### Love Me (Til Death Do Us Part)

by thequeenwhowaited

**Summary**

Sometimes you give your crush a beautiful bouquet of flowers... maybe some expensive candy that you throw out because most of them are cherry flavored.

Othertimes, you end up sacrificing your immortality for the man you love more than Life.
This is the story of the second caliber... Wade Wilson has sacrificed his life so Peter Parker Stark-Rogers can live again.... but unfortunately, Wade has a lot of unfinished business that doesn't really appreciate the fact that he's Dead.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
It Started Out with A Kiss.

“I love you…”

The merc laughed like it was an extremely funny joke.

“I’m serious, Wade.” Peter turned to face him, the remaining big white lense of his Spider-man mask reflecting the busy New York streets but they seemed like a million miles away. “I love you.”

He laughed even louder, holding his still healing stomach, his gasping wheezing breaths making his mask go in and out dramatically.

Peter ripped off the mask and crossed his arms defiantly, “What’s so goddamn funny.”

Wade wiped away his tears and stood up straighter, “Oh, I dunno, Me… You… Rooftops… Big Daddy’s Taco Stand on 5th thinking they have decent tacos… just cause they come meaty doesn’t mean you won’t regret it later… The gas station bathroom is very well acquainted with this tush… that’s for sure… Lots of things are hilarious Petey-pie… it just hit me all at once.”

“Are you even listening to me?” Peter said, stepping down from the balcony edge, “I said I love you, Wade Wilson.”

“And you can’t forget about that Movie…” Wade continued as if he hadn’t been interrupted, kneeling over and stuffing his guns into the Hello Kitty duffel bag, “Y’all know the one with that Bingo Announcer and Hockey Carver… that was a riot-”.

Peter stomped closer, favoring his right side, placing his hands on Wade’s non-bullet-holed shoulder, his voice shaky, “Wade… please… I love you.”

For the first time, the merc was quiet and he fell back on his ass, taking in a deep breath before looking at his favorite web-head.

“No. You don’t.” His voice was deep and serious, heavy with emotions but mostly annoyance and pure unadulterated rage and bitterness. “You don’t love me, Peter.”

Peter’s brown, brown eyes went wide, his hands gripping tighter, “What do you- YES. Yes I do!”

Wade shook him off, standing abruptly and walking away from him, “NO! You DO not!”

Peter fell back in shock, hurt more from the emotions than his fall.

“I-I-I don’t-” He started crying, the ugly crying where snot gets everywhere and you try to stop the tears by wiping them away but they keep on flowing.

Wade removed his mask slowly and hissed out whenever the dried blood made the mask stick to his freshly healed skin.

He looked tired and weighted like he knew this conversation would happen eventually and on this day, with the night life finally breaking for a soft sunrise over the city, it had finally hatched into something ugly.

He played with his mask, tracing the seams, “You *don’t* love me, Peter”
Peter started hugging his knees, feeling impossibly smaller by the second. “why?”

Wade sighed, seeing how small Peter was and walking back over to sit beside him “You just can't.”

Peter looked up at him, thoughtfully, trying to understand what Wade was trying to say, “Mmmmm… why?”

“Well.” Wade leaned back on his hands, slouching to throw his legs out. “For starters, two very very VERY protective superdaddies would never let their little spideykins stay out after dark….let alone with me... I mean, I am very Looney Tunes but not that looney Doc.”

Peter huffed at the joke. “I’m 25, Wade.”

Wade smiled a soft smile and patted Peter’s shoe twice, “One of your dads made an evil killing robot to keep you safe and the other constantly fucks with physics to make a metal disc go ouch.”

Peter rubbed the back of his head awkwardly.

“Secondly,” Wade paused, “well, secondly...”

Peter looked up at him from underneath his arm to see Wade sniffling and hiding his face in his hands.

Peter sat up straighter to see him.

“Wade?”

“What?” He looked through his fingers trying not to cry too much in front of the spider, “Never see a guy cry so much before?”

Peter was patient, letting Wade compose himself, and watching the city slowly come to life.

“You’re fragile.” Wade continued out of the blue, when the silence had stretched to uncomfortable.

Peter looked at him quietly, trying to understand what he was getting at. “I'm Spider-man.”

Wade looked directly into his eyes, blue towards brown, “And you’re fragile.”

Peter scoffed but Wade jabbed a hand into his right ribs where the skin had just gotten scabbed over.

“Ow. Okay. You have a point.”

“Fragile as a spiderweb,” Wade snickered but it sounded like it was painful rather than funny. “Itsy Bitsy Spiderling… you are too fragile to let the Waters wash you out.”

Wade leaned back further, laying down on the rough nature of the rooftop.

“Only one of us has a sweet ass relationship with Death, Baby Boy.” Wade commented with a sigh, closing his eyes and letting coolness of the rooftop settle into his healed skin, “She’s eager to meet you. Heroes and all that. Always flirting never committing”

“I can commit-”

Wade’s eyes flew open, “NO!”
Peter jumped a little as Wade stared at him.

“Peter-” Wade grasped his hand firmly, “You’re extremely fragile and weak and I honestly aren’t surprised that I haven’t found that cute bubbly ass of yours Dead-”

“Wade, I can take care of myself.” Peter said firmly.

Wade hung his head and held on tighter. The leather gloves squishing in protest.

“No you can’t.” Wade said with some finality in his voice. “They’ve all said that… time and time and time and time…. And She takes them all… all paths lead to her… and I won’t let her take u too.”

Peter’s eyes grew soft in understanding but Wade was somewhere else… another time…

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“Wade, my darling, you seem distracted. Tell me what's on your mind?”

Her voice was silky and seductive as ever and he told her as much.

“You flatter me too much…. But you are distracted and it offends me since we have such little time together already.” Her fingers were cold as they traced the shell of his ear. “Surely, it must be fascinating.”

“It’s nothing, my boney one,” Wade turned to look at her, the silk sheets feeling great between them as he traced her cheekbones, “I’ve meet someone fascinating today.”

“The spider….” She whispered as a multitude of images whipped by. “He is….. fascinating.”

He was amused to see her like this, “Jealousy becomes you darkling.”

“I have no need for Jealousy.” She snuggled into his side, “He, like all others, will become Mine.”

Wade froze at the statement and looked at the images that were created in the fog… Spider-man swinging through the city, whooping and doing tricks… Spider-man saving cats out of trees and helping old ladies and look there, Spider-man… eating a slice of pizza with Wade himself laughing alongside.

And he looked down at Dear Old Death herself, curled up at his side, and he knew that she was correct.

But he didn’t want her to be correct.

Not for this kid… who had light in his eyes and his laughter… and brought Hope, sweet Hope wherever he was…

And people needed that…. He needed that…

And he wanted nothing more than to prove Her wrong….

He was the jealous one in this relationship… and he would hoard this tightly to his chest…

But that’s the problem with hoarding things… you grow Fond of them…

And he grew Fond of Him.
That's the problem isn't it.

Because things that he grows fond of… usually get taken away… get taken away by people who want to hurt.

Don't let him hurt…

Don’t hurt him…

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“Wade, You’re hurting me.”

He let go of Peter’s hand that had been clenched tightly this entire time, shuddering… whispered harshly “She’ll take you too.”

Peter’s eyes were wide as he flexed his hand to heal correctly.

“She takes them all.” Wade stood up… anger rising and building within him red hot time the point where he had to pace it out before it boiled over within him “SHE TAKES YOU…. She could have taken you today if she wanted to… you’re just… you’re not like me”

“Yes ..” Peter stated slowly, looking at anything but Wade, “She can take me… But she can’t take this…. She can't take my Love...”

He stood up slowly and walked over to Wade.

“Because, I love you.” Peter said, holding Wade’s hands so he could stop covering his ears. “I love you. And yeah Death scares the living crap outta me… and yeah I could have died today .. or yesterday… because I’m a goddamn superhero and Death is part of the job.”

“NOnoNononoNoNonononnO”

He looked straight into Wade’s panicked eyes, holding his face steady “But I love you. I love your stupid jokes and your stupid mouth running off all the time… and I love-”

It was a gasping intake of breath and a kiss that punched the daylights outta him mid-sentence.

It was Love and it tasted like gun smoke and blood but also cherry lip balm and salty tears.

It was all that Peter needed and all that Wade wanted.

It was hair pulling and moaning stealing air but it was also trying to say everything that hadn't had the courage to say and leaving the rest up to kisses…

And it was Tony Stark’s arc reactor light suddenly shining and blinding both people who immediately jumped apart.

“Peter Benjamin Parker Stark-Rogers. Get your tongue out of that man’s mouth now because you are grounded, young man”

“I told you that you had super protective superdads right?”

Peter leaned against him, tears running down his face but laughter too, “You might have told me that.”

Wade cupped his face, rubbing the tears away, “Don’t cry Petey-pie, I'll visit you in solitary.”
“The fuck you will.” Tony said, breaking the mood yet again. “Freddy here better think twice before he tries anything.. at night or otherwise.”

Two similar outcries suddenly break the silence.

“Dad!”
“Language!”

“It’s fine. I saw that sexy Freddy dress that does wonders for my legs… really brings out the definition.”

Peter groaned, “Pops do something please!”

“Your Dad is right. We’ve been looking everywhere for you.” now there was a disappointed Captain America on the rooftop… which was never a good sign. “You should have called.”

“Oh wow, that Captain America Disappointment Face is In-Tense.” Wade commented, still holding onto Peter’s waist.

“It’s about to get even more intense if you don’t let go of my son.”

Wade looked down dramatically at Peter’s waist and let him go as if he had burned him. “Oh. Right. Yeah. Okay. Letting Go Now.”

“How come he listens to you and not to me?” Tony pouted which seems hilarious in the suit.

“It’s the stripes.” They both said at the same time.

Peter groaned and rolled his eyes.

Wade grinned and shoved his mask back onto his face until only his mouth half was visible.

He then kissed Peter on the cheek with one loud smack, cackling the entire way, “Miss ya Miss Ya gotta Kiss ya.”

He grabbed the duffel bag with a mock salute and just as Tony was priming his reactor… He jumped off the building.

Peter stood there like an idiot with one hand on his cheek and the other blindlessly looking for something to brace himself with.

“Oh, Spidey, you’re adorable all flustered like this but you are still undeniably grounded.” Tony revved up the repulsors with one hand carrying his son.

“Go easy on him,” Cap said, grabbing Tony’s other arm and wrapping his arm around his husband’s neck. “He’s has a crush.... I remember how hard it is to crush on someone way outside your league”

“Mmm… true..” Tony contemplated. “I am light years out of your league…. But your son also caused over 1.5 billion dollars in property damage.”

“Okay. So semi-grounded.” Cap replied, “And why is he my son whenever he gets into trouble?”

“I am right here.”

“I’m sorry. I thought you were still mooning.”
“I was not.”

“You face says otherwise Spiderling.”

Peter shoved his broken mask over his face.

“Look how cute he is, babe, thinking that his mask will hide his blush.”

“Daaaaaddddd.” He slumped in Iron Man’s arm like a kitten who didn’t want to be carried. “Pops tell Dad to stop “

“I dunno kiddo… you are pretty adorable.”

They flew away before Wade could hear anything else.

Wade sighed, he had definitely gotten into something… the night had started off with a 3 bean burrito and a simple slice and dice but now…. This..

He was right… Death was going to sink those beautiful boney hands of hers into that cute Spidey butt… and that….sucked.

**But YOU had gotten there first. Smooth as a peach and ripe for the picking**

He was cheeky. Could you blame him? Not just anyone got to make-out with Spider-man on a rooftop. Talk about romantic.

[[Being first is what matters and you definitely was first. Death will understand]]

Oh, she was going to be pissseeeddd.

[[But it was worth it…. ]]  

**Spank bank material for weeks to come! every time we squeezed I literally wanted add the squeaky toy sound like whew mama! That's what dreams are made of gents **

[[Please focus for just a second on something other than his butt and stop drooling in the mask ]] 

I'm with good ole yellow on this one… drool worthy.

[[I hate to be the Debbie Downer on this parade… but we will loose him. He's a superhero and well… we know how that ends]]

But not today Cable wannabe.

And he has all those superheroes that love him and take care of him… protect him…

It won't be the same.

[[…….]]

***squeaky toy sound rapidly being squeezed***

~Later~

“I’m going to kill that merc if it’s the last thing I do.”

“Tony, no.” Cap replied, crossing his arms and shifting his weight, “I will.”
“I mean. How did he even…. WE’RE over a 100 feet up???”

“What’s wrong?” Peter was wiping the sleep from his eyes, alarm slowing working its way into his face.

“Your boyfriend left you a little gift.”

“Dad. He’s not my-”

“...”

“I’m going to kill him.”

“I’ll be Your Nightmare any day ” in Giant Bright Red Graffiti was sprayed onto the Avengers launch pad following Wade posed in a suggestive way with a sexy Freddy dress…. Complete with the scissor hand and everything… though those seemed less shiny plastic and more actual metal.

He noticed that Peter had finally seen him and blew a dramatic kiss.

Peter groaned, pulling his sleepyhead strays back into place.

Today was going to bring a long, long day.

Peter looked fondly down on the words but Wade’s outbreak still itched at the back of his mind.

It scared him but he reckoned that he would deal with it later after a nice, hot cup of coffee.

But first, he would need to get Wade off the building before either if his dads actually did kill him.
The Death of a Bachelor

Chapter Summary

Wade explains what Death means to him ft. The softest boy in the World dressed in too big shirts and jealousy.

Also ft. Hints of what Dear ole Deadpool did exactly and protective dad Tony.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this while hyped on meds cause of my wisdom teeth removal so sorry if this was all over the place.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You cannot actually believe that.”

The white slots of Wade’s mask widened and looked at him pointedly.

Peter was in disbelief, his arms resting on the window sill, and shifted to look at Wade fully.

“No way.”

Wade shrugged and whispered to the stuffed unicorn in his lap, “Don’t listen to him…. I can believe for the both of us.”

“You’re telling me,” Peter pushed himself off the window sill and walked over slowly to Wade,
“You saw an actual unicorn???? In the Canadian wilderness???????”

“Yes, Peter, I saw an actual unicorn.” Wade said, continuing to pet the stuffed one like an evil villain might pet their beloved pet, “And I just so happened to be in the middle of Canada… where I was born and lived.”

“Well,” Peter let his fake glasses slip down a little, Wade’s oversized shirt following to expose more of his shoulders and collarbones, swaying his hips and hands outstretched, “I’m no unicorn but I am a little horny.”

Wade burst into laughter, the kind that had him wheezing through his mask and holding onto his side, “YOU- You- did not just-”

Peter huffed, pulling the shirt back up and marching back to the window, “If you're not going to take this seriously then I can take care of myself.”

Wade sobered up immensely, going from crying with laughter to dead silent, “What who’s laughing not me I'm dead serious. Serious as Death. Well that's a bad-”

Peter looked over his shoulder to look at him, irritation gone and curiosity in its place, and it made
Wade shut up mid-sentence.

“What is she like?”

The silence was foreboding and it stretched through Wade’s messy yet noticeably cleaner apartment.

Peter noticed the tension immediately, looking away and crossing his arms tight to his body, “It’s just… you talk about her all the time… so it made me… curious?”

Wade took in Peter’s appearance, how small he looked in Wade’s faded shirt and how lost he looked… unable to look at Wade, fearing his response, and training his eyes to the city night life.

Wade’s heart broke just a little.

And he realized how much Death had touch Peter…. The people he had loved, loved, loved and lost way too soon.

You gotta imagine how that just...burns… and it makes you wonder how the kid was even standing let alone a superhero.

But Wade wasn’t about to talk about deep emotional feelings.

So he went for deflection…. Sexual deflection.

He lounged out on the couch, crossing one leg over the other and letting it hang, his robe inching up.

“That sounds an awful lot like jealousy, baby boy~”

Peter flushed and it spread beautifully across his shoulders, making the freckles pop. “Nnnnnooo it's-it’s not.”

Wade let his hand move slowly up his leg, playing with the edge of his robe. “Are you sure about that, Petey-pie?”

His shoulders were up to his ears now and he full on blushed while he gripped the edge of the window frame to brace himself. “I mean.”

Wade upped his game, getting up off the couch and leaving the unicorn and mask behind, grabbing Peter by his waist and pulling him backwards before he sank even moreso into his embarrassment.

“Cause if so,” Wade whispered into his ear, which sent shivers down his spine, “That would be super hot.”

“You getting all…. Flustered for me.”

Peter melted into Wade’s touch, swaying backwards entranced as Wade pressed kiss after kiss to the freckles on his shoulders.

His grip on the window tightened until his fingers turned white and he arched between the two points of contact, humming and letting out breathy sighs.

“So,” Wade continued after leaving a particularly large smack, “Are you jealous, bedbug?”

Peter collapsed a little, letting his hands drop to his side… the splinters falling with them.
He leaned back into Wade’s embrace and looked up at him, “Yeah. I might be a little jealous.”

Wade smiled down at how adorable he was, tracing his hip bones over the shirt.

“You’re both the same like that.”

The dryer sounded and it broke the spell.

Peter blinked at Wade’s words, the soft doe eyed expression just plain adorable with those stupid fake glasses of his.

“Death gets jealous?”

Wade kissed him on the forehead for being adorable and walked away to check on the dryer. “She has feelings too Pete…. Don't be rude.”

Peter turned to look at Wade, bending down to get their suits out of the dryer, and he migrated over to the couch to grab the unicorn, checking his hands for splinters before petting it's soft fur.

“Yeah, but human feelings?” Peter absentmindedly snuggling with the unicorn. “Death is as old as time…”

“And she’s super hot.”

Peter paused to look at Wade who was pulling his suit apart because he forgot to put a dryer sheet in.

Wade looked over and shrugged, “She’s hot Petey-pie. Tits out to here and the curves to match... I can't deny that.... That would be blasphemy.... Anarchy... Sacrilegious!”

Peter mumbled under his breath, patting the unicorn’s head.

“Anyway, she’s super old so I figured she would be less inclined for human-like things like emotions and stuff”

“Oh, no. It's the opposite,” Wade pulled out Peter’s costume, checking for the bullet holes and making sure the blood stains came out. “She hangs out with us all the time... humans tend to rub off of her... inspire her…”

Wade remembered the time when Death had shown him the babies… the children… the ones taken too soon on a battlefield... He had seen Death cry, laugh, get angry, get jealous… she was more human than the both of them combined… but she was also...

Death.

“I dunno how to compare her.. describe her... she's the most amazing and the most awful thing that I’ve ever had the pleasure to meet and that's including ole Logan and all his yellow-colored spandex-squeezed and covered sharp points.”

Peter looked up at him again. “You said awful too tho…”

“Yeah, she can be.” Wade continued, shutting the dryer door firmly, “The first couple times we met were not pretty.”

“Tell me.”
“Sheesh, I can’t say no to those big browns,” Wade bent over to smack a kiss on Peter’s forehead, “I don’t remember it all so bear with me.”

He leaned into the couch and took out the sewing kit, preparing the needle by sucking on the thread to get it straight.

“The first couple of times were blurs… too many meds and drugs and whatever else the fuck they pumped me with made me really drowsy when I first saw her. I thought she was a nurse of some sort… but like a sexy nurse??? Short dress and dressed all in black. But Francis and co. always managed to bring me back before I get to ask her anything.”

Wade tied off the thread with skilled, practiced fingers and started on the second hole, “She was really confused at first… here I was…. Bleeding out… breathing in just enough oxygen to make the borders fuzzy… and I still wasn't dying. And then she got really angry. Pissed beyond all belief that I was alive. I was taunting her… a sign that she couldn't do her job… couldn't complete it… and maybe it was the constant monologues on how beautiful she was or maybe it was because I was the one thing that she couldn't have except for those few minutes. But we fell in love. And maybe in the beginning we both were wishing that I would stay flatlined… stay forever… but she would have to let me go back… hating how I had to experience all that pain and never stay with her. She almost got me one time… tried to stick her hands in and just hang on… but Francis was always great at bringing me back.”

He was younger yet older at the same time… that’s what years of tortured did to you but seeing Death was always… relief… here she was the constant thing in his life other than blood, pain, and pissing your goddamn pants… and she was so beautiful.

“And those ten minutes of rest were I could just lay in her arms and not think about what the fuck was broken or hurting or bleeding… those ten minutes were the best time of my life.”

Peter wiped Wade’s cheek and steadied his hands that were shaking.

“Fucked up as it is… Death was more beautiful than my shit of a life.” Wade said after a couple of deep breaths. “But then life got better… and I got all these sweet ass muscles along the way.”

He flexed which caused Peter to giggle a little.

“I was still madly in love with her and I still saw her…. Happens when you go all mercenary. But it was less… stressful… I wasn’t getting tortured and I felt like I was on top of the world… getting buckets of money… shooting people who probably deserved it… and I had a sweet honey that welcomed me no matter how cocky I got.”

“So what changed?” Peter said softly, pulling Wade out of his fantasy.

“‘So what changed’ he asked like he wasn't the Life changing thing that changed everything.” Wade said exasperated, rolling his eyes, “You, Spider-dork. You changed me.”

“no…” Peter said, his eyes round enough to pop out of his head.

“‘no’” Wade said, putting away the needle before it poked them. “‘When I saw your peachy butt swinging across the New York skyline, saving people and acting all… Patriotic and Heroic… probably from your Pops… man, he can get any man going if you know what I’m saying… but here's this punk ass kid… and you were a kid at the time, telling me off for being reckless and endangering civilians and blah blah blah.””

“I saw this punk ass kid who was following his dad’s footsteps to be brave and wise and responsible… and that he had the nerve to tell me… unkillable… katana wielding me… that I was
being reckless and endangering my life,” Wade leaned over into Peter’s space, pulling him into his lap, “I thought you were exactly like her… except I didn't have to kill myself to see you.”

Peter blushed brightly. “You don’t mean-”

“I mean… you don’t have her looks or her sense of humor.” Wade continued, inching his hands up Peter’s back, “But you’re the most beautiful thing Life has given me.”

And there was that kiss… that toe-curling, goosebumps rising kiss… that melted everything away and made Peter feel like the best goddamn thing in the entire world.

“Well Wilson, you romantic sap.” He said between breaths and Wade began copying the ring of hickey he had left on Peter’s chest earlier. “But you can’t honestly compare me to Death.”

Wade looked up at Peter, that beautiful blush on his face, “Oh fuck no… she’ll have my ass on that in a hot minute. You can’t compare anything or anyone to Death… no matter how hot your thighs look right now”

Peter smirked and hit his chest lightly. “Wadddeee.”

“I’m serious, I want these things to choke me.” Wade said with an equal smirk on his face, “But you’re no Death.”

Peter let his hands rest on Wade’s shoulders, “You still…. Want…me?”

It was the hesitancy that caused Wade to put aside the jokes for just a second and look at his boyfriend.

Wade leaned forward and kissed him softly, “As long as you’ll have me.”

“But what about Death?” Peter said, rubbing Wade’s shoulders a little, “Is she okay with this? I don’t want to be your boy toy or mistress?? anything like that.”

Wade laughed and hugged him tightly, “You’re hilarious.”

“Well, she obviously has a relationship with you first and she is… Death.” Peter rationalized, “And compared to- compared to that, I'm just a simple spider at best… I don't want her to be mad at me… or worse”

Wade nuzzled into Peter’s neck, adjusting him on his lap to evenly adjust his weight, “She knows about you… or has an inkling at best… and she's extremely jealous.”

Peter winced and looked judgingly at Wade.

“Let me finish,” Wade continued, “She’s jealous because you get to have me more.”

Peter blinked dramatically, confused but trying to work it out, “Wha-?”

“For someone with all those brains, you sure are dumb sometimes Pete.” Wade huffed into his neck, “Death has all that power and she loves me and loves what we can share but at the end of our time, she has to give me back.”

“So, she’s jealous that I don’t have…. To?”

“Yuppppp.” Wade said, placing another kiss on his neck, “You get to keep me and that makes her extremely jealous.”
“But not of our relationship???”

“No actually.” Wade leaned back, “She sees that I’m happy with you and she knows that humans will always have and need relationships… me included… she’s more jealous that you and I share something in this brief existence that she and I never will.”

Peter cocked his head, resting his weight on his butt, “You love her?”

“Yes. More than Life itself.”

Peter licked his lips, cautious about the answer but still needing to know, “Do you- Do you love… me?”

“Yes.” Wade said confidently, looking directly into Peter’s eyes to guarantee the severity of his answer, “I love you Peter Benjamin Parker Stark-Rogers.”

Peter exhaled slowly, letting that held tension escape out of his body, “That’s all I need then.”

“Are you sure?” Wade replied, holding his hands and rubbing the thumbs, “I know this is a lot to take in and it can be… confusing and frustrating… how can someone love two people at once-”

“Wade,” Peter stopped his boyfriend from rambling, “I get it and I love you…”

“But-”

“No buts.”

“But.”

“No, Wade. I love you”

“ Butt.”

He had gotten his hands on Peter’s butt and wiggled his eyebrows.

Peter rolled his eyes and inched forward into Wade’s lap, adjusting his weight to nicely fit over Wade’s crotch, and whispering into his ear, “Besides, I can get pretty jealous too baby”

Wade ground up, his voice gone deep down into the octaves, “Oh, I can tell.”

“Mister Peter, your presence is requested at the Tower immediately.”

Peter groaned… rolling his eyes until it was only the whites were able to be seen.

He pressed the button on his comm, “Thank you Jarvis, tell Dad, I'll be home as soon as I can.”

“Normally, I would be eager to obey sir but Mister Stark has attached this if you so declined his immediate request.”

Tony’s shrill voice suddenly and piercingly broke Peter’s eardrums, “- BULLET HOLES?? NOT ONLY ARE YOU NOT ANSWERING YOUR PHONE BUT YOU GOT SHOT… MULTIPLE TIMES!!! ACCORDING TO CHANNEL 9 NEWS BECAUSE APPARENTLY I HAVE TO WATCH THE NEWS ABOUT NEWS ON MY OWN SON WHO DIDN’T CALL US IMMEDIATELY .. YOU BETTER NOT BE WITH WADE OR I SWEAR TO GOD-”

Wade pushed the off button with a soft, “Whoops.”
“Oh, he is going to murder you.”

“How long do you think we have… 10? 15?”

“5 at best.”

“Plenty of time… plus I can go see Death afterwards.”

“Wade.”

“Don't get jealous Petey-pie… she worries when I haven't almost died in a while.”

“Wade….” exasperation and then contentment,”Don’t stay too long.”

“I promise. But I'm definitely going to get you off first.”

[[You still haven't told him what you did]]

**Ominous and vague… I love it!**

[[You should have told him. Preferably not with your hands down his pants.]]

**Nah we can tell him later *eats popcorn* but Shush! he makes the greatest faces when he….**

“WADE WILSON GET YOUR HANDS OUT OUT OUT OF MY SON’S PANTS NOW.”

“DAD WHAT THE FUCK!”

“YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED.”

“DAD SERIOUSLY WHAT THE FUCK!”

“Hello, Mr. Stark! Sooooooo great to see you! Is that a new model armor? Or did Jarvis just buff out that shine again?”

“YOU. ARE. SO. FUCKING. DEAD.”

“DAD! NO!”

*sound of repulsor firing up*

“Call you later babe!”

.

“8.”

“Great to see you again, sweetheart. Looking just as dead and beautiful as always… Love the cape.”

“You know the deal, darling. Your sweet words won't do you any good when your time is up.”

“What? A man can't come down to see his beautiful love without getting yelled at?”

“You should be more careful if you want to stay with the boy.”

Hauntingly… she was pissed.
“I will.”

“Go.”

“Aww, baby, don’t treat me like that! My head got partially blown off just to see you!”

“Treasure your time with him. Make it worth it.”

Wade felt the suction grip of life pulling him back and he blew Death a kiss before he left completely.

Wade groaned, feeling his jaw click back into place… getting his head blown off.. even partially was such a pain to come back from… plus the mess and the general lack of tasting anything but rust for a while.

At least Spidey left a note this time… that was sweet.

And speaking of Sweet…

It had long since dried in his hands but he could still picture it intimately…

That blushing face… that desperate string of words pleading and pleading… and-and There it was.

Well, this robe was ruined…

The number 8 was burned into his mind as he threw the robe into the washer along with some other miscellaneous clothing.

On the other side of the city, something less than sweet happened.

“Peter-”

“No Dad. You had no right to blow his fucking head off!” Peter marched further into his apartment of the Tower…. Throwing his suit in the corner and grabbing a water bottle to cool off.

“Everyone knows that he can live forever!” Tony replied, throwing his hands up. “It wouldn't have hurt him anyway.”

Peter was icy, “You don’t even know what he goes through. You had no right to do that.”

“Okay, I'm sorry.” Tony said, lowering his hands as a sign of peace. “I just saw his hands down your pants and the parent in me reacted more than my brain did.”

“You gotta stop with the tracking too.” Peter continued, “I'm a grown man. I don't need my father to track my every move and monitor who I'm with.”

Tony inhaled sharply, “I'll have you know.. that without my tracking… you could have been dead somewhere.”

“No, I wouldn't-”

“Peter, you were reportedly shot 12 times in the abdomen alone.”

“That’s not true… I'm not even.”

Tony picked up his tattered suit and held it out to him, “Look.”
There was patches sew by Wade but the reports were true and he could easily point out where the bullets had pierced the suit.

“But.”

“Lift up your shirt.”

“Dad.”

“Lift up your shirt Peter. I'm not telling you again.”

Peter slowly lifted up his shirt, expecting to be covered in still bleeding wounds but instead marveled at his perfect bullet-free skin.

“Impossible.”

Tony was silent but let the shirt drop.

“See, dad, perfectly fine.”

But it was scary instead of reassuring… Peter had never healed that quickly… and the potential almost scared him… was this another power manifesting… or something else?

“Go to the lab now. Have Bruce start blood tests and general health exam. I have to call your father.”

“But Dad I'm fine!”

“Lab. Now. Peter. I’m not repeating myself.”

Tony had no idea what this meant and that scared him.

When he adopted Peter, he knew that it would come with its own set of problems.

Some of them he could account for… broken hearts, choosing the right schools, and prom.

But some of them were harder… and sudden influx in spider powers was definitely under the harder category.

As much as he loved Peter, he wondered what it would be like if for just for once his son didn’t have spider powers or a relationship with a mutant known for being the definition of unknown scientific potential incarnate.

But now he had to call Steve and figure out what the hell was actually happening.

Chapter End Notes

You probably have guessed what Deadpool did... but I'll explain it in the next chapter... hopefully... also wtf is a plot? I'm literally just writing chapters as I feel like it so I mean... prepare for that.

Leave a comment or kudos if you want more because I still don't know if I want to continue with this.
I Can't Help (Falling in Love With You)

Chapter Summary

Talking happens... talking is good... Emotions are felt... that's also good ... Did I mention the tags? You should read the tags... Tags are important.

This is the part of the story where the superDads superly talk to their son and we also figure out wtf Wade did.

Also! Because of the Holidays!!!
I wrote a lil bonus at the end! It's this cute lil part of what happened at the reception when Steve and Tony renewed their vows and Peter officially became a Stark-Rogers. It's a small gift... don't even worry about it...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“We gotta talk, kiddo.”

“Pops, please no.” Peter groaned, melting further into his bed, shoving the covers over his head. “Dad already lectured me this morning.”

Steve sighed, sitting at the end of Peter’s bed, shocked at how big and how old his son had actually gotten and that fact scared him more than fighting Nazis ever did.

“Can you at least hear me out, please?”

Peter removed the sheet covering his head, his hair sticking up in a million directions.

It was adorable.

But it made this talk even harder.

“Peter, you know your father and I love you right?”

“Pops…” Peter said with a sigh, “Of course I do... it's just... you just start every serious conversation with that.”

“Not every conversation…” Steve was then hit with flashbacks of every single conversation he’s had with his son, from his Break-ups to Johnny to staying out past curfew... and he looked at his son now who was giving him complete I-told-you-so and he relented, “Okay. Yeah okay that's true.”

He patted at the cover reassuringly, “I just want to make sure that you know that everytime.”

Peter gave him a side hug, noticing how tired his dad looked, fresh off another super secret SHIELD mission, the slight gray hairs bleeding into the blonde.

“I love you too.”
Steve nodded, letting a stray tear fall as he hugged his son back fully and tightly.

“Your dad showed me what happened,” Steve paused for a moment, trying to compose himself. “It was some shakey phone camera so the quality was bad… but when I saw it… when I heard the bullets go through you... my stomach… my stomach just... dropped.”

Peter hugged tighter.

“I thought you died Pete.” Steve whispered as if the words themselves were his deepest fears come to life and he never wanted to see them come into fruition. “I just… I didn't even know what to think… how to act... and your dad was just… cracking.”

Peter was crying now, listening to his dad, his rock in life, actually solidify those fears and he realized how bad this situation actually was for the first time.

“But I'm fine Poppa, I'm f-f-fine and I'm so so sorry.”

Steve continued, still clinging onto his boy. “I know baby but you have to realize how scary it was for all of us.”

He hummed and started patting the fly-aways as Peter continued to cry some more.

“Did I ever tell you about when we decided to adopt?”

Peter snuffed a little into the old t-shirt Steve was wearing, “Bits and pieces but not all of it.”

Steve pulled the blanket to cover them both, “Well, here's time you’ve heard all of it.”

“It was a couple years after we had gotten married and the Avengers were doing really great at the time.” He started slowly, his storyteller voice leaking into the apartment, “It was peaceful, quiet…. I mean, we still had to deal with the global catastrophe of the week but it was normal… and your dad and I were... absolutely in love.”

Peter laughed a little at that, “When are you not?”

“Well, when he comes to bed smelling more like axle grease and random machine parts in his hair... that may be debatable.”

“You love him even more when that happens!” Peter laughed even louder, “You said so in your renewal vows and everything. I was there then”

Steve leaned down to kiss his son, “Okay, true… but hush. Let me continue”

“So your dad looks at me one day, covered in purple alien goop and guts, looking like literal hell had swallowed him up and spat him back out, he looked at me, black eye forming and spitting up blood, and said, let's get a kid.”

“No.”

“Yup.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that.” Steve said with a laugh, “But you know how your dad is, he probably had been thinking about it for a while, letting it rot up in his brain until he wants to let the rest of us know what he's thinking about.”
“Well, what did you say back?”

“Sure, okay.”

“So, Dad just springs this on you like nothing and you just go ‘sure, okay’???”

“Peter, I’ve come to learn that when your dad wants something, no matter how weird and wild, It’s better to let him just do it.”

“That… actually makes a lot of sense,” Peter’s eyebrows crinkled a little, thinking, “But you did you want a kid?”

Steve looked down at his son.

“Of course I did.”

Peter smiled.

“It was a little sudden but I figured that we were in our prime and everything was mostly peaceful.. so I said yeah sure.” Steve’s eyes crinkled with his smile and it left a warm glow in his body.

“And then you found me?” Peter said softly.

“Not quite, kiddo.” Steve said, leaning his weight back on his hands.

“We went through millions of adoptees.” Steve sighed remembering, “Tons of babies before we realized… hello, we're the Avengers and evil doesn't stop cause you need to feed a baby…. And then your dad went through this whole babysitting protocol robot frenzy… and then the bad guys were sending orphans to infiltrate the tower… and then conservative Americans were questioning whether we were even fit to raise a kid let alone if we could adopt one because of how “dangerous our lifestyles are”.

“So a lot of bullshit.”

“Yeah, kiddo, a lot of bullshit.”

“How did you end up with me then?”

“Your Aunt Nat actually”

“No… I thought”

“Yup.” Steve said softly, “She was tired of Tony moping all over the Tower and tired of the evil orphans so she went undercover and did what she does best.”

“Wait wait wait.” Peter sat up promptly, “She was the Lady in Red?”

Steve smirked, “You remember?”

“There were always those glowing, over-happy couples that went straight towards the baby wards.” Peter said with his tongue stuck out, “I was happy for those kids so they could get out early, but it sucked because they give you that look… that no, sorry, not you… not today”

Steve rubbed Peter’s arm up and down until he could continue.

“But there was this tall lady dressed in all Red. And I thought it was weird because she was by
herself in the back of the group and the y’know Red…. And Ms. Badkley was fawning over her a lot for some reason… I don’t remember too much because the lady in Red was speaking in harsh Russian… But when all the other couples looked at the cooing babies, she didn’t. She just continued to look around and then stopped at me and smiled wide.”

“Nat said, she knew you would be the perfect son because you had the nerve to look Black Widow in the eye without flinching and she could admire someone who could do that… even at the age of 10.”

Steve continued, “That or sometimes she says Spiders just know… and honestly, that's probably true.”

“And then you guys came down and Dad asked me if I wanted to come with you and him and be a family together… And here we are.”

Steve scratched at his stubble, “It was a little harder than that… the paperwork and Tony donated like half of Pepper’s art collection out of helplessness… and the press releases… goddamn the press releases... but when you came home to the Tower for the first time, it was all worth it.”

“You are our son. And nothing in our lives could ever change that or how much we love you” Peter hummed.

“But… we are genuinely scared of what happened today… not that you aren't fine or that you went to Wade’s… it’s more that you didn’t think to tell us…” Steve continued, “Your dad is down in the lab doing a million stimulations on how this happened and how you survived and that’s his way of coping with what happened… He needs the answers… and knowing him, he’ll eventually find them.”

“But, Peter, you're my son too.” Steve sighed, “And I can't live with myself thinking that my own son isn't comfortable sharing life-threatening information.”

Peter opened his mouth but then closed it just as fast, “So you’re grounding me?”

“No, Peter, you're an adult, no matter what your dad still thinks,”

“But?”

“We’re grounding Spider-man.”

Peter’s eyes went wide, “What?!?!”

“Your Dad and I both think that Spider-man has become too big…” Steve made some placating gestures, trying to calm his furiously pacing son, “and today was proof that you’re not completely capable of handling solo missions without communicating to the team that you need help when things get rough”

“Pops, I'm fine.” Peter gestured to his torso. “It was a simple drug store robbery gone wrong and I was distracted…. It won't happen again.

“I know this… which is why this isn’t forever but until your dad and I feel that you're ready to return to the world as Spider-man, Spider-man is grounded.”

“This is bullshit, what am I going to do? Sit around here all day… stuck in the tower!” Peter complained, “What if you need Spider-man and I can't go because I’m grounded?”
“THE AVENGERS DON’T NEED A DEAD SPIDER-MAN EITHER.”

The silence was deafening and Steve rubbed his eyes in frustration.

“This isn't forever,” Steve started slowly… getting up, realizing how long he had been sitting there, “Just until you realize how dangerous it actually was and why your actions weren’t appropriate in this situation… and what could have happened if Wade wasn’t there to help you”

“You’re probably still mad about Wade.”

“No, I am not.” Steve said firmly, crossing his arms over his chest, “As long as he respects and loves you as a person, both as Peter Parker Stark-Rogers and as Spider-man, I have no qualms with him. In fact, judging on the footage, I might have to thank him for saving you.”

Peter was confused and stopped mid-pacing to look at his dad.

“Peter, use this time off from Spider-man to get your head on straight... Figure out what you want from or with Wade and go apologize to your dad…. He’s been worried sick and you’ve been moping up here.” Steve said with hug. “For being geniuses you both sure are a couple of stubborn idiots.”

Peter swallowed down his complaints, “Thanks Pops. I love you and I'm sorry.”

“I’m sorry for yelling at you.” Steve offered, “I love you too kiddo.”

“Hey, JARVIS, can you call an elevator for the lab? I gotta apologize to Dad.”

‘Already on its way sir.’

“You’re the best, J.”

“Peter, you're the best son I could ever have.”

“I’m your only son.”

“Stil…”

“I'm going to apologize to Dad now…”

“Yeah, you should probably go do that… but don't be too…. He might not so easily forgive you just yet.”

“I- yeah okay.”

The elevator dinged and Peter got in with a sigh, smoothing out his hair and tugging down his shirt, “Thanks Pop.”

Steve nodded, watching the doors close.

There was another part of that memory that Steve forgot to mention.

10 year-old Peter was exhausted and Steve was prepared to carry him home… but it was Tony who insisted.

Tony, who never liked being handed anything, grabbed Peter and held him close as he dozed off, fingers clutching at Tony’s suit.
It was Tony who whispered promises and lullabies into Peter’s ear and tucked him in tightly under Iron man printed sheets.

From that moment on, Steve knew that this was the family he had been looking for and he knew that his husband would forgive Peter eventually but it was times like these where Steve could have that little boy back again.

*

“Bruce, did you take a look at these printouts already?”

“I’m not sure if he did… but I can look at them if you want me to…”

Tony took off his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose, “Peter…”

Bruce quietly left the room with his coffee cup, letting father and son talk in peace, plus a talk like that wasn’t good for his blood pressure.

Peter flopped into one of the rolling chairs, pulling a display down to look at it clearly, “I mean, looking at these briefly, some of these stigmatics seem abnormally high for a content sample of this size but-”

“Peter.”

Peter shut up promptly.

“What are you doing here?”

Peter didn’t realize how old Tony had gotten either, the wrinkles on his forehead growing deeper and his crows feet getting more prominent.

When did his parents get so old all of a sudden?

Peter swore just yesterday they were all playing hide and seek in the Tower and now it was like he had hide too long and now his dad had left to be replaced with this aged version of himself.

“I’m here to help.”

“Peter…”

“I’m the leading scientist in spider-based technologies and other spider/human DNA related mutations.” Peter said firmly, cracking his hands, “I’m here to help.”

“You think you can just-” Tony started, throwing his glasses on the table and pulling his son out of the chair. “Get out.”

“Dad-”

“No, Peter.” Tony said crossing his arms. “I have what I need here and that does not include you.”

“Dad, no.” Peter ground his feet in, “You’ve been down here for hours. Let me help you.”

Tony just looked at him like he wasn’t there, continuing to push him out of the lab.

“Dad, listen to me… I can help you.”

Tony stopped pushing for a second to look at his son who was still extremely good at giving him puppy dog eyes.
“Please… Daddy…”

Tony melted and sighed heavily. No matter how angry he got with his son, Tony knew that he would be quick to forgive him.

He was still pissed… reasonably so, but Peter was right and his help could be crucial in determining what was truly wrong with him… if there was anything wrong at all…

He was still pissed tho.

Tony relented, and motioned for his son to come further into the lab.

“Okay, fine…. Fine. FINE. Jesus kid, didn't your old man tell you to use those big eyes of yours sparingly.”

Peter smiled like the lil shit that he is, “Nah, he’s awfully smart but he always told me use all the weapons in your arsenal.”

Tony laughed and swiped his hand down to show Peter the information they had collected so far.

“This is what we do know.”

Peter quickly glanced at the x-rays, biometric scans, brain scans and other various medical information listed on the screen to quizzingly looking at his father.

“It’s nothing…. We know nothing.”

Peter frowned, “Have you checked my-?”

“Yup.”

“And the-”

“Bruce checked those too…”

Peter fell back into a rolling chair, “Well, let’s get to work then…”

Tony chuckled at his son “Are you sure you're not my biological kid?”

Peter rolled his eyes, “I’m too handsome for such an insult.”

“Ack!” Tony cried out dramatically and clutching his heart, “Insulted by my own son….. Et tu Brutus…..”

Peter continued to look exasperated by his dad but then relented, “Dad…. I am…. sorry about today… it… I was in over my head and I thought I was doing the right thing… but obviously… not.”

“Peter…”

Peter looked down at his hands, unable to look at his father, “I should have known better… and I'm sorry for making you worry.”

Peter hung his head in his hands and whispered, “God… this is just like Venom all over again.”

“Pete.” Tony placed a hand on his son’s shoulder, “It’s my job to worry kiddo… that’s my job. I
kinda am your dad after all"

Peter looked up at him hesitantly.

“And maybe I overreacted about the whole Wade thing…. You're both adults and it's not my business to determine who you hang out with… I'm sorry.”

He knelt down to look his son in the eyes, “But this…. Whatever it is...is not Venom… you were a kid then… and it was my job back then to realize that you needed help…. And I failed you. That was my mistake. But this here… now…. We'll figure it out together, Peter, I promise.”

Peter remembered Venom… being consumed by something that was completely out of his control and… loving it…. Absolutely loving the power that it gave him, made him feel like he was on top of the entire goddamn world… but it was all a lie… and he was lucky enough that his parents had found him before it was too late.

Tony was right though…. This would be different. Peter leaned forward and hugged his dad.

“I'm still mad at you.”

“I know, Dad.”

“And you’re still grounded… no matter how cute you are…."

“I know Dad…. Pops told me.”

“It’ll be alright… think of it as a vacation… except…. Don't actually go on vacation… because your Pops would have a fit if you ended up married in Vegas and he couldn’t go.”

Peter pulled away sharply, “DAD!”

“What! As much as I don't like it, you are over the moon for him.” Tony said with a shrug of his shoulders, “Would it really be a stretch if you end up marrying him?”

Peter blushed brightly, hiding his face. “Daaaaaaaaaaadd.”

“What do you see in him anyway?” Tony continued, casually flipping through things. “Other than the sex that I do not under any circumstance want to know about.”

Peter grew impossibly brighter, pulling his legs up as a barrier, slowly swiveling back and forth, and chewing the edge of his thumb, “Well, He’s just…. Wade. I’ve never met anyone so-so sure about themselves and who they are… and he’s unbelievably nice to me… and-and he makes me feel so damn important Dad… like I'm more valuable than all the gold in the world… and-and-and”

“Okay, OKAY, Hallmark Channel… I get the picture.” Tony stopped him with a laugh. “Do you love him?”

“Yeah…..” Peter was soft and quiet but his voice was firm, “yeah. I really do.”

Tony recognized that look….it was the same gooey-eyed look he caught himself making in the mirror when he looked at his husband every morning…. That surprised fondness that Steve was still here and still his after all these years…That soft blush and even softer eyes… his son was clearly in love… and Tony understood everything all at once.
Tony knocked into Peter’s shoulder, “Okay then.”

“Okay?” Peter’s eyes widened.

Tony ruffled his hair, “Okay, kiddo. If you love him, invite him to dinner sometime”

“What now.” that was filled with nervous dread.

“We gotta properly meet the future Mr. Parker Stark-Rogers,” Tony said with a smirk, “So, invite him to dinner. In fact, JARVIS call Deadpool.”

“Of course, sir, calling Pool, Dead.”

“DAD. NO. I CAN INVITE HIM MYSELF.”

“Be reasonable Pete,” Tony said, his smirk growing ever wider, “JARVIS can do it.”

“Hey, sexy,” Wade’s low seductive voice booming throughout the lab, “I know we just hung out, baby,… but I'm surprised you're calling so soon already. Did you miss me?”

“Wade….” Peter said through clenched teeth, “My dad is listening.”

“Too bad! You’re going to have to miss me some more cause I can't quite come to the phone right now… little preoccupied if you know what I mean” Wade continued nonplussed, “Leave your sexual needs at the beep Toodles!~”

“Hey Wade-y Poo!” Tony said dramatically, fluttering his eyes for Peter's discomfort, “Just wondering if you would be down to come for dinner some time at the Tower. 7:30 or so… Just name the day”

He paused, looking at how uncomfortable Peter looked and smirked even further, “And if you come, you can have a slice of Peter for desert.”

“DAD. OMGGGG.”

“Buh-bye now!” Tony snickered and ended the call with a wave of his hand. “Now, that didn't seem that bad did it Pete?”

Peter was slouched completely into his chair, his arms covering his face and groaned. “Dad…. nooooooo whyyyyyyyyyy”

“I thought you said you were here to help me.” Tony said, lightly kicking the chair and chuckling, “Lot of help you are.”

“I have a theory…. But my proof isn't answering the phone at the moment.”

“Wade…” Tony said slowly, the wheels already spinning in his head “What happened again?”

“I didn’t feel anything…. Which was weird… even for me,” Peter started slowly, “I always feel getting shot… let allow getting shot 12 times in the chest… it felt like getting poked with someone's finger…. But I was bleeding all over the suit… Wade came out of nowhere and dragged me out of there… it honestly felt like he knew I would be there and he saved me from the shooter… something something getting tacos… something heading back to the apartment… I don’t remember if or when the bullets holes healed…. I estimate maybe an hour… two tops… enough to do laundry… Wade filled me in with the details but he didn’t say anything about the holes… Granted me were a little”
Peter coughed and looked away, “Distracted.”

“So.” Tony said, pointedly ignoring the last part, “Wade Wilson knows something and he’s not sharing with the class.”

Tony leaned into the display, “Well, that explains why he didn't answer his phone… bad trait in a son-in-law “

Peter kept mumbling to himself, “But it doesn't explain why I healed so quickly… are you sure you went over my T-cell count?”

“Literally the first thing we looked at…”

“Brain’s all good.” Peter tapped his head. “So what is it? What's wrong with me? What am I missing?”

“Maybe it's not what you're missing but what you’ve gained.”

They both jumped at the new voice of Dr. Strange seeming to come out of nowhere.

“Heyyyy Strange-y. Long time no talk.” Tony said with a wave, “Nice to see your beard looking sharp and you being as cryptic as ever.”

“Stark.” He said with a curt nod, “I believe your son here has gained a magical favor from someone extremely powerful.”

Peter narrowed his eyebrows as Tony said, “Come again, magic man?”

Dr. Strange waved his hand to make a viewing portal appear, “I was using the Eye to partake in my duties when I noticed something peculiar.”

The portal revealed birds suddenly dropping out of the sky to swan dive into the ground only to rise back up and fly like nothing mattered.

“So, you came because you got spooked by a bunch of birds… I'm hurt Strange… I thought I meant more than that.”

He continued like he hadn't been interrupted, “Surely, with the multitudes of magic welders in the city, I assumed it was a rogue magician out of control but it became worse.”

The portal shifted to another view of a young girl who was crying because of a scraped knee… only for that knee to heal itself almost instantly and then re-open like a crude zipper.

The silence was deafening.

“So, maybe... another mutant?” Peter said slowly, fascinated but disgusted at the same time.

“Wise attempt,” Strange said with a smirk, “But your conclusion is short-lived.”

The portal then revealed a third scene and it was Peter’s passed out body being cradled by Wade from earlier. Peter was clearly dead with the bullet holes oozing out blood…. And Wade wasn’t looking any better himself, enough grazed bullet and full on bullet holes to look through him.

Wade was mumbling something, his head bowed over and then, like the little girl, the bullets dripped out of Peter’s body and the holes immediately closed.

But unlike the little girl, the holes stayed closed.
“What. The. Fuck.”

Peter felt gingerly at his chest to make sure it was still solid.

“Indeed.” Dr. Strange continued as if he hadn't delivered life changing news, “Look closer.”

The view shifted, it was the same view of Peter and Wade but it was layered with a green tinted magic over it.

There was another figure this time, clothed in a long black dress and robe that floated like a cloud around her… but the most peculiar aspect was that with a skull for a face, kneeling beside them and it was clear that Wade was talking to her through painful, blood soaked breathes.

“Save him. Please. My life for his.”

She contemplated his words, nodded and then whispered, “Your life for his so ten shall remain”

“You’re so beautiful when you’re being cryptic, babe.” He managed to pant out.

She rolled her eyes and leaned over to kiss Peter on the forehead, “Your offer is accepted… Arise and Greet Life.”

That when the bullets began to spill out of him.

“Thank you.”

“10 left Wade. Use them wisely my love.”

The portal closed and the lab was completely silent, with Peter touching his forehead where Death had kissed him and his stomach where the bullets were, Tony silently contemplating, and Dr. Strange awkwardly floating.

Tony broke the silence, “Well that's one amazing engagement gift he gave you Pete… I dunno if you can top that.”

Peter’s brain was going a mile a minute and he couldn’t distinguish one thought between the next other than Why. Whyyyyyyyyy whywhwywhywh

“Peter…. Tony gently placed a hand on his son’s shoulder.

“Dad, I don’t deserve-” Peter looked lost and confused and pissed at the same time, “Why would he-”

“He loves you…. Clearly…” Dr. Strange commented, “And people do some pretty stupid things when they’re in love.”

“Awww… Strange had an emotion!” Tony said, using his jokes to break the silence, his laughter painfully fake and too loud.

“Tony.”

Peter was clearly hyperventilating and Strange was quick to respond, stretching him out to get his lungs to work and trying to pace his breathing.

“Hey, Hey hey kiddo,” Tony knelt down to look at his son, “Breathe for me. I know this was a whole heck of a lot of information at one time but you gotta breathe first.”
Strange looked at Stark and nodded, understanding that this was sensitive and maybe not start on life-altering information without warning anyone first.

Peter’s breathing eventually evened out and Tony ushered him upstairs to get some rest.

As soon as he left, Tony turned to look at Dr. Strange.

“What did he do?” Tony’s voice was a thousand percent seriousness which was so unbelievably unexpected that it made Stephen pause for just a moment.

“The Death’s Kiss” Dr. Strange started, sounding like he had researched this beforehand, “From what I’ve read, it's... serious. An old pagan bonding ritual which was used to bond two souls Fates in marriage, which is why we now use, ‘till Death do we part’, in wedding vows but originally, Death came to challenge the strength of the couple and if they could survive the tests, they would receive Death’s Kiss as proof that nothing could break the couple…. It's some sort of protection… but also used as a transaction of sorts… it is unclear”

“Sparknote for me, Magic Man… what does this mean for my son.” Tony scratched his chin with thought, “Other than the surprise marriage.”

“Fate does not like being tampered with… which resulted in the freak accidents all over town… it's trying to right it's way back to normal but a lot of things can't take the strain and are bending to Fates will.” Strange reconjured the portals. “Death's Kiss healed your son and will continue to protect him… but it also altered the Fate of many different Fates at the same time which caused the blowbacks… and I fear that they will get worse as time goes on.”

“There’s a ‘but’ in there… I know it.”

“There’s no buts with this one Anthony,” Dr. Strange resumed floating, “Your son is in a pile of serious shit…. And I advise that he talk to his Betrothed…. There are not a lot of stories that state what actually occurs or what happens after… but Wilson clearly initiated it and your son's health is proof that it exists…. I’m not too sure of the rest… or even what she meant by 10…. I have my guesses but-”

“It’s Death.” Tony concluded. “No one knows for certain.”

“Ask Wilson.” Strange concluded as well, his magical cape floating, “And please tell your son-in-law to notify us before he starts making world-changing arrangements that shatter the fragile nature of Fate.”

Tony laughed ruefully, “Sure, I'll tell him next time he breaks the balance of Fate to save my son… maybe not to?”

Tony sighed, scrubbing his hand down his face, “I'm getting too old for this nonsense.”

Strange nodded once more and then left with a flash of light.

“I guess he’s not too good with goodbye either...”

He minimized the screens and went looking for that coffee Bruce had gone after… maybe to put a spike of whiskey in it too… today was going to be a long, long day.

Tony didn’t realize until half-way through his cup of coffee… that it tasted just a little saltier than usual and he quickly put the cup down before full on bawling into his hands.

His worst fear had become a nightmare fueled reality… Peter had died today… and it was only
due to some stupid luck and Death that they weren’t preparing to… He couldn’t even think of the possibility.

Tony stared at his reflection in the chrome desk and for once in his life, he did not like the person he saw back.

Wade had done the impossible to save his son and never in his life had Tony felt so utterly helpless and useless and old.

Tony didn’t save Peter…. Wade did.

So, Tony did what he thought he would never have to do… thank him…. If what Dr. Strange said was true…. Wade had done this… and Tony Stark-Rogers was man enough to admit when he had been out-maneuvered.

But maybe after another cup of coffee.

*****BONUS*****

“All words to the newly weds?”

“Sam, we're already married!”

“Shut it Cap… I wasn’t physically there for the first wedding so I'm making it up all my best man duties in this one… and that includes making a terrible home movie so you can play years later and reminisce how young you look and how handsome I still am.”

Steve rolled his eyes but thoughtfully paused for a moment to critically look at the camera, “Steve of the Future, this is the moment we’ve always dreamed of, a beautiful husband, an amazing job that keeps us on our toes, getting to work with the best goddamn people in the entire world.”

Sam interrupted, “You damn right.”

Steve laughed, his undone bowtie moving with him, “Anyway, anyway… cherish everything… be happy! Celebrate! We’ve spent too much time dealing with- well you know… so enjoy this time with your beautiful husband and your now incredible son… He takes after Tony so much already but he’s your son too so don’t let them bully you into buying a fancy boat or one of those race cars for his 13th birthday or something…”

Both men start laughing again, knowing how true that statement probably will be.

“Love you both always and forever, your Poppa.”

“Goddamn, Cap,” Sam says, wiping a tear, “Got me crying again.”

“Don’t worry, the ladies love a man with a sensitive side.”

They laugh again and Sam pulls away to film someone else.

The party is alive with people dancing, kicking up the pink balloons on the floor, and people sitting down at the many circular tables fanning themselves or taking in the scenario with cool calculated eyes.

Sam walked past them all, getting people to smile and greet the camera with well wishes to the couple on renewing their vows.
“WoAH there string bean, where are you going so fast?”

And there was a young Peter, his suit down to the suspenders and his hair threatening to slip out of its gel holding, he stopped promptly and turned to face his uncle with a huge smile on his face.

“Hi, Uncle Sammy! Whatcha doing with the camera!”

“We gotta make a tape for you and your daddies to watch later to remember today.”

“But why?” Peter said, his eyebrows already starting to frown, “Is their memory not good anymore? Cause I’m going to remember this day forever”

Sam laughed at his nephew’s words, “No kiddo, it’s for them to watch in the future when they want to feel like they are back here again.”

“Oh… okay!” Peter said, preparing to run off again.

“Waitwaitwait, don’t you want to say something to the camera?”

Peter stopped suddenly, rocking back and forth thinking.

“Well…”

“Don’t think too hard kiddo. Just say whatever comes to your mind,“

“Here,” Sam bent down to pick him up, letting out a little uff when he realized how heavy Peter was getting, “We can do our together.”

“Hey Cap, Tony, I just wanted to say that I was right.”

“You were right?”

“Yeah kiddo, I TOTALLY predicted that your Pops would marry your Dad.”

“WOW! REALLY?”

Sam chuckled a bit, “As you can see, we’re all having a super fun time.”

He took a moment to adjust Peter and to come across as sincere, “I hope your marriage is everything you ever imagined… and the best thing about is it you now got this little monkey too. God knows you both deserve it.”

He paused to give Peter a raspberry kiss. “Okay kiddo, your turn. Tell your daddies how much you love them.”

“Daddy!” Peter’s boyish laughter was amazing to hear, “Can we have a party every day? Cause Auntie Nat gave me lots and lots and lots of cake and it was soooossssssooooo good! I really like the chocolate parts and the little roses… but Auntie Nat made me eat the vanilla parts too… and those weren’t so yummy.”

Sam laughed which made the camera shake.

“But most of all Daddy, I get to see all our friends,” Peter looked across the room and then smiled at the camera, “Uncle BB, and Uncle Bucky and Uncle Rhodey and Uncle Clint and Aunt Wanda and Uncle V and Mister Strange and The Richards and everybody!”
“Hey! What about me?”

“And you too, Uncle Sammy!” He threw his hands around Sam’s neck. “I love you!”

“Love you too kiddo.”

“So, can we pretty please have a party every day? So we can see all our friends? And eat cake!”

“Your kid makes a sound argument, Tony, I second this.”

“PETER C’mon already.”

“I’m coming! I’m coming!!” Peter replied squirming in Sam’s hold, “Hold ya horses.”

He was about time run off but stopped, “See you later Uncle Sammy.”

“Bye-bye kiddo.”

“See now I know that's your son… cause he's running after boys already.”

“Sam Wilson… are you making the future video??? You know that I’m the best man right?”

“Rhodey you wish you were the best man.” Sam shouted across the way, “I can fly circles around you and still be a better best man.”

“You weren’t even at the wedding, man, you ain't shit.”

“WHAT.”

The camera was placed half-heartedly on its side as Sam ran over to confront him.

The camera was then picked up by Natasha who pursed her red lipstick smile. “Everyone knows I'm the best man.”

“Of course you are babe.” Bucky placed a kiss on her cheek, wrapping one arm casually around her waist

“HEY BARNES WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PUT A RING ON THAT?”

“HEY CLINT WHEN ARE YA GONNA MIND YA OWN BUSINESS?” He hollered back at him. “He’s just like my ma I swear…”

Natasha cocked her hip and stared at him, “Well?”

“Well, what?”

She rolled her eyes and walked away, leaving Bucky to juggle with the camera.

“Well, shit. Looks like I'm in the doghouse again bud.” His metal arm came up to scratch at his messed up hair. “Congrats again on the vows… I never would have imagine this but marriage is a good look on you, Cap, and I'm glad to be here to see it.”

“BARNES YOU BETTER NOT HAVE YOUR METAL HAND ALL OVER MY CAMERA. IT’S OLDER THAN YOU SO THERE BETTER NOT BE A SCRATCH ON IT.”

Bucky stuck out his tongue to the camera, “Gotta go!”
Sam reappeared, a little disheveled, “Steve, this day better be worth it man… And tell your husband that I'm officially the best man.”

“WHY YOU TRYING GET CAP TO LIE LIKE THAT… YOU WRONG FOR THAT.”

Sam just stared into the camera for a good second and then shut it off.

The camera turned back on briefly to show the entire wedding party chanting FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT.

And then the footage shut off abruptly.

And then turn back on again with Natasha and Bucky sitting at one of the tables… Natasha was fixing her hair and Bucky was nuzzled into her side, Nat fixed her lipstick “This was fun guys. We gotta do this every year.”

Bucky barely raised his head off her shoulder, “I’m pretty sure Clint has to go to the hospital… for stitches … Rhodey also might be missing a tooth and Sam is just…. Somewhere…”

“Honestly, is it even a party of a few bones don't get broken?” Her smirk was back again.

Bucky laughed, revealing how tired he really was, kissing her shoulder.

“Congratulations again you two… May your love continue to grow each and every year you are together…”

“And you better be together for every year.” Bucky lazily threw his fist up into the air to celebrate.

“You got that adorable kid now…. I couldn’t pick a better kid if I tried.”

“But you did pick him babe.”

Natasha rolled her eyes, laughing a little “Love you both.”

The camera stopped again.

This time it was Tony, holding the camera, laying in bed with Peter snuggled up to his side and Steve passed out on the far side, with only a tuft of blonde hair visible.

“It’s currently…. 2 am…. Christmas Day and Natasha told me to hold onto this dinosaur while she took Idiots 3 to the hospital.”

Peter snuffed in his sleep and rolled over.

Tony looked down in alarm but exhaled as his son settled back into sleep. He started to pat the fly-aways down but continued speaking in softer tones.

“I never thought-” He paused for a second, trying to gather his thoughts

“We’re happy…. I’ve never thought for even a second that life could get better but it has… God a million times over and then some…”

He looked into the camera and his eyes were tired but shining brightly with pronounced and eternal happiness.

“I’d bottle up this stuff and sell it to the mass but…” Tony looked down at his son, “I'm greedy… I’m one greedy bastard and I want to... keep this... to myself for as long as I can even though I’m
spilling at the seams.”

“I’ve found happiness… and it’s come in the form of this kiddo right here and that snoring lump.”

Tony turned to look at the camera again, “I just-”

“Life works in some mysterious fucking ways and if you were to tell that that I had any of this… I would think you’re out of your goddamn mind… and yet… here we are.”

He softly pat Peter’s head again, “Here we are.”

He stared directly into the camera “Don’t fuck this up.”

A muffled groan came from Steve’s side of the bed “No cursing in front of the kid.”

Tony laughed, shaking the camera before yawning, “Merry Christmas.”

The film paused, with Tony’s half tired smile, Peter snuggled into his side and Steve starting to wake it from his nap, before cutting off to darkness.

Chapter End Notes

I told you to read the tags right? I did mention that....
Anyway, hope you enjoyed this!

Next chapter is filled with more of Peter’s perspective because that’s just a bowl of cats right now... who's writing this? I should fire them....
Chapter Summary

So Wade dun fucked up and left Peter to cry about it.... Who better than to comfort a sad spider than a night on the town with his best friend... Johnny... Johnny Test.

So there's so ice cream... vandalism... crying... and something that we all were like wtf-ing about.

But the question is... Where the fuck is Wade? And that question is not answered in this segment... so have some emotions instead.

Chapter Notes

I did not agree with some of the things that happen in this chapter. Vandalism is wrong... no matter how fun it might be to take down a bully. And there's one other thing that happens... that I felt drove the plot... it certainly did something all right. Just heed the tags and you'll be fine. Or come yell at me about it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There's a crack in the ceiling of his room.

Correction… there was more than one crack on the ceiling but they converged into one main crack that Peter was currently running his hands over and over and over again.

He was worn out.

Gone through the superhero, industrial strength washing machine and wrung everything out of him in the process.

And he was tired too.

His brain was tired of thinking about anything so he decided to hang out for a while and stare at the ceiling… because it was better than thinking about Wa-.

Not going to go there.

But when he came closer to the ceiling, he had noticed the crack and it had bothered him for some reason so he followed it… crouching along on the ceiling.

Maybe he was going crazy.

Being grounded with your emotions sucked.

I mean sure, he had full range of the Tower, every top of the line scientific instrument known to man, over a thousand channels including Netflix, Hulu, and whatever else there was, the game
room, training room, and that indoor racetrack that Tony built on a whim as a birthday present to himself.

But Peter was bored…

Hence sitting on the ceiling and staring at the crack.

What do normal people even do? Other than contemplate their existence and worry about bills…

There had to be something fun to do… maybe too much blood was gathering into his brain…

“I heard someone got grounded.”

Well, there’s something fun.

Peter let gravity take him gently off the ceiling so he could greet his guest probably.

“Howd you get grounded?” Peter called out, letting his closest friend de-flame and come through the window, “I thought you were still in Barbados on that mission of yours.”

“Alas, the locals kicked me off the island before I could kiss a single person.” He said casually with a shrug and a signature Johnny Storm grin.

“Ah, too bad!” Peter quipped, “The good people of Barbados get to live another day without seeing your lobster red butt grace their island.”

Johnny perched himself on the island counter, a total disregard for the actual furniture meant for sitting, “You like my red butt.”

Peter laughed nervously, pushing his hair back, “What are you doing here man?”

Johnny bopped him on the nose, making Peter cross his eyes to look at it, “I had to come see you of course… word is you got yourself in some pretty big pickle while I was gone.”

Johnny cocked his head to the side, taking in Peter’s appearance for the first time and it made Peter subconsciously try to hide the three day old scruff and tired baggy eyes hiding behind glasses he didn’t need… He tried to hide the over large Hello Kitty shirt that hung loosely off his slim frame as pajamas… he wasn’t even trying with the boxers… those were a lost cause.

“And it seems like it's a pretty large one based on your appearance.”

“Oh fuck off J,” Peter angrily pulling up his shirt, “You were way worse when Jessie dumped you three weeks ago.”

“Oh true,” Johnny countered, swinging his legs like a child, “But that’s why I went to Barbados! To get his stupid washboard abs out of my head!”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“Plus,” Johnny continued, “I didn’t even know you were dating someone let alone getting your heart shat on.”

“No- it's not—”

“Please tell me it's a guy this time.” Johnny said, firing up one of his hands, “So I can actually fight them for dumping you.”

“I’m engaged J.”
The silence was deafening, with only the smooth hiss of the fire burning out remaining.

“Oh… um… congrats?” Johnny said slowly, confusion weighing out, “But why are you-? And with who?”

Peter jumped onto the counter, moving the fruit basket over so they both could be comfortable. “It’s a long story.”

“I’ve got time.”

Peter smirked but it couldn't cover the weight of his eyebags and he told Johnny everything from Wade and their relationship to when he died to Death’s Kiss… everything and it left Peter feeling much better but tremendously worse at the same time.

Johnny was speechless as Peter looked at him, assessing what his best friend would say.

He was reminded of when they were kids… when Peter was 16 and on the cusp of Venom… but it wasn’t the symbiote that made Peter’s stomach burst into a million in one butterflies of teenage hormonal bullshit.

It was Johnny.

Johnny Storm, his best friend since forever, who was always a little older and a lot more handsome was stupidly good looking jawline and control over his powers.

Who called them PB&J Best Friends Forever and was always there with jokes and the nicknames and bandaged his knees with Iron Man band-aids after he skinned them.

It was Johnny who was always there for Peter when he first started patrolling as Spider-man and it was Johnny that had always had a twinkle in his eyes and a smirk on his lips that Peter just wanted to smooth out.

Johnny Storm was the most beautiful thing young Peter had ever seen in his life and he was 16 when he had the courage to kiss him.

Afraid of everything in the entire goddamn world crashing down around him.

But he licked his lips and kissed him like he needed it more than he needed air.

And Johnny kissed back and it was everything that Peter hoped for… grabbed a chunk of blonde hair and kissed his way into happily ever after.

And then Venom.

His curiosity led him down the worst path he could ever imagine.

He was happy with his Dads and his life and the internship and the cutest boy he had ever seen in his life as his boyfriend.

But he craved more.

And Johnny could see it. He wasn't an idiot to the throes of addiction.

Johnny always knew that Venom was bad and he tried to get Peter to see it… but the discussions quickly turned into arguments until those turned into screaming matches of frustration.
Peter didn’t remember… or his brain didn’t let him but something had happened that made his voice hoarse from screaming. No. over and over and over again and Johnny leaving in tears.

Venom had wrecked everything.

And it had taken time to build it back to the easy friendship they had before.

After a while… it became easier to mess around, joke around, to brush Venom off like a bad dream.

But the… something was still there between them.

Peter had Wade now and Johnny was happier than he had ever been but even now in the small space between them in Peter’s kitchen… it would always be there between them.

“Fucking hell Pete.” Johnny sighed, running his head through his hair in frustration. “You sure know how to pick ‘em”

Peter started biting on his nails. “Wade not- he’s a good guy J.”

“Good guys buy you flowers and introduce you to their folks Peter.” Johnny waved his hands around to illustrate his point. “They don’t make weird proposals with Death to keep you alive… Not even mentioning the whole relationship he has with Death… it’s Insane!”

Peter exhaled, the fight draining out of him, “I know, I know… It’s just…”

“And on top of that he hasn't picked up his DAMN PHONE?!?!?!” Johnny continued, really getting heated, “Hasn't called to say ‘hey, I just made some weird deal with Death to SAVE YOUR LIFE… maybe we should talk about that?’”

Peter curled further into himself, Johnny was voicing his own anger aloud and it made Peter self conscious of how horribly true it all was.

“J…”

“I'm not even close to done yet… What. Were. You. Thinking. Were you even thinking???? You of all people know that you shouldn't run into crossfire.” Johnny smacked him lightly in the shoulder. “Christ Pete. You fucking died. And look at you… rotting away as you wait on some idiot to call you back.”

“J…” Peter leaned on his shoulder to calm him down, “I love him.”

He set his jaw firmly though his eyes were watering, “I love the stupid idiot.”

Johnny’s heart shattered and he felt each and every single piece dig into the softest parts of him.

God, to see Peter like this… lost and confused and small…. So ridiculously small that he seemed just like that kid who had gotten the courage to kiss him before Johnny could even dream of it.

It hurt in that place where he stored all those feelings about Peter… and get wanted nothing more than to make him the happiest he’s ever been again… even though Peter would never be his again…

“Yeah?”

Peter nodded softly, drying his tears with the heel of his hand, “Yeah.”
Johnny sighed, pulling him into a hug, “I’m sorry kiddo.”

“I love him so much J.” Peter said into his shoulder, “But this hurts like a motherfucker…”

“I have no goddamn clue.” Johnny said honestly, “But I’m going to beat his ass for making you cry.”

“Nah, I’m not crying… these are angry tears… I’m very angry right now”

“Okay, kiddo,” Johnny laughed, patting Peter’s back, “If you say so.”

“Pops kicked me out of the gym….” He broke free of the hug with a pout, “He told me that he was the only one in the family who could mindlessly break punching bag…. Or else I would have broken his record already”

Johnny casually held Peter’s hands to look at his knuckles, “I mean, your hands look pretty fine considering…. I half expected bloody knuckles”

“It’s the….” Peter shyly pulled away his hands from Johnny’s attention and leaping off of the counter to look away from him, “y’know…..”

Johnny kissed his knuckles before he could get too far, “Let’s get out of here then… take your mind off of things and make those knuckles bloody”

Peter laughed, “I’m still grounded J.”

Johnny hmm… kicking his feet back and forth and then smiled as wide as he could. “Meet me on the balcony.”

“Wait, what?!?!” Peter whipped around to face him but Johnny was already opening one of the windows to leave.

“The Balcony. And wear something decent.”

Peter blushed, pulling down his shirt again, “I gotta shower first!”

Johnny laughed, “Hurry up then!”

Peter rushed to his shower dropping clothes as he went and cursing Johnny to pieces.

It was crazy how quickly Johnny could get him from saddest lump in the world to a giggling mess… but that was the magic of Johnny Storm with his stupid smile and his easy-going nature and Peter furiously scrubbed his hair to stop himself from blushing.

He didn’t want to shave off his stubble but he figured that looking like a fuzzy mess wouldn’t be “decent”.

He didn’t want to impress Johnny but like ughhhhh…

He dried himself off as best he could, nearly braining himself on the sink in the process.

He tried to slow down his breathing for a second… while brushing his teeth.

Where was Johnny even planning on taking him?

It was Johnny… that didn’t give him any clues… the last time they had gone out, Peter was passed out in the lobby of the Tower with a sharpie’d number on his face and a red thong stuffed into his back pocket with absolutely no memory of what had actually happened.
Dad had given him a sarcastic high-five while showing him how to delete the camera phone footage off the internet and Pops had just raised his eyebrows before delivering an epic Captain America is Judging You Face.

Peter sprayed the mirror with toothpaste laughing.

So it was a good time.

He rinsed, wiping the mirror down and debating on gelling his hair before foregoing it to towel it dry… then picked up a pencil to line his eyes… trying not to stab himself in the eye in the process.

He moved over to the walk-in closet, trying to decide wtf he could possibly wear while putting his studs in… making sure the backs were solidly closed this time.

Jeans were good… cardigan sweater? No… a Hoodie was better…. It was getting colder and even though Johnny was a living furnace, he didn't want to catch a cold.

At the last moment he decided to throw on a pair of fake glasses and a beanie… it was amazing how two things can make you so invisible.

He threw on his shoes and threw his hands in his hair before putting on his web shooters that doubled as a watch and throwing his phone in his pocket.

He skidded around the corner to the balcony to see Johnny perched on the ledge shooting off fireballs.

Johnny turned to see him, smiling, “What took you so long? I half expected the sun to rise before you could get done admiring yourself in the mirror.”

“Oh, fuck off. You know good eyeliner takes time.”

“Awww, Pete, you put on eyeliner for me?”

Peter stuck his tongue out at him and prepared to saddle the ledge with him, “Wait, I'm still grounded…”

“Yeah… but I'm kidnapping you.”

Peter laughed at how unexpected that answer was.

“I'm dead serious,” Johnny said though the smirk on his face told otherwise, “I'm kidnapping you… and hopefully for a huge ransom because we can use the money.”

“So, where are we going, Mr. Kidnapper.”

“I can't tell you if I'm kidnapping you Pete… it kinda defeats the purpose of it.”

Peter nodded sagely, playing along and trying to hide his laughter.

Johnny offered his arm, “C'mon, let's blow this stand.”

“As they say, Flame On, good sir.”

Johnny flamed on, “That's a very good phrase by the way, You must have heard it from an extremely gorgeous and handsome man with devilish good looks and extremely great looking hair.”
Peter laughed, linking his arm, “I don’t know about extremely handsome is pushing it… I would have used ugly tunnel troll.”

“Oh, Pete….”

“With like super smelly feet… so stinky that you can smell them with your nose plugged” Peter said with a smile, poking Johnny in the side “probably eats scabs.”

Johnny broke down with laughter, his flame sputtering.

Peter continued, “Super hairy back… like long enough to braid it… and the braid goes down to his butt… that’s super flat… barely abutt just a bu without the t’s.”

Johnny was clutching his stomach, wheezing through his laughter, “Please.”

Peter continued like he didn’t even hear him, “The worst part is that he's never been with anybody in his life. Everyone runs in fear and he has never been sexual with anyone.”

Johnny was legit clutching his stomach as hard as he possibly could, dying with laughter. “Poor Poor guy.”

Peter nodded, “Such a tragedy.”

“What’s his name?” Johnny managed to cough out, “What’s the- What’s the name of this poor bastard?”

“Oh I dunno… J something… James… Jo…” Peter had a hard time keeping it together, “Johnny Smest. Yup that's his name Jonathan Smest.”

Johnny straight up lost it…. Gasping and sounded like a wounded seal.

“But you wanna know the worst part?” Peter asked, trying to right his friend from falling off the Tower and stifling his laughter in the process.

“What could possibly-?”

“He’s my best friend in the entire world.” Peter said honestly. “And I don't know what I possibly did to deserve him…”

“Really?” Johnny sobered up quickly, laughter gone, “Hairy back, smelly feet, scab eating, no butt virgin named Johnny Smest is your best friend….. I’m honestly offended Peter I'm right here.”

It was Peter’s turn to laugh and he rocked backwards with it. “Let’s go already, you lug.”

“I’m being perfectly honest here Peter…. Either I'm your best friend or we aren't going.” Johnny continued to tickle him senselessly.

“Okay, okay! You’re my best friend!”

Johnny punched him in the shoulder and held out a hand to him, “I guesssssssss I can kidnap you now.”

Peter grabbed his hand and held on laughing all the way, “Oh thank you my brave hero.”

“And handsome too.”
“My brave and handsome hero, I am but a weak and lowly prize…. Have at me as you desire.”

“You’re getting princess carried now.”

Peter’s laughter grew louder and he threw his head back… the New York air felt amazing after being cooped up and it wasn't like swinging across with his webs but it was awfully close.

Peter whooped loudly with Johnny laughing with him just as loudly.

He shoved his beanie further down his head to prevent it from blowing away.

God he needed this.

Johnny was… pun intended… glowing and it wasn't complicated with Johnny… sure their history was rough but that didn’t mean that Peter couldn’t have a fun time with him.

They touched down in an alleyway trying to avoid standing out too much due to Johnny’s bright nature.

“Where are we going, hot shot?”

“Do you want ice cream? I want ice cream. Let's get ice cream.” Johnny pulled Peter out of the alleyway pointing to the swanky nitrogen ice cream sandwich place at the corner.

Peter smiled at their linked hands, pulling down his beanie.

The store, despite its new hipster-like atmosphere, still had an old-school creamery feel with the bell over the door and red stool lined along the counter.

Peter hummed over the choices as Johnny wrapped his arms around his waist and rested his chin on Peter’s shoulder. Peter eased into the contact leaning against his chest that was still slightly warm.

“Whatcha thinking? Strawberry to share or do you want something else.”

The girl at the counter, who’s name tag helpfully labeled her as Michelle, spoke up, “My favorite is the Peanut Butter Delight but if you're allergic to peanuts or something the Moon Pie of my Eye is pretty good too.”

Peter looked at Johnny and Johnny nodded in agreement.

“Can we do all three? With like tons sprinkles and like 8 cherries… please.”

Michelle smiled and started on their order.

Peter grabbed a bar stool, patting at the one next to him… the shop wasn’t crowded per say but it was populated enough to make Peter weary…. You never know who was disguised as a normal person who turned out to be desperate paparazzi needing a “scandalous” picture.

Johnny still hadn't let go of his hand and he rubbed his knuckles reassuringly and then winked.

Peter laughed, messing with the candy-striped straws and admiring the vintage art on the walls, taking pictures on his phone with one hand as best he could to show his dads later.

Johnny knocked his knuckles against Peter’s, letting their hands swinging together loosely and then wiggling his eyebrows up and down.
Peter laughed at how ridiculous he was being. “Stop it”

“Stop what PB?” Johnny replied while wiggling his eyebrows even more.

Peter lightly shoved him off the seat, still laughing. “You know.”

“You have such amazing conversation skills Pete, definitely why everyone is throwing themselves at you All. The. Time.”

“I hate you.”

Johnny got off the stool to go to the counter, “I didn’t know you got ice cream with people you hated…”

Johnny placed his elbow on the counter and stared back at him “you sure are a weirdo, Pete.”

Peter blew the straw trash at him in response, glancing down at the picture to see if he could save it.

Michelle smirked at their antics, placing the final cherry on top with a flourish, “So! Do you want two spoons or are you going to share one with your boyfriend?”

Johnny’s elbow slid off the counter and he banged his chin, “I’m sorry- what?”

Peter stomped out his laughter, at Johnny’s smooth and graceful presence, which was getting increasingly louder and more ridiculous by the second.

Michelle’s eyes widened, “I’m so sorry! I just assumed that you guys were dating- I-I can shut up now.”

Johnny waved his hands, “No-no it's okay! Michelle right? Here.”

He pulled out his wallet and dumped a solid $500 in the tip jar as her eyes widened in shock.

“Wait, so you’re not?”

“I mean yeah… but also no…. It was a long time ago… it's a long story…” Johnny said sheepishly, taking the ice cream with one hand, “Sorry.”

Her eyes finally got that gleam when someone realized who exactly they were talking to.

“Holy. Shit.” She leaned across the counter and pointed accusingly while whisper yelling, “You’re that Flame Kid aren't you?”

Peter guffawed, slapping Johnny on the shoulder repeatedly.

“Well, it’s okay. I mean. Sure?”

“Hey, mister, can you take the picture, please?”
“Sure, no problem,” Peter tried to steady his hands from laughing, “Anything- Anything for Flame Kid’s number 1 fan.”

Johnny shot him glares that could kill if they could while Michelle went around the counter to get in the shot.

“Okay you two. Say Fire On!”

Peter snapped the photo, trying not to laugh too hard at Johnny’s expression.

“Thank you so much!” Michelle hurriedly looked at the picture and aww’d while sending it to your mom.

The ice cream was slightly steaming in Johnny’s hand.

“Aww,” Peter frowned, “J, you ruined perfectly good ice cream.”

“J, you ruined perfectly good ice cream.” Johnny said in a mocking tone, crossing his arms in defiance. “I hate you. I should have never kidnapped you.”

Peter placed a big wet kiss on Johnny’s cheek which only caused him to cross his arms harder.

“Charles,” Michelle hollered, “Make ‘em a new one on me.”

“Nah, it’s fine…. This night has been priceless already.” Peter sent himself a copy of the pictures via his watch.

“Well at least take a cake pop or somethin’?”

The cake Pops were little Spider-man faces on them and Peter cooed over them while Johnny was having an identity crisis.

Michelle wrapped up a bouquet and handed them over to Peter patted the head of one and gave it a little kiss. She giggled.

He dragged a pointing Johnny and gave her a cheerful wave. The bell over the door signalling their departure.

“I think that was the Stark-Rogers kid too.”

“You’re shitting me.”

“No, sir, you just missed the Flame Kid and Stark-Rogers kid.”

“Well how bout that.”

Peter cackled at Johnny’s dejected face, unwrapping a Spidey cake pop and sticking it in his mouth.

“These are really good Flame Kid, you should try one.” He said around the stick. “Red Velvet.”

Johnny moaned, slapping his hand over his face, “You’re never gonna let me down on that one huh?”

“I have no idea what you’re referring to Flamie, I simply offered you this adorable cake pop in this trying time.”
Johnny opened his mouth dejectedly and Peter promptly put one in his mouth. “Pretty good actually.”

Peter let the stick stay in his mouth, “See Flambo. You underestimate my tastes.”

“How is Human Torch so hard for people to get?” Johnny gestured at himself with the stick, “I’m human and I’m on fire like a torch.”

“You’re right, Glow Bug,” Peter said nonchalantly, shrugging his shoulders, “It doesn’t make any sense in the slightest.”

Johnny made a face, “Are you done yet?”

Peter laughed, punching him in the shoulder, “Absolutely not. But Flame Kid is way better than Bug Boy or… Menace.”

And there was a giant billboard of JJJ himself, glaring at the viewer with a huge red Spider Menace headline splayed across it.

Johnny frowned, “I wish he didn’t do that.”

Peter sighed, “Yeah but Pops says that Free speech is a part of the Freedom we all take advantage of…. So he won’t let Dad buy out the Bugle to make some editorial changes.”

“This is hate speech tho Pete,” Johnny pointed at the billboard, “How many of these fuckers does he have around the city?”

Peter shrugged, “Couple thousand maybe?”

“This isn’t right.” Johnny shook his head, “You’re a great guy Pete…. you don’t deserve this.”

Peter shrugged, “I always figured that saving people was more important than anyone’s opinion—”

“You want them gone tho?”

“Yeah,” Peter admitted after a moment, “It would be nice to wake up without another one of these things in my face all the time but it’s not a huge deal”

“C’mon.” Johnny motioned, “I got a plan.”

Peter smirked, “If it’s as good as your first plan, I don’t want any part of it.”

“What????” Johnny stressed out, “I kidnapped you just fine. That was a great plan Pete.”

“Okay Smokey.”

“Shut up and c’mon.”

Johnny used his powers like a pair of jet pack boots and floated them both up to the billboard.

“Je-sus. This thing is even uglier up close.”

“What are we doing up here?”

“What does it look like?” Johnny punched his fist straight through JJJ’s face. “Defacing it of course.”
“Jonathan Storm, you absolute madman,” Peter started with awe, “See normally, I would totally turn you in but since I'm not Spider-man…”

Peter punched another hole straight through… looking at his fist in awe like he can't believe he just did that.

Johnny caught his expression and his eyes widened with joy.

They both started giggling and punching holes through the canvas.

“And that's for the full spread on Tuesday.”

“That’s the spirit Pete! I know you had it in you.” Johnny floated up, using his finger as a pen to burn out Spider Menace and replace it with NY’s Hero.

“Shhhhhhh” Johnny heard the telltale sign of a siren and quickly pulled Peter down in a crouch, “We gotta go vandal. The cops are here.”

Peter stifled his giggles as fast as he could, “Oh shitttttt.”

But then he continued to laugh as Johnny covered his mouth with his hands, willing more than anything that the cop had gone on instead of investigated the scene, “Shh! You're going going to going to get us caught!”

Peter was silent for a moment before looking at Johnny mischievously.

“Don’t….”

Peter wiggled his eyebrows up and down.

“Don’t do it.”

Johnny yelped and withdrew his hand quickly, “Peter Benjamin Parker Stark-Rogers did you just LICK MY HAND??????”

Peter started laughing, “C’mon J, it's just spit.”

“That came from inside your mouth!” Johnny wiped his hand furiously on his leg. “Who knows where that has been???”

Peter looked down at Johnny’s lips for a second and then surged forward to kiss him, his glasses going askew and poking him in the face but that didn’t matter in the slightest.

Johnny’s eyes widened and his mouth fell open in shock but that only gave Peter the opportunity to deepen the kiss, threading his hands through Johnny hair and pulling him into it.

Johnny kissed back harder, tasting the sweet nature of cake Pops and leftover toothpaste which was weird but not as weird as Peter kissing him but omg he was kissing him and Johnny was kissing back but his hands hovered over Peter’s hips, unable to touch him as if a single touch would break the spell.

He then remembered everything and pulled away softly, “Pete.”

“I know. I know.” Peter pulled away to hug his knees, unable to look Johnny in the eyes.

Johnny paused for a second and then blew out a breath, “Well... fuck.”
Peter angrily turned to look at him, “That’s all you got to say… fuck?”

Johnny stared directly at him, “What do you want me say, huh? You just go and kiss the brains out of a guy and you expect me to be coherent? Do you expect me to wax poetic how this is all-”

“Fuck, Johnny,” Peter smashed, “I dunno… just something.”

Johnny stopped his ranting to look at the man he loved with more than his entire being.

“I love the crap outta you, you stupid asshole.” He continued softly, “So did I like it when we kissed after… after well you know… yeah, yeah I fucking did… but then I also remembered that you’re fucking engaged to an immortal being with a per chance on violent tendencies and that kinda complicates some shit. Emphasis on Engaged and Immortal and Violent Tendencies… So, Peter, what the genuine fuck?”

Peter bit his lip and blurted out, on the brink of crying, “I’m just scared as shit J…. I’m in too fucking deep and I’m not even sure if- I love Wade. But I don’t know how this shit even works… and he doesn’t isn’t answering his phone… and you treat me right, J, you always do…. I just-”

“Used me as an emotional doormat.”

Peter looked at Johnny with tears threatening to spill over at any second.

“I’m sorry.”

Johnny patted his knee twice. “Not the first ex to abuse this… don’t worry about it.”

“But I-”

“It was a good kiss Peter.” Johnny said with finality and a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

Peter nodded, still feeling guilty but willing to let it go.

“We should- I should take you back.” Johnny said after a moment, standing up.

Peter looked at his wrist, it was almost 1… “One quick fly-by.”

“One.” Johnny nodded, getting to his feet and holding out his hand to Peter, “Empire State Building and back.”

Johnny was conflicted as he tightened his hold around Peter’s waist. This was only supposed to be a quick fun time to cheer Peter up but somehow it had ended in a snotfest of emotions that settled heavily in Johnny’s stomach.

But maybe this was the kind of thing that couldn’t be easily fixed over ice cream…

Maybe you can't fix things sometimes... and that didn’t mean it had to stay broken but rather you learn to grow with it until one day, you realize that it was never truly as broken to begin with.

Wade was a fucking dick for doing this though.

And maybe Johnny was a bit of a dick too... He had gone out to see Peter…. Knowing the he was probably crammed up with emotions… and then that kiss… He still felt the barest tingles where their lips had- He couldn’t think about that…. He was a dick. He took advantage and pushed and now…. Ughhhg…. He hated his heart. He hated how Peter would forever be his first love and that brought upon all these damn emotions… what he wouldn't give to just-
Johnny cursed as he swerved around a billboard that he was flying straight towards… Nearly losing his hold on Peter in the process.

“Fuck, J,” Peter said after a moment, “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah just lost in thought.”

Peter frowned, look guilty.

Johnny saw his expression and chastised him, “None of that… not when we're in the presence of this amazing view.”

It was… beautiful.

Cabs rushing to and fro carrying drunk and giggling people to their destination or the nearest trashcan so they could puke up their guts.

That cool misty fog making the slightly air sticky and made Peter shove down his beanie further on his head.

The skyscrapers dotting the sky and each one pockmarked with late night offices aglow… each one trying to prove that they earned that promotion… that corner office.

Each building scraping a piece of the skyline for themselves… because when the sky is the limit you wanted to claim it all.

This was New York… the weird mix of light and darkness and beautiful disasters and it really was the greatest place in the World.

Peter leaned heavily into Johnny’s grasp, “Have you ever thought about if we weren't superheroes? Like if we were schmoes with 9-5s and shit?”

Johnny hummed, staring at to the same horizon and taking in the view, “I figured we’d always do this eventually… save the world… but maybe not in spandex. Like maybe you’d be a great scientist like your Dad and find that cure to cancer or put people on Mars…”

“What about you J?”

“Drive fast. Die young.” He said with a shrug.

“Omfg.”

“Surround myself with hot European sports cars and even hotter people.” Johnny continued, counting on one hand. “Probably model… or or be in movies… those sound fun.”

“What about the save the world bit?”

“Yeah, save the world by allowing them to see my beautiful face.” Johnny gestured to his head, “I’ve been told that flames aren't the only thing that's hot about me, Peter, gain some perspective.”

Peter groaned.

“Why?”

“I dunno… I just see all these people and that grass really is greener sometimes.”
Johnny groaned out his annoyance to which Peter said, “What now.”

“Peter, you gotta find Wade or stop with this whole woe is me act because it's really fucking pathetic.” Johnny started to fly back to the Tower.

“Wha-?”

“Find Wade or stop.”

“Stop what???”

Johnny took a deep breath before continuing, “You’re my oldest friend but you do this thing where you don't really appreciate what you do have and you complain about the rest’

“Well, that's fucking rich coming from-”

“Live in the fucking moment you dweeb. You got this guy that loves you enough to fucking deal with Death and you got your dads who love you more than anything in the world and guess fucking what… you're Spider-man. You're fucking Spider-man and that's probably the coolest motherfucking things you could ever imagine…”

“….”

“Any one of these people would die to be a superhero….and you’re pouting.”

Peter flushed with embarrassment. “Well, what do you want me to-?”

Johnny landed on the balcony and placed Peter gently down, “Stop kissing exs and find your fiance.”

“But he’s-!”

“Find. Him.” Johnny said pointedly, preparing to fly off, “Because it's killing you that he's not here and I don't like seeing you like that.”

“J, wait…” Peter called out, shaking his hair out of his beanie and taking his fake glasses off, “I know it was a… rough day but I-uh I had a good time tonight. Thank you.”

“Perspective, Bug Boy.” Johnny said with a mock salute, falling backwards into the air.

“Fuck off Lavaflow.”

Johnny winked, waved, and did two laps around the Tower, flying off to who knows where.

Johnny was a good man and an even better friend and yeah Peter was doing a pretty crappy thing…. Taking his frustration out on him.

Maybe because Johnny was an ex… Peter had other friends tho… someone to just hang out with…

He brain traitorously flickered to Wade’s smiling face…. The soft one that stretched his cheeks out and made his eyes twinkle.

Peter collapsed onto the balcony ottoman in frustration.

How do you find a guy that doesn’t want to be found?
Peter’s mind was running at a mile a minute as it had been for the last 3 goddamn days.

Maybe it was him…. Wade realized that he did all this… this proposal shit… but then realized that maybe Peter wasn’t worth it…. You can’t take that back tho… you can’t just bring back a dude and then take it back… like Sorry, I actually intended for you to die so I could move on with my life already.

Peter covered up his face, already on the brink of crying.

But that couldn't be right…. He- Wade…

Love. Peter loved him more than Life itself and it was complete and utter bullshit that Peter was going through this… uncertainty.. again.

He needed to apologize to Johnny- wait a second.

Peter broke out of his lamenting to feel at his pockets…

Where the fuck was his phone?

***************************

Across town, one cell phone, in a lost and found Bin of one super hip Ice Cream Place... filled with random keychains and wallets... was blinking red as it received another voice-mail.

~You’ve reached Peter’s phone. If it's a Web design emergency, please contact the Tower and JARVIS will see to it promptly that I am notified. Thank you.

Hey babe… I know you're *huff huff* C’mon guys can you chill for two seconds with the guns- oh fuck- C’mon Gary I'm totally calling your wife after this… Grenade launchers are overboard. We talked about this *popopopop* Can you just- *pop* Peter, I'm sorry I kinda- *BOOM*

~see to it promptly that I am notified.

OK. Okay. So I might have *huff huff huff* God, I’m so out of breath… is this what bleeding out feels like because it is capital B Bad let me tell you… So I may have eaten some crazy ass tacos from this weird little Mexican lady and they were really good and then REALLY BAD.. like vomited my entire soul Bad… but they were free tacos, Pete, and mama don't raise a waster of fine Hispanic delicacies... yup that's my blood, don't look at it if you're going to puke Bob…. because that's just rude… but then they kidnapped me??? So I might be- oh fuck.

~promptly that I am notified

IgotkidnappedandmighthavebeentorturedashittonsoI'msupersorry. And I tried to remember what your phone number was??? Like 5-6 or 6-5??? And it’s really hard to concentrate when SOMEBODY thought it was a GOOD IDEA to bring a GRENADE LAUNCHER and kill everybody's ear drums. GARY PUT IT DOWN. I WILL CALL YOUR MOTHER. GAR- GARY *super loud explosion*

~I am notified.

I miss you baby. And I'm sorry I didn't call sooner.. *pause* I love you and- SWEET BABY JESUS THAT FUCKING HURTS CABLE! NO! NO! I'm not giving you the pho- *sound of scuffle* Hello, Peter, I was not meant to alert you to my presence but Wade has- *sounds of further struggle* *faintly No do not tell him…. He’ll only… *

He’s bleeding from- *sounds of more pleading on Wade’s end* *Okay. Okay. Stop before it gets
worse Cable continued, muffling*

Peter, it's not looking good but he- *POP*

End of messages.

Chapter End Notes

You see what I mean.... disagreeable things.... Peter you ass.... don't just emotionally vomit over everything and leave shit complicated. Look at what you've done.

I'm sorry this took so long but I'm working hard in my class and I'm a little blocked on where exactly is want this to go? I have a vague direction but the steps aren't clear atm.
Last of a Dying Breed

Chapter Summary

This continues exactly where we left off in the previous chapter as Death explores the nature of her newly developed relationship with Wade.

Ft. One weirdly placed flashback as if the author doesn't know how to write a sex scene.

Chapter Notes

I know I'm really slowing down with these chapters so bear with me but this chapter was definitely a Bitch to get through... mostly because the whole Death/Wade relationship is so weird in this??? But I also wrote it that way... so who's the true bitch??? *Oprah meme*

As always I hope you like this... especially the ending because that launches the next chapter of this "one shot".

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade lowered his gun, staring at Cable as the random bullets continued to fire in their direction. “Look what you made me do… I had to barter my shiv spork for that phone.”

“Wade.” Cable fired a couple shots while using the container as a shield.

He looked like the perfect male protagonist of a Jason Bourne sequel all he needed was the insane explosions and the slow-motion walk of badassery and he was solid.

Wade on the other hand.

He was a sorry sight. That’s what happened when you were fighting for your life in an abandoned shipping yard. Stupid Hydra Nazi Kidnapping Bastards… Wade felt like one of those stupid lab rats trying to find its way through a maze of rusty shipping containers…. It was a miracle that Cable had even found him but of fucking course he had to go all authority and tell Peter who would probably be worried now.

**Maybe we can use that sweet grenade launcher to kill some Nazi scum... Petey-pie always said he needed a new conversation piece! And I think Nazi decapitated heads scream Fun!**

[[Be reasonable. The blood alone would be bad for the carpet. Skulls in the other hand…. Skulls can be reasonable gifts. But we won't get anywhere like this...]]

Pale… sweaty... Naked as the day Wade was born, still smoking gun resting in his lax hand and he head as far back as he could possibly be against the rusty metal door of the red storage container behind him.

Oh and he was missing his legs. As it cut off completely at the thighs… As in these Bastards were going to pay after his vision cleared and Cable stopped preaching.

But in the meantime, Wade thought it was hilarious that he was now legless (side effect from the blood loss makes nearly everything hilarious including no longer having legs, Cable’s permanent frown, and saying tomato in a posh British accent) and wriggled what was left of his legs like a little kid. “Hehe.”
Cable was peeking around the corner of the container to see if Hydra Agents were coming closer but quickly turned to Wade when he started giggling, “What happened… What exactly did you do?”

“I didn’t do anything Mr. Grumpy Face.” Wade shrugged his shoulders as best as he could, pointing with his gun, “It was the tacos….”

His eyes lit up with amazement. “IT WAS THE TACOS.”

He grabbed Cable’s leg pants as best as he could and whispered like it was a conspiracy. “Don’t eat the tacos.”

“Wade, you need to rest… you’re losing too much blood and I'm not exactly sure why you're not healing.”

“Psht. I'm totally f-”

*KLUNK*

“Dammit Wade!”

******

“I.”

“Hey, Babe, You’re looking spooktacular as always, my boney one.”

After years of dying, it was easy for Wade to quickly recognize the empty nature of Death’s dark filled domain and he was glad to have his legs again though he missed the leglessness. However, this time, he was artfully naked… like the author didn’t want to spend time describing the extent of his nakedness…. Of which it was decidedly very… and instead of writing extremely detailed descriptions of how truly naked he actually was.

“Wade. What in the genuine fuck.”

That was familiar too… but he hadn’t been the direct source of her anger in a long time.

“Baby, don’t be mad at me-

“Mad?” Her voice was pitched higher, “MAD???”

Wade winced.

She spun around to face him and her eyes were literally aflame.

“I AM FUCKING PISSED AT YOU.”

Wade shrunk into himself.

“I GAVE YOU 10 FUCKING LIVES… 10 FUCKING CHANCES... THINKING MAYBE HE’LL CHANGE HIS WAYS… MAYBE HE’LL THINK ABOUT HOW TO TRULY EXPERIENCE THE MANY WONDERFUL ASPECTS OF LIFE BEFORE HE COMES… BUT NOOOOOOOOO SOMEONE GOT TEMPTED BY SOME GODDAMN TACOS. AND THEN YOU GOT KIDNAPPED AND TORTURED AGAIN ... NOW YOU’RE FUCKING DEAD. AGAIN. YOU SPENT 10 LIVES IN 3 FUCKING DAYS. WHAT THE GENUINE FUCK? WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF???”

“… ……….. they were really good tacos.”

“ARRRRGHHHHH.” She turned around and screamed into the fog-filled space.

“Babe, c’mon, you know me. I died doing what I absolutely loved doing… eating crappy food and killing Nazis.” He paused to softly kiss her exposed shoulder, which caused her, with difficulty, to stay firm against us antics and hid her smile, “Maybe yeah… it was a couple years sooner than I would like but now I got you all to myself honey bunches of Oats.”

Normally the voices would chime in right about now but they were silent.

No.

They were gone.

Wade’s face warped from happiness to panic and back into neutral again.

He didn’t realize how different this time really was just yet so he played along while inwardly panicking at the club.

She noticed.

And her smile changed to one of pity rather than happiness like Wade wanted it to be.

“What’s wrong?”

She floated away, miffed, as the scenery shifted from endless fog to include a lazy flowing river bed filled with fog that slowly curled around their feet.
“Wade Wilson, you were never mine to keep. Not really.” She knelt softly by the river, dipping her skeletal hand in to cause ripples, her anger flowing out of her with a sigh. She peeked over her shoulder at him, “Just to borrow for a little while.”

Wade promptly collapsed besides her, causing Death to stumble to retain her balance against his bulk, “You have me now.”

“No.” She said firmly but sadly, her hand that she had dipped into the river was pressed against his chest firmly, “Someone else holds your heart… and I cannot compare.”

His chest glowed and just for a second Wade remembered what having a heart felt like as it flashed with a yellow glow for a moment. He held the hand placed on his chest gently, “He understands. I told him everything. He gets it.”

Death cupped his cheek with her other hand, rubbing his rough and scarred cheekbones, “Not Peter, my love….”

“Eleanor.”

Wade’s eyes widened at her words, he had completely forgotten about his daughter in the last 72 hours of taco fueled badassery… and his still glowing heart twinged with guilt. Wade never told her about the deal or how seriously serious he was about Pete and God, Pete didn’t even answer his phone… they both didn’t know about what happened… and he was still super dead in that abandoned shipping yard with Cable and Co. Maybe Dead forever…. and the two most important people in his life did not have a single clue and he didn't even say bye to his Ellie bean because he was so caught up with Pete and maybe kinda thinking that the deal was a little less serious than he let on… Oh shittttttake mushrooms this was one little problema of un grande proportions.

Death stayed quiet as Wade had gone through his mental breakdown but spoke softly as not to startle him, “Wade…”

“I have to go back.”

Death glared at him, her anger returning like a sharp knife, “You can't. You're Dead remember.”

“Fuck!” Wade looked down at himself as if he realized what exactly that meant for once, after years of popping in and popping out of this place, he was now stuck with Death forever. “There’s got to be a way to tell them what happened to me… or at least say my goodbyes.”

Death went back to playing with the river, “You had 10 chances.. that was the deal.”

She shrugged her shoulder casually, “If you go back, He will die instead.”

Wade’s blood ran cold and he remembered again what it was like to carry the body of a dead spider in his hands.

To hear the choking gasps as his lungs were peppered with bullet holes that made the air leave his body and the blood replace it.

To see the scared, wide eyes of Peter Parker Stark-Rogers… for once realizing that this was it… no more jokes.. no more games he was dying.

Wade shuddered at the thought.

Peter had died once already and Wade wasn’t going to be the cause of another.

“There has to be another way….”

Death got tired of playing with the river and Wade’s insulting questions… a deal was a deal… how dare he try to weasel out of it.

She tsked in frustration, which sounded more like a bony hiss, “You know the rul-”

“Baby, I broke every rule of this place…” Wade gestured to his scars, “No one is meant to live forever…. Let me tell him what he’s up against… let me tell my daughter.”

She looked towards the river, she loved him because he was the one thing that she couldn't have and the sudden endless exposure of Him made her nervous about exposing her true feelings, but a deal stays a deal, no matter how much he loved her.

“Wade. No.”

He kissed her skeletal hand he still held on the tips of her fingers, “Please, Baby.”

“No.”

He placed another kiss higher on her arm.

“No, Wade…”
This kiss was at the juncture of her elbow joint.

“Wade….”

Another, longer kiss on that exposed shoulder, right where her skeletal arm and flesh collar bone fused together and the edge of her dress started.

“w-wade. No.”

“Please sweet one.” He bit down lightly on her shoulder knob. “Please.”

He moved up to her throat near the meeting of her jaw, placing several kisses there.

She had subconsciously moved closer and then shook her head to clear it, the hood of her dress fall down, “No, Wade, you made a promise. You made-”

The rest of her statement was cut off with a groan as he nibbled on her earlobes and soothing it with kitten licks.

“I’m yours forever if you let me do this, any way you want me.”

Death blushed as his boldness as he pulled her into his lap and slowly thrust upwards, “Any Way.”

He leaned closer to her ear again, “Forever.”

She shivered and her words were more moans than actual words, “Wade, I-I-I can’t.”

He placed another kiss against her sternum, playing with the strings of her dress as he held her strongly yet let her back arch into his touch.

He paused looked up at her, “Please.”

Her eyes were hooded over, feeling foolish but oh so in love with him, ground back against his thigh just to hear him moan, “You cannot go back.”

He places more kisses anyway, trying to kiss every inch of her cold skin until it was slightly warm from her blush and the heat of his mouth.

“But…..I….I can.”

He stopped kissing her due to his surprise at her words. “You would-”

She grabbed the back of his head and pulled him into a kiss by the short strands of his hair before breaking it off as tongues got a little too eager. “I would.”

His hands grabbed a little too tightly to her hips in his eagerness but her breath hitched at the touch, leaning back into it but also thrusting her chest back into his face.

He looked up at her carefully and honestly, “Thank you.”

Of course she managed to fall in Love with the one who had immortality and knew how to treat a girl right.

She brought his head up to kiss her lips instead, and started moving in slow circles against his thigh.

His breath hitched as he moaned low and deep in his throat. “You’re so beautiful.”

She mmm’d in agreement as he traced the knobs of her spine and deepened the kiss.

She rubbed her hands over his scalp, holding him even closer to her, “What am I to do with you, Wade Wilson?”

He smiled up at her and then wiggled his eyebrows, “Well…”

Her deadpan expression overtook the steady blush that was rising across her face and down her chest, “Don’t ruin this.”

“Baby we have ETERNITY full of moments, and knowing me.” He stroked down her arm, lovingly, pausing for the effect of it “I’M GONNA RUIN MOST OF THEM.”

She winced at his sudden loud tone and then rose off his lap with a slow exhal…. The moment leaving with most of her patience… of which she had little to begin with.

There were rules to this stuff and just because he had cute dimples didn’t mean that the rules suddenly went away.

But they were… really really cute dimples.

No.

Death had to think rationally about this… Wade couldn’t leave her but maybe….

Out of boredom, Wade looked deeply into the Rivers waters and he soon became transfixed with the way it flowed until he could not look away from it.

Worse…. He wanted to touch it.
He reached out to touch it, everything in him screaming that it was a bad idea but deciding to do it anyway.
The liquid fog rose up to meet his hand but Death quickly saw how close he was and pulled him back away from the river bed.
“Stop.” She huffed out her nervous energy.
Wade shook his head as he leaned against her chest, breathing heavily, “What was.. what was that?”
She laid one protective arm around his chest and hissed at the water.
But rather not the water itself but the thing that resided in it.
It hissed back a stream of water and then rapidly swam away, causing the water to splash up and ripple.
Wade was half-way between shocked over the thing in the water and immensely turned on about Death protective nature.
It was a confusing mix and he ended up fearfully laughing to let out tension.
Death relaxed as well, leaning back into the tree that formed out of the fog and pulling Wade into her, and laughing in his ear.
It was nice.
Sure they weren’t looking at anything in particular or even thinking of anything.
It was just… nice….
To spend a moment not worried about paying bills (Not that Wade actually did that… the Monroes had been unaware of someone hooked on their unprotected Internet) or worried about Death (cause… hello. Already Dead).... or even worried about who was shooting at him. (Hello again…. STILL Dead.)
So it was nice to just lay there in each other’s arms with nothing at their immediate attention.
Death turned Wade around quickly so she could look at him and Wade was now acutely aware of how definitely naked he was.
She cupped his face, tracing the healed scars that were no longer opening and re-opening, seeing how truly blue his eyes were as they were no longer crowded with exhaustion, how young he was past all of his life experiences.
In Death, He was insanely beautiful and insanely hers and she wanted him to know it.
“I love you, Wade Wilson.”
He leaned over her to kiss her, “I love you too baby.”
They grew greedy in their Kisses, remembering that they had all the time in the world and savoring it… savoring each other.
Hands moved everywhere they wished, squeezing tight to leave bruises and those bruises fading to make way for more of them, touch that felt like electricity and sparks like they were meeting for the first time all over again through touch along.
~
“SON OF A BITCH! HE DUPED ME!”
She flinched at the sound, normally they were much more quiet or confused then full on angry…
She turned around to see which poor bastard had been indeed duped and she gasped… she rarely got shocked by the appearance of a soul… but it was another one of them…
The poor souls, the human experiments that were buckled down and went through immense torture… how silly humans were… to think pain would reveal some other nature of themselves.
He did not see her yet due to the intense straps holding down his head to the gurney so he continued to rant and rave about this… Ajax?
“OOOOO THAT SON OF A BITCH IS GOING TO PAY IF IT’S THE LAST GODDAMN THING I DO! FUCK THAT FUCKING HURT TOO. AJAX DO YOU HEAR ME YOU BRITISH FLAG FLYING MOTHERFUCKER. I WILL KILL YOU…. oh?”
Death had subconsciously placed her skeletal hand on his arm to stop him from thrashing around in his restraints.
His eyes grew wide til you could see the whites, “Well, you must be an angel because you’re the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen.”
She flushed, withdrawing her hand. She was used to souls flirting with her but never so boldly. The last one who had done so was a soldier who was also strapped down and tortured with blue eyes and a habit of smirking and calling her sweetheart with that New York accent of his. He tried to bend his head down to look at her at best as he could. “Please don't go, Nurse, I promise I won't hit on you but if you can please help me.”
“I can't help you.” She patted his arm and walked away.
“No wait, please,” He strained further, “Please…”
She came back to him, making sure he stopped squirming, “Stop moving, you’ll only make it worse.”
He sighed and leaned into her touch, “You’re so cold, baby.”
She removed her hand again, “Sorry, I know it’s unsettling.”
“No it feels amazing.” He looked up at her as best he could and smiled, his cracked, dry lips bleeding at the stretch.
The awkwardness stretched between them as he did his best to calm down.
“You have really pretty eyes btw.” He said after a moment. “Even if Ajax did employ you…”
She looked down on him, curiously, “I do not know if this Ajax you speak so fondly of “
He laughed, “Of course, you’re funny too. Ajax… the Bossman… The giant British Asshole with the Bald Stupid Head that LIES.”
She sat on the edge of the gurney, wiping his sweat away, “Relax.”
“Of course angel. Anything for you.” He closed his eyes to the pain of it.
“I'm not-”
And then he disappeared, causing her to fall on her ass.
It happened sometimes when people manage to be revived before they could move on.
But she pitied the life he was returning to, hoping his next Death would be his final and painless.
She turned back to the River but the sharp inhale caused her to frantically turn around to see the man yet again.
“THIS SICK FUCKER HAS NO CLUE WHAT BEDSIDE MANNER IS IF IT BIT HIM IN HIS FLAT BRITISH ASS.”
She chuckled.
“Hello again.”
His eyes snapped open as wide as he could, his smile bright and roguish in nature, “Hello yourself beautiful, come around here much?”
“Here and there. Why don't you tell me your name?”
“Anything for you sweet cheeks. It's W-”
He was gone again.
Death was peeved. She didn't normally talk to the souls that flickered between Life/Death so it was very rude of them to pop in and out while she was trying to have a conversation. It was some time before she heard him again, this time groaning in pain.
He was strapped into another machine, this one causing him to be totally encased, to her best knowledge, in a metal coffin and could see only through the glass.
She was arm deep in burned victims that she thought he was another one of them… but when he spoke, she knew it was him.
“Hey…. beautiful.” He gasped.
She was tired, angry and snapped at him before seeing what state he was actually in, “What. Now.”
“Aww, baby, don't treat me like that.”
She hissed as she turned to see him and then gasped at his condition, “What…”
“You should have seen the other guy….” Wade said, winking at her but his tone sad and raspy from trying to breathe properly, “Good ole Francis sure knows how to dress a guy up to see his favorite girl.”
She placed her hand on the glass, tracing the curves of his now impossibly scarred face. “I’m sorry.”
He looked aside, trying not to see the pity on her face, “I heard scars make guys look tough and
cool…”
She understood his meaning, pressing a kiss to the glass, “Very tough. Very cool.”
“Heard they were… handsome too…”
She smirked, “I don’t even know your name.”
“Wade Wilson.” he said, his eyes the same even though his face was littered with scars that were still oozing with pus and blood. “Yours?”
She rested her head against the glass exhaling to cause fog to build up on the glass and wrote the name the souls called her, “Death.”
“htaeD is an interesting name… am I pronouncing it right?”
She laughed and then laughed some more…. Here was this poor soul who looked like he was still in pain from the numerous scars and He was tell jokes to make her laugh.
Oh shit, he was still in pain, she had to explain the rules real quick before this man suffered any further.
“Wade?”
“Yes, baby?”
“Your pain is an illusion.” She stared down at him intently, trying to make him focus on her voice. “Just will it away and it will leave you.”
“Let me guess…” Wade said, wrinkling his eyebrows, “I have to….. Let it go?”
“Essentially… yes.”
He laughed and it sounded amazing to her ears.
It was a nice pause between them as they just took in each other's company.
“I’m really dead right now huh?”
She winced.
“Hmm.” He relaxed in his restraints.
“Tbe fair, you were dead the other times too.”
He looked over at her, still smirking, “At least I get to see you.”
She blushed, running her skeletal finger down the glass, “You charmer.”
“I gotta save my best line for my girl.”
He smiled this time and she fell slightly in love with him even more.
Then he was gone.
And she was pissed.
This was the 3rd time he was right back at the same stupid place that had hurt him.
She was also jealous…. She wanted to know more about this… Wade Wilson.
And Life had stolen him back again.
She huffed and continued with her work…. Hoping he would stay the next time.
He did not stay the next time.
But he was free from his restraints, standing shakily on two legs.
And also extremely naked.
It was weird to see him not horizontal and strapped into a bed, and standing up, he was a few inches taller than her.
He stumbled into her arms like a newborn learning to walk again and hugged her.
She held him upright for a moment, enjoying the full effect of the hug.
He whispered into her ear, “Your boobs are exactly as soft as I imagined them to be and I am so far from disappointed.”
“I know.” She whispered back, “I can feel your…. Excitement… Mr. Wilson.”
They laughed and it was wonderful, surely this time would be his permanent stay.
She smiled, looking up at how wonderful he was.
He looked down at her.
And somehow they met in the middle with a kiss.
And it shocked her into opening her mouth and holding on tight to his courage and bravery….
Feeling how strong he was under her hands and she kneaded the skin that had fought for so long to keep this soul… no this man… no this warrior together despite all of the pain and suffering and he was here.. and he was kissing her…
And he was gone.
She closed her eyes to enjoy the moment for just a second longer, letting the feelings crest and wave over her into she was buried with them… it was strange and new and exciting.
And it made the loss of it hurt so much more.
So she held onto the good feelings before she could get overwhelmed by the bad ones.
And he came back to her… again and again…
And she fell in love with him again and again.
And he was cocky and brash… stupidly confident…. Telling her stories about all the adventures that he had...
But sometimes he was somber and serious and hurting… she wanted nothing more than to wrap him up in her arms and kiss everything that had been broken, bruised, and beaten into him.
And sometimes she was pissed at it all… pissed at his recklessness…. Pissed at his cocky belief that he could just come back and go as he pleased… pissed that he did..
But she loved him more and more the longer he was not hers.
Until Peter.
“Hello my beautiful bride.”
“Wade.”
It was very rare that she passed the planes, preferring to stay in her void… but this time was different.
“He’s hurt real bad, baby.” Wade said, motioning to the man in his lap, ignoring the state he himself was in for the other man.
She could see the shallow rise and fall of the other man’s chest that was littered with bullet holes the size of quarters. He had seconds let to live, barely clinging onto Wade and the ability to breathe.
“Who are you… who are… talkin ?”
It was sickening to here the sudden wet gasps splattered in between his words…. How could he deserve this fate?
“Shhh, baby boy,” Wade said, tucking the stray heads off of his face, “You’re going to be fine… just fine sweetheart. Just don’t talk, conserve your energy.”
“Save him… Please…..”
“Wade…” it was time for the man to leave and it hurt a little to see him so intimate with this man.
“NO!” Wade shouted, jousting Peter in the process who whined out his pain, “No. You can’t take him… he’s too important to- he’s too important to everyone…”
Wade looked down at this pale and sweaty Peter, the image making him sick to his stomach,
“Please, please can you…. Can you save him? Can I give my life for his?”
She paused for a moment, taking in his desperate nature and then nodded.
“Do you love this man as the sun shines all day long and as the time never ends?” She said, softly, feeling the Life living him.
“More than anything.”
His answer hurt her but she barreled through.
“Does he love you in return as the moon glows in her splendor and as space is endless?”
Peter had passed out in his arms so Wade answered for him.
“Yes.” Wade curled tighter around Peter’s defenseless form. “Yes.”
“I bear witness to this union.” She placed a hand on the both of them, speaking the words clearly,
“Til Death do They Part.”
At the last word, the magic glowed as it bound them together.
Death sat back on her haunches, tired at the amount of energy she used to strain this bond together while one was dying.
She whispered, “Your life for his so ten shall remain.”
“You’re so beautiful when your being cryptic babe.” Wade managed to pant out, moments away from crying out with relief.
She rolled her eyes at his ridiculous nature, and leaned over to kiss Peter on the forehead, “Your offer is accepted… Arise and Greet Life.”
The bullets began to spill out of him.

“Thank you.” He said gratefully finally relaxing against the crude alley wall.

“10 left Wade. Use them wisely, my love.”

And she vanished back into the Void.

She felt… confused and glad… and angry all at the same time.

Wade had just bartered his Life for a… Human…

And he had done it willingly, eagerly… surely this man must be… worth it…

And that hurt.

This little game of theirs was nothing compared to Love…

It was a bitter pill to swallow and she didn't know what to do with herself or how truly and deeply she was in love with a Man that Loved someone else.

But also… knowing Wade… He would soon be Hers.

And that made her happy… maybe… He could be happy with her.

Stay happy with her.

It was a lie that she did not mind telling herself but now in Wade’s arms… she could sense that he was… distracted.

And she knew what she had to do.

~

Eleanor Camacho awoke one morning to a dead goldfish named Nunchucks and her father's name on her lips…

Realizing what her Dad had done and the message Death had sent her meant, She got dressed in comfortable clothes and then marched up to Avengers Tower, seeing the paparazzi pictures splash the front page as she marched on by… stopping hesitant to take in what she was actually seeing.

It was a grainy cell phone picture of what looked like Johnny Storm and Peter Parker Stark-Rogers kissing in front of a vandalized billboard.

The Bold Title on the cover read, “Old Flames Spark Back to Life: Spider-man and Human Torch Back Together????!”

Eleanor was many things…. But in control of her anger was not one of them.

She narrowed her eyes and forked over some crumpled up bills to the vendor for the magazine as she continued to march up towards the Tower.

“Mister Peter, There's an Eleanor Camacho requesting to speak with you sir, urgently.”

“J, I don’t want any visitors… let alone another stupid reporter trying to ask me for the inside scoop.”

“Normally, I would agree with your request, but she is not a reporter sir from any known newspaper. She's a 17 year old girl… and causing quite the commotion in the Lobby.”

Peter frowned, sitting up in bed and pulling down the holoscreen to expose the Lobby cameras.

It was indeed a 17 year old girl, with long brown hair, demanding something of the front desk which included a lot of pointing.

“Have you told Dad yet?” Peter raised the audio bar, trying to listen to what the girl wanted.

“No, sir.”

“You tell that son-of-a-bitch to come down now or I will personally scale this building to bring him down myself.”

“Miss if you could please calm down.”

“NO. I will not calm down.” She waved the magazine. “My Dad did not sacrifice his life for this ass face to go around and kiss other guys. I want to see him. NOW.”

Peter was shocked at this girl who he had never met before and he sat slack-jawed… impressed by her moxie but also shocked by her tone.

“Can you at least tell me your name? Your dad’s name?”

She stared directly into the camera, speaking slowly so it could capture every word.

“My name is Eleanor Camacho. And my father is Wade Wilson.”

Chapter End Notes
YEAH I INCLUDED ELEANOR IN THIS!
That Sweet Zombie Interlude

Chapter Summary

Shimada commented that they wanted to see spideypool suffer in a zombie AU... so because I absolutely love every single comment they've sent...I complied and wrote this tragic little thing for V-Day. Go thank them for this if you cried.

Bonus: After this little thing, there's a little preview for the next chapter!

Chapter Notes

This is like fanfic of my fanfic, which means it's a sweet bonus chapter that has absolutely nothing to do with the main story other than it features my same characterization. These events will not effect the main plot in any way. So I had a lot of fun! I don't usually write zombie AUs so I hope I met some needs with this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“May I interest you in this dance, Mr. Parker?” Wade extended his hand towards Peter, dramatically bowing as low as he could.

“Wade.” Peter scoffed, rubbing his eyes with the calluses on his left palm, trying his best to keep the dirt out of everywhere but failing terribly, the straps of his hikers backpack cutting into his shoulders, “We’re trapped God knows where on the roof of a goddamn Big Daddy’s… out of fucking ammo… out of anything that doesn't taste like ass incarnate… and you want to Dance?”

“The end of the world sure made you crotchety huh babe?” Wade leaned over to smudge the crease of Peter’s eyebrows, taunting Peter a little.

He batted away his hand, “I’m sorry- I'm sorry… I'm just tired.”

Frowning further, Peter tightened the rope that served as his belt, this one was already fraying and he had gotten even skinner which frustrated the crap out of him… his fast metabolism was killing him faster than those stupid zombies could and they were running out of food and the 8th fucking car of the week was running on fumes and his stupid long hair was getting into his fucking eyes but he wouldn't dull a blade trying to cut it down…. And and...

And he said this all while trying to tighten his belt as tight as it could go without breaking further.

Wade frowned, sure he figured zombies were pretty bad in the scheme of things but like not like anyone they knew died or something. .. while maybe that one guy… and that dude that did that thing … and sure maybe the girl with the pew pews… but they were mostly okay… scratched maybe but like.... Okay, He guessed it was a little more serious than he let on.... But the end of the world was pretty fucking cool if you thought scavenging for scraps to eat was fun or trying to breaking into fifty thousandth empty stores when you're expecting a payload of something… a fun Saturday then yeah great time…. WAIT. Was it even Saturday? What's a Saturday? Could you have Saturdays if the end of the world happened? Wade liked Saturdays...good things happened
on a Saturday, Wade could see how it would suck if they didn't have Saturdays anymore…

“That’s why it’s the perfect time to dance, babe” Wade did a little twirl, his multiple sword collection clanking against each other. “The End of the world only happens like once every writer’s block.

Peter shushed him, placing a finger to his lips, his breath hitched as he heard the hoarde below them groan and snarl at each other in annoyance… the smell of rotting flesh rising in the dusty air.

Luckily, they hadn't found the stairwell yet and Peter collapsed against the ground in temporary relief.

It was a game of yet.

They hadn't died yet.

They hadn't starved yet.

They hadn't found any of their friends or family.

Yet.

God, it was only a matter of time before one of those stupid fuckers found the stairwell.

Found them.

He shouldn't call them that but it was true.

He sighed, closing his eyes.

He just wanted to sleep without waking up every hour, jumping at every small noise, worried sick out of his mind that it was a zombie two seconds away from eating his face off.

He sighed again, feeling those tears leak out. He thought he couldn’t cry anymore but that was wrong too.

It seemed like nothing had gone right today from the zombie that now how his favorite machete in his face to this stupid place being empty… raided months ago.

It was a really crappy day and sometimes you just had to cry about it.

“At least the moon is out.” Wade said slowly, testing the waters, seeing how Peter was having a Day but trying to figure out if it was a slice and dice day or more let’s discuss Feelings day.

“At least the moon is out.” Peter agreed softly, turning and looking at the moon and how full it was.

So it was the latter.

Wade rubbed his shoulder, “It’ll be okay Pete. We'll find something somewhere… The good zombie movies never proved me wrong.”

He tucked himself into Peter’s shoulder, nuzzling at his hard plastic neck brace… the one he always wore to protect his neck, “It’ll be okay.”

Peter laughed a little, the blubbering kind filled with hiccups and sob… He whispered softly, “I wanna dance with somebody.”
“You wanna feel the heat with... this body?” Wade whispered back conspiracy-like not quite singing but his eyes widened and eager.

Peter laughed a little louder, tears still falling but his voice gaining it's confidence, “I wanna dance with somebody.”

“WITH SOMEBODY WHO LOVES YOU!” Wade all but shouted as loud as he could while leaping into the air.

He immediately slapped his hands over his mouth, his eyes comically wide as they both remembered where exactly they were.

The zombies either didn’t care or somehow didn’t hear them, which seemed impossible under the circumstances, but they took it for the blessing that it was.

Peter took a peek off the side of the roof, seeing that the cover was still maintained despite Wade’s outburst but then he glared at Wade for shouting.

Wade shrugged in response as Peter signed be quiet with one hand.

Wade rolled his eyes and motioned for Peter to stand with him, unshouldering his own backpack to lean against Peter’s.

Peter glared at him harder, making Wade pull him up with both hands into Peter stumbled into Wade’s chest at the sudden effort.

Wade pressed a kiss to Peter’s cheek, sneaking an arm around his waist and pulling him close.

Peter wrapped his arm around Wade’s back, the other hand tracing Wade’s dimpled cheeks with fondness and began to dance.

Despite the tension that lingered between them… because of this world now, it was the easiest thing in the world to just be held as they began to sway to an invisible song. The leather in their outfits squeaking in protest but lovely all the same.

Then Wade begun to hum under his breath in Peter’s ear.

You are my sunshine.

Peter leaned forward to place his head on Wade’s shoulder, humored by Wade’s song choice but relaxing into Wade’s hold as they continued to sway together back and forth in a circle… weapons bumping into each other with soft metal clangs.

My only sunshine.

Wade pulled Peter’s hand down to kiss the fingers peeking out from fingerless leather glove, winking in the process.

You make me happy

Peter joined in softly, his voice cracking a little.

When skies are gray…

Wade whispered directly into Peter’s ear at this line… pressing a kiss to the tip of Peter’s ear.
You’ll never know dear. How much I love you.

Wade rubbed Peter’s waist, realizing how truly skinny he had gotten after all this time, feeling the edge of his rib cage even through 4 layers of ratty t-shirts.

How much I love you.

Peter whispered back the same line, his eyes shining from the moonlight, inhaling desperate need of a shower but still Wade Wilson extraordinaire smell… which consisted now of ash, some blood, drying sweat, and old Tabasco sauce stains. He smelt alive and that was amazing in this world full of the rotting putrid smell of the dead majority.

Wade looked over Peter’s shoulder, straight at the zombie that had lumbered it's way up the same stairwell Peter was worried about just a second ago.

He saw another zombie quickly followed it's companion and yet another one follow that one each one soldiers walking in crooked lines but following the unseen order to kill on sight.

He then looked quickly down at Peter’s serene face for just a second and then held him tighter as he said the last line.


Peter’s eyes snapped open to see a zombie standing behind Wade... somehow it had snuck on the roof from some hidden door or something.

Please, Don't Take, my Sunshine....

Away.

******************************************************

He quickly climbed into the chair, perched on the edge of it to look at her critically, “What do you want?”

She was a sight, Jean vest over a ratty band tee, black army boots that were crossed at the ankles and placed on the table between them.

She dropped her feet and let them smack onto the floor, “I thought you would never come.”

“I thought you….” Peter looked away, holding his leg.

He couldn’t bare to say the words aloud but Eleanor easily barraged her way through the topic.

“I’m Wade Wilson’s daughter…” She scoffed picking at her nails, “Dad didn’t exactly broadcast my existence on the 9 o’clock news.”

“Why did- I'm just confused why you're here.” Peter started, trying to blink away her boldness but still keeping himself from breaking.

“I am too.” Eleanor said straightforward as ever, “Because I wake up from a pretty strange dream about my dad telling me to find you…. Saying something about true love... So I figure hey, I got nothing else better to do… but on my way over here, I get pretty fucking pissed.. because here's this guy that my dad supposedly loves and this dude’s stupid mug spread out over the cover page kissing some other dude. And I'm thinking fuck this guy… and when he illegally traps me in this room for a couple of hours I think double Fuck this guy.”
She placed both of her hands on the table, “But you know what, I actually love my dad so maybe I give this guy a benefit of a doubt…. But so far, he’s been sitting across from me asking dumb questions and my opinion of him isn’t that hot right now.”

“Do you know where he is?” Peter asked softly.

Eleanor scoffed her teeth, “If I knew that, do you think I would be bothering with this? Thank God, you’re pretty.”

Peter snapped out of his funk, “Hey, fuck you?”

“Fuck Me???? Fuck ME???” Eleanor said incredulously, “How about Fuck. You. Asshole? Why don’t you try that one on for size, you CHEATING JERK?”

Chapter End Notes

Was that tragic enough for you? Did you not get enough tragedy from the main plot that you had to get a side of tragic? I swear, kids these days and their angst... when I was a young’un I had to write the angst myself... against writer's block... both ways! Hahaha

How was your V-day? Comment below and I might choose your idea as the next interlude!

Also, Eleanor. My beautiful daughter. Such a great girl. Hahaha.

<3
Introducing the One and Only Eleanor Camacho ft. Peter being in over his head and completely clueless.

I took some liberties with Eleanor and this is just the groundwork for what will happen and things that will be explained in further chapters.

But we're finally moving in a positive direction!

“So let’s clarify some things, Miss…. CaM-acho?”

“Camacho.”

“Miss Camacho, 19. Living in Queens with your adopted family. Anticipated violence towards hostile situations which cause you to “move around” a lot… it sounds to me like you have an authoritative issues… which makes me doubt if what you say is true…” the man in the suit, flipped through a hologram screen adding a few notes were necessary but ultimately appearing disinterested at her presence which irritated her immensely. “Is actually a cry for attention.”

She glared at him, assessing but her anger brimming under her barely contained surface.

“Look, Mister, I’d appreciate it if you stop with this intimidating Bad Cop bullshit and let me see Peter.”

The man looked up with one eyebrow raised at her, “You know I can’t do that.”

“Take my DNA then,” She took a swing of water and spat it back into the glass in front of her, purposely pressing her fingers into the glass so it would deliver a print and held it up to the two way glass behind the man, “I’m telling the truth and I need to see Peter…. I’m going to do whatever it takes to do that. So, tell your boss or whoever on the other side of the glass that... I’m not leaving until I do.”

On the other side of the glass, Tony stared at Peter while Steve continued to stare straight ahead.

“Is it true kiddo? Is she-?”

Peter crossed his arms and looked away, his eyes heavy with all the sleep he couldn’t get, unsure, “He- he never told me”

Tony looked down and nodded while Steve stroked his chin, still scruffy from a recent recon mission of the anomalies around town.
“If she is… if there’s any truth to her statements, we have to take it into account.” Steve looked back at Tony, “She has information we don’t and we shouldn’t discredit it based on….”

“Steve…”

He looked at Tony, who motioned with his eyebrows back at Peter, who was trying his best to hold himself in.

Steve nodded and then pressed the button on the dash that activated the earpiece in Phil Coulson’s ear, “Phil, let’s take a break.”

Steve rubbed Peter’s arm as he passed to let Phil in through the door.

On the other side of the glass, Phil promptly closed out the tablet and got up, “I’m getting some coffee… do you want some or another glass of water perhaps?”

She just continued to glare at him, bouncing her foot up and down in irritation. “Bring Peter.”

He smiled a ghost of a smile, closing the door behind him firmly before speaking to the occupants, “I’ve met many delinquents and runaways and I can assure you both that she’s not lying about her story or she’s been trained well enough to cover her bases.”

“Phil, we wanted to-”

“I know and it’s… alarming… to say the least but I believe her intentions to be true if not blinded by her… passion.” Coulson, firmly tucked the tablet underneath his arm while he poured coffee with one hand.

“Something we all have succumbed to I suppose.”

The silence was deafening with the echo of his words nothing but Coulson enjoying his cup of coffee, Steve lost in thought, still staring at the girl, Tony staring at Peter who looked like he wasn’t here at the moment, and Peter looking anywhere but the stark truth that was breathing in the other room.

Peter felt like a fool.

A simple goddamn fool that had framed PHDs in being a fool.

He knew that Wade had kept secrets from him…. The whole Death thing was something that was still bothering him.

And now his daughter… Eleanor…too?

Eleanor Camacho who had come brassly crashing into his life and demanding answers to questions he himself was still trying to solve.

She was just proof that Wade had this entire other life that he was living and Peter wasn’t a part of it.

It's fine.

It's fine.

He has to tell himself that a million times to keep from breaking under it all.

Was he a fool for just…. Being in Love?
Was this his punishment?

Everyone of Wade’s skeletons were pouring out of the closet one after another and Peter didn’t know how to handle this all without him.

First Death. Now a daughter. If Wade had somehow revealed that he secretly owned a teleportation device of some sort that allowed him to travel across time and space… Peter would honestly have lost it.

God. Where the fuck was that stupid bastard?

Peter didn’t even know what he planned to say to him but he wanted something…. The truth or validation about the whole thing…

The whole thing made Peter feel like a goddamn idiot fool of idiot town America.

But it also made him feel incredibly insecure because it was clear that this other world Wade had built was much more interesting than a life with him.

This was bullshit.

He stormed through the doors before his dads or Phil could stop him.

He quickly climbed into the chair, perched on the edge of it to look at her critically, “What do you want?”

She was a sight, Jean vest over a ratty band tee, black army boots that were crossed at the ankles and placed on the table between them.

She dropped her feet and let them smack onto the floor, “God! I thought you would never come in here.”

“I thought you….” Peter looked away, holding his leg.

He couldn’t bare to say the words aloud but Eleanor easily barraged her way through the topic because ripping the band aid was always her preferred method of dealing with anything uncomfortable.

“I’m Wade Wilson’s daughter…” She scoffed picking at her nails, “Dad didn’t exactly broadcast my existence on the 9 o’clock news so that’s probably why you haven’t heard about me until now”

“Why did- I’m just confused why you're here.” Peter started, trying to blink away her boldness but still keeping himself from breaking.

“I am too,” Eleanor said straightforward as ever, “Because I wake up from a pretty strange dream about my dad telling me to find you…. Saying something about true love... So I figure hey, I got nothing else better to do… but on my way over here, I get pretty fucking pissed.. because here’s this guy that my dad supposedly loves and this dude’s stupid mug spread out over the cover page kissing some other dude. And I'm thinking fuck this guy… and when he illegally traps me in this room for a couple of hours I think double Fuck this guy.”

She placed both of her hands on the table, “But you know what, I actually love my dad so maybe I give this guy a benefit of a doubt…. But so far, he’s been sitting across from me asking dumb questions and my opinion of him isn’t that hot right now.”
“Do you know where he is?” Peter asked softly.

Eleanor scoffed her teeth, “See, more dumb questions! If I knew that, dumbass, do you think I would be bothering with this? Thank God, you’re pretty.”

“You know what.” Peter snapped out of his funk, leaving reason behind and going with his base instincts “Fuck. you.”

“Fuck Me???? Fuck ME???” Eleanor said incredulously, her thick eyebrows climbing higher with each word. “How about Fuck You, Asshole? Why don’t you try that one on for size, you CHEATING JERK?”

“Oh, fine, FINE.” Peter said in agreement. “Fuck Me.”

She was shocked at his agreeable nature but it resulted in a staring contest between the two of them.

Peter broke the silence quickly, his tone growing frosty.

“But who the fuck are you to come charging into my house, harassing the front desk, who are pretty great ladies by the way, and you come in here marching and scowling like some sort of common thug.” Peter pointed out cooly, “How about you show some respect for once instead of-?”

She started laughing cruelly, deep full belly laughs that made her hug her stomach and kick her legs back and forth.

“Why are you laugh-?”

She stopped so suddenly that it left a space that her laugh once occupied.

“I am here for my father.” She said sharply, her eyes blazing, “Everyone else is secondary until I find him.”

She paused, tilting her head to appraise him and finding that he was far below her expectations.

“Including you and whatever half-baked opinion you have about me.”

She got up off the chair and headed towards the door, “You’re a waste of my time and I don’t know why he wanted me to speak to you of all people.”

Peter stopped her from leaving with an arm across her waist, “I want to find him too.”

She inhaled sharply, “Touch me with that arm again White Boy and I promise you that you will never see that arm again.”

He let go of her but said softly but firmly, “I want to find him too.”

She scoffed, opening the door and slamming it behind her.

She stared down the occupants of the room, Steve with his arms crossed, Tony looking amused, and Coulson looking at the tablet and drinking his coffee nonplussed.

“Do I have to find an exit too?”

“I like her.” Tony laughed, “JARVIS show our guest the way out please.”
She stomped her way out of the room following the path that JARVIS had so helpfully lit up for her.

Steve looked back towards his son still looking in the room at nothing in particular.

“I’m going talk to him.”

“You do that, Capsicle.” Tony waved him off, still laughing a little on how audacious the girl was, “But go easy on the kid though.”

Steve opened the door but nodded at Phil in passing who went back to work realizing that his job was done.

As Steve walked into the room, he assessed Peter who was staring into the corner, looking lost.

He still had on lounge pants and the bags under his eyes said that he probably didn't sleep last night or a couple nights.

Steve wondered if this was killing Peter more than anything… maybe he should have never allowed him to be Spider-man in the first place if this was the result of it…

“Peter…” Steve said slowly, unsure of how to approach him.

“She sure is something isn't she, Pops?” Peter turned to his father with a smirk on his face. “Wade’s daughter for sure.”

“What are you planning, kid?” Steve walked over to lean against the table, accessing his son.

“Tracking device.” Peter said, thinking fondly on the little metal spider he had placed on her as she was leaving, “I misplaced my phone somewhere but I could probably whip up something real quick with a couple of mods for some long distance com values… couple of hours in the lab tops but doable for sure if dad has the parts.”

“Peter…” Steve said slowly, phrasing what he wanted to say in his head a bit before saying it out loud, slowing his son down before he started talking tech terminology, “I know you care about Wade but this girl… this world… you might be in over your head kiddo.”

Peter looked at his father, calculating but looking more mature than Steve had ever seen, “I know. And I am.”

“But I signed up for this,” He took a pause, stretching his arms above his head “I signed up for his world and yeah It’s scary as shit and he didn't tell me everything… He didn’t tell me about Eleanor…. And I don't think he told her about me either… which is frustrating as… well as shit really.”

He took another pause, rubbing his hands like he was rubbing away the anxiety, “But… I love the stupid bastard and she knows something or will know something so, I gotta do something even though she hates my guts.”

Steve nodded curtly, “Your dad and I will support you but you have to promise me that you’ll be careful in this. I can't watch you d-”

Peter nodded shakily, stopping his father before he could continue, remembering what they all saw on the monitor, “I'll be careful.”

“That girl is scared Peter.” Steve said slowly, “She puts on this brave persona but she's afraid of
what her Dad has gotten into and she's redirecting her fear into anger towards you. She’s lost too… doesn't make it your responsibility to help her or guide her… but it's not a bad thing to keep in mind when you're helping her.” Steve continued, “You’re just as new to her as she is to you.”

Peter hummed in agreement.

Steve squeezed his shoulder once. “And you can take the suit.”

Peter’s eyes lit up.

“You’re still grounded.”

Peter’s eyes dimmed out just as quickly.

“You should go before she goes out of range.”

“Thanks Pops.”

Down at the street level, Eleanor Camacho hissed out her frustration as she stomped away from the Tower.

How dare this cheating asshole talk down to her? Try and call her out on her behavior like some kid that needs to be put in time-out???

As fucking if.

Knowing her Dad, he was probably kidnapped or dead in a ditch somewhere and Peter was just living the good life and kissing other guys!

It frustrated the utter crap out of her.

That's not love! That's not what love is suppose to be like…

God, she could still see his cocky face in her mind and she wanted to punch it until she couldn't see it anymore.

STUPID ASSHOLE CHEATING JERK

She wanted to get as far as physically possible from the Tower until she couldn't see it for for the giant symbol of Bullshit Pretend Justice that it stood for.

She reckoned that she should start where this all started so she headed towards her father's apartment to see if he left any clues that were a little more reliable than a cheating asshole in an ivory tower.

“Hey lil Mama, where ya going with all dat?”

Oh great. Another assuming asshole who thought he deserved everything.

She rolled her eyes and continued walking, zigzagging through people to avoid the guy.

“Didn’t your Momma tell ya it's rude to ignore people?”

“Didn’t your Momma tell ya that it's rude to holla at girls when they minding their own business?”

She fired back, letting her New Yorker side leak into her voice.

His pack of hyenas behind him cackled, firing off responses that ranged from SICK Burn Bro to
Oooo she spicy and the like.

She smirked and continued walking away from the group but the dude was persistent.

“At least tell me your name.” He bargained.

She narrowed her eyes at him, not amused in the slightest, “Why so you can tell yo Momma who whooped your ass in the streets?”

The hyenas grew louder which only made the guy even more angry.

He grabbed her arm, pulling her close to feel the knife in his jacket pocket.

He completely dropped the friendly demeanor, “Look, I was being nice. You don’t haveta act like that. Pretty girl like you should smile more instead of spitting venom but I'mma take that wallet of yours for our troubles.”

Now she was Pissed.

She could feel her eyes glowing amber yellow with anger. Normally she could control it but the stress of the day had her control shot to pieces and the dude let go of her arm as if it had burned him.

She could also hear her voice drop several octaves as she said,

“Run.”

They scrambled over each other to run away, looking over their shoulders to see if she was following them.

She slowly turned her head to look at them, no longer human-like, and they ran faster.

As soon as they were out of view, she promptly ran to the alleyway and threw up her guts.

“God…. This fucking sucks!”

She wiped her mouth with the back of her sleeve, wishing she had something to wash wash the stomach acid back down with.

At least her mouth didn’t taste like blood this time.

She hacked up a loogie to get the rest of stomach acid out of her mouth.

“Real classy there.”

She raised her head to look at Spider-man but it made her glare even more.

She flipped him off, spitting again to make sure that terrible taste was finally gone.

“Are you okay miss?” Spider-man continued, chucking a bottle of water towards her that he bought at the bodega.

“You can drop the act.” She caught it with one hand, wincing a bit at the ice cold nature of it “I know who you are. Dad showed me in the dream.”

Spider-man looked shocked and then shrugged, dropping down into the alleyway. “Worth a shot. First impressions and all that.”
“What do you want,” She huffed out after drinking most of the water.

“I want to help you.”

“You've helped enough.” She said curtly, chucking the bottle back at his face.

He caught it easily, “You sure are something you know that.”

She scoffed, wiping her hands on her vest, “Go home.”

Spider-man frowned, “I want to help find him Eleanor… and if that means helping you in the process and dealing with your nasty temperament then I'll do it “

“Why weren’t you before though huh?” She started crying at her own words and it was the big snot kind which made her hiccup and made it hard for her to speak, “WHY WEREN’T YOU LOOKING FOR HIM?”

She slammed her fist repeatedly against his chest until she didn't have the strength left as the dwindled from fists to slaps to gentle taps… all the while she was sobbing her eyes out.

She twitched a little in his hold and that's when things started to hit the fan real fucking quick.

Her eyes started to glow yellow again and the eyes on Spider-man’s mask also widened.

“Why weren’t you looking for him?”

Peter was genuinely terrified. Firstly because a girl was crying in his arms and he never dealt well with the ways girls tended to cry… least of all on him.

Secondly was the whole demonic voice was also terrifying in its own way… like he experienced living with Thor and all his magic-ness… and that didn’t even account for Dr. Strange… magic man himself. But Demonic voice and glowing yellow eyes was definitely a new one.

“Why don’t you calm down a little?” Spider-man said panicking a little, complete with placating gestures.

“Calm down? I’ll show you calm.”

Her eyes glowed brighter yellow than before spreading from her pupils until her full eyes were orange-yellow and smokey fog was leaking out of them.

She was burning up too and Peter let go of her as she burned through his suit to his skin.

“OW. ow!” Peter said, patting at his chest for scorched marks, “Remind me not to get you angry too.”

“You can't handle me Pretty Boy. I'm going to make you burn.”

She lunged at him with her fists glowing. Peter quickly jumped and flipped backwards to avoid her.

“I know you're mad at me but that's no reason to Flame out about it. Trust me… Johnny did the same thing once and he-”

She lunged at him faster, grunting and lumbering as her weight fell forward but met with nothing, “I’m gonna kill you.”
“Didn’t really agree with me the first time… so hard pass thanks.” He called out, perched on the wall.

Internally, Peter was completely panicking and his inner monologue went something like Ohshitohshitohshitohshitohshit while he tried to avoid her lumbering yet deadly attacks.

She growled and punched the brick wall right behind Peter’s head, the bricks cracking in the heat and shattering to pieces with the heat.

“Woah!” Peter yelped, “That was a close one.”

He tried a few webs to pin her down but she burned right through them. That internal monologue got just a bit louder.

“Heh. Your puny webs are no-no match no match for-”

She fainted falling towards him

Peter laughed in relief at the anti-climatic nature of the whole ordeal but checked her pulse and breathing to make sure she had in fact fainted.

Finding everything to be mostly in order other than the whole fainting thing, he scooped her up and threw her over his shoulder in a fireman's carry.

She barely weighed anything and it made Peter curious how all that rage and anger didn’t physically amount to anything.

To think, she had been that angry yet when it came to it… she weighed just as much as any teenager.

Peter prepared to bring her back to the Tower, figuring that whatever power she had had drained her to the point of fainting.

Peter also figured that there were things to help people like her…. Mutants? Inhumans? It was slightly above his pay grade but it made him curious if Wade had known that his daughter had this power… if she needed help.. Prof. X was just a phone call away.

God. He went from hating her to liking her to acting like her dad in a matter of… minutes.

That was the true power of one Miss Eleanor Camacho… she left an impression on you. One that made you want to be by her side and take care of her forever even though she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself and probably didn't care too much about your company in the first place.

She was beautifully independent so to see her in this one moment of dependence was a gift to behold.

Peter landed on the balcony as best as he could, trying not to jostle her too much.

“JARVIS, can you ask-”

“Already on his way sir.”

“You’re the best.”

He placed her gently on the recliner, lifting her feet up and making sure she was elevated. It was
weird that she hadn't come to yet but Peter figured that it might be because of her powers and not anything serious.

He was still timing it mentally though.

Maybe it was a bad idea to bring her back here… but the Tower was the most advanced place in the city that could deal with her powers.

He removed his mask and grabbed a bottle of water out of the fridge for her.

The soft whoosh of the elevator brought Bruce Banner up to Peter’s apartment.

“What stray did you bring home this time kid?” He called out.

Peter laughed and helped his godfather roll the med cart over to the couch. “C’mon BB. It was one time.”

Bruce looked over his glasses at him, as he rolled the ottoman over to sit on it, “Uh huh. That's why your dad started that adoption place on 44th right?”

“You bring home one stray dog…” Peter mockingly said.

Bruce chuckled and started routinely looking over Eleanor, going straight into doctor mode.

He loosed her shoes to get her circulation flowing. He checked her pulse which seemed slightly elevated but not concerning. Her temperature seems warm but Peter filled him in about her powers so it made sense that her body was still cooling down from that.

She seemed fine, her breathing sounded fine so the only thing left was to check her pupils.

He clicked the mini flashlight on and leaned over to coax her eye open.

As soon as the light shined in her eyes, Eleanor quickly grabbed his wrist to stop him… her pupils wide and still yellow before slightly fading back to brown.

The atmosphere was tense with Peter hovering over the couch in an attempt help out but also not making the situation worse than it was.

“Sorry, sorry.” She shook her head and let go promptly, looking away and looking exhausted.

“Quite a grip you got there.” Bruce mentioned casually, rubbing the spot where she had grabbed more to dispel the heat than the strength of her grip.

“Sorry.” She whispered softly, she looked embarrassed and it was very out of place with Peter’s known perception of her.

“Please kiddo,” Bruce started, “You’re not the only one who tried to break my wrist during a check-up.”

Peter flushed.

“How are you feeling? Do you know where you are?”

She looked around and then her eyes widened, “Where-?”

She promptly vomited blood all down Bruce’s shirt.
He sighed, passing her the wastebasket by the couch, “Not the first time that's happened either.”

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, “Sorry.”

Her mouth tasted like copper pennies and she swished out her mouth with the water.

“You do that often?” Peter asked curiously while getting her another water bottle.

She took the water and thanked him shyly, tearing the wrapper and unable to look at him in the eyes, “I’m sorry, I've never met you before. I mean, I’ve seen you in the papers and such and Marie talks about you all the time but- what?”

Bruce and Peter shared equal looks of worry and disbelief. Where was the over confident girl who had marched into the Tower only moments ago?

Peter took it as a sign to barrel through, “My name is Peter Parker Stark-Rogers and this is my godfather Dr. Bruce Banner. You're in the Avengers Tower.”

She followed along, nodding where appropriate but didn't say anything.

Peter continued, hesitantly, “You uh.. attacked me in an alleyway and fainted so I brought you here.”

She cocked her head at him curiously, then her nose started bleeding.

Peter squawked in alarm, grabbing a fistful of tissues and shoving it towards her.

She took them and automatically pressed them to her nose, tilted her head forward “Th’anks.”

“Do you get nosebleeds often Ms. Camacho?” Bruce said softly trying not to worry her.

She looked bashful while pinching her nose “Yeah, sorry about your shirt. I got ‘em a lot when I was younger… so much that Miss had to carry tissues with her.”

“Don’t worry, I used to get them too.” Peter said, trailing off in thought.

Where had that angry girl gone? This girl in front of him was nothing like the Eleanor Camacho who hissed out curses.

Call the Devil and he will appear.

Her eyes flashed yellow gold for just a second and Eleanor’s whole demeanor changed back to what Peter was used to.

She flicked the tissues in the trash with a scoff leaning back to look at both of them, “Why the fuck am I in the Tower again?”

She still had blood smears underneath her nose and Peter grimaced knowing what that was like personally.

Bruce decided that this was above his pay grade and promptly rose to leave, “Drink more water and you should probably do something about your iron deficiency if you’re used to losing that much blood. Supplementing your diet with iron pills should do the trick. Also… Don’t stress her out kid… she's already confused as is and I'm honestly not that type of doctor. Excuse me.”

He left and Eleanor stared Peter down, “Well? What happened?”
“Don’t you remember?” Peter asked testingly.

“Remember how much I hate this place and your mug… sure. But not- after…” She trailed off, placing the water bottle on her forehead to chill it,

After a second, she cursed, “Son of a Bitch. What did you do?”

“What did I DO?” Peter exclaimed his voice rising, falling back in the couch exasperated, “How about what diD YOU DO? Because I'm pretty sure it's not normal to go all glowing eyes and fire heat smoggy hands and then faint.”

She cursed something in Spanish under her breath, Peter knew enough Spanish to recognize it but not enough to understand what she had said.

“How long was I like that?” She asked, preparing for the worst, crushing the water bottle in her hands.

“10-15 minutes… plus another 20 of you passed out.”

She squinted at him to determine if he was telling the truth, “Was I-?”

“Were you what?”

“ Weird. Different.” She made some motions with her hands.

“During the fight or-?”

“Dios mio.” She cursed, rolling her eyes at him, “Afterwards. White Boy. Was I different afterwards?”

Peter was peeved, “Yes. You were nicer for one… is that your power or something? Are you a mutant of some kind?”

“Don’t worry about it.” She said curtly, scrunching her nose and hacking up what was left of the blood in her mouth before spitting it in the trash.

“You attacked me, threatened to kill me, fainted and then projectile vomited blood onto my godfather.” Peter said, listing on his gloved fingers, “Kinda have to worry about it now.”

“Especially since you're Wade’s kid.”

The jab stabbed her in the heart and she did not like that feeling at all.

So she retaliated.

“Kinda have to worry about it too since my dad's supposed “fiance” is kissing other dudes when he's gone.”

She crossed her arms and stared Peter down as if daring him to speak.

There wasn’t a lot that got Peter to stop talking but this was definitely on the list so he crossed his arms too, standing up to tower over her, “At least I don't go picking fights and demanding shit like a little snot nosed kid.”

Her eyes widened and she scoffed at his stupidity, moving to stand on the coffee table, “At least I'm not a full grown adult walking around in a glorified onesie!”
Peter gasped dramatically stood on top of the side drawer, “At least I don’t faint when I use my powers.”

Eleanor stared at him, calculating and stood on the back of the couch and loomed over him on her tiptoes, “I’m stronger than you’ll ever dream of bug-boy.” She said tauntingly.

“Ha!” Peter walked onto the ceiling itself in his frustration, “I’ll take my powers over spitting up blood any day.”

“At least-”

“Kid get off of the ceiling and Miss Camacho, if you could please get down from the sofa, I’ve heard you’ve lost some blood and I don’t want you to faint again”

They both shut up, blushing furiously as they got down from their respected places and both stood in front of the full force of Captain America and the Winter Soldier.

Steve cocked his eyebrows at his son’s behavior and Peter opened his mouth to explain but promptly was shut down with a look.

He ushered both of them to sit down and Eleanor quickly re-tied her shoes on cause she figured she might as well show some manners in the face of Captain America himself… she also faintly remembered him being there when she yelled at Iron Man so… eh, Dad would be proud of her.

“I understand that you’ve had a run in with Death.” Bucky started, slowly, letting his words form in his head before spilling out, he perched himself on the right arm of the chair furthest from the windows, his metal arm casually behind him.

His whole appearance screamed casual from the galaxy yoga pants to the man bun but Eleanor had the strong suspicion that this was far from the case.

She blinked, letting the memory come back to her in a haze like they always did after her powers got out of hand, but the pause was a little awkward.

“Umm… Yes? Yeah. She killed my goldfish… no my guinea pig? My pet. She killed my pet or it died? and in return she gave me a message from my Dad saying to find him.” She motioned at Peter over her shoulder. “And something else… hold on I wrote it down to remember, Death’s Kiss? Or Dead Miss? Something like that.”

Bucky turned to face Steve and they had a silent conversation like two souls who had lived together since forever could do.

For those of us who don’t share that bond it went a little something like this.

Bucky’s slight nod, “She’s telling the truth.”

Steve’s eyebrow bounce, “What about the memory gaps?”

Bucky’s pointed stare. “You’re looking at the biggest walking memory gap here pal. You saying I’m not truthful?”

Steve’s look away, “Sorry.” Steve’s two finger tap and then raising them up slightly “She’s dangerous… do we trust her?”

Bucky’s ghost of a smile “We’re all dangerous.”
Bucky stared quizzingly back at Eleanor who was doing her best not to squirm under his scrutiny, she was made of hard stuff but the Winter Soldier perfected the act of looking like a Hardass inc. So her reaction made sense. “Hmm.”

Bucky’s soft sigh. “We all deserve second chances.”

Steve nodded.

It was weird and awkward how they could just talk like that.

Eleanor was growing uncomfortable at the silent interaction between the two of them while Peter just layed back to let them do their thing.

“So, umm, Mr. America sir?” Eleanor started, fidgeting. “I’d like to find my dad as soon as I can. Not that this hasn’t been fun.”

Steve hid his smile behind his hand, “Of course, Ms. Camacho but I believe you will find exactly what you need here.”

He motioned to Bucky.

“I’ve met Death.” Bucky said frankly, “And I’ve dealt with my fair share of memory blanks.”

Eleanor nodded and Peter, however, was irritated, “How come you just went along with their help?”

She just raised her eyebrows at him and ignored him over favoring Bucky.

“Face it lil spider, your Uncle Bucky is just better with all the ladies.” Bucky said casually, stretching out the kinks in his shoulder to ease the tension out of the room.

Peter stuck his tongue out at him, “You never told me about your narcissistic streak either.”

“So that's who you get it from.” Eleanor commented, pointedly.

Steve full on busted out laughing deep belly laughs to see both of them flustered and floundering.

Bucky was cross at him, “I don’t know why you’re laughing when he’s your kid Rogers…. He was hanging off the ceiling and yelling insults at a teenage girl two seconds ago”

“You act like you didn’t do worse when we were kids” Steve said, still laughing, “You’re just bothered she called you out.”

“I was always the perfect gentleman and you know it.”

Steve’s laughs quieted down and he sighed like it was a punctuation to the end of a terribly sad sentence.

Bucky rolled his eyes and motioned for Eleanor to come closer, “C’mon, let’s talk business before Cap gets all weepy about the past.”

“You've seen Death then?” Eleanor said softly and curiously.

“Flirted with her too.” Bucky said with a wink though his tone was sad with the memory. “She… I don’t know if it was pity or if it was love per say.. but she kept me company between all the shit I had to deal with. I was enamored by her maybe a little in Love too… but her whole thing was convincing me to stay. Saying it would all be easier if I decided to stay. But I had a couple people
I had to come back to first.”

Bucky knocked Steve’s shoulder so he fell forward dramatically even though it was barely a nudge.

“So She has him then?” Eleanor said as if her whole journey was just sliding into place with a soft click. “Something happened and she kept him?”

“Possibly. But Spider-kid over there has been setting off freak events all over the city. So we figure it has to be related to the whole ordeal.”

“I got to get him back.” She said slowly. “He’s an idiot but he’s my dad.”

She looked up at him, tearing building up, “He’s all I got.”

Bucky nodded once, considering, “Well, in that case, sweetheart, you’re going to need to Die.”

Chapter End Notes

At this point, do I not end things with a cliffhanger?

Also, I know I said Tuesday but I got caught up with things and got sick so it was a mess all around.

Also, also, you should totally listen to the songs that make up these titles because they're so reflective of what happens in the chapter...
Chapter Summary

We've finally reached the climax of this... pun kinda intended.

Wade recollects how he got un-alive in the first place, Eleanor's powers get explained sorta, and Peter starts hearing things.

Chapter Notes

There's very graphic imagery in this chapter: tw vomit, tw blood, tw suicidal imagery... we finally get to those good graphics bits so be careful reading this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This is the most beautiful love story ever told… I'm excluding the whole Romeo and Juliet nonsense because I'm definitely cuter than both of them combined. Oh shit. That's a spoiler actually. Nevermind that.

This story definitely beats that one… that’s all you need to know.

Once upon a time, there lived kid. Like this snot-nosed buck toothed kid… Wait, should I go that far? Yeah I should go that far. Never a bad time to relive those memories actually.

So this snot-dripping, booger picking, buck toothed kid believed in two things: 1) The world was a pretty fucked up place to live in and 2) You could only experience a finite amount of any good thing before it became too much and the world vowed to take it away from you.

Ominous I know but this was a pretty smart kid… must have been all the boogers and paste he ate.

And over the years, as the kid grew up, the world proved time and time again that those two hypotheses…. Hypothese?? Hippocampus?? HamenaHamena Cocobana. I’m just going to say hypothesis… just assume I mean both of them.

As he grew up, the world proved both of his hypothesis as correct. The world indeed was a crappy place and after eating an entire tub… and by tub I mean those cheap ass large as a small child… tub of Mr. Frosty’s Fun Time French Vanilla Swirl, you ended up getting sick and puking out your guts into that sweet porcelain commode.

Good times.

But he also realized that a lot of shit happened outside of his control as well…. Mommy and Daddy fighting… World Hunger… cancelled TV shows after a juicy cliffhanger … all of this bad shit happened without his consent and he was Not. Happy.
And he grew up to be devilishly handsome, GQ front page model handsome that you start jerking it to when you first figure out your not even close to straight and Not. Happy.

Sure a lot of things made him Content… Pay-per-view porn, Indian food delivered to his house at the push of a button, and the Finest Woman the World Had Ever Graced Him With.

But he was afraid of being truly Happy because he knew that the World would easily take it away again.

That cruel bitch.

And he was right.

You pass out one time during sex and then boom.

Cancer.

And the Finest Woman the World Had Ever Graced Him With… looked at him like the world, which had also given her, her own fair share of sucker punches but this one was the one that had her spitting up blood and down for the count. 1. 2. 3.

And it made him mad.

It made him Pissed.

Because it was one thing to kick him in the balls with cancer but it was a whole nother thing to kick the Finest Woman the World Had Ever Graced Him With in her balls.

And he did not like it one bit.

Because for once in his life, he had someone who gave some fucks about his sorry ass and he didn't want to disappoint her with this particular brand of bullshit. Because this was a little less forgivable than leaving the toilet seat up or leaving his boxers in empty cereal boxes.

So he did the whole origin Superhero track with a sweet side of vengeance and sexy end screen poses and a brand spanking new relationship with Lady Death herself.

Minutea.

Yeah his face was kinda fucked up with a side of insecurities only a mother could love but his mother had long since been dead at that point so he couldn’t exactly count on her loving approval and Big Metal asshole was on his ass about the whole hero nonsense thing.

But his movie had been a great success! The Finest Woman the World Had Ever Graced Him With was in love with him.

And he was Happy.

Remember the second hypothesis?

That happened. Again. And Again. And yet Again. Leaving only a trail of blood and an overall feeling of frustration towards the unfairness of it all.

Anyway, on the other side of town, there was another boy that was going through his own set world kicking his balls problems.

But he hadn't experienced the second one.
Or to be more precise, he had never experienced the second hypothesis to the extent where he ended up hating the world like the first guy did.

Because the world had paid for some first class next-day delivery packages of bullshit to come towards this kid.

But he was surrounded by ~Love~ that allowed him to bounce back like a quarter off of his perfect ass.

And most of his pain is not my story to tell anyway…

So we’ve set the stage yeah?

We got one angry fuck face bitter at the world and another beautiful resilient angel who was also little more than peeved at the world.

Like all angels, the beautiful boy lived in the skies of ~New York City~.

While the angry fuck face soiled the ground with the blood of drug lords and lowliest scum of the world… and he slowly found himself equating the very scum he was unaliving to himself.

And they lived in their separate worlds, unbeknownst that of each other how close they actually were.

Until one day, their worlds crossed with a literal bang and an unfortunate, unforgettable situation. ‘I’m going to have to ask you to drop the inflated donut?? and put your hands where I can see them, sir or ma’am’

‘I can assure you pipsqueak… I am pure 100% Canadian…’

And as the gritty fuck face turned to see the angel for the first time, all intelligence left the building… or what was left of that intelligence left because a majority of it had disappeared a long ass time ago and he really didn’t know where it had gone.

Because my God… this was seeing Starry Night on an LSD bender during the 1986 Woodstock now personified in front of him…. Aka A Work of Art that made you Swore Reality Could Never Deliver on It but somehow it did… it didn't make sense if you stared at it for too long by boy howdy shit it was some next level Beautiful.

And he had a name.

Spider-man.

And he was a. Superhero.

And the gritty fuck face had been found with his hand in the cookie jar.

So he quickly mourned the lost but popped the inflatable donut… which may have been the only thing covering his sensible nudity and bolted.

Luckily the angel was too stunned to follow him because running away half-way naked with a boner was never a fun time.

You’ve ever looked up a word in the dictionary and somehow you see it everywhere even though you didn’t really notice it before so your brain makes that AHA! I Know What That Means!
That's how it became. Spider-man became his discombobulated.

‘Fancy meeting you here Mr. -Man.’

‘Aren’t you that guy who-?’

‘Psht. No. I just said that to the viewers to get some views on this baby… we ain't doing that hot on the numbers so the boss upstairs is demanding at least one sexy image from now on.’

‘Wade.’

‘How on Earth have you possibly guessed my name stranger who I have never met in my life?’

‘Wade, I caught you half-naked last week and then you spammed my voice-mail with-’

‘I have no recollection of the event in question your Honor. But I reserve the right to be guilty as sin.’

‘That’s not how… What are you doing here Wade?’

‘Telling the audience how we met and fell in like like.’

‘What?’

‘Don’t worry your pretty head about it. Just read your lines.’

‘You never gave me any lines??? Wade what are you-?’

He’s so silly like that sometimes.

So, they spent every waking hour together…. Sharing bad guys… eating pizza…. Wait that's wrong Sharing pizza… eating bad guys…. NO crap that's wrong too. You get the point.

And they talked and talked and talked and ~talked~… there’s like at least 6 different comic universes about that… go read those, they're pretty great.

Mr. Fuck Face was hanging out with Starry Night and it was just as great as being with the Finest Woman the World Had Ever Graced Him With… except in the back of his mind… hypothesis no. 2 was lingering Swiper Like…. Taunting a Bitch.

Mr. Fuck Face would do just about anything for Starry Night and that scared him an absolute shit ton… because he was feeling that H-word. No not that one… the other one… Happy.

He was feeling Happy.

And it was only a matter of time before the whole goddamn thing got ruined.

So Mr. Fuck Face tried his best to stop the whole ordeal before Starry Night became ruined with the Brown Stains of his Bullshit.

But he was in too deep.

Quite literally.

And he found that he kinda liked it there.

But maybe if he never accepted reality, it wouldn't come true.

He was in like-like… had been since the inflatable donut bang… but it hadn't become true...hadn't
become reality until that death scene back in chapter two.

He ruined it. Because flying things too often get grounded and Mr. Fuck Face had to watch the Angel die… pissed at himself that he wasn't faster… wasn’t stronger…. Had gotten weak with Happiness and now no. 2 was becoming that reality.

But. He had learned.

And all great magicians played with a loaded deck and a card up his sleeve.

He was all in and revealed the face down card.

The Angel came back… at a price of course… everything has a price tag.

What's even better the Angel had fallen...for him.

Somehow between the prelude and the chapters… fallen for him or some idea of him because this face wasn’t easy to fall in love with.
And He couldn’t take it.

I told you this was better than Romeo and Juliet.

That constant knowledge that no. 2 was always there and even though he had reverted it this time, he couldn’t guarantee that it could happen again.

So he ran away again.

Chicken shit scared out of his MTV mind of loving someone.

And then he got killed.

The End.” Wade concluded with a satisfied smirk on his face.

Death looked down at him, irritated, sweat beading at her forehead, “Wade, my love, when I asked you to tell me what you were thinking, I didn't mean while you were still in me.”

He gave a soft thrust of his hips and she ground down to meet him, sighing, “I dunno baby, storytime is pretty sexy in the right mood.”

She placed her hands against his chest and pushed firmly, trying to get away from him so she could focus but he held tighter to her waist.

She sighed, giving up with a roll of her hips, he moved forward to latch his mouth around her exposed nipple and she groaned, throwing her head back in pleasure but thrusting her chest further in his mouth and talented tongue, “You know, the story isn't- isn't over yet.”

He nipped it and moved towards her other, rolling the first one between his fingers, “Mmm?”

Her eyes were rolling back into her head as he rolled his hips, “S-s-s-she found him.”

He removed with a pop, “Ellie’s always been a smart girl.”

Death looked down at him, curiously “What happens next?”

Wade shrugged, his hands climbing up and down her spine, “Lots of things I suppose, you and I know that one Death won't change the world from spinning.”
“But one Death can change everything.” She came closer to whisper into his ear. “What are you planning beloved?”

He stared innocently up at her and then grabbed her hips and thrust upwards in one strong motion which caused her to squawk out she lost her balance and came crashing forward. He laughed a little at how clumsy she was, “I’m planning to get us both off first and then maybe some more sex in those crazy positions you love. Boobs to worship… Butts to squeeze… there’s an itinerary.”

Death had little hiccups of breath as he bounced her up and down, “And… ah... after? Surely you want to do some-something other than ah ah sex?”

She dug her nails into his shoulders to brace herself as he moved her faster.

“I’m not doing that great of a job if you're still able to speak baby,”

“Let’s fix that.” He said in a few octaves lower than his normal voice.

Her eyes flew open, “Wa-WADE!”

“That’s better.” He said, claiming her mouth with a fierce kiss.

* 
Back upstairs, Eleanor Camacho stared at Bucky Barnes without a hint of remorse or hesitation.

“Done. I'll Die then.”

“Woah there!” Peter and Steve both said at the same time, giving each other twin looks of incredulous shock and looking over at the other two.

“You can’t just-” Peter started.

“Everything else comes second.” Eleanor stared pointedly at Peter, “Wouldn't you die for him too?”

Peter blushed at the confrontation, “I mean, yeah sure, Yes. But don't you think it's a little extreme to resort to dying in order to save your dad?”

Peter looked to Steve to back him up who shrugged but said, “I think we all would die for each other…”

He motioned towards Bucky, “Some of us actually have done so.”

Bucky flicked him off with his metal hand and sticking out his tongue, “If some of us stopped getting into life threatening situations than some of us wouldn’t have to die for their sorry asses.”

Steve rolled his eyes which was a weird experience for Eleanor who expected Captain America to be Mr. Manners himself.

Steve addressed her while she was having her internal conflict, “But I do think that's an extreme option and we need to explore everything that's on the table before-”

“But it's the fastest option.” Eleanor said straightforward. “And I prefer to find my Dad now rather than later.”

Peter hummed, “But we don't even know he's dead for sure. He could be on the brink of death…”
He hated saying the words out loud but they do hold a strand of truth to them.

Eleanor gritted her teeth in anger, trying to hold back her power but just barely reigning it in “I need to find him and this is our only option, I'm doing it.”

Bucky crossed his legs and sat fully on the couch, his metal arm reflecting a glare “I admire your courage kid but dying isn't as easy as you’d think.”

Peter looked away, he couldn't believe he was sitting here listening to a kid willing to give up her life to find Wade but he couldn't find that same courage within him.

Yeah he wanted to find Wade but did Wade even want to be found?

Like...Maybe he ran for a reason…. He wanted to run away from all of them and never be found…. And And… they should all respect his decision instead of doing this half-baked deus ex machina and sacrificing their lives for nothing.

The sharp sting of a slap brought him back into reality and he realized that he had said that last point out loud.

Eleanor let out a sound which can only be described as a wounded animal in pain.

All Peter could do was stare at Eleanor, blushing with embarrassment over his thought echoing throughout the emptiness of the room as her tears threatened to spill over.

She wasn't steady on her feet and swayed with the motion of her slap.

Peter moved to steady her but she hastily shoved him off and stumbled away down the hallway with lunging steps... unbeknownst towards Peter’s room.

“Wait, Eleanor. I didn't mean-”

The sound of an open door slamming shut quickly followed.

Peter looked back at his father to be met with only a look of judgement and Bucky’s indifference.

“Pops-”

Steve looked critically at his son… it was certainly not the first time he would do this and it certainly wasn’t the last time either.

It was Bucky who spoke up instead, “You gotta apologize Pete.”

He looked out the window and continued softly, “Worst thing you can do is make anyone cry…. Let alone a girl like that.”

It was the second time he had done so too.

He felt like a jerk… which would be the understatement of the century.

He had never been cruel or callous before in his life yet in a brief moment he had been both to someone he barely knew.

Steve had that look on his face that he was thinking of something that he didn't exactly want to see come to fruition but he agreed with Bucky.

He got up to grab Peter’s shoulder, as a way to ground him before he completely “You have to start using that big brain instead of getting lost in it kid. I can see you overthinking… Your dad
does the same thing…”

Steve laughed softly but Peter didn’t join him.

Peter was conflicted… He wasn't even sure that what he said was his actually thoughts… He didn’t remember thinking of them…. Maybe his Pops was right and he should try to just stop thinking for once.

The answer was right in front of him but just out of reach.

[[That’s very dramatic of you… surely a single thought didn’t mean that you were going crazy]]

Peter visibly flinched, staring wide eyed.

“Did you hear that?” He asked his dad and Bucky who moved off the chair in alarm.

**Not a good idea to tell everybody that you’re coco for coco puffs kid**

“I know that was definitely not me. Where is it-?” Peter continued looking around for the source like it was hidden in the room somewhere

“Peter what’s wrong?” Steve said, shaking his son a little to focus.

**A voice can de-fin-ite-ly get comfortable in a place like this… sooooooo many juicy memories to go through. The teenage angst ones are my favorite**

“No! Nonono. What are you-? Stop. STOP IT.” Peter grabbed his head and squeezed as tightly as he could like he could squeeze the voices out of him like juicing an orange.

“Peter. Who are you talking to?” Steve demanded, looking worryingly at his son.

Peter looked at him like he was the one that was crazy, “You can't- you can't hear them?”

“Hear who kid?” Bucky said immediately.

“The voices!” Peter gestured blindly, “The super posh one and the-the kid one?”

**HEY! It's not nice to call white a kid**

[[He meant you]]

**I knew that,**

“There. Right then… there's two of them. Didn't you-?” Peter looked at both of them, who obviously could not hear a single thing.

[[Your father looks alarmed. You should stop before the tests start.]]

**Brain goes ouchie ouchie hurt hurt when that happens**

Peter looked at them both incredulously. “I need to lay down.”

Steve nodded and let him go lay back down on the couch, “Are you sure you don’t need to go back to the lab?”

Peter waved him off, leaning heavily into the couch as he laid down.
Bucky squinted at him and then suddenly placed his metal hand on Peter’s forehead. “You’re burning up.”

Steve did the same and hissed at how warm Peter was.

Bucky already was moving to the kitchen, muttering as he went, “Just like your dad, never asking for help… bunch of stubborn assholes.”

He threw open the freezer and cracked one of the ice packs, throwing it to Steve who promptly placed it on Peter’s forehead.

**C-c-cold!**

**C-c-cold!**

Peter shook off the voice, letting his eyes shut close.

“You have to take care of yourself Pete.” Steve said chiding, “No use getting sick over this too.”

Bucky scoffed, raising his eyebrows at the both of them “You’re one to talk Steve.”

“Pete’s so much like you sometimes that I feel like I’m back in the 40s nursing after your sick ass after you swore to me you were only going to the store and you didn’t need your coat Buck, it’s barely cold outside”

Both men flushed.

“What are we going to do about Eleanor?” Bucky said after a moment, picking at the dirt under his nails casually.

Steve hummed, leaning back on his haunches, “She’ll leave the room eventually. Give her time to cool off and she’ll come out.”

Bucky immediately got up from his relaxed position and ran to Peter’s room. Steve quickly followed after, realizing the same thing.

Peter took a minute to respond but threw off the ice pack, “Wait what?”

Bucky threw his metal shoulder into the door the sick thud sounding more and more frustrating with each second that the door stood still.

Steve pushed Bucky aside and punched a hole where he could grip and pull... throwing all of his weight into the door, yelling at JARVIS, “JARVIS call Bruce or Tony… whoever now!”

“Right away sir.”

“Pops, what wrong?” Peter shouted back in alarm.

“She’s desperate to do something stupid Pete.” Steve said in-between grunts. “Help us with the door.”

Peter got the message and threw himself at the door in an instant and under the impact of the three of them, the door finally gave way.

The young girl jumped at the sound and hid behind the doorway leading to the bathroom as the three of them fell through the space.

Bucky rolled his eyes in relief to see her alive and fell to the ground, his chest working overtime to get air.
Steve braced himself to a kneeling position but it was Peter who spoke between pants, “We thought you-

“Do you know where I am?” She asked, scared, “I don’t know where I am.”

She patted at her eyes, rubbing away the rest of her tears, “I woke up in the bathroom but I've never seen this place before… please help me?”

Peter looked at her confusingly, “Wha-?”

She motioned to the bathroom behind her and Peter cautiously walked into a war scene of blood.

He was accustomed to blood and violence as it went hand in hand with the life of a superhero but this was ridiculous.

That much blood looked fake… as if it was impossible for one person to have that much blood outside their body.

Peter felt himself about to hurl so he turned away but the image was burned inside of his head.

**$10 if he blows chunks**

He turned to look back at the girl who was seated at the bed chest, swinging her legs back and forth as if she was a little girl, as Steve looked over her.

She appeared to be fine.

Come to think of, she looked younger too yet the air faintly smelled like singed hair and something burnt.

“Sorry about the towels, mister.” She said over her shoulder casually like the white towels in there weren’t now red with her blood. “I woke up and they were like that already.”

Bucky walked over, curious on why Peter was pale and what was in the bathroom, he slide the door open, took one solid look and closed it tight again, “Explain.”

She joyishly laughed at his expression and shrugged.

[[She’s hiding something]]

“She’s hiding something,” Peter mimicked.

“Please don’t be mad at me!” She raised her arms up to protect herself from an attack. “I swear I don’t know what happened!”

Steve gently motioned to put her arms down, unable to touch her based on the heat she was emitting, “It’s okay. He won't hurt you. None of us will hurt you.”

She nodded with her entire head.

This was frustrating. Either she had some convenient memory gaps or her powers were really destroying her memory.

Bucky knelt down to her eye level, “Do you know who you are?”

“My name is Eleanor Camacho sir.” She said with a gap-tooth smile. “I’m 15.”
This was wrong.

They all looked at each other mystified. She told them hours ago in the interrogation that she was 19… and now she said she was 15 and somehow looked the part.

***‘How long have you been 15, Eleanor?’ Oh goody! He’s finally getting it.***

[[Well, he is transforming… it’s only a matter of time before he put the pieces together.]]

***insert magical girl transformation sequence!***

“Peter.” Steve said, drawing him away from listening to the voices again… they were distracting from reality.

“Yes? What happened?” Peter said, trying to piece together the details of what he had missed.

Steve frowned, “We wanted to-”

“Where’s the fire and/or injured person????” Tony burst into the room, dragging Bruce with him.

Eleanor jumped and Bucky assessed him coolly.

“Don’t give me those Winter Soldier eyes… JARVIS said it was an emergency but it seems more like a sleepover in here.” Tony pointed out.

Bruce finally took note of the atmosphere of the room and how young Eleanor looked with a hmm.

“I specifically told you not to stress this girl out and what do you do? Stress her out.” Bruce said crossly, “You people insist on making my life difficult and stressful I swear”

Tony aww’d, leaning heavily on him “You know we love you Brucey.” He proceeded to give him very loud smack filled kisses which the good doctor tried to avoid as best as he could.

Bucky turned back to Eleanor who was clearly overwhelm with all of the attention, “Eleanor…”

“I didn’t mean to cause any trouble…” She started rocking slowly, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“Tony.” Steve said slowly but firmly, “Take Peter and wait outside.”

Tony pouted but Steve was using his Captain America voice so he followed orders, “C’mon kiddo. Let’s give the girl some space.”

“But Pops-”

“No Pete.”

“It’s okay kid, we can have our own fun,” Tony then escorted Peter back to the same couch he had fainted on.

Tony dramatically slouched into the couch and pulled out his mini holoscreen to mess about with or to actually do work… Peter couldn’t tell “You’ve got some messages on your phone Pete.”

Peter frowned, remembering that he had misplaced his phone somewhere and that was one of the things on his list to do but never quite gotten to it yet.
**You definitely need to have higher priorities… no. 1 being ~masturblazing~ because you are tense kiddo nothing like a good one to-**

Peter shook his head to clear the voice away.

Tony understood that frown and pulled out a second holoscreen from his other pocket, “Catch, kid.”

Peter caught it and loaded up his home screen with his thumbprint verification, “Thanks dad. Sorry I lost another one.”

Tony waved him off, “Makes it more fun to add the new updates to the system.”

“You could wipe the market out with the thumbprint identification tech alone,” Peter said slowly, “I don’t get why you don’t go to market with this stuff.”

Tony chuckled at bit Peter’s honest question, “Have I taught you nothing young Padawan?”

Peter looked blankly at his father.

Tony sighed, dropping his screen completely to look at Peter, “There’s bigger accomplishments in life then doing things simply for fame or money.”

“Dad, you're worth billions if not trillions of dollars.”

“Only a mere 31.3 billion kiddo.” Tony said with a wink.

“So you can't say that-”

“Pete, something are worth more than that.” Tony said clearly, interrupting him. “I didn’t build these phones for them.”

“I built them for you.”

Peter frowned. “But-”

“Much to learn you do.” Tony concluded. “Further training you need.”

Peter rubbed his eyebrows, “You can't just talk like Yoda-”

“Mmmmmmmmm.”

“Dad!”

Tony poked him in the side. “People do some crazy shit when they're in love”

“Especially of the Wilson variety evidently.” Bruce came to collapse into the couch with them.

“How is she?” Tony asked offhandedly.

“Never a dull day at the Tower that's for sure.” Bruce said with a stretch, “Maybe I should take up smoking…”

Tony raised an eyebrow at him.

“She’s alive and perfectly healthy.” Bruce said, “which should be impossible based on the amount of blood in the bathroom.”
“So, Mutant then?” Peter asked cautiously, “With some sort of regeneration powers based around fire?”

“Maybe… but her powers make me more of the Phoenix variety.”

“She doesn't have telekinesis.”

“Doesn't have that fake dye job either… girlfriend I was digging the look but even you have to know your limits.”

[[That doesn't explain the memory gaps either.]]

“I was referencing more mythological creature that was born out of ashes only to live and die again than Jean Grey but you get the point…”

“That doesn't explain her memory gaps either.”

“Well, no actually,” Bruce explained, “Her brain is cooking in her skull whenever she unleashed her powers so her nerves are fried.”

“Literally.” Tony added.

Bruce continued, “And it takes time to restore them back to form her memories…. Her brain is trying to remember how it was hence memory gap until it fixes itself.”

“Her body is trying to heal itself from her own powers..” Peter said, horrified.

“Yup.” Bruce said, nonchalantly. “Never a boring day at the Tower.”

“So, she can't die then?” Peter asked slowly.

“Her system reboots before it can happen. Or she dies and then reboots.” Bruce says, “It’s unclear if she actually dies or it saves her before death due to her memory gaps.”


“Right away sir.”

“Your boyfriend sure is something Pete,” Tony hummed to himself, “And his daughter is even more so…. So Babysitter is going to keep her from going into a code Red while she stays in the Tower at least”

Tony looked over his holoscreen at his son, “She’ll be as safe as possible in here with us.”

“Do you think she’ll try again?”

“Yup.” Tony said popping the p, “Stubborn to pieces and eager to save daddy dearest… once she gets her memory back…she’ll try again.”

[[That's what we did when it first happened. You give her time to adjust and the impulse will burn out of her.]]

***snicker* Burn out.**

[[*sigh*]]
Peter slouched into the couch, staring blankly.

“Are you okay, Peter?” Bruce asked casually as if he didn't already hear from Steve that his godson was hearing voices that weren't there.

Peter waved him off, “I’m fine BB. The blood just got to me is all.”

Bruce gave him patented Concern Look but Peter’s new phone had finally rebooted and it started vibrating against his stomach with each message on it.

A couple from Johnny that he really didn’t want to read.

Miles asking about the internship. Candy from the Lab asking if he was coming in.

Spam emails from reporters wanting a scoop.

And at least 15 voice-mails from several unknown number.

That intrigued Peter because very few people had his phone number and 15 seemed a little excessive…. Meaning it could only be Wade…

**IT COULD ONLY BE WADE.**

Peter jumped up from his slouched position and called Voice-mail.

He then went on the emotional journey deserving of at least 2 Oscars as per anyone who got a series of voice-mails from Wade often went through.

At first it was relief, joy, tears that Wade had called… concern over the kidnapping… irritation over his rambling… re-listening because his internal monologue was I'm going to kill him… and then shock… back to concern… anger… confused.. and then finally drained of anything close to a human emotion… let's call it acceptance.

Tony saw this performance from the first row and commenced to give him a standing ovation.

“Peter, that has been the greatest performance I have ever seen… it beat out Tree #4 and Background citizen B for sure.”

“Tree #4 really was a good one.” Bruce said nodding along. “Care to share your inspiration with the audience?”

**I had no idea we were so talented! I can feel the life of the stage calling us already! Where’s my spotlight? Where's make-up? We're gonna be a star!**

“Wade’s probably dead.” Peter said slowly, working the phrase out in his mouth. “But I have a lead… someone named Cable took his phone before the last message”

“I’m a little lost here Brando,” Tony said, “How does this Cable help?”

“Probably another figure from Wade’s World.” Peter said with a shrug, “But I have a feeling that Cable is going to help out somehow.”

Eleanor scoffed, “Not if you want actual help.”

Peter jumped a little at her presence, “Eleanor!”

“Yup, that’s me,” She nodded. “You're boring me again with dumb questions Pretty Boy”
“Should you even be standing?” Peter asked incredulously, remembering the amount of blood.

“No.” Bruce replied for her, “She shouldn't.”

“I can answer for myself Doc.” She said, leaning against the couch to appease their concerns, “But thanks for the assist.”

“What did you mean about Cable?” Peter followed up, his eyebrows furrowing. “Why can’t he help?”

Eleanor sighed, staring at her nails and bitting out her response, “He’s a cyborg from the future… but instead of being helpful he’s morally solid and a pain in my ass.”

“Well, He’s the one who saw Wade last.” Peter said, “He’s our best bet-”

“He’s a fool and so are you for believing in him.” Eleanor snapped, slamming her hand against the table, her eyes shades away from turning yellow.

The room took a selective intake of air, willing her to calm down before she burned out again.

She realized what their expressions meant and hissed out her anger and walking outside to the balcony to cool off, “Bunch of idiots. All of you.”

Tony sighed dramatically, “Teenagers are soooo dramatic.”

“But she does seem to know Cable at the very least.” Bruce mentioned, “Maybe she has a point.”

“I need to apologize to her,” Peter said, “She would have never have gotten into this if she-”

“She made her choices Pete,” Tony said, serious as he could be, “You have to respect that.”

“Of course, Dad.” Peter replied, “But being alone isn't okay either.”

Tony just raised his eyebrows at him. “Good luck kiddo.”

**Petey-pie, you won't be lonely with us in here~**

[[I wonder. How did we get in here?]]

**I dunno. Ask the author! She wanted some drama in here… but if you asked me personally, I would prefer some s-e-x-x-i-p-p-i**

Peter shrugged them both off. He figured arguing or reasoning with their rambling wouldn't be productive.

He opened the door of the balcony slowly as not to frighten her.

She was stretched out on one of the lounge chairs and staring bitterly at the traffic.

She looked over to him and sighed, tired as shit over the whole thing, “What do you want?”

Peter climbed into the adjacent lounge chair, mirroring her pose, “Nothing. I’m just Chilling here.”

“I know your games.” Eleanor said bitterly, “This is the point where you think you can convince me with some motivational speech about responsibility or honor or love… something stupid. And I'm telling you now that it won't work.”
“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Peter said, getting comfortable, “I’m just chilling. Looking at the view… I’m not here to talk or anything… I have no idea where you get that notion”

“Good.” She said with some finality, leaning back into the lounge chair.

“Cool.” Peter replied, closing his eyes and breathing out slowly.

“I’m not talking either.” She said after literally a second of silence. “I’m not falling for your tricks.”

“Alright.” Peter replied, not caring.

She hmphed, crossing her arms.

“You won't get me to talk.”

“Sure.”

“I’m not talking.”

“Okay.”

“You're really frustrating you know that?”

“Ditto.” Peter said, “I just came out here to admire the view but you're the one talking”

“No, I'm not.”

Peter raised his eyebrows up at her.

She gritted her teeth and crossed her arms tighter, blowing air out of her lungs.

“Quick question, were you always so angry?” Peter said, opening one eye to look at her. “That can't possibly be good for your blood pressure.”

“Were you always so annoying?” She countered.

“Eh.” Peter replied, shrugging his shoulders. “Pops says I get it from my Dad.”

“I see the striking resemblance,” She said, “You're both annoying.”

“You must have been mistaken for you and Wade.” Peter replied, nonchalantly. “You two have both been annoying since the first time we’ve met.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “What do you know about my dad?”

“We’re married.” Peter said casually, picking at his shirt string. “He’s told me everything.”

“Not about me though.” She said confidently.

“Not about me either.” He said just as confidently.

That blow hurt the both of them and they felt it.

They both sighed.

“Cable told my dad that it wasn't safe to be with me.” She said, softly, “So he ran away… same
“Wait, what?” Peter said promptly sitting up. “Wade ran away?”

“Yes, asshole. You don’t need to repeat it.” Eleanor replied bitterly, “He left me and my mom because of Cable… Cable’s probably the reason why he ran away this time too… so inviting Cable into the mix will only bring trouble, I'm sure of it.”

Peter reflected on the voicemail, “Maybe.”

“But we're kinda running out if options here.” He continued.

“Death is still on the table.”

“Death is still… on the table.” He worked out. “But you can't die.”

“I can't be killed.” Eleanor said frankly, “I can die.”

“Okay semantics yes?” Peter said to ignore the long-winded explanation she was getting into, “But you can't die forever or die enough to remember what happens.”

She nodded, “What about you?”

“What about me?” Peter asked dumbly.

“You can die.” Eleanor said matter of factly.

Peter felt a chill that didn’t stem from sitting outside in early spring.

**Ooo, I do not like that look in her eyes.. scary lady don't hurt us**

[[Be calm. She cannot smell our fear]]

“Y-yeah?” Peter said shakily. “I guess so yeah”

“Why are you afraid of death?” She demanded.

“Why are you not???” He asked alarmingly. “I already died once and I did not like it.”

“If you really loved my dad, you would die for him.” Eleanor retorted, crossing her arms again, as stubborn as ever.

“That’s what caused this mess in the first place!” Peter yelled, stunning her.

“Wait. What.”

Peter looked off into the distance, hugging his knees, “He died for me.”

“I thought it was just another C-list villain desperate yet idiotic enough for some money that they thought stealing from a bank would be worth it...Simple banter with the villain, dismantle, and bag them up for the police.” Peter recalled. “Easy Peasy.”

“Wade… no… I was getting irritated. Call it being in the cold for too long.. Call it I was just simply done with that day…. Dealing with too many people who just didn't care... But something in me needed to just act and I-I just did.” Peter said scoffing at how naive he was.

“I didn’t see the gang… not a gang… kids… barely starting high school and already recruited by this asshole but I didn’t see their guns until too late… and whoops now I have bullet holes in my
stomach and my chest and my legs… and there's blood everywhere. So much blood… and Wade saved me… pulled me out of the blood pool… and the last thing I think is…. Well shit.”

Eleanor stared at the silhouette Peter made, how interesting how one story could transform a hero back into a man again.

“He brought me back and I have to tell him how I feel... I gotta tell him because I stared down at Death herself and he made her blink… for me. ” Peter paused… “And I didn't even know it until he was long gone.”

“So, yes, I have to find him and save him and love him as best as I can but I can't do it through Death… It would be… sacrilegious.” He traced senseless patterns into his knee, “I can't just kill myself when Wade killed himself for me to live.”

“I get it.” Eleanor nodded. “But…that’s a long winded speech just to say you're chicken shit though.”

Peter rolled his eyes, shaking his head, “You’re the worst.”

She winked at him and then scowled “You’re stupid plan worked… you got me talking.”

“Oh no! Foiled again!” He said sarcastically but then laughed at her expression.

She knocked into him with her shoulder. “You’re still a cheating asshole though.”

“You know what...” Peter said trailing off, “Nevermind…. But this technically means you're step-daughter, Eleanor, you should treat me with some respect.”

Her face of disgust made Peter laugh, “Laugh it up Bug Boy. I'm going to make your life hell.”

“I’m already counting on it,” Peter shoved his hands behind his head.

“Oh okay,” She said mock sweetly, “Daddy.”

Peter outwardly cringed with his whole body and shoved her away from him, “Never say that again, please for both of us… I think my soul just died a little”

“Wait,” She got up from her slouch, “That’s it!”

“What’s up?”

“You gotta die,” Eleanor said straightforwardly, her eyes shining at him “If you’ve inherited Dad’s power than you’ll come back… just as fine as ever.”

Peter gave her a look, “Did you not just hear what I just said?”

**Listening is sooooooo important. You’ve forgot We’re in here huh?**

[[Her plan does have some merit to it…Death will have to be dealt with eventually]]

**I like that… “dealt with”… makes us feel so tingly and powerful.**

“No, I was.” Eleanor replied, “But I think Dad gave you his power for a reason… you’ll die but you’ll come back… and I think that reason is to help him now.”

“And what if I die for real?” Peter asked, convinced that this plan was kinda garbage but also that it wouldn't a lot for it to change his mind.
Eleanor made a ehh face and shrugged.

“Thanks kid.” Peter said with a blank face. “Really love your confidence.”

“I don’t know everything!” Eleanor cried out, “And who you calling kid? I’m only 7 years younger than you.”

“Exactly.”

She rolled her eyes, “If anything we can test it, see if you have Dad’s powers or just some version of it.”

“What are you going to cut off my finger or something?”

[[We really shouldn't give her ideas.]]

**~Too late~.**

“Where did you even- Put the knife down!” Peter shouted.

“You’re not curious if you have Dad’s power?” Eleanor asked, flipping the blade casually.

“I Am! But I also don't want to die from tetanus or whatever gross disease-” Peter started to say. “Gross disease??? Stop being chicken and let me cut off your finger!”

“What Is Going On Out Here?” Steve demanded, throwing open the doors to the balcony.

Peter was stuck in a headlock while Eleanor was pinning down his arm and preparing to cut off his finger.

“Hey, Pops, great timing… just bonding with my... step-daughter.” Peter said as calmly as possible, like he wasn't about to lose a finger.

Eleanor took that moment to snick her blade close which was extremely loud but not as loud as Captain America’s Disappointed Face.

“Nobody is cutting off nobody's fingers in this house.” Steve said. “I don’t care how mad you are at each other. No senseless violence.”

“Of course, Pops.” Peter said with a laugh, “That would be silly if something ridiculous like that happened.”

Eleanor fake laughed and smiled as wide as she could, “I would neVER do that!” She said while still smiling. “That would be SO silly!”

“Besides, the blood would get everywhere,” She whispered into Peter’s ear.

Peter shivered, “Don’t do that!”

She let him go and sat back down on the lounger.

Steve stared long and hard at the two of them, assessing their I'm not guilty faces. “Besides a knife would be inhuman. The least you could do would be to burn the wound to stop it from bleeding out.”

Eleanor looked shocked at his suggestion but then grinned just as wide, “Can I call you Grand
Pops? Because I think I'm gonna like being a part of this family”

“Pops, what???” Peter said incredulously.

“I heard everything.” Steve said, “And I’m proud to call you my son but my step-grand-daughter is right… you need to die to bring Wade back. But testing it wouldn't hurt first.”

“But Pops...” Peter asked softly.

“I’ve spent too much time regretting that I didn't do everything I could to save your Uncle Bucky…” Steve said softly, “If this is your chance to do something, wouldn't you want to take that chance? Instead of regretting this movement of inaction for the rest of your life.”

“It’s Death Poppa.” Peter said firmly, “The odds are against us already… I already lost to her once… I don’t want to put you and Dad in the same situation again.”

“So, don’t.” Steve said just as firmly, “Believe in the gift that Wade gave you… believe in your love. We’re all supporting you and We’re all here for you… you just need to believe Pete.”

**God, can Cap become even more dreamy? I mean, the man must have these inspirational speeches written down or something because sw-oon.**

[[The good Captain has a point. Wade believes in us enough to die. Surely we can do the same.]]

Peter sighed, looking at his hands, “I never did like my pinky finger.”

**But we have so many other options! 9 of them! If we cut off the middle finger, we could have loadddddsss of fun!!**

[[Cut off the finger we’ve broke the most… when it regrows we’ll have a perfectly new finger]]

**Middle Finger! Middle Finger!!**

“Posh man is right.” Peter considered, “I’ve broken my pointer finger more times than I can count.”

“Cut it.” He gulped.

Eleanor leaned over and cut it off like cutting a carrot and then burned the skin as soon as she could.

Peter groaned, grabbing the stump where a finger used to be, “THE LEAST YOU COULD DO WAS WARN ME!”

“Why?” She poked his finger with her knife, “So you could chicken out again?”

“Ow! I can feel THAT you know!” Peter said, squirming in pain.

She poked the finger again, “This?”

“YES!” Peter yelled.

She furrowed her eyebrows, “How’s that possible?”

“I DON’T KNOW BUT IT DOES.”

Steve inspected his son’s hand as he shakily held it out towards his father, “She cut it straight off,
kiddo. There's no way you should feel that.”

Peter laborious hyperventilating was the only thing that could keep him from freaking out, “ARGH! I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.”

“Wait, see, it's growing back.” Steve pointed out, the new finger was like a budding plant out of the mess of scarred tissue.

It was grotesque to see how the muscles weaved themselves back together around a shiny piece of bone.

But the finger itself was not his.

It was scarred beyond relief as if it the finger had grown back out of the dark purple scarring rather than a new finger altogether... it looked like

**Hey, I know this finger!**

I know this finger. Wade thought to himself. Where have I seen this finger before?

He inspected it closely, noting the birthmark on the inside of it and the shade of the finger with a soft gasp.

“Wade come back to bed.” Death sleepily called out from underneath the mess of pillows she was snuggled into. “It's too early to be up yet…”

“Of course baby,” Wade replied hiding his smile by giving her a kiss on her bare shoulder and tucking himself in behind her.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is 3,000 more words than a normal update... I hoped you enjoyed it cause there's two chapter left! One about finally saving Wade and one about that sweet epilogue. God, this has been such a journey.
A Million on My Soul

Chapter Summary

Here's the final chapter... well not the final chapter... cause epilogue... but like the events of this chapter... are very final chapter-y. Who even needs an epilogue after this?

So Eleanor discovers the major clue that blows this case wide open, Peter goes to Death with a proposal about Wade... though if three associates are naked... does it count as business attire? , and Cable has a weird thing about bananas... and I don't mean dicks.

Chapter Notes

**PLEASE READ THE TAGS**

I'm sorry I took forever with this chapter... my god... I absolutely hated some of these segments because it was such a pain and it wasn't flowing the way I wanted to... like I started another fic just to get away from this one.. But it's done! And almost x3 the amount of words as normal!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter stared at his regrown finger, twisting it back and forth to look at it closely. It looked like it was leathered and scarred beyond belief but the flesh of it was pink like a newborn.

His old one had disappeared… shrivelled into itself and disappeared into wherever… leaving this one to grow back.

This was weird and yeah we talked about weird circumstances before but this sudden new finger was the crown of the cake called Weird.

He curled it and the new finger followed the movement but this was clearly not his finger….

Because it was Wade’s

Holy shit, this is Wade’s finger.

“This is Wade’s finger!” Peter said aloud.

**No shit Captain Obvious**

Eleanor mirrored the statement with a blank stare, wiping down her blade. “What does it mean though?”

Peter doesn't have a clue what she meant or what this new idea even meant. It was like his brain was moving through molasses other than the Silly Rainbow Fun Time theme song blasting on
He scrubbed his hair in frustration and Steve looked at him, concerned as always, “Take a second to calm down, Pete. You’ll figure it.”

The thing is… He didn’t know if he could… the pieces weren’t fitting right except Silly Rainbow Fun Time getting louder by the second.

**Ooo this is catchy! ~Silly Rainbow Fun Time jumping through the sky! Gonna catch a rainbow as it goes by~ **

[[I have to admit… it is… catchy.]]

**We gotta find the old episodes right now. Nothing like good ole nostalgia for Silly Rainbow!**

Peter groaned, rubbing his temples and then flinched… the finger was colder than the rest of them. He stared at it in astonishment…. Why was it cold?

*Ice, ice baby.*

“It’s cold.” Peter said softly.

Eleanor cocked her hand to look at him, “Cold?”

“Cold.”

“I’m cutting off another finger.” Eleanor said, priming her knife.

Peter winced, pulling his hand closer to his chest, “I would prefer if that didn’t happen.”

“You’re a scientist with a hypothesis.” Eleanor stated, flicking her knife back and forth to punctuate her point, “Let’s prove it.”

“I have like observations at best and I don’t think that warrants me losing another finger!” Peter responded a bit hysterically.

Eleanor shrugged, “You won’t even know it’s gone!”

Peter hissed at her, “Doesn’t mean it wouldn’t hurt.”

“You big baby! It’ll grow back!”

“You’re never been good about pain,” Steve added, “He broke his arm before Spider-man and he complained about it for months after.”

“Pops. I was 12. It was the worst thing in the goddamn world.” Peter relented.

“At least let me change into something that won’t be impossible to get the blood out of.” Peter motioned down to his Spider-man suit that he was still wearing.

“The washer machine says otherwise kiddo.” But Steve consented with a nod. “Go change. We cleaned out the bathroom so don’t worry about that”

He twisted the spider and let the costume exhale around him, leaving with a nod.

“Sorry about that.” Her voice was flat and unapologetic about the blood but Eleanor’s eyes
tracked him as he walked back inside.

She turned to face Steve who was watching her, half his face concealed with his hand. Mirth and amusement giving him away.

Her body clenched with his observation, feeling like a bug under a microscope. “What?”

“You have a crush on Spider-man.” Steve said plainly, dropping his hand to smile at her.

Eleanor's face dropped, “What.”

“I’ve been trying to figure out why you're so angry…” Steve said slowly, “And I figured it out.”

“Oh what did you figure out?” She said, crossing her arms and bringing her legs close to her chest, “Please enlightening me.”

Steve smirked, leaning closer to address her privately, “Someone had a 24 inch poster on their wall of Spider-man growing up and the real thing just doesn't compare.”

She refused to say anything to give her away, crossing her arms and looking away but that's all Steve needed to confirm his accusations.

“My son isn't perfect…” Steve continued, shifting a little in his seat, “But I know a lot of kids looked up to Spider-man… I get it, he’s the small town hero with one-liners that always leave the villains baffled… Hell, if I wasn't his dad, I’d admire him even more than I do”

“But he was Your Hero wasn’t he, Eleanor? You were a young kid and you looked up and saw Spider-man in the skies and he became your Hero” Steve asked softly. “And now… Now you’re finding out that he’s not as perfect as that poster was…”

“I see now where he gets his assuming nature from,” Eleanor laughed bitterly, “You men are all the same thinking you understand shit that you clearly don't.”

“I know because I did the exact same thing Eleanor.” Steve said in response, nodding at her abrasive nature, “Except we didn't have superheroes… I had Bucky.”

Eleanor flushed with embarrassment, remembering how kind Bucky had been while she was still… not her…

“I know hero-worship because I created the damn term.” Steve said, “But I'm telling you to take a step back and look at the real guy.”

Eleanor rolled her eyes. “That’s where you're wrong. I see him. I’ve been seeing him and all I see is this asshole who’s been shrinking on his responsibility and I can't believe for One Second that he’s actually Spider-man.”

Peter braced himself against the wall dividing the balcony from the rest of the apartment.

He had heard… everything… and felt terrible about the whole thing.

Spider-man was suppose to be this hero for everyone to look up to… some type of hero he was.

He had one of those awkward flashbacks were he looked back on everything that had happened from confessing to Wade missing to Johnny and now this whole Death thing.

Spider-man was suppose to be fearless but Peter was choked full of them and that wasn’t fair… especially not to Eleanor.
This was a terrible way to meet somebody… let alone his future step-daughter.

He failed her. Both as a superhero and as Peter.

He needed to be brave, stronger, and he couldn’t exactly do that half-naked in the suit.

He walked passed the sitting area to the bathroom, stripping out of the suit as he went.

He stopped processing what he just saw.

**Was that-?**

He tripped over the suit in his attempt to turn back into the sitting area.

Seated on the chair was a mountain of a man with one eye that was glowing???

**Tall, Dark, and Cyborg! I knew it was you! Give us a kiss buttercup!!!!**

[[Peter doesn't know-]]

“I’m giving you five seconds to disclose your identity,” Peter aimed his web shooters at the man, realizing that being in his boxers wasn’t an ideal defense but it was all he had. “Who are you and How did you get into the Tower?”

“Peter. Relaxed. My name is-” He got up slowly off the couch, putting down the magazine he was casually reading in his lap down, revealing his hands to Peter but that only made Peter narrow in on how to disarm him.

“CABLE YOU ASSHOLE.” Eleanor burst into the room, alerted by Peter’s yelling, her already eyes glowing.

She used the coffee table as a lift so she could punch him in the face. Peter knew that this man could have easily stopped her but he allowed her to bring him down to the ground and punch him repeatedly in the face.

“Whoa! WHat?” Peter cried out reeling back, Eleanor’s Battle Cry finally making sense to him. “Cable??? As in Cable? CABLE?”

Steve pushed a button on his wristband to reveal a holoshield. “Eleanor, stand down. We don’t know what this man is capable of and we don’t.”

“I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE’S CAPABLE OF” her voice was dropping octaves again, preparing the punch Cable yet again in the face where he was laying down. “He tore my family apart.”

“Eleanor!” Peter called out, holding back her arm.

“What Pretty Boy?” She turned to him, her eyes leaking smoke again, “Gonna chicken out on me again?”

“He knows where Wade is, remember?” Peter said, swallowing his pride and using all his force to hold her down. “He left me a voicemail.”

“Where is he.” Eleanor said, eyes staring deeply into Cable who merely sighed.

“If you could-"
“WHERE IS HE?”

“Eleanor-”

“WHERE, YOU BASTARD?”

“What the fuck is that?” Peter asked, his voice numbed and pointing at the chest in front the couch.

It was as big and as long as the coffee table, dark black with two convenient handles on the end but its appearance did not give what was inside of it.

Steve moved over to the couch with his shield, posed to open it.

“I figured the best way to transport-”

Steve opened it slowly to reveal a nearly half-water, half-ice mixture and a familiar body folded in half at the waist to fit.

Well, it also helped that the figure didn’t have any legs.

“Dad….? You put him-” She passed out on top of Cable, her nose already bleeding.

“You put him in a cooler…” Peter said dumbfounded still in his boxer. He half-expected Wade to pop up at any second, yelling Happy Birthday or something like that but it stayed in the cooler.

**Oh, sweet baby Jesus… How I have missed that beautiful sweet ass!”**

[[I concur. Though I do remember that body having legs…]]

Cable shrugged which was eerie to see such a laissez-a-faire gesture on a man large enough to easily pick up Eleanor and place her on the couch with care, “It was the best means at my disposal to transport his body.”

“There’s a 7-Up in there.”

“Like I said.” Cable nodded at the container “Best means.”

“That still doesn't explain how you got into this Tower, son.” Steve said casually, holoshield still out.

The elevator button dinged the arrival of Tony who walked around the partition, talking as he went, “Honestly, I can't leave for a second before all hell goes loose… next thing I know there’ll be…”

He looked slowly at the living room situation, from Eleanor passed out again, Peter in his boxers, and Steve elbows deep in ice to check for a pulse on a body in a cooler.

“Really now. I was only gone for five second and I come back to the beginning of Terminator 2 ft. The actual terminator.” Tony concluded, confused about how he needed to respond. “Seriously, hubby, we need to talk about your extracurriculars.”

“Tony, now is not-”

“Baby, I love your intensity but for once let's try to deescalate the situation and get Peter some pants.”
Tony gestured to Peter who was still truly trying to process the situation while the voices were singing Ice, Ice Baby… All the while still standing there in his boxers.

Peter didn’t respond for a second until Tony placed a hand on his shoulder, “Kiddo, I’ve had my fair share of pant-less situations and let me tell you… Pants are always the better option.”

“Yes-yeah. I’mma just- Yeah… I’m going.” Peter stumbled out, retreating.

“As for you my large muscular friend.” Tony continued casually, twisting his watch to make the gauntlet appear, “It’s not every day that someone gets until the Tower and I have to say I am curious about that neat arm of yours but I’m more curious as to why you thought it was a great idea to appear unannounced in the most—”

“-Guarded place in the world.” Cable repeated in a monotone voice. “Trust me. This is not the first universe where this event has occurred but I hope for all our sakes that this one is the correct one.”


“Plural.” Cable said with a nod.

“Fascinating.” Tony replied, his excitement as a scientist was brimming under the surface but he reckoned that he had more pressing matters melting in a cooler at the moment, “What brings you to this one, Metal Man? Especially with such special cargo in tow.”

Tony’s eyes opened widely, “You’re not another one of Wade’s kids right… because the first meeting obviously did not go as planned.”

“Tony—”

“I’m like 72 no 79% kidding Capsicle. I figured since the first kid has glowing eyes and temporary amnesia… a metal arm and a glowing eye didn’t seem that far fetched.”

“No, thankfully I am not related to Wade” Cable offered, “but I sensed a disturbance in the flow of time—”

“The anomalies.” Steve mentioned, still wary but figuring talking to this Cable would provide more answers than a fist fight would but he still was doing a mental calculation of what he could use as a weapon.

“Yes, Captain.” Cable said with a nod, “Normally, I accessed it to be Wade’s fault and tracked down his location. He was kidnapped by an extension of the revived but still underground Weapon X Program and held captive at the maritime docks. This group believed that they could reinstate Weapon X by unlocking Wade’s powers by severely torturing him… for a couple of days or more by the state of his being. I noted that his legs were dismembered and cauterized half heartedly at the upper thigh. We then proceeded to evacuate as best as I was able to accomplish before he promptly passed out, my assumption was due from the severe blood loss. I quickly stuffed him in the nearest receptacle I could find and then proceeded to teleport to the Tower.”

Peter was now in possession of some sweat pants and a loose tank top, “That was a couple of days ago…”

“Teleport…?”

“Evidently, Wade’s existence was the secondary source of the anomalies which scrunched the fabric of space and time together like a ball threw us into random adjacent universes. It was only
until now that I managed to pull us through the right one by finding the true primary source of the anomalies.” Cable nodded in Peter’s direction.

Peter narrowed his eyes at him, “I’m the primary source.”

“Your new finger is.” Cable motioned to his regrown finger that Peter hastily hid in his fist.

Steve looked down at the body in the cooler and fishing it out of the ice and noticed that it too had a new finger and he motioned for Peter to come over compare it.

The legless body in the cooler had his finger which probably meant that Cable was telling the truth.

“This is probably why it felt cold.” Steve mentioned casually.

“I don’t understand what's going on here…” Peter said, holding his head as a headache began to form, “What’s happening to me?”

**Welcome to CrazyTown occupation 1. Well three if you count the voices in your head…. I’m excluding that one voice though because I'm pretty sure that's your conscience and that one doesn't count.**

[[Put the facts together. If you add two additional voices in your head and one mangled looking finger, then you get…?]}

**Ooo! OOOO! PICK ME! PICK ME! I KNOW!!!**

“I'm- I'm Wade?” Peter said slowly and incredulously.

“What’s that kiddo?” Tony asked, his son was scaring him but he figured it was better to tackle one issue at a time.

Peter held out his finger to show his dad and then gingerly knelt down and held the same hand on the legless body.

“I’m becoming Wade.”

Just then Eleanor came to with a loud gasp, blood dripping furiously from her nose.

“Eleanor, are you-”

She took a brief inventory of the room in fear, not recognizing anyone… except when she got to Cable she let out a scream and ran to Peter in terror.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay. I’m Peter” Peter held onto her, patting her hair down softly, not bothering in the slightest that blood was getting on his shirt, “What’s wrong, Eleanor?”

“C-c-cable.” She looked up at him and said with a whisper filled with fear and then shook her head no into his chest. “Mama said to run away super fast if I ever saw him.”

Peter arched his eyebrows up at Cable and motioned him to go to the kitchen, “Can I tell you something Eleanor?”

She pulled away a little, tears still flowing, “What is it?”

Peter gave her a big hug, wiping away her tears as best as he could, “I’m afraid of Cable too.”
“Really?” She said softly.

“Yup.” Peter said with a nod. “He’s super scary.”

She smiled brightly at him.

“Why did you run to me?” Peter asked, casually.

“Because Daddy said to trust you cause you’re Spider-man.”

Peter was very confused, he did the mental math in his head and there was no way he and Wade were together when Eleanor was this old. Hell, Spider-man didn’t even exist yet.

“What do you mean by that, kiddo?” Tony took over.

Eleanor tucked herself a little under Peter’s chin, “Daddy said to go find Peter Parker or Spiderman because he would save him from the Death Lady.”

“When did he say this?” Peter said incredulously.

She huffed like small kids do when they're asked too many questions, “In the dream silly!”

“Your Daddy told you this in a dream?” Peter echoed.

“Yes, duh, Daddy’s magic like that.” Eleanor said confidently but then her voice started to wobble again, “But he said he had to go again.”

“I’m sure he’ll be right back Eleanor.” Peter assured her. “I’ll bring him back for you.”

“You pinky promise?” Eleanor asked, rubbing her palms into her eyes.

Peter held out his pinky…. Eleanor looked at it critically before looping her pinky with his. “I pinky promise.”

He got her to sit on the couch and as he pulled away he could hear the regular Eleanor’s voice again, “You shouldn’t lie to kids Pete. It's mean.”

She was back and Peter sighed heavily. “Do you want me to tell the truth instead?”

“It wouldn't hurt.” Eleanor said casually, grimacing at the dried blood down her face, “Being a superhero and all.”

Peter just rolled his eyes and handed her the tissue box.

“Ugh this fucking sucks.” She promptly blew out the dried blood and patted away her tears before hacking a loogie to clear out the stomach bile into another one and balling them all together.

She threw it towards the trash can but missed terribly…. Peter was going to make a remark but he saw that she was shaking.

“That’s really Dad huh?” Eleanor motioned towards the cooler with her foot, gritting out her next words to keep her anger contained but terribly,“Delivered like a fucking Piece of Meat in a Fucking Cooler.”

“He still has a pulse.” Steve said, still confused about the whole ordeal, sitting on the couch in rejection of the whole ordeal. “I triple checked. He should be dead. A least a hundred times over but his pulse says otherwise.”
“Impossible and Improbable really setting base camp at the Tower today.” Tony responded, “The ice must have kept him from physically decaying because he’s not moving… maybe he’s in a coma of sorts? Limbo?”

“Hey Terminator… are you sure Wade was dead before you stuffed him in a cooler?” Tony called out to the kitchen where Cable squinted at a banana.

“His condition is perplexing to me too… I’ve never seen him like this… severe injury or not. He would have... healed by now.” Cable said pensively.

He wasn’t sure either and he seemed like another important part of Wade’s life.

“I don’t understand why I still have my legs.” Peter said offhandedly. “If my body is getting replaced with his then why do I still have legs?”

It puzzled everyone in the room.

“Maybe we should test it again,” Eleanor said slowly… recalibrating her range of motion and thought “The same finger. Maybe yours will come back.”

Peter paled, “I thought we veto’d that option.”

“Congress got the votes and we're going to do this, Mr. President.” Eleanor replied with a grin as wide as ever.

“Maybe Cable knows another way? Being from another universe and all?” Peter said pleadingly.

Eleanor looked peeved at his request and Cable was still inspecting the banana with caution, “I know of many ways but I cannot see your way... just assume roughly the accounts around you and go from there.”

Tony was miffed that they violently experimented on Peter without him and he looked over to his husband who was equally miffed about Cable still glaring at the banana.

Tony just shrugged… this was too big for Peter to get squeamish. “You have to experiment on your hypothesis Pete… and unfortunately that means some more violent acts.”

Eleanor quickly pinned down his hand before he could get it another word and cut down almost exactly where the first cut was made.

“MOTHERFUCK-” Peter yelped, instinctively squeezing the stump to stop the blood flow, “THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS SHARPEN YOUR KNIFE.”

She held the cut off finger like a pointer, “You’re such a baby.”

Peter just glared at her.

Like before the finger kind of shriveled up a bit before disappearing. This time however, everyone stare vehemently at both of the fingers…

And they didn't change at all… didn’t change places, appearances, nothing… Peter just had another scar line where the same finger was growing back in.

“Well that was painfully disheartening.” Tony said with a sigh, “The logic of this whole thing makes absolutely zero sense.”
The room was silent.

“Maybe….” Eleanor started to say.

“Nope.” Peter said firmly, clutching his hand to his chest. “Don’t think I don’t know what that look means missie. I know you want to cut off another one but I’m already against that plan 10000%.”

She scowled at him, “Do you have a better plan Boy Genius?”

“No! Heck even the author doesn’t know what to do in this situation. Why do you think this update was so late? She says it's life and school but we all know that she was procrastinating.”

“Peter, what are you talking about son?” Steve asked concern written all over his face.

“The author!” Peter said obviously, “The one writing this!”

“Pete….”

Peter shook his head as if he himself couldn’t believe the words that were coming out of his mouth.

**We told you to stop mentioning crazy town didn’t we Alice? Say... Why does Alice get referenced whenever we talk about crazy people? I guess it's because crazy in established as the norm and it's only eccentric to us because we experience a different kind of norm… You’re experiencing a different kind of norm and I say get used to it good chapter because We’re going to be in here for ~a while~**

[[Was a shame about our last body… a great as ass-et can surely get you far in life…]]

**But this one got the *dog toys sound effect*!**

“Will both of you shut up? I'm trying to think here.”

**Ooo… testy testy… do you remember when we were just like that. Seems only yesterday we were just a soft conscience but now Look at Me**

“What part of shut up do you not understand?” Peter growled out.

**Roooooooooddddeeeeee**

Everyone in the room froze… unsure about what to do.

“Peter. Who are you talking too? Tony asked slowly and cautiously, afraid of the answer.

“Pardon the intrusion sir.”

“Go ahead JARVIS.”

“Certainly, it seems as if there's been a sudden surge of anomalies in the past hour alone. A near 300% increase in the New York area alone and it's spreading in a pulse like formation”

“Show me.” Tony brought down one of the screens and got to work. “Also, you, Metal Man, fill me in on this whole universes thing.”

Steve placed one hand on Peter’s shoulder, looking at him closely, “Pete.”
Peter looked at his father, his emotions blank “I have no idea what's happening to me right now and they just wouldn't shut up for two seconds.”

“They who?”

“I’m not just going to sit here while white boy has another tantrum over how mediocre he is.” Eleanor said, her boots on the coffee table in front of her.

Peter snapped at her, his patience rubbed away by his irritation, “Well what do you suggest we do princess… there's your Dad. You found him. You're free to go back to hell now if you want to.”

“Peter.”

**Ooo Ooo we getting spicy in here. We gotta work on your temperature range but I was definitely feeling that**

He leaned back against the couch and closed his eyes, calming down for just a second, “Look, Eleanor, I’m—”

“Oh no you don't.” She said firmly, placing her on the floor, “Don’t apologize if you don't mean it. And I know you don't... Tell us what you really think ‘Pete’ because I’m pretty sure you have some opinions to share with the class.”

[[I suggest we don't-]]

“Oh I see how it is—”

“Peter. Don't.”

“You ever think Wade left you for a reason.” Peter started malicious and cruel, his words bitter and biting like a garbage mutt on some scraps. “You ever think he took one look at your little family and maybe…. You the accident that he didn't want to fix. Does that keep you up at night? Crying and trying to make that guy.”

He pointed to Cable who was explaining to Tony the intricacies of the multiverse while tentatively eating the banana peel and all.

“Make that guy your enemy because you can't face the facts that it was you that drove your Father away.”

“Peter Benjamin—”

“No he has a point.” Eleanor said, gesturing to herself, “I’m the overpowered genetic freak result of a one night stand gone horribly wrong. I was the accident baby… but while you were sucking on that silver spoon of privilege… I had to work for everything I have—”

“I’m not finished yet.” Peter said coolly.

“Peter…” Steve said as a warning to get him to calm down but it wasn’t helping in the slightest.

“Because maybe I drove him away too… He told me… he warned me what would happened to us and I thought he was just being silly… But this whole thing…. This whole experience has made me question a shit ton of things. I thought I knew Wade…. I thought I loved him even… but you and Cable and this whole thing is a sign that I didn't have a goddamn clue about anything. I don't know shit and that terrifies the crap outta me that I fell for this idea of a person… how little it took for me to fall for him… how little it took for him to just tear down all these walls that I put
up... and yeah he saved my life and now I have this weird curse? Thing or whatever but I don't know him at all... and I can't help but wonder what if this... All of this is his way to run away again."

“And maybe the best option... the best way out of this is to just...let him go.”

Eleanor stared at him, bewildered, and then promptly slapped him across the face.

“Wha-”

“I cannot believe I just heard what I heard.” She said still bewildered, “Unbelievable. I'm living in a goddamn romantic tragedy. Did you ever think... maybe... I dunno... to ask him about his past?”

“I didn’t even know you exited! How was I supposed to-?”

“You literally live in a Tower rooming the best spy agency on the planet two floors down.”

“But-“

“I’mma stop you right there before you say some more nonsense.” She rolled her eyes, “Unbelievable. 'I fell in love with the idea of him'. You should have been happy to fall in love with whatever you were presented with. Have you seen his face? His body? What happened to him??? Beyond that, don't you realize that you were given this chance to love him and you're throwing it away for insecurity and some guy.”

“Oh wait no, not just some guy...” Eleanor pieced together the puzzles as quickly as she was talking, “The very opposite of my dad... someone you knew more intimately than anyone else in your life... you traded love for knowledge... and you're a goddamn idiot for that.”

Peter was silenced by the Truth... his excuses seemed like that... Excuses... He didn’t understand where all this insecurity was coming from... yes he wasn't the most outspoken extroverted person but this was seriously uncharacteristic... even for him and it frustrated the hell outta him

“From what I'm understanding,” Tony said softly breaking the tension “Each one of the universes has one key component that allows it to maintain itself... like a touchstone... if you keep that component solid then the universe can go off and do whatever the fuck it wants to do. If that touchstone breaks or gets altered in some way then the entire universe tries to compensate until it gets back to normal”

“So we broke the touchstone.” Peter said, connecting the dots.

“You are the touchstone kiddo.” Tony flipped the monitor over and set ot across the room to the coffee table to show him the ripple effect of the anomalies. “Probably Wade too if I'm reading these signals correctly”

There were dots pinpointing every weird anomaly that was being reported... the closest and weirdest ones centered around the Tower but it was definitely spreading outwards.

“Why hasn't-?”

“Incoming transmission from Fury, Nicholas J.”

“Anthony Stark. You better explain yourself quickly as to why I keep getting reports of strange happenings centered around the city... but especially your Tower and no Avengers response.”
“Speak of the devil…” Tony said with a whisper under his breath before gesturing loudly, “Director Fury, how nice of you to drop in on a Saturday! Working hard as ever I see.”

“Drop the act Stark.” Fury said, crossing his arms unamused. “Civilians are in danger and the local police are overwhelmed. I need bodies on the ground and a solution yesterday. Where are the Avengers?”

“To be fair, Strange was suppose to be on top of the whole thing and We barely saw the update-”

“What I see are a Tower full of lazyass superheroes, lounging around in their pajamas, on a very expensive government payroll not doing their goddamn jobs.” Fury paused for effect to stare at them, “Get to it.”

“You heard the boss.” Tony said activating the signal, “Avengers Assemble.”

Steve sighed and deactivated the holoshield, “We’re going to talk about this when we get home.”

“So, I'm-”

“Still grounded.” Steve said firmly, “But you can assist our guests to their rooms.”

“Pops. Fury said all-” Peter started.

Steve stared at him up and down, noting how utterly terrible and in no possible fighting condition Peter was in “You’re compromised, soldier, stay here and await further orders if need be.”

“Pops-” Peter started to say.

“Do I make myself clear?”

“Yessir.” Peter replied bitterly.

“Take this time to work out the problem kiddo.” Tony said with a wave, “Let the adults do clean up.”

They took the elevator up to the rooftop towards the quinjet.

“Heh.” Eleanor snickered, “You just got scolded by Captain America.”

Peter elected to ignore her and got up to the kitchen to show Cable how to eat a banana.

“You’re supposed to peel it first.” Peter took one and gingerly peeled it back. “I’m guessing you’ve never had a banana before.”

“Thank you… They don’t exist.” Cable said straightforwardly, “Bananas, as you call them, no longer exist on Earth in my future…. But they are… fascinating things to say the least”

Peter was subdued at the information, “You don’t have bananas.”

Eleanor joined them with a sneer, “More like he didn't have time for bananas while he was busy tearing families apart.”

Peter closed his eyes for a moment to calm himself from yelling at Eleanor again, “Can you tell me more? About the future? Or is it one of those… don’t tell or else I'll break it or something.”

Cable looked like a chipmunk with the banana stuck in his cheeks before he loudly swallowed,
“Well, it's more like I don't want you to be paranoid about making the choices you think are correct. Or worse, choosing the wrong ones to invite another worse future in its place.”

Peter understood what Cable was implying but it made him frustrated all the same, “I get it. You're trying to prevent me from the stress of choosing the wrong path.”

“You already did that genius, that's why New York is going nutso,” Eleanor interrupted him with a scoff, “But here's my question: How come you don't know your existence is the one changing everything, Cable? Maybe you're the touchstone. It can be anything right. Maybe you're the one keeping this place together or maybe you're the one that triggered this whole mess and you made the wrong decision coming back here.”

Her accusations sounded desperate… she would always see Cable as her enemy and Peter knew that he couldn’t absolve this fight over a fascinating conversation about bananas.

He sighed, looking at the table… a cyborg man from the future, a girl who spat as much anger as she did actual flames, and a lost spider distracted by his mind over his heart.

If only he could use his mind…

**Yeah too bad you have two very annoying voices just echoing in all……this……empty….. space…. Must be terrible.**

[[The answer is clearly in front of you… You know what you need to do.]]

Peter pulled on his hair… the answer was in front of him… He just needed to ask the right question.

“Cable. You can't tell me about the future… but you can tell me about the past…” Peter started.

“What good does that-?”

Cable laughed at Peter’s eagerness. “Continue”

“Have these events happened already in your world?” Peter asked.

“Yes.” Cable said, nodding his head to continue.

His brain was spinning a million miles an hour, “So that means there's a future after this… this isn't the end”

Cable hmmed at this implication. “I’m following your logic but the future I’ve experienced…”

“Past. Future. None of it matters unless we figure out how to fix my Father.” Eleanor said firmly, gesturing towards the cooler.

“There’s too many options to believe that a straight line will lead from this present to my future.” Cable said firmly, “But who’s to say that mine is the right one anyway.”

“So why do you save Wade?” Peter asked him. “You out of anyone knows the fragility of the future so why would you-?”

“He would do anything for others.” Cable said frankly, “As much as his antics… confused me… He has affected too many lives for him to be taken out of the equation.”

“Okay. Okay. I need to think.” Peter said aloud, “I feel like I’m staring at the answer in the face but I don't understand it at all.”
He stared again at the cooler, thinking about everything that had happened from the finger to Wade’s back story and the proof that they were the touchstone of this universe.

“Eleanor, I hate to say this” Peter started, “ but cut off my finger.”

“Oh yes finally!” She said flicking her knife out again. “I knew you would get to your senses.”

“No I haven't. But I don’t need to. Wade does.”

Confusion spread on Eleanor’s face, “What are you-?”

“You don’t need me. You’ve made that clear a million and a half times over. You need your father and this is the way to get him back. I just like to test it first.” Peter said confidently.

“Listen,” Eleanor said up front, “I really don't care what your reasoning is other than I get to cut your finger off.”

“…” Peter just stared at her, not enthusiastic in the slightest about having her cut off another finger but it had to be done if his theory was correct. “Just get it over with.”

She grinned and held his hand down.

“If I may ask, what is your…”

“yOUCH!” Peter cried out, his hand shaking as he tried to control the bleeding from going all over the place. He was sweating as he tried to control his breathing, “A countdown would be nice!”

“Everyone knows that I’d cut on 2 anyway.” She said with a shrug, fascinated as the finger transferred over yet again.

The new finger was like a budding flower and was very similar in appearance to the first one minus the second scar.

“So what's the point of-” Eleanor stared at Peter who was heavily panting now and pressing his hand to face to smear the blood.

His voice was shifting… filled with cool laughter …. one that was his own and the other that was Wade’s when he got angry. “Cut another one Off.”

“Peter.” Cable said as a warning, “Are you sure?”

“Tr-trust me. This is the only way to get Me back.” Peter said, his smile growing as wide as it could, “In fact let's cut to the chase. Cut it all off.”

**Maybe we should stop..**

[[NOT WHEN WE'RE THIS CLOSE. IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME. SILLY RAINBOW FUN TIME REMEMBER!!!]]

Eleanor tried to keep her composure but the voices were alarming to say the least. “I don’t think my knife is big enough-”

“USE use use those Fancy-Dancy Powers of Yours.” Peter strained to get out, “Light this Bad Boy Up.”
“That’s not how-”

“C’mon. C’mon. Show your old man what you can do.” Peter said with a smirk, his own blood dripping down his face.

**“Wait, why am I the logical one-?” This doesn't seem like a great idea. It sounds like a FANTASTIC ONE. Help]**

Her eyes began to glow yellow and she tried to focus her internal burn towards her hand until it was steaming with the temperature difference. “You asked for it.”

She placed a hand on his forearm and he started cackling until it became a howl of pain as Peter’s body was slowly burning from the inside out and was beginning steadily replaced by the ice cold sensation of Wade’s body on ice.

Eleanor’s nose was streaming blood in torrents, already down her neck and staining her shirt but even worse her ears were starting to bleed and she was faltering already… she had fainted close to a dozen times today and the strain was all her body could handle except…

“Is that- Is that- all you can-?” His vision was fading but he knew he needed to continue.

There was a tall four-corner canopy bed that was flickering into his vision so he knew was getting close.

She turned up the heat with a snarl, her body shaking from the strain, “Shut Up.”

Peter just laughed again and then groaned at the intense temperature change that was happening within him.

The bed was becoming sharper in his vision… but more importantly, the figures on them.

His skin was beginning to blister from the heat, bubbles of yellow pus oozing to the surface and then popping with boiling liquid. His skin itself was becoming leathered, rough to the touch and cracked beyond belief… but the scariest part was his eyes… once white they were now milky in color, his irises fogged over and turning yellow.

“Let’s pop this taco stand.” And then his eyes rolled back into his head and fainted.

Eleanor lasted for two seconds after that and fainted as well, still bleeding.

“Dammit Wade.”

☆

On the other side, it was an extremely awkward scene to say the least.

Let me lay out this scene for you.

Here was Peter, heavily scarred and still smoking from residual heat he believed he was feeling.

Eleanor was passed out on top of him, exhausted.

And there were two extremely naked and not in any way tastefully covered… Wade with his eyes wide as he double-taked the two of them there and Death spread out beside him and dead asleep.

Peter looked over at Wade… or who he thought was Wade. This guy had blue eyes and short blonde hair and not a single scar on his skin… his general face shape looked oddly familiar and
Peter was Pissed at how casual Wade appeared to be.

“Wade?!!” Peter hissed, “Are you fucking serious right now?”

“No, but I was fucking Death a while ago.” Wade said casually, his movie star smile mischievous in nature.

Yup that was Wade.

“Oh my god-” Peter said collapsing back in disbelief, unable to stare at how openly naked and different he was… not that he wasn’t pretty before but the lack of scars was unsettling, “You’re seriously the worst. The Worst. You know that?”

“Good to see you too Pete.” He said with a wink, “But I figured it would be a while before I saw you again.”

“Wade. What the utter hell were you thinking?” Peter whisper hissed. “Do you realize what’s happening back home?”

He sat up in bed, dragging the sheet with him, a little angry at the whole ordeal. “How about thank you for saving me from Death and a little less accusatory sass?”

“How about I’m hearing voices in my head and half of New York is going absolutely nutso because we broke the fucking universe?” Peter responded with a firm eyebrow raise but it was hard to make out under the huge boil right over his eyebrow. “But thank you so much for saving my life babe. Definitely a priority over the entire goddamn universe.”

“Dad?” Eleanor said softly, rubbing the blood off her face as best she could, her head killing her. “Is that you?”

“One and only kiddo.”

She tripped over Peter to run to her Dad, and gave him a big hug and then promptly hit him repeatedly on the chest. “Why did you-?”

“Sweetie, we don’t have a lot of time and you’re probably going to forget about this conversation anyway.” Wade said softly, patting her head “But I love you so much okay? And I’m so proud of you for finding Peter.”

Peter felt guilty. That unending joy and happiness and relief… that was the reaction he was suppose to have… and maybe before this whole situation, he would have been the one that had leaped into Wade’s arms but the only emotion he was feeling was… He didn’t even know how to label it.. anger… disappointment… confusion… his head still hurt.

“Ple-please come back.” Eleanor said softly, crying a little, “I love you and I just- I just want you to come back.”

“You trust me right?” Wade said softly, hugging her tightly.

“Of course,” She said immediately.

Wade kissed her on the forehead as she started to fade, “It’ll be okay. I promise”

“Dad-” She completely faded from his arms to go back to Life and he dropped his arms with the missing weight.
He was getting tired of this game… He loved Death but this was not the first time he had to reassure his daughter that it was going to be okay and he was tired of how empty his promise was ending up being the longer he said it.

He dropped the sheet and walked off into the fog .... Peter followed him, weary about the fog and the darkness that seemed endless until he almost ran into Wade’s back.

He reached out gently to feel Wade’s back underneath his leathered skin.

Wade just collapsed under the touch, his entire bravado breaking down with just a simple touch… that was their relationship, they could see through each other… so much of their lives had been spent hiding under words that all it took was a touch to break it all down but in this instance, Wade didn’t want Peter to see what he was truly hiding.

He made a mistake… it didn't seem like one at the time but the collateral was spreading wider and faster than Wade thought but at the same time…

If he took it back… Peter would be dead in that alleyway… and and

That vow, kiss, promise, whatever you want to call it… that was the only way to save his world because His Universe would fall apart if Peter didn’t exist in it and if that came with a steep price, he needed to pay the bill.

It was amazing how one web-slinging, shit-talking kid managed to change his worldview with just a touch.

“Wade… I'm- I'm…” Peter started to say but couldn't bring himself to form aloud, his hand made a soft fist against Wade’s back and it hurt Wade to feel the hurt Peter was feeling.

He turned around and threaded his fingers through Peter’s soft fist, his forehead gingerly touching his to avoid the places where the blisters were the worst.

“Shh…” He started, “Let me feel like the pretty one in this relationship for just a second.”

“What do you-?”

“You look so hideous right now,” Wade said with tears in his eyes because of his laughter, “I love you so much… but you’re like two steps above a living zombie on the appearance side.”

“Hey!”

“No, it's not a bad thing!” Wade said with placating gestures, “I literally just had like marathon sex with Death to distract her… wait wait… is this a kink? I think it's a kink… or maybe a fetish… wtf is the difference?”

“Wade, what are you talking about?” Peter held his hand tighter to get him to focus.

“Yes right. No more secrets baby boy,” He sat down promptly on the ground, taking Peter with him. “This is Limbo. One step away from the Heaven or Hell of your choosing and it's kinda where Death keeps her shit. People usually die, get sent here for Judgement, and then move on. The immortals like me… Ele… Logan… and the motley crew spend some time here before being thrusted back into Mama Life’s sweet arms.Lucky for Me… Death and I have that swanky relationship that I told you about so-”

“You’ve been here… having sex with Death…” Peter came the conclusion, “this entire time????”
“No!” Wade exclaimed, “Not the entire time! More like… 95 no carry the one and round up 96% percent of the time… Plus I totally saw you checking her out… Mmmmmmmm that's a visual I'm saving for later…”

“But-” Peter continued, “Didn’t you want to come hom- come back?”

Wade took in his appearance and then exhaled, dropping the illusion of Wade before the accident like he did the sheet, “Pete…”

He grabbed Peter's hands and held them tightly, “You know how they- how everyone thinks of me.”

He gestured towards his body that was the identical copy of the body in the cooler from the missing legs to the generally scarred up skin but the only difference was Peter's two cut-off fingers.

“I'm Frankenstein’s Monster who got the happy ending instead of the frozen wasteland on his weird trip of petty revenge over not being loved.”

“And I ran- I keep running… I’ve done it before with Eleanor and her mother and countless of others and I did it again with you… because I know that you don't need a monster in your life. You don’t need-”

“But I do.” Peter said slowly interrupting him, “You’ve absolutely wrecked me to pieces, Wade Wilson.”

He placed one hand on Wade’s cheek, “I’m not perfect either okay? I didn't realize what we have together- no. I did realize what we have and I was afraid because it was so easy to fit you into my life that it felt so terrible when you left… like a hole I didn't realize you filled and I hated feeling so out of place and empty… And I- cheated… I thought that filling that hole up with other people-”

“Was it Johnny?”

“Yeah… It was Johnny” Peter said softly, “I’m sorry. I'm been so terrible to you… to us… I wanted you gone for leaving me… I hated how empty I felt… I hated Eleanor… because she was this sign that I knew absolutely nothing about you and you had all this life and I had surrounded myself with nothing but echoes of you and I-”

Wade clutched onto Peter’s hand that was holding his face and pressed a kiss into his palm. “It’s okay. I know I haven't been- up front… weird considering I'm very naked right now”

Peter let out a small chuckle, “I'm so in love with you Wade. But while you were away, I realized how fucking awful I am… and I hate that person. That jealous… angry… vindictive… monster. That's not me. But I became that person to cope losing you and I can't lose you again… not to Death or Cable or even yourself… I just- I can't.”

“I don't know what to do with myself without you….” Peter trailed off, looking at the mess they both made.

“God. You're so dramatic.” Wade promptly said. “And I’m the one with no legs here!”

“How did you-?”

“Jerk off? One hand, bit of lube for the chafe, and Conrad telling me how great it is to fuck my tits… Sploosh for days.”
“No I meant… Wait who’s-?”

“Don’t tell me you don’t have a perfect fantasy porn star that you jack off too…” Wade looked at him intriguingly, “We need to broaden your porn categories if you're not.”

“Conrad tho?”

“Conrad. Tho.” Wade emphasized with a dopey grin on his face. “Conrad knows how to treat a man right… fuck you right and then serve you breakfast the next morning with a side of yum.”

“I don’t know if I should be flatter or not that you don't jerk off to me.”

“Please Pete, as if my imagination could perfectly capture your essence…. that would be waaaaaayy too much for anyone… I’d probably finish before I even started-” Wade paused for a second, “Why do you think I asked you to come over so often?”

“No. Are you telling me I was your-”

“Yup.”

“Every time? Including the time when we-” Peter’s eyes grew rounder by the second as this new information. “We were building model airplanes!”

“What do you think I was using as glue?”

“Oh god. OH GOD.” Peter yelped as the visuals came to him.

“I got a thing for you in my apartment okay!”

“You just ruined model airplanes for me.” Peter said exasperated, closing his eyes.

“You just ruined… me for me…” Wade countered, wincing when it didn't exactly make sense.

Peter laughed, happy that he could just hold Wade’s hand and listen to him in this Limbo.

“It’s all an illusion,” Wade said slowly, returning back to Peter’s initial question. “We appear as the way we perceive ourselves to be in death… so…”

Peter just said oh. And then suddenly he was back to himself appearance wise… other than the two fingers and the lower half of the Spider-man suit.

“These are new,” Wade commented, wiggling the new fingers on his hand that used to be Peter’s. “Can’t say I love a good surprise tho.”

Peter slowly grinned to himself, blushing slightly as he extracted his hand, “You’ll love this then.”

He kitten licked at Wade’s fingers on his hand, linking slowly from base to the tip and then sucking the tip softly into his mouth…. Thrusting the finger in and out of his mouth... with that grin still plastered on his face, looking up at him with hooded eyes.

Wade’s eyes physically were popping out of his head and he groaned at the display Peter was putting on for him, “mMph.”

Peter made come here gestures with the fingers and worshipped every inch of it with his tongue… sucking on it like it was a delicious treat before letting it trail slowly down his body and catch on the ring pull zipper at the base of his neck. His real costume had never once had a zipper down the
front because it was completely impractical but he saw it online and it was doing wonders for the mood he was trying to set.

He pulled the zipper down, teasing as he stopped mid-chest and then pulling it down until it was inches away from his dick that was already curved up and eager to come out.

“Pete.” Wade growled out, trying his best to show some resemblance of control, “What are you doing?”

Peter returned the fingers to his mouth and bit down lightly, “I missed you…….. Daddy.”

Wade closed his eyes as a shot of want just coursed through him but he re-opened them to see Peter now slowly playing with his nipples, pinching and pulling til they stood out and were pink from the abuse.

Wade could feel himself becoming mesmerized by the action and could definitely feel himself drooling, “Can I-can I touch you baby boy? Can Daddy touch his favorite boy?”

Peter let out a soft whimper in response, pinching harder, arching his back slightly, and rolling his hips.

Peter looked up at him with hooded eyes and nodded… Wade closed the distance between them, grabbing Peter’s hair with one hand and lowering him to fall backwards onto a bed Peter swore wasn’t there before.

Wade arched his neck and proceeded to lick, suck, and kiss up and down it until Peter had at least a dozen or so hickies and straight up bruises on his neck. His other hand had started to actually feel the heat coming off of Peter’s body in waves as he slowly traced his way down his chest. “Daddy missed you too baby.”

“Missed the way you do-” Peter shuddered while Wade bit down a little harder on his neck… using his teeth “Miss the way my baby's so responsive.” He had gotten down to Peter’s hips and grabbed them firmly to keep him from thrusting up… the other hand still buried in Peter’s hair and pulling nicely.

Peter just sighed in contentment, leaning up kiss Wade properly for the first time, he licked curiously at the seam of Wade’s lips before Wade took control and tugged sharply on his hair to tilt Peter’s head back… pressing his lips down to his.

Peter enjoyed it for a few seconds, enjoyed the way Wade could just nudge him along but make it good for both of them…. But Wade tasted like Death and that made Peter a little jealous to say the least.

He rolled them both until Wade was on his back stunned at the maneuver and the sudden loss of control as he was the one who looked up at Peter who was pouting but grinding in slow circles over his dick.

Peter leaned down to whisper into his ear, “You taste like Death, Daddy.” and then bit him as a sort of chastisement.

Wade understood completely and sat up, placing one hand on the middle of Peter’s back to support him from falling off, “Is my baby jealous?”

Peter huffed out a no, crossing his arms and looking away from Wade’s tender curiosity.

Wade was not amused at Peter’s antics but he knew exactly what to say to get him out of it. He
guided Peter’s arms to wrap around his shoulders and drew him close enough to see the blacks of his irises completely swallowing up that brown that he loved so much. He kissed Peter on the nose and then whispered, “What if I did exactly what I did with Death… but with you baby?”

Peter kissed the hinge of Wade’s jaw, letting his left arm wrap around Wade’s neck and those fingers play with the edge of Wade’s ear. He sighed in contentment to just be there and to celebrate their closeness… it was like touch had awoken forgiveness within each of them and the emotions were faded from the surface.

It was easy to just be in that moment… just to say hello again lover mine… I missed your touch but with one connection and I get to know you all over again.

They both wanted it to be easy again… and this space allowed them that… it didn't matter what happened five minutes from now or five years… it was this space that allowed them to just be.

But they should have cared about the next five minutes because Death was standing at the foot of the bed and she was Pissed. No pissed was an understatement.

She was Livid.

She had awoken to the sound of laughter as clear as a bell ringing through the fog. Sure, there were rare instances of laughter amongst the moans and groans of Dead Souls in this place but the laugh itself spelt trouble and she dreaded what the source of it meant.

So, she traveled through the fog with a vengeance… not even bothering to stop for irrelevant souls who were whining for her attention.

She needed to find Wade and she needed to find him quickly.

Oh this was a cute scene… another mortal thinking that they had any control in her domain.

“Wade, beloved…” Death said as sweetly as possible as he was currently occupied by staring into Peter’s eyes.

“Hmm?” He said distracted, tucking Peter’s hair behind his ear.

She could feel her eye twitching a little at how distracted he was and repeated her line even sweeter, sitting down on the bed in his eye line behind Peter, slowly inching her hand around Peter’s left shoulder, that cold aura seeping into their intimacy.

“Wade.” Peter said alarmed at the skeletal hand and the sudden coldness of the room, his eyes growing wider by the second.

Wade just swooned, completely enamored by Peter’s presence.

Death was fed up and whispered directly into Peter’s ear, “Hello, Peter. Can I borrow you for a second?”

Everything in Peter was telling him not to look but he completely ignored that instinct to find Death’s beautiful if not mostly skeletal face mere inches from his own.

She winked at him and then cupped his face towards her own to give him a kiss of her own.

Wade totally knew that they would look great together but then he realized that Death was the one who was calling him and Death had used her pissed off voice and Death was the one who was sucking face with his boy.
The result was amusement with shock and a little bit of outrage all at once.

Peter on the other hand had no clue what to do other than freeze under her attention so Death laughed at how appropriately stiff he was. You know… dead guy… stiff as a board… it was funny grave humor!

She hung off Peter’s still stiff frame, staring brazenly at Wade like a sort of challenge to see what he would do.

“You seriously have a boner right now huh?” Peter said point blankly at Wade who was mostly just staring at the two of them like it was the best damn thing he had ever seen in his life… both of them were pretty sure that his brain had short circuited in the process and they were now talking at the ghost of what remained of Wade.

Death just pulled Peter backwards with her until he was laying across her lap and she started petting his hair fondly, “Hello darling. I see someone has decided to drop on by. Though it is a few decades sooner than I would have thought’

He didn’t realize that Death was still as naked as when he first saw her until he got the perfect image of her boobs hanging over his face and though he blushed thoroughly as he could... she continued to pet his hair like nothing was wrong, “In fact, I didn't expect him at all…”

Her nakedness was a weapon that she wielded very effectively… that and she honestly didn't care about this human concept of “decency”… she was way too old for that.

“Are you enjoying your stay here, Peter?” She asked him sweetly, gently tracing his jawline.

Wade finally realized that it was a terrible idea that both of them were in contact of each other… talking to each other... Nevermind that they were both in scandalous states of nakedness… We’re focusing. We’re focusing.

It was bad. He need to get them away from each other. He needed to-

Oh god… she was pawing at him. Why was she so damn Hot????

Wade let out this confused aroused whimper that he tried to muffle but failed horribly.

Death smirked, she knew exactly what effect her exposed boobs had on Wade and she leaned over to trace Peter’s sternum playfully… this place where he might have defined cleavage if he had boobs, “I especially like how freeing this place can be… Don’t you?”

She rose up to look Wade in the eye and then licked her fingertips to chase that taste of immortality Wade once had.

Peter had no idea what to do other than stay absolutely still, his rising chest and rising blush the only thing giving him away. “Uhh… yeah I can see how… freeing it can be.”

He sat up slowly and looked at her in the eyes and trying his best to stay on target, “I’m assuming you're Death then if this is your domain?”

“What gave me away?”

“Clever boy.” She had one of those haute laughs that made her compliment more of a call out, “What gave me away?”

Peter finally understood her game and smiled himself, “Your jealousy.”

“Clever boy indeed.” She said, drawing her eyes towards Wade instead… as he would be the only
one who betrayed this information.

“Death? Ma’am? I’m taking Wade back with me.” Peter said as confidently as he could with his chest bared and his neck hickied enough to be visible from Heaven itself.

She arched her eyebrow and looked at him up and down once, “Hmm… you are a cute one…”

“Thank…..you?”

“But my kiss is forever, sweetheart.” She said clinging onto Wade’s arm, “And Wade here is just too precious to let go of just yet.”

Peter’s rage was just barely contained but she had a point… Wade’s bargain had kept him alive in that alleyway.

“Let’s make a new bargain then… you and me.” Peter said slowly, feeling out if she was interested or not.

She pursed her lips, “You don’t exactly have a lot to offer…”

For a second, the Glamour fell even further as Wade looked to be a skeleton with its skin saran wrapped on… Death was a pair of eyes in the shadows, her hands completely skeletal and draining all the energy out of Wade’s skeletal being… Peter’s essence was glowing with his borrowed immortality but it was leaving cracks up and down his body that were only growing at each passing moment.

Peter blinked and they were back to their previous selves only Death winked at him and smiled. Damn.

He was going to go for the whole ‘my soul for his’ but yeah she got him there if that illusion was what their souls actually looked like.

Completely blew that plan out of the water.

Thank God for Plan Bs

Why was Death so damn smart?

“I’m giving you the one thing you want…” Peter paused dramatically for the effect. “Time.”

She narrowed her eyes at him and Wade was about to speak up but she stopped him with a shush and a pat on his cheek, which caused his mouth to seal shut, “Let the adults speak, darling…”

“What do you mean by… time?” She rolled that word around in her mouth like it was a vintage wine of sorts… the kind that you tried at expensive galas but didn't actually drink… just spat out immediately and talked about the oakness or whatever.

“You let me take Wade back and you get back Time.” Peter continued. “You’ve felt the universe cracking… you know those souls are going to come driving in here in Mass or hell, the entire thing might just burn out… either way, you’re out of Time and elbow deep in a whole lot of souls. Let me fix the universe and give you more Time”

“You are a clever one but what's to say you won't get into this mess all over again,” Death said, tracing Wade’s cheekbone, “Wade here has a tendency to be on the sacrificial side… and you're a superhero… it's only a matter of time before… well you know.”
“Not if I hang up the cape.”

Peter was talking before his thoughts could keep up but what he said had some resemblance of truth to it... Better to retire at his prime than dying at it... And if retiring Spider-man saved Wade... He would sacrifice it all.

Saying the words aloud still pained him though... so much of his identity was wrapped around being Spider-man but this time apart showed him that he was more than that... and he had caused lesser situations with it too... memories flashed of Venom and Eleanor’s rage and the city streaked with all those billboards of hate and of the many, many mistakes and Deaths that had come to pass because of Spider-man...

He didn’t expect things to be perfect but if he could spare everyone from this one last mistake... the one that nearly cost the universe its existence... he’d do it.

It was time.

Death saw the internal struggle that Peter was going through and laughed at how serious he was taking this, “Y’know I would have traded him for a good story and a tub of that marshmallow fluff…”

“Peter, I’ve been watching you for a very long time” Death gestured to the fog as it formed images of the people who were close to him that have died before fading back to obscurity “You are a good man... but it’s not your relationship with Wade that is destroying this universe....just a really powerful catalyst”

Peter looked puzzled for a second at her words and then whispered slowly as he finally understood what was the unifying features in all of the madness that had happened,“It’s... me.”

“This has all been because of me....” He continued slowly, working it out with the help of vivid memories, “My overconfidence... My insecurity... my shortcomings... my anger... my distrust... it’s all me that affecting it all.”

“Every good hero is presented with a even greater challenges” Death smiled and winked, “I knew Wade liked you for a reason.”

“Wait so what does-”

“This universe needs you and it needs Spider-man.” She said firmly, looking past his physical appearance and towards the intricacies of his soul. The main essence of his soul, beyond the immortality, was a million threads all connected to it, each one in reference to a soul that was interwoven to his identity... affected and kept together by this one soul... that would all snap and break if Peter or Spider-man died again. Each one had inadvertently was connected to Peter and if she took Peter, it would be like Death had moved the wrong piece in the Jenga Tower that made the entire thing fall down around them.

Death felt the possible pain of each one all at once... especially Wade, who seemed like just another thread, but she knew would be the most devastated of them all.

“If i made you hang up your cape or change any major aspect of yourself against your will and against your nature, it would only further the damage or in some cases, accelerate this damage so much until we’d both back here... I didn't realize that before... but you’ve amused me Peter... and very few men have managed to do so.”

“ And I can see why Wade loves you.” Peter said slowly, squeezing her hand, “But I still want to give you my time... I cheated you and it doesn't feel right to just walk in here with my demands
and nothing to offer in return…”

“How about this instead?” She leaned forward and cupped his cheek, whispering her demands into his ear and kissing him on the lips gently, she released him after a couple of seconds.

She laughing at how shocked Peter was at how much he enjoyed the kiss and how angry Wade was but still unable to speak because of her magic… it was surprising how angry someone could be without eyebrows. “Come here.”

She whispered something and kissed Wade too, though it was a touch too long and a lot less PG for Peter’s comfort, restoring most of the immortality she had taken from Peter in that kiss… leaving him with just enough so he could enjoy his time with Wade.

Wade’s soul was pumped up back to normal like balloon until he was a golden sphere of health. “MmMm… I knew you tasted off… Don’t get me wrong… I had fun but something was missing about you, beloved.”

She got off the bed with a little hop and made the motion of flipping up her hood which materialized her cloak dress around her, “Buh-bye boys.”

She blew a kiss and floated away into the fog.

She was still bitter that they had each other but she understood now what exactly they had… in the end of things, they would both be hers anyway… So why not give them a little fun before that to enjoy it?

She was a sucker for a good story.

Peter was thoroughly stunned, still half-naked and a little in love with Death himself, he looked over at Wade and he was mirroring the same sentiment.

“Does she always-?”

“No, it’s extra fun when she appears as a guy.”

“Death is-?”

“Both. All. Whatever she wants to be.” Wade said with a shrug and a dopey smile on his face. “I just always knew her as her.”

There was a slight pause between them as they took that in.

“Wade.” Peter said softly, taking his hand, “Let’s go home.”

Wade looked around him for a second, taking in all the memories of this place.

“Okay.”

☆

“-to god, I really don't know how to explain to your dads that I killed you so you better wake up dammit.”

Peter’s eyes snapped open and he let out an exhale that was mostly ended in a wheeze.

Eleanor looked at him in shock, her eyes watering with tears, “Holy shit.”
“He-heyy. Y-you were cry-crying.” Peter said as well as he could, his voice was hoarse and he remembered screaming in both his and Wade’s voices and being burned alive from the inside probably didn’t help either.

She pushed him on his shoulder and wiped her tears with her other hand, “You died asshole. God.”

Peter laughed a little and then groaned at the pain it caused him.

“Ele-bean, you really should be-”

Wade was stopped mid-sentence as Eleanor hugged him as hard as she could, crying again with muffled sobs into his still ice cold chest.

“Good to see you too kiddo...”

She started punching him in the shoulder as hard as she could and he realized that it was better to just take it with silent Ow. Ow. Ow.

“Don’t ever do that again.” She hissed out fiercely.

“What planning on it.” He promised her with a smile on his face, “Good to see you too Cable, baby…. How come you never just call me? I know you have my number. We need to stop meeting when the whole world is going to shit and just hang out sometime… have a couple of beers… churros maybe… everyone loves a good churro.”

“Wade~” Peter managed to get out with a heavy exhale.

“The princess is calling me.” He said with a wink at his daughter, pulling the 7-Up out of the cooler he was still in and crawling towards Peter as best he could on his stumps that were re-growing into legs.

“Hey, sweetheart,” He popped open the can and tilted Peter’s head back to pour it into his mouth, “The first time is kinda rough but it gets easier.”

“You’re the princess.” Peter said, that wheeze still in his chest though the 7-Up helped. Wade comically gasped, “You should have let me know sooner! I could have worn a dress!”

“M-m-marry me.” Peter said as clearly as he could.

“I already proposed first Pete.” Wade said chastising, “But I guess I can marry you~”

“Dad. He cheated on you.” Eleanor said firmly, thinking that she was doing the right thing by telling her father what had happened.

Peter winced at something more than his physical injuries.

“Geez kiddo… way to pull that band aid off.” Wade said with a laugh, though he winced too “But I know already.”

“Dad. He. Cheated. ON. YOU. ” Eleanor enunciated like he didn't hear her clearly.

“I know, Eleanor, I was there!” Wade said with a dramatically sigh, “The way she had her hands all over you, Pete, … enough for anyone to be jealous”

“No, I meant-”
“I know kiddo. I know.” Wade said, looking at her straight in the eyes. “I’m still going to marry him… damage goods and all.”

“He-hey.”

Wade wiggled Peter’s old fingers at him, still in possession of the fingers Eleanor cut off. “You’re never getting rid of me sweetheart.”

Peter raised his matching hand up and stared at the fingers in wonder and then stared at Wade with a smirk on his face.

Wade stared at him in disbelief… He wouldn’t.

Peter parted his cracked lips with just the tip of his tongue…. Oh he absolutely would.

Wade smiled back… He needed to marry this boy yesterday…

Eleanor looked away from the pair of them… she didn't understand how the two of them could actually like everything was okay now… she didn't want her dad to marry Peter… it didn’t matter if Peter managed to get him back, Peter was still an asshole… And-and-and… she snuck a look at her dad… and she saw how... happy he was.

It didn't matter if she said anything... Peter had stolen her dad's heart and got him to stay… that bastard.

She just wasn't going to the wedding.

She sat up abruptly, she was done with the drama of today, “I’m going home.”

The couple broke out of their silent and somewhat sexual conversation with a start, realizing that there were other people in the room.

“Well, do you want me to walk you home?” Wade said, not wanting her to feel left out from this whole ordeal.

Eleanor just looked down at his stumps that had little feet growing out of them.

“Crawl you home???” Wade suggested with a shrug.

“I’ll be fine, Dad.” Eleanor said, trying to convince herself that leaving this Tower was a great idea and not because she was envious at all.

Peter tried to sit up and face her, “El-Ele.”

She bent down to hug her dad tightly, closing her eyes and placing her forehead against his, she didn't realize how close she was to failure until that moment… she wasn't the one that saved her dad… Peter did… Cable did… she was the one who had made this life difficult and maybe it was time for her to make this all a little less difficult.

He closed his eyes and just breathed her in for a second… his daughter had saved him… saved Peter… He was so proud of her and holding her made him realize how close he was to losing it all… He needed to be more careful… the people in this room cared about him and he cared about them and… God… how fragile it all was… one wrong thing… one ‘no’… and it would all come crumbling down around him.

Peter finally realized how close they were… He wanted this… He didn’t care if the distance
between them was wider in some places than in others… He wanted this… them… He was going
to make up for lost time because all he wanted… more than anything… was this… this love. That
was so deep and bountiful… yes there would be problems and gaining Eleanor’s trust again
would be the hardest thing that he would ever do. But he was willing to die for this and he was
going to cherish this with his every breath.

And Cable. Cable was still thinking about bananas. You have to realize that all of this happened in
a period of like ten minutes… kind of hard to just ignore.

Chapter End Notes

So is this a happy ending? A realistic ending sure but is it happy? Nah that's what the
epilogue is for lol.

You know what makes me irritated.. this thing now has like 50,000 words and yet..
the crack fic has more attention.

It also just makes me love all of you more. So honestly, if y’all are happy and I'm
happy then that's the real happy ending.

There's still a sweet epilogue chapter that I need to write so hold your horses... and I
hope it will tie some loose ends and stuff... emotions are felt... good shit.
Just Need One Good One to Stay

Chapter Summary

This is the final chapter to this wonderful thing that I wrote completely on accident. The plot was weird. The characters weirder but the weirdest thing... y'all for reading this.
Jk I love you.

This chapter is nothing but the things you really don't care about mixed with sweet one liners. As one does... also a wedding.

Chapter Notes

This is it!!!!

Sometimes in life, you go left instead of right.

And sometimes that doesn't do anything… you just chose a different direction and got lost you dingus.

But sometimes it does do something, and you end up somewhere that you never expected yourself to be…

Peter was now at the offset of that decision and he honestly believed he should have turned left sooner.

The streets of New York were as relatively safe as they could be… it was that in-between-the-major-world-ending-crisis time were C-list wannabe supervillains thought it was okay to come out of the woodwork and cause havoc again.

Being a superhero was mundane sometimes but it's what you do in those mundane moments that count more than anything else.

Because after his dads fuss ed over him and the anomalies were restored and everything… when the dust more or less settled into manageable terms... Peter decided that he needed some time to himself.

Yes, he was still totally in love with Wade and they may or may not have had sex on or against every possible surface that held their name on it.

That was a fun time.

But after all of that… and all that took a while… think around 4 months later, Peter just needed some time to himself to process everything but especially what Death had whispered in his ear.

He was staring down the old Parker’s residence… well what used to be… the residents who lived
in it now seemed like another suburban family trying to make their way through life.

It was one of those biting days… the wind got into places that your clothes couldn't cover well enough… and Peter felt it especially against his scars. He had mostly healed from the dry leathered skin and the works but it left streaks of white scar tissue across his body like little scratches… especially on his chest, hands, and throat. Wade called him ruggedly pretty and wax poetic over them for about two hours.

Looking back towards the house, Peter didn’t remember this house too well but it still left some residual memory of the family in his old life before his dads and everything.

It was a good house with the majestic stature of a two story house… the spiraling tree in the front yard with the rope swing and toys all over the place… beat up minivan in the driveway.

Peter tried to picture what his life would be like if everything hadn't happened the way that it did. If he had never lost his birth parents and his aunt and uncle…. He probably would have grown up in this house… swung on that tire swing… complained about mowing the lawn every Saturday… that room there would have been his… and he’d probably never become Spider-man, just another nerdy kid living in New York.

But it was silly to think like that… the what-ifs… the what could have beens…

He didn’t regret his life… it was just a moment of melancholy wrapped in nostalgia…

Though he was facing yet another big what-if right now.

The weirdest thing about the world, Peter thought to himself, is the seven degrees of separation…. That in theory, everyone is connected within seven relationships or less.

Humans are social creatures and our whole thing is to build relationships with others to fulfill that need within us.

So even if we are all connected by seven degrees or less, it's up to us to find, maintain, and up-keep that relationship alive. Even if that first step is terrifying.

So he was back here again to this neighborhood in Queens to build a relationship.

A couple of blocks over from the Parker residence was the house he was heading to. It was a little smaller than the Parker residence but it held that same majestic aura in its own way.

Because if Peter was still living in the Parker residence… He might have ended up here a long time ago…. Met a certain someone a long time ago… maybe even fell in love with that certain someone a long time ago.

That's another story.

But in this story, Peter opened the short metal gate and walked up the front steps of that House and knocked on the front door in a timely fashion.

There was a middle-aged Hispanic woman who answered cautiously behind the door. “Hello?”

“Are you Mrs. Camacho?” Peter asked politely. “I’m looking for Eleanor“

“She in trouble?” She said, her accent bleeding through her words.

“No ma’am… I’m a… friend?” Peter said hesitantly. “I just need to talk to her.”
The woman glared at him quizzingly, taking in his appearance. “She owe you money?”

“No ma’am.” Peter said firmly, “If anything, I owe her.”

“Why didn’t you say so sooner?” She shut the door so she could undo the many latches on it before opening it again to greet him.

She looked at him closely as he did her.

He could see how Eleanor resembled her with their similar skin tone and hair but it was the eyes that were the most alike... even though Eleanor’s were wider...

She saw money… well a cute dimpled nervous guy sure but mostly money.

“Say…” She said with a grin, “You’re that Stark-Rogers kid aren’t ya?”

“Yes ma’am.” Peter said with a blush. He knew his reputation preceded him but to get acknowledged for it was always awkward.

“Big ole science boy slumming it in the suburbs to visit my house.” She said with some flourish, waving her hand to follow her until the kitchen. “What does El gots to do with ya, handsome?”

She placed a cup of water in front of him at the table and he held it briefly before swallowing audibly, “Well… it’s more about… Wade.”

She took a moment to just stare at him like he had just sprouted 6 heads and shit all over her kitchen table.

She blinked the moment away like if she chose to ignore it, it would go away instead of bothering her, “What was that?” She said with a smile on her face, pouring a glass of water for herself.

Peter realized that it was a trap to continue but he also realized that sometimes pulling the band aid would be easier. “We’re getting married and I wanted to-

The glass broke in her hand.

She smiled wider like it was all a joke.

“Honey,” She started, letting the shards fall from her hands and onto the floor, “You’re too smart to be that dumb.”

“Ma’am?” Peter said hesitantly.

“Wade. Wilson.” She said was a hiss in her voice, though there was still a smile on her face. “Is a no-good cowardly cock-sucking bastard who’d smile while stabbing ya in the back and fucking ya mother over the corpse.”

Peter just took in that insult towards his fiance with awe... mostly because it was said in one breath and the visual imagery was something to behold in and of itself.

And she wasn’t done yet.

“If ya ever see that Bastard’s sick motherfucker face you should run the other way and run as fast as ya fucking can.” She said with a scoffed, “Married. I could find a more honest man on death row that Wade fucking Wilson’s sorry ass”

“You know what he did to me yeah?” She leaned over to point a finger in his face, “i loved the
stupid dog-face prick and where did that leave me... Pregnant, broke off my ass, and he dumps me
and El like we’re yesterday’s news with six hundred and a good luck. Cause him and that asshole
Cable need to go save the world or some shit. Bunch of fucking bullshit if you ask me."

She took a deep breath the calm herself leaning over to pat Peter on the arm, “I dunno what he
promised ya but don’t be an idiot sweetie. Or you’ll end up here with a baby and a pipe dream.
Marraige??? MARRIAGE?????? Un poquito loco pequeño”

Peter smiled, Wade clearly has a type and he also could see how much of Eleanor was from her
mother. “I-”

The front door slammed open as Eleanor came home from school, backpack thrown over one
shoulder and kicking her shoes off at the door, “MA! I’m home.”

“What I’d tell you about slamming that damn door?”

“Not too~” She sang as she walked past the kitchen to go to her room.

She proceeded to go down the hallway for a couple of steps before her brain realized that
someone was sitting at the kitchen table playing with a glass of water.

She backtracked and narrowed her eyes at him, “Why?”

“Hey, Eleanor, I wanted to-”

“Nope.” She said popping the p. “Get out.”

She marched into the kitchen and tried to pull Peter out of his chair but he was just as stubborn as
she was and planted himself in it.

“No. You're going to listen to me-”

“Get out of my house Peter I swear to god-”

Mrs. Camacho just stared at the whole ordeal and started giggling and they both looked at her.

“El, mi hija…”

“Don’t. Ma. Do not.” Eleanor said firmly, pointing in her direction.

“Okay, Okay” She realized that there was still glass on the floor and begin to clean it, “I see why
he was on your wall now.”

Eleanor just rolled her eyes at her and left the room, dragging Peter with her, “C’mon, before she
starts eavesdropping.”

She dragged him to the bathroom because she wasn't about to show him her room… plus it was
extremely messy and it would just be a pain in the ass.

“If you came here for-” She started pointing a finger in his face.

He was trying to focus but there was a rubber duck on the windowsill behind her with a little
mustache and it was really cute… plus the whole fact that she still had a poster of him on her
wall… Eleanor was such a softie.

“I didn’t come here for Wade or because of Wade’s influence.” Peter said, “I came here because I
wanted to talk to you.”
Eleanor crossed her arms. “I’m not going to your wedding or being your best man or give a speech on how much I love and support you either.”

“Okay, but this isn’t about that either.” Peter said, “I’ve been doing some thinking-”

“Congrats.”

Peter just rolled his eyes and continued, “There’s a lot of kids like you-”

“Without a father?”

“Let me finish.”

“Okay. Continue.”

Peter just exhaled, “There a lot of kids like you who have powers and haven't been given the opportunity to develop them because of resources and the whole Accords thing… There’s this huge group of kids who don’t know where to turn to for help so they run into Hydra or S.T.R.I.K.E. or A.I.M. thinking that they’ll help them become successful but in reality those kids just get thrown into the prison system and into a life of crime.”

“I want to fill this need with a peer led program designed to provide training and guidance to steer them towards safely unlocking their powers and limits.” Peter said with some finality to his voice, “And I want you to be the first person to be invited into this program.”

Eleanor just stared at him, “Peter, I know you’re having your mid-life crisis and you need some outlet to challenge your perpetual boredom as a rich white boy but I’m not going to be your pet project that you can boss around.”

“So, thanks but no thanks.” She said, preparing to turn him around and push him out of the bathroom

“It’s not about being your boss Eleanor.” Peter pleaded, “I know what you can do and I want you to be able control it. For your sake.”

Eleanor narrowed her eyes at him even though he couldn’t see it. “And what… you think your boy band for misinformed superteens can somehow handle my power better than I can??? Teach me something that I haven't been learning my entire goddamn life.”

Peter realized that she had a point but continued to appeal to her, “Maybe. Maybe not. If anything, it would allow you to finally stop pulling punches… you would stop having to hide and be who you really are.”

Peter could feel two twin spots of heat growing where her hands were on his back.

“I know your Dad supported the Accords Peter. Maybe convinced you that the Accords were a good thing too.” Eleanor said slowly, her temper flaring “But I never really cared about a whole bunch of nervous pussy-ass pencil pusher government bastards trying to regain oppression over others…. Scared cause they can’t trust us to be decent people and not kill them or rob them blind... And this just sounds like a PG version of that… complete with a full analysis of what I can and can’t do.”

“I’m not your puppet.” Eleanor said with a hiss in her voice. “I’m done being a puppet.”

“But then you also know that my Pops has always been against the Accords.” Peter turned around
He would never want anyone to be a puppet to anyone. I’m offering a place to be yourself Eleanor. Not the government. Not the Avengers. Me. Peter Parker Stark-Rogers, the scientist, who wants, more than anything, to help people. Let me help you.”

She just stared at him in disbelief, “You ever think maybe you’re the reason we need help?”

He had no response for that, she had proven yet again that even though his plan had good intentions… maybe it was less self-less than what he originally believed it to be.

“Great talk, Pete.” Eleanor said, patting him on the shoulder twice. “We should do this again sometime but I want you out of my house now thanks.”

“Thank You Eleanor.” Peter said as sincerely as he could, “You were the one that saved me and Wade… and even if you don't want to be a part of this project… I want you to know that you made this all possible… and I can never repay you for what you did.”

His words made her feel like she had swallowed a glass of spoiled milk topped with shards of glass. He was making her out to be some sort of hero but that wasn't true in the slightest… she was a punk… plain and simple. So she decided to do what all punks did… fight the Man.

“Get out, pretty boy. You're not wanted here.”

“If you change your mind…” Peter placidly placed his hands up, bringing out the wedding invitation and a business card from his hoodie pocket and placing them on the bathroom sink before nodding. “Just call.”

“I know how a phone number works.” Eleanor responded.

He just smiled and left the bathroom, saying bye to Mrs. Camacho as he left.

Eleanor looked down at the invitation and immediately wanted to burn it… but the butterfly applique was actually pretty gorgeous and she didn't want to crush it carelessly.

It must have cost a fortune just for the invitations let alone the actual wedding… oh god, her dad was actually getting married to that guy.

She didn't know what he saw in him.

Her mom poked her head in the doorway to look at her, “So…………… What did he want?”

“He invited me to the wedding.” Eleanor said, pointing at the invitation. “And he wanted me to join some superhero thing… but I said no.”

“Dios mio.” She said, picking up the invitation to look at it, dragging her finger lightly over the gold ink calligraphy and the crystal butterfly, “I thought he was joking about the wedding… but there it is.”

“There it is indeed.” Eleanor said, crossing her arms and staring at it like it had personally offended her.

Her mother looked at her, “You gonna go?”

“What.” Eleanor replied with disgust written all over her face. “Oh god no.”

“Awww, c’mon El.” Her mother said, shaking her a little back and forth, “If this is what the invitation looks like… imagine the party. Comida???? Este un fiesta de los estrellas. Why not see
what it’s like at least?”

“No, Este un fiesta de un pendejo con más inflated ego y un corazón negro.” She replied. “I’m not going.”

“Bonito princessa,” Her mom crooned, “You would be so beautiful.”

She played with the stray hairs in Eleanor’s braid, “You know how I feel about your father but this might be a chance to…”

She looked into Eleanor’s eyes, “Being a part of his life.”

Eleanor looked at how mother. There was a time where her mother had towered over her but now they were the same height.

“That’s what you always wanted, yes?” Her mother said, pressing a kiss to her forehead, “This is his way of inviting you in… I hate the bastard but this is your chance baby. And if you don't like it… you can always come home.”

“I’ll… I’ll think about it,” She hugged her mom and then stomped her way to her room.

☆

Peter swung through the city, thinking about his conversation with Eleanor.

He thought his plan was a good one, open the doors to resources kids never had and maybe start training the next generation of superheroes along the way. Take a back seat leadership role instead of being on the field all the damn time.

But Eleanor was right too. It sounded too much like the Accords… it had been a couple of years but it still left a sour taste in everyone's mouth. Peter clearly remembered his Pops’ face as he left with his Uncle Bucky and the dark shadow that it had cast over his family.

He didn’t want a repeat on that experience.

But he knew this plan was going to be a good thing…. just maybe it needed some re-labeling.

He touched down on a rooftop to breathe for a second.

After what happened, it seemed surreal that this was the same place… He felt taller and older… Death made him a little more mature and he just took a second to take it all in.

He was getting married.

He wasn’t nervous per say but rather like every inch of his body felt like Uncle Thor had accidentally touched him.

Wade was the one who was planning every detail and Peter was adding his opinion as he went but he found he really didn’t care of the napkins were linen or cotton… eggshell or ivory.

He was marrying the love of his life… after all these challenges and all these people warning him off from marriage let alone getting married to Wade…

He was getting married if it killed him… and it kinda had already so… totally gonna happen.

He twisted his engagement ring underneath his gloves feeling that slight metal coolness to it… this was the official 1/2th-of-his-salary-spent-on- the-ring ring… Wade had proposed to him with a
variety of circles over the past weeks… from Ring Pops to onion rings to donuts to bendy straws bent in a circle to… cock… rings… all stand-ins until he could get the actual ring properly sized and all that.

Peter smiled to himself. “I still can’t believe you put my engagement ring on a piece of cheese pizza.”

Wade dropped the pizza box in outrage and sat next to him with a pout on his face through the mask, “Pete! I was being super quiet that time!”

Peter just smiled.

“Plus, Big Mama’s Pizzeria is totally proposal worthy pizza.” Wade continued, giving Peter a big smacking kiss on the cheek. “I know you wanted space but I also know you wanted pizza so Hi. Bye. See you tomorrow!”

“How did you-?”

“Same how you knew I was there.”

“Magic fingers.”

“~Magic fingers~” Wade said with a flourish.

They found out… beyond the whole oral fixation… that their swapped fingers were great for things other than really great sex. Peter really didn’t know how it worked but their bond was closer now to the point where it had become almost like a sixth sense of sorts… they could feel base emotions as well as whenever they were close to one another… it was a weird unexpected gift… Wade thought it was some leftover blessing in disguise but Peter cherished the gift, even if it meant he was constantly bombarded with pure adoration at 3 in the morning.

He could feel it now. “I love you too.”

“Psht. Pshaw.” Wade flipping his hand in the air while the other was holding his face. “Stop it you.”

“I love you Wade Wilson!” Peter said a little louder.

Wade giggled, shaking back and forth a little with his embarrassment.

“I LOVE-”

“WE GET IT. YA LOVE HIM. KNOCK IT OFF ALREADY!”

Peter turned to Wade, nearly bursting with laughter and then whispered, “I love you, Daddy.”

Wade fell backwards rolling back and forth with his giggles, covering his face and kicking out his legs.

Peter held onto one of his legs and pulled himself up Wade’s body to pin him down. “Thank you, for…everything… I just-”

“I know.” Wade said as seriously as possible.

“You did not just-”

“Totally Solo’d ya, yeah I did.”
“Have I mentioned how much I love you?”

“You may have mentioned it once or twice.”

They both snickered.

Peter rested his head on Wade’s chest, tracing mindless circles. “Are you nervous… about tomorrow?”

Wade put his arms underneath his head, “Well, for starters… Betty, bless her heart, does not understand the difference between an off-white table runner and eggshell… the Cake might be horrible… the florist might have a thing for you so… yikes… apparently no decent caterer understands the prime delicacy of the perfect temperature for a prime rib versus a honey glazed ham… and I may have gone a bit Bridezilla on your cousin Abigail… so problems… but not anxious in the slightest.”

“Abby is 5.”

“And our flower girl… who apparently doesn’t understand how to throw flowers without crushing them in her very cute but very powerful fist.”

“Wade, why do you care so much?” Peter asked, looking up at him. “About the eggshell and the prime rib…”

Wade looked down out him, “Pete. Petey. Baby. Sweetheart. Peter. We are getting married.”

“And I’m not settling for second rate anything.” Wade promised, “Perfect day for my perfect baby boy for our perfect wedding.”

“Plus Georgiana from Vanity would skin me alive if our wedding was anything less than magazine worthy.” Wade continued, “Your Dads had an 12 page spread from the decorage alone. If it's anything less than 10, I'm going to die from social suicide and then physically die from the embarrassment.”

Peter forgot that he was a celebrity. He was the only adopted son of the two most recognizable superhero advocates in the world… this was his wedding… oh this was going to be huge and he suddenly got a lot more anxiety than he thought he had as all those pinpoints of lightning turned into needles of dread poking his insides.

“Now do you get it?” Wade asked slowly, “Why I care so much about this whole thing?”

The press had been less than kind towards their engagement. On the surface, the reporters were friendly and trustworthy but Wade knew what this entire thing looked like to the public… He was physically older, hideous af, and enough blood on his hands to start a blood bank in his name… for him to just snatch the American Sweetheart away was a goddamn tragedy for these people.

Wade understood that this wedding needed to be perfect… He didn’t care about proving them wrong… He just didn't want Peter to be seen as a disgrace and this wedding was the way to prove it.

Peter, on the other hand, was hit with the realization that a million and one cameras would be there to capture every single moment and for once in his life, he did not want that in the slightest. He knew what they said about Wade and he didn't want them to pick apart their happiness on their day. And he knew how hard Wade had been perfecting every detail, forcing everything to be just right in order for everyone else to enjoy their wedding.
“Would you be against…” Peter said slowly, taking his time with getting his words out. “Getting married tonight instead…”

☆

Eleanor walked the streets towards the Tower, shoving her hands deeper into her pockets as she went.

She should have gotten a cab but she figured she needed the exercise.

She called the number Peter had given her but it went to voicemail multiple times. She figured he was doing some last minute detail work or something else and it was easier to just see him in person.

She was keeping mostly to herself, her mind lost in her thoughts.

Peter, Sorry I was an asshole to you. Maybe I can join the team?... no she needed to be more aggressive. I’m joining this team because I know more about being uncontrolled than anyone else… no that was too mean… I’m joining this team because this is the only way I can see-

She heard the rush of the Avenge Jet as it landed back on its platform… and faintly saw Iron man touchdown and begin to de-suit.

She needed to hurry, she hurried along as fast as she could, sneakers slapping against the concrete.

She pulled open the heavy glass door to the Tower just as the secretary was about to push it.

It was same woman that she had yelled at all those weeks ago.

“I’m sorry. I need to see Peter.” Eleanor said as sweetly as she could. “It’s an emergency.”

“Ah, yes, it's not every day that people make demands like that and get away with it…” The secretary woman said with a huff, “I’m sorry but you cannot meet with him at this time. Mr. Parker is in a private party. Please come back during visitor hours or schedule an appointment for the next available opportunity.”

Eleanor didn’t have time for this, “Look, I said I'm sorry. I really need to see him today and you're kinda in my way so I would appreciate it if you could let me into the building to see Peter. Please.”

“Look kid,”

Eleanor bristled at her tone.

“You can't just walk in-”

“Hello, Eleanor, you going up to see Peter?” Steve said calmly.

He had ridden his motorcycle back and he noticed the commotion at the front door.

“I’m sorry sir,” the secretary said, bowing her head a little, “This girl said it was an emergency and I-”

“Then let her up, Marcy.” Steve said with one of those trademark smiles, “She’s family now.”

“Of course sir, Very well.” Marcy blushed with embarrassment and let them both in.
Eleanor felt as smug as a cat right now, “Thank you So. Much for your helpfulness.”

Steve just rolled his eyes, tapping a few buttons on his gauntlet to make his motorcycle drive itself into the garage. “I hope you brought something to change into… but I think we might have something for you upstairs if you don’t.”

Eleanor was confused, “What do you mean?”

Steve led her to the elevator, “JARVIS, Pete’s floor please.”

“Of course sir, might I add that I was not expecting you back so soon.” JARVIS’ smooth voice echoed in the small space.

“Neither did I but it’s Peter.” Steve said with a shrug and a laugh.

“I’m confused.” Eleanor said out loud, “I’m here to talk to Pete about the team thing.”

“Oh.” Steve said softly, “You’re not here because-”

The elevator doors slid open to chaos.

The room was filled with Avengers half-dressed and peering into every available reflected surface possible, brushing down fly-aways, gelling down hair, stuffing themselves into dresses and suits, and general chaos of that matter.

And that's not even touching the noise level.

“Thor, I swear to God, if you touch me and ruin my hair, I will shoot an arrow in your other eye.”

“Does anyone have any nylons I can borrow? The damn things ripped-”

“WHERE IS OUR MAN OF SPIDERS?”

“Put that camera down Rhodes. You know that I’m the only one who films weddings.”

“You look like you’re ten seconds away from busting out of your suit, honey” “Must be these sweet muscles,” “You wish, Barnes.”

“I said, back off from the gel or so help me god.”

“Steve why aren't you dressed yet, man?”

“What the fuck is going on here?” Eleanor said, turning to Steve.

“Language!” someone called out.

“Well, we’re getting ready for the wedding… the rehearsal dinner got transformed at the last minute to include their vows” Steve said as sincerely as he could. “Peter moved it to tonight… something about seizing the moment or claiming fate- wait, where are you going?”

She bolted for the terrace, taking deep breaths to calm herself down. She walked over to the edge of the glass barrier and gripped it hard in-between her hands.

She was a mess of emotions ranging from pissed to depressed to irritated but they all swirled into out of control.

This must have been the private party Marcy had been talking about.
Damn that Peter. Ignoring her calls so she would be here.

“Umm… heyyyy.”

Eleanor spun around to see Peter in his white suit, nervously playing with his cufflinks and sticking his hair back in place though it wasn’t staying.

“Sorry about the- well you know.”

“You tricked me into being here.” Eleanor said with a hiss… “There’s probably no special team either. You made it up so you could get me to go to your stupid wedding.”

“No-no. Oh fuck, yeah this is terrible timing but I swear that I am forming a team… I just-”

Eleanor was in tears, “You already got your happily ever after Pete. I don't need you to push it in my face that Dad chose y-”

“Eleanor no.” Peter said firmly, “This isn't about me getting Wade-”

She angrily rubbed her nose, “You have this whole room of people who love you Peter. This whole room! I get it! You're easier to love than me and mom. And I wish you didn't force the fucking issue. I don't belong here Peter. I don't belong in this world that you’ve created and I really wish you’d stop trying to include me in it.”

Peter got quiet for a second, taking it all in, “Then why are you here?”

She laughed bitterly, “I thought I-”

She stopped herself, sitting down to hug her knees, she whispered, “... if I took your offer, I would get to see him more often.”

She hated herself for saying the words out loud. Because more than anything… want Eleanor wanted was her father… she had made that obvious since the beginning and she thought she was… content… to see him happy with Peter but that was not the case.

She was greedy for him… and she would not be satisfied if he was whisked away to be in this Peter-centric world.

But it also made her feel pathetic and weak… here she was crying and begging for her father like some sort of baby.

Peter plopped himself down beside her… all white suit be damned and tentatively gave her a side hug, letting her cry into his shoulder. “I’m not here to take him away from you Eleanor. I’m not Death. He will always love you. And I want to love you too if you let me.”

Eleanor cried and it was one of those snot-filled messy cries accompanied with loud sobs and hiccups in between.

Peter didn’t think she had ever allowed herself to cry…. And he now knew that he never should have let her walk out that door all those weeks ago. She was right. Again. He had been so focused on Wade that he forgotten what all of this must be like for Eleanor. He had neglected her in her time of need and that wasn’t right.

The least he could do was let her cry on a $25,000 all white suit.

And he let her cry until she was done, and he offered her his handkerchief to wipe her nose.
“You don’t have to come if you don’t want to-”

“I- I want to.” Eleanor said softly, unable to look him in the eye. “I don’t have anything to wear though.”

“We got that covered.” Natasha said from the doorway. “Give us fifteen minutes.”

Peter got up and pulled Eleanor up with him, “You come find Aunt Nat or Me or Wade and we’ll drop everything to take you home if you need it.”

“Okay.” Eleanor said, wiping her eyes again. It was intimidating to be in the presence of such a well put together woman while she was feeling like crap… especially since it was the Black Widow.

“It’s Eleanor right?” Natasha said, extending her hand, “I think you’ve met my husband, Bucky.”

Eleanor shook back uneasily. “Nice to meet you, ma’am.”

She laughed, causing her pearls to shine and jangle, “I’m not old enough for ma’am yet. Call me Nat. Or Aunt Nat. Whichever. We’re family now.”

Peter sighed as Eleanor and Aunt Nat back inside to get ready, he brushed off the dirt as best he could tucking in the last strands of hair behind his ear.

“Hey, PB.”

It was Johnny. Floating over the balcony. Just like before.

To call this awkward would be an understatement.

“Johnny, I-”

Johnny landed on the balcony, licking his lips out of nervousness, “You clean up nice.”

“I’m getting married, J.” Peter said, his heart breaking. Here was another person that he had failed… He had dragged Johnny along with him and he made it awkward between them. You couldn’t really apologize for something like that over the phone… and Peter put it on his list but he never got around to it.

“She got the invitation.” Johnny said with a shrug, “We got you a present cause we couldn't make it tomorrow.”

He handed over a box about the size of a book, “It's from all of us- I hope you like it.”

“Johnny wait-”

“It’s okay, Pete.” Johnny said with a smile. “I’m okay. You got a wedding to head to-”

Peter clung onto his sleeve, “I never wanted it to be like this between us J. I-”

“I love you Peter.” Johnny said firmly, making him let his sleeve go. “And I’m glad I got to spend the time that we had together with you … I couldn't ask for anything better-”

“But-”
“And I’m glad that you found someone that cares about you to die for you- I could never do that” Johnny said with a smile, “I mean I tried that whole thing but…you know”

He laughed but it was a laugh that was tinged with sadness, “You just- you look really great in white Pete.”

“Johnny, I never meant to hurt you the way that I did. You were the best thing that ever could have happened to me when I was dealing with Venom and this whole and I didn't know what I had but Johnny, you're not- you’re not.”

Peter looked off into the distance, “I want you in my life Johnny. No one else knows me like you do but I understand if you can't be here right now. It would be too cruel. I'm so sorry for everything that I've done- I'm a terrible friend- but I can't let you go-I’m selfish like that J.”

“I need you.”

Johnny closed his eyes, holding onto Peter’s hand like it was a lifeline, “PB&J.”

Peter pressed his forehead to Johnny’s “PB&J.”

Johnny took him in for a second, just took in that feeling of everything changing and shifting inside of him. Their relationship was changing yet again and it was like trying to hold onto grains of sand. God, how many times had he seen Peter wearing white… how come this time hurt the most… if he squint, he could see another wedding day and Peter wearing white for him. But it was foolish to think like that. He had to let Peter go… even though it felt like a piece of his soul was dying.

He had to go. So he went.

“Congratulations, Peter.”

Peter nodded and Johnny flew off.

Peter knew weddings were supposed to be emotional but this was a lot. He was already drained and he hadn't even been married yet.

He wasn’t married yet.

Oh god. He was late.

He wiped his eyes and went inside.

☆

I think we like stories with clean cuts and happy endings. Things that we can put into carefully labelled boxes and just enjoy the neatness of it all.

I tried to give you some of that some closure but at the end of the day… Life is not neat in the slightest.

I tried to give them all happy-ish endings or a place where they all could be developed further if I ever wanted to return to this… or even places where it's up to anyone's interpretation of what happens next. Does this team Peter wants to create end up being a good thing? How does Johnny feel after this happens? Honeymoon destinations?? Does Lady Death make a re-appearance???

That's all up to you now. Satisfy your cravings.
This story started out as a really weird one shot and it developed into this beast of a fic…

I'm kinda tired of writing it.

So imagine what you will as to what happens next. But this is the end.

Thank you all for reading.
<3
thequeenwhowaited

End Notes

I truly appreciate each and every single kudo and comment that I've gotten on this silly fic of mine.
I love you all.
Thank you!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!