

Photo Kabob

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Photo Kabob

by [therealrjbenson](#)

Summary

Peter gets a photo of Deadpool published in the newspaper by accident. This doesn't bode well when the mercenary is already camera shy. Crazyiness ensues and some funzies in the bedroom!

will add tags as things pop up. As of now there isn't any rape, I don't like portraying or writing about that but there is non-consensual sexual contact in later chapters. I'll post a warning at the beginning of the chapter.

Ch. 1 PART ONE

Red light flooded the room. He gently used specialty tongs to submerge the paper in a tub filled with development chemicals, watching as the photo began to appear before his eyes. After a few minutes, he ever so carefully fished it out and hung it beside the others on the line behind his head.

Peter smiled, running a hand through his mop of brown hair as the photo became clearer and clearer. It was some of his best work. This roll was filled with shots from all over the city in various angles that most would never be able to get but...Peter had a special talent for awkward positions. This one he was especially proud of.

It captured citizens playing and picnicking on a beautiful day in central park, but also the reconstruction of the city in the background. A true piece of a city in healing. And, a welcome sight after being torn apart during the alien invasion a couple of years ago. It had taken a while, but Peter was glad the citizens felt safe enough to be out relaxing and enjoying themselves. It was why he protected them as fiercely as he did being Spiderman. For peaceful days like that.

He continued to look around at the others hanging on the line. The corners of his mouth tilted down. "Dammit, Deadpool..." Peter grumbled. Lately, a rather annoying character in black and red had been hanging around while he went on patrols around the city. As Spiderman, he tolerated him, backup was always good to have. And the man always bought them tacos afterwards, a huge plus. The other day, he'd seen Spidey taking pictures and Peter had reluctantly let him look at the camera, snap a few selfies and even a few with Deadpool's arm hanging on his shoulder. Deadpool had only given the camera back after Spidey had promised to keep the photos private, between them only.

Peter rolled his eyes, gathering his stuff. He grabbed a few photos off the line to show to Jamison, some of himself as Spidey, and some from the city including the park scene. With his menagerie of photo options in hand, Peter headed off to work, hoping Jamison was in a buying mood.

"Parker!"

Peter could hear Jamison's bark all the way to the elevator. He had barely stepped out when Patty, the receptionist, was urging him toward the publisher's office.

"Where are those photos? You told me you'd be here with some decent photos before 3 o'clock today!" Jamison demanded, cigar hanging out of his mouth. Peter entered the office, pulling out the folder of his newest develops.

Patty scoffed. "Boss, it's 2:45. He's early. Give the kid a break. And, your wife is on line one...again." Jamison's face went red but before he could bark another order, Patty held up a hand. "Blood pressure, Mr. Jamison, your blood pressure."

Jamison seemed to fizzle out. He muttered, "Tell her I'm not here...or at lunch. I'm busy." He scratched at his salt and pepper mustache. Patty left the office, winking at Peter, who gave her a grateful smile in return.

Peter laid the folder of his photos on Jamison's desk. "Here ya go, sir. I have some good shots of Spiderman, but I really want you to see the shots I took of the city." He pulled out the park shot. "This one really shows—"

Jamison fixed a glare on him and Peter froze. "It's crap. Next. Here, let me look." The publisher picked up the whole folder, skimming through each. "Crap, crap. More crap. Crap." Each comment made Peter shrink inside just a little, his confidence waning.

"Oh!" Suddenly, Jamison's face lit up. "Well...lookit what we have here! Robbie! In my office!" Peter perked up, wondering which photo had caught his eye. Jamison only ever had gotten excited over pictures of Spiderman doing something "supposedly" bad but there was nothing new in anything Peter had brought today that he could think of. But, Jamison never called the chief editor in to comment unless it was something big.

Robbie came into the office, huffing as he hurried. "What is it, JJ? We're close to print times. I need to get back."

Jamison turned the photo around and Peter's stomach dropped, horror leaching the color from his already pale skin even further. "We've finally caught that menace in deep! Isn't this that crazy mercenary who goes around killing people and causing chaos? Spidey has finally gone bad. And this proves it!"

Robbie frowned. "JJ, that proves nothing."

"It proves they work together. Which means Spiderman probably kills too and uses this Deadpool as a cover to get away with it. Because no one wants to believe he's just a menace of society."

The photo showed a view of Spiderman and Deadpool, fighting a bunch of criminals in a warehouse they had taken down just days ago in an attempt to rescue a group of women from sex traffickers. They'd been successful and Deadpool had gotten...carried away as usual, leaving a bloody mess in his wake. But, he'd done it because Spiderman...Peter had been shot in the leg and pinned down. Without Deadpool's overly enthusiastic help, Spiderman might not have survived.

Peter had hoped to capture a few decent shots of just himself beating up the bad guys. None of the developed shots had been appropriate for this meeting...for this exact reason. Every photo had contained blood or killing. All by Deadpool. And this particular shot showed him fucking shish-kabobbing one guy while slicing the head off another; Spiderman right behind, standing in a pool of blood, web shooting another to the wall.

Not a great impression.

"You've got it all wrong, Mr. Jamison," Peter said. "I couldn't get too close but, Spiderman didn't kill any of those people. He was just there to save those women. He's innocent."

Robbie nodded. “Exactly. No one’s going to believe that Spiderman would go that far. He’s saved way too many people. And besides, Peter was there. He saw it.”

“Well, then we’ll make ‘em believe! With all these freaks running around in masks and powers, the world isn’t safe! I want this published, ASAP. With the words; “Spiderman Gone Rogue, and new Mercenary Partner; Deadpool!” Go on, Robbie, make it happen!” Jamison ordered. He handed the picture to Robbie and the editor sighed.

“Fine...” Robbie gave Peter an apologetic smile and left the office.

“Wait! I don’t want to sell that one. It was in there by mistake. I won’t give you permission to release it!” Peter argued.

Jamison raised a brow. “It’s already done. And, for \$300! You released all your photos when you signed the form the first time; past, present and future. Now, go get your money from Patty. Get out of my office!”

“But—!”

“OUT!”

Within two hours, the photo had been printed in the papers, less than that to be released on the Daily Bugle’s website. It had immediately gone viral. Peter didn’t know what to do. Deadpool would very likely kill him for letting his picture go public. The man made a living on the majority of people not knowing who he was. He could kill, get paid and disappear. But now?

“Shit...” Peter groaned. He’d fled to his apartment, locking every window and double checking the lock on his door. He wasn’t sure if Deadpool knew where he lived. Or if he knew who Spiderman actually was. It wouldn’t take long for the merc’ to track down the photographer with “Photo by Peter Parker” plastered all over the tagline underneath. The mercenary was just crazy enough, he might kill Peter over the offense. He’d always been a hair trigger, and completely unpredictable. Except for that he’d was crazy and unpredictable. You could almost count on him to be that way. Which sorta’ of made him...predictable, in a sense.

Peter was Spiderman, so of course, he could defend himself if need be. But, Deadpool didn’t have limits like Peter imposed on himself. Deadpool went after who and whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, fuck the consequences. And when he wanted someone dead, they usually got marked off the list without delay. The true reason that made Peter scared even though they had begun to become friends. He had no idea how this would play out.

His phone chimed. Peter jumped, falling off the couch. “Jeezuz Christ!” He grabbed the cell, checking the screen. It was a text from Tony.

Are you crazy! Why would you give the DB that photo? He texted.

It was an accident. JJ took it before I could stop him. Peter replied.

Damn. Jarvis is doing his best to delete the internet's version, but this thing is blowing up. He might have seen it already. You should get somewhere safe. Penny says to come here. Tony sent back.

No. If Deadpool has seen it, he'll be looking for me. I don't want anyone else in danger. Thanks. But, I'll be okay. No worries.

Tony sent a frowny face emoji but said nothing else. Peter assumed he'd send some sort of surveillance his way, just in case. Typical of the gazillionaire, aka, Ironman. The Avengers and Shield were all aware of Spiderman's secret identity, Peter Parker. So, this new development probably had them all on alert, no doubt.

Peter blew out a deep breath and stalked into his bathroom. He splashed water on his face and gazed into the mirror above. After a few minutes of debating with himself, Peter decided to do the only thing he could. He stripped out of his clothes, revealing the Spiderman suit beneath. He pulled on the mask, leaving his apartment out the side window of his bedroom. It was time for patrol.

Over the next few hours, Spiderman swung around the city. He pretended he had no idea anything had happened, going about his usual duties of stopping muggers, burglars, armed robberies and the like. By the end of the night, there had been no sign of Deadpool. It wasn't...entirely unusual for Deadpool not to join him on patrol every single night. He did have jobs to complete as a mercenary. But after the photo release...it left Spidey feeling anxious.

So...Spiderman headed home. When he arrived back at his apartment, he approached cautiously. But, there were no lights on, no signs of a break-in. From what he could tell, only Peter had been there. His Spidey-sense didn't tingle, which would have signaled any impending danger. Still, Spiderman went inside, checking each room.

Peter sighed, pulling off his mask. "There's no one here." Exhaustion began to set in after such a long night. He sighed, shuffling to his bedroom, half-hazardly pulling off the suit as he stepped toward the bed. When Spidey finally hit the pillow, he passed out immediately.

The next day was just as quiet. Tony had successfully deleted all sources of the picture from the net. Shield had found every version printed and burned it. Natasha went an extra step, sneaking into the DB and stole the copy out of Robbie's file cabinet. The only remaining version of the photo was the original roll of film, tucked safely away in Peter's darkroom.

Days turned into a week. Then a week into two until a month had passed. Any buzz about Spiderman's less than sparkly reputation settled and dissipated. And, Deadpool's minor moment of fame fizzled out with only the police keeping an eye out for the known killer. Even Shield and the Avengers relaxed, going back to their normal duties as Peter went about his life and nightly patrols.

There was no sign of Deadpool. There was nothing to indicate he had even seen the news...except that he hadn't shown since. Which made Spiderman begin to worry even more.

Deadpool would normally accompany him on at least one or two nights a week...but he could be occupied with a job. Soon, even Peter began to relax after another month passed. Life was back to normal; school, photography, patrols.

The door chimed as Peter pushed open the entrance to the local coffee shop. He hefted his backpack on his shoulder, taking his place in line. He wiped at the sleep in his eyes, letting out a loud yawn.

“Late night?” someone asked, close behind.

Peter glanced back, nodding to the hooded stranger. “Yeah. You could say that.”

Peter couldn’t see much of the person’s face, but they were male, at least a foot taller than himself and built. Even through the two layers of hoodie and jacket, he could tell this guy worked out. But, he wasn’t wrestling ring bulky; more lean, athletic with some bulk like a UFC fighter. His jaw was well defined but covered in skin that had seen nasty burns in the past. Peter schooled his face to be blank, not wanting to offend this person accidentally with a stupid expression. In fact, he wondered what this new guy looked like from behind.

“What’s keeping you up so late?” the man asked, his head tilting to the side.

Peter blinked. “Uh...School, mostly.” He jiggled his shoulder, indicating the backpack. “I take a lot of advanced science and engineering classes at the university around here.”

“Oh...huh. Must be tough. I can barely keep my red crayon and my black crayon inside the lines,” the man replied, a big grin on his face. Peter’s heart fluttered, butterflies twirling in his stomach at the sight. The man stepped a bit closer. “Would it be okay if I bought your coffee?”

Peter stuttered, unable to form words. Instead, he smiled back. As Peter, he’d never in his life been hit on or flirted with. He had always done the pursuing. And this was the first time it was a man involved. Peter had always swung either way but never acted on the latter. He hadn’t really flirted with anyone since...Gwen. Peter’s smile faltered, and he turned away to catch himself.

“Everything okay?”

Peter cleared his throat. He turned back. “Yeah. I’m good...Coffee. Coffee would be great, thank you.” As they approached the counter, the man placed a hand on the small of his back. Peter shot him a look in surprise, but the man smiled softly, innocently.

“We’ll take two drinks. I’ll have a French vanilla Frappuccino; extra, and I mean extra, whip cream. Don’t be stingy with it. Lots of chocolate sauce, sprinkles. A dab of peanuts, and a cherry. Do not forget my cherry. And, for you?”

Peter raised a brow and exchanged looks with the barista. “Uh...just a regular blend coffee. With one cream, two sugars. Thanks.”

“Names?”

Peter looked at the man expectantly. The man smiled back, almost baring his teeth at Peter in a predatorial way. Peter couldn't see the man's eyes, but a shiver travelled up his spine.

“Wade. Wade Wilson.”

“And...I'm Peter. Peter Parker.”

The barista looked between the two men and rolled their eyes. “Only need the first name, guys.”

Peter's gaze snapped back. “Oh! Right. Sorry.” The two shuffled away from the counter, settling into a table in the furthest corner by the wall. But, Peter could feel Wade's eyes still watching him. It wasn't setting off his Spidey-sense, so Peter didn't think it was a bad gaze. But, it definitely didn't feel...safe.

“So...where are you headed now, Peter Parker?” Wade drawled, sounding the syllables of his name out slowly.

“School. Uh...Class. Advanced Genetics with Dr. Connors.”

“Such a smarty pants, you are.” Wade leaned backward, but Peter could tell that even in that relaxed position he could pounce at any moment. He made Peter feel like a deer cornered by a wolf, yet something was so intriguing about the man. Peter wanted to know more. He leaned forward. But just as Peter was about to ask another question the barista called out their names.

“I'll get them. Wait here.” Wade stood, slow and graceful. A gloved hand brushed over Peter's knuckles as he passed by. Just as Peter had predicted, the man had a great backside. He bit his lip, chewing on the tender skin as he imagined what he might want to do to that ass himself.

Peter shook his head. What was he thinking about someone he had literally just met? He looked up as his coffee entered his vision, steam rising around a gloved hand. From this angle, Peter could see more of Wade's face and it was just as handsome as he would have imagined, eyes a dark, dark brown like polished oak. He reached up, taking the cup from the Wade, fingers brushing over leather. Those eyes continued to watch him, filled with intelligence and something...more, heat smoldering beneath the surface. Then, just like that, those eyes filled with relaxed goofiness and Peter wondered if he was imagining it.

“Thanks,” Peter said, standing. “Well...I have to get going now...”

Wade sighed. “Right. Give me your phone.”

Peter raised a brow. “Why?”

“So...I can put in my digits, silly.”

“Oh.” Peter blushed, pulling his phone from his back pocket. He punched in his code and pulled up the “enter new contact” screen. “Her—.” His mind stuttered, almost dropped the cell. Wade had the cherry he’d ordered between his lips, his tongue swirling around the stem with expert skill. Their gazes caught as Wade took the phone, holding Peter’s gaze deliberately as he played with the red fruit. Peter swallowed, the sound audible. As the cherry entered those full, lush lips, they curled back enough for him to watch as lovely, white teeth gently squeezed the cherry until juice ran out and fell apart.

“Here ya go.”

Peter glanced up, barely registering Wade giving him back his phone.

Wade smirked, stepping closer again. “I’ll be seeing ya’ around, petey-pie,” he whispered into Peter’s ear. A hot blush filled Peter’s cheek. When he turned to reply, Wade was already gone.

Ch. 2

A line of webbing hurdled from his web shooters, and Spiderman swung through the air. The night was chilly, but not so much that he'd need another layer to keep warm. His suit was strangely adept at holding in heat. As he settled on a nearby rooftop, Spiderman couldn't help but think of his encounter earlier that day.

"Wade..." he said out loud. Peter enjoyed the name on his tongue. "Wade Wilson. Hmmm..." It was interesting to meet someone with a name like his own, an alliteration of two words. Peter Parker, Wade Wilson, Sally Seashells...He let his leg hang over the edge, daydreaming about the man who'd bought his coffee that morning.

And just as if the man himself had the same thought, Spiderman's suit chimed with an incoming text message. Tony had rigged it with more tech so Peter wasn't forced to carry around needless devices while out crime fighting. One of which was a link to his personal phone. As a holographic interface appeared before his eyes, Spiderman blinked. Only he could see it, of course. But the message made his blood pump, whether from anxiety or anticipation, Peter wasn't sure.

Hey Petey Pie...I sent myself a text from ur phone earlier. Wondered if you wanted to see what else I could do with a cherry? Since you seemed to enjoy it so much...- Wade

"Holy..." Spiderman gripped the edge of the roof. The image of that cherry between the man's lips flooded back, and his skin heated, the suit somehow too warm. The man's skin had been badly scarred and burned from what Peter had seen underneath the hood, but it hadn't detracted from his well defined facial structure...or those hungry brown eyes. "Crap...what do I say?" He bit his lip. "Do I reply? Do I wait? Shit...what do I do?"

"Something I can help with?" Spiderman whipped around, nearly falling off the edge. He would have too if one of his powers wasn't sticking to things. Deadpool laid behind him, striking a pose; one leg bent, free arm on his hip, the other had his head resting on his fist.

"Deadpool? What...uh, what're you doing here?" Spiderman tried to remain calm. The heat from seconds before had turned cold, the fear of Deadpool's retribution hanging over his head.

The masked man in red and black with katanas cocked his head to the side. "Finished up a little business, now I'm back to continue playing Batman to my Robin, or Robin to my Batman; whichever you prefer." He giggled and sat up. He sidled closer, hanging his legs over the side to sit next to the spider. "So...What's the problem, Spidey? Anything I can add my own special set of skills to fixing?" His brows waggled and he winked at Spiderman.

Peter was grateful he wore a mask, his cheeks burning. "No...er...nothing like that. Actually...change the subject. I was wondering where you'd been. Just a long job, then?"

A darkness descended over Deadpool, and his shoulders seemed to hunch further. "Something like that." His voice had lowered an octave.

Spiderman tensed. “Uh...everything okay?” He glanced at the mercenary known for his never-ending mouth and crazy antics. There were weapons strapped all over his body, ammo pouches on his belt. His usual twin pair of desert eagles, Moe and Larry, were hanging in their slings, his large combat knife at his ankle. It reminded the spider that there were many...many ways Deadpool could hurt someone.

Deadpool let out a long sigh. “Well, either way, even with some speed bumps, or blocks, I was able to finally track em down. Took a minute. They had some important people deleting any kind of trackable address...took breaking in and finding a hard file to find the person.”

“So, you took care of em, took em out like usual?”

Deadpool leveled his gaze on Spiderman. “Not quite. You could say that I’m...keeping an eye on them. Trying to figure out the best way to go about the...job. I never like to do the same thing twice. Gotta keep it fresh, ya know?” Suddenly, a brown bag smelling like tacos was pushed in Spiderman’s face. “And, while I think about it, let’s eat!” Deadpool pulled out two, handing one to the spider. Per usual, the man turned away, so Spiderman couldn’t see his face beneath.

Spiderman smiled. Deadpool was always so careful about letting him see beneath the mask but he couldn’t fault him for it. Supposedly, the man had a traumatic past and even with his healing factor, was overly sensitive about being seen outside of his suit. Peter had never pushed it. Even he had an identity to protect.

Spiderman pulled his mask up just enough to reveal his mouth and gobbled down the taco in a few bites.

“Mm-mmm. Fill that mouth, baby boy.” Spiderman whipped his head around to see Deadpool gazing at him. He could practically see the hearts over his eyes. “I could watch you swallow all day long.”

“Deadpool!” Spiderman growled.

Deadpool smacked his thigh with a giggle and swung an arm around Peter’s shoulder.

“Settle down, sweet cheeks. Tell me about your problem. What made the amazing, neighborhood Spiderman, who can put his legs and bubble butt into a pretzel and still take down the big baddies, tremble in his spandex?”

Peter pushed him off but that only caused Deadpool to latch onto his arm and rest his head on Spiderman’s shoulder instead. He let out a long sigh of exasperation. “In my other life...my normal life...” Peter started. He paused but Deadpool didn’t give any hint that he knew anything about it. So...Spidey continued. “I might have...met someone.”

“What the ass!” Deadpool sat back, his gloved hands going to his cheeks with his usual flare of dramatics. He then grabbed Spiderman’s shoulders and began to shake him lightly. “Who is it? Are they fuckable? Do you like them? What do they look like? Tell me everything!” Deadpool let go, laying his head on Spidey’s thigh and looked up expectantly.

Spiderman chuckled, but leaned backward on his palms. "It's perfectly innocent. I mean, I haven't flirted in a long time, except for when you're around. But not seriously since someone I cared deeply about...died. And today...it was like something just clicked." Peter let his head hang back. "I don't know why I'm telling you this."

"Because I have no friends but Spidey. And, I'm just crazy enough that no one would believe me anyway."

"Yeah but you're the "merc-with-the-mouth" so you'll probably tell everyone," Peter said with a chuckle.

"Wow. Harsh truth, baby boy." Deadpool moved in one smooth motion, straddling Spidey's lap and pushing him down against the roof. "Still. Tell me. I'm touching myself tonight and I need some material. I wanna know what gets this little spider hot beneath the sheets." He ground himself down on Spidey's groin for emphasis.

"Hey! Fine. Just get off."

Deadpool threw his head back and let out a bark of laughter. "Oh. If only you meant that in the fun way..." He slid off Peter, but spooned into his side, again laying his head on Spiderman's shoulder and snuggled closer. "So?"

"He bought my coffee."

"Oooo. A meet cute! How fun." Deadpool turned onto his stomach, his legs kicking in the air like a teenage girl waiting for gossip. "Nice person?"

"You could say that. There's something really intriguing, almost familiar about...him."

"Wait! Spidey plays both sides! Omigod! I never would have guessed!" The sarcasm dripping from that tone made Peter raise a brow.

"How'd you know?"

"Oh, baby boy. You wear the tightest spandex this side of New York and; Dat. Ass!" Deadpool made a kissing noise. "Magnifique! Only someone whose confident in their sexuality could handle all my advances without batting an eye. Plus, dat ass."

Spiderman snorted. "Right. Pretty sure that's wrong but anyway. So, this guy. He chats me up, offers to buy my coffee, flirted...even put his hand on my back."

"Did you like it?"

Before Peter could reply, a scream sounded from a few blocks over. Spiderman jumped to his feet. "Well, looks like this will have to wait. Let's go."

"Uh..." Deadpool held up a hand. "I'll wait here."

Spiderman turned to him. "What? Come on. It'll be faster with you there."

“No thanks.”

“But, you love going with me.”

“I...uh, I shouldn’t,” Deadpool mumbled. “Look, you should go before whoever that gets dead.”

“But...”

“Look. I don’t know if you know...but I saw this picture in the paper a couple months ago... you and I were both in it and...I don’t want to bring down your good image, ya know. You’re the amazing Spiderman, hero of the People. But, I’m just a killer, a mercenary for hire. If we get caught fighting together, it’ll send the wrong impression. So...just go. Okay? I’ll see ya around.” Deadpool hung his head but got to his feet and headed in the opposite direction.

“Wait...” Spiderman started after him, but another scream filled the air, pleas for help getting louder. “Shit.” Guilt was like lead in his stomach. But it would have to wait. People were in trouble.

A knock sounded on the door and Peter stuck his head out of his bathroom. “Just one minute!” He hurried around the corner, grabbing his jacket off the couch and rushed to the door. He pulled the door open to reveal Wade standing on the other side. He wore a tight, black v-neck shirt under a maroon hoodie, tan slacks with black boots. His hood was pulled over his head but, Peter could see his beautiful dark eyes peering out from underneath fixing their wolfish gaze on him.

“Hey,” Peter said. He gave the man a warm smile.

Wade returned with one of his own, making Peter’s heart flutter and his knees weak. He’d done his best to gussy up. It was a date after all, so he’d worn his nice dark-blue, long-sleeved button down paired with his nicest pair of black jeans and brown dress shoes. Aunt May had helped him over the phone, Face-timing him so she could decide what looked best. Peter had even styled his hair, actually brushing and sweeping the mop to the side, strands falling over his forehead. From the heated gaze he was receiving from Wade, Peter imagined his hard work was successful.

“Hey, yourself, Petey-Pie. Looking really, really good,” Wade drawled, letting out a low whistle.

“Do you always dress like this?”

Peter blushed. “Only for people I like...and want to like me back,” he admitted.

“Oh. No worries there. Me likey...me likey a lot. Give me a twirl.”

“You’re looking just as good,” Peter chuckled. “I won’t do a twirl, but I can turn, since I still need to lock up.” He faced the door, turning his key in the lock. Peter made sure to flex his backside at the same time. A low guttural noise floated to his ears and Peter could actually

feel that gaze travel down his body, goosebumps making him shiver. A gloved hand closed over the one on the key as a warm body pressed into him from behind. Peter's heart thumped loudly in his chest, his breathing stuttering.

"Are you sure you wanna go out, tonight? You dressed sooo damn sexy. Makes me want to do all kinds of...mmmm..." Wade's husky groan had Peter's temperature rising, his clothes extra warm, and now his pants were too tight. He closed his eyes taking a deep breath and finished locking his door. Wade stepped away and Peter turned back around.

"Maybe...once I get to know you," Peter forced himself to say, almost choking on the words.

Wade nodded, the corners of his mouth turned up. "No worries, Petey-pie. But, when you finally decide to let me inside..." He pressed Peter against the door, one leg between his, the deadly wolf returned. A hand tangled into Peter's hair and pulled his head back firmly. "...I'm going to make a mess of you." His breath tingled over Peter's throat and Wade placed a chaste kiss on the apex of his shoulder and neck.

Peter visibly shuttered, pleasure tingling all the way down to his toes. "Do you always act this way on a first date?"

Brown eyes met his own, crinkling at the edges warmly. "Only for people I really, really like." The man stepped back, releasing Peter and held out a gloved hand. If Peter didn't have his super human strength, he might've dropped straight to the ground in a buttery mess, his insides melting after those words. Damn. He had really lucked out.

Peter grabbed the hand offered, squeezing it gently in his own and they headed down the hall. "What are the plans for tonight, anyway?"

"Thought we could sink some balls in holes." After seeing the look of utter mortification on Peter's face, Wade burst out laughing. "It's not what you think, promise. Just trust me."

"Okay...if you say so."

As they stepped out of the building, Wade raised his hand. "Hey, Dopinder. My man!" Peter raised a brow but followed Wade as he slid inside the taxi cab that waited for them.

A nice looking Indian man turned around, flashing a smile. "Well, hello, Mr. Wilson. I was so glad to hear from you tonight. So happy to help in your pursuit of love. Where are we headed tonight on this journey?"

Wade handed the young man a piece of paper and Dopinder smiled. "Right away, Mr. Wilson." He shifted into gear and drove the car away from the curb, heading to their destination.

"Dopinder, buddy, this is Peter," Wade said, over back of the front seat.

"Oh, how lovely to meet you, Mr. Peter," Dopinder said, looking at him through his rearview mirror.

"You, too, Dopinder. Glad to meet one of Wade's friends," Peter replied.

“So, Mr. Peter. How did you and Mr. Wilson meet? At the bar? He’s always at that place.”

“What bar—?” Peter tried to ask but was cut off when Wade smacked the back of the seat, coughing loudly. “Are you okay?”

Wade nodded, shaking his head quickly. “Yup, fine. Just fine. He’s really doesn’t need to know about that place, Dopinder. People there are not a good crowd for Peter.”

Peter raised a brow. “I can take care of myself. What’s this place called.”

“Oh. It’s the Sister Margaret’s—”

“Dopinder!” Wade barked in warning.

“Hey,” Peter said. “I asked him. He can tell me about it. Don’t get mad.” Wade glared at Peter and crossed his arms in a pout. “So...Dopinder. Have you ever been there?”

“Oh, not me, Mr. Parker, I’m too busy. But Weasel runs it. That’s another good friend of Mr. Wilson’s. He’s very nice. Makes a lot jokes, but I don’t get them yet.”

“Why don’t we go there?” Peter asked.

“Uh. Heh, heh. Peter, no,” Wade said, placing a hand on his arm. “You would not like it. It’s a rough crowd. And...tonight. I want to be just about you and me. Okay?”

Peter raised a brow. “Dopinder. Take us to Sister Margaret’s. I could use a drink.”

“What? No, not that shithole!” Wade’s gaze bobbed between them. “Oh, come on...” he whined. “I’m trying to impress you, not air my dirty, stained panties. And, you’re dressed so steamy...damn.” Wade’s grip on his arm squeezed harder. “If anyone so much as touches you, I’m gonna break off every single digit and jam it up their nose.”

Peter smiled. “I appreciate the sentiment. But, I’ll be fine. We’ll just stop in, grab one drink, chat for a bit and bounce. Then, we can go put all the balls in the holes. Okay?”

“Fine...” Wade grumbled and pulled out his phone. He began texting at a furious pace.

“What are you doing?”

“Telling Weasel to warn the riffraff. To let them know exactly what’ll happen if any one of them piss me off. That whole cutting off fingers and shoving in nostrils thing.” A feeling of familiarity loomed in Peter’s mind, similar mannerisms that he just couldn’t quite place. Yet, he found it comforting. Peter relaxed into the seat, watching the city go by. Wade pocketed his phone and cuddled up beside him.

The heat from his body was like a furnace and Peter curled into him, drawing that heat inside with a grateful moan. Lips found his earlobe and the shock of that touch sent tingles down his spine.

Peter whimpered. Actually whimpered.

He tilted his head, subtly allowing Wade better access. Arms wrapped around his waist, pulling him tighter against the hard body beside him. Kisses trailed down his neck, and Wade nuzzled into him, the scrape of his scarred cheek sending more tingles. A long sigh escaped the man behind him. They stayed like that, relaxing into each other until Dopinder pulled the taxi in front of run down hole in the wall.

“We’re here,” Wade whispered into his ear. He leaned around Peter, reaching for the door latch and pushed it open for him. “After you.”

Peter smiled. “Thanks.”

Ch. 3

“This is Weasel.” Wade grumbled.

Weasel smiled, holding out a hand to Peter, who grasped it firmly. “Hi. Nice to meet you. Hope this shit brick is treating you well.”

Peter smiled as Wade glared at his friend across the bar. “He’s been almost a complete gentleman.”

“Huh. Weird. That doesn’t sound like him at all.”

Wade groaned, letting his head fall into his hands. “Weez...come on.”

“What? I’m still salty that I’ll never win the pool. Gotta give you grief somehow, right?”

“The what?” Peter asked. Weasel pointed above him to the chalkboard above the bar. Names with dates and amounts of money were written under the word, “Deadpool.” Peter’s smile faltered. The guilt he’d been able to forget about for the night slamming back home. He dropped his gaze.

“So, what do you guys want to drink?” Weasel asked.

“I’ll take a whiskey, please,” Peter muttered.

Wade leaned closer. “Everything okay?”

“Erm...yeah. No...I don’t know,” Pete sighed.

“You can tell me about it.”

Peter looked up to meet those brown eyes. They were filled with understanding, like no matter what Peter said or did, there would be no judgement. He dropped the gaze and grabbed his whiskey, chugging the glass. He slammed it down with a big exhale. “Another, please.” Weasel chuckled, refilling his glass to the brim.

Wade waited patiently beside him as Peter gathered his thoughts. “I have this friend, okay?” Peter said. He chugged his drink again.

“Okay.”

“He’s more a work friend but, I could totally see us hanging out one day, ya know? Not hanging out but, just being actual friends outside of work. Right? Another refill please.”

Wade nodded as Peter continued. “A couple months ago...this friend helped me out. Most people think he’s this really bad guy. But, he’s not. I swear! He’s a little loopy, bordering on insane but he has this great sense of humor and goes out of his way to protect me when we’re in danger, ya know?”

“So, what happened?” Wade asked and took a swig of his own drink.

“Something stupid. It was an accident and this thing got out. And I couldn’t stop it even though it was my fault. I mean, I knew Jamison was an asshole but man, he really is a dick sometimes. I was afraid that my friend would get mad but instead he disappeared. Normally, I’d see him all the time but...he didn’t show up again ‘til the other night. But, I found out that he wasn’t mad, he’d been hurt. He actually thought that what got out was hurting me and that he was the bad influence, ya know? But that’s just not true. It was twisted to make us both look bad but he was actually saving the day. It’s just so stupid that no one knows what a great guy he can be. I just wish I could talk to him. Explain what happened...” Peter wound down, chugging his whiskey again. He sighed and looked at Wade sheepishly. “Sorry to dump this on you.”

Wade smiled, warmth crinkling his eyes. He placed a hand over Peter’s, lightly rubbing his thumb over the tender skin of his wrist. “Oh, Peter. Trust me. I’m sure your friend knows you well enough to know that you would never deliberately hurt him.”

“Wait a minute,” Weasel growled. “Did you just say *Peter*? As in that shit brick, Peter Parker, who took that photo of you—?”

“Weez!” Wade yelled, slamming his fist on the bar. “Shut your face. Get the fuck out of here.”

The bartender held up his hands, walking away but shot Peter a nasty look. “Okay, okay.”

Peter blinked. There’s no way he’d heard Weasel right. He gazed at Wade but the world around him began to tilt. “Crap...even he knows I’m an asshole. Did...uh, did he just say I took a photo of you? Cuz...I feel like I’d ‘member that?” he said, his words beginning to slur.

“Weasel doesn’t know what he’s talking about, never mind him. Okay?” Wade said, waving his hand dismissively.

But, something in the back of Peter’s mind wouldn’t stop niggling at him. He looked up at the chalkboard then back down at Wade. Then, gazed around the room, taking in all the roughneck bikers and bad sorts milling around. “What, uh, is this place, again? It’s just a bar, right?”

“And, a mini pool hall,” Wade said.

“Among other things,” Weasel said from down at the other end of the bar. Wade shot him a glare and the bartender just raised a brow with a shrug.

Wade grabbed his arm as Peter leaned backward, off balance. “Why don’t we get out of here? Whatdya say?” Peter nodded, they began to stand.

“Hey Weasel! I got a gold card for ya, asshole! Job completed. Nasty fuck who needed his eyes plucked out of thru his ass. And I better get paid in cash this time. No gift cards, ya hear mother fucker?” A large stocky, overweight biker with a gray beard lumbered passed the two

men as Peter froze. He heard Wade curse behind him, but Peter continued to watch as the man pulled a shiny golden card from his leather vest and placed it next to Weasel.

“Yeah, yeah. Hold your tits. Did you kill them, Buck?” Weasel asked.

“Oh yeah. Just like instructed.”

“All right. I’ll let ‘em know. Here’s your usual.” Weasel slid a shot of brown liquid and whip cream toward the man. “Blow job, on the house.”

“Fat-fucking-Gandalf...” Wade muttered under his breath. His grip squeezed Peter’s arm so hard he was sure they’d leave a bruise.

Peter’s gaze snapped back to his date, but it wasn’t the man he’d originally thought beside him. He broke from Wade’s hold, taking a shaky step backward. Even with liquor coursing through his veins, Peter knew without a doubt in his bones who was staring back at him.

“Deadpool.”

Wade blew out a breath. “Hello, baby-boy.”

Fear like a dead weight dropped in Peter’s stomach. He knew. Not only had Deadpool found Peter Parker, but he knew...his other identity; Spiderman. Holy fuck. “Oh, god.”

“Hey...take it easy. Just sit back down. No ones gonna get hurt, okay? We can talk about this,” Wade coaxed. “Besides, now that everything is out in the open...we can talk about things. Like you’re super attraction to little ol’ me. And, that whole confession. Sounded like love to me.” Wade leaned to the side. “And...dat ass. Mmmm.”

“How’d you find me?”

“Well, I told you. I tracked down your address. Almost ran into Natasha leaving the Bugle. Do not want to be on her bad side. On her back side, maybe. But, not her bad side.” Wade tapped the stool beside him and Peter cautiously re-took his seat. “I had it in my mind to kill the fucking twerp who would besmirch my baby-boy’s name. But five minutes after I’d found your apartment with you there, I knew exactly who you were. It helped that you were still in your suit but, I’d know that lithe body of yours anywhere.”

Peter’s cheeks burned. To hide his embarrassment, he downed his still full glass of whiskey. “But, then you disappeared.”

Wade gave him a big shit eating grin. “No. I didn’t. I watched you. I found out everything there is to know about you, baby boy. Every delicious piece. I even snuck in and looked at all your photos in that dark room you have. Took a few for myself.”

Peter gasped. “You what!”

“Oh, don’t worry. Nothing was harmed. But, now that we’ve come out to each other. How did that photo end up in the papers?” Wade asked, piercing him with his gaze.

Peter flushed. "It was an accident. I gave Jamison a folder of photos I wanted to sell...and that one somehow accidentally got mixed up in the pile. He wouldn't let me not sell it to him. It was gone before I could do anything. But that's why Tony and Shield and Natasha all worked so hard to make it disappear. We knew what would happen and I didn't want you to see it."

"Okay." Wade lifted his glass, taking another swig of whiskey.

Peter raised a brow. "Okay? That's it?"

"Yup. It's all done and over now."

"Why?"

Wade smiled, facing Peter and leaned closer. "Because. Now, I know you, you know me. It all worked out for once in this stupid fucking universe in my favor. I've been dying to know who you really were beneath the mask. To see your real face, which is way more handsome and epically fucking fuckable than I'd ever dreamed." That predatorial glint entered his eyes, making Peter swallow. "And, now I know that you find this Colorado topography just as fuckable."

"What now?"

"We can still finish our date, if you want to," Wade said. "If not, I'll have Dopinder take you home, safe and sound."

Peter mulled over the choices in his head. Finally, he decided. "Call Dopinder, please," Peter said.

Wade's face fell, striking a guilty nerve in Peter's heart. The man just crumbled, his shoulders hunching over as he turned away. Wade pulled out his phone and called the taxi, then held up a hand for another drink. He did it all without looking Peter in the eye. Peter could hear Weasel cussing him out under his breath at the other end of the bar, his glare making his Spidey-sense tingle. But soon, Wade's phone chimed, and Wade signaled to Peter that his ride had arrived.

Peter stood, heading out of the bar. But just before he rounded the corner, he glanced back. Wade was staring after him, a heartbroken expression on his face.

Peter smiled and held out his hand. "Aren't you coming, too?" Wade's jaw dropped but his eyes lit up like Christmas. He downed his drink, and then began tripping over himself until he reached Peter.

"You didn't really think I was that heartless, did you?" Peter asked. Wade shrugged, a small smile appearing on trembling lips.

"Well, then. Let's go."

The whole ride back to Peter's apartment Wade gripped his hand. Like a vise. But Peter was content to let him hold on. He was having trouble believing this night and everything they'd learned was actually true. And Wade was nervous. He hadn't been nervous before. In fact, he'd swaggered around like an alley cat, stalked him like a wolf on the hunt. That was why Wade had seemed so familiar...and why his Spidey-senses hadn't tripped out.

Peter had no idea what to expect. This night was going way different than anything he'd had in mind. That's for sure. He assumed Wade was thinking the same. They were both sitting in silence, a heavy atmosphere hanging in the air. Dopinder's eyes darted between them, trying to gauge what the problem might be, but Peter just shook his head, and gave him a warning look to leave it be.

They finally arrived at his building and Peter and Wade got out the car. Wade waved as Dopinder left then turned to follow Peter inside. As they approached Peter's door, he spied the lock and reached for his key. Memories of earlier that night entered his mind. Peter blushed, his hand freezing just before inserting the key. The promise whispered into his ear made him burn all over again and he tried unlocking his door but missed. He tried again. Missed again.

"Shit," Peter grumbled, fumbling with the key.

"You okay?" Wade asked. He reached around, grabbing Peter's wrist and helped him steady himself enough to put the key in the lock, twisting it open. Peter burned where he'd touched him. God, he wanted that touch everywhere.

Wade must've felt the change in Peter's demeanor because he froze behind him, his body tensing up. Then, slowly...god, so slowly, Wade's body pressed into him. His hand trailed back down his arm, up Peter's shoulder, around to the front...along his collar bone. Peter sucked in a breath as teeth scraped down and then bit into a tender part of his neck.

Peter whimpered, pleasure tingling down to his toes. "Wade!" He said with a gasp.

"Oh my god, ba-by boy," Wade growled, punctuating every syllable. "Don't say my name like that or I'm liable to make you mine right here in this hall..." Well, if that didn't just turn Peter on even more, his pants growing tight as his erection grew.

"Hell yes," Peter groaned, rubbing his ass against the growing hot length behind him.

Wade laughed. "As much as I'd loved to get my voyeur on right now, I'd rather take my time and make a real mess of you inside." He reached out, turning the door knob. As the door creaked open, Peter was swept into his arms, one under his legs, the other around his waist. Wade carried him like he weighed about as much as a rag doll and fuck, it was hot. "Where's the bedroom?"

Peter pointed to the back area, the only door down a small, unlit hallway. Wade entered his bedroom in record time. Before Peter could flick the switch on the wall, Wade proceeded to fling him onto the bed. "Sorry, Petey-pie. This fugly mug doesn't do lights. Okay?"

"That's fine. But, I don't think your ugly. And, don't you want to see me?"

“Oh, but I can. Tonight, is all about you.” Peter could also see in the dark, it was one of the lucky traits he’d received from the bite. But, this time, Peter would hold that factoid back for now. Because at that moment, Wade began to strip.

God. He was so beautiful. Scars and all. Every inch of skin that was revealed, every rippling muscle beneath...damn. Wade pulled off everything waist up. Then, he came closer, and began to strip Peter. First, he worked to untie his shoes, pulling each off, one by one, his eyes fully fixed on Peter’s as he watched. They remained there as Wade continued to take off Peter’s socks and then, crawled forward to begin unbuttoning his shirt. The tension built with each button that came undone, Peter practically trembling beneath Wade’s fingertips as they grew closer and closer to his groin. Peter reached out, running a fingertip over Wade’s thigh and a hiss of breath left the other man’s lips.

“Don’t do that,” Wade growled. “Or I won’t be able to hold myself back.”

Peter leaned forward, his face eye level with Wade’s abs. Peter smirked at the mercenary before him. “Whose asking you to?”

Hands reached down and dragged Peter up by his collar. Warm lips pressed against his, a tongue sliding between his lips with expert skill. Peter melted, his body catching fire. His hands gripped Wade’s shoulders, holding on tight as Peter was dragged off the bed and held against the wall while they continued to kiss. Peter had his heels braced on the wood of his bed’s head board, Wade’s body pressing into him, hands tangling into his hair. Teeth nibbled on his bottom lip, Wade’s tongue swirling around his, dancing over his teeth.

Then, Wade’s fingers found Peter’s hands and wrapped around his wrists, pulling them off his body and spreading out his arms to either side. He slowly turned Peter’s palms and pushed them into the wall. Wade released his mouth, leaning his head back to catch Peter’s gaze. “You’re gonna want to use that Spidey grip of yours for a bit.”

Peter raised a brow but braced his fingertips on the wall and his toes into the wood. When he felt secure, he nodded to Wade.

The mercenary smiled. “Oh boy. I have always wanted to do this!” Wade kissed down his neck, nibbling at the skin. Slowly, he began moving lower, brushing Peter’s shirt to the side. Hands were on Peter’s pants, unbuttoning them without an issue. Peter gasped as fingertips brushed against him through the fabric, and bit his lip.

But then a hot mouth was enveloping his nipple. Peter moaned, his back arching off the wall. Wade’s tongue swirled around, teeth biting the nub. But nothing compared to feeling of Wade’s rough, callused hand slip through his boxer briefs and grip his aching cock. It was enough to almost make Peter lose his grip on the wall.

Peter panted, his chest bobbing as he groaned loudly. “God...Deadpool...Fuck, that feels good.” Wade chuckled into his chest, his mouth continuing lower, hot kisses travelling closer and closer to Peter’s waiting member, Wade’s hand pumping steadily. And the other forced his thigh to spread wider. The position was awkward, but Peter was just flexible enough that it worked without bothering him too much. Peter groaned as teeth nibbled that soft skin between thigh and hip. Lips moved toward his cock, hot breath tingling over wet skin that

had just been licked. His hips bucked, begging for relief, calluses not enough friction. He needed more...god, please... "More..."

The whine left Peter's lips but he wasn't embarrassed. In his delirium of lust, he could only think about relief, only wanted...wanted more... He felt Wade smiled against his thigh, those lips curling up and Peter whimpered. "Please," he begged. His hips bucked again but Wade seemed content to continue the sweet torture with just his hand, lips exploring elsewhere. Just as he gave up hope, that hot mouth grazed his taint, eliciting a small squeak from Peter's throat of surprise. They locked eyes and Wade chuckled, brown eyes full of humor. But Peter's head fell back into the wall again as Wade continued his ministrations. He cupped Peter's balls with his lips, delicately using his tongue to suck them inside, slurping on them as they tightened. Sweet fucking agony with every lick.

"God...Wade...Deadpool, whoever...fuck, that's sooo good...ah," Peter moaned. It must've been the magic words because Wade immediately had his cock engulfed in his mouth, purring around the length. Peter arched off the wall, almost losing his grip as all the blood rushed to his groin. He cried out, a tongue swirling around him like a goddamned lollipop.

Then, stars exploded, his vision going blurry as he came. Wade sucked at him for every bit, gulping his cum down like it was going out of style. His body trembled which continued as the high of his orgasm slowly dissipated.

Peter lost his grip, but warm hands caught him as he slid back down to the bed. "Oh, baby boy. That was delicious," Wade murmured into his neck, arms around his waist. He felt Wade maneuver him until Peter was on his back again. But then, a layer of covers were pulled to his chest.

Peter blinked, sleepy eyes gazing up. "Wade?"

The man sat on the bed beside him, legs over the edge. "Hey, petey-pie..."

"Wait...what about you?" Peter could see the tent still at the front of Wade's pants. Wade leaned over and placed a chaste kiss to his cheek. "I'll be fine. We can continue later... when your not so liquored up. Ok? Wouldn't want you to hate me for getting you drunk and fucking your brains out. I'm a fucked up asshole, but even this fugly chew toy has standards, ya know?"

Peter sighed. Disappointment rose in his chest but all of sudden exhaustion crept up and it was an effort to keep his eyes open. "Ok...Wade?"

"Hmm?"

Peter reached out, taking Wade's hand. "Your cherry skills are on point."

Wade barked in laughter, his head falling back. He planted a kiss on Peter's mouth. "Sleep tight, baby boy. I'll see ya later." Wade grabbed his clothes and headed out of the apartment. Peter was still smiling to himself when he finally fell asleep.

Ch. 4

His Spidey sense tingled, and hands shot out on each side of his face. Peter had enough warning to duck and roll out of reach. He whipped around, his shoes scraping on the sidewalk. Before him were two large, stocky thugs in suits, their hair slicked back in the stereotypical Italian mobster way.

The one who'd grabbed for Peter, sneered and lurched forward to grab him again. "Come here, boy."

Peter side stepped. "Like hell. What do you want?" He spun again as the other tried for him, too.

The first growled. "Stay still, kid. You're making this worse for your self."

"I'm not doing shit." Peter turned to run the opposite direction and slammed into a hard body. "Ouch!" He tumbled backward, rubbing his nose. "What the...?" One of the thugs grabbed him, his nails digging into Peter's shoulder. Peter tried to shrug him off but his other arm was restrained by the second. A menacing chuckle had Peter glancing up.

A man with a pointed chin and a shaved head stared back, a smug smirk on his stupidly handsome face. "Hello, there," he said, his voice thick with a British accent.

Peter's lips thinned. "I don't know who you are but I'm just trying to get home. I've done nothing to you."

The man swaggered forward, a fingertip tilting Peter's chin up as he towered over him. He actually thought he was intimidating to Peter. Little did he know that Peter had faced down foes way scarier than his smirk.

"You don't know me. But, I'm learning about you, Mr. Parker. Twice you've been connected to the same pain in my ass," he said. "So...how do you know Wade Wilson?"

Peter kept his face blank. "Who are you?"

"Just someone who has a little business with Wade, that's all. Nothing to be concerned over."

"I don't know him. We just met," Peter said. "I barely know him at all."

"Yet," the man said. He held up a copy of the picture published by the Daily Bugle of Spidey and Deadpool. He pointed to Peter's tagline. "Here is your name, underneath a picture of that same man, in his other more annoying getup."

"I'm known for taking pics of Spiderman, it's just a coincidence he was there."

The man gripped Peter's chin, fingers squeezing his face hard. Peter bared his teeth but remained calm.

“See. I don’t fucking believe you.” He held up a photo of Peter and Wade getting into a cab outside of Saint Margaret’s, hand in hand. “Once, that’s a coincidence. Chance even. But twice?” Baldy turned to the mobsters. “What do you boys think?”

“Nah. He knows something,” the one on Peter’s right said. He jostled his shoulder, tightening his grip further. Peter bit his lip but stayed quiet. He could easily get out of this situation if he wanted. None of them were strong enough to hold him. But...that would give away his identity. He’d have to deal for now. And hope he was given an opportunity to escape. His eyes darted around. It was late, most people were at home by now. The street was deserted and, damn, mere blocks from his place.

“Who are you?” Peter asked again.

The man smiled. It would’ve made his handsome face even more so but the evil glint in his blue eyes tainted it. “Call me Ajax.” Ajax released his chin and stepped back. “Now, tell me where I can find Wade Wilson.”

“63rd and park,” Peter said. He’d just blurted the top street names in his head. It wasn’t even close to the real truth. Mostly because, he had no idea where Wade/Deadpool lived. No one did. He was adamant about keeping it private and...Peter had forgotten to ask after the other night. Hell, he was still reeling from all he’d learned then. In fact, the two of them hadn’t spoken since. As if Wade was giving him the space to process. Or to reject him. Peter didn’t know which.

Ajax raised a brow. “Really? Just like that?”

“I owe that guy nothing. He’s a stranger. And, I don’t want to get mixed up in whatever shit he’s a part of, okay? So, let me go.” Peter pressed his lips together and gave a strained smile. He hoped the guy believed him. To his dismay, Ajax held a cell phone to his ear after dialing a number.

He stared Peter down as he waited for whoever to answer. “Yeah. It’s me. He gave the address. It’s 63rd and Park. Check it out. Yes, now. Do it!” Ajax ended the call. “You should know, that if you’re lying. I will kill you.”

Peter blinked. Fuck. He had to escape. Like now. Using a smidge of his Spidey strength,

Peter broke out of the thug’s grip and darted away. He sprinted at full speed, moving the opposite direction of his apartment. There was a chance these people didn’t know where he actually lived. And, he’d be damned if he gave it away.

His Spidey sense tingled the same time the sound of a gun shot exploded behind him. Peter dodged, the bullet wizzing past.

“You won’t get away!” Ajax yelled, another shot sounding. Peter zigged to the side and the brick beside him splintered as the bullet collided with the wall. Peter cursed but kept running, desperate for an alley or dark corner he could disappear into. Another gunshot sounded but this time, Peter didn’t move fast enough and the bullet grazed his thigh. Peter cursed, stumbling. He leaned against the building, his head whipping back to see where his enemies were.

Ajax stalked toward him, murderous intent written on his face. “You can run, Parker, but we’ll find you. And, you won’t get far.” The man raised his gun.

Peter darted around the building, clutching his thigh as another bullet wizzed past. He ran again, pushing through the pain. He was Spiderman. He could handle it. Peter did have a healing factor after all, though not as powerful as Deadpool’s, this wound wouldn’t take long to heal. Or at least that was what he told himself as he gritted his teeth, pain lancing up his thigh every time his foot hit the pavement. Fuck, it hurt.

A hand shot from the dark, grabbing his arm and jerking Peter into a nearby alley. Peter struggled against the grip of steel, a hand clamping over his mouth.

“Hey! Hey, it’s me, it me!” a low voice whispered harshly. Peter strained his neck, only to see the hooded face of Wade standing behind him, one finger over his lips to silence the spider.

“Are you okay?” Wade asked into his ear, pressing them both tight in the wall behind a nearby dumpster. He glanced around the edge as loud footsteps came closer then faded away. Peter nodded around the hand on his mouth. “Good, good.” Wade caught his gaze.

“That asshole, Weasel. This shit show here named after mr. Clean’s cousin showed up with a picture of us. Asking who you were. Bastard gave em your name. Still pissed about the Daily Bugle debacle. I told him to get over it but, no. So, now, Weez is going to need to see a doctor on account of his new Owen Wilson nose. Sorry about this. That’s Ajax, aka Fucking Francis. He’s a bad dude wrapped up in a burrito of shit and ever since he gave me this avocado’s angry sex face, I’ve gone outta my way to fuck with his business in the mutant slave trade. So, he doesn’t care for me much.”

Peter pulled his hand away. “Well, Francis knows who I am. It won’t take long for him to find out where I live.”

“Are you kidding?” Wade chuckled. “I took the only hard copy around. Ironman and his legion of techy nerds at Shield deleted any known address of yours off the planet. He probably had to go through some trouble to find you in the first place. Just to get to little old me. What a dickbag.”

“Old nemesis I take it?”

“Something like that.”

Peter sighed, leaning into Wade more. “What’re we going to do about it? I can’t keep looking over my shoulder. And, eventually, this Francis is going to realize that I’m not an ordinary citizen.”

“Why’re you bleeding on me, Petey?” Wade said, his tone low. “Thought you said you were okay?”

Peter shrugged. “It’s nothing. A flesh wound. The bullet barely grazed me.”

“He *shot* you?” Wade’s eyes flashed, his lips peeling back as he bared his teeth in a growl.

“I’m gonna kill that mother fucker. Going to slice and dice and shove his tongue in his eyes socket. Then shove his—“

“Wade...”

Wade blinked as if realizing he wasn’t alone again. “Oh, sorry. Spidey doesn’t like killing. Forgot.”

“It’s fine. Are they gone,” Peter asked. “Cuz the smell of this place is starting to get to me...”

Peter wrinkled his nose for emphasis, the smell of rotten food hanging in the air.

“I think so but we shouldn’t leave by ground. Can you climb us to the roof?”

Peter nodded. He held up a wrist and pulled back the sleeve. “I can do us one better.” With Wade holding tight to his waist, Peter used his webbing to pull them up to the roof of the building. When they were safely over the edge, Wade became lookout, checking around to make sure that Francis and his goons were really gone.

“We’re safe, for now,” Wade confirmed. “He’ll be back. You should consider a different route.”

Peter leaned against the ledge, sliding down until he sat on the concrete. “Yup. That’s a given. But It’s not going to be too far of a jump after that reflex display for him to realize I’m Spiderman...and that doesn’t just put me in danger, it leaves May at risk, too.”

Wade knelt in front of him, and laid a hand on his knee. “I will do everything in my power to make sure nothing happens to you, or anyone you care about. Pinky swear.” He tilted his head to the side and grinned. “Plus, you got the force of Shield and the Avengers, if needed. I’d happily let Hulk smash that British fuckface’s face into his face.”

Peter raised a brow, his lips turned at the corners. “You just said “face” three times, dude.”

Wade scoffed, rubbing his neck. “I know that...”

“But, Wade?” Peter said. “This is why...this is why I never reciprocated...before as Spidey. I know you have enemies. I do, too. I’ve—” A lump formed in his throat as the memory of the sick sound of Gwen’s body snapping against concrete flashed across in his mind. Her father bleeding out in his arms...God...Uncle Ben...his mom, his dad, Dr. Connors...the list continued on and on. Peter took a breath, practically choking on his own guilt. “I’ve...lost too many people, and I don’t have many left. May? She’s it. I don’t have friends, I don’t keep lovers. I can’t keep them safe. And this guy, Francis? He knows who I am. He’ll figure it out the rest eventually and I...fuck.” He ran his hands over his face. “I just...” Peter looked back up into Wade’s beautiful brown eyes. “I thought for once, maybe...just maybe, this man I met, I could have something. But, Wade...I can’t.” He gestured between them. “We. We can’t. And, this, what happened tonight, proves it.”

Wade remained silent. A feat that would’ve impressed Peter any other time but right then, he desperately needed the man to respond. Wade leaned forward, moving closer until he

straddled Peter's hips. A hand was on each of Peter's cheeks and then Wade pressed their lips together in a warm, gentle kiss.

A sweet, slow burn curled in Peter's stomach as the man's tongue coaxed his mouth open. Fingers swept into his hair and Peter reached up, gripping the edges of Wade's hoodie. He pulled him in closer, closer until he was desperate for Wade to continue the sweet dance, their tongues colliding with one another. When Wade finally broke away, Peter's skin was flushed, his heart beating a mile a minute.

The larger man leaned back, and offered Peter a small smile. "Feeling better?"

Peter nodded and placed his hands on Wade's wrists. "But it doesn't change what I said."

"You worry too much, baby boy," Wade murmured. "Plus, the biggest pro about me is that I can't die. Trust me, I've tried...many, many times. If you're that worried about May, have the multi-billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, sarcastic, metal bot...wait. Where was I going with this?"

Peter waited as Wade gathered his scattered thoughts again. It happened sometimes.

"Oh. Right. Have the iron dude keep her in some ultra secret safe house protected by the pirate man who shows up at the end of every movie with some plot twist."

"Who?"

"Ya know, Nick Fury?"

"Right...but she can't live in one of those places forever. And, May has no idea I'm Spiderman. What would I even say?" Peter argued.

Wade sighed. "Look. If you want, I will never appear before you as I am now. We can keep our...whatever strictly profesh and costume only. You just give the word and you never have to deal with my ugly mug ever again."

Peter's heart twisted. Everything inside him screamed against it. He wanted nothing more than to assure the mercenary that he would never ask him such a thing but, "Y-yes...", he forced himself to say and dropped his hands. "I like you, Wade. But, we should remain professional. Patrol buddies only." Wade's hands fell away. The defeated expression Peter saw twisted the knife in his gut but he bit his cheek, and forced himself to stay strong as Wade begin to blink a lot. The older man stood, backing away and turned his back.

Wade paused. "Do you need help getting home?" he asked, his voice soft.

"No, I'll be fine."

The older man nodded and left the roof via the fire escape without another word. For the first time since Gwen's death; Peter cried.

Ch. 5

Peter had just turned the key in his doorknob when his cell rang in his pocket. He struggled to grab for it, his hands full between the groceries he'd grabbed, and his book bag. Quickly, he transferred everything to one hand, reaching around to his back pocket and digging out the device.

Putting the phone to his ear, Peter pushed open the door with his heel and shuffled inside, trying to keep the milk from falling out of the bag at the same time. "Yeah?"

"Peter!" Tony's voice came over the speaker.

His agitated tone made Peter roll his eyes. Tony always had some bug up his butt when it came to the spider's heroic activities. As if his tech somehow made Ironman superior than the rest. Note that the actual man had no powers of his own, just intellect and money. Granted, he willingly shared said money as compensation for Peter missing work to go on missions for Shield but still; Stark's self-proclaimed leadership role could be irksome. "Yeah. What's up?"

"What the hell is going on? Are you a part of this, too?"

Peter's brows scrunched together. "What are you talking about?" he asked, finally setting all his groceries on the kitchen counter and then dropping himself with backpack on the couch.

"Everyone's least favorite mercenary just decided to hold an entire news station hostage to host his very own report," Tony said.

Peter sat upright. "He's doing what!?"

"Turn on channel 5."

Peter grabbed his remote, switching on the television across the room. Deadpool's masked face indeed flashed across the screen, making Peter's jaw drop.

{—going to get hurt. Quit screaming, ya ninnies. Ha! I just said ninnies. Now. Anyway. As I was saying,} Deadpool continued. He was sitting behind a desk, one arm slung around the shoulders of a terrified looking reporter and the other gesturing as he talked, hand gun pointing wildly.

Peter grinned. He couldn't help it. It had been days since he'd seen the lovable red panda and this sighting, though unfortunate, made his heart flutter. He chuckled, wondering what the hell the man was doing.

"Are you laughing? Do you seriously find this situation funny?" Tony demanded.

"No. Of course not. But why is Deadpool there?"

"It just started a couple minutes ago, so we have no idea. He hasn't made any ransom demands. In fact, he seems to be trying to be nice. Which makes us worry even more."

“Well, I’m sure Deadpool has good reason to plaster his face all over the news...He’s usually pretty camera shy.”

“Right. Well, we’re sending a team to deal with it. Are you sure you know nothing about it?”

“Not a clue.”

“Fine.” The line went dead and Peter put his phone on the coffee table, continuing to watch the “show.” Granted, as Spiderman, maybe he should help but, Peter was too nervous over how Deadpool might react. It had been a few days since that night but the masked mercenary had yet to join Spiderman for his nightly patrols. Considering the circumstances, Peter wasn’t surprised...just disappointed. Given time, perhaps the red panda would join him again soon.

{ok, ok. Give me a close up, camera man, old buddy old pal, would ya?} Deadpool said on the screen. The merc held up a badly drawn picture done in crayon of himself shooting another man, “ FRANCIS” written underneath.

{Have you seen this man? Also goes by deuce bag, or Ajax, Mr. Clean’s ugly cousin. Please be on the lookout. He is a Major sack of shit bricks and, if he’s watching this;} Deadpool leaned in, the white eyes of his mask turning to slits in a menacing glare, {I’m going to hunt you down like a fat man looks for a dropped French fry that fell out in the bag. And when I do...you’re going to wish you’d never come looking for me. You messed with the wrong one, Francis. No one threatens my friends without getting shish-kabobbed by Bea and Arthur.}

Deadpool laid his gun on the desk, then pulled out one of his katanas. The light struck the blade just right, its sharp edge gleaming. {You see, Francis, Arthur is grumpy. But, Bea, here?} He lifted the blade to his nose, sniffing the steel. {She is a truly dedicated performer and, always a joy to work with. She’ll happily slicing you to little, teeny, tiny pieces. So...if you really think you want a piece of this, bring it fuck face. But don’t worry. If you can’t find me, just wait. I’ll find you. And—}

There was the distinct sound of Ironman’s suit gearing up in the distance.

{oh. Hey, Iron dude. I didn’t hurt anyone...Just had a message to send. What’re you—!}

Peter burst out laughing as Deadpool blasted to the side, through the set wall and into another room. Ironman appeared on screen, calming down the reporters. The news stayed on for another couple minutes as the cameraman continued to record. Then, the screen went blank, due to “technical difficulties.”

Peter shook his head with a sigh. “Deadpool and his shenanigans,” he chuckled. He stood, made his way into the kitchen to fix dinner before patrol.

Everything continued as usual and nightly patrols were quiet except for the odd mugger or armed burglar.

Spiderman dropped down from his web rope onto a nearby rooftop, and lifted his mask over his mouth. The sun was just going down over the city, rays of bright yellow and red cast a warm glow between the buildings. He reached inside the bag, and pulled out one of the tacos he'd bought from the food cart on the street below. The scent of spices and cheese wafted to his nose as Peter lifted it to take a bite.

Peter closed his mouth, pausing. He hadn't eaten any kind of Mexican food since Deadpool had stopped joining him at night. He stared at the food, cradling the taco in his lap.

Peter bit his lip, heaving a heavy sigh. He'd been starving a moment ago but now...had lost his appetite. Spiderman stuffed the taco back in the brown paper bag and swung off the building. He swung around for a bit until he spotted a homeless woman sitting by an alleyway, holding out a cup. Spiderman lowered himself until he hung upside down in front of the woman.

She startled, lurching away from him, hands in front of her eyes.

"Hey there, citizen. Sorry to scare you. Here's a meal, courtesy of your friendly, neighborhood Spiderman." He held out the bag towards her.

She lowered her hands and snatched it. "Thank you..." the woman said warily.

"No problem, ma'am. Stay warm tonight!" Spiderman gave a small wave before zipping back up the building and swung away.

Night had descended, plunging the city into darkness. And from that darkness, Spiderman spotted the bright orange flames that billowed out of an apartment building, sirens blaring as fire trucks sped past. He could already smell the smoke that was rising out, and

Spiderman reached to hit the spider emblem on his chest. It activated a breathing filter to protect his lungs. He quickly swung closer, landing on the roof opposite the one in flames.

Spiderman leaned over the edge, gaging whether the firefighters below had a handle on the situation. Most of the residents had been evacuated, the FF's showering the building with water. From what he could tell, there wasn't anything left for him to do, no one to rescue. His shoulders slumped. He was glad everyone was alright, but...had hoped for a more exciting night. Anything to distract from the loneliness he'd felt creeping in.

Spiderman scratched his head, turning to continue his patrol. Peter froze, his spider sense tingling on his neck. Looking across the roof, a man stepped out of the shadows, fully covered from head to toe in black.

Spiderman scoffed, hand on his hip. "Well, you're not suspicious at all. Can I help you?" The man didn't respond, creeping steadily closer.

"Uh...okay. Well, give my regards to...whoever your boss is. See ya!" Peter shot out a web to a building across the street. But that second of distraction cost him. The man shot across the concrete, faster than Peter could see, a hand gripping his leg. He was thrown backwards, landing haphazardly on his side.

Spiderman groaned, rubbing at his head. "Okay...*not* nice." He stood, facing the attacker. "What do you want?"

"He really does dress like a big blue and red spider. Who'd have thought? I thought the papers were joking," a voice said from the side.

Peter whipped his head around, moving backward until both men were within sight. Ajax, or Francis rather, leaned beside the rooftop doorway, one heel on the wall.

He stepped forward, his head tilted as Francis looked Spiderman up and down. "You really have been as predictable as the heroic spider is proclaimed. Showing up at a fire."

Peter's brows scrunched, his eyes narrowing. "Did you set that fire?" he asked, pointing to the building still seeping smoke from the windows.

Francis's eyes slid to his associate. "I don't do tasks like that."

"Right. Wouldn't want to get your own hands dirty..." Spiderman crossed his arms. "By the way, I heard you harassed a friend of mine. Peter Parker. Nice kid. Stay away from him."

"Oh, him?" Francis raised a brow. "Yeah. That lead didn't work how we wanted." His eyes narrowed on the spider. "Figured there might be bigger fish we could track down."

"Little ol'me?" Spiderman said. "You shouldn't have. Really. You should walk away right now." He dropped his voice an octave. "I'm not the target you can handle." But as soon as the words left his mouth, a wave of dizziness made Peter stumble to the side. He caught himself, leaning on the wall with one hand.

Francis chuckled. "All it takes is one touch. And my friend's abilities can render anyone useless for hours."

Peter struggled to form words, slamming to the ground as his knees gave out. "...How?"

Francis stepped up to the hero, and tapped the place his goon had grabbed Peter's leg earlier. He lifted a piece of the suit that had ripped from the impact with the wall. But perhaps, it hadn't ripped then. He turned to see the other man hold up his hand, a ring on his middle finger had a small spike sticking out.

"Poi..poiso...?"

"Is it poison?" Francis laughed. "No.no. God, no. We need you alive, brov." He leaned in, his face inches away. "I'm tired of the games with that fucking Wilson character. He's messing with our product and my clients are not happy. It's time to end this. And, you are the bait, little spider."

Spiderman growled, and tried to grab for the man but failed. His strength flagged. But, Peter refused to pass out.

"Get him out of here. I'll meet you later," Francis said as he straightened.

Peter struggled but the man in black picked him up, throwing the masked hero over his shoulder like a rag doll. The man grunted at him, painfully jostling Spiderman, his shoulder digging into the spider's stomach. "The harder you fight, the stronger my serum becomes."

Peter made himself relax at those words. "Who...are you?"

"No one you want to know. Now; sleep." The man ripped another hole in Peter's suit with his ring and touched him, skin to skin. Spiderman grunted but soon succumbed to the man's power, his head dropping as he passed out.

Ch. 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

(POV Wade/Deadpool, yellow- {sarcastic mean}, white- [nasty mean])

“Another Weez.”

“You’re wasting my good whiskey. It doesn’t even affect you and you’ve already had four bottles worth!” The bartender crossed his arms, glaring at Wade. “Plus, you haven’t paid your tab. Cash. Now.”

Wade growled. He lifted his glass, head still on the bar. “Weez. You fucking, fucker, fuck-face snitch, bitch; Give me a another damn drink.”

Weasel dropped his hands. “One time...one time and he’ll never get over it, I swear...” he grumbled, moving to grab another bottle from the other end of the bar.

A bottle smacked the wood beside Wade’s face a moment later and the mercenary, turned his face, blinking at it. “Yay!” he cheered, a fist pumping into the air.

“When are you going to get over that Peter guy? You’ve been like this for days, go kill someone. Or something. You’re bumming everyone out, bro,” Weasel said.

Wade straighten, looking around at the crowd of bikers and roughnecks drinking or playing pool. Most were smiling, or kissing on a prost—lady of the night. “They seem fine to me.”

[Happier than you’ll ever be, you piece of shit. He was right to leave. You’re not worth sticking around for.]

{yeah, stop being so moody. It’s not like Peter dumped you or anything. Oh wait...LOL.}

Wade frowned. *Shut up.* He took a swig of whiskey, gripping the bottle with one hand.

“Yeah. Well...You’re bumming me out. You’re usually so giggly and kill happy. But now, you make me want to put you out your own misery, man,” the bartender said.

Fat Gandalf, aka. Buck, walked up to the bar, gave side eye to Wade, then a nod of acknowledgement. “I’ll take a beer,” he said to Weasel and turned to the mercenary. “Wade. Word is you’re looking for a guy named Francis.” His voice was low, almost a whisper.

Wade raised a brow. Took another swig. “Clearly.”

“Well,” Buck sidled closer. “I got some...associates who are...let’s say, friends with the Italians, see. And they said that these Italians got some operation going on just outside the city. A lot of money coming and going. Some bald headed British asshole involved.”

This time Wade did turn, setting down the bottle. “Really?”

“Frannnn-cis!” Deadpool singsonged, skipping along. He swung his katanas at his sides, blood dripping down the ends while he hopped over various bodies along the way. “Ooooh, Frannnn-cis!” Deadpool stopped and grabbed a grenade from his belt. He pulled the pin, chucking it forward. Body parts flew, metal screeching from the blast, and screams filled the air.

He’d found a lovely warehouse filled with more soon-to-be mutant slaves, just like the one he’d been in during his “transition.” Down by the docks were large metal containers, marked for transport. Apparently set to leave within a few hours. God love Fat Gandalf for that tip.

[Francis is gone. You were too slow. You missed him again. And you call your self a mercenary. Pathetic.]

{It’s almost like he knew you were gunning for him. Wonder what gave him that idea.}

“Oh, fuck off, both of you,” Wade snarled under his breath.

“Wade Fucking Wilson.”

Deadpool glared as the British shit stick in question stepped around the corner, plumes of smoke rising from piles of twisted metal. Wade forced himself to appear relaxed, slinging one of his blades across a shoulder, the other scraping the ground with the tip.

Deadpool snorted. *The tip. The writer said tip!*

“Well, well. Look who finally showed up,” Francis said. “And, here I’ve been waiting for you.”

“What! And, here I never got your phone call!”

“After that tv stunt you pulled, my clients became hesitant. Had to grease their palms with discounts just to convince them because of you!” Francis spat. “But, no more. Once they see that I’ve finished you off, they’ll be begging for my services.”

Deadpool snorted again. “Oh, they’ll be begging for services all right.” His answer only made Francis’s lip curl back in disgust. “So,Fuck Face, how do you want to do this? Fists, swords or bullets?”

“Neither. You’re gonna stand there and let me kill you.”

Deadpool cocked his head to the side. “And why on big berth’s titties would I ever let you do that?”

“Because I have some thing you want.”

“Your life? Yeah, I’m aware. Give it to me.”

Francis sighed. He ran a gloved hand over his face. “Why do I even bother?” He glared.

“Guess I’ll just have to tell them to kill your little blue friend after all.”

Deadpool went almost imperceptibly still. “What little blue friend,” Wade asked, keeping his tone light.

Francis chuckled. “Oh, Wade. Wade, Wade, Wade. You can’t fool me. I know who he is. I know what he means to you. It didn’t take much to put the two together once I found his real identity. So, if you want him to survive, you’ll let me kill you.”

Deadpool forced a laugh. “I have way too many friends in blue.” He sheathed his katanas. Pulled out the desert eagles. “You’ll have to be more specific.” He lifted one, casually inspecting the handle. It worked. Francis’s face grew more red by the moment.

“Spiderman, you complete idiot! I have Spiderman!”

“Oh...wait.” Deadpool scratched his neck with the barrel. “Whose that again?” Francis sputtered his words, hands squeezing into fists. With a loud cry, he charged the mercenary.

Deadpool side-stepped out of the way. “Wow. Ya know what? I don’t have time for this, now that I think about it. Too many people to kill, too much money to make, and waffles to bake. Ha! That rhymed.” He aimed the gun in his hand.

“Where’s the spider?”

(POV Peter/Spiderman)

Peter blinked his eyes, lids heavy. His throat was dry, cotton mouth. He was lying on his side, but his hands and feet weren’t bound. Peter felt his face, sighing in relief to feel his mask still there. Wherever he’d been taken was dark, completely pitch black.

Spiderman felt around on the ground. His fingertips scraped against it, a hollow sound of cloth scraping on metal. Clearing his throat, he tried standing. When that was successful, his legs not giving out from the previous man’s power, Peter felt out his surroundings.

Frustration built when he came upon nothing but more metal. “I’m in a damned box!” He croaked. He was still too weak to try and punch through it so instead, Peter let himself sink back to the ground.

He hit the link on his suit’s emblem but nothing happened. Spiderman tried again. “They must be jamming any signal for help...” But just as he began to panic, a loud thundering boom sounded in the distance.

“Was that an explosion?” He cocked his head to the side. Another thunderous boom went off, closer this time. Continuous gunfire began, shouting from various voices. Soon, even the metal box Peter had been contained inside began to shake as the explosions grew closer.

Then, doors swung open. Spiderman blinked, shielding his eyes as light flooded inside. A body was thrown to the side and someone stepped closer.

“Stay back,” Peter shouted. He shuffled farther away.

“Hey. Easy, baby boy, easy.”

Peter sagged with relief as that familiar voice floated to his ears. “Deadpool.”

“The one and only. Come give your knight in bleeding armor a hug!” Arms wrapped around his waist, and the spider was swept up off his feet.

“Deadpool. It was Francis. He set a fire and sent someone to cap—”

Deadpool shoved a finger to Peter’s lips. “Hush, hush. All’s taken care of. That fuck face is well and finally having tea with Lady Death. And...she’s promised to torture him to my hearts content as a favor she said she owed to you.”

Peter raised a brow. “Huh?”

“No idea. But, let’s get outta here. And then you can take a nice long bath while I watch,” Deadpool replied with a giggle.

Peter shoved at his chest. “Not happening.”

“Awe...” Deadpool whined, making his way out of what looked like some sort of underground operation. Bodies lined the floor, blood and random parts in all directions. Probably courtesy of the man who held him as gently as a baby at that very moment.

“Where are we?” Spiderman asked.

“Just outside NYC. Abandoned warehouse district. But close enough to the docks that Fuck Face had to make a deal with the Italians for part of the profit. It’s how I tracked em down. The Italians just love money, and keep a record of every damn cent. Unfortunately for Francis, the book keeper was more than happy to spill when they had Bea twisted through their thigh.”

“You tortured him.”

Deadpool sighed, and Peter could practically hear his eyes roll. “Hello! I’m Deadpool. Sexy mercenary who doesn’t give a fuck. Torture is small time for me. And hey, I didn’t unalive em, so it’s all good. A little PT and the old lady will be back on her feet in no time.”

“It was a woman? That’s worse!”

“Hey now. I’m an equal opportunity mercenary. Man, woman, LGBTAQI+, black, white, red, blue, whatever; I’ll unalive anyone plus torture for my own funzies!” Deadpool said, then paused. “Except kids. Never kids.”

“Right...” Spidey murmured. “So, how’d you know I was here?”

“Fuck Face told me while we fought. Stupid thing to say. I didn’t even know you were here until he said that. So I made sure to finish him off faster and go lookin’. Didn’t end well for his associates...”

Peter swallowed. “I can see that.” Cold air flowed over them as Deadpool finally found the exit. “I think I can take it from here.” He murmured, pushing at Deadpool’s chest.

“Uh, that’s a no go, baby boy.” The mercenary’s arms tightened around him and Peter decided not to fight him over it. It was nice to be held, the heat coming off Deadpool a welcome furnace in the chilly air. He laid his head against the merc’s shoulder with a sigh. Within moments, he was fast asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter but I had to cut this one in half or it'd be suuuuppperrr long. Next chapter coming soon! :)

Ch. 7

Chapter Notes

Some NON-con in this chapter, but its quick and not too overly done.

Peter sat straight up. He was wide awake. And...in his own bed? “Was that a dream?” He felt his chest. He was still dressed in his Spidey suit. He reached down, feeling his calf. Sure enough, the suit was ripped.

“So...it actually happened...” He pulled off his mask. Deadpool has brought him home. And hadn’t tried anything. He’d left the spider fully clothed, mask on. He’d even tucked Peter under the covers.

Peter smiled to himself. Wade could be sweet when he wanted to be.

Pushing out of the covers, he left the bed, stripping out of the suit. He immediately stepped into the shower, happily washing the grime from the ordeal off his body. When Peter was done, he grabbed a fresh suit and redressed. Then sent a text to Wade to meet him at their usual patrol spot.

The sun was already setting again by the time Spiderman reached the spot. When he arrived, Peter glanced around but when he didn’t see the mercenary, he checked his incoming texts. There was nothing. Peter cursed, kicking at the loose dirt on the rooftop.

“My, my. Spidey is one impatient boy these days.”

Spiderman beamed, turning to see Deadpool standing there, arms crossed. “So whose ass is grass tonight? I’m in a good mood for more un-aliving.”

Spiderman hesitated. The mercenary’s tone had triggered his Spidey sense. “Everything ok?”

Those white panda eyes narrowed, and the mercenary stalked closer. “Fine. Why?”

“You, uh, seem...tense.”

“Maybe.” A thrill went down Peter’s spine. Each step Wade took was filled with that predatory grace that always put Spidey on edge. Peter backed away, his legs bumping into the ledge of the roof. But Deadpool kept moving toward him.

“Want to talk about it?”

Deadpool stood before him, towering over Spiderman. A menacing aura made his neck tingle, his Spidey senses going crazy. But Peter dared not move, or risk triggering whatever

Deadpool was barely leashing. He sucked in a sharp breath when the mercenary leaned forward, placing hands on either side of Peter.

“No. I don’t want to talk about it.” Deadpool’s mouth was right next to his ear. “Why’d you call me here, Spidey?”

Spiderman cleared his throat, forcing himself to stay calm even with the lack of distance. Body heat radiated off Deadpool as usual. “You’re always so warm.”

“Making you sweat, baby boy? Or...” Deadpool slid a leg clad in leather between Peter’s, “...ya just turned on by a sexy ass squeezed into all this red. I mean, I can’t lie. You’re bubble butt wrapped in blue is a bone booster every time.”

“Wade...I...” Spiderman fumbled over his words, blushing beneath the mask.

“No. Shhh, shh, shh...” Deadpool pressed a finger to Peter’s lips again. “Francis is dead..so you owe me now.” Hands grabbed Peter’s hips and reached under his butt, forcibly pulling the spider’s legs around Deadpool’s waist.

“Wade!” A hand clamped over Spiderman’s mouth, the other squeezing an ass cheek. Deadpool turned, carrying the spider away from the ledge.

Spiderman struggled against him but Deadpool was a helluva lot stronger than he remembered. “Mrph!”

Deadpool only chuckled, but Peter’s spidey sense was still going off, more intense with every passing moment. Then his back was pushed against the nearby wall of the rooftop door, face pressed into red leather.

“Stop struggling, spidey.” A hand in black leather reached up, fingers squeezing around Spiderman’s throat. Something was wrong, wrong on so many levels...Deadpool had his issues but this...he was off. Seriously off. Maybe it was the white spots now in his vision or the way his lungs burned from lack of oxygen, Peter wasn’t sure. But either way, Deadpool was trying to kill him if Peter didn’t stop him.

He couldn’t speak, mouth still covered. All the muffled yelling in the world wouldn’t do the trick. Spiderman made a fist, rammed it into Deadpool’s side. It had no effect. None. So he tried again. And again...until his strength began to give out... he couldn’t breath, his throat. Gods, it hurt. Spiderman clawed at the Deadpool’s arms.

“I said to stop fighting me, Spidey,” Deadpool growled. The hand holding Spiderman by the hips grabbed the young hero’s forearm, and squeezed, hard. Spiderman screamed as his arm began to snap.

Blood splattered over Peter’s mask. He coughed, eyes widening as the Deadpool’s grip loosened, his body toppling backward. A knife stuck out of his skull. Spiderman dropped to the ground on shaky legs, Deadpool still as death before him. Peter cradled his arm to his chest, leaning back into the wall, and coughed around a bruised throat.

“Baby boy? You okay?”

Peter’s breath hitched again, his heart skipping a beat but not in the good way. Another Deadpool stood across from him, all his usual weapons missing.

Spiderman glanced between the two as the DP on the ground began to twitch. “What is... uh?”

“Francis made a “dark me.” Fucking bastard had one last trick up his stupid sleeve if something ever happened to him. Apparently he figured the only one who could kill me is me. Smart cuz fuck. Woke up to this shit-bird in my apartment stealing my favorite kill toys. Then I remember my phone went off but, Im pretty sure he shot me in the head before I could do anything. Cuz the rest is blank and there was a rather large amount of brains splattered on my favorite chair—”

“Wade,” Spiderman said, cutting the other man off as he began to ramble.

“Oh...right. Hey, call Iron dude. He told me once that they had a way to actually perma’ kill me. So maybe it works. And we can kill this dark me. Cuz I don’t like someone copying my style.”

Peter nodded and sprayed the Deadpool on the ground with webbing. He wanted to make sure dark DP didn’t get back up any time soon. He hit the emblem on his suit and requested the com link for Jarvis.

“Hello, Mr. Parker,” the AI greeted. “How may I assist you today? Would you like to speak with Mr. Stark?”

“Yeah...tell him its urgent.”

“I see. I have also scanned your vitals. It seems you may have a fracture on your right arm. As well as extensive bruising along your trachea. Would you like for him to bring medical assistance as well?”

“No. Jarvis. Thanks though,” Spiderman replied. “Tell him to bring restraints that can hold Deadpool. Someone made a bad version of him somehow.”

“Tony has been informed and is enroute with a unit of Shield agents. Is there anything else I can do for you today, Mr. Parker?” Jarvis asked.

“Er. No. End transmission.” The com link ended and Peter glanced at “good” Deadpool. He was fiddling under the webbing, pulling his weapons out as best as he could. With the strength of the material, he wasn’t having much luck.

“You know you aren’t going to be able to get them back until my webs dissolve.”

Wade grunted, pulled at a strand with all his might. He let go, seemingly giving up. “Fine. Their only one of kind swords I can never have reforged cuz hello...vibranium is hard to find.”

“Those aren’t vibranium,” Ironman said, flying toward them and landing on the roof. “Only Cap wields metal like that.”

“Someone *obviously* hasn’t seen the new Black Panther movie...” Wade muttered.

Peter raised a brow but shook his head. He always said strange stuff. “Hey, Tony.”

“Spiderman. What the hell happened here?”

“British Shit brick named Francis,” Deadpool answered before Peter could. “must’ve stolen some missing parts and let them regrow to make another me. An evil me.” When both Ironman and Spiderman gave him a look, Wade shrugged. “What? *Fine*. Evill-er.”

“We should go. Let Tony and the agents deal with this,” Peter suggested.

Tony nodded, the metal of his suit whirring and clicking. “Yes. Go take care of that arm, Peter. The agents will be here in a moment.”

As if on cue, the door to the roof opened, and in walked Coulson and Black Widow. She smiled to Spiderman and glared at Wade. Coulson knelt down beside the dark DP on the ground, spraying something on the webbing. As it began to dissolve, he took out a needle, injecting the bad DP with what Peter figured was some sort of paralytic. As soon as the webbing had dissolved, Wade reached down, grabbing his weapons from the other DP.

Coulson frowned. “We’ll have your suit returned.”

“No bigs. I have twenty pairs.”

Spiderman tensed as Black Widow stepped closer, her dark red hair curling over black leather. She cocked a brow, pursing her lips. “Hey. Don’t worry, we’re going to make sure this thing is gone for good. He won’t be back.” She moved to pat Peter’s arm but the spider shifted away. Understanding entered her eyes and Natasha dropped her hand.

Good DP had kept his distance, staying a healthy few feet from Ironman and the others. But Spiderman could feel the mercenary’s gaze on him. Peter met that gaze across the roof. He knew well the compromising position he’d been in, loathe to have to explain himself to the merc when they left.

“I’m going to go now, baby boy. Iron-dude, Russian Roulette.” Wade saluted the other two hero’s and left the roof, climbing down the fire escape. Spiderman followed, but at a slower pace. He knew that as soon as they were alone and out of hearing distance, anything could happen.

Peter swallowed. His throat was already beginning to heal, the soreness from earlier lessening. But his arm still throbbed. He imagined that there was probably a bunch of nasty bruises that looked like fingers.

Wade waited for him at the bottom. And as soon as Peter stepped off the metal latter, Wade stepped forward.

“Are you okay?” He asked. Deadpool made no moves to touch Peter. As if he understood the physical violation Spiderman had endured. But, Peter ached. As crazy as it seemed, he wanted Wade to hold him. Peter didn’t care that the evil version had just tried to strangle him. His Deadpool, his adorable red panda, would never do the same.

“Wade...” Peter said with a sigh and moved close enough to rest his forehead on Deadpool’s leather clad chest. A hand lightly padded his shoulder but Deadpool didn’t hug him.

“Going to be alright?” Wade asked.

“I’m sorry.”

Fingers lifted Peter’s chin. White eyes were narrowed with worry. “For what, petey-pie?”

“For not realizing...I really thought...for a second that you...wanted to...wanted to ki...”

“You actually thought I would kill you? I mean, I know I’m the craziest shit head to walk the planet but, baby boy, no. I would never. In fact, if they don’t figure out a way to kill my other bad guy self; I’m going to drop that fuck in the middle of the ocean myself with the largest anchor I can find. Then he won’t go anywhere, not for a long, long time. And when he does eventually escape in fifty odd years, I’ll do it again.”

“I’m not worried about him. I’m worried about you and what you must think about me,” Spiderman whispered. Deadpool’s eyes widened. He burst out laughing, arms smacking the spider on the shoulder, chest shaking.

When he finally calmed down, Deadpool wrapped his big arms around Peter’s waist and settled his chin in the crook of the hero’s neck. “I have never thought you were anything but my hero. I’m a fan of Cap, sure but, you, baby boy, you’re the guy I think about. Every morning, every night...especially when I masturbate, and un-alive targets.” Peter was floored. Enough so that he let that comment slide. “You’ve taken down so many powerful bad guys without killing them. I don’t know how you’ve managed to stay alive this long with that many enemies and a minuscule healing factor. Spidey, you’re the bravest person I know; powers or no powers. And I’ll do whatever to make sure you and your loved ones live long healthy lives. With that said...will you please come back to my place and finally let me hit dat amazing ass?”

Spiderman chuckled. Deadpool almost had had a nice moment and then...there was his usual humor. For once, the spider wasn’t annoyed. In fact, the lump in his throat made it impossible to speak. Instead, he snuggled closer, using his good arm to hug Deadpool’s neck.

“Is that a yes?”

Peter nodded into his neck, and wrapped his legs around the merc’s waist.

“Well, hot damn!” Deadpool lifted Peter’s mask up and pressed their lips together. His back was again pushed into the brick behind him, but this situation was entirely different. His Spidey sense stayed calm. His heart began to race with anticipation, not fear. Even his skin

heated. A tongue slipped between his lips, dancing over his teeth. Spiderman groaned, rubbing their groins together.

“Shit...don’t do that, or I won’t be able to get us home...” Deadpool said, nipping at the hero’s bottom lip.”Plus, your arm...”

Peter grabbed his collar, pulling Deadpool against him with enough force to push the air out of both their lungs. He devoured the other man’s lips, sucking on Wade’s tongue, small whimpers escaping his throat. Deadpool groaned, panting under his ministrations.

“God. I can’t wait.” Peter was spun, Deadpool pressing against him from behind. “Put your hand on the wall,” Wade instructed, his tone desperate. “And this in your mouth. I don’t want anyone to hear your delicious mouth but me.” He held up a black glove, his bared hand covered in scar tissue. Peter didn’t hesitate, taking the glove between his teeth, letting his tongue glide over the mercenaries finger tips as he did so. “Fuck. Peter. Touch your toes.”

Peter raised a brow in confusion. But complied, bending forward. There was the distinct sound of cloth ripping, and a cold air greeted his backside. At least he had a good view. He could see the mercenaries erection poking out through leather, straining to reach him. Peter shivered, licking his lips.

Deadpool re-sheathed his knife, metal whining as it slid between the leather. He dropped to his knees, spreading Peter’s butt cheeks Spiderman let out a low moan, a hot, slippery tongue entering his hole. In and out, Deadpool fucked him with his tongue, slurping his lips around the ring of muscle.

Peter was grateful it was night time or they’d be giving a helluva show to Shield, Ironman and Black Widow, not to mention any passing citizen. As his groin throbbed, so did his injured arm, the combination of pleasure and pain making him dizzy. But the sight before him was worth any amount of discomfort. Deadpool’s crotch was eye level with his face. Red leather strained around the member that grew with every passing moment. Wade rocked his hips forward, unconsciously fucking the air as his lust built. Peter decided to take advantage, reached between his own legs to begin unbuckling Deadpool’s belt. With a little help from the merc, cuz one handed made things difficult, Deadpool’s cock sprang free from its constraints, flopping forward. Pre-cum leaked out the tip, veins popping on each side. Peter could see the blood pumping from his close vantage point.

Straining forward, Spiderman opened his mouth. He sucked in the tip, stroking soft, tender skin at the base. Deadpool groaned, bucking forward. Peter was forced to take in more than he could handle. Saliva dribbled out of his mouth as he struggled to work his throat around the sudden intrusion, still sore from earlier.

A finger tip ghosted around his hole, then plunged inside, eliciting a moan from Spiderman. The vibrations just made the cock in his mouth that much harder, and he could swear it was still growing bigger.

“Oh, god, baby boy...fuck,” Wade said, his tone more of a whine. “Sucking on me so good. Mmm. A kinky little spider is what you are. Damn, if I had only known sooner, I’d have hired a dark me before this.” He inserted a second digit, and this time Peter hips wiggled,

squirming for more. They stretched him, filling him but he wanted more...

Peter lifted his head away, letting Wade's dick bob in the air. "Wade, please. Im ready...I swear."

"No, no, petey-pie. You're far from it," Wade said. The mercenary reached forward, pushing his free hand through the hole in the spandex of Spiderman's suit. He wrapped his fingers around Peter's aching member, gently stroking.

"No. Don't do that...ah!" Peter's breath hitched. Pleasure spiked through his core, sensations overwhelming him. Wade's fingers rubbed a spot inside that sent spikes through his spine, tingles down his legs. His knees started to tremble.

Peter lifted himself up, grasping onto the wall, unable to curl himself down anymore without collapsing. He thrust into Wade's hand, a wet spot forming on the suit. "God, Wade... please..." he moaned.

"Mmm. You like that, baby boy?" Wade growled. He got to his feet and pressed himself in close to Peter, pushing the Spider into the wall even harder. Wade leaned in, nipping Peter's neck through the suit. "Say you like it, just for me. Say you want me to put my dick inside your hole and make a mess...such a mess of you. Until your so full of my cum that you can't breath. Say you want me, baby boy..." Deadpool rubbed the hard member over Peter's cheeks, then slid between them, rubbing it along his taint. His fingers continued to stretch Peter, thrusting inside. Peter moaned at the sensation of the hot flesh sliding against his skin. Wade bit into his neck, then nibbled on Peter's jaw. Their masks were still on half way and Wade used his tongue to push up on the spandex until Peter's ear was revealed. Using the tip, he licked around the edge of the spider's earlobe, hot breath sending chills down Peter's spine.

"I'm not hearing the words, Petey...you're going to have to say you want it or no super penis." Wade whispered in his ear.

Peter half laughed, half sobbed, his back arching as those fingers brushed that spot again.

"Please...Wade. God, I can't...I can't take it anymore."

Wade released the grip he had on Peter's groin. Peter whined but, then raised a brow when he heard the pop of a lid. "What was that?" A small clear bottle appeared in his vision. "Is that lube? You carry around lube in your suit?"

"Ya never know when the moment will strike, baby boy. Case in point..." Peter jumped a little as he felt the liquid squirt onto his backside. Wade pulled his fingers out, just enough to get some of the lube on the digits then pushed them back inside. "I would never want to raw dog a first timer anyway. Its already going to be uncomfortable for ya. I want you to enjoy yourself too."

Wade licked his lips, dropping the bottle to the side and gripped Spiderman by the hips. "Mmm-mmm. Damn, I look good sliding between your cheeks. Like I said before; dat ass. Mmm...and still in your little spandex...fuck me sideways, this is top 25 of the hottest things I ever imagined doing to you..."

Peter turned his head with a smirk. "What are the other 24?" His eyes squeezed shut as Wade thrust his fingers a little harder and bit his earlobe.

"Oh. We're going to do each... and... every... single... one." Wade said, punctuating his words with his fingers. "Say you want me, Peter...say my name. Just want to hear my name as you beg for it."

Spiderman reached backward, grabbing the back of Wade's head and strains his neck to pull the man into a kiss. He licked each one, his tongue sliding over Wade's lips with longing. Pulling back a hairsbreadth, Peter whispered, "Wade. I want you. Only you. Please...make me yours."

Wade ripped off both his mask and the spiders. And then Peter could see, he could see the depth of emotions swimming in Wade's eyes. There was heat, yes but there was more than that. Behind the lust, behind the hunger, his words had affected Wade's heart. In the darkness of that alley, it was only the two of them in all the world.

"Are you sure?" the mercenary asked, barely a whisper, breath hitching.

"Yes."

And as Wade pressed the head of his cock inside Peter, it became about more than sex.

A hand came up, fingers curling into Peter's hair. Spiderman moaned, his hole stretching around the hot member that slowly sheathed itself inside him.

Soon, Wade had fully sewed himself and laid his forehead in the middle of Peter's shoulder blades, panting. "God, baby boy, you feel so good...I can barely hold it together." An arm hugged Peter around the middle, squeezing. His knees began to tremble as hunger began to build again.

"Move, Wade. Please...move," Peter whimpered. The head of his own dick rubbed into his suit, the lack of friction from both sides creating frustration on a level he'd never experienced before. Whatever discomfort he felt was blocked by the throbbing in his broken arm.

"Hold on, petey-pie," Wade said. Deadpool reached down, hooking his arms under Peter's knees. He lifted the younger man off the ground, spreading his legs wider. Then Spiderman was spun. He groaned, Wade's cock still inside, that member rubbing against his walls in such delicious ways. Wade hooked one of Spiderman's legs over his shoulder, the other he wrapped around his waist.

Then Deadpool leaned in, thrusting hard while he devoured Peter's lips in a hungry kiss. Peter hugged Wade's neck, but kept his injured arm to the side while he rode the mercenary for all he was worth.

He rolled his hips into each thrust, matching Deadpool thrust for thrust. But when that hot member rubbed that spot inside, he locked up, his body snapping tight like a strung bow. Deadpool gave a low chuckle and purposely hit that spot again. "I see what you like, huh?" Peter moaned in answer, unable to string a coherent sentence together in his delirium.

“Look at that wet spot grow, baby boy...are you close? Do you want to cum for me?” Wade gripped Peter’s cock through his suit, stroking the head with his thumb. “Oh baby...” He squeezed Peter harder, stroking his member in time with his thrusts. “You are the sexiest thing on this planet. I want to see that “o” face so bad...mmm, just for me, too. Cum just for me, Peter.”

As his name fell off those lips, it was the straw to break him, sending Peter the edge. His nails dug into Wade’s shoulder while his body convulsed, his cock pumping between Wade’s grip. He bit his lip so hard, trying not to scream, the taste of iron reached his tongue. There was nothing Spidey could do but ride the wave, pleasure and pain colliding over his body.

“God, you’re beautiful, baby boy. So beautiful,” Wade said. His thrusting picked up pace and he let go of Peter’s groin to cradle his neck, pulling Peter into another rough kiss.

“Wade! Don’t stop, Wade. Please, gods, don’t stop... it’s so good...” Peter begged incoherently, spasming as Wade kept rubbing that spot, the wave of pleasure continuing with each thrust, building higher and higher again.

Wade let out a low growl, biting down on a Peter’s shoulder. His hips pistoned forward, pressing the spider harder and harder into the brick behind him.

Then with a loud grunt, Peter felt warm liquid flood his insides. Wade froze around him, his body shuddering. Peter panted heavily, swear bearing on his forehead, finally able to coming down from his own release. Peter yelped as they both dropped, one of Wade’s knees giving out beneath them.

“Whoa, whoa. Sorry,” he mumbled, Wade leaned his forehead on Peter’s shoulder. “Just, uh, give me a moment...”

Peter smiled, pressing a gentle kiss to the man’s temple. “Take all the time you need, my red panda.” He nuzzled him with his nose.

Wade chuckled, turning his face toward him. “You’re red panda?” The man shrugged. “All right, I can dig it.” He dropped Spiderman’s leg off his shoulder, and wrapped it around his waist with the other. Then leaned back, pulling Peter forward with him until they were seated on the concrete, Wade’s legs crossed beneath Peter’s butt. Peter moaned, Wade still inside him while they moved.

Wade let out a contented sigh. “Mmm...that was fan-fucking-tastic, baby boy.” Lifting Peter up by his hips, Wade pulled himself out and then settled the spider back on his lap. Peter’s lips turned up at the corners. He reached around, twisting backward to grab the masks that had fallen to the ground. He gave Wade a chaste kiss on the cheek, and pulled his mask back over his eyes. Then pulled Wade’s over his face too. It struggled with the tougher leather material and his one good arm. Wade laid a hand over his and they both worked to pull it down over his face.

Deadpool’s head ducked slightly. “Heh. Thanks, Spidey. You didn’t have to do that, I could’ve.”

“But I like taking care of you, too.”

“I...yeah. Okay.” Deadpool turned his face away but his hand on Peter’s thigh tightened.

Spiderman frowned. “Something wrong?”

“No,” Wade said. “I’m just...it’s hard for me to believe that what just happened...*actually* happened. That it was real...and I hear these, um....fuck. You’re going to realize how crazy I am.”

“Wait. Deadpool is crazy? OMG, I never would’ve guessed that. Wow,” Peter said, his tone deadpanned.

The white panda eyes narrowed. “Ha. You’re so funny, bug boy.”

“Just saying. Your sanity, or lack there of, has never been much of a question for most of us. Though some think it’s an act.”

“What do you think?” Deadpool asked. There was no humor or sarcasm. A sincere question laced with insecurity.

Spiderman sighed. And pulled his mask back off. He wanted Wade to see his eyes. See the truth in them when he answered.

“I think you are a man who has seen horrible, miserable things in your life. And you’ve internalized the tragic things you’ve seen, and carry them as a burden. Because you think you actually deserved these things that to happened to you. Which, to clarify, you didn’t. Never have. But you’ve suffered, and continue to suffer more than anyone I’ve ever seen, including myself. I think that the sanity you have is a testament to how strong you truly are. If anyone else had experienced the things you have, they wouldn’t have survived. But you did. That is what I think. I admire you for it. So while I understand you aren’t completely sane, I’m more than happy to accept you as you are. Not in how I can fix you and make you better. Exactly as you are because I like you just like this.”

“Oh...” Wade said, his voice breaking on the syllable. The man cleared his throat. “You wanna, uh, go back to my place?” he whispered, voice hoarse.

“Yes.”

Ch.8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Remind me to never, ever let you near my suit with a knife *ever* again...” Peter grumbled, sending a pointed glare at the mercenary as he carefully slipped through the window sill of Wade’s apartment. Deadpool chuckled, following the spider and reached out, pinching the exposed flesh of his behind.

Peter yelped. He whipped around, using his hand to protect his ass from further assault. “Stop it!” he hissed. ‘It’s bad enough I just mooned half the city tonight because of you.’”

One white eye widened, as if Deadpool raised a brow under the mask. “Don’t pretend like you didn’t like what happened in that alley...Or...do you need a recap?” The mercenary grabbed Peter around the waist. “I’m always up for round two, three and four. In fact, I could go the clichéd line of “all night long,” just for you, baby boy.”

Peter blushed and pulled out of his grasp. He wanted to change the subject, his brain misfiring as he recalled their shared activities from less than an hour ago. “I need to, uh, set this arm.”

“Right. Let me grab...um...” Wade paused. He glanced around the cluttered apartment, scratching his head. “Ya know, I don’t think I have any first aid here. I have this thing called a healing factor...”

Peter sighed. He eyed the couch. Stains covered the material, making his stomach turn. The rest of the apartment was in similar shape. “I am not sitting on anything in here with my bare ass. You have any pants I could put on?”

There was a soft chuckle and Deadpool slipped out of the room. Peter became nervous, biting his lip. He hated it when Deadpool laughed like that. It never meant anything good for anyone, especially not him.

He gazed around the room. Pizza boxes were stacked on a ratty kitchen table, and Peter could smell a lingering scent of pancakes and syrup wafting from said kitchen. The walls were covered in random memorabilia of the avengers, a few huge posters of Spidey as well as a smaller one of some guy in a bat costume. On the lone lazy boy chair was indeed the splattering of blood and brain matter Deadpool had mentioned earlier. Peter cringed, his lip curling back with disgust.

The mercenary returned a moment later. In his hands, he carried sweats, a grey zip up hoodie and...fucking Christ. Bright, almost neon, pink panties. Not just any panties. No. These had strings on the side and frills along the inner liner. Any coverage was a slip of fabric for the front and mesh material for the back.

“Here ya go,” Wade said, offering the clothing to Peter.

Spiderman frowned, white eyes narrowing into another glare. “There no way in hell I’m ever wearing that.”

“Heh. Sorry I don’t have anything better...I don’t wear boxers and everything else is dirty or a G-string.”

Spiderman pulled off his mask and tossed it onto the coffee table nearby. He lifted the pink panties out of the pile in Wade’s hands with the tip of his finger. “You mean you didn’t pick these monstrosities on purpose?”

“What! Well. I may have envisioned Spidey in these a time or two...thirty but—”

“Deadpool!”

“But. This really is all I can offer at the moment,” Deadpool finished. He held out the offered clothing again.

Spiderman grunted. He pressed the emblem on his suit. “Suit; Off.” The material loosened, and Peter shook it from his body, spandex piling at his feet. Peter now stood stark naked in Deadpool’s apartment. Whether that was a smart move on Peter’s part remained to be seen.

A small strangled squeak came from the masked man in question. Peter glanced up to see panda eyes wide and round, roaming his body in disbelief. He smirked, cocking one hip to the side. “See something you like?”

Peter desperately tried to remain calm, forcing himself not to blush under the scrutiny. Especially as the bruising on his arm stuck out on his pale skin, purples and greens mottling the flesh in the form of a large handprint. Deadpool’s eyes narrowed when they landed on Peter’s arm.

The hoodie was placed around his shoulders and pulled closed, Wade stepping close enough Peter could feel the other man’s breath against his ear. “Cover up. Because the next time I get you under me, ya gonna need both arms, baby boy.” Deadpool turned on his heel, leaving the room.

Peter trembled, his knees giving out. He slumped to the floor. With his adrenaline finally evening out, everything ached. He grabbed up the discarded clothes on the floor, shoving his legs into the sweats. He refused to even consider the panties. After a few breaths, Peter grabbed a webs hooter out of his suit then followed after Wade.

He made his way down a short hallway. It opened into what Peter assumed could only be Wade’s bedroom. There was a big bed which supported that theory. The man himself rummaged through a nearby closet, depositing weapon after weapon into their proper storage areas. Peter quietly made his way toward the large bed, and curled on top of the fluffy comforter, sinking into the mattress. It was heaven compared to the rinky-dink piece of crap he usually slept on at his place.

Wade nodded to him but continued unloading everything. When the mercenary finally made it to the large combat knife on his shin, he placed the blade on an end table. Then removed

his katanas. “Hey Petie. Put these up there, would ya?” He pointed to the wall behind the head board. Peter carefully took the blades, getting up on his knees. He set them in their place holders on the wall, making sure they were secured firmly and wouldn’t fall.

Finished, Peter settled back on the bed. “Wade, can you help me for a sec?” he asked. Deadpool nodded, pausing his activities. “I need you to set my arm for me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah,” Peter confirmed.

Deadpool took Peter’s arm in hand. Fingers caressed his skin, poking and prodding gingerly. “There not much to actually set. The bone hasn’t moved. You could rig a sling and it should heal on its own just fine.”

Peter nodded. “Okay. Good. Thought it might be one of those movie moments where I bite down on something and pass out.”

“Ha!” Wade barked, shoulder shaking. “I could give you something to bite, if you wanted.”

“Waaaddde.”

“What! You walked right into that one. I *had* to say it. I just had to!”

Peter glared, sucking at his teeth and shook his head. “Mm-hmm. Sure. Anyway...back to my broken arm.” He pulled out the web shooter from his jacket pocket and slipped it over the wrist of his good arm. “Have anything I can brace this with? I’ll wrap my webbing around it and then that should keep it secured so it’ll heal.”

Deadpool hunched over, a finger on his lip. “Hmmm. Oh! I know!” He rushed out of the room. Then was back within a few seconds, two long wooden spoons in hand. “Will these work? I usually mix pancake batter with them. But, these are clean. Promise.”

“Perfect. Now, hold them against my arm. I’m going to carefully spray it. Just watch your hands so you don’t get caught in it.”

“Gotcha.”

Together, mercenary and hero worked to create a makeshift brace for Spiderman’s arm. When they were finished, Peter checked out their handiwork. “Not too shabby. This should do until its back to normal tomorrow.”

“So...uh...now that that’s over with. Are you staying here? Tonight, I mean,” Deadpool asked.

Peter met his gaze. “Is that okay?”

“Well...before that shit-brick kidnapped you and the eviler version of me showed up, you were pretty adamant that we couldn’t be anything but “professional” toward each other.”

Peter dropped his head forward, looking up through his lashes with a sigh. “And what happened earlier didn’t maybe give you a hint to how I feel about that now because...?”

Deadpool stood, pacing the room, and picked at his gloves anxiously. “You were hopped on adrenaline. A lot of bad things had just happened, the kidnapping, a sexual assault. Maybe I’m just a release for you...” Deadpool began to mumble under his breath, then bits of an unknown conversation started to surface, the man arguing with himself. “Shut up...yes, yes, I *know* that. No, he’s not like that. He’s better than me. Shut up...”

“Wade!” Peter called.

The mercenary’s head whipped back to him, body going still. “Oh. Sorry, petey. You were saying?”

“Everything okay?”

“Yeah...continue.” Deadpool returned to sitting beside him on the edge of the bed.

“What I said back in the alley is still true. You know that, right?” Peter asked. Deadpool nodded, playing with the zipper of Peter’s hoodie, one leather clad finger flicking the metal.

Peter smiled, catching that hand in his own. “I still have plenty of...doubts, you could say. About this working. But. I want to try. You deserve someone at least willing to try. I’m not perfect and neither are you. But we can give this a shot, right?”

Deadpool nodded again, squeezing his hand. “Right.”

“Good. Then, if you don’t mind. I’m fucking exhausted. And, I need some sleep. Can I crash here tonight?”

“Only if you have no problem with me waking you up in the middle of the night for a lucky blow job.”

“For me or for you?”

Deadpool let out a wicked chuckle. “Wouldn’t you like to know...”

Chapter End Notes

kinda short but I hoped you liked it. more to "come" soon. lol Ha I love puns!

Ch. 9 PART 2

Chapter Summary

A new rival causes more complications for Peter's superhero identity as Spiderman. Can he get out of this one himself? Or will he need to call in the cavalry again?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter whistled to himself, a smile on his face as he walked down the street. It was a warm sunny day, everything just bright and shinier than usual. Children laughing, People enjoying their picnics as he passed the park. Birds chirped in the trees, and butterflies flew past, little trails of fairy dust sparkling after them.

At least to Peter, his mood all the way on cloud nine. He knew he was sickeningly happy, the kind of happy he usually wanted to punch people for. That chirpy, smiley crap that he always envied the happy couple for. But for once, he could be that stupid happy person. He finally had a real reason to smile. A person to be smile for.

Now, it was time to head over to the Daily Bugle. Jamison was expecting new photos and Peter had just the thing to show him. The one thing he knew he'd get a decent check for; a great shot of Spiderman. But this time, he picked a bad ass image of himself handing a group of thugs to the local PD, a moment right before he was going to web himself away. In the shot, the police officer was running after him, cuffs in the air as he ran toward the masked hero.

It was perfect. It was just close enough for Jamison to have his "bad Spidey" image but not enough to do Spiderman's reputation any damage. Yes. Today was a good day.

Arriving at the Bugle, Peter stepped onto the elevator. He pressed the button for the publisher's floor and relaxed into the wall, folder of photos in hand. Just as the door went to close, a hand reached out, stopping the doors. A man with short blonde hair stepped on, giving the other a nod of acknowledgment.

Peter gave an apologetic smile. “Sorry. I didn’t realize someone else was getting on or I would’ve held the doors.”

The man smiled back, waving a hand dismissively. “No worries.” He offered a hand and they shook.

“What floor do you need?” Peter asked, hand hovering over the buttons.

“Uh...not sure. Do you know where I can find J.J. Jamison’s office?”

Peter raised a brow, but he let out a light chuckle. “Oh. I’m headed there myself. You can follow me, if you like.”

“Great, great,” the man said. “Hopefully that’s not something we’ll repeat but to an office, that’s just fine.”

Peter scrunched his brows. “Okay...”

“I don’t mean any offense, I just prefer to do the leading. Not the following,” the man clarified. “I’m Eddie, Eddie Brock.”

“Ah. I guess that makes sense,” Peter scratched the back of his head. “Nice to meet you. I’m Peter Parker.”

The elevator door opened to their intended floor and both men stepped out. Peter waved him along. “It’s this way.”

“So,” Eddie said. “You’re the guy, huh?”

Peter shot him a confused look. “The guy?” They weaved around the desks, people passing by. He waved to a few, and they smiled back.

“Yup. The Spidey guy. The one who follows Spiderman but portrays him like he’s a fifties housewife.”

Peter had to force himself to keep walking at that comment, his happy demeanor diminishing every second this douche bag hung around. “Excuse me?”

Eddie shrugged. “Well, you just make him seem like such a nice guy, but he’s human. The guy has to do some bad at some point. Or maybe he’s not human. Wouldn’t surprise me. What with all the aliens falling from the skies these days.”

Peter slid a “You’re an idiot but I’m pretending to be nice” smile at the guy. “Trust me, Spiderman’s human. He’s also a nice person. And all he wants is to keep the citizens of New York, and now the world, safe.” That wasn’t narcissistic to say about yourself, was it? Nah... Peter had had to defend Spiderman’s reputation before. But doing it was rare these days, at least around anyone but Mr. Jamison.

“Rrrighht...you just keep drinking the Kool-Aid and I’ll be over here, ya know, exposing the truth,” Eddie said, rolling his eyes.

Peter sucked in a breath, ready to give this asshat a piece of his mind when Patty stepped in. “Hello, Peter. Good to see you. J.J. is expecting you.” She smiled at Eddie. “And you are?”

Eddie gave the receptionist a once over with his eyes, a slimy look that made Peter cringe inside. “Well, darlin’, I’m Eddie, Eddie Brock.” The blonde sidled closer to her, his hand rubbing down her arm suggestively.

“Ah, I see. Well, J.J. is expecting you both then.” Smoother than Peter would’ve imagined, Patty had slipped around to Peter’s other side and began ushering both men to Jamison’s office. “Have fun...”

“Mr. Jamison, Peter Parker is here and that Eddie Brock you requested,” Patty said as they entered the office and shut the door behind them.

Jamison swiveled around in his chair, a cigar squeezed between his lips, a black puff of smoke wafting into the air. When neither of the two said anything, the editor raised a brow. “Parker, whatdya’ got for me?”

“Oh, uh...” Peter opened his folder, sifting through a few before laying two down that he knew the editor would hate and then the actual photo he’d planned for Jamison to buy.

Jamison leaned forwards studying all three, mumbling to himself and nodding. “Now see here, Brock.” He tapped the third photo. “This is quality work. These are crap,” he threw the other two in the trash, “But this...yup. We can print this. Look at this, a menace to society, as usual. Do they believe me? No, even with the proof right here.” He held it up for the two men to see.

Peter couldn’t help but feel pleased with himself as Eddie leaned closer, squinting at the photo.

“Hmmm...but he’s swinging away. This isn’t proof of anything,” the blonde said. Before Jamison could start sputtering and swearing, his face already turning three shades redder, Eddie pulled another photo from his own folder and shot Peter a smug look. “*This* is proof.”

And Jamison’s eyes went wide, his cigar falling onto his desk. As his smile widened from ear to ear, Peter’s stomach dropped. He hadn’t seen a smile like it since the Deadpool incident from before. Peter searched his memory, trying to think of anything, *anything*, that could’ve been misconstrued...but DP hadn’t been with him on any patrols lately and other than his kidnapping and...assault and...oh god...the alley... Peter paled. No, no, no, no.

The brunette stepped forward to see the photo, trying to keep his appearance of calm in place. After all, he wasn’t supposed to be Spiderman. But what he found was so much worse than he’d imagined, if that was possible. He wasn’t caught in any sexually compromising poses. *Thank God*. He could rest easy knowing his child fans wouldn’t be scarred over his sex life, at least.

It was a small comfort. Because now, Spiderman was— “A goddamned, murderer! Hot damned, I knew it!” Jamison giggled, actually giggled. A chill crept down Peter’s spine.

The photo showed Spiderman standing over an unarmed thug, the thug obviously begging for his life, his face beaten to shit. Which wouldn’t have been unusual for Spiderman except, the hero held a gun pointed directly at the man on the ground. Again, this had happened before. Spiderman sometimes snatched the weapon away from such individuals but...this picture was captured mid-shot; a bright explosion on the end of the barrel, a small blur of a bullet millimeters from entering the thug’s skull.

Peter knew this had never happened, he didn’t kill; it was his biggest rule, he never killed, ever, ever...not even to save himself. Then, how? “When was this taken?” he asked.

Eddie smacked his back. “A few days ago. I knew the DB had a bone to pick with spidey since that weird incident. Did you hear about it? All their papers disappeared; the server mysteriously hacked. Like the story never happened. As if someone were protecting the stupid bug.”

“I—” Peter caught himself. “Spiderman is not a killer. He would never.”

“Awe, look. Someone’s been disillusioned,” Eddie mocked. “Wake up, dude. Even so-called heroes aren’t perfect. At some point, they’re gonna mess up.”

“And when they do, we catch ‘em in the act,” Jamison chimed in. “For all the world to see.” Both men chuckled at Peter, but the spider could nothing but feel shell-shocked.

“Why is it so easy to believe Spiderman could murder a man but not that he just genuinely wants to help people?”

“Oh, for chrissakes man. The proof is right there. Spiderman killed someone. And I got the shot, you didn’t.”

“This photo proves nothing. Where’s the film? I follow him everywhere and he didn’t do this, I swear it,” Peter insisted, smacking his hand on Mr. Jamison’s desk.

The editor glared but then let out a sigh. “It is out of character. Do you have the films?”

Eddie scoffed. “What is this? The 90’s? Ever heard of a digital camera? No film needed. There’s this new thing called technology.” He crossed his arms. “Ever heard of it?”

“Yeah. But digital can be manipulated. That’s why using film is the best for these kind of stories,” Peter spat, his anger rising. “Any photographer worth paying knows that.”

Eddie grabbed his collar. “What’re you trying to say, huh? Callin’ me a liar?”

“Yeah, I am.” Peter gripped the man’s wrist, so, soooo tempted to snap it like a twig. An easy feat with his super strength. It’d be satisfying to watch the bastard whimper like a baby.

Jamison slammed his fist on his desk, making the two men jump. Peter pushed Eddie off him, but they continued to glare at each other. “Now, Parker. You know that a picture like this is worth every penny. If it’s real, we must run it. The people need to know their precious Spidey is a killer. It’s a public safety issue.”

“But, Mr. J—”

“If Spiderman is innocent, he can prove it in court, as far as I’m concerned. He’s just a vigilante like the rest and I’m tired of these masked freaks. Bringing aliens and whatnot to our doors...” The editor turned to Eddie. “I’ll give you \$300.”

“\$600.”

“What’re you, outta’ your freaking mind?”

Eddie shrugged. “Well, I guess the Times might pay more...” He leaned to grab the photo back.

“\$400!”

“\$550.”

“\$450!”

“\$475.”

“Deal.”

Peter watched them shake on their deal. His world moved in slow motion. Like a noose tightening around his neck, he suddenly couldn’t breathe.

“Pick up your check from Patty. Peter, get the hell outta’ my office,” Jamison barked at the pair. Eddie chuckled, practically dancing out to the receptionist’s desk. Peter followed but just barely, listing to the side, his knees wobbly.

“Peter?” Patty said, frowning, her forehead wrinkling with worry. “Are you all right?”

He didn’t get to answer as Jamison came storming out. “Robbie! Robbie! We gotta’ get this to print, now!”

The harried black man came around the corner. “What? What is it?” he asked.

Jamison grinned, turning the photo over for him to see. Patty and Robbie gasped in unison.

“Spiderman is officially a murderer.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry its been SO long... I've been super busy with school and work and school and work...and work and school. This past year has been super crazy busy. I wanted to update before but I just didn't have time. I hope you enjoyed this new chapter. I have many, many new plans to make life "super fun" for Peter and Wade. *wink, wink* add a dab of sarcasm there... lol

Ch. 10

Chapter Summary

Peter is in for a rollercoaster after Spiderman is accused of murder! Can the Avenger's step in again, will Deadpool be out for revenge? Find out in this week's episode!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Don’t worry,” Pepper assured Peter. She handed him a glass of water. “We’ll figure it out. I’ve already alerted Tony and he’s reached out to SHIELD.”

“Th-thanks,” Peter said, taking the glass in his shaking hand. “I didn’t know where else to go...” He sat in a stool at the counter of the couple’s high-rise apartment. Tony and other Avengers were busy settling into their new headquarters further upstate.

“It’s okay. These thing happen. I’m sure it’s all a misunderstanding.” She tapped her smart phone’s screen, checking for messages. “As soon as he gets back...” Her phone rang.

“Tony? Wha...? Now wait a minute, I—what is? Hmm. Are you sure? Tony. *Tony.*” Pepper turned, walking away, angry whispering happening. “No. You have got to be kidding me. No. Now, Tony—Listen. I know it’s not...fine.” Pepper straightened as the call ended, turning back to him with a strained smile.

Peter raised an eyebrow. “Everything okay?” He took a small sip of water.

“Well, honey. I have to break some bad news.” Pepper took a seat in the stool next to him.

“What?”

“Fury won’t allow SHIELD or the Avengers to get involved this time. Tony said he can help authenticate the photo but...defending your reputation isn’t their job.”

Peter scoffed. “They were so willing to help before. What changed?”

Pepper sighed. “Well...Deadpool is unpredictable, one of the most ruthless killers there are.”

“He’s not that bad,” Peter mumbled.

She nodded. “Of course, sorry. But this is different. You’re not in danger this time. And Fury was already angry about their involvement before. So...unfortunately, you’ll need to figure this out alone.”

“Not in danger?” Peter slammed down his glass and shoved himself out of the stool. “The whole city thinks I’m a murderer!”

Pepper frowned back at him, her lips tight, giving him her famous scolding glare.

Peter sighed. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to snap at you.”

Pepper chuckled, sliding off her chair then pulled him close into a hug. “Do you really believe the people of New York think so little of you?”

He hung his head, resting his chin on her shoulder. “No. But a lot has happened lately...I just thought I could finally get a break.”

Pepper pulled back to look him in the eyes. “You should know better than anyone—a hero’s work is never done. Use your big brain full of all that intellect I know is there, just like Tony. And you’ll figure this out,” she said, tapping on his temple gently. Pepper swiped a piece of hair off his forehead then placed a chaste kiss there. “All right, kid. I’ve gotta’ get back to work. Chin up.” She turned him around, and gave the spider a tiny push toward the balcony.

“Thanks, Pepper.” Peter pulled his mask back on, and leapt off the ledge, web-slinging himself away.

Chapter End Notes

UPDATE finally...sorry for the long wait. And SORRY its kinda short atm. but will be adding more to it over the next couple weeks. I do plan on adding more chapters and continuing this story! IM FINALLY DONE WITH SCHOOL!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!