"Fuck off, Deadpool."
God, he should have left right away.
Why didn't he?

The mercenary glanced over at Spider-Man, then he took the lights of the city at night in.
"Do you not know the proverb *Misery loves the D*?"

"It's *Misery loves company*, you pervert.
And why do you even think I was miserable? I'm not."

"Hey, if Misery was an entity I could actually meet like Death, I am sure they would love me, too. Or do you think they are only into dickless company?"
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Warning:
This story's Peter isn't an adult yet.
Wade doesn't know this.

The age of consent is 16 where I live.
Peter is not younger than 16.
However, Peter's age and their age gap will have an impact on the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Day 1 – Friday

He wore the Spider-Man suit.
But under the fabric, there was no Spider-Man.
Not today.
There was no self-confidence, no humour and no vigor.

Peter was sitting on the flat rooftop of some random building in New York.
Today had been bad.
Yesterday had been bad.
The day before yesterday had been especially bad.

After a few hours of unenthusiastic patrol he had come here, to the edge of the roof.
His legs dangled in the air, his eyes stared at nothing in particular.
He felt like crying.
And although the mask would have hidden his tears anyway, he made an effort not to let them reach the surface.
He clutched the ledge.

Suddenly, his spider-sense started to tingle.
Peter looked around for the reason, ready to jump off the high building and swing away if necessary.

A red and black-clad figure walked up to him.
He had seen the suit before once.
Not the most pleasant encounter, but at least he knew that the stranger wouldn't do him any harm.
The oddball sort of worshipped him.

"Hi Spidey, how is it hanging?"

The man sat down next to Peter.

"Fuck off, Deadpool."
God, he should have left right away.
Why didn't he?
The mercenary glanced over at Spider-Man, then he took the lights of the city at night in. "Do you not know the proverb *Misery loves the D*?"

"It's *Misery loves company*, you pervert. And why do you even think I was miserable? I'm not."

"Hey, if Misery was an entity I could actually meet like Death, I am sure they would love me, too. Or do you think they are only into dickless company?"

Peter raised an eyebrow under his mask and looked at Deadpool's masked face. "*You met* death?"

"Yup. Several times. Death is gorgeous and ridiculously good in bed."

Peter needed a moment to comprehend what the strange guy was saying. Deadpool was crazier than he had thought before, talking about death as if it was a person, thinking he would have had sex with the Grim Reaper. For all he knew, the guy most likely had a one-night stand with some slutty woman who was dressed as a sexy female version of the Grim Reaper for Halloween and later, in his head, that encounter somehow turned into the fantasy tale he was currently telling Peter. At least it was a little interesting.

"How did she look?"

"She? I didn't say Death was female, did I?"

Peter was startled. "Uhm. No. But you said that you had sex with Death."

"Ah, so you assumed Death must be a woman?" Deadpool laughed. "Well, sometimes Death looks like a woman, sometimes like a man. But Death's always a catch!"

Whatever nonsense Deadpool was telling him here, Peter's fingers caused damage to the roof's edge at that very moment. The concrete cracked due to his strength. He had to ask.

"You had sex with a male Grim Reaper?"

"Death isn't that grim, Spidey. But yeah, of course."

"So... you aren't straight?!" Peter had to put a lot of effort into keeping his voice from shaking. Deadpool's combat boots were swinging back and forth in the air as he moved his lower legs gleefully. "*Nope.*"

He looked at Spider-Man again, examining the tensed up body next to him through the white of his eye patches. Peter was chewing on his lower lip. To everyone not familiar with masks, it would have looked a little funny. But Wade knew what Spider-Man was doing that made the fabric dance on his mouth and chin like this. Adding the tension of the other's body to it, he knew that something was seriously wrong.
"Just tell me if you don't want to talk about it. But...
Is there any reason you ask me such questions?"

Peter remembered the day before yesterday.
He had finally found the courage to tell his girlfriend – ex-girlfriend – that their relationship didn't feel right and that he might be gay.
He had hoped that she would show him understanding.
Instead, she had slapped him and apparently told her friends that he was a faggot.

The next day, everyone seemed to have heard about it.
Most people only stared at him.
Others insulted him.
Some bumped into him on purpose.
He knew that this was only the beginning.

Was it a good or a bad idea to tell Deadpool, of all people?
But he really wanted – needed – to talk to someone about it.
And Deadpool had already told Peter his secret. Wait, was it even a secret?
However, he decided to spill the beans.
Deadpool's presence and the ease he emitted made him feel rather safe.
There was constant tingling since the man had arrived, but he ignored it.

"I think I'm.... gay."
"Cool."
"And I broke up with my girlfriend a few days ago."
"Because you realized that you are into guys?"
"Yes."
"You sure you aren't bisexual?"
"Yes."
Bisexual people weirded him out.
Deadpool seemed to be bisexual...

"She slapped me when I told her..." Peter sniffed.
"I always thought she was the understanding type and would value that I'm honest with her."
He felt the tears forming in his eyes.
The disappointment hurt way more than her slap had.
Peter hung his head, the mask absorbed his tears when they reached his cheeks.

"Hey, ehm, do you maybe want a hug?"

Peter nodded.
The merc embraced him from the side, keeping a little distance between their bodies so Peter wouldn't feel trapped.
Peter acknowledged the considerate act.
He soon leaned his shoulder against the man's muscular chest and cried silently.
God, he was so pathetic.

All of a sudden, there was a gunshot.
Peter felt searing pain occupying his right side, emerging from his waist. They simultaneously looked at the center of his body where his suit's fabric drank in his blood.

Deadpool jumped up, drew a gun from its holster and ran to the other side of the rooftop in a matter of seconds while Peter clutched his bleeding wound and lay down on his back so he wouldn't fall down the building if he fainted. He heard some more gunshots and screaming.

When Deadpool was back, he heard him saying "Fuck!" a couple of times until the man lifted him up and carried him in his strong arms.

"Spidey, stay with me. I'll take you to a hospital."

"No.... no hospital. I.. can't..."

"But you're bleeding and -"

"No.. I beg you..."

Peter's vision got blurry. He felt one of Deadpool's hands pressing onto his wound to stop the bleeding.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for any mistakes. English is not my native language.
Chapter 2

The merc ran down stairs, raced through some alleys, ran up many stairs and stopped in front of a door, panting.

Peter had fought hard not to black out as he was carried off by Deadpool. The scenery around him had turned into nothing but impressionistic paintings. His sense of direction had waved him goodbye after the first back alley. And as much as all that movement had shaken his injured body thoroughly and painfully, it had done a good job of helping him to stay awake and keeping his adrenaline level high.

Deadpool unlocked the door and strode through the room. Peter was carefully put down on a messy bed. Before he went right to the bathroom to get the first-aid kit, Deadpool made sure that Spider-Man's hand took the place of his on the bleeding wound. There was no real reason for him to own a first-aid kit. Especially not for owning such a big one. The healing factor took care of things. But it was there anyway. Just in case. Just in case he had to patch somebody up. He had expected someone else to be that somebody. But that was only daydreaming. The situation at hand was real and urgent.

He grabbed the kit and dashed back to the other room where he placed it on the nightstand, opened it and exchanged the ones he was wearing with surgical gloves.

"Spidey, you still with me?"
With the mask on, it wasn't possible to see if Spider-Man was conscious or not.
A pained groan answered the question with a yes.

"Okay, let me check your wound. Remove your hand for a nanosecond."
Yeah, Peter was absolutely not in a condition to waste a single thought on that, but the misuse of the word nanosecond bugged him nonetheless. This examination would take longer than a nanosecond, longer than a microsecond, longer than a millisecond and longer than a fucking second.

However, Peter did as he was told and had the presence of mind to also pull off his suit's top to reveal his injury. He tossed the blood-soaked shirt and his bloody gloves somewhere and let the man treat his wound. The bleeding had significantly decreased by now. His decent healing factor was of big help. And Deadpool seemed to know what he was doing. Peter clenched his teeth and endured it.

A pocket lamp in the man's left hand improved the poor lighting conditions the ceiling light created.

He soon was urged to lie on his left side so Deadpool could examine the back where the bullet had entered, too. After the merc was positive that it really was a through-and-through wound and the bullet had
definitely left the body, the skilled rescuer disinfected the entry and the exit wound using a pincette and a pledget.
Then he applied a large pressure bandage around Peter's waist.

Once everything was done, Peter lay down on his stomach and his left cheek rested on a pillow since that felt more comfortable and was less painful for him. The position limited the scope of his chest's heaving and the expansion of his lungs when he inhaled. As a result, this reduced the pressure on his guts a little.
A thin blanket was put over him cautiously.

"You are so damn lucky, Spidey. The bullet went right through you. In and out. Not making itself at home in your guts," Deadpool explained with relief and sank to his knees next to the bed.
He was familiar with the pain the hero was in, but he also knew the pain that removing a stuck bullet caused. If it was possible to get it out. That would have been real bad.
He got rid of the surgical gloves, thrusting them aside.
"Do you think you will be ok?"

"Yes. Just... let me rest."

"Do you want to take painkillers?
I have enough stuff to painkill quite a few herds of elephants. Or two blue whales."

"No.. I'm good.
Thank you.... Deadpool..."

Now that the situation finally allowed his body to calm down, Spider-Man felt the effects of the strain and the blood loss taking over. Darkness covered his sight.
He involuntarily started to moan while his head felt as if he was spinning around without end.
The uncontrollable moaning was so embarrassing.
Soon, the horrible feeling in his temples spread to his forehead from both sides, meeting in the middle.
He passed out.

~*~

Peter was stepping in and out of his sleep for a while until he was fully awake.
Deadpool hadn't left the place at his side. He still knelt on the floor next to the bed.
Even though Peter couldn't see him, he sensed the man's presence.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his lower back.
Without knowing why exactly he did that, he pretended to be asleep and waited for whatever would happen next.

He listened to the merc's shy breaths. The heavy hand was slowly sliding over the blanket until it stopped on the hill that was his butt.
It rested there, not doing anything except for radiating warmth.
The touch felt nice and incredibly tender. Peter wasn't able to deny that he enjoyed the contact, simultaneously thinking that Deadpool was a creepy pervert for touching him in his feigned sleep.
When the hand disappeared, he missed it immediately and smiled under the mask when the simple touch was back unexpectedly.

It didn't last long. At least it didn't feel like a long time.
Deadpool withdrew his hand from Spider-Man's butt and left the room.
Chapter 3

Wade was aware that Spider-Man's moaning wasn't something sexual. The hero's body was in a state of shock. He had lost a lot of blood and was in pain. The moans were nothing but a consequence of that.

Even so, the mutate couldn't help it. Those sounds and the visual input of the other man lying in his bed, the blanket hugging the beautifully shaped body, went right to his nether regions. Spider-Man was an attractive guy. Not really ripped but toned with just the right amount of muscle to go with his slim body type. Nice long legs. A firm, round, cute ass. The suit showed his body off to its best advantage. Even though Wade had never seen the spider's face, he imagined it to be handsome - one way or the other.

After some minutes, the sweet noises stopped abruptly. Had Spider-Man fallen asleep? Or had he passed out? The merc had to make sure. A syncope could be extremely dangerous. He would have to take immediate action. Change the posture, maybe even CPR. Wade shook the man by the shoulder and called his name – well, his herobiz name – in a not so quiet voice several times. Fortunately, Peter put an end to his worries by waking up and clutching the ungloved hand on his naked shoulder.

It was the first time that Spider-Man noticed the texture of Deadpool's bare skin. He had felt an uneven structure before during the medical examination of his injury, but there had been too much pain to concentrate on it and the gloves, albeit thin, had prevented direct contact. He had not known what to make of this oddity, his first guess being that the gloves were like that. Wherever one got such unusual hygienic gloves and why one would pick such. But now the other's hand was unshielded and the funny surface was still there. It was on the back of his hand which Peter clutched at that very moment and on the palm that was on the hero's shoulder. The elevated, soft lines, maybe scars, alternated with small but rather hard lumps and fleshy spots. The part that made him cringe in disgust was the gooey stuff that seemed to ooze out here and there. He rapidly removed his hand.

"What do you want?" Peter groaned while the headache continued to party hard inside his head. Wade retracted his hand as if he'd been burnt.

"Wanted to check if you are ok.
...Sorry, but I had to... you can shut-eye again."

Peter went back to sleep, wondering if only the man's hands were in that freaky condition.

Deadpool watched over the hero's sleep, trying to focus on the wounded man's breathing rhythm so that he would immediately notice if it got out of step.

However, the throbbing disaster in his pants was hard to ignore. He cursed his damn brain and dick, feeling ashamed of himself. The soft moans, even though gone, echoed in his ears as sweet torture now.
Chapter 4

An hour had passed since Spider-Man fell asleep. His breathing was steady and calm. He seemed to be fine.

Deadpool sat on the floor and wondered if he should have stitched up the two wounds. But the bullet hole and the exit wound were rather small and it was better to leave things open in case there already was bacterial contamination somewhere along the path that the bullet had created. Locking possible pus up inside the body could damage organs or cause blood poisoning and kill a person.

However, was some disinfection and a pressure bandage enough? Maybe he had better taken Spider-Man to a doctor, even though that would have been against his will.

Wade would have done that right away if he had not been following the news on the spider-themed hero obsessively for the last year and suspected that the guy had some kind of enhanced healing ability.

Being beaten and getting stabbed one night and being up for banter with criminals the next wasn't plausible without accelerated healing.

The man was obviously incredibly strong, but somehow managed to be the punching bag for the week's villain every now and then.

Tonight's incident must have been the first time Spider-Man got shot. There had never been any reports in the media saying otherwise. He had always dodged the bullets.

And he would have dodged this one, too. But with you around...

Little movements under the thin blanket made Deadpool look at the bed again.

Convulsions?

He watched the sleeping hero for some time, but nothing seemed to be wrong.

The man's frame caught his eye again and the erection he had neglected so successfully that it had surrendered was back.

He liked roundy places and the spider's behind was a strong stimulus.

He knew he should look away, should not wonder how it would feel to touch the other man's body.

Damned be his weakness.

He succumbed to the temptation and reached out with his hand.

For long seconds, Wade didn't dare to place his hand on the blanket.

It hovered over the hill in front of him, shivering due to excitement and fear.

It seemed safer to not directly touch the other's ass.

When he lowered his hand, it came to rest on the small of Spider-Man's back instead.

Wade held his breath and listened carefully for any sign that the hero had woken up.

If Spider-Man were to notice what he was doing, he would beat him up and never again talk to him.

When nothing bad happened, Wade relaxed a bit and allowed himself to breathe again.

Quiet, cautious breaths.

Ever so slowly, he traced the spine with the palm of his hand until he reached the desired butt.

His hand's journey ended on the hero's buttocks.

It was pleasant and highly arousing to touch them. The combination of strong muscle, firm flesh and the right share of softness was really nice.

He would have loved to squeeze that ass a little.
No, that was too dangerous. He withdrew his hand.

However, it was back on Spider-Man pretty soon, behaving itself while Wade's other hand found the way into his own underwear.

[You are such a disgusting pervert. Groping your idol in his sleep and jerking off to it. The only reason he's sleeping in your bed is that he trusts you, you asshole.]

Deadpool immediately withdrew both his hands, stood up and quickly walked the few steps to his bathroom.
Inside, he slumped down against the wall between door and bath tub.
The voices are not meant to be Yellow and White.

The only source of light in the small and moderately clean bathroom was the weak glimmer that had invited itself in through the gap under the door. It didn't reach far.
The room had no window. If he wanted to get rid of humid air, he had to turn the air exhauster on.
If he wanted to get fresh air inside, he had to leave the door open for 10 minutes and more.

The whole apartment was medium tidy.
Living here for less than a week, he hadn't had the time to turn it into a complete mess yet. A mess that resembled his life.

There were people that kept their place as tidy and clean as it would get even whilst their life went down the drain. Maybe it was an attempt to retain a little control. Or a bluff that everything was fine.
He wasn't one of them. Never had been.
Funny enough that the last place he had been able to leave behind in adequate condition – a fancy flat on an artificial island – didn't exist anymore.
It had ceased to exist with a boom. A really big boom.
Never again could he go back there.

The only things he had used in the kitchen yet were the fridge and the sink.
He had filled two of the three fridge shelves with water bottles and beer cans, but he had not stored any food, not even snacks, yet.
Every day, Wade had bought his meals from food trucks or had eaten in small restaurants with only few guests in the nearby area. He hadn't felt like cooking.
The dishes he had rented together with the space were still unused. But not untouched.
With previous tenants' fingerprints all over, he had felt the urge to scrub every single piece on Tuesday. It made no sense. He wasn't that eccentric when it was about the dishes in a cheap diner.
But these were his dishes for as long as he would stay here. It didn't have to make sense.

Wade couldn't see it in the darkness.
The bath tub curtain showed the iconic print *The Great Wave off Kanagawa* by Katsushika Hokusai.
He had discarded the original white one. It had reminded him of hospitals and body bags, death and sickness. Depressing shit.
One day later, his online order had arrived. Express delivery, of course.
The voice he sometimes heard had been very mean to him when he installed the curtain.
Even the second voice that rarely showed up had joined in.

~*~
Wade heard the voice's scornful laughter as he stood on the bath tub's skirt and tried to attach the new curtain.

[How long until you give up? Or fall down and break your neck?]

"Shut up! I can do this. This flag will proudly flutter in the wind."
[Of course.... Hey, I think I hear cracking sounds. You are going to wreck the tub.]

"I am not!"

[Psst, idiot, I know why you chose that one. Hahahahahahahaha.]

"...."

[Tell us why.]

[It features a Hokusai print. Rings a bell, doesn't it?]

"Waves, the sea, boats, Fuji-san. It's a good picture for a bathroom. What's your fucking problem with that, damn voice?"

{Yeah, what's the matter?}

[The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife is by the same artist. You get it now?]

{Hahahahahahahaha. It made him think of tentacle sex.}

"I did not think of that when I bought it, you fuckers!"

{Pervert, pervert, pervert.}

{But wait, there's more.}

{Tell us, tell us.}

[The idiot hopes his ex will come here and will see and make the connection.]

{Hahahaha. You want him to fuck you with one or two of his many metal tentacle-dicks that explore your body everywhere. So kinky. How about TP, DP?}

"...."

{Oh~ Tentacle-Man.}

"Don't call him Tentacle-Man. That's horrible. And I don't even know if he's able to make these T.O.-tendril-tentacle-things from that other dimension."

[With or without tentacles. He will never sleep with you again.]

{Yeah, no chance. Never.}

"I didn't think of sex or him or sex with him when I ordered it!"

[Of course not.... just as you never dream of him.]

{Smooching.}

{Fucking.}

{Being happy.}

"Fuck off!
Fuck off!!
Fuck off!!"

[He will never come back to you.]
Sitting on the cold floor tiles, Wade tried not to listen to the harsh voice that lashed him with insult after insult. He covered his ears with the palms of his hands. It didn't help. In desperate interior whispers he begged for silence, but he was ignored.

He had no idea why he had suddenly started to hear voices a few months ago. In the beginning, he had taken a shot and a stab at getting rid of the two pests – literally and repeatedly. But they always came back and so Wade had decided that there was no point in blowing his brains out or skewering his head because of them. Mercifully, they weren't present all the time. One voice found its, well, voice only now and then. The stronger one pestered him more often. Both had never said anything nice. They only appeared to insult and hurt him. Fortunately, they didn't pay him extended visits, sinking back into the nothingness they emerged from, or wherever they emerged from, after inflicting their company on him for some time.

Once the whipping had ended, Wade let his hands fall into his lap, brushing his still hard member. The mutate rested the back of his head against the wall and stared at the dark ceiling. The situation made him bang his head against the plain surface of the wall behind him. Once. Twice. Thrice.

The voice had told him that he was a hopeless loser. He could as well prove it right.

~*~

The sudden loud bang gave Peter a scare. Even though he had been waiting for something to happen after Deadpool had left the room, it startled him anyway. There had been silence for quite a while until the noise of something hitting the wall behind the bed's headboard broke it. It happened two more times and the hero wondered what in the world was going on. He didn't want to get out of bed and check on Deadpool. His aching body demanded inactiveness of him. He felt as if his body was too heavy to rise from the comfortable mattress. And there was a vague eagerness to continue the Sleeping Beauty performance he was giving so convincingly. Would Deadpool touch him again once he was back? He was curious. And he didn't want to blow a chance to feel that gentle hand on him one more time. A chance to feel the warmth, the tenderness and the man's desire.

Low moans reached his ears. It didn't take Peter long to figure out that these weren't sounds of pain. The labored breaths and partly stifled moans were clear enough. Unmistakable evidence of what Deadpool was doing in the other room. Peter blushed under the protective fabric of the Spider-Man mask. He was, of course, able to put one and one together and the solution made him blush even more.

The hero strained his ears so he wouldn't miss a single detail. His body tensed up, he felt like a child watching something it knew it shouldn't through a door crack. It made him feel a thrill that bordered on arousal of the sexual kind.
His crotch sent out little sparks of interest, the pain dulled by the absorbing distraction. He felt a little guilty about listening to that private act. On the other hand, if anyone was to blame, it would be Deadpool, right?

Another half dozen of breathy moans later, Peter felt hot all over. This weirdo's little fapping session made him go through physical reactions similar to when he had watched porn for the first time. Add to it that Peter was positive that the man jerked off to the lingering impression of touching his, Spider-Man's, ass.

~*~

"I'm sorry, Spidey.. so sorry..." Wade murmured after he had reached orgasm, not aware that the bed basically was right behind him, with only a wall in between.

He got up and rearranged his trousers before making a stop at the sink to wash his sticky, sore hand, navigating his way in the comforting darkness of the small bathroom. With clean hands and a flaccid penis, the mutate went to continue his duty of watching over Spider-Man's condition.
Day 2 - Saturday

Feigning to be asleep had turned into actually being asleep a couple of hours ago. When Peter woke up at sunrise, he turned in bed and sat up. A window was on his left and without a shutter the light crawled right over the floor, the walls and into bed. One window, four doors. A bed, a nightstand. This room was quite Spartan.

His waist still hurt and he was thirsty. He touched his body's bandaged center. Maybe he should ask for painkillers. Peter felt certain that Deadpool wouldn't try to pass off something else as medication. The man wouldn't drug him. If he could also take some home, that would be good. He wouldn't have to take any pills from the medicine cabinet. Doing that would lead to Aunt May questioning him about it once she noticed the suspicious decrease and he would have to come up with awkward explanations. He'd rather not endure such an interrogation again. Of course he could just go and buy the anodyne, but he didn't really want to spend the little money he had on it. The materials for a new suit would already reduce his savings to almost zero. He distorted his mouth at the thought of needing a replacement. Maybe there was still hope for the clothes. If he sewed up the holes in the shirt and washed out the blood?

Speaking of blood, the bedding had gotten its fair share of the liquid organ, too. The stains reminded of a blurry pattern of blooming red flowers on a white canvas.

Peter looked around for Deadpool and found him sleeping on the ground in front of the nightstand, still wearing his complete suit minus the two katana. He cleared his throat.

The sound was enough to wake Deadpool who jumped to his feet immediately. Disorientated, the merc needed a second to understand where he was and to remember the situation. When he looked at Spider-Man's torso, the comprehension was finalized.

"Do you want me to kidnap a doctor?"

"No! Of course not."

"There are ways and means to make sure the doc won't go around and brag about patching Spider-Man up." His right hand made towards the thigh holster. The muscles in the hero's shoulders and neck tensed up, a tingling of low intensity accompanying it.

"Hell no! I don't want you to harm anyone."

"Doesn't have to be harming, baby boy. Intimidation might do the trick."

"That neither!"
And I don't need a doctor."
Had Deadpool just called him 'baby boy'? Peter didn't know if he should address or just ignore it. Why would someone call Spider-Man 'baby boy'? He didn't look so young and fragile, did he?

"Okay, I get it. No doctor and no villainy. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Can I have some water? And painkillers?"

"Yep, no sweat. Do you want a sippy cup or a glass?"

"Do you even have to ask?"

"A sippy cup it is. All right," the merc said joyfully, leaving through the door on the other side of the room. Peter stared at the door frame, suppressing a giggle. That guy was such a loon. A dangerous loon, a concerned inner voice reminded him.

Carrying a big glass of water in one hand and a pink Hello Kitty case as big as a shoe box for boots under his other arm, Deadpool reentered the room. Since the first-aid kit was sitting on the nightstand, the case with the ribbon-adorned white cat face was put on Peter's blanketed legs. The kitty printed on its lid gazed at the Spider-Man mask that covered Peter's face. He gazed back at it.

"Is this something an ex-girlfriend left behind?" Peter asked.

"No, no. I bought this myself. It's cute, right? Here's your water. In a glass. I don't have a sippy cup at this place. Sorry to disappoint."

The merc's grin was very visible even though he wore a mask.

"This will do. Thanks."
Peter took the glass from him, noticing that the gloves were back on, arranged the mask so his mouth was revealed and took a gulp.

"Help yourself with the painkillers. I don't know which ones you prefer."

He pointed at the pink case.

Peter opened it with one hand and raised an eyebrow. It was full of stacked blister packs.

"How many blue whales did you say you can kill with the contents of this box?"

He placed the glass next to the pillow and hoped it wouldn't tilt and fall over.

"Unpain, Spidey. Did you know that blue whales battle with giant squids?"

There were pills in all kinds of colours. Some packs were empty except for one or two remaining pills.

"Blue whales don't. You confuse them with sperm whales," Spider-Man said matter-of-factly and studied the names of the drugs on the back of the packs.
"Sperm whales, huh? How much sperm does a whale have to shoot to gain that name?"

"It's in their heads."
Peter was distracted as he tried to find a blister pack with a label he actually knew.

"Whales have sperm in their heads?"
The question, asked in a child-like manner, made Peter look up.

"No, of course not. The name of this species refers to a liquid in their heads. It's not sperm. It just looks similar. I guess. I've never seen it so I wouldn't know."

"Really? You've never seen sperm?" Deadpool smirked.

Peter turned red under his mask.
"Oh, fuck you. You know that I was talking about the liquid!"

[Yeah, fuck you, you idiot.]

"Sorry..."
The tall, buff, self-confident man became very timid all of a sudden.

"Why do you have so many pills, Deadpool?"

"Um, I like to decorate cakes with them?"
When Spider-Man's eye patches continued to target him, he gave up.
"I'm in pain all the time. When I take a handful of these, I can escape it for a few minutes."

"Oh, I had no idea you have to deal with something like this. There's no way to get rid of your pain permanently?"

"No, it's because.... Well, it doesn't matter. I'm used to it. Did you find something you want to take?"

Peter searched for a familiar product until he held a complete pack of Percocet in his hands. The peach-coloured, oval tablets smiled at him.
He took one out of the packaging and swallowed it with the leftover water.

"I will leave as soon as it takes effect. I don't want people to wonder where I am."

"Going into your secret identity?"
Wade picked Spider-Man's missing suit pieces up from the floor.

"Yeah. Same as you once I have left." Peter reached for his shirt and gloves and got dressed in bed, putting the shirt on over the bandage.

Wade looked away.
"You haven't heard my real name yet?"

"What?" Spider-Man was confused.

"I don't really have a secret identity. Most people in the biz know that my name is Wade Wilson."
But you better don't tell me yours. I might babble it out."

"I see... So, um, can I take the Percocet with me, Mr. Wilson?"

"If you call me Wade instead of Mr. Wilson, it's yours."

"Fine. Wade."
Chapter 8

Day 9 – Saturday

At 18:30, Peter left his aunt's house with the suit's gloves, shoes and mask in his shabby black backpack. He never started patrol before 10 pm as he waited for Aunt May to leave at ten sharp for her night shift at the hospital. On her free days, he excused himself and left the first floor under the pretense he would go to bed or had to study, locked the door and used his bedroom's window as exit. And as entry when he came back in the very early morning to catch a few hours of sleep. Today, he had told her he would meet up with some friends and might not be back in time to see her off.

Taking the subway for 15 minutes, he watched the other passengers. Peter hadn't seen Deadpool, Wade, for six days. Every night during patrol he had hoped to meet the man again, but no such luck. Spending time with someone who wouldn't bully him and who obviously was interested in him, apparently even attracted to him, would do him good after one week of not so subtile shunning and straightforward mobbing.

Peter had gotten degraded from a nerd to a gay nerd. Which had resulted in losing his science friends, all except for two who still talked to him during recess and ate lunch with him. Peter was grateful, but also very concerned since people started to avoid these two, too. He had asked Minna and Gavin to not risk their reputation by being seen with him, but both had declared that they didn't care and since they were not part of his love life, nothing had changed between them and Peter anyway. Peter still talked, ate, walked in the same way, so why treating him differently?

They seemed to be the only two decent people at his school. If he had written down every insult and concealed physical attack he had endured since the word had spread, he would have filled a notebook by now. Most teachers just ignored it whenever someone made an obscure homophobic comment. Only one of his teachers had addressed the matter, but being without backup – No Homophobia wasn't exactly the school motto – the teacher's effort had no effect at all. He was lucky that this was his last year of high school. It was only September, but at least he wouldn't have to put up with this forever.

When Peter left the underground at the stop he thought was closest to Deadpool's place, he looked around to find a dark space between buildings where he could change behind a dumpster. If Deadpool didn't show up in the streets, Spider-Man would have to find him elsewhere. He really hoped Wade would be at home. After he had exited the man's bedroom through the window, he had memorized the location and the neighborhood in case he had a reason to go there again. Well, now he had one.

~*~

Spider-Man climbed up the building's brick wall and hid his backpack in a corner of the roof, securing it with webbing before he swung to his destination. He didn't want to attract attention, so he refrained from doing anything exaggerated and kept a low
profile while getting closer to the right building.

The unlocked window let Peter get inside easily.

"Dead-, Wade? Are you home? It's me, Spider-Man."

No answer.

"Wade?" He tried again.

Nothing.

Peter stood there like a beaten dog. The proceeding sunset took the light from the room.

Once it had gotten dark, he left for an early patrol.
Day 11 – Monday

Wearing the suit under his jeans and hoodie, Peter had left with his backpack before sunset again. Aunt May thought he'd meet a friend, but he had promised her to be back at nine today.

Now Spider-Man was standing in Deadpool's bedroom. 
And the merc wasn't there. 
Just as on Saturday and on Sunday. 
"Groundhog Day," Peter mumbled.

Peter didn't dare to go into any of the other rooms. 
He already was a serial intruder. 
Telling himself that he would not set foot in another room eased his conscience. 
Reluctant to leave, he looked around. 
The king-size bed with its two pillows and navy blue bedding was still unused. Where was Wade? Should he worry about him or was it normal that he was away for many days? Peter knew nearly nothing about the man.

He decided to wait for some time, 
maybe Deadpool would come back during the next one and a half hours, 
and sat down on the bed.

Day 13 – Wednesday

Peter lay on the bed, waiting. 
Two weeks since the break up. Two shitty weeks. 
He shouldn't have told her that he probably was gay. 
The daily struggles at school made it hard to hold himself back. 
He often imagined punching the ones who attacked him in the face. 
Even the ones that only did it verbally. 
But Puny Parker couldn't do that. He couldn't use his strength on his fellow students. 
Drawing that kind of attention to him would be bad. Really, really bad. 
To the disadvantage of the criminals, Spider-Man was his outlet. 
Punching them a little harder, kicking them one more time than necessary became normal, 
his swinging more reckless.

He rolled over. 
The merc's bed was so comfortable. 
A feeling of safety settled inside him while the sun settled down outside. 
What would Wade think if he came back and found Spider-Man in his bed? Would he kick him out or would he like it? 
Peter's mind wandered off to the memory of the night he got shot.
His wounds had been ok after he had rested in his bed all weekend long.
Bad cold, he had told his aunt and instead of taking the meds she had placed on his bed stand, he had taken the painkillers.
He still kept the blister pack with the few remaining tablets in his backpack.
Some of the cold medicine, on the other side, had gone into the bin.

He liked to relive the part where Wade touched his butt.
It hadn't been something big. Too short, too diffident.
Yet he wished he could drown in the feel of that moment.
The memory made him smile peacefully as it created warmth deep within him.
He was sorry for his first thought at that time being 'pervert'.
It didn't matter that it had been the accurate appellation.

It wasn't the first time Peter actively remembered it.
Visiting this memory calmed him and it tucked him in every other night when he needed distraction from the prospect of another day at school.
He sometimes developed the scene further.
What if he had grabbed hold of Deadpool's wrist, had told him that he liked being touched by him?
Where would that gentle hand have gone next?

Picturing these scenarios, he usually ended up being hard.
And it wasn't any different now.
Peter turned onto his back and placed one hand on his crotch, staring at the dusky ceiling.
His erection was held captive by the suit's tight trousers which pressed it against his body.
He couldn't just jerk off in someone else's bed.

After willing himself off the bed, Peter left the apartment to find a secluded and unmonitored rooftop to get rid of his problem before he would change his outfit and go home to grab a bite to eat.

Day 19 – Tuesday

Even though Deadpool was still gone, the merc's bedroom had become Peter's sanctuary.
Today, he had come here even earlier than usual.
When he was at his aunt's, he had to keep up the pretense that everything was ok.
Coming home after school and acting as if he was fine was so exhausting.
But he didn't want to worry her. Being a widow, working a night shift six times a week to pay the bills and save money for his college tuition was hard enough.
He also didn't exactly feel like coming out to her.
Aunt May was a nice and understanding woman, but there was a slight chance that she wouldn't be nice and understanding anymore once he told her. He didn't want that to happen.

Aunt May was happy that Peter spent so much time with his friends lately.
College would pull them apart soon enough. He should enjoy their company to the fullest.
Gavin had actually asked him to go to the cinema with him and Minna, among other activities, wanted to go to Central Park with both of them, but Peter declined everything, saying he would have to study and help his aunt with the chores.
They didn't seem convinced, but his friends didn't press him.
He really should hang with them next Saturday afternoon instead of going to Wade's place.

Peter's stomach growled.
After some jocks had cornered him at lunch break which resulted in a few bruises and his homemade
sandwiches on the floor and stepped onto, he had gotten nothing to eat except a third of Gavin's
dinner leftovers. Cold vegetable dauphinoise.
Damn this school for not providing a microwave for the students.
Coincidentally, Minna had forgotten to bring her own lunch today and without a stupid voucher that
one had to get a week prior, it wasn't even possible to buy school lunch.
So Gavin had shared his meal with Peter and Minna.
Peter had told the brunette boy that he'd give him self-made cookies after the weekend.
Knowing Peter's skills in the kitchen, Gavin had begged him not to which made Minna laugh.
The two juniors and the senior had parted ways when the break ended.

The more Peter thought of Wade, the more he missed him.
True, they hadn't talked much.
However, the man's ease and playfulness had been enjoyable and Peter wanted more of that, too.

Since Wade didn't seem to show up any time soon, Spider-Man took off the mask and pressed his
face into the pillow.
He often fell asleep on the bed and at least twice he had dreamed about scary hands and a person
whose face he never saw.

He looked at the massive nightstand. Dust gathered on it.
It was made of ebony wood and had three drawers.
Peter wondered what was inside them.
He turned his face to the window, watching the wall of the next building until the curiosity got the
better of him.
He got up and kneeled down in front of it.
His eyes widened as he opened the top drawer.

It was crammed full of condoms, two different bottles of lube, a tissue box and several sex toys lying
on top of each other.
He wasn't a prude, but being face to face with all this was a bit much for Peter.
His face turned red.
There were individual condoms in all colours of the rainbow and two small packages.
One label said 'nubby', the other one 'extra lubricated'.
There was a jelly dildo, transparent with a touch of magenta and a special surface, a C-shaped red
something, an elastic yellow cock ring and a blue wand with bubbles that went from small to big.
Then there was a beige vibrator that was roughly shaped like a penis and was connected to a
controller by a wire and a fleshlight featuring a silicone and not so anatomically correct vulva.
Everything looked very clean.
Next to this stuff was something that was wrapped in black velvet.

Peter touched the fabric, holding his breath.
He knew he shouldn't touch anything. He really knew.
Yet he picked the mysterious object up and sat down on the edge of the bed.
For a while, he only looked at the velvet on his lap.
He could just put it back.
Put it back and close the drawer.
He closed the drawer, but didn't put it back.

As full of curiosity as he was, he had to know what was hidden inside.
Gloved hands folded back the first and second layer of velvet.

It was another toy.
A silicone dildo that looked quite realistic. Peter held it up and studied it. It was rather big and had an impressive girth. He felt a little intimidated. It had sculpted glans with a frenulum at the underside, prominent veins and foreskin rills. The odd thing about it was the silver streak that ran from the base to the part where the rills came into play. He touched the streak with his index finger. It was hard and felt like actual metal. Peter traced its brinks. It seemed like the streak was integrated into the silicone that surrounded it. It wasn't something that had been attached later. Where and why would someone buy something like that?

He fell backwards and rested his head on the blanket, wondering about the strange sex toy. Did Wade use this thing? The black velvet wrapping indicated that it was somehow special. He changed his position to lie on his left side, his head on a pillow, still holding it in his right hand, eyeing it. He yawned. The lack of sleep that came along with being a hero at night wrestled him down soon. He fell asleep, holding the toy to his chest.
Day 20 – Wednesday

Deadpool climbed the stairs to the 5th floor, a travel bag in his left hand. His right hand was playing with the keys to his apartment, hula hooping the key ring around his index finger. His employer had paid him in fucking cash. He didn't even have to threaten the multimillionaire to get the money. Honest souls hadn't gone extinct like the golden toad after all. Tonight, Wade had a reason to celebrate. Coming home after more than two weeks of mercenary work, he'd take a nice bath first. Followed by ordering in expensive premium sushi and horse sashimi for dinner and watching TV. Most likely ending the evening with a solo performance of the horizontal tango.

The merc arrived in front of his own door. He inserted the key into the lock and turned it.

After entering the apartment, he stood right in his bedroom, looking down at his filthy combat boots. This was originally meant to be the living room, but fuck the architect. Who puts the bathroom and the walk-in closet right next to the living room and the kitchen right next to the bedroom? That shit wasn't progressive, it was ignorant.

He put the black bag that contained a dirty, holey suit, some ammunition and, more important, his money down, placing it by the wall he then supported himself against with one shoulder to get rid of his shoes without tumbling over.

When he looked up and at his bed, he recoiled. Without any doubt, that was the back view of the Spider-Man suit. Wade wondered if he actually hallucinated. He gingerly made towards the bed, stopping two steps away from it.

The hero didn't wear his mask. It lay on the ebony piece of furniture. Dark brown hair was exposed. Deadpool covered his white eye patches with both hands and called the hero by his name a few times.

Peter opened his eyes and turned around. There stood the man he had been waiting for for so many days. But why was he covering his eyes?

The realization that he had taken off his mask hit him like boiling hot water. Fuck! His secret identity was busted.

"Oh God, you saw my face!" Peter panicked.

"No, I absolutely didn't!" Wade shook his head.
He didn't dare to take his hands away.

"You are lying!
You looked at my face while I was sleeping!" Peter screamed.
In all his fantasies, it had been Spider-Man who was with Wade, not Peter Parker.
Never Peter Parker.

"I didn't do that. Please believe me."

Peter frantically looked for the mask till he found it on the nightstand.

"Why should I believe you? You are a sneaky bastard!
You only want me to think you didn't take a look by covering your eyes now."
He put the mask on so Deadpool couldn't memorize even more details of his face and got up.

"Spidey, I beg you to believe me.
I didn't see your face. Only your neck and the back of your head with your brunettel locks."

"Fuck you!" Spider-Man cried.

"Baby boy, if I was after your secret identity, I would have demasked you when you were injured and nearly out cold. I don't know who you are or how your face looks."

"Look at me and tell me to my face that what you are saying is the truth."

"Can I look? Are you wearing your mask?"

"Yes."

Wade slowly removed his hands and looked at Spider-Man who stood in front of him.
"It's the fucking truth. I didn't take a peek."

.....

"You still don't believe me?"

"Well, it's not like I can actually see your facial expression or eyes..."

Wade gulped.

"Will you believe me if you can see that when I tell you?"

"I guess."

Wade fidgeted with the straps of his shoulder holster.

"You said that you don't have a secret identity. So it's not a big deal for you to take your mask off, right?"

"Right..."

Peter waited. His arms crossed in front of his chest.

[You are going to show the poor guy your fugly mug?]

Deadpool exhaled.
Then he grabbed the sides of the mask and shoved it up.

Spider-Man was shocked. He didn't speak or move. All he did was staring.

The hero looked at Wade with an expression of pure horror only hidden by the mask he wore.

Nearly every inch of the man's skin was either scarred, bumpy or a mess of wounds that ranged from fresh and raw to oozing with pus and everything in between and beyond.

He was bald except for a few spikey hairs and without eyebrows.

There were dark circles around his eyes, the delicate skin under the eyes sunken and miscoloured into greyish. Little parts of his ears and nose were missing.

The man's face somehow reminded of an eroded corpse. But without the maggots.

Even the lips weren't spared from hypertrophic scars.

Peter noticed tears taking shape in the corners of Wade's eyes before he turned around and exited the room through the window in a hurry.
Chapter 11

Clouds of steam were hanging in the air, filling the bathroom that belonged to Peter's room. The hot water that was one degree below unbearable ran down Peter's body. His dark brown hair was glossy under the waterfall from above. He stood in the shower stall with his head down, looking at the ground where the water gathered to disappear into the drain. If Aunt May were home, she'd knock at the door and scold him for wasting too much water. But she was having dinner with one of her friends who worked in the hospital too. As a result, he was taking a hot shower for approximately the last 20 minutes.

He traced the gunshot scar on his front with his fingertips, picturing Wade's unmasked face in his mind. He still felt disgust when he thought of it, but he also felt guilt for leaving the way he did as he remembered the man's watery eyes. The eyeballs had been yellowish. He had seen pictures of people suffering from liver damage in one of his biology books. Wade's eyeballs resembled theirs. The teenager sat down, hugging his knees and resting his forehead against them.

If Deadpool hadn't desperately wanted to prove to Spider-Man that he was telling the truth, he wouldn't have taken his mask off. Peter was aware of that. "I believe you," he whispered into the sound of the water.

Day 21 – Thursday

Ich bin allein. Du bist nicht hier. / I am alone. You aren't here.

Ich bin allein und die Zeit steht still. / I am alone and time stands still.

Warum bist du nicht bei mir? / Why aren't you with me?

Du weißt, dass ich nichts and'res will. / You know that I want nothing else.

Ich sitze hier und du rufst nicht an. / I'm sitting here and you don't call.

Du bist weit weg und suchst dein Glück. / You are far away and seek good fortune.

Obwohl du mich nicht hören kannst, / Even though you can't hear me,

Du kannst nicht wissen, wie das ist. / You can't know how that is.

Vielleicht wirst du es nie verstehen? / Maybe you will never understand?

Ich will nur, dass du bei mir bist. / The only thing I want is you to be with me.

Ich will dich endlich wiederssehen. / I want to meet you again already.

Ich sitze hier und ich bin allein, / I'm sitting here and I am alone,

und langsam werde ich verrückt. / and slowly I become insane.

Ich kann nicht mehr alleine sein. / I can't be alone any longer.

Oh bitte, oh bitte, komm zurück. / Oh please, oh please, come back.

Komm zurück. / Come back.

Oh bitte, komm zurück. / Oh please, come back.

Komm zurück. / Come back.

Ich bin allein. Was soll ich hier? / I am alone. What am I to do here?

Bitte, komm zurück zu mir. / Please, come back to me.

Ich liege wach bis nachts um vier. / I lie awake till four at night.

Bitte, komm zurück, zurück zu mir. / Please, come back, back to me.

Komm zurück. / Come back.

Komm zurück. / Come back.

Oh bitte, komm zurück. /
Oh please, come back.

Wade brushed away a tear that was running down his marred cheek before the drop of salty water was able to reach the pillow.

Chapter End Notes

The text written in italics is the lyrics to Komm zurück by the German band Die Ärzte. I translated the lyrics into English.
This morning, he had decided to visit Wade again today. 
He couldn't get the image of the disfigured face out of his head. 
It haunted him day and night. Just as the guilt haunted him. 
If he looked at it more, maybe he could get used to it? 
He could try to take a scientific approach. 

He took his courage in both hands and climbed the wall to the familiar window. 
It still wasn't locked. 

It was five pm, but Deadpool was sleeping and snoring on the bed in full attire. 
Only his weapons, belt and boots were lying on the floor, creating a little mess. 
Spider-Man sneaked in, not sure if he should wake Wade up. 
Not knowing what to do, he stood next to the bed awkwardly. 

Peter coughed slightly. 
When the man didn't react to that, he sat down on the edge of the bed. 
"Wade?" 
No reaction. 
Maybe he should let him sleep. 

The hero watched the other's clothed chest moving up and down. 
The suit was a little funny, the black stripes on the broad chest reminded him of nipple pasties. 
And the fastener for the mask looked like a collar. 
But altogether, it created a good look. 
Deadpool's buff body was appealing. 
His strong arms and thick thighs, the muscular torso. 
A damn manly body. 

Spider-Man got onto the bed and placed himself next to Wade, looking at the mask. 

It was like this for quite a while until Peter carefully touched Wade's face, caressing a cheek. 
He had longed for touching the merc for so many days. 

"You are back?" Wade suddenly mumbled, half asleep. 

"Yeah, I am. Sorry for the other day." 

Wade opened his eyes. 
He saw a red and blue suit with web pattern and big, white eye patches. 
He closed his eyes before he took another look. 

"You? 
What the fuck?" Wade yelled, very awake now. 
He sat up straight, staring at the spider in disbelief. 

"WHAT THE FUCK?"
"I'm sorry, I didn't want to wake you up." Peter replied, feeling a little panicked. He retreated to the edge of the mattress.

"Why are you here?" Deadpool's tone was aggressive. He got out of bed and stood at its right side.

"I -"

"No, wait! Let me rephrase that. What the fuck were you doing on my bed the other day? And why the fuck are you on my bed now, touching me? That's damn creepy!"

"As creepy as you touching my ass after I got shot and jerking off to it?" Spider-Man screamed back.

[Ahahahahahahaha]

"I... I didn't."

"You did!"

"You... you weren't fast asleep?"

Spider-Man shook his head.

"I.... I....", Deadpool stuttered.

Peter looked down at the wrinkled blue blanket. His fingers dug into his spandex-covered thighs. "Actually, I..... liked it. When you touched me."

"Repeat that. I suffer from auditory hallucinations and I think what I just heard was one."

Peter wanted to calm down the situation so he didn't comment on the mentioned hallucinations. "I can write it down if that's better."

"I don't have a single pen here. I recently lost the one I had in my pouches. And I assume you aren't hiding one at the only place a regular pen can be hidden when wearing nothing but tight spandex."

"Eww.." Peter's mouth twisted. He pulled himself together. "I said I liked it when you touched me."

Wade raised a due to his mask and its nonexistence invisible eyebrow. "You like to get groped by strangers?"

"No, I liked being touched by you. And I know you were sorry for being a creep."

"Okay, wow. Now I think this whole scene is a hallucination."

"I can hit you if that helps." The hero offered and stood up.

"Getting hurt is an integral part of my hallucinations."
But let's assume you are really here and you really said what I heard you say. You aren't fucking with me?"

"Wade, I've been waiting for you to come back since the day I left with the Percocet."

"Ah, are your wounds ok?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I came here often to see if you are back and I sometimes fell asleep on your bed."

"You are a sleepy little spider, huh? How did you get in?"

"Your window was open."

"Really? Did I forget to close it before leaving again? It's funny. Last time I got roaches, now I got a spider."
Wade laughed a forced laugh.

"I'm sorry for reacting the way I did. It wasn't right. I shouldn't have jumped out of the window when I saw your face. I was just so -"

"It's okay, Spidey. Wasn't the first time someone reacted like that. Only the first time someone jumped out of a window because of it."

"But you were crying?"

"Whoever says that it becomes less painful the more you experience it is a fucking fucker. Uhm... do you believe me? Your secret identity."

"I believe you, yes. I'm sorry. I guess I just panicked and overreacted."

"Yeah... good... well..." Wade fumbled around with his hands, not knowing what to do with them.

"So... I don't know... would you like to patrol with me tonight? We could meet somewhere at a quarter past ten."

"Are you asking me out?" Wade asked in disbelief.
"Do you want the last hot dog?"

"I've never said no to hot sausages in buns, but don't restrain yourself if you are able to stuff it into you." Deadpool smirked.

His mask was rolled up and his mouth was showing.

It wasn't the first time they had a midnight snack on the edge of a rooftop. Wade insisted on buying Spider-Man and himself take-away before they parted ways ever since the hero's stomach had rumbled a little too loud during their first patrol. Peter had refused at first, but the prospect of free junk food made him change his opinion soon. Wade always bought a lot. And he ate a lot, fast.

In the time Peter needed to finish two cheeseburgers, Wade gulped down five. But he always left the last one for Peter.

Ever so slowly, Peter got used to the sight of Wade's ever-changing skin. The scars, some white, some greyish, some pinkish, weren't a big deal and he had learned that the lumps were tumors. The wounds were a different story. The fresh ones looked extremely painful, the pussy ones repulsive. Sometimes, the yellow pus was oozing out. He wasn't sure if he could ever look at them and not feel grossed out. He tried to ignore it.

He often found himself looking at the soft hypertrophic scars on Wade's lips, wondering how it would feel to kiss them. Or how the elevated lines would feel elsewhere on his body.

Wade had told him that his skin was like that everywhere since some doctors had tried to cure his terminal cancer. His body was able to heal wounds in mere minutes and regenerate body parts in flawless condition in mere hours, but it always came back to this pretty soon. Peter, also knowing about the chronic pain, felt sorry for Wade.

The merc did well during their patrols, confining himself to nonlethal attacks. No matter how angry Peter was, he would never kill one of his opponents. Some might change themselves in positive ways in the future. And even if not, Spider-Man didn't want to be a murderer.

The knowledge that Wade was an actual killer, an assassin, was buried at the very back of Peter's mind. As long as there was no reason to dig it out, it would stay like this.

Meeting Wade for a patrol-date every night made Peter feel better. His mood had improved a lot. He still waited for the assholes at school to get tired of insulting and ridiculing him. But he didn't dread the next day anylonger and allowed himself to dodge physical attacks more often than not.

Yep, Peter was in love.

Minna had already asked him about it, picking up on the signs.
Everyone at school knew that the break up was barely one month ago. He had promised her that he would tell her about him if things became serious.

Deadpool bought the food they devoured after patrol which meant Spider-Man didn't have to pay for his indispensable late-night snack. He normally would get himself one slice of pizza or a single hamburger to hush his stomach. With the money he had saved after one week, he had bought Gavin brownies from a good bakery before school. Resulting in Minna saying the next time Peter's lunch wasn't eatable, he had to eat half of hers. And she would better not forget her meal at home again on that day. Needless to say that Gavin had given her a bite or two of the brownies. Even though not having an eatable lunch translated to someone harassing him and stepping on his food again, the three of them had a good laugh.

"You know, we could share it."
Spider-Man pointed at the last hot dog that was sitting on a pile of napkins between them, doing his best to ignore another one of Wade's sexual innuendos. They made him blush every time.

"Lady and the Tramp style?"
"With a hot dog? I don't think that would work."
"We will never know if we don't try it!"
"Hmm... I don't know if I want to find out if it works. Just eat the first half and give me the second half."
"But I want to try it." Deadpool whined.
"Eat your half first, Wade." Spider-Man ordered, laughing.

After they had finished their meal, Peter looked at the sky, his legs dangling in the air, his arms behind him to support his upper body. Although he had told Wade that he had enjoyed his touch, there was never much body contact when they met. The man seemed to shy away from it. They mainly talked and joked about pop culture stuff and things that had happened during patrol.

"Hey, Wade?"
"What is it, baby boy?"
"We didn't do the approaching, but we could do the kissing anyway."
Wade glanced at Spider-Man's still revealed lips. Their healthy colour and smooth surface made them look very pretty.

"Really? You sure about that?"
"I am."
"A peck on the lips?"
"No. A real kiss."
Deadpool hesitated.
"Kiss me."

Wade freed his mouth from the mask and leaned over to reach Spider-Man's lips. His gloved thumb brushed the other's jawline before his marred lips cautiously touched the hero's.

Peter leaned forward to achieve more contact.

A second later, Deadpool retreated.

"What's wrong?"

"Baby boy, if you want to turn our patrol-dates into something more serious, I have to tell you something beforehand."

"Oh... and... what would that be?"

"I once was married to a man. Not officially and I promised him not to tell anyone about it. My life is dangerous to people that are close to me. And he didn't want to have to deal with avoidable problems. He was a busy man. However, we got a divorce."

"Oh. Uhm... I see. So?"

Wade had to swallow hard.

"If he ever came back and asked me to join him on a mission, I... I am pretty sure I would do it."

"Okay... Uhm... where is he now?"

"People say he's dead. But I know that he's not. He's far away, protecting us from a diet of hare-roaches."

"O-ka-y?"

Peter suspected that not everything Deadpool said was true. It reminded him of the time the man had told him about Death.

"But that's not the point. The point is, if he ever came back and wanted to... well... spend the night with me, I would not say no."

"......"

"That doesn't mean I don't want to be with you. I want to be with you. I really like you. Like-like you."

"Wade..."

"I'm sorry. I just want to be honest with you."

It wasn't very likely that some probably dead ex-husband would come back, was it?
"I don't care."

Spider-Man closed the distance between them and claimed Wade's lips for a short kiss.

"Can we meet at your place tomorrow afternoon?" Peter asked.
Chapter 14

Day 31 – Sunday

The living room was less Spartan than Wade's bedroom. There was a wooden table with two chairs, their seating surface and back rest presented with flat woven fabric of anthracite colour.
A cupboard that was way longer than it was high occupied most of the wall between bedroom and this room. A huge flat-screen TV stood on the brown cupboard. A comfortable sofa and a small glass table in front of it.
The window in this room had curtains. Mint green ones.

Spider-Man was currently sitting on the mint green sofa, replacing the matching little pillow on his left side for the third time and it still didn't look right.
He had entered Wade's apartment through the curtainless bedroom window a few minutes ago.
Wade had asked him to make himself at home here, he'd be back in a nanosecond.
Peter heard some ominous noises from the next room. It had to be the kitchen.

Wade came back to the living room, balancing a tray on his hands.
He wore a jeans, a wide red hoodie and his mask and gloves.
When he joined Peter on the sofa, a selection of different pieces of cake on tiny plates and two mugs filled with something green smiled at Peter from the glass table. The cake looked high-class.

"Wow," Spider-Man said.

"I didn't know what you like, so I bought a piece of nearly every cake they had. I hope you like a few of these. Oh damn, I hope you even like cake.
I should have bought something else, too. Fuck!"

"Shut up! Of course I like cake and these look absolutely delicious, I wish I could try every piece."

"You can! I don't mind.
Try a forkful of each and tell me which ones you don't like. I will eat them.
And eat as much as your stomach can take of the ones you like."

Peter thought of Aunt May and how she would despise it if someone did that in her household. She would never allow him to do this.

"Is that really ok?"

"Just do it! Help yourself!"
Wade passed Spider-Man a dessert fork.

"What's this green drink?"
Peter pointed at the mugs with the fork.

"It's matcha latte."

"Green tea with milk?" Peter questioned.
"Matcha isn't ordinary green tea, Spidey. Arg, do you dislike tea? Shall I get you coffee instead?"
Deadpool stood up, ready to leave.

"No, no, stay here." Peter grabbed Wade's wrist and pulled him back down. "I've never had that tea. Maybe I'll like it."

Peter rolled his mask up and reached for one of the mugs. He sniffed at the bright green surface before he took a sip. And another one.

"That stuff is good!" Spider-Man concluded.

"You'll become addicted to it in no time. Now come on, try the cake before I die of starvation."

Right, Wade wouldn't eat anything before Spider-Man had told him which ones were his.

Peter tried a little of each and every cake.

"Uhm, I don't like the apricot one much. And the hazelnut. Everything else is great!"

"All right."

"But I don't want you to only eat my leftovers. Please help yourself, too. I don't think I can eat more than four pieces anyway. And I don't care which ones you take. Except for the chocolate mousse cake. That one is mine!"

"I see. Let's eat then, Spidey."

A gloved hand reached for the plate with the piece of hazelnut cake.

~*~

Rubbing his puffed out belly, Spider-Man glanced at Deadpool's lips. There was some cream sitting on the man's upper lip.

"Thank you for the food. It must have been expensive."

"Don't worry, baby boy. I made good money when I was away. Shall I buy the bakery for you?"

"You are crazy! I don't need no bakery." Peter laughed.

"Hey, are you aware that there's cream on your lip?"

"Yes, of course." Wade smirked, resting his neck on top of the sofa's back rest.

"Don't you want to.. I don't know.. get rid of it?"

"Hm, I don't know."
"You don't know?"

"Maybe I don’t want to get rid of it by myself?" Wade suggested.
"And by this I mean - hmpf"

Peter pressed his smooth lips on Wade's.

"Idiot! I know what you mean."

Some cream had left Wade's lip and moved to Peter's.
The teenager licked his own lips.
His tongue proceeded to clean the merc's scary but soft upper lip.
He traced the scars' lines, exploring the pattern they created.
Deadpool trembled under his ministrations.
Once he had collected all of the cream and more, his tongue went back into his mouth.
Spider-Man swung one knee over Wade's legs, facing the merc from above, towering over his lap.
He caressed Wade's jawline with a thumb on each side, holding the man's face in place with his gloved hands. Spider-Man's eye patches were fixed on Deadpool's.

"Baby boy? What are you doing?"

Instead of giving him an answer, Peter kissed Wade's closed lips again.
He soon parted his lips to grant Wade's tongue access.
Wade mimicked this, but there was no wet tongue visiting Peter's mouth.
Well, if Wade didn't go for it...

Wade felt Spider-Man's tongue slipping over his sensitive lips, invading the cave of his mouth.
The intruder was shy and resolute at the same time.
The other's tongue searched for his and once it had touched it, it retreated immediately.
Wade started to lick the underside of the spider's tongue and let his hands run up and down the outside of his thighs.
The hero still tasted like cake and Wade hoped that he did, too.
The intervals Spider-Man's tongue spent inside him became longer.
Both of them released little moans into each other's mouth.

Peter noticed that the merc's hands slowly got closer to his butt.
He smiled into the kiss.
His right hand left the man's cheek and led one of his hands to its destination.
The more Peter explored Wade's mouth, the more he became aware of the unusual surface of the man's tongue and oral mucosa. Velvety, thin scars decorated the inside of Wade's mouth. Touching them and following their pathways with the tip of his tongue created an interesting sensation. He soon enjoyed it a lot.

Deadpool's hands on him contributed to his comfort. The gentle kneading they performed on his buttocks felt damn good. His ass had never gotten such attention. This was different from the time Wade's hand had been on his butt before. He was already hard. When the mutate squeezed a little stronger, Peter groaned and ended the kiss.

"Wade..."

"Sorry, did I hurt you?"

"No. But I'm..." Peter looked down at his own body. Wade's eyes followed suit.

"Ah.. well... Do you want to stop?"

"I... It's just that... You are..."

[UGLY! DISGUSTING!]

His hands left the hero's behind and were pressed on the sofa's seat instead. Palms down.

"... the first man I'm with."

"Hey, no pressure, baby boy. Just because both of us are hard doesn't mean we have to do any nookie-nookie."

Wade placed his left hand on the back of Spider-Man's hand, pressing its palm closer to his exposed cheek and leaned his head to the side, into the touch. "I'm fine with only kissing."

"You are hard, too?" Now Peter looked down at Wade's crotch. The erection was better hidden by the denim than his own was by the tight suit.

"Let me recap. A smokin' hot hero pined me to the sofa, took possession of my mouth, moaned oh so sweetly and made me touch his amazing ass. I'm a red-blooded Canadian male who just so happens to totally be into said Hero-Man. How could I not pop a boner?"
Peter felt flattered.

"Put your hands back on my ass, Deadpool."
Chapter 16

Wade obeyed, his hands wavering with tension.
His arousal was mixed with a fear to do something wrong.
What did the spider like, what not? What was ok, what was too much?
He placed his palms on the man's behind, massaging the firm cheeks and fondling them tenderly.

Spider-Man's lips and tongue were back on and in his mouth and he felt the searing heat that the touch induced once again.
This wasn't just another person's bodily warmth. There was more to it.
It was as if the other's body sent out something and his cells happily welcomed it, passing it on to their neighbors which shared it with theirs.
Wade wanted to lose himself in this sensation.
And he wondered if Spider-Man experienced the same.
If his fucked up body was able to create and set free what was needed to make someone else feel like this, too. Or if it only ever oozed pus.

A dominant tongue played little games with him, demanding that he joined in.
Wade pointedly licked the back of the hero's teeth, knowing that it felt oddly delicious.
It made Spider-Man give a wince of enjoyment.

A breathy moan escaped Peter's throat.
The long kiss was hot, he loved every detail of it just as much as he loved everything Wade's hands did to his ass.
The gentle kneading would have been relaxing if the hands didn't also clutch his buttocks tightly ever so often. He squirmed under it.
He was hard. Too hard. The tight trousers uncomfortable. No. Unbearable now.
His tongue left Wade's mouth and he pressed the side of his face against Wade's cheek.
Peter whined.

Aware of the reason for this change in the programme, Deadpool stroked the spider's back with one hand while the other one stoically stayed at the junction between thigh and buttock.
"Tell me what you want me to do," he offered.

Peter hid his blushed face by burying it in the top of the sofa's backrest, not knowing how to answer.
He knew what he wanted Wade to do. He had fantasized about it.
But saying it out loud?
He had been so straightforward until now. Why was it so hard to uphold this image now?

Wade's hand moved along his spine reassuringly, telling him without words that everything was ok.

Peter ushered Wade's gloved hand away from his ass and to his crotch.
When it came into contact with his genitals, he jerked forward against the merc's palm instinctively.

"Wade..." Peter groaned.
"Get rid of your gloves and touch me."

"But."

"Not a single word on your skin!"

While Wade silently took off his gloves, Peter struggled to get his trousers down enough to free his
erectation.
He avoided looking at the man's wounded hands.
Even with the mask on, Peter felt too embarrassed to look at Deadpool. That's why he was still facing the space of the living room instead, Wade's chin resting on his right shoulder. Like this, the merc wouldn't be able to see his private parts.

When Wade's hands arrived on his hips, Peter held his breath.
Two sources of pleasant warmth moved slightly up and down his sides in the limited area of bare skin, hitting his shirt's bottom edge, pushing it away a little which got the fabric into tight gathers. Peter couldn't help thrusting into the air, desperately, nonverbally begging Wade to help him out. But the man obviously had other ideas.

The soft scar tissue and small, dry uprisings bred goosebumps all over as the merc's hands explored the hero's body. They submerged under the suit's top section and coddled his abs, fingers tracing the not too defined but definitely existing outlines of his six-pack with loving care.
Then they traveled upwards, palms and fingers flat between his torso and the close-fitting shirt, drawing circles on his stomach and soon on his ribcage, shortening the distance to his pecs.

"That's the wrong direction, Wade. I don't have tits that seek attention."
Peter managed to say it in a firm voice despite shaking with tension inside and out.
He mentally clapped himself on the shoulder for that achievement.
After all, this was the first time someone would give him a hand job and if the level of excitement he currently was on would get upped, he'd be at risk of cuming untouched.

The marred fingertips refused unwaveringly to change the direction they were headed.

Spider-Man objected again.
"My nipples don't do anything for me."

"They aren't dead just because you are a guy. Let me try."

Okay, yes, Peter had to admit it.
It felt nice when the tips of Wade's index and middle fingers bumped hard against his tiny buds.
It felt nice when the mutate rubbed over them and both became entirely erect and suddenly sensitive like never before.
It felt amazing when the man described circles with the digits that lay on top of his nipples, Peter's hard peaks moving along with the motion.

And yes, it got him going – albeit he already was damn horny – and it made him moan louder into the sofa's covering.
The loose grip the hero had on the back of Deadpool's head constricted, his fingers burrowed into the mask's material. His other hand clutched at the sofa with more strength.
There was a high possibility that the mint green piece of furniture wouldn't stay so unscathed for much longer.

Wade smiled at the reactions he provoked.
"I take it that no one took the time to care for your sweet buds' needs?"
Peter had pinched his own nipples before to find out how it felt, but the result had been disappointing. Wade's ministrations were something else. Apparently, a partner's touch was a completely different story.

"Ha... It's not very manly to... ah... to ask for nipple play. Ha...," Spider-Man explained while moaning.

Even if there had happened more than some tentative, uptight, awkward petting between his not anymore girlfriend and him, he knew that he wouldn't have asked her to pay attention to his nipples.

"Oh, fuck that gender baloney!"

Deadpool's hands slid down his stomach and rested on his hips with conviction. "I've never understood why I should refrain from things I like just because people think it was unmanly or not appropriate."

Peter pushed his pelvis forwards to signal his urgent needs and finally get Wade to put his damn hands on his hard, throbbing member. That would really be appropriate now.

"Shhh, little spider. We are getting there.
Don't think it's easy for me to still hold back."

Shit! Peter hadn't forgotten about Wade being hard, too. But he hadn't exactly thought of doing anything to get him off.

What if the man wanted to do that after Peter's turn ended?
He wasn't sure if he was ready for this yet.
Curious, yes.
But ready?

Nervousness creeped in and he tensed up.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that I am splitting this hand job into parts. It should be only one chapter, but I feel less stressed when I allow myself to write and upload these short chapters.
Chapter 18

The thin cotton of his boxer briefs and the rough denim of his jeans had chafed his hard-on as he had modestly and in secret thrusted with his pelvis to chase some slightly painful but needed friction while his hands had been busy introducing Spider-Man to a new pleasure.

He wanted to touch himself so bad.

But even more than that Wade wanted to meet the hero's desire, wanted to make his - should he call him his boyfriend at this point in the story? - idol feel good.

When the spider determinedly pushed against the strong hold he had on the hero's bare hips and the grip on his head's back bordered on skull smashing, Wade shivered with excitement.

He hushed the slimmer man and assured him that he himself wasn't feeling much different and thus knew very well what he craved for.

"Shhh, little spider. We are getting there.

Don't think it's easy for me to still hold back."

The thrusting stopped and the merc heard Spider-Man's breath hitch right next to his ear.

Wade's hands reached for the sides of the bottom part of the red and blue shirt and slowly pushed it up until most of the other's chest was exposed.

He held it up with one hand, roaming and grabbing the man's defined pec with his right hand.

Peter shook off his shock-induced paralysis and leaned backwards.

"No! I don't want that."

"The what? I thought you liked it?" Wade was confused, his hand stock-still.

The hand with which he had clutched at Deadpool's head found a new place on the marred hand above Peter's heart.

"This is fine."

The teenager stroked the uneven skin with his thumb.

"But I don't want to go all the way.
I don't want to... that... I mean.. not yet at least. Sorry..."

"Sorry?
Baby boy, never be sorry for not wanting something.
Especially when it concerns your body and your well-being.
I don't want to do anything you don't want."

[Liar! Liar! Liar!]

"Shut up!
I.. yeah, I might actually want to do things you don't want.
But I won't do them to you. Would never.
Scout's honor! Scouts Canada scout's honor, to be exact.
At least I think that I once was a scout.
But even if not, nevertheless, I really mean it."

Spider-Man relaxed and leaned forward to kiss Wade again.
A short, tongueless kiss that was the purest reply to what the man had declared.
"Hey, Wade?
Can you take off your mask?"

"Didn't you just kiss me to say you believe me?"

"Not for lie or truth detecting.
I just want to see your face."

"You want to kill your boner?"

"Wade..."

"Okay, but make sure that you are properly dressed before you jump out of the window.
Otherwise the Daily Bugle's next headline won't be 'Spider-Man the Menace' but 'Spider-Man the Flasher'."

"For once, that would be something else.
But I won't run away.
And speaking of my boner..."

"Are you wondering if I'll ever give you that hand job you are so eager for?"

Peter's erection was very eager for it.
"Yes," Spider-Man breathed.

"Alright, hand job first, mask off second."

"Mask off first, hand job second!" Spider-Man firmly demanded.

Wade closed his eyes, his hands leaving the spider's body.
The shirt fell back down, covering the hero's front again.
He undid the mask's fastener and rolled the fabric at the back up before taking the protection off completely.
Still blind, the mutate felt a tentative hand on his cheek.
And another one that led his right hand back to bare skin and a prominent hip bone.

"Won't you open your eyes, Wade?"

Wade, sitting on the mint green sofa in his living room, wearing jeans and a wide red hoodie, anxiously opened his eyes.

Spider-Man smiled at him softly, only a little tense.

"Not a boner killer."

The assassin felt relieved.
He dared to let his ungloved hand find the hero's cock.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Please keep in mind that Wade doesn't yet know that Peter isn't an adult in this story.

Wade felt hot breaths that came out with stifled huffs lapping against his outer ear like waves against a boat. Additionally, the low-key thrusting of Spider-Man's hips confirmed that he enjoyed what Wade was doing and it made the mutate happy to know that he was able to bring about a good sexy time.

Both his hands were working on the spider's private parts. He still couldn't fully believe that he was allowed to touch Spider-Man like this. His right hand kept the other's hard member in a firm grip, stroking up and down while his left one cupped the delicate and cooler scrotum, fondling the testicles inside it by turns. With his thumb, Wade rubbed the smooth skin that covered them as he moved them around a bit.

A few strokes later, his other thumb teased Spider-Man's cockhead, circling the sensitive area before going for the slit which he brushed. The man who still towered over his lap repeatedly shuddered from little tremors that ran through his body. Abandoning the glans, Wade attended to jerking him off in the most basic way, but continued to massage the usually neglected balls.

When the hero was evidently close to orgasm, Wade encircled the area above his balls with his thumb and index finger and carefully pulled down a little to delay the climax. Peter whined.

"Wade, what are you doing?"

"Going into extra time, Spidey," he explained.

"God, just let me cum," the hero whimpered, "please..."

"Soon, baby boy. I promise. But not like this."
He seized the hem of the suit's shirt and pushed it up once again.

"Hey, what -"

"Trust me, it's gonna be good. Can you hold this up?"
Wade pulled at the fabric.

"What are you doing? Ah.."

Scary lips found one of the teenager's nipples, encircling it. The merc treated the bud with gentle teeth and kitten licks, his right hand was back on the hero's penis and he twisted the second nipple with the fingers of his other hand.

Peter moaned in shock. The combined pleasures overran his brain with incoming signals.
His body felt so hot, he wouldn't be surprised if he was actually melting in Wade's mouth. He kept the shirt up with one hand, needing the other one to latch on to the sofa to support himself.

Whilst the merc maintained a steady rhythm with the strokes, involving the glans every other time, he also applied tongue and suction to the hard peak in his mouth.

Peter's mouth was slightly open, he was breathing intensely. "More. Please. More."

Wade groaned his humid guarantee against the hero's chest. His sensitive lips perceived the spider's strong and fast heartbeat.

"So close, fuck," Peter babbled, "Wade, oh god." His upper legs were shaky.

The merc stopped teasing the swollen nipple with his fingers. His left hand made its way down the right side of Peter's body with so much pression that it felt as if the skin and flesh would go downwards together with it. When it arrived on his hip and rested there for a moment, Wade's tongue wandered over his chest till its surface with the velvety thin scars covered his super sensitive bud. The warm wetness and the softness calmed the delicate spot. Yet Wade didn't let it down, playfully licking and bumping the peak with closed eyes.

Peter was sure that the man would fondle his balls again. But the marred hand didn't stop there. It moved further between his spread legs and only the palm kind of cupped them from below. Peter, albeit drunk with the need for release, was afraid that Wade's target was his anus. Curious, yes. Ready, no.

The next new thing he felt was a single finger lingering around right behind his scrotum. He clutched at his shirt stronger.

A second after, he orgasmed and ejaculated, a common curse on his lips. The combination of Wade's tongue paying attention to his chest, Wade's one hand working on his cock and Wade's middle finger pushing against his perineum had sealed the deal.

The assassin's mouth and hands retreated from his body. Peter was gasping for breath, eyes closed. Wow, he thought. The intensity of his climax forced him to sit down. He bathed in the afterglow.

His chest was still heaving when he opened his eyes again, pulled his trousers up and looked at Wade's red hoodie. There were a few whitish stains on it.

"Oh My God, I am so sorry!"

"Uhm, for cuming? This was my goal, you know?" Wade chuckled.

"I'm sorry for sullying your clothes." Spider-Man bit his lower lip.
Wade looked down at his clothed torso. "No sweat! Don't worry. Of course I would prefer it if your sperm wasn't on my clothes."

"I'm sor -"

"But on my bare body instead."

Peter gaped at him. Wade didn't notice. He was still distracted as he studied the dapples on his hoodie. When he noticed a single drop that was sitting on the back of his hand, he raised the hand to his mouth and licked it off.

Peter gaped at him even more. Of course he had given himself a taste of his own cum before. One time had been enough. He knew that it tasted disgusting.

"Delicious. Didn't know that spider sperm tastes that good."

"Eww... You really think it's delicious?"

"I shit you not, Spidey."

"O-ka-y..."

Wade really was some weirdo.

"Uhm... I'd actually like to get rid of some sperm, too." He looked at the hero, begging with his yellowish eyes.

Peter didn't want to deny Wade his turn. However, he had no experience with getting someone else off. What would Wade ask him for? Would he want a hand job, too? Or demand that he went south on him? There were more options. But whatever Wade would choose, Peter would surely disappoint him. Not having experience and skills.

Wade's hands enveloped his reddish cheeks. "Can you kiss me the way you did earlier while I jerk off?"

"Seriously?"

Peter was surprised, confused, relieved.
Chapter 20

Wade was now panting into Spider-Man's mouth, his eyes closed. The hot breath hit Peter's senses while the carbon dioxide made him feel a little dizzy. His gloved hands searched the man's bald except for a few spiky hairs, disfigured head for everything and nothing. Touching the odd skin wasn't so bad after all. Actually, it was interesting to explore the structures. Only the open wounds and the pus were still disturbing. Right now, there was a fresh wound above Wade's left eyebrow ridge. And Peter's face was damn close to it. Without the mask that still protected the upper half of his face and without the comfort of the current kiss and his afterglow, the teen might have wanted to get far away from the merc.

The frantic movements of Wade's right hand came to a halt a couple of strokes later. He left the spider's lips behind to catch his breath and rested his cheek against the sofa, his hand still holding his slowly abating erection.

"Thank you, baby boy."

"Thank you?
I didn't do anything you'd have to thank me for.
Not any of the things you did to get me off."

"I asked you to kiss me. And you did.
It was nice, therefore thank you."

"But it was just kis -""

"It was enough for me to get off on. And exactly what I wanted."
Wade petted Spider-Man's back with his left hand, feeling the chafed skin of his dick and hand healing.

"You're only saying that to make me feel good." Peter accused.

"No, Spidey.
I say that because you made me feel good."
And Wade meant it.

"I see."
Peter didn't know if he should believe that.

Wade pulled his boxer briefs and jeans up.

"Want to drink something?
Beer, wine, whiskey?"

"I'm not a-, I don't drink alcohol."

"Ok, no problem at all. Some do, some don't.
Water for you, beer for me.
And don't worry, I will wash my hands before I touch your glass.
I saw that you were looking at them."
Wade picked the tray with their empty mugs and the tiny plates and forks up and took it along into the kitchen.

Once he had left the room, Peter took off one of his gloves, placed it on his lap and touched his after-kiss lips with his index finger.

When he looked down to retrieve his glove, he saw the stains on his shirt. "Fuck," he exclaimed, a little too loud.

"What's wrong, baby?" A concerned voice asked out of the other room.

"Damn it! You stained my only suit."
Chapter 21

Wade came back into the living room, carrying a beer can and a glass of water. Spider-Man stood next to the sofa.

"You can wear one of my suits."

"Idiot. I don't want to go to the costume party as Deadpool. Or Pool Boy. I don't want to look like you or your side kick. I'm Spider-Man. I've dignity."
He looked at his shirt and lap in disgust before he looked at Wade, seeing his stained hoodie. The hero felt guilty.
"Sorry... Your suit would be too big for me anyway."

"True that. I have a washing machine and a dryer. It will take two hours, I think. How's that?"

Peter thought of the clothes in his backpack that was stored a seven minutes swing away. He didn't even wear underpants.

"Good. But what shall I wear till then?"

"If it's beneath your dignity to wear my clothes, I will run to the next shop and get you something," he said, hurt present in his voice and face.

Spider-Man looked away.
"I'm sorry. It was a stupid thing to say. I'll make up for it the next time we do that."

[Isn't that convenient, pervert? You could demand all kinds of dirty things.]

Wade's expression was one of discomfort.

"Listen, Spidey. As much as I like the idea of another sexy time with you, don't offer me sexual favors as your apologies. You already said that you are sorry. I accept. Let's forget about it now."

Some of the water slopped out of the high filled glass when the merc pushed it into the hero's chest.
"Take a sip before you strip."
He placed his beer can on the sofa's pillow. It slid down to the seat.
"I'll put a clean shirt and some sweats on the washing machine. It's in the bathroom, you can change clothes there. Right all?"

The teenager nodded, feeling stupid about what he had said.
"Yeah, all right."

Wade left the living room. Peter drank his water hastily.
The liquid refreshed him.
When Wade was back, Peter asked,
"Can I take a shower before I put your clothes on?"

"Make yourself at home." Wade smiled, beer can forgotten.
"Maybe I should take a shower, too.
Once you are done, I mean."

~*~

While the suit tumble dried on low heat, Wade and Peter were cuddling in bed.
The merc had changed into black sweatpants and a purple sweatshirt that said 'EAT A LOT. SLEEP A LOT.' and Spider-Man wore wrong-sized grey sweats, a very wide black hoodie with white laces and of course his mask, rolled up to expose his mouth.

"You look so~ cute, baby boy.
Can you wear oversized clothes more often?
Like, every day?"

Peter blushed.
He had rolled up the sleeves of his hoodie, but they had come back down again.
He rolled them up once more.

Peter yawned.
Wade yawned.

"Hey, Wade?"

"Hm?"

"What time is it?"

Wade pushed the left sleeve of his sweatshirt back and looked at his Adventure Time watch that featured Finn, Jake and Princess Bonnibel Bubblegum of the Candy Kingdom.
"It's a quarter past six. Why?"

"Can I sleep for a few hours?"

"Can I kiss you awake in a few hours?"

"I'm not a Disney princess, you dork."

"Indeed, you aren't.
Disney princesses have to get married before any and all sexy stuff can happen."
Wade rubbed the tip of his not perfectly intact sniffer against the hero's nose.

Peter laughed and answered the gentle action by doing the same.

"You are a cute little spider.
And cute little spiders should always be woken by a kiss, don't ya think?"

"Cute little spider, huh?
Don't forget I'm way stronger than you."

"How could I ever forget about your super strength?"
It turns me on a lot.
Don't let my bara body fool you.
I like to be manhandled every so often."

"What in the world is a bara body?"

"My body type, I think.
Ripped and strong and heavy."

Spider-Man's hand found its way under the merc's shirt, touching the man's hard abs for the first time.
He bit his lower lip.
The suit didn't hide them, but they seemed even more impressive right now.

Wade hugged him closer and rested his chin on Peter's masked head.
He felt the arousal wake up again.

They would leave for patrol at ten o'clock.
He'd let the sleepy little spider have its rest.
Day 32 – Monday

Peter had feigned being sick when Aunt May arrived at home after her Sunday night shift. That was the reason he was still in bed at five pm, medicine, a tea pot and a mug on his bed stand. He hadn't been too tired to go to school, but he had known that he wouldn't be able to pay attention to lessons today.

After he had come home at around four in the morning, he had dreamed vague stuff about yesterday. Today's morning wood had been closer to a regular erection than to the usual phenomenon. Peter's thoughts still revolved around Wade and the things they had done on the mint green sofa, around the cuddling in the man's bed and the wake-up kiss. That dork had seriously sung "I've got a spider in my bed – In my bed – He crawls inside and I keep him fed" when he didn't get up immediately after half a dozen of tender kisses. Peter hadn't felt so much at ease for a way too long time.

He had ended Wade's flat singing with a pillow professionally aimed at the merc's face before getting out of bed.

His cell trilled and he reached out for the cheap old phone sitting on his bed stand. He nearly knocked the mug of tea over as he felt for it with one hand, hoping that the increasing noise wouldn't wake his sleeping aunt downstairs.

"Hello?"

He hadn't checked the name on the display in his hurry.

"Hi, Peter.
How are you doing?"

"Hi, Gavin.
I'm fine. You?"

"I'm fine, too.
So, since you are fine, what's the matter with you not coming to school today? Minna is worried and, yeah, I worry about you, too."

"Sorry, I -"

"For an entire month you've refused to meet up with us after school. I really understand that you don't have it easy lately. With those assholes bullying you, your aunt working night shifts and everything. But we feel a little, let's say, neglected. They give us a hard time too because we are sitting with you, you know. That's not your fault, of course. But just because you're officially gay now, doesn't mean you can shut out your friends like this and expect us to be fine with that."

Peter was completely taken aback. Had it really been that long since he had stopped spending time with his friends except for at lunch break? How had he not noticed that both of them felt like that.
"Gavin, I'm sor-

"Save it! If you really are sorry, you'll change your behaviour. Or at least tell us the real reason you don't want to hang with us. All three of us know that you are so smart you don't need to study much and you aren't doing household chores all day long every day. If you have a lover you prefer spending your free time with, be fair and tell us!"

"I -"

"Call Minna and don't skip school tomorrow. Bye."

"Gavin?"

He had hung up.
Peter was shocked at that outburst. But he had to admit that the brunette boy was right.

Gavin wasn't completely right about how Peter spent his time, though. After Wade had come back, he had stopped spending hours of daytime in his apartment. He came home after school, did his homework and some housework, prepared dinner for Aunt May and himself more often than not, studied for tests or at least reviewed his notes before sneaking out at ten pm to patrol with Wade. Sometimes he took a nap before tackling the homework or searched the Internet for content of Spider-Man and a job that would fit in with his life. Spending the afternoon, evening and night with Wade had only ever happened yesterday.

Peter sighed and searched for Minna's name among his contacts.

"Hi, Peter."

"Hi, Minna. How are you?"

"I know that you're calling me because Gavin told you to do it."

"Oh... Yeah, you're right. I'm really sorry. I didn't really notice that I excluded you from my life that much..."

"You lied to us. We didn't want to pressure you so we didn't call bullshit. We hoped that giving you some time would help you. But I don't accept it anylonger."

"Minna... I didn't want to lie to you. But things were kinda complicated."

"Did things become serious?"

"Yes... kind of."

"Since when?"
Her voice suddenly sounded less upset and quite interested.
"Since yesterday.
Hm, no. Since Saturday, actually."

"Is that the reason you ditched school today?"

"Sort of, yeah."

"Are you with him right now?"

"No, I'm at home.
But we're gonna meet later today."

"Oh, will you go on a date?
Going to the movies or having dinner out?"

"Uhm, well, sorta having dinner out, I guess."
It wasn't an outright lie, at least.
Telling her that they would fight against street crime and eat junk food afterwards wasn't possible.

"He doesn't go to our school, does he?"

"No, he doesn't."

"Which school does he go to?"

"Ah, uhm, he's not a school student."

"Oh, did you get yourself a college student?"

"Actually... he's not college-age..."
Peter chewed on his lower lip.

"Peter!?
Don't tell me your boyfriend is..
How old is he?"

"Minna, that's -"

"How old?"

"Around 35.. I guess?"

"Oh My God, Peter!
Are you serious?
You are dating a pedophile!"

"He's not a pedophile.
I'm not a kid!"

"If he's 35, he's 19 years older than you!
Fuck! Are you crazy?"

"He's not into me because of my age.
He thinks I'm older."

He heard her laughing mockingly.
"You can't fool anyone with that baby face of yours. Oh god, did he pressure you into sex?"

"He didn't pressure me into anything! I'm not a kid and he does think I'd be older."

"Wow, Peter. That's.... I don't like it... I mean... it's your decision, but....

"Promise me to be careful, okay?"

"I will be careful. Don't worry, he's a good guy."

A good guy? A concerned inner voice asked.

"Will he come to your birthday party?"

Peter had, in fact, forgotten about his upcoming birthday. It was impossible to invite Wade.

"I... I don't know. He might be too busy to come."

"Yeah, it figures."

"Minna... I'm not his boy toy, okay?"

"Okay... If you say so... That didn't sound convinced at all. Will you tell Gavin?"

"Don't know..."

"Can I tell him you have a boyfriend now, without telling him that your lover is some old man?"

"Hey, it's not like he's a silver fox."

Peter imagined Wade's bald head. He'd never be a silver fox.

"Yes, you can tell Gavin that."

"All right. So... about your birthday. Any plans?"

"We could meet at my house in the evening and order pizza."

"Cool. Let's talk about it more during lunch break when Gavin is there, too."

"Yes." Peter smiled.
"See you tomorrow."

"Bye."

"Bye, Peter.
And take care!"

Peter ended the call and placed the phone next to the mug of cold tea on the bed stand. Wade had never asked for his age. He was sure that the merc thought he was older. An adult. And Peter wanted to keep it that way. His age was, in fact, a part of his secret identity, wasn't it? However, he wondered how Wade would react if he told him his actual age. Would he break up with him? The fingers of Peter's left hand dug into one of his thighs.
Wade lay in his bed in a fetal position.  
The navy blue bedding and the white sheet were horrifyingly bloodstained.  
He was wearing nothing but red, formerly white, cotton boxer shorts, his body encrusted with blood.  
The weapons, belt and tatty-holey-bloody suit littered the trickled on floor in front of the door.

Once Spider-Man and Deadpool had parted ways in the very early morning and the merc had politely interviewed a man, Wade had decided to pay a visit to the red-light district.

He had gotten wind of some gang dispute during their patrol yesterday and had tracked down a gang member after today's patrol to squeeze information out of the criminal.

He had gotten to know enough to be dead certain that the sex workers and strippers that were, in one way or another, affiliated to one of the rivalling gangs would be in great danger to get kidnapped or even killed this morning right after work, which just so happened to be very soon.

None of the beloved, celebrated heroes would be there to protect them.

So he had taken it upon himself to make sure they were safe.

Long story short, the opposing gang had appeared on the turf and since Deadpool had still been in Spidey-impressing mode, which translated to non-lethal, he had been the one who took the critical hits instead of dishing them out.

Some asshole had even ridiculed him for not using his guns before aiming right at Wade's heart.

During the long minutes he had spent in the lonely realms of death – lonely due to the fact that Death was very pissed – every single fucking coward in the extensive vicinity had helped the henchman with pumping him full of lead.

At least the targets had been able to flee as he had bought them enough time by causing a big ruckus on the streets.

When he had finally regained consciousness, Wade found himself lying in a puddle of his own blood, pain everywhere.

He had immediately checked if anything was missing and if anything seemed odd.

Fortunately and surprisingly, they hadn't taken his weapons or anything else, had not dared to touch him while he had been gone. Wade had felt relieved.

It was his well-kept secret. He feared with all his being that one day someone would violate his body during his absence. Not the usual violation, but the necrophilic kind.

He suffered reoccurring nightmares of this.

Sometimes they were about becoming conscious in the middle of whatever disgusting act was performed on him. At other times, he watched his own corpse from a distance, witnessed everything, was forced to watch some faceless sick fuck taking advantage of his dead body to which he would return soon after.

Those dreams made him sick.

Many of the bullets that had been fired at him had made themselves at home in the mutate's guts.
Most of those had worked themselves out already. A few even before he had arrived at home. But some stubborn ones were still tormenting him. He felt them slowly traveling through his innards as his quickly multiplying normal cells and growing tumors pushed them forwards. His almost ultimate immune system wasn't able to do anything against stuck bullets, but his furious mitosis got rid of them eventually. On their way out, the moving metal pieces had to push other cells away, crushing them effectively. The whole process involved a shitload of pain.

Right now, excruciating agony.

Wade tried to distract himself. He thought of Spider-Man and relived their sofa-session, making himself remember every delicious detail. The images and sensual memories had their effect on his body, getting him all hot and bothered. The pain was still there, but he didn't focus on it anymore. His mind was occupied with something else now.

He turned around and moved closer to the massive ebony nightstand, getting rid of the blanket at the same time. Without giving it a second thought, he opened the top drawer. For a moment, his hand wavered between the fleshlight and the bubbly wand before he picked the latter. He also took two condoms, the vibrator and a bottle of premium-quality water-based lube out of his personal collection and placed everything on the bed. The drawer was left open, the one toy wrapped in black velvet actively ignored. Wade removed the bloody boxers and tossed them away. He would throw the sheets away anyway, so it didn't matter that they would make the acquaintance of more fluids and get more dirty before that.

He really should buy a roller blind for this room's window. Even though there was nothing but a wall looking at him, it didn't really feel private. He studied his naked body. He was in great shape, the muscles well-trained and prominent. He knew that he looked awesome when he wore his suit. But like this.... His body was littered with old and fresh scars, tumor lumps and wounds in every imaginable state of healing. His stiff cock was covered with soft, thin scars and a few smaller wounds and lumps. Even the glans weren't spared from the condition. He stopped looking at the familiar but detested sight.

The mutate poured some lube into his cupped palm and granted himself a couple of lazy strokes with the same hand before he reached for the wand. He opened a pink wrapper with his clean hand and his teeth and rolled the condom onto the sex toy. He added some more lubricant.

The lubed tip of an index finger circled his hole, relaxing it before the toy poked at Wade's tightness. The merc lay on his back, keeping his bent legs close to his torso, imagining Spider-Man to be the one who teased him with the sex toy. The small first bubble of the wand went in easily. Nonetheless, a little moan of relief escaped Wade's mouth. His sphincter was back to before-first-time tight after every single fucking time. This made things a little difficult. And downright ridiculous. Moreover, the scar tissue was sometimes too sensitive and ruined everything. And on a handful of occasions, the tumors caused by his prostate cancer made things unbearable.
The Spider-Man in his mind cheekily asked him if he was able to take all the bubbles. Wade cockily confirmed that he was of course able to take that and more. The second bubble, twice as big as the first, was pressed in. The sudden intrusion made his body tense up. The handsome hero smirked. "Such a big mouth, but such a tight, little hole." Wade groaned and tried to relax. The other man gave him a moment to breathe before the next bubble demanded entry. Due to its larger diameter, Wade felt this one slightly pressing against his pleasure spot. He revelled in the sensation. "Another one?" The spider wanted to know. "Baby boy, more. Please.... more..." He begged. It was tricky to get the fourth bubble in. The lube gathered at his rim and ran along his cleft. The circular muscle hadn't given up its resistance yet and the toy's size increased with every segment. More force was needed to give Wade what he desired. "Ahhh... Spidey.... hah..." Wade's hole swallowed the intruder whole and constricted around the slimmer part in between the impaled bubbles. The blunt pressure against his prostate increased and Wade threw his head on the pillow from side to side. There was one more bubble left. It had a diameter of five centimeters. "Fuck! Baby... please." "Aren't you a greedy bottom?" Spider-Man moved the toy backwards, stretching Wade's hole from the inside until the fourth bubble popped out completely. He did the same with the third bubble before slamming both back in, repeating this action till the assaulted entrance loosened up and Wade turned into a sweaty, moaning mess. "Tell me, do you want the final bubble? Or do you want me?"

Wade reached for the condom, the lube and the vibrator. He prepared the beige sex toy before closing his eyes again.

"You, Spidey," Wade whispered before he carefully removed the wand entirely and placed it on the other side of the stained bed. He imagined the toned man leading the tip of his penis to his gaping hole, pressing into him with gentle but resolute force. He slid in nicely and started thrusting. Wade clenched around the new thing inside him. "How does it feel?"
"So good," Wade answered. "You'll be so well fucked after this. I promise."
His free hand found its way to his half-hard cock, stroking it back to a full erection. "What do you think you're doing, Wade? I didn't allow you to touch yourself, did I?"

"You didn't. I'm sorry." He stopped it although he needed more.

All of a sudden, a different image crossed Wade's mind. The thrusting came to a halt and Wade looked at the room's ceiling. He couldn't do this.

A shy glance at the drawer, another look at the dull ceiling. Could he? The mutate eased the toy out of his body. He wiped his hands on the clean area below the pillow before he sat up and reached for the velvet with shaky hands.
Wade placed the object on top of the nightstand to unwrap it with care. He had purchased the custom-made dildo a few months ago. He hadn't used it often. As great as it was, it worsened the longing.

[Are you gonna cheat on your idol with that dong? Disgusting! Whenever I think you can't go lower, you do go lower.]

"That's not cheating."

[Of course not... Hey, how do you call masturbating with a rough replica of your ex's dick while being in a relationship with someone new?]

"Shut up! Spidey said he doesn't mind!"

Wade picked the dildo up and felt for the bottle blindly. Once he found it, he poured lube into his cupped palm and thoroughly spread it over the silicone penis. Next, he got on his knees and, after searching for the right angle for the sculpted glans to breach his entrance, slowly sank down, clutching at his buttocks with his hands. Wade savored every inch that made its way in until most of the toy was snugly seated inside him. Soon, he got into a steady riding rhythm, his erection bobbing along. He imagined Nate's blissed out face. The little details of it. The glowing eye. The boar-like grunts.

He started jerking himself while keeping the rhythm. Wade remembered Nate's voice. His husband praised him.

A couple of frantic strokes later, he reached his climax, spilling his release all over the bed sheet. He let his body fall sideways. Breathing heavily and clenching around the toy, he covered his eyes with one arm. "Nate... where the fuck are you?"

The bullets had come out of his body by now.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Warning:
mentions of zoosadism
mentions of child abuse

Day 33 – Tuesday

A nice specimen of *Cepaea hortensis* or *Cepaea nemoralis* – Peter tried to remember which one has
the white lip – crawled along the back of his ungloved hand, leaving a trail.

"This is Morena." Wade said, pointing at the small mollusc on Spider-Man's hand.
"She's a beauty, isn't she?"

"Yes, very pretty. But definitely not a female.
Those snails are hermaphrodites."

"But what if this one identifies as female?"

"Wade, it's a snail. It doesn't identify as anything."

"Morena is a nice name. I'm pretty sure they will be fine with it."

"Who?"
Peter watched the white-lipped snail that explored the path that was his middle finger.

"What?"

"You just said they will be fine with it.
Who will be fine with it?"

"Morena, of course.
I'm using a gender-neutral pronoun now."

Peter rolled his eyes behind the eye patches of the mask.
"Just use it."

"No, that would be rude!"

"It's an animal."

"But our relationship is personal. Morena is my pet.
And the other snails are, too. Until I find a safe place for them."

Wade had shown Spider-Man the terrarium and had told him the story of rescuing the bunch from
certain death today first thing when the hero arrived in the late afternoon.
Some bad guy – actually a gardener – had collected the snails in a clear box.
Deadpool, in civvies, had watched him for some time while sitting on a park bench till he got the picture when the guy revealed a canister of salt.

Before the man had a chance to open the canister, Wade had already snatched it from him.

A few minutes later, the merc had left the park with the box, leaving behind a scared to death gardener.

"Wade, it's a gardener's job to care for the plants," Peter had tried to explain.

"It's not a gardener's job to torture the little guys, is it?"

"He didn't mean to torture them."

Wade had become quite agitated.

"Have you ever seen what happens when you drown snails in salt? Have you watched them dying? It's horrid and cruel and fucking torture!"

"No.. I've never watched that."

"I have. And maybe it was me who did it to the poor babies. I can't really remember, but I have a feeling that I did such shitty things when I was a frustrated kid. However, I remember images of what happens. These creatures don't deserve to be killed like that."

Peter had decided not to say that even though Wade had scared the shit out of this gardener and the man might be so frightened that he will really never do it again, it was still a common practice. So common, even Christian housewives did it.

There was a good chance that Wade would storm out of the house and intimidate passers-by into not salting snails ever again.

Wade had picked a brown-lipped snail that was hiding in its shell up from the tank to place it on his palm and pet the unbanded yellow shell with his index finger.

He had suddenly been absent-minded, talking more to himself or to the snail than to Peter.

"My mother once fed me a spoonful of salt every day for a week. Forced me to swallow it. It made me feel sick and she scolded me when I had to throw up..."
"Did you name the other ones, too?"
Morena was switching to Spider-Man's ring finger right now, passing the small chasm between his
digits, stretching their foot so much they became very slim.
The pale shell with the four brown bands was so glossy it looked as if polished.
Since all of them were like this, he assumed that Wade had given them a shower before introducing
them to the terrarium.
A layer of fruit tree leaves covered the soil on the ground and there was some water in a broken egg
shell. Two cucumber slices and one strawberry gave some variety.

"Of course!" Wade pointed at the snail with the yellow shell he had petted before.
"This is Yellow. I chose that name -"

"Let me guess. Because of the shell maybe?"

"Don't mock me, Spidey.
You got bit by a spider and named yourself Spider-Man.
That's not very creative either."

Peter had told Deadpool his origin story after patrol some days ago.
The oddball still didn't want to believe that he had been bitten by a genetically modified spider, not
by a radioactive one.

"And then there's Maude. I mean Bea."
He pointed at a pinkish gastropod with one dark band.
"The one over there is Miller."
Miller was nibbling at a cucumber slice.
The one broad band that adorned their shell left little space for the very pale base.
"In the right corner are Bob the Frog and Brunhilde.
In the left corner, Rodney, Hunter and Bartholomew Jackson.
No, wait, maybe this is Bob and that is Hunter."
Both snails were yellow with only one band. They looked alike.
"Do you think they dislike the strawberry?" The red fruit was untouched.

"They'll love it once it becomes mushy.
Ah, do you have oat flakes?"

"Don't tell me you want to eat oatmeal now.
I have everything ready to cook dinner." The merc pouted.

"Well, who knows if your cooking is any good?
Maybe dinner won't be eatable at all."

Offended, Wade crossed his arms over his chest.
"I hope Morena shits on your hand."

"Wade, I'm just kidding.
I wasn't asking for me but for the snails.
We can feed oat flakes to them."

"Well, yeah, I have oat flakes. Somewhere."

"Perfect. We need a saucer, water and the flakes."

"Okey-dokey!"

Wade left the room to dig the healthy food up.

The hero carefully touched Morena's nape area.
The soft, vulnerable body shrank up but didn't retreat into the shell.
Only the sensory tentacles of *Cepaea hortensis* backed down as far as possible for a few seconds before coming back out.

Minna's words haunted him.
The girl had called him after school since she had not wanted to discuss this when Gavin was around.
"Peter, you have to tell that man your age.
You might be fine with his age, but if he really thinks you are older, it's wrong to not put him right on that," she had said. "You don't know if he's fine with dating... someone your age."

Peter touched the snail's eyestalks and watched them reappearing.
Should he tell Wade? He should...
Would he do it today? ...........

Wade was back in the living room.
A saucer, a glass of tap water and the bag of oat flakes were put down next to the terrarium on the wooden table.

"Alright, how do we do this?" The buff man asked cheerfully.

"Put a big spoonful of flakes on the saucer and add enough water to soak them. Wait two minutes."

The assassin did as he was told.
Then he got behind Spider-Man and hugged him, resting his marred chin on the shorter man's shoulder. He watched his boyfriend playing with Morena for a short time before he smothered the hero's covered nape with little kisses.

When the mix of water and flakes had become porridge, Peter put some of it on his index finger and held it in front of the snails shorter tentacles.
Morena started to eat from the tip of his finger right away.
Peter smiled.

"Wow, that's so cool," Wade commented.

"If you get away from my back, you can feed one, too."
Peter waggled his frame in an attempt to get rid of him.

"You know, if you wiggle like this, I'd actually prefer to come closer."
The hug tightened.

Peter felt his cheeks heating up under the mask.
He focused on the sensation of the mollusc's radula on his skin.
The white-lipped snail was searching for the last remains of the luxury food.
He had not felt that since a teacher had brought snails to class in elementary school. After placing Morena on a leaf, he asked, "Which one do you want to feed, Wade?"

"Do you think they will eat from my hand?" Wade looked at the state of his fingers.

"If they are hungry, they will."

"Bob the Frog."

So he picked up Bartholomew Jackson and Bob the Frog, or Hunter?, wondering if he wanted to know why Wade had named a snail Bob the Frog.

Bob was soon sitting on Wade's big palm, eating porridge off the mutate's fingertip. The man squeaked.
"Look at that. It's so cute. OMG! It's as if a cat was licking my skin."

"If you smear a thin streak of it on the tank's glass, you can watch their mouth while they are eating."

"You are so smart, Spidey."

Peter studied how the food was carried along Bartholomew's pharynx.

"Bob, you are such a greedy-guts! Gobbling like that, you have zero manners."

Spider-Man laughed.
"As if you had any. I don't know if the way you gobble your food down after patrol is impressive or just disgusting."

"Hey, in a world where an International Federation of Competitive Eating exists, that is a valuable skill." His voice became sultry all of a sudden. "If you think it's impressive how I gobble something down, you should see my gobble off skills. I could show you, later tonight, if you're interested."

Peter felt the heat on his face.
"M-maybe," he stuttered.

"Do you think Bob will bite me once the oatmeal is gone?"

"Snails can't bite. They grate with their tongue and the tongue is called radula."

"You are such a smarty smart, knowing everything about snails and sperm whales. It's soo cute how nerdy you are."

"Shut up, Mr. Bara-Body."

A few minutes and one more snail each later, they decided to put the leftover oatmeal into the tank. They washed their hands with milk and honey handwash in the bathroom before Wade entered the kitchen to cook dinner and Spider-Man lay down on the sofa to read a magazine.

Soon, Peter heard strange music coming from the kitchen and Wade was singing along.
Ich war in Kairo und auch am blauen Nil war ich schon einmal / 
I've been to Cairo and I've also been by the blue Nile already once

Und selbstverständlich (Ohhweohh) war ich auch am Suez-Kanal / 
And of course (Ohhweohh) I've also been by the Suez Canal

Ich war in Gizeh, dort wo die drei spitzen Pyramiden stehn / 
I've been to Giza, there where the three pointy pyramids are

Ich sah die Sphinx (Ohhweohh) und glaub mir, ich fand sie wunderschön / 
I've seen the sphinx (Ohhweohh) and believe me, I thought she was beautiful

Aber eins fand ich ziemlich schwer (Weohh, weohh, weohh, weoohh) / 
But one thing I found very difficult (Weohh, weohh, weohh, weoohh)

Gehn wie ein Ägypter / 
Walk like an Egyptian

Ich fühle mich einsam, wenn ich allein durch die Wüste gehen muss / 
I feel lonely when I have to walk through the desert alone

Ich stell' mir vor (Ohhweohh), die Sphinx gibt mir einen Zungenkuss / 
I imagine (Ohhweohh) the sphinx gives me a French kiss

Rocken mit Kleopatra (Weohh, weohh, weohh, weoohh) / 
Rocking with Cleopatra (Weohh, weohh, weohh, weoohh)

Gehn wie ein Ägypter / 
Walk like an Egyptian

Ich sah die Sphinx mit erhob'nem Kopf / 
I saw the sphinx with raised head

Mitten in der Wüste stehn / 
Standing in the middle of the desert

Ich hab' versucht (Ohhweohh), genau wie ein Ägypter zu gehn / 
I've tried (Ohhweohh) to walk exactly like an Egyptian

Ich fühle mich einsam, wenn ich allein durch die Wüste gehen muss / 
I feel lonely when I have to walk through the desert alone

Ich stell' mir vor (Ohhweohh), die Sphinx gibt mir einen Zungenkuss / 
I imagine (Ohhweohh) the sphinx gives me a French kiss

Aber eins fand ich ziemlich schwer (Weohh, weohh, weohh, weoohh) / 
But one thing I found very difficult (Weohh, weohh, weohh, weoohh)

Gehn wie ein Ägypter / 
Walk like an Egyptian

The song ended and a new one began.

Wade was cooking a tomato sauce, stirring it. 
It was a boring task, so he had decided to listen to a burned CD. 
He couldn't help singing along.
Meine Freunde sind homosexuell. /  
My friends are gay.

Meine Freunde sind alle kriminell. /  
All my friends are criminal.

Sie ficken sich ganz einfach so gegenseitig in den Po und das macht ihnen auch noch Spaß. /  
They fuck each other in the butt unconcernedly and on top of that they have fun doing it.

Dürfen die das? /  
Are they allowed to do that?

Dürfen die das? /  
Are they allowed to do that?

Ist das nicht irgendwie verboten? /  
Isn't that somehow forbidden?

Ist das tatsächlich erlaubt? /  
Is that really allowed?

Kann ich das bitte schriftlich haben, /  
Can I get the confirmation in writing,

weil mir nachher keiner glaubt. /  
'cause no one will believe me later.

Dürfen die das?  
Are they allowed to do that?

Peter stood in the door when Wade turned around because he felt eyes watching him. He stopped the music.

"What in the world are you singing, Wade? Is this German? Do you even know what they are saying?"

"Oh, baby boy, I know very well what they are saying. My German is nicht von schlechten Eltern. That means not from bad parents."

"So what do the first lines of this song say?" Spider-Man crossed his arms over his chest.

"Uhm, my friends are gay and fuck each other."

"What the fuck? Do you want to provoke me?"

"It's not a diss song. It's about a stupid guy who can't believe that this is allowed and asks the authorities if it's legal."

"And you really speak German?"

"Not perfect. But yes."

"Hm... okay. Can you be a little less noisy? I'm trying to read."

Peter left the kitchen with a rumbling stomach, closing the door behind him.
The sauce smelled really good.

Wade turned the CD player back on and skipped to the next song. He also lowered the volume and tried not to sing along. With little success.

Bitte, bitte /
Please, please

Bitte, bitte /
Please, please

Ich habe ein Geschenk für dich /
I have a present for you

Ich liebe dich, ich schenk' dir mich /
I love you, I give you me

Frag mich nicht, du weißt, warum, ab heut' bin ich dein Eigentum – oh /
Don't ask me, you know why, from today on I am your property – oh

Du tust mir weh, was will ich mehr? /
You hurt me, what more do I want?

Ich bin dein Diener, du der Herr /
I am your servant, you the master

Ab heut' gehör' ich dir allein /
From today on I belong to you alone

Bitte lass mich – oh /
Please let me – oh

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh /
Please, please let me – oh

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh – lass mich dein Sklave sein /
Please, please let me – oh – let me be your slave

Was immer du befehlst, ich tu's /
Whatever you command, I do it

Ich küss' die Spitze deines Schuhs /
I kiss the toecap of your shoe

Und wenn du mir die Knute gibst /
And when you give me the knout

Weiß ich, dass auch du mich liebst – oh /
I know that you love me too – oh

Ich bin nicht mehr zu retten, peitsch mich aus, leg mich in Ketten /
I am no longer savable, lash me, enchain me

Ab heut' gehör' ich dir allein /
From today on I belong to you alone

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh /
Please, please let me – oh

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh /
Please, please let me – oh

Bitte lass mich – oh /
Please let me – oh

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh /
Please, please let me – oh

Bitte lass mich /
Please let me

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh, oh /
Please, please let me – oh, oh

Bitte, bitte lass mich – oh – lass mich dein Sklave sein... /
Please, please let me – oh – let me be your slave...

Was du willst /
Whatever you want

Wann du willst /
When you want

Bitte, bitte lass mich /
Please, please let me

Wo du willst und wie du willst... /
Where you want and how you want...

Bitte, bitte lass mich /
Please, please let me

Was du willst, wann du willst, wo du willst und wie du willst... /
Whatever you want, when you want, where you want and how you want...

Lass mich dein Sklave sein... /
Let me be your slave...

Chapter End Notes

The bunch:
Morena
Yellow
Miller
Bea

Bob the Frog

Hunter

Brunhilde

Rodney

Bartholomew Jackson

Songs:

Gehn wie ein Ägypter

Meine Freunde

Bitte, Bitte
The tomato sauce with garlic and onions needed seven more minutes, the noodles that looked like the worms of corkscrews were boiling in a pod next to it. Wade took the sliced mozzarella out of the fridge and greased the gratin dish with butter. He was certainly no chef, but there were at least a few things that he was able to cook and which always turned out well. Canada's national dish – pancakes with maple syrup – and pasta bake were among those.

At this very moment of inattention, the noodle water boiled over.
"Damn it! Why does this have to happen every time?"
The mutate placed the pot on a cold stove plate and handled the flooding with paper towels before putting it back on the medium hot plate.

Wade was drumming an odd rhythm on the kitchen unit's surface with his hygienic gloved index fingers until the last minutes were up and the timer that looked like a white chicken went off.

The noodles, already drained in a sieve, the red sauce, salted and peppered and thymed, and the cheese were arranged in the gratin dish in layers. He opened the preheated oven, put the food in and set the timer. 30 minutes.

He found Spider-Man sitting on the sofa, chilling and reading the TV paper. Dropping down next to his boyfriend, Wade disturbed the peace.
"Do you want a blow job?"
And I don't mean the drink."
Wade smirked, looking at the hero and showing off his prominent jaw-line. He placed one arm on top of the sofa's backrest behind Spider-Man.

Peter was left speechless. Wasn't it somehow inappropriate to offer something like this in such a casual manner? Inappropriate and off. Crazy. Very Wade, actually.

Unsure how to answer, Peter chose the most generic thing to say. "You are joking, right?"

"No, actually not. Even though my voice sounds funny, courtesy of the scar tissue on my vocal chords, and contrary to popular belief, not everything I say is a joke. You said maybe later. Does maybe mean no? Or is now not later?"

"For real? You are smirking like a fool."
Nervous laughter followed.

"Hey, I'm trying to be seductive here, baby boy! When Ed Skrein smirks, the ladies swoon all over him. And not only the ladies. Me too."
"Who's Ed Skrein?" Spider-Man asked, trying to change the topic but also wanting to know what kind of guy made Wade swoon. Maybe even feeling a little jealous.

"Daario Naharis 1.0, blue eyes, great personality, damn handsome, but long hair isn't really becoming to him. Shaven-headed on the other side..."
Wade fanned his cheek with an ungloved hand to demonstrate the level of hotness.
"That brings out the strong features of his face. I mean, I like hair. But that man puts the sexy in bald. And the binbin in my chin-chin. Man, what a man."

Peter felt a strong spark of jealousy.
He tossed the TV paper on the glass table.
"Asshole!"

"Baby? What's wrong?"

"....." Sulky silence.
Peter's arms were tightly crossed over his chest.

"Baby boy, hey?"

"Go find that Skrein-guy and give him a blow job. Seems like I'm just your number-two choice anyway," Peter spat out.

Chapter End Notes

I understand very well why Deadpool has the hots for Ed.
"Spidey, say, are you jealous? Don't you crush hard on some celebrity, too?"
Wade laughed.

Wade stared at the sulking, angry masked man, who didn't answer, for a long quarter of a minute during which the terror in his head emerged.

[Crowned today!
The World's Greatest Asshat!
Folks, come take a look at him!]

[Tell him about your fantasies of Tentacle-Man next. He will love that shit.]

"I told you not to call him that horrible nickname!" Wade yelled. Covering his ears with his hands and closing his eyes, he doubled over, distressed.

[Tentacle-Man, Tentacle-Man, does whatever an octopus can.]

"Oh God, shut up!" The merc cried.

"Wade?"

[Dicks you good, dicks any size.
Here comes Tentacle-Man.]

"Enough. Fuck off!" But the two voices didn't stop singing.

"Wade!" Spider-Man raised his voice.
He shook the man by the shoulder.

Peter didn't know what to do.
Wade had mentioned auditory hallucinations once.
But he had never really witnessed one of those.
He jumped to his feet and hurried to the kitchen to come back with a glass of water.

Spider-Man stood next to Wade, holding the glass in one hand, touching Wade's shoulder with the other hand. "Calm down. Drink some water."
Maybe Wade didn't even hear him.
"Calm yourself. Wade.. hey? Come back to normal. Please."
How long would this episode take?
What should he do? Peter panicked.
His brain shut down due to the stress.
There was one thing at hand that he could do.

When the cold water hit his bald head, Wade jerked and opened his eyes.
The streams that made their way down drenched his red hoodie while the water that fell from his forehead created a puddle on the floor.
The sudden, unexpected sensory input ran through his neurons and pushed the voices to the background. Still there, but less present.
He began muttering apologies that the hero had a hard time understanding a single word of.
The way he was sitting, the merc only saw Spider-Man's suit-clad legs. His hands left his ears and he quickly embraced the other man's right leg. The side of his face rested against his hero's groin. "Baby boy, I'm sorry. Please don't leave me."

Peter looked down at Wade, he didn't know what to make of this. The older, more buff man was clinging to his leg. It was kinda childish. Reluctantly, the teenager touched the merc's wet head. He started to pet the marred skin in an attempt to hush and comfort Wade. "It's okay. I'm not gonna leave you. Don't worry."

It took the timer to go off to get Wade back on his feet. The end of the countdown made him remember that he had wanted to have dinner with his boyfriend. It gave him a reason to get up. A purpose. Something else to think and talk about.
The gratin dish sat on the wooden table.
Oven mitts protected the timber surface from the heat.
The visual and olfactory presence of the pasta bake made Peter's stomach rumble loudly.
It really smelled good and looked delicious.
He glanced at Wade's hands as the man set about putting a first helping on their plates.

Wade had forgotten to wear mitts when he, in a hurry, had taken the dish out of the oven.
Peter had stood a few steps away, horrified at the mere sight while the merc hadn't even flinched or cursed before or after he had placed the hot thing on the stove panel to get them.
Instead of that, he had cracked an unnecessary joke about heat protection being the kind of protection he didn't always bring.
From that joke on, the merc had become cheerful again and squeezed a joke out of everything.

Peter was young, but he wasn't stupid.
Wade's quips practically screamed "desperate distraction".
This wasn't the same as the usual playful jabbering.
It was awkward and made him feel uneasy.
Moreover, Wade's episode wasn't something he could deal with easily and he wanted to talk about it to understand what had happened.

Peter had been there to comfort Wade during the aftermath.
The cold water had put an end to the yelling so he had assumed that whoever – or was it more like whatever? – Wade heard had finally shut up.
Once the man had released Peter's leg from the constriction, Peter had sat down next to him to, still rather hesitantly, hug him the same way Deadpool had done before Spider-Man got shot.
Wade had gone mostly nonverbal.
A few more sorrys, eyes that just stared blankly at the wall, a tense body, an absent mind...
But whenever Peter had loosened his hugging, he had leaned towards and into his body more.
The teenager had waited for him to say or do something for many long minutes, getting impatient more and more, looking around.
When his eyes found the puddle on the floor, he thankfully used that for a topic.

"Wade, the water will ruin your flooring."
No reaction.
"Wade, your hoodie's neck is wet."
No reaction.
"Don't you want to change into something dry?"
"Yes." A whisper.
In the room of his mind, Peter celebrated Wade's answer as if it was a baby's first word.
"Shall I get you a new shirt?"
"Yeah."
Peter wondered where the merc's wardrobe was.
He had been to every room of this apartment except for one.

"Are your clothes in the room next to the bathroom?"

"Yeah, there.
Shirts, suits, socks. And stuff."

"Okay. Let me go so I can get you a shirt."

The walk-in closet was full of suits and casual clothes.
Of ammunition and weapons.
Way too many for one guy as Peter deemed.
He chose a shirt from a pile and left the room, closing the door behind him firmly. He also took a
towel from the bathroom, for the floor.

Wade was now wearing the purple 'EAT A LOT. SLEEP A LOT.' sweatshirt.
Peter had readied the table for dinner with plates, glasses and cutlery when Wade changed into it.

"What do you want to drink? Water or liquified insects?"
Wade asked as he handed Spider-Man a heaped plate.

Peter repressed a disgusted noise.
"Water."

"Plain old water? Really?
I'll have you know that beetle juice is horribly hard to come by.
You can not just squeeze some bugs like you squeeze lemons.
You have to.. uhm.. something about eczemas.
What exactly do you have to do again?"

"Inject them with enzymes." Peter answered mechanically.

"Exactly!
I knew that, by the way. The Discovery Channel earns its keep.
And of course you know it, too, since you are all spidery.
But I hope you aren't all black widowy. Are you?
I mean, if you let me eat you out, it is only fair I let you eat me afterwards.
But everyone who took a bite out of Yummy Dummy Wade Winston Wilson said that I taste
disgusting."

Spider-Man rolled the mask up and started to eat, ignoring Wade's ridiculous joke-talk.
The food was great, but he wasn't able to enjoy it.
Neither was Wade who hadn't even managed to get any food inside his mouth yet since he felt a
need to fill the heavy silence with even more words.
Peter stopped eating. The fork clashed with his plate when he dropped it.
The clink sound was disruptive. Wade stopped talking.

"Cease that!
I can't put up with your bullshit any longer."
"Websy? Did I say something bad?"

"Don't call me Websy. My name is- eh, not Websy, okay? I want to know about your episode on the sofa. Stop trying to distract attention away from it. I felt helpless. I don't want to experience that again. Tell me what to do about it."

"You seriously think I would know what to do about it?" Wade gave a bitter laugh. "I can't even get rid of those pests by blowing my brains out. And skewering my head doesn't work either. Believe me, I tried."

"You committed suicide?" Peter was shocked.

"Suicides. Plural."
Wade looked at the terrarium on the other end of the table to avoid having to look at the hero. "My life is a train wreck."

"Then tell me what's going on when you have those hallucinations and how often does it happen? And no jokes!"

"Okay, let's see. How often? I don't know. Often, I guess. The short ones. The big ones... not so often?"
He watched Bea slowly making their way over to Yellow who was busy attacking the cucumber slice. "If I were a snail, I would have died long ago. When my mother fed me salt."

"Wade, focus."

"Right. Something is wrong with my head. Focussing is a hard task, too. Uhm, there are voices that diss me. I might even deserve it..."

"Is it like scolding yourself in your thoughts?"

"No... it's not my own voice. It's as if someone else speaks."
He looked right at Spider-Man. "They are like relatives you hate. You can't get around their occasional visits."

"How many are there?"

"Two. One lives nearby. The other one lives three hours away. Just like my creepy uncle William...... But hey, you don't get to see such a show elsewhere. Not even in a circus. Maybe I should join a freakshow to broaden the range. Travelling all across the country. Being the star of the show. Sounds great, doesn't it?"

"You're doing it again."

"..... I know... It's damn hard to talk about that shit. Makes me feel all negative."

"Hm... okay, I understand... Well... change of topic. You know what? The food is delicious."
Wade smiled.
"Seems like you won't eat oatmeal today.
Let's dig in as long as it's still decently warm."
"Spidey, you know... I understand if you want to leave.."
Wade said when he was back from the kitchen where he had stashed the dirty dishes away.

Wade knew that he had ruined the evening.
Of course Spider-Man didn't want to spend another few hours with him today.
The hero was just too polite and considerate to tell him that.
The best place to be was definitely not here but far, far away from the ugly embodiment of a fuck up
that he was. He just had to give it a little push and Spidey would run for the hills.
Maybe not only for tonight but forever.

The dinner date had started so good.
They had talked about the snails and fed them oatmeal, he had cooked something eatable without
setting fire to the kitchen. Not that this happened often, but it not happening was always a good
thing.
He had not forgotten to wear gloves when touching the food his boyfriend would later eat.
There had even been a chance of sexy times for a chronically underlaid hypersexual mercenary
somewhere in there. Before he had to run his mouth, that was.
The embarrassing scene on the sofa had served as the top of the Shitsburgh pops.
Situation normal, all fucked up!

Peter pondered on that.
Did he want to leave?
He got up from the chair and walked up to Wade who, when Spider-Man was only a few steps away
from him, took one big step back and collided with the living room's wall, assuming the worst.

Wide-eyed, Wade watched as the hero came even closer.
Expecting a punch in the gut or a fist to the face, he tried to minimize himself.
He knew how strong the man was, even though he didn't look it.

Instead, Spider-Man touched his cheek with one hand.
The ungloved, lovely hand on his skin radiated kindness and warmth.

"As far as I remember, you offered me dinner and movie night for coming here today before patrol."
The hand slowly, strongly travelled over Wade's chest to his abs.
"And an option on more."
His words and actions spoke of way more confidence than Peter actually had.

"Wow, you saying something like this is the last thing I expected," Wade admitted honestly.
He had to bite his tongue to stop himself from adding "How about you take me right here?".

"What did you expect?"

"A hit parade."

Peter needed a moment to decipher that.
And was shocked when he understood it.

"I would never hit you!"

Verbal abuse aside.
"Wade, I like you and I want to spend time with you. I don't want to hurt you."
And with that Peter kissed his boyfriend passionately. Especially not ending the intense, tomato sauce flavored kiss when Wade scooped his body up so Peter could hug his midriff with his legs and blindly carried him to the bedroom.
Movie night could wait.

Peter felt the man's boner against his body. Wade's sweats didn't do much to hide it.
And Peter knew that his suit didn't do a good job of reliably hiding his excitement either.
They hit the new, pink sheets of Wade's bed lengthwise, the buff man on top of him, kissing his neck.

As much as he had fantasized about his first time, pink sheets had never been a part of it. Why did it have to be pink of all colours? He'd remember this forever.

"Wade, wait." He pushed the man away from him.

"Do you want to buy me dinner first, baby boy?"

"Eh? No. We just ate. Just let me go to the bathroom."
Chapter 30

Wade, left behind on the big bed, couldn't believe this turn of events. Maybe it was time to start believing in miracles. He heard the flush of the toilet and shortly afterwards the pattering melody of running water. Wade, lying on his stomach, smiled into the soft, fresh-smelling blanket. His idol liked him, had become his boyfriend, desired him and now even wanted to get into his pants. Or so he wished. Maybe the spider only wanted to test the gobble off skills he had bragged about when feeding Bob the Frog.

Either way, wasn't it super nice that the man obviously even wanted to be well-groomed for him? Not that this was such a big surprise. After all, this was his baby boy, not one of those wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am strangers who cared less about body hygiene than Sabretooth who had let Wade blow them as long as he hid his fugly mug in a deep hood. But even counting the few nice guys that had returned the favor in poorly lit public toilets, those encounters had never assuaged his longing for affection, had never made him feel less lonely. They had started to feel more and more empty until Wade disliked them and had decided not to have them anymore back in the late '70s.

He would have taken a shower too now if he hadn't taken a nice long bath before their date. The reed diffuser he had put on the nightstand yesterday after cleaning to cover the stench delivered a pleasant lemon grass aroma to the room. Things were so perfect right now. Wade paddled with his feet in the air.

[Pity fuck.]
"Fiddle-faddle!
He wants this beefy booty."
Wade slapped his own ass hard and giggled into the blanket.

~*~

Meanwhile, Peter had soaped himself up and was just desoaping his body. He had spotted the clothes he had worn on Sunday exactly where he had put them two days ago. Should he just wear them?
Wade had liked the look. And he didn't like the options of dressing in his suit again right after the shower or leaving the bathroom with nothing but a towel.
The teenager pushed the bath tub curtain aside.
The high school senior looked in the bathroom mirror that showed his unmasked face. His brown hair was messy, and frizzy thanks to the steam. Cheeks blushed. The blemished skin had improved in the last weeks.
He didn't look too bad. Admittedly, not model handsome. He knew that his face was average at best. But compared to Wade, he was very good-looking, wasn't he?
His eyes found themselves in the reflection and questioned his decision.
Yesterday, in the safeness of his own room, he had not wanted anything more than his boyfriend kissing, touching, licking him again.
He had revelled in the memory for hours.
And he had thought of more. A more that he had dismissed on Sunday. A more that had suddenly become something he wanted badly.
Today, in the actuality of Wade's apartment, the mere mention of sexual activity had had him flustered. He wanted and did not want at the same time. Was he really ready for this? Fuck, he didn't want to chicken out like a pussy now. How long did he want to stand here like a complete moron, looking at himself and pondering what to do? Wade surely appreciated that he had showered to clean his body. He surely didn't appreciate having to wait for him any longer.

A last look in the mirror before Peter snatched his mask, put it on decidedly and chose to wear Wade's comfortable clothes.

~*~

They had gotten each other naked – well, Wade had actually undressed himself – by now. Peter still unsuccessfully tried to cover his genitals with his leg while Wade didn't seem to care about being seen at all. The teen was glad that the mask, rolled up to his nose, allowed him to steal glances at the man's private parts without Wade being able to see his embarrassed eyes.

Wade's disfigured member was impressive.
Yeah, to be fair, he had seen bigger ones in porn, but anyway. He'd proverbially kill to be that big.

Wade had him in a half hug and roamed his back with his left hand while they kissed, lying on their sides. Kissing was known territory, so Peter's nerves had calmed down. He felt more secure and dared to touch the man's defined, muscular body, avoiding the worst wounds. His hand explored the chest and stomach, just didn't venture to go lower than that. The older's belly button was the forbidden line that he didn't cross. A few times, he accidently brushed the head of Wade's penis and made him groan into the kiss.

Peter felt feverish, the hand that was now teasing his buttocks contributed its fair share to that.

The mutate shifted his heavy, marred body until Peter lay on his back, Wade kind of on top of him, refraining from crushing him by keeping most of his weight on the elbow that was still on the mattress, not putting an end to the heated kiss they kept creating together. More than half of Wade's body was on him now, the man's junk rutted against his thigh while he felt those perfect abs moving against his own erection.

A moment later, Wade detached his lips from Spider-Man's. "Do you want to do it?"

"Yes," he answered breathlessly.

Wade smiled at him and gave him a little peck on the chin. "What's your condom size?" he asked softly. "I keep a variety, I'm pretty sure I have all sizes available. Also intermediate sizes."

"My...? What? Why?" Peter was confused. The question made no sense.

"You don't want to use one?" Wade looked at the hero in disbelief. Why were the men he did it with always against safer sex? Fine, he was clean.
But there was one more reason to wear a condom.
Not even he himself would want to fuck his sore-riddled ass without one.

"I mean, I'm fine with barebacking.
I can not pass on STDs, the good old healing factor destroys everything I catch right away.
Don't get me wrong, I don't suspect you to be a carrier.
But are you sure? You're a hero. Shouldn't you set a good example to everyone?"

It dawned on Peter what Wade was talking about.
"Wait, you want me to top you?"

"Uhm.. yes?" Wade got off his boyfriend.

"That's... I... I don't know..."
Peter had never thought of Wade as the bottom in their relationship.
That didn't seem right.
Spider-Man was stronger, yes.
But Wade was taller, much buffer, heavier and older. And he was experienced.
Peter had already embraced being the bottom.
At least for his first time. Or times.
He didn't feel secure when he imagined himself as the top.

"I.. I don't think I can do that."

"Oh... uhm...."
Wade had to snap out of his puzzled state of mind.
"It's alright. Of course I can be the pitcher. If you prefer that."

"I think.. I would prefer that, yes."
Chapter 31

The merc wasn't on him anymore but lying right next to him as they were looking at each other. Peter felt Wade's scary hand on the part of his blushed cheek that wasn't covered by his mask. The gentle touch was accompanied by a seemingly shy smile which Peter didn't really understand but answered with the most encouraging one he could muster up anyway.

Wade was wary about doing this. Spider-Man had never bottomed. He would be the one introducing the hero to the feeling of getting penetrated and everything that came along with it. Of course Wade himself was absolutely fine with being the one taking it up the ass. He liked it, enjoyed it.

But he also was familiar with the discomfort, the feelings of vulnerability it induced and with the invasion of the body it practically was. Familiar with everything one could dislike about it. And he knew for a fact that it would cause some pain. Would he be able to make this first time experience enjoyable for his boyfriend? What if he caused him too much discomfort? He didn't care about getting hurt by an inexperienced top. But he did care about his partner's wellbeing during sex. Although he had topped a few times in his life and knew how to do this... in a way, Spidey was like a precious raw egg right now and if he failed, it would be destroyed. He'd be the one to blame for his idol's poor first time.

Wade felt nervous. But Spider-Man wanted him to be the top, expected him to be, and waited for him to make the next move. He couldn't refuse and disappoint him. He didn't want to disappoint him.

Wade took his hand back and sat up. "Swing your cute behind to the edge of the bed, baby," he said with a sunny attitude.

Peter didn't think about the why, he just did as he was told, way too intimidated by the whole situation to actively participate.

He was still ashamed of his very visible genitals, but didn't dare to cover anything with his hands. That would make Wade think he was some delicate virgin. And Peter really didn't want Wade to think that Spider-Man was. Instead, he pressed his well-toned thighs together as he was sitting on the bed with his feet on the floor, looking at Wade's broad back and the unpleasant skin there.

Effectively shielding it from view with his body, Wade opened the top drawer of the nightstand and placed the tissue box and the three-pack of extra lubricated condoms next to the reed diffuser before he closed the drawer again and turned around with a bottle of lube in his hand.

A tense Spider-Man stared at the bottle in his hand. Wade noticed. He took a step forward and left the alarming bottle on the bed next to the man. "Don't worry, baby. We won't skip the appetizer. Neither the amuse-bouche."

Used to the man's innuendos and knowing a little French, Peter understood that last part right away. Wade wanted to put his mouth to a good use.

The merc dropped down in front of the hero's legs, the heavy body landing on scuffed knees. "If you want to get this party started, you'll have to spread your legs, Spidey."
The teen made a noise of agreement and, shaky as he was, forced his legs apart, exposing his privates. Wade just had to notice his nervousness. It was so embarrassing to be seen in such an anxious state. He grabbed fistfuls of the pink blanket he sat on.
The older man touched his thigh reassuringly and got closer to his crotch.

The moment Wade's face was intimate with his nether regions and that velvety scarred tongue licked along his length, his toes curled and he just had to break the silence.
"I've never had a blow job. Like, never ever," he chuckled before scolding himself for revealing such details of his inexperience. How stupid was he?

"For real? The women you've been with must have been prudes!"

Peter laughed exaggeratedly.
"Yes. I guess."

Wade enfolded the lower half of the hero's stiff penis with his right hand.
"It beats me how some people can scorn such a delicious-looking cock."
He kissed the tip and licked over the frenulum once to emphasize his words. It made Peter moan.
"If we weren't scheduled for something else tonight, I'd blow you good until my talkativeness isn't the first thing that comes to mind when you hear Merc with a Mouth."
Before Peter was able to reply, Wade's mouth engulfed his member entirely. The soft, warm tongue that was draped over the bottom row of Wade's teeth and the lower lip protected his sensitive penis from harm as the man bobbed his head up and down expertly. He lapped at the glans and teased the special spots with the tip of his tongue in between. Peter cursed under his breath since it felt so good. Very soon, moans replaced actual words as the pleasure was taking over.

The hero's legs were ushered onto Wade's strong shoulders.

Wade took delight in provoking the spider's pleasure. Due to the hero's sweet responses, he selfishly decided to prolong the blow job part of tonight's activities and kept up the work. He let his tongue play with the hard cock more, nibbled at the length and spoiled every inch of it until there was the taste of precum sitting heavily on his tongue. It tasted good. Though not as pleasantly sweet as Nate's had tasted...

Wade shooed the sudden thought away and swallowed around the hard member in his mouth.

When the merc's mouth abandoned his avid for more cock, Peter touched the back of his disfigured head and applied some pressure to let him now that he didn't want him to stop yet. But Wade didn't follow his suggestion.

Instead of paying attention to Spider-Man's erection like before, Wade directed his mouth to the younger's scrotum and his right hand to the base of the hero's penis to pump it in a lazy, slow rhythm while he, between his lips, sucked in some of the delicate skin that held the testicles. He noticed the little jerks that ran through his boyfriend's body and enjoyed the stifled moans. Sucking in and releasing the skin, he travelled from one side to the other and back again without rushing, granting himself a few strokes with his left hand when he felt the absolute need to.

Peter, who tried to enjoy Wade's ministrations and every new sensation the man made him feel, was confused when Wade stopped, kept his legs in place with both hands, pulled back with that muscular upper body so that he lost the balance to sit upright, his spine hitting the comfortable bed, and pushed his thighs off the marred shoulders and on Peter's own body. In this position, with his ass on show like this, Peter suddenly felt defenseless and even more exposed than before. He closed his eyes and bit his lip.

The flat of Wade's tongue was on his buttcheek, making its way closer and closer to his cleft. Before it reached there, the teen felt Wade's hands spreading his cheeks apart. Peter panicked. He didn't even think about it, it was like a reflexive move when he relentlessly kicked out against Wade's shoulders and knocked him down the moment the man's tongue touched his rim. He heard bones crack.

"Ouch!" Wade exclaimed from the floor.

"So sorry. Wade, I'm really sorry. I was just.. kinda surprised." Peter kneeled on the bed, looking down at Wade.

"No biggie, baby boy. But you know, with all that extra power in your limbs, you'd make a great pitcher. Just give me a minute here, I think you broke my collarbones. And maybe some other ones, too. Man, I'm glad I don't have a baculum. Imagine breaking that. But let's bone anyway."
Chapter 33

Whilst Wade's broken bones healed, he realized that he hadn't asked Spider-Man's permission and had rudely invaded the man's most intimate and subconsciously guarded place. He deserved the pain he was in right now. He actually deserved more pain, he thought. Wade noticed the genuinely guilty look on the hero's face that even the cobweb patterned mask couldn't hide. The spider still eyed him from the kneeling position on the mattress. There was no reason for him to feel guilty. If anything, he should be angry. Didn't he understand that he had had every right to punish Wade for his rudeness?

Still hurting, Wade crawled towards the bed and slowly heaved himself on it. His baby boy made room for him, moving over to the second half of the king-size bed, still looking at him with this expression that was a mix of shocked, worried and guilty.

"It's fine, Spidey. Won't take the good ol' healing factor long to remedy the damage. Just let me lie down for five nanoseconds."

Shattered bones were a bitch to heal and it showed on his maskless face.

Peter snatched the bottle of lube away before Wade's chest collided with the bed. There was some space between the two pillows, so he put the necessity there and snuggled up to Wade's side, careful not to burden the injured shoulder with his body.

"Wade?" The hero touched the cheek that wasn't pressed into the pillow. "Do you still.. want me?" Timidly asked.

Wade stared at the masked eyes. Why would Spider-Man ask him that?

"I said I'd never hit you.. but I did..."

Oh. That's what this was about? A broken promise?

"You didn't hit me, sweetums. Those were kicks, pretty sure." Wade grinned. "Of course I still want you. I mean, who'd give up on a sugar butt like yours? Not me! Nope! I'm like a bear, I'm willing to be stung by a thousand bees as long as I can eat my honey out!"

"Wade! You're insufferable!" Peter scolded while chuckling.

To Peter, everything had seemed to happen in some kind of blur after he had left the bathroom. They had suddenly been in such a rush to get rid of their clothes, to kiss and to touch each other's bodies without any leisure as if their time was running out. Even though things had slowed down a little with the blow job, he had still felt overwhelmed and like everything was too fast, like he wasn't able to get used to one thing before the next one happened. And he had been so fucking tense and embarrassed. Now he was able to get a grip on himself. And he felt relieved. If Spider-Man regained control, he'd be able to fully enjoy this.

Wade turned around. "Are you ok with me getting mouthy down there?"
Peter rolled over on to his back.
"Come on, give me head."

"You want me to go a – head?" Wade terribly punned and handed Spider-Man the pillow.
"Put that under your gorgeous butt, babe. Hey, can I call you buttbabe?"

"Absolutely not, you moron.
Now do something before I turn 80."
Peter made himself comfortable on the pillow and spread his bent legs, his half-hardness currently turning into a strong erection again.

"Oh, are you 79 and your birthday is in ten seconds?"
Wade left a peck on the hero's lips and settled down on his stomach and elbows between his boyfriend's legs.
He gave the pretty cock a yearning lick from base to tip.
"It's easier for me when you keep your legs to your body."

When Spider-Man tensed up, Wade added, "I know it makes you feel all vulnerable and awkward. But don't worry, I'm one of those Care Bears. There's no reason to be afraid of me. I'm not gonna attack you."

Hesitantly, Peter changed his position. He had his hands squeezed in his knee pits.
He was somewhat terrified and ashamed and had to remind himself that he really wanted this.

Wade didn't even go straight there, he was busy massaging his buttocks with soothing hands and kissing a way down his inner thigh, leaving little red spots in his wake because he was also sucking and nibbling at the soft skin.

Peter awaited and feared the inevitable. Was excited and nervous at the same time.
And when Wade's way finally lead him close to the hero's rim, he whined due to the overwhelming emotions.
Wade made a calming noise before he parted the firm cheeks a little more with his thumbs.
Peter felt the sensation of the man passing his tongue along the untouched, sensitive rim.
If he hadn't known that it was the merc's tongue that licked him there enthusiastically, he wouldn't have been able to tell what it was that was touching him. The feeling was strange, he couldn't really pin down the sensual experience to one descriptively clear adjective. But it was sort of nice, relaxing and so good that it made him verbalize and moan his pleasure. The fear forgotten.

"Hah, feels good.. so very.. ah.. god, please, Wade... Wade, don't stop.."

Feeling happy and encouraged, Wade doubled his efforts.
Lapping bluntly, licking teasingly and probing lightly.

"Huh, don't.. not inside."
Probing just got cancelled.
Wade refrained from doing it again.
However, there were enough of the Twelve Tongue Positions of the Alpha Centauri left to do.

He soon used one hand to caress Spider-Man's penis simultaneously until he felt the sticky texture of precum on his thumb which was just spoiling the glans by describing little circles on the tip.
Wade continued to stimulate the head in order to collect some more drops of fluid.
Once he was satisfied with the amount on his finger, he carefully brought it down to the spider's saliva-wet hole and applied it there.
Spider-Man protested.
But more out of decency than actual discardment.

"I told you I'd get to eat my honey, didn't I?"
That said, Wade lapped up the gooey stuff thoroughly.
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

Work and life are very stressful at the moment which means I have little time and energy to write.
However, have this little chapter as a sign that I'm not dead yet.

Peter had turned into a moaning mess under Wade's various ministrations.
All those ever ignored, sensitive nerve endings sparked off a fire in him that was beyond everything he had expected it to be.
Wade's talented tongue made him feel so good, relaxed him.
Only he felt a little embarrassed that his penis was now back to being limp.
Compared to Wade's large and proud erection, it looked small and pathetic.

When the merc stopped with the rimming, Peter groaned in protest.
He'd have asked the man to continue, but he was also curious for more.

Wade got into a sitting position and looked for the bottle but couldn't spot it.
"Spidey, have you seen the lube?"

Peter knew that he had placed it next to the pillow his head rested on.
He stopped holding his legs to his body with his hands, turned around so he was lying on his front, his crotch on the pillow that had elevated his butt, and searched for it with his eyes and left hand.
He retrieved the necessity from the small space between mattress and wall where it was hidden.
With a pounding heart, he handed the bullet-shaped container to Wade.

Back when he had been waiting for Wade's return, when he had opened the drawer without permission, he had seen the unusual thing for the first time. He had to read the product info written on this one to understand that the black bottle with the caramel-coloured cap and the label that declared 'GUN OIL' actually contained a silicone-based lubricant.

Wade took it from him and removed the cap to reveal a pump.
He pumped some lube out, collecting it on his palm, while Spider-Man watched him with a thrill of anticipation and nervous interest. He placed the bottle and the cap on the other side of the bed.
The next moment, the disfigured man leaned forward, his left elbow and forearm denting the pink blanket next to Peter's arm, his body hovering over the hero's without touching it.
Except for his lips which pushed against Peter's left ear gently.
The teen felt Wade's hot breath there even through his mask's fabric.

"May I serve the appetizer now?"
Wade asked, imitating a graduate of the British Butler Institute.

Spider-Man giggled a little.
That man was such a loon.
However, he had to answer him. And he would play along.

"You may.
If it's anything like the amuse-bouche, I might give the cook a pay raise."
"That sounds good. Especially since I'm the cook myself. Do you pay in kind?"

"Depends. What do you want?"

"Your name."

"...."

"Only your first name, of course."

"Ah...."
Well, it would only be his given name.
That wouldn't reveal Spider-Man's identity, right?
Even if called Peter, he'd still not be Puny Parker to Wade, right?

"Earn it, then." Spider-Man dared Wade.
"I like it when you're bossy with me, baby boy," Wade said right into the hero's ear before he drew back.

The soft touches and feathery kisses Wade's lips left on his left shoulder calmed Peter. Even though Wade was going to be the top, he didn't force himself on him. Didn't treat him like an object or did whatever he wanted without caring for him.

Peter had done his research and knew that this wasn't to be taken for granted. He had read discussions about gay sex and guys' first time experiences in quite a few forums for gay teens and in some for gay people of all ages. He had made accounts to join those communities, but had not used them actively. No postings.

His profiles only stated his gender, sexuality, location and age. He had regretted being honest about the latter when he got several creepy private messages of way older users asking him to hook up with them - some describing in coarse words what they intended to do to him. One of them had written about how rough he wanted to fuck a teenager's virgin ass and how hard he would come from hearing the screams. Someone had even offered him money for sex and discretion. Peter had deleted these messages. Just he couldn't delete the revolting sentences he had read from his mind.

But Wade was different. Deadpool was into Spider-Man. He didn't want to fuck him because of his age and inexperience. Wade really liked him. The person, no, the hero he was. And Wade was nice and gentle and experienced and he wouldn't make Peter's first time suck. He wouldn't be one of those boys that later complained about losing their virginity to someone who had turned out to be a complete asshole. Or one of those boys that wrote about their bad and awkward first sex due to lack of experience on both sides. It didn't matter to Peter that this man wasn't handsome. Wade looked very attractive when he was wearing his suit with the mask and the impressive shape of his body remained when he shed the red and black suit. Peter loved to look at Wade's manly body with all its defined muscles. And he had gotten more used to the disfigurements that he was now able to tolerate without feelings of disgust.

Peter hugged the pillow and buried his face in it when Wade's middle finger prodded his perineum and left a trail of cool, slick lube on its way to his anus. He spread his legs apart a little more to emphasize his consent and invite Wade to introduce his finger there.

"Have you explored this part of your body before?" Wade wanted to know.

"No," Peter mumbled, honestly, into the pillow that concealed his blush where the mask didn't. He had cast away the idea every time it came up. He just didn't like the idea of the first thing inside him being an object or his own fingers. That seemed too desperate.

"Oh... so your muscle isn't used to anything passing through from this side..." Neither to the longtime stretch and the internal friction. The mutate knew that this wasn't the best initial situation. Sure, it meant that every sensation would be new to Spider-Man and Wade would be the one to unlock them. But it also meant that the obligatory discomfort would be all new to the man.
"If it hurts too bad, tell me and I'll stop. Okay?"

Peter had actually expected Wade to like the fact that his cherry was so untouched. Getting this answer after asking that question should have been appealing to the older man. Instead, Wade seemed rather concerned.

"Stop scaring me, Wade. Just... go on."

Those scarry lips caressed his nape lovingly as the lubricated digit stopped circling around his hole and breached his narrow entrance.

Peter felt a slight burn as the one finger forced its way inside, ignoring his body's resistance against the intrusion. Something that was an awful mixture of a gasp and a moan escaped his mouth.

"Spidey.. is it ok?"

Wade waited for the hero's nod before he moved his finger back and forth slowly.

Only after a few more of those hand movements, he dared to go further inside until he was second knuckle deep and continued the slow thrusts.

He felt the rim's tight restriction around his middle finger loosen.

The spider's body became less taut and the occasional sounds of pleasure allowed Wade to relax, too.

He sighed with relief, his warm breath caught in the exposed fine brown hair on the other's nape, making it flutter a little.

Wade smiled at this. It made him happy to see his boyfriend's unscathed body.

He wasn't bald, his skin wasn't littered with sores and scars.

He had thick hair and smooth skin, was healthy and free of pain. His cells were alright.

It was a miracle that this gorgeous young man allowed him to touch his perfect body, and all the more miraculous that he wanted to sleep with the hideous shitbag Wade knew he was.

Another blow of breath tickled Peter's skin, followed by stronger kisses down his neck.

The teen's muffled moans mingled with the sounds of Wade's kisses while a second finger pressed the hero's sphincter for admission.

This time, the intrusion was more painful.

For a moment, the expanded stretch made Peter feel as if something was at the edge of tearing there. Mercifully, that searing pain ended by itself and his body got used to accommodate the girth of two of Wade's fingers.

Again, the merc didn't move his hand right away but gave Spider-Man the time he needed to feel less uncomfortable, judging when it was ok to simulate active penetration by the end of the low sounds of discomfort the hero made.

The slow, careful thrusts, although they now inflicted that burn inside him more, felt strange but not all that bad, as Peter tried to categorize the odd sensation.

Feeling this inside of him made him focus on his body differently.

This part of his body suddenly was so new to him.

He became fully aware of his inner walls now that they got that kind of stimulation.

It was as if he would have passed by some built structure all his life, but only now he recognized it for real.

As the pain faded away, he came to like it. It didn't take him long until he actually enjoyed it.
Chapter 36

A hiss was Peter's comment on the sudden loss of Wade's fingers. Their leave left him with that burn they had caused upon introduction. There was the burning feeling of emptiness and the weird feeling of the lube inside him. Peter wanted to complain, but before he came up with the words, he remembered that the final stage of this wouldn't consist of him enjoying two fingers that pleased him.

Wade moved away from Spider-Man's back, his lips no longer caressing the hero's shoulder and neck. Peter shyly looked behind to see what Wade was doing. He found him reaching at the capless black bottle before pumping a fair amount of the content onto the palm of his right hand and coating his fingers with it. Wade noticed that he was spying and gave him a reassuring smile.

The merc positioned himself similar to before, leaning forward so he was able to nudge the other's cheek with his nose. "Let's get you all slippery slope."

"Since when is that an adjective? Where's the suffix?" Peter snickered.

"But slippery slopy sounds less awesome," Wade argued.

Peter was glad that Wade's odd playfulness eased the situation. How horrible it would be if they went about it all stiff, saying nothing to each other. "Fine, get me all slippery slope."

In addition, Spider-Man lifted his butt from the pillow a little to entice Wade who, even though he couldn't see it, noticed the movement and took the bait, inserting his well-lubed middle finger entirely.

Peter's body jerked forwards from shock, his pelvis coming back down in a way that made his crotch slide over the pillow. A surprised "Ha" passed his lips.

Wade waited for a few seconds before he moved his finger a couple of times, trying to paint his boyfriend's walls with the lube from his digit. He listened to the hero's little moans which he loved to hear. They became even nicer the moment he did the same with two fingers. Spider-Man was definitely enjoying this.

"Gonna use three now, ok?"

"Okay."

Certain that another finger meant that it would hurt again at first, Peter hugged the pillow under his head tighter and braced himself. Wade's fingers abandoned him and the next moment, he felt the tips pushing in in unison. Most of the lube gathered around his hole, he felt the accumulation on his rim. Those three bundled fingers didn't make it far. The new girth caused more of that searing pain than he had felt before. His muscles tensed up, keeping the intrusion from getting in any deeper. He yelped.
"Stop. It hurts."

Wade removed his fingers at once and circled him instead, smearing and collecting the excess lube with his fingertips.
"Sorry, Spidey.
When it's like this, you need to -"

"Relax more?" Peter asked cuttingly from between clenched teeth.

"Muscle relaxation is important, of course, but that won't do the trick. Try to -"

Before Wade could explain it, Peter interrupted him.
"I think I know what I have to do."

Peter had indeed read about a trick.
There was this advice that he had come across a few times in the forums.
Was he supposed to do this to let someone's fingers in?
Yes, it made sense that this wouldn't only work for a cock that demanded entry.

"Can I try again?" Wade wanted to know.

"Yeah."

This time, Peter, instead of trying to relax his muscles, pushed down.
It felt odd but he kept it up while the merc's fingers breached his widened hole, sliding in nearly up to their base. That felt weird, too, but it didn't really hurt.
His depth didn't seem to mind this initiation. It didn't feel like anything was tearing.
Unable to push down any longer, he carefully relaxed around the filling girth.
There was no pain.
The teen sighed with relief.

"Wow, nice!" Wade's voice praised.
"How did you know about that?"

"There's something called the Internet."

"Oh, really? Never heard of it.
Is it similar to a sex ed book?" Wade asked in jest, moving his fingers back and forth gently, making Spider-Man moan.
"Way... ha.. better."

"In which way?"

"More than just.. ah.. basic info and.. ha... a few prim pictures."

"Oh, did you look at porn stuff, baby boy? How naughty!" Wade scolded with a grin.

The soft, warm – and quite slick – tunnel didn't need much more preparation.
Wade turned his digits 180 degrees, which sent a little bit of pain through Peter's body, and felt for the man's sweet spot with the tips of his fingers.

"Hah!" Spider-Man exclaimed when Wade pressed against the right spot.
"Wade... won't you..?"
"Soon, baby. There's something I still want to righteously earn before we get to the main course."

Wade retreated and took the pleasing fingers away. Again.
"Turn around."

With a strong blush, as if he was wearing rouge, Peter turned around.
Wade was back on him – or more like above him since he didn't rest his weight on Spider-Man's body but supported himself on his left elbow and knees – in no time.
The tripartite alliance of fingers was cautiously trying to get back in place and with Peter actively letting them, that worked out really well.
In tune with the slow movements that followed, clear moans tumbled out of the hero's mouth.
He couldn't stifle them with the pillow anymore.

The velvety scarred tongue began to lick one of his buds.
To be honest, he had waited for Wade to pay attention to them again.
But he had found it way too embarrassing to ask for it.
No matter what Wade had said – how had he called it? Gender baloney? - it didn't feel right to ask for that. He wasn't a girl. And he wasn't a pansy either.
However, if Wade wanted to play with his nipples, he'd let him. And enjoy it.

After some more licking, sucking and gentle nibbling, the merc abandoned this one and moved on to the other bud, wearing nothing but a sly smile.

Peter placed his right hand on the man's biceps, clutching the hard muscle.
His breath hitched as Wade sucked at his peak harder and rubbed with his fingers against the area his prostate was located behind.
He felt his penis' hardening and the desperate need for more.
A beseeching "Wade.." was all he managed to convey between his sexual noises.

Wade's tongue performed a last, teasing act of fast-paced licks with the very tip before the merc stopped, feigning innocence.
"Yes?"

"Enough foreplay. I want to do it.
Now," Peter said once he had recovered from the longed for assaults.

"Did it tickle your palate good?"
Wade looked at him like a dog that begged for a treat after doing a trick.

"Uhm.. yes?"

"That means I earned it?"
The smile in Wade's eyes and the happiness in his features defied all disfigurement.

Peter, although feeling some reluctance to reveal his name, had to admit that, yes, Wade had earned it fair and square. He took a deep breath before he disclosed the secret.
"Peter."

Wade looked at him, stunned for a moment. Then:
"Hi, Peter. I'm Wade."
"I know that already, you dork."
Peter couldn't believe Wade's absurdity, but had to suppress laughter nonetheless. "Come on, now."

"As you wish, Peter."

Wade sat on the edge of the mattress, reached for the black tissue box on the nightstand and pulled three Kleenices out with his left hand to clean the other one from the lube. He crumpled up the tissues and let the finished product fall to the ground between his feet. The pack that held the three extra lubricated condoms was opened.

"You aren't allergic to latex, are you?"

To say the truth, Peter had never unwrapped a condom. There was a small box of condoms hidden in the drawer behind his underwear that he had bought when the relationship with her got more serious and he felt like he needed to be prepared. That had been a few weeks before things went downhill. Before he finally had the guts to admit to himself that he was gay. No more trying to convince the part of himself that had always known it of his heterosexuality. However, they had worn latex gloves to perform dissections and other tasks in Biology lessons and he had never had any notable skin reactions.

"No, I'm not."

Wade snatched one condom from the pack and got by Spider-Man's side, covering the hero's pec with kisses and gently twisting the other side's bud as he stroked himself back to top-class hardness, making do with Señor Lefty. Once he had completed this mission, he retreated again.

"Choose the position?"

The final stage.
Peter felt a bit shaky. He wanted it to happen, but he was, deep inside himself, still scared of it.

Spider-Man got on his knees and hands, unable to look at Wade. He felt so vulnerable and ashamed right now that it seemed more like torture than fun to him. Vulnerable because he couldn't really see what was going on behind him and couldn't shield himself from whatever kind of attack in this position. Ashamed because presenting one's bare ass to someone wasn't exactly compliant to etiquette.

"A classic," Wade commented before he positioned himself behind his boyfriend, standing on his knees, keeping some distance. "You are sure, right?"

Peter persuaded himself that he was sure. Wade had already had his fingers inside him and it hadn't been too bad, so what was the difference? There was no rational reason for being afraid of it, was there?

"Of course I am."

So Wade squeezed the condom to one side of its envelope and teared the wrapper open.

Peter went from hands to elbows, burying his face in the pillow while the merc pushed his slightly
marred foreskin back and put the condom on, keeping its tip squeezed until he had unrolled it down the length of his sensitive erection. He cast the wrapper aside and reached for the lube.
Wade grabbed the hero’s buttcheek with his left hand – which caused Peter to moan – and pumped another drop of lube out of the bottle, letting it fall precisely on the cleft between Spider-Man’s buttocks. It slowly ran down.

The travelling goo riled Peter up.
He so wanted Wade to just put his cock in already before his nerves acted up completely.

At the critical moment, right when the lube arrived at the already slick place, Wade finally took himself in hand and pressed the head against his baby boy's prepared hole.
The hero opened up for him, allowing Wade to slide in rather easily.
There was no need to apply much pressure.

Wade, experiencing a mix of overwhelming pleasure and some discomfort, groaned. "Tight."
But when he pushed in deeper, Peter made a miserable, pained sound.


The teen forced the word "Hurts" to come out of his mouth.
The sharp pain that he had been struck by and that was sticking around was excruciating.
He wanted to flee it but couldn't, his body like paralyzed to avoid more pain.
Peter started to breathe irregularly, tears forming under the mask.
Why did this hurt so much?
It wasn't supposed to hurt that much.
Was this the reason some men came to the conclusion "Never again!" after bottoming once?
Then again, there were people that enjoyed it which meant this unbearable pain could not be the rule.
It had to be the exception.
A whimper accompanied his inner reasoning.
Chapter 38

Fingers brushed down his lower back until they reached his tailbone, applying a little bit of pressure. "Does it hurt here?" Wade asked him.

A short, sharp "Yes" was the answer.

Wade left the hero's body, holding the condom's base in place as he did so, and started to rub the man's lower back with both hands. Peter was so relieved when the terrible pain ended that the attached prospect of Wade thinking of him as a wimp didn't bother his mind much.

"Are you ok, Peter?"

A subtle nod. The gentle hands on his body helped easing the remaining shadows of the pain.

"Okay, good. I'm glad you are. First off, that pain wasn't caused by prostate cancer."

"Great." The teen's voice was tainted with sarcasm. As if that pain had him worried about having prostate cancer. At his age.

"This position," the merc continued, "creates a bad angle for us. I evidently hit somewhere I better don't hit."

"Ah..." Peter hadn't known about good and bad angles. He felt stupid. But overall he was glad that one of them was able to point out the mistake.

"We can do it doggy style anyway if we avoid that angle. If you still want to?"

The pain had deterred Peter, but had it scared him away? He thought of the blissful sensations from before when Wade had taken care of him with his fingers. He wanted to chase after them. One failed attempt should not discourage him from giving it a second try.

"I want to."

~*~

To avoid the bad angle, Peter was now lying on the bed with his chest and stomach while his knees were on the floor. Like this, his torso wouldn't slope downwards and his behind would be positioned a little differently. Hopefully, that would prevent Wade's cock from putting pressure where no pressure should be put on.

To calm him, Wade was kneeling behind him, fingering him again. The two digits got Peter to relax while Wade kept himself entertained and horny with the sight of his boyfriend's beautiful body in front of him.

The hero's hands grabbed the pink blanket in anticipation when the fingers disappeared. He felt Wade's manhood nudging his hole again, the mutate's left hand on his buttock and those
strong upper legs against his own thighs. 
When the pressure against his entrance increased, Peter contributed to the success and allowed
Wade's cock in. 
The stretch of his rim around the man's member didn't hurt, it even felt kind of nice.

Once the glans were inside, Wade's right hand found a new place on Peter's waist which he clutched
tightly. Peter felt the pus from the other's hand oozing out onto his own skin as more of the hard
length entered him. 
It was ok, he told himself. He could take a shower and get rid of it later. 
It didn't matter right now.

Before pushing in any deeper, Wade asked: "It doesn't hurt, does it?"

"No. It's.. good, I think."

So Wade went further in. A rumbling moan of pleasure in his throat.

"Being inside you is good, too. My dick just told me he likes it there. 
You're toasty inside, Peter."

Peter chuckled, glancing at Wade. "Toasty, huh?"

"Toasty, soft, slick and enjoyably tight."
Wade thrusted once.
"Cozy."

"More," the hero moaned.

"More words?" The merc asked innocently.

"You know what I mean, Wade!"

Consequently, the mutate started thrusting in earnest, both his hands on Peter's hips.

Their moans and groans mingled as the heavy bed frame was creaking along with Wade's stronger
thrusts. 
Peter liked the feeling of being so filled, the sensation of the man's penis brushing against that one
spot whenever he nearly pulled out and pushed back in in the right way. 
He enjoyed that Wade's attention was focused on only him. 
It made him feel good on a different level than the sex did.
And right now, he breathed in the wonderful combination of those two things. 
No one would be able to take this away from him. 
He'd have this memory forever.

It didn't even matter if his moans were heard outside. 
He was safe here. 
No one would dare to interrupt them in Wade's apartment.
The sudden end of Wade's thrusts surprised Peter. Was something wrong? Had he done something wrong? "Wade?"

The next second, the buff man basically collapsed on him, keeping him prisoner between the mattress and the marred body. Peter felt the broad chest heaving on his back, the hot breaths and huffs catching on his neck.

Although that didn't feel unpleasant at all, it wasn't what he yearned for right now. Wasn't there more to come? He yearned for more, wasn't satisfied yet.

"Sorry, Petey," Wade managed to say after finding his breath and voice again, "I came early."

Spider-Man was disappointed. Wade knew.

"I know I'm a little quick and disappointing at first. But once I get my second wind.."

The merc pressed his scary lips on Peter's shoulder, describing little repetitive circles with the tip of his tongue on the pale skin until he went on.

"..we can continue this."

A simple kiss on the hero's shoulder blade before he pulled out and retreated completely.

Peter wasn't happy about the loss. It left him feeling empty and open and lonely. And there was the sting from the slight chafing and the lube inside him that felt just wrong and... and he hadn't cum yet. He couldn't help it. He whined frustratedly.

"Won't take me long, baby boy. Regeneration ensures. Just give me a minute, okay?"

"Okay.."

Waiting in this somewhat degrading position wasn't so great either. Peter decided to get back onto the bed.

Wade was busy getting rid of the used condom. He really should buy a bin for this room. And a roller blind.

That damn, spying wall of the next building bothered him. Sometimes, the pattern that the bricks of the wall made looked like an eye to him. A big, red eye with a dark red pupil that watched him.

Good that it was after sunset and the lights of the night coloured the wall dark grey.

He used some tissues to wrap the condom up and left the unshapely ball on the nightstand. His fingers dove into the pack to snatch another one.

Peter had already stretched himself out on the other side of the bed when Wade turned around. "New position, huh? Me likey."

A smile of fondness and desire accompanied his words as his eyes wandered about. There were hills and valleys, soft skin and developed muscles.
Getting hard again was a piece of cake.
Seeing Peter's naked body and especially his nice butt still proved to be the ideal stimulation for those parts of his brain.
That sexy, waiting, wanting man in front of him took his breath away.

Wade helped himself with a couple of strokes before he deemed himself ready and put the new condom on.
He climbed on the bed and settled down on Peter's back, careful not to put his whole weight onto his boyfriend's body but to balance it out with his left arm.
Peter's legs were parted invitingly and Wade's had found their place between them.
The mutate reintroduced his manhood to his boyfriend, letting its head slide up and down the slick cleft. He teased the impatient hole, only rubbing the rim a little as he led his penis over it.

The needy moans of Spider-Man persuaded him to line his erection up and press into the other's body. It was easy to get back inside and it felt just as heavenly as before.

With his knees providing support for his thrusts and his elbows keeping him off Peter's back, Wade tried to maneuver himself in the best way possible to hit the right spot.
Whenever he was successful, the hero appreciated his efforts with an especially sweet moan that outshone the constant euphony that was Peter's noises during sex.

The composition didn't exactly sound manly and Peter was a little ashamed of sounding like this, but Wade didn't complain and he really couldn't help it.
Those noises just left his throat like this and a special effort would be required to change that.
Had he known that the big, buff man sounded even less manly – effeminate even – when he was the one who received penetration, he would have felt reassured.
But right now, the merc's voice was rather strained and throaty, his focus on giving pleasure, his inhaling strong and harsh.

Wade's movements made Peter's nether regions rub against the blanket.
It drove the teen crazy with the need to touch himself even though he was more limp than hard.
He tried to get a hand between the bed and his body, but it didn't work out well.
There was just not enough space between his private parts and the bed and there was no way to lift his butt with Wade constantly pushing into him.

The moment Wade noticed what his boyfriend tried to do, he stopped the powerful pelvic thrusts.

"Let's turn around."

"What do -"
Before Peter was able to finish his question, the merc had hugged his chest and stomach with one arm each, pressing their bodies together, and turned over onto his back.
Suddenly, Spider-Man, dumbfounded, lay on Wade's front, his head resting in the curve created by the man's neck and shoulder, his own front exposed, Wade still buried inside him.

"Fuck, Wade! You startled me!"

"Sorry.
I'll make up for it, baby boy.
If you let me?"
The fingers of his right hand brushed the hero's genitals.
Chapter 40

Peter had let Wade.
He had let Wade jerk him off with one hand while the other fondled his balls until spoiling-teasing a
nipple became more important.
He had enjoyed the man's skillful ministrations along with the sometimes deep and chasing,
sometimes shallow and slow thrusts and had them guide him to his destination.
Wade had fallen into orgasm soon after, the sudden stop that followed the erratic movements of his
pelvis spreading the word.

Peter couldn't remember how they had gotten under the blanket and into the current position.
He had only just woken up from his post-coital, hormone-induced sleep to find himself in a tight hug,
Wade spooning him.
Peter wondered how long he had been asleep.
Maybe it had only been ten minutes. Or fifteen.
But since he had no sense of time right now, chances were good that an entire hour had passed.

Although he really wanted to take a shower to wash away the lube and the remains of his own cum
on him, he was way too lazy and reluctant to actually move.
It was so nice and warm in bed.
He was far away from any hardship as long as he just stayed there.
No schoolwork, no household chores, no money problems. No heroing.
No bullies.
Only him and his boyfriend and a comfortable bed.

He shifted a little as he repositioned his arm that was getting numb under his head.
The hug tightened and marred lips nuzzled his neck.
"Good night, Sleeping Spidey."
"I just woke up, Wade."
"Well, can't say Good morning at night, can I?"
He kissed along the hero's shoulder.
"You're right.
I'll give you that."
"Present accepted," Wade whispered against Peter's shoulder blade.
"Uhm.. you don't hurt down there, do you?"

Peter blushed, not knowing if it was the man's gentleness or the embarrassing topic that did this to
him.
"Not really. Maybe... a little bit?"
Peter wasn't sure if he should call it pain.
It felt strange, yes. But painful? Sore?
"But I'm ok."

"Okay.
Hey, can we skip patrol and stay in bed for all eternity?" Wade asked.
"Oh, we wouldn't be a hero and a hero's sidekick anymore if we did this...
Fuck! We have to get up, Peter!"
Half way home, Peter decided that he didn't want the night to be over yet. It was arguable if at 3 am it could still be called Wednesday night or if it should rather be called Thursday morning. But either way, he still had time if he cut down on sleep. Except for the weekends, he didn't get enough sleep anyway and right now, he didn't even feel so sleepy. He actually felt quite energized.

He turned round midswing and shot a web-rope to the side of a tower he had just passed by. Certain that Deadpool went home when they parted after patrol, he set out for Wade's apartment.

Spider-Man saw the red figure from afar. The bright streetlights made him an easy target as he walked along the street that led to the building in which he lived. It suddenly started to rain and Wade walked faster.

Once the merc had entered the building, Peter approached the small apartment complex and climbed the wall until he reached the right window. Wade called that window the Spidey door and refrained from locking it. There was no light in the room which meant that Wade was still climbing the stairs to the 5th floor. So the hero let himself in, glad that the rain hadn't started earlier.

In the many months he had gone on patrol since the spider bite, he had gotten soaking wet a bunch of times and it was most unpleasant. The suit always became heavy with water, shrunk in size and stuck to his body relentlessly. It felt bad and cold on his skin, restrained his every move and was a bitch to take off. The day he had excess money to spend, he'd make a water-repellent suit. That was for sure.

Hearing the man's footsteps from the hallway, Peter crawled along the ceiling into the living room. After scouring three pouches for the keys – finding a single fruit bonbon, a used tissue and his Swiss Army knife in the process – Wade was finally able to unlock the door. He opened it and went inside.

The combat boots were off before he turned the light in the bedroom on. Wade also got rid of his mask, his weapons and his belt before he set foot in the living room. The room was dimly lit by the light that spilled into it from the bedroom. A cold beer would be great now. He hoped that the fridge still had one to offer. Unaware of the intruder who was sticking to the ceiling, Wade traversed the room, entered the kitchen and went for the fridge.

A variety of beverages greeted the mutate as he stood in front of the cooling, well-lighted treasure box. He reached for a flip-top bottle of imported beer, opened it, brought it to his mouth and paused. Sucking on the hard candy in his mouth, Wade wondered if sweet raspberry flavour would mix well with beer. Probably not. He put the bottle back and closed the door. Later.

The candy in his mouth diminished in size as Wade was standing around in the dark kitchen. He moved it around, sucked on it, swallowed his fructose syrup-enriched saliva while being
immersed in his thoughts. Fragments of childhood memories occupied his mind. Those didn't taste sweet. He bit the candy in two and swallowed the pieces.

The moment he left the kitchen, something did a drop from above a mere inch away from him. A squeal broke the silence that overcast the apartment. Wade's eyes were shut in defense as he screamed at the top of his lungs. His right hand went straight to where his gun usually was strapped to his thigh. He had acquired that reaction to fright so long ago, it was as if it had always been there. But the gun wasn't there and the emptiness in his hand added panic to the shock.

"Wade?" A voice he knew asked.

When he opened his eyes, he looked at the familiar mask of his boyfriend that was right in front of his face. Just that it was upside down this time which it usually wasn't. In fact, the whole body of his boyfriend was upside down. A short web-rope was hanging down from the ceiling and Peter was clinging to it with his feet and hands.

"What the fuck? Don't spook me! I don't want to accidentally kill you, Peter!"

Spider-Man freed his mouth from the mask one-handedly before he used the same hand to clutch at the back of Wade's marred head. "Sorry," he said and pulled the man's face closer to his until their lips touched.

The kiss took Wade by surprise. A very pleasant surprise as the soft dominance of the hero's lips did things to him.

The second Peter let his tongue sneek between Wade's lips, he noticed the sticky sweetness that was lingering there. It reminded him of the raspberry-shaped bonbons he had been so fond of at the age of nine. It was odd to taste that again in this situation, but it also made him smile a little. Their kiss became a little unruly once Peter's tongue got involved. He edged Wade on, licking over the rippled mucosa and velvety tongue, playing little games. Peter's pushy attitude made a clear statement. He was definitely in the mood for more.

Spider-Man broke the kiss to speak. "Your talkativeness is still the first thing that comes to my mind when I hear Merc with a Mouth."

"And you want me to change that?" Wade asked, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Peter detached his feet from the rope and, in a fluid and very acrobatic move, described a semi-circle with his body to position himself in a way that allowed him to hug the merc's waist with his legs. After he had succeeded with this, his hands let go of the rope so his arms could find a new hold around Wade's neck who, for his part, wrapped his arms around the spider.

"Prove that you aren't just all talk," Peter suggested.

"With the greatest of pleasure, baby boy!" His gloved hands travelled downwards to caress the hero's butt.
Carrying his boyfriend, Wade made towards the nearest wall in the living room until Peter was
sandwiched between that wall and the merc's buff body.

Surprised, Peter asked: "Not to the bedroom?"

"The walls in the bedroom aren't much different, Petey. In fact, they are the same. 
Or do you feel uncomfortable with the snails watching?"

"Don't you want to... well... take me to your bed?"

"What's a plain old bed when you can stick to walls?"
He leaned forward to ask for another kiss.
Peter's answer was fueled by desire.

When their lips parted, Spider-Man released the mutate from the clutches of his limbs and attached
his soles and palms to the wall behind him.
He crawled upwards so his crotch was in front of Wade's face, at the right height.
His erection was held captive by the suit's trousers.

Wade looked up at the hero, admiring him and the beautiful shape of his body in the dim light of the
room.
His idol was stunning.

The merc tugged at the waistband gently, silently asking for permission to slip down the tight
trousers. And Peter gave it immediately.

They had managed to get Wade's head between Peter's thighs even though the blue pants were
gathered around the wallcrawler's knees.
The teenager was still sticking to the wall with the palm of his left hand, his upper legs resting on his
boyfriend's shoulders. The gloved hands under his butt kept him up.

Peter's right hand caressed Wade's disfigured head, his fingers playing with the few short hairs there
while he enjoyed what Wade was doing.
When Wade began to show off with his skills in earnest, the back of Peter's head hit the wall.
Rather than performing bobbing movements, the merc now settled on something else.
The top of his tongue pressed against the underside of Peter's hard-on, pushing it towards his belly.
Slowly, intensely, the tongue moved upwards, seemingly trying to engulf his length.
Peter moaned with pleasure.
This felt like the sweetest torture.
Wade definitely knew how to use his mouth for good.
He was dangerously close.

"Wade, stop... I'm gonna..."

In a matter of deciseconds, Wade's lips closed around Peter's cock before his tongue continued its
mission, doing all the right things.
Peter couldn't hold his orgasm back any longer.
His fingers clutched at the merc's skull, he groaned.

Wade hummed his approval, eager to taste his baby boy's cum.

~*~

Spider-Man left a few minutes after 5 am.
The sun had not risen yet as it was too early for dawn.
Wade watched his boyfriend leaving through the window. He would be back for dinner.
A bullet-shaped bottle was sitting on the nightstand.
A crumpled-up tissue was lying on the floor.
Not far from it, an empty condom wrapper.
The towel Peter had come out of shower with before they had messed up the pink sheets lay next to it.
Alone, the mutate closed his eyes to give himself over to hopefully nightmareless sleep.
"Indian curry or sushi?" Wade asked, standing in the living room with a cell phone in his hand. Despite the fact that it was nearly 6 pm, the man was still clad in white socks and pyjamas. Blueberry yoghurt-coloured pyjamas that had greeted Peter with the repetitive print of paws, simplistic faces of smiling cats, speech bubbles that said 'Meow' and the catchword 'CAT – A – STROPHE' plastered all over. Peter had to wonder where Wade had gotten children's jammies in his size.

The teen pondered the options before he answered. He wasn't too fond of either, but he didn't want Wade to think he was picky or bratty.

"Sushi."

"Good choice. Can I order the Deadpool Special for you too or do you have any anti-wishes?"

"Anti-wishes?" Peter raised an eyebrow under his mask.

"No? Wishes, then? I don't like tamago nigiri and noresore. Do you?"

"I." To be frank, Peter had no idea what that actually was. 

"..will eat just the same as you."

Wade made a phone call to order their dinner before he sat down on the sofa next to Peter and planted a quick kiss on the uncovered part of the hero's cheek. Startled but happy, Peter leaned against Wade's shoulder.

"Did you choose a movie yet?"

The merc pointed at the many DVD cases on the glass table in front of them.

Peter had divided them into three piles. One consisted of movies he had already seen, one of movies he had heard about and the third one of movies he didn't know at all. But so far, he had not made a decision. Had not known how to make one.

"No. All your DVDs are in blank cases. There's no cover or a text on the back. How am I supposed to choose when there are mysterious titles?" Peter explained.

"Mysterious titles?" Wade laughed.

Spider-Man pointed at the third pile.

"Tell me something about those movies so I can decide."

Bending forward, Wade opened the black case that was on top and read the title. DOA. "You don't know Dead or Alive?" Wade was shocked.
"It's based on a popular video game series that features sexy female fighters with bouncing boobs."

"Great.
We'll definitely not watch this one."

"But it's funny! And the boobs in the movie -"

"Next." Spider-Man commanded, interrupting Wade.

Wade closed the case and reached for the next one.

"Ah, Jennifer's Body.
It's some kind of comedy-horror.
There's this needy kid who's actually called Needy and her cheerleader friend turned succubus who starts to eat all the boys."

A thought crossed Peter's mind.
"Wait, is this that vampire flick with Megan Fox?
I don't like her."

"But she's gorgeous in this movie.
Give the girl a chance, Petey."

"Dismissed!"

"My, you're so stubborn."

The DVD case was closed and another one opened.

"Whoops!
I didn't know this was among them."
Wade quickly hid the DVD from Peter.

Of course the teen wanted to know what Wade was hiding, but when he tried snatching it from Wade, the man struggled so much that they soon fell off the sofa together, missing the glass table by mere inches, Spider-Man on top.

Wade surrendered and Peter won the case which he opened and read the title aloud.

"Pierced Holes?"

Wade, for a brief moment, wondered if he should tell the truth or make up a plot that included bouncing boobs so Peter would never want to watch it.
Fuck, he should have done that before trying to hide the movie.
He had made the matter fishy. Absolutely suspicious.

The merc exhaled before telling the truth, risking that his boyfriend might find him disgusting.
"It's gay porn.
All the bottoms have at least one piercing.
Hence the title."

Peter frowned and distorted his mouth.
"I assume we aren't talking about earrings and nose studs here."

"Nope, we aren't."
Inadvertently, Wade went on.
"There's this cutey with the guiche piercing.
Black circular barbell with cones.
Looks better than a silver captive bead ring, if you ask me."

The spider was not amused.

"Right. You didn't ask me.
I'll lock my mouth and lose the key."
Wade compressed his lips and threw the imaginary key away.

"You're such a loon," Peter declared matter-of-factly before he closed the black case and set it aside.
Sitting on Wade's body, his knees on either side of the merc's ribcage, he read the next title aloud.
"No Regret. Tell me more."

But Wade didn't say a word, still acting as if his mouth was locked.
He even pointed to his jaw to emphasize the problem.
When Peter did nothing but looking at him, he puckered his lips and made poor-puppy eyes at the hero.
"Since when do kisses open locks?" Peter questioned, but met Wade's scarred lips with his own to leave a peck nevertheless.

"Yours apparently do. You must have magical lips, Petey."

"I hope that also works the other way round and I can shut you up this way?"

"You can give it a few tries.
But my guess is that the magic tours your body.
So if it doesn't work, you should also try other parts of your body, baby boy," Wade purred and tactically placed his hands on his boyfriend's behind.

A hint of red overspread his cheeks.
Peter scolded himself for reacting so strongly to that man's nonsense.
He got up and retook his seat on the mint green sofa, determined to change the topic.
"Tell me something about this movie. No Regret."

The mutate used his hands as a pillow, his fingers entwined behind his head.
"Cute guy who looks like a bunny falls in love with another cute guy who looks like a puppy."

"Sounds like a boring, tame love story."

"Puppy guy is poor and becomes a hustler and bunny guy his rich and soon-to-wed john.
Puppy tells bunny to fuck off but he doesn't and they end up in a grave together."

"That's... terrible."

"Don't worry, they don't die. Not even in the car crash that follows."

"Thanks for that spoiler."

"Did I mention that their sex scene slash morning after scene is very nice?"

"You now did."

The next title, Peter couldn't read.
He held the DVD out to Wade so he could see the Chinese characters.
"Don't ask me how it's called. I have no idea. But there are subtitles and it's partly hilarious, partly gloomy. A beautiful hustler falls in love with a policeman."

"I assume the next one is about a hustler, too?"

Peter showed Wade the title that was written on the DVD.

"46億年の恋"

"Far from it! It's... hm... an art film set in a prison."

"I like art."
Peter put the case on the Wade-free space on the sofa.
"Photography, especially."

"I like to look at photos."

"I love to take photos. But my camera is broken and I can't afford a new one."

"Badly-paid job, huh?"

"Uhm.. yeah.." Spider-Man looked away as he answered.

"You should let people take pictures with you and charge them one dollar each. You're popular on the Internet. And everyone, including me, always complains that the pictures of you are blurry or taken from too far away. Only problem is – where will you put all the money?"
Wade thought about it for ten seconds.
"You need pouches! Lots of pouches!"

"I'm not a times square tourist attraction, Wade." Peter laughed.

"If I was popular, I'd totally do it!" Wade confessed.

Spider-Man opened the last DVD case.
"Repo?"

"Oh! That's an amazing movie! The female bodyguards are badass and Sarah Brightman sings Chromaggia."
Wade sang a few lines at the top of his lungs and terribly off-key:
"....Chromaggia, Perché non affronti il pericolo? La freccia era legata all'ala E lei volava per liberarsene."

"Is it a musical, you ask? My, yes, it is. And I know every song by heart."
Wade gasped.
"We could totally sing duets!"

Peter shook his head.
"Not gonna happen."
"Ah, Peter, you're no fun," the merc complained.
Then, without context, he said:
"I want to be a legal assassin, too."

A cold shiver ran down Peter's back.
A good guy? The concerned inner voice asked him again.

Peter was glad that the arrival of a delivery man interrupted his thoughts right this moment.
"Keep the change, Taiki."

"Sir, that's a 1,000 dollar bill."
The delivery boy looked at the money in his hand in disbelief.
"Thought those had gone extinct," he muttered.

"Give your old man my regards, don't do drugs and don't fall down the stairs, kiddo,"
Wade said before he kicked the door shut, the baffled teenage boy still standing outside.

Carrying a big transportation box, the merc came back to the living room.
"Dinner's ready, Peter," he exclaimed as he made his way to the wooden table.

Spider-Man was hiding in the kitchen, afraid that someone could spot him if he stayed in the living room. When he left the kitchen and saw Wade's bare face, he was confused.
"You didn't wear your mask when you opened the door?"

"No big deal. That kid has seen my face before.
I know his dad. Became a restaurant owner when he left the business after that battery acid attack.
The man looks like my cousin."
Wade was currently arranging two big plastic boxes and four small ones on the table.

Peter took the seat that was closer to the terrarium.
"That's -"

"Horrible, I know.
But always look on the bright side of life.
Tada!! Premium sushi!
Can you think of anything better coming out of a battery acid attack?"

"Best if it wouldn't have happened."

"But it happened. Can't be helped."
The merc handed Peter chopsticks and sat down.
"Bon appétit!"

Peter tried hard to master eating with the chopsticks.
However, all his attempts failed.
The tuna of the nigiri he had tried to pick up had fallen down and the rice lay in ruins.
Meanwhile, Wade had already stuffed himself with several pieces of sushi.
He had to admit defeat.

"Wade.. can I get a fork?"

The man looked at him, shock present in the features of his face.
"You didn't really say you want a fork, did you?"

"That's exactly what I said."

"But baby, you'll kill the sushi if you use a fork."
"You're talking nonsense. It isn't alive."

"You'll stab the beauty to death.
No, Petey, I won't allow such a crime. Not in my house."

"But I can't eat with them."
Spider-Man pointed at the chopsticks next to the destroyed nigiri in his box.

"You can eat with your hands. It's proper etiquette."

"As if."

"I'm serious. It is.
Or.. you want me to feed you?"
Chapter 43

Wade picked up a maki with avocado and acted as if it was an airplane floating across the sky that was scheduled to land on Spider-Man's tongue, all the while encouraging little Peter to permit landing aka to open his mouth.

"Wade, I'm not a baby!" Peter complained as the merc went about helping him like this.

"You're a man who can't eat with chopsticks. But that's not a fun scenario to play with. Or are you into the whole humiliation thing? Side note, I'm not."

"I ain't. And neither am I into age play." Peter crossed his arms in front of his body and frowned, wishing he wouldn't be so bad with the damn chopsticks.

Wade moved with his chair closer to the hero, careful not to drop the maki.

"Ok, I get it. You want to be fed like an adult. No aerial transportation. But what about subaqueous transportation? Your mouth can be an underwater harbor. It's the opposite of what toddlers get so it's ok for adults, isn't it?"

He rewarded himself for this smart evasion with the maki, forgetting that it was meant for Peter.

"Hey!"

Chewing, Wade realized his mistake and picked up another piece to hold it in front of Peter's mouth. He swallowed before speaking.

"Here comes the Nautilus."

This time, Spider-Man surrendered and opened his mouth so Wade could actually feed him.

He was amazed how good it tasted. He had only ever had sushi from the supermarket's frozen food section and never understood the hype about it. But this was something else. This was just delicious and the colourful ensemble on the table looked very nice. Only he found one thing missing.

"Why is there no wasabi?"

"Unnecessary. The right amount of wasabi is already added."

Peter nodded.

Wade chose to pick up a tuna nigiri next. He carefully lay it on its side and picked it up like this, one chopstick touching the fish side, the other one touching the rice side, held the nigiri upside down and let the fish briefly touch the soy sauce before eating it.

"And why do you pick up the sushi so weirdly?" Peter asked.

"Well, you want the fish on your tongue, not the rice. Also, you want to tap the soy sauce with the
fish, not with the rice."

"I thought the soy sauce was for the rice."

The merc pinched the bridge of his nose.
"Petey, you should be thankful that you met me for I can set you right on this. The sauce is there so you can dip the fish side of your nigiri and change its taste. Don't soak the rice in soy sauce. If you feel the irresistible urge to dip a maki, dip it for a nanosecond. And if you eat gunkan."

Wade picked up a pile of salmon roe that was penned up by a broad stripe of nori, directing it towards Peter first, then turning and eating it himself.
"..you can use a slice of ginger. It will drink in some sauce that you can smear over the topping with it."

Wade picked up another tuna nigiri, tapped the soy sauce with the fish and presented it to Peter who leaned forward to take it.

Covering his mouth with one hand, Peter, amazed at the taste, chewed and swallowed before he asked: "How come you know so much about sushi?"

"I've been to Japan a few times. Work-related. And there was this one time I hallucinated I had a Japanese wife and a resentful kid that wore my suit. At least I hope that was a hallucination. Japanese women and deadly kids are Wolverine's schtick. No. Full stop. Maybe it was Taiki's father who told me. Ah, damn, I can't even remember how I came to know this."

Wade hit his forehead with the lower palm of his left hand repeatedly, muttering "Shitty brain" and "Fuck" and a couple of other expletives.

Peter shifted on his chair. He didn't like it when Wade drew attention to his issues. He still didn't know how to react. The only thing he could come up with was distraction.

"And what's this? It doesn't really look like fish."

Two of the four small boxes contained riceless slices of something that looked different in structure and was deep red in colour. Peter was pretty sure that it was actually meat.

Wade looked up.
"Basashi."

"And that is..?"

"Raw horse meat," he said matter-of-factly.

The hero looked at the slices in shock. He had thought it to be something like beef carpaccio. But horse? Really? Who ate horse?

"You don't actually expect me to eat this, do you?"

"You had no anti-wishes. I asked you."

"I couldn't have known that you would order me horse meat!" Peter defended himself strongly.

Wade thought about that for a few seconds.
Was it so absurd that the Deadpool Special would come with horse sashimi? Maybe it was patently obvious only to him...

"Yeah, maybe I should have mentioned it," the merc admitted. "But hold your horses, it's not like I'm gonna force you to eat it. Your loss is my gain. Want another nigiri?"

"Yes." Rueful.

They emptied their boxes like this. Wade ate both servings of basashi and his own share of sushi while feeding his boyfriend in between.

Sure, he could just teach Peter how to use chopsticks correctly, but feeding the hero in this manner – Yellow Submarine, Skydiver, Red October, Hydronaut and many more made an appearance – was fun. And the spider didn't protest as long as he didn't overdo it.

In fact, Peter seemed to like the intimate act, too. Damn, they were such cheesy lovebirds, Wade thought as he savored the moment. No one else would let him feed them.

Well, maybe one person would, but would he ever come back?

When the last piece of sushi had vanished, Peter stated: "Man, that was amazing! Frozen sushi doesn't stand a chance."

"Frozen sushi is an abomination!" The merc exclaimed, hitting the table with his fist.

Peter laughed. Except for patrol, he wouldn't be able to spend time with Wade tomorrow. Minna and Gavin would visit in the evening to celebrate his birthday and Aunt May would welcome him with a homemade birthday cake and a neatly wrapped present right after school.

They never exchanged intimacies during patrol and parted after the obligatory fast food and chitchat. Wade knew that Spider-Man didn't want to risk being seen doing this in public and needed at least a few hours of sleep to function during his day. Maybe they could spend the evening together again on Saturday if he came up with a good reason for being away. He didn't like lying to Aunt May, but how should he tell her about his relationship with Wade? He hadn't even told her about his relationship with a girl his age. Which had been for the best. Otherwise he would have had to tell her about the break up, and its reason, as well.

"So.. may I serve the dessert?"

"Are you sex talking again?" Peter asked, grinning. He not so low-key hoped that Wade was sex talking. He wanted to do it again. Wanted it badly.

"Me, sex talking? How dare you! I'm a lady. I do ladies' things. And since that's not a ladies' thing, I'd never do it." Wade chuckled and reached for a small box to pick up the skewer that held three dumplings. One pink, one white and one green.

"Here." He gave Peter the skewer. "It's called dango. Not tango."
Chapter 44

The end credits of the movie were rolling and Peter shifted in Wade's embrace. They were lying squeezed on the sofa, basically spooning.

Wade had been unusually quiet during the movie's runtime. Something the teen had not thought possible. This was Deadpool after all. The silence, broken only by a couple of sighs, was rather intimidating and Peter hadn't dared to speak up and ask any questions for the last 85 minutes. And hell, yes, he had questions.

The movie, 《46億年の恋》, was strange and confusing. He didn't understand it at all. Wade had called this an art film. Peter had expected something completely different. He should google the term tomorrow to find out if this was what an art film was supposed to be.

"Odd movie," Peter said to start a conversation.

"Why odd?" The man asked.

"What's with that inconsistent tattoo? It's there, then it's missing. Did they sometimes forget to draw it on the actor? What's with the dancer? Is Kazuki even gay? I don't get it!"

"The tattoo is never really there. It's symbolic. Just as the dancer is. I think neither of those two are gay... You disliked the movie?"

"Hm.. it just made no sense to me."

"Yeah, well, you have to make your own sense of it."

"Why do you like it?"

"Because you have to make your own sense of it. And the visuals relax my brain."

"Hm.." was all that Peter could say.

~*~

After maybe 20 minutes of, much to Peter's disappointment, chaste cuddling on the sofa, the hero and his sidekick left for patrol.

Patrolling the city like every night, they ran into a group of thugs, a burglar trio and a man who was carrying a pet carrier, desperately searching for his runaway Wilson White chinchilla. Deadpool was delighted that someone had named a breed after him – which was, of course, not true – and declared it his personal mission to find the fluffy rodent. Spider-Man thought it was pointless to search for some small animal in a New York neighborhood, but here he was, doing exactly that.

It took them nearly two hours until Wade found the chinchilla hiding behind a pile of old furniture in the back of a blind alley and more than 15 minutes until they had managed to catch the frightened animal. Peter had blocked the way out with his webs, creating an enclosure, and Deadpool and the pet owner
had tried to get hold of the white fluffball that, when the man called it, ironically turned out to be a female named Mrs. Wilson. Not that the girl was married, but whatever. The whole thing ended with Mrs. Wilson suddenly sitting on Mr. Wilson's head. The animal seemed to consider this the safest place for now. For whatever reason.

Once the rodent was back in its carrier, the owner overjoyed and thankful, and Wade had bid adieu to her, they strolled around, discussing their late-night snack options and joking about the rescue of Wade's wife. They were just walking through one of the shadier parts of the city when two figures approached them.
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Spider-Man eyed the two flashy dressed figures that were heading their way on the otherwise deserted street critically. They sported slutty dresses that showed off their tits underneath their open coats and were balancing on the high heels of their overknees. The heavily applied red lipstick and eye makeup gave their overall appearance the final touch. Whores, Peter concluded.

Did those people really think that heroes were interested in prostitutes?
As if a hero would ever go that low.
Even if he was straight and in his forties, he wouldn't associate with them.

When the pair was only a couple of steps away, the one who wore an orange dress, seemingly shy in front of Deadpool and Spider-Man, clutched the other's upper arm for safety and to communicate that she wouldn't be the one to chat the men up.
The one wearing a pink dress was pushed to do that duty.

"You're Mr. Deadpool, aren't you?"

Something about her didn't seem right to Peter.
The voice?
The light was bad, but the more he looked at that person, the more he noticed the rather manly shape of the face. And was that an Adam's apple?

"Why, yes I am," Wade answered, smiling at the brave girl through his mask.
The merc didn't seem to mind the company.
"What's the matter, my fair lady?
Is it the night of the runaway pet and you need help finding your chinchilla, too?"

For a few seconds, the woman looked at the merc. Confusion visible on her face.

"I.. uhm.. do not have a chinchilla."

"A degu then?"

Now the other one spoke up, talking a little too fast due to nervousness.
"We saw you walking by and wanted to thank you for saving us and all the others the other day. We'd be dead or worse if you hadn't shown up."

Peter raised an eyebrow.
Wade had not told him about this.
He was proud of the merc, but he didn't like the fact that he wasn't in the picture here.
What had happened? When?

Wade couldn't believe that, for the second time in one night, someone thanked him. Whenever they saved people that were in a condition to say thank you, they always thanked Spider-Man and didn't care that he had helped.
He tried to downplay his efforts, but the women wouldn't let him.
They practically worshipped him as their saviour.

Peter stood a few steps away, feeling ignored and angry.
He disliked how his boyfriend acted all gentleman with them.
Orange dress asked if she could touch his biceps and Wade let her, even striking a pose for her.
When the tranny and the other whore offered Deadpool their services for free to reward him for his intervention, he nearly lost it.
Even though Wade assured them that he didn't want anything in return, Peter was furious.

After they had left, Wade finally noticed him again.

"Something wrong, Spidey?
You're kinda sending out negative vibes," Deadpool said, still kind of high from all the praise and attention those lovely ladies had given him.

"You sure you didn't actually want the reward?
From the female one, I mean. Not from the tranny freak."

"Tranny freak?
Spidey, that's so offensive. Didn't your momma tell you that the term is transwoman?"

A few cars passed by. A few pedestrians were walking on the other side of the street. No answer.

"If I was interested in the reward they offered me, I wouldn't push either of them out of bed. Or the back alley. Both were super cute."

Spider-Man, enraged, pushed Deadpool against the nearest wall. One hand grabbed the man's shoulder, one hit the wall behind him right next to the merc's face.
"Just shut up!" Peter shouted.

Chapter End Notes

Btw, today (May 2) is my birthday. ^ ^
Leaving Deadpool behind without another word, Spider-Man swung away.

The further Peter got away, the more he was able to distance himself from his anger. And the more he distanced himself from his anger, the more he was sorry for lashing out at Wade. Yes, Wade had been an insensitive asshole again. But the man didn't seem to understand that his if-scenarios, just like his celebrity crushes, were hurting Peter. And he really couldn't have known that he would strike a nerve by mentioning Peter's mother.

The young hero made a sudden stop on the roof of an apartment building. Last time, Wade had had an episode. What if this was happening again right now? He had left a man who might be fighting with voices in his head behind. A heavily-armed man who might be fighting with voices in his head. He had to go back.

A few minutes later, Spider-Man was back in the street with the wall that he had bruised. Deadpool wasn't there anymore. Peter looked around, frantically searching for the red of the merc's suit. Where had Wade gone?

He swung around the area, hoping he would find the man. His heart was beating fast. His mind was racing. Should he turn left or right? Was Wade still in the open or had he entered a building? If so, this search was pointless.

He felt like crying. This was his fault. This situation wouldn't have occurred if he had not overreacted. When he was with Wade, he didn't keep himself in check as much as he did when he was around other people. When he was with Wade, he had the opportunity to be someone he wasn't in his daily life – someone who was not like, and at the same time was more like, himself. When there was only Wade and him, he was not Peter Parker, he was not Spider-Man. He was a Peter neither his friends nor Aunt May knew. And right now, he questioned if he liked that Peter.

~*~

Peter had spent more than 40 minutes searching for Wade when he finally spotted him. Deadpool was running down the street towards the next intersection.

Watching him running away, the teen wondered if he should stop Wade with a web, appear in front of him or follow him to his destination. Maybe it was better to follow him. At least until they were somewhere without witnesses. Who knew how the man would react the moment he saw Peter.
Soon, it became clear that Wade was heading home.
There was light in Wade’s bedroom. Peter spotted the luminous window the moment he turned into the narrow alleyway that separated the apartment complex Wade lived in from the next building. He had given Deadpool a head start a few streets ago to minimize the risk of being discovered. However, the merc must have climbed the stairs hurriedly to have arrived at his abode on the 5th floor already.

Spider-Man touched the familiar wall with one gloved hand that stuck to the surface. He felt uneasy and needed a moment to contemplate before he took his courage in both hands and crawled up towards the Spidey door.

Meanwhile, Wade was in the bathroom, changing into a pair of Captain America boxer shorts and a white T-shirt to hit the pillow and maybe cry for a while. Not being able to get drunk was real great in times like these. He wanted to drink himself to oblivion, but just getting tipsy required a shitload of hard liquor and lasted five minutes at most. He hated his life so much. These days, Peter was the only good thing in his life. And good things, of course, never lasted long for him. They either imploded or he made them explode.

[Oh, I love it when you do that. Makes me explode with laughter every time. Your inability to learn your lesson is absolutely hilarious.]

Wade splashed his face with cold water before he took a look in the mirror. What he saw was the ugly embodiment of a fuck up. And he loathed it.

[What? Your outside matches your inside. Congratulations! Think of all the terrible people that are beautiful on the outside. Now that’s a tragedy to shed tears over. It just doesn’t match!]

Wade wailed.

[Oops! I forgot you once were one of them. Well, now you are a daily comedy show. Hurry up! Do something that makes us laugh again!]

Wade was tempted to crash his head into the mirror. But what good would it do? He knew that the mean voice would not vanish. Nothing would change.

However, just for the hell of it, he did it.

The sound of glass breaking and shattering reached Peter who had just entered through the window. Alarmed, the hero rushed to the bathroom.
The door was open.

Wade stood in front of the sink, the mirror above it was broken. Approaching him, Peter noticed splinters of glass in his face and blood that ran down from many cuts.

"For God's sake! What the fuck are you doing, Wade?"
Peter screamed, knowing full well that he shouldn't scream at the man right now. But he couldn't keep his cool and stay calm. The situation was too much.

Wade looked away. He didn't want to explain himself. When Spider-Man touched his shoulder, he winced.

"Wade? Hey?"
But Wade didn't answer. When Peter reached for his injured cheek, he flinched.

The teen carefully removed the bits of broken glass from his boyfriend's healing face, all the while telling him that he was sorry for what had happened.

"Petey, you shouldn't be sorry. I'm to blame. It's all my fault."

"No, I've been a jerk."

"No, I -"

"I insist on that. It was wrong of me to lash out at you like this."

"But I.."
Wade wasn't convinced, but he was too tired to argue the case for his own guilt. So he gave up.

"Ouch! Careful with the deglazing."

~*~

Somehow, Peter managed to coax Wade into leaving the bathroom. Wade collapsed into bed. It came as a surprise that Peter followed suit and even snuggled up to the mutate. He usually didn't want to spend the time after patrol with Wade. Yesterday had been an exception. Two exceptions in a row. Who would complain?

"By the way, you don't have to worry about your radioactive sperm giving me cancer. Nothing new to come in that department."

"Wade.. really? Stop talking nonsense."

"Wasn't me who came up with that."

"For the last time. The spider that bit me was genetically modified, not radioactive."

"Maybe it was both. How 'bout that?"
Peter rolled his eyes under the mask.
"Whatever. My sperm is not radioactive."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Sure-sure?"

"Yes."
Peter yawned.

"Okay. Being sure-sure is as good as having been tested negative."

"Wade.. cut it out now. No one gets radioactive sperm from a radioactive spider bite. That's bad sci-fi."
"Fuck! Why didn't you wake me up, Wade?"

Peter, still clad in his suit from head to toe, jumped out of bed. He had just woken up to a noise outside. Maybe some alley cat was chasing a sewer rat through the back street. Judging by the early morning light, it had to be around 7 am which meant that he had to rush home, change clothes, grab his satchel and something to eat and hurry to school to make it on time to first period – if he was lucky. Fortunately, Aunt May wouldn't be back home for about another hour so he didn't have to worry about running into her.

"Didn't know you had to leave so early, Spiderella," Wade replied. "What will happen if you stay? Will you turn into some pitiful guy? Will your web fluid turn into pumpkin puree?" He joked.

Spider-Man glared at the merc, the white of his mask's eye patches narrowed.

"Come on, just call in sick. I want to stay in bed with you, Petey."

"It's not that easy. And I can't laze about like you do all day long! Bye."
And he had both feet and the rest of his body out the window.

"I don't laze about all day long," Wade protested, but no one heard it. He decided to change the sheets and go shopping for a bin and a roller blind today. He was clearly NOT lazy.

~*~

Peter arrived at school ten minutes too late. He had had no time to pick the shabby black backpack he put his ordinary clothes in before visiting Wade up. Hopefully, it would still be where he had left it yesterday when he would go to retrieve it after patrol. Otherwise, he would lose a nice pair of jeans, a sweater and a pair of old, comfortable sneakers. And the backpack itself, of course.

After apologizing for his tardiness, he took his seat in the first row and started to take notes, ignoring the malignant glances he got from the boys that loved to pick on him. He had already noticed the fresh chewing gum under his table that he would have to remove later so that the cleaning staff wouldn't see it and accuse him of sticking it there.

The hours went by slowly. It was hard to pay attention today with the extensive lack of sleep taking a toll on him. Last night, he had been so sleep-deprived that he had fallen asleep in Wade's bed when he had actually wanted to go home once Wade had calmed down. He mentally thanked the chinchilla-chasing cat for waking him up just in time. He yawned.

Chinchilla-chasing cat? What? His brain really wasn't working right today.
How much sleep had he gotten? Two hours?
And the night before? Barely an hour, after he had made it home.
Peter massaged his temples with his fingers, but smiled at the memory of Wednesday night.
It had been worth it. The so-called Merc with a Mouth really knew how to use his mouth.
Peter blushed at the particular memory.
Sex with Wade was just so good.
Absently, he didn't catch that the biology teacher had just asked him a question.
When she called him by name insistently, she startled him out of his thoughts.

"Uhm.. what was the question again?"

"I asked you what the donor cell produces to attach to the recipient cell," the middle-aged woman with curly black hair said sternly.

He heard someone giggling behind him, but answered the question anyway.
"It's called the sex pilus. It establishes cell-to-cell contact and triggers the formation of a mating bridge."

A couple of students cackled.
The school bell rang and everyone left the specially equipped classroom for lunch break.
When Peter passed the teacher's desk, she asked him to stay.
He slouched his shoulders and turned around.

"Are my classes boring to you, Mr. Parker?"

"What? No, of course not!
It's very interesting. I really like biology."

"You were yawning and you didn't pay attention."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Thompson. I didn't sleep well last night. I wasn't commenting on your teaching or anything. I'm just tired."

"Is that so? Well, I think I'll let it pass this time. However, I'll have my eye on you and will report your behaviour to your parents if that happens more often."

"Aunt," Peter corrected.

"What was that?" Mrs. Thompson asked.

"My parents are dead. You'll have to report to my aunt."
Peter walked away, not waiting for the teacher's permission to leave.

On his way to the school cafeteria, the usual group of bullies was waiting for him.
When Peter passed by, they whistled at him in mockery and started to follow him.
The hallway was deserted since no student had any business being in this wing of the school building during lunch break.

"Hey, Parker. I bet you are very familiar with piluses," one of them pointed out and guffawed. The other guys laughed along.

Pili, Peter thought to himself, restraining himself from running down the hallway.
He knew that they would chase him like prey if he did that.
And he wouldn't allow himself to be reduced to a frightened rabbit that fled from a pack of hounds. He had dignity.

They forced him into a corner and positioned themselves in a way that made escape virtually impossible.
For Spider-Man, it would be easy to deal with four jocks, but for Peter Parker...
He couldn't do much more than dodge their attacks. And even that would be suspicious.

When Peter didn't answer, the taunting went on.
"Or are you a virgin fag that didn't do the mating bridge yet?"
"As far as I know, I'm not a bacterium and I don't receive or pass on plasmids," Peter spat.
"Gays pass on AIDS instead," an other guy commented and all of them chuckled.

When they took notice of the click-clack noises stiletto-heeled shoes made, the pack withdrew and moved off quickly.
Peter hurried away too since he had no interest in meeting a teacher and being asked why he was still in this wing now.

Peter decided that he wouldn't tell Gavin and Minna about what had just happened.

Minna beckoned him over when he entered the cafeteria.
His friends were sitting at one of the round tables in the back.
When Peter came closer, he noticed that the blonde girl was looking him over.
"You look like shit, Peter."
"Thanks." He sat down. What a lovely welcome.

But the high school junior was right. His hair was always a mess after wearing the mask. And he had had no time to wash it before setting off for school. Furthermore, the clothes he was wearing were unironed and didn't match well. The dark circles under his eyes a tell-tale sign of fatigue.

"Dude, were you up all night?" Gavin asked.
"Not all night. I got two hours of sleep."
"Two hours? What in the world did you do last night? And don't say you studied."

Peter sighed.
"I helped my boyfriend with something."

The two juniors looked at each other knowingly.
"Not that something!" Peter clarified.
"If you say so," Minna commented. She didn't seem convinced.

He opened his satchel and took his lunch, which would be his first meal today, out of it.
A Granny Smith apple, a Snickers and a bottle of water.
His friends gave him a sympathetic look.
Peter watched the brunette boy stuffing himself with delicious-looking pasta salad and Minna bit into her grilled chicken wrap. His stomach rumbled.

He opened his Snickers bar and took a bite.

Had they forgotten that today was his birthday?

Gavin took pity on him and pushed his blue lunch box with the remaining food and the used fork towards him.

"Happy 17th Birthday, Peter."

Peter thanked him and started to dig in happily.

Minna laughed and congratulated him, too.

Peter confessed that he had told his aunt he would meet his friends whenever he had left to meet his boyfriend and begged them not to give him away if anything came up in conversation later today.

They didn't look happy but promised that they wouldn't blow his cover.

~*~

At a quarter to four, he unfortunately found himself in close proximity to the pack of assholes again. And what was more, he was alone with them in the boys' locker room.

The P.E. teacher had told them and Peter to store the equipment away which had taken quite a while.

The other students had already left by now.

The teen came to the conclusion that this was what people called cruel fate.

"Hey, Parker. Ethan and me have a bet going. He says you're the one who fucks. I say you let them fuck you. Who's right?" Oliver demanded to know.

Peter tried to ignore them as he took off his sweaty T-shirt.

He especially tried to ignore Oliver's eyes on him.

When he didn't respond to another angry "Hey!", the group of guys drew closer to him.

Dylan shoved him against the lockers.

"Oliver has asked you something, fag."

"That's none of your business," Peter said, trying to keep calm even though his spider-sense advised him differently.

If things got out of hand, he'd be bent on breaking a nose or two.

But thinking of the consequences, he'd rather not.

"It clearly is my business when my money is involved." An evil grin played around the corners of Oliver's mouth. "Answer or prepare to lose some teeth."

The jock's fist hit the locker door at the height Peter's face had been a split second before.

Peter had dodged the blow and the high school senior was crying out in pain.

However, the others came to Oliver's assistance and attacked the hero-at-night all together.

They stopped beating him up when he kicked Dylan, who was the buffest among them, in the stomach and he went down, howling.

Peter glared at them, ready to deliver another kick.

Ethan, who obviously was the one least interested in a kick in the gut, backpedaled.

"Guys, let's go easy on him. What would his aunty say if he came home all roughed up on his birthday?"
"Yeah, how shall he eat his cake when all his teeth are missing?" Jared threw in.

"Cake? The little pansy will get a cream pie today, I'm sure." Oliver mocked and the pack started to laugh – all except Dylan who looked as if he was about to vomit.

"Homos are so disgusting!" Jared exclaimed.

Peter grabbed his stuff and made a run for the door. He'd change clothes in one of the school's restrooms. That was better than staying in the locker room any longer.
"It's just a scratch!" Spider-Man tried to trivialize the bleeding wound across his shoulder blade when Deadpool insisted that it needed treatment. The drug dealer responsible for the injury was hanging upside down from the street lamp, properly gagged and wrapped up in a cocoon made of webbing. He struggled, making an effort to get free.

"Over, under, around and through. Rock-paper-scissors. One inch equals 2.54 centimeters. I win! The loser has to come with me and let me treat the cut," Deadpool proclaimed and pointed the thanatophoric end of his katana at the guy's nose who froze and stopped moving. If it wasn't for the hero, he would have killed him for hurting the hero.

"Unfair game." Was Peter's reply, but he obeyed. His shoulder did hurt. So much for today's patrol.

Peter, now topless, was sitting on Wade's bed as the man cleaned, disinfected and stitched up the wound. It was a deeper cut than the teen had assumed and even though the wound wasn't bleeding anymore, it really was better to have it taken care of. The first-aid kit had everything ready and Peter had a flashback to the night Deadpool had brought him here after he had gotten shot. In retrospect, it had been quite the lucky shot. Not only had the bullet gone through-and-through without harming vital organs, the gunshot had also hooked him up with Wade.

Wade covered the stitched wound with a dressing that featured a layer of activated charcoal with silver enclosed in a nylon sleeve and taped the four sides to Peter's skin before he applied a bandage for protection. When he had finished, he hugged Spider-Man from behind and planted an affectionate kiss on the junction between the hero's shoulder and neck.

"You should have let me shoot that guy the moment he produced that switchblade out of his ass. Don't give people freebies just because you have accelerated healing. Next time, I will make them pay first. And the price will be so high, they will drop dead."

"I don't want them dead, Wade."

"And I don't want you dead, baby boy."

He removed the surgical gloves and, from where he was sitting on the bed, tossed them into the bin that stood next to the nightstand. Peter put his shirt back on. Wade wrapped his arms around the other mutate protectively and held him even tighter than before.

Peter enjoyed the man's bodily warmth as the autumn night let itself in through the open window. He thought of Monday morning, the continuation of Friday, and leaned into the merc's strong body, trying to banish those thoughts. He was still here. With Wade.

They let the minutes pass by wordlessly.

There was one thing that wouldn't stop nudging his mind with its figurative elbow.
A few days ago, after sex, Wade had told him that he wished he could see his face. It had been a simple statement, nothing more. He had not asked for it or demanded it. It was understandable that Wade felt like this. If things were the other way round, if Wade were the one wearing a mask all the time, he would surely feel the same. And he trusted Wade. The merc wouldn't dig for more information and sell him out. This felt like the right moment to take his mask off.

"You want to see my face, right?" Peter started.

"Yes, very much!" Wade shot ahead of himself. "I mean... I get the whole secret identity caboodle. It's just... I can't lick your eyeballs when you wear a mask?"

"That's sick!" The teen replied, understanding that Wade was slipping into his joky persona again. "I can't take you to a maybug-infested lawn where we squeal like little girls as the bugs fly up our skirts and touch our legs with their weird little feet, can I?"

"That would be a downright ridiculous date. And I'm not taking my mask off to wear a skirt!"

"You're absolutely right. Summer dresses are way better. I will do your makeup and braid your hair and you'll look stunning!"

"Wade, be serious here."

"But Petey, I am serious."

"Yeah, of course," Peter said with dry sarcasm. Wade sighed. "I can't ruffle through your brunettey locks or lock eyes with you. I don't know the colour of your eyes or the shape of your brows. Do you have a beauty mark like Dita Von Teese? How long are your eyelashes? I've never seen the lust in your eyes when you moan for more. Or the expression in them when you smile."

Peter freed himself from Wade's tight embrace and turned around to face the man. This was the moment of disclosure. Slowly, he rolled the mask up until it sat on his nose as usual.

Wade felt his heart beating in anticipation. He had caught himself filling in the blanks, imagining Peter's face so many times and in so many different versions. It had become a phantom that teased him in his daydreams. Now, he'd see what he hadn't been allowed to see before. This wasn't about judging the man's handsomeness or anything superficial like that. Honestly, this was the opposite of something superficial. This was deep.

He watched as Spider-Man bit his lower lip and pulled his mask off completely. Suddenly, a pair of pretty hazel eyes, shy but curious, stared at him. Studying the features that were new to him, Wade noticed that Peter looked so very young.
"I know that there are people that look way younger than they are. But wow, Petey, you look like 16."

In the interest of disclosure, Peter decided to tell Wade his age. First name, face, age. This was like putting together a package full of trust and giving it to his boyfriend.

"I'm 17."

Wade shook his head in disbelief and laughed. "Bad joke, Peter. Very bad joke."

But Peter insisted. "I mean it, Wade. I'm 17."

Wade searched the hero's face for a sign of untruth, but there was none.

"You're Spider-Man, not Spider-Teen!" Wade tried. He refused to believe this.

"Yeah, well, who would take me seriously if I introduced myself as a teenager? No one would choose such a name!"

"Negasonic Teenage Warhead did." The merc retorted. But Peter... he wasn't kidding? "You really are..?"

"Yes, I am."

The realization dawned upon him. He started to tremble.

"I... had sex with a 17-year-old?"

He heard the voices' splitting laughter. They came nearer and grew louder. Nearer, louder. Nearer, louder.

"16," Peter said truthfully.

"17!" Wade corrected, unsure if he corrected Peter or one of the voices in his head. The clutter of sounds made it hard to distinguish between Peter's voice and the pests.

"No... I was still 16 the last time we had sex. I turned 17 on Friday," Peter explained. Aghast and shocked at learning Peter's age, Wade buried his face in his hands. His upper body moved back and forth, vaguely mimicking the rocking that calmed infants down as the voices became more and more vicious and more and more scornful.

[Pedophile!]

{Kiddy fiddler!}

[Child fucker!]

"Shut up! I didn't know he's a kid!" Wade screamed, battling against the waves.

"I'm not a kid!" Peter tried to argue, but Wade didn't even listen.

"He didn't tell me! He lied to me!"
"I didn't lie to you!" Peter's voice grew louder. "You never asked for my age!"

[You didn't ask! You idiot! You're just too stupid!]

"I thought he was older! He made me think he was older!"

"I didn't make you..."

{Turned out fucking 16. Sweet, sweet sixteen.}

[And we aren't even in Alabama.]

{Sweet home Alabama. Where the skies are so blue.}

[You're a rapist!]

{You're scum!}

Slowly, Wade's hands left his face.
He looked at Peter in horror.

"I raped you. I'm a rapist."

"What? Wade, no!"

Peter couldn't believe what he heard Wade saying.
Wade had not raped him.
He reached out to him, but Wade evaded his hand.

"Don't touch me!" He backed away, off the bed.
His voice a mix of fear and fury.

"Wade, you didn't rape me. I wanted to have sex with you. It was consensual."

"No, it wasn't. You were 16. Too young to consent," he screamed.
"And that makes it rape!"

"I turned 17 a few days later.
Wade, please, I'm not gonna tell anyone. It doesn't matter if I was 16 or 17."

"You're right. It really doesn't matter.
I fucked a child either way!"
The terror in his head became unbearable.

In despair, Peter tried to approach Wade, tried to touch him, to comfort him, but the man wouldn't have any of it.

"Don't come any closer, kid!" Wade commanded, drawing the gun from the holster around his thigh.
"As always, I'm either rejected or betrayed."

"I didn't betray you," Peter cried.
"Why do you even care about age? You're a fucking assassin! You have no morals when it's about killing people. But when it's about fucking, you are morally obliged?"

Suddenly, the gun was leveled at him.
Peter looked at Wade whose face was distorted with rage and pain.
"Get the hell out of here!"

"You'd never harm me, Wade."

"True." Wade laughed.
"But I would shoot myself."
He turned the weapon on himself, pointing its barrel to the side of his head.
"Now get out!"

With tears running down his face, Peter took a few steps back and reached for his mask that was lying on the bed. He put it on before he made towards the window. Wade was still standing in the middle of the room, trigger finger ready. Wordlessly, he left the room through the window.

When Peter was not yet far away, he heard a single gunshot and broke down crying on a rooftop.
Day 39 – Monday

Somehow, he had made it home roughly two hours ago. Peter was lying in his bed, the pieces of the Spider-Man suit on the floor and the mask tossed into a corner of his bedroom. The fingers of his left hand fiddled around with one of the buttons on his pyjamas. The teenager was glad that Aunt May wasn't home. She was still at work as it was shortly after three am.

He hadn't stopped crying yet, exhausting himself more with every tear that formed in his eyes and every sob that left his throat. His chin was trembling uncontrollably and he was unable to breathe through his nose, the snot blocking his nostrils. He had cried himself to a headache. A headache so severe and brutal that he was pressing one of his palms against his forehead, wishing that it would just stop and questioning if the pressure he felt would crush his skull.

Again, being honest with someone had ended in disaster. He shouldn't have revealed his face, shouldn't have told Wade his age. Everything would still be the way it had been before if he hadn't done that. He wouldn't cry his eyes out now.

The emotional turmoil made his stomach hiccup along with the heavy sobs. All of a sudden, Peter felt terribly nauseous. He made for the bathroom as quickly as possible and threw up the moment he reached the toilet. The uprisings didn't end before Peter had brought up all the food that had been in his stomach and a good amount of nothing but digestive juice.

When he had regained some energy, the teen got up from the cold bathroom floor, flushed the toilet, washed his hands and mouth with cold water and went back to his room. Now that he had thrown up, he felt a little better. Physically, at least. He hid all the pieces of his suit in the back of his wardrobe and collapsed into bed where the exhaustion lulled him to pitch-black, dreamless sleep.

~*~

When the preset alarm clock went off and woke Peter up, he felt numb. Numb with some underlying sadness that wouldn't quite make it to the surface. But except for that, he didn't feel anything. With his mind in a haze, he got ready for school and left the house.

The teacher was late for first period and given the opportunity, of course Oliver and his gang of assholes proceeded to harass him. Within seconds, they had surrounded his seat, watched by the other students who either kept silent in fear of becoming a victim themselves or in anticipation of some cheap entertainment.

Oliver, who had positioned himself right in front of Peter, seized his pencil case and let its contents rain on the table. Peter just looked at him with empty eyes. He didn't care about the pens and pencils. He didn't care about Oliver and his dumb friends.
"What's wrong, Parker? Too afraid to say something?"

And what was more, he didn't care about the consequences.

Without holding his super strength back, the teen pushed his table into Oliver who, as sudden as it was happening, had no chance to dodge.
The bully fell backwards to the ground, the table on top of him. His scream of shock and pain cut through the silence in the room.
All eyes were on Peter who was still sitting on his chair as if he had not done anything.
And while Peter knew that he had done something, he sincerely didn't feel as if he had done something bad.

Of course, the old Parker Luck just had to strike that moment.
The teacher was standing in the door, looking at the boy on the ground, then at Peter.
Disbelief, bewilderment and then anger found expression on his face.

~*~

The stunt Peter had pulled in the morning had earned him a visit to the principal's office and two hours of detention every afternoon for the next two weeks.
He had not even tried to explain himself, knowing full well that revealing the reasons and asking for justice would have a poor outcome.

So here he was, waiting for the last 20 minutes of today's detention to pass, debating with himself if he should go to Wade's place to talk to him or not.
He didn't want their relationship to be over.
Who had given Wade the right to decide for both of them that their relationship was inherently bad and had to end?
Why did Peter's opinion not matter at all?
Maybe, if Wade would just listen to what Peter had to say, they could start over.

In the end, his wounded shoulder made the decision for him.
The stitches started to itch under the bandage.
Peter knew that, due to his enhanced healing, it was already time to have them removed.
And who else could he ask to do that for him?
When the clock finally showed 5:30, he got permission to leave.

~*~

Hiding his face in the hood of his black jacket, Peter walked towards the building where Wade lived.
He kept his head down to avoid people's eyes as he didn't want anyone to get a good look at him.
He didn't want to be seen going to Wade's place.
Since Deadpool had no secret identity, the neighborhood might as well know who was living there.
And some teenager visiting Wade Wilson might raise suspicion.
Maybe Peter was a little paranoid. However, it seemed wise to him to hide his identity around here.
It was the first time Peter was heading to Wade as Peter, not as Spider-Man.

After climbing the stairs to the 5th floor, the teenager stood in front of the apartment's door.
There was no bell, he'd have to knock at the door.

It took Peter several minutes to bring himself to raise his fist and knock once.
When nothing happened, he knocked again, now more determined, and waited.
Was Wade even at home?
Suddenly, there was the sound of heavy footsteps getting closer to the door and a harsh voice — clearly Wade's, but it sounded so different — barked through the closed door, "Who's it? What's it? If it's door-to-door, you better fuck right off or I'll shoot you in the face!"

Peter tensed up, a tingle running through his body, but he would not shy away from this confrontation. "It's me," he answered, keeping his voice strong, "Let me in, Wade."

"You? Go away!" Came the rebuff from behind the door.

"Let me in, Wade. Please," the teen begged.

"No! You have no business here! Get lost!" Wade's voice grew even harsher.

"But I need your help!" Peter desperately reasoned.

"As if! You're just lying to me again!"

Wade's distrust hit Peter hard. But albeit he had never right out lied to the man, he had not told him the truth either. He knew that he had given Wade enough reason to distrust him.

"No, I really need your help! My shoulder wound -"

"Ask someone else to help you!"

"There's no one else I could ask. Wade, please."

The kid sounded so desperate and honest that Wade couldn't bring himself to send him away. If he really was the only person Peter could ask for help, he had to help him. He rested his forehead against the door and closed his eyes for a moment before he opened the door and let Peter in.

For the first time, Peter entered the apartment through the door instead of the window. He was stooping in, hiding in his jacket.

"Thanks," the teen said and Wade closed the door behind him.

"Well, you would have kicked my door in otherwise."

"Hm," Peter replied and removed his hood. When he looked around, he saw blood stains on the floor and wall. His eyes were glued to the biggest stain, unable to look away. Wade noticed.

"So.. your wound?" He started.

"Yes, the stitches itch. I think they have to be removed already. I can't ask anyone else without having to explain how I got this wound and who did the wound care."

"So the last person you should go to is the only person you can go to," Wade concluded, a sad pitch in his voice.

Peter ignored that comment and made towards the bed, but the merc immediately stopped him.

"No, not on the bed. Let's do this in the living room. Sit on a chair."
"Okay."
Less than 24 hours ago, the bed had been just fine.
Chapter 51

After Wade had removed the stitches and Peter had put his shirt back on, the healing wound being covered and protected by a big patch and medical tape, the teen turned around to look Wade straight in the eye. Or so he had attempted. The man was busying himself with rearranging the items in the first-aid kit, obviously to avoid having to look at Peter. Sighing for past times, Peter took a step forward.

“Wade?” he started, asking for the merc’s attention.

Wade closed the kit, but left it right where it was on the table before he turned towards the hero. With eyes that shied away from Peter’s face and exhaustion present in his voice, Wade said: “You should leave now.”

“Wade.. can we.. can we, please, talk?” Peter didn’t dare to invade the man’s personal space although he wished he could just wrap his arms around his boyfriend and bury his face in his chest while Wade would pull him even closer. But just breaching the surface of that personal bubble could court disaster and Peter was so afraid of provoking a bad reaction that he stayed right where he was, two steps away from Wade.

“Talk about what?” Wade demanded to know.

He wished Peter would just leave. Being trapped in a face-to-face situation with the boy he had been sexual with and would have never been if he had known his actual age was too much. He felt the strong urge to press the gun in his belt holster to his temple and pull the trigger. Again.

“What’s the point of talking about us? You’re 17, Peter! Us should have never been a thing.”

“About us,” Peter clarified, “without you pulling a gun on me. Or yourself.”

Even though Wade had blown his brains out a few times in the early morning hours, his memory of last night wasn’t affected much. The crucial words and actions were etched in his mind and he couldn’t free himself of them. The voices had had a fun time re-enacting it, as if they were doing a play reading, complete with stage directions and ideophones. Bang.

He had visited the lonely realms of death at the end of each of their plays. Short moments of silence before life had reclaimed him. He couldn’t even punish himself by taking his own life as death was such a relief. Relieving him of the voices and the feelings of guilt and shame.

“What’s the point of talking about us? You’re 17, Peter! Us should have never been a thing.”

“That’s what you say! Why is it you who decides about us? Why do I have no say in this?” Anger poured itself into Peter’s words. “Will you put that damn gun away and at least listen to what I have to say?”

Realizing that his right hand had found its way to the gun he carried, Wade froze in shock. Last night, he had threatened Peter at gunpoint and then turned the weapon on himself in front of the distraught boy to make him leave. He remembered the kid's tears. Slowly, Wade took the gun out of his belt holster and placed it on the table, next to the terrarium so the snails would keep an eye on it.

Would Wade listen now? Peter hoped that the act of putting the gun away was a yes to listening to him, too.
“I don’t want our relationship to end, Wade. I’m sorry for making you believe I was older. It was wrong of me. I didn’t tell you earlier because I was afraid you’d reject me. Which is exactly what you’re doing now and it hurts! Why does my age have to change everything between us? You liked being with me and I’m still the same person.”

“No, Peter. The guy I thought I was with has been an adult to me. And he doesn’t exist anymore. In fact, he never existed. He was an illusion that you kept alive for the longest time,” Wade explained.

Though admittedly Wade was right about this, Peter didn’t want to leave it at that. “I’m still Spider-Man, not some random teenager from Queens.”

“Yeah, and I was so overjoyed at being with my idol that I became blind to reality. Reality being that Wade Wilson, Deadpool, doesn’t deserve to be happy. So there just had to be a hook to it.” It was hard to keep his calm when, internally, he was on the edge of breaking.

“Our age gap is a hook only if you bend it into one. Can’t you just.. not care about it? It’s not even such a big deal. Can’t we just start over?” Peter asked hopefully.

“I’m not into kids, Peter. I’ve killed people for that very crime. Pedophiles and rapists. I’d even kill them for free.” Wade noticed how Peter flinched at the mention of murder, but just wouldn’t back out of this fruitless argument.

“I’m not a child and you didn’t rape me! I’m more mature than others my age and I know what I want. It was my decision to have sex with you. You didn’t pressure me into anything. I wanted it. And I don’t regret it at all. Do you understand? I wanted to be with you, Wade. I still want to be with you. I lo –“

Wade interrupted him before he could finish the sentence. “Save the L-word, Peter. You love no fucking mercenary and murderer. Find a guy your age who you can go have ice cream with without it being creepy.”

After Wade had said that, Peter took his jacket and his satchel and left the apartment without another word, slamming the door shut behind himself.

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