think we should move on from Miss Romanov's classroom before she hurts us." The tour guide said, gesturing for the eighth graders to follow her away.

Nat turned towards them and smiled sweetly. "Please, I would love to have any one of you in my class next year."

The eighth graders were ushered away, and Peter turned towards Wade.

"You like?"

His eyes were filled with nothing but glee. "Please let us do something like that next year." He begged, placing his hands together and widening his eyes.

"Of course. But we'll have to think of something different. We can't steal Nat's thunder." He teased. "Maybe you could ask Negasonic to brainstorm with you when we go to dinner at Collosus's house tonight?"

"That's a great idea."

"You two done flirting?" Nat asked, walking over and picking up the parts of the broken desk. She had lost her fake accent, now dropping character into her (slightly) more relaxed self. She sighed, shaking her head. "And... Does anyone have any ideas of how to explain this to the administration?"

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A/N: In the interest of interactivity, I'd enjoy it if some of my readers commented and told me what their favorite class was or is and why. I'm obviously here for English and Science.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!