

They Think I'm Crazy but They Don't Know the Feeling

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18718147) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18718147>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Spider-Man/Deadpool - Joe Kelly (Comics) , Spider-Man - All Media Types , Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017) , Deadpool (Movieverse) , Deadpool - All Media Types , Marvel Cinematic Universe
Relationships:	Peter Parker/Wade Wilson , Spider-Man/Deadpool
Characters:	Spider-Man , Deadpool , Peter Parker , Wade Wilson , Tony Stark , Ironman - Character , May Parker , Ned Leeds , Christina , Angel Dust , Francis "Ajax" Freeman , Weasel , The Boxes , Michelle Jones , Pepper Potts , Happy Hogan
Additional Tags:	Slow Build , Slow Burn , Age Difference , Angst , Some Humor , Humor , Violence , Eventual Smut , Be patient , Peter is in Highschool , Peter POV , wade pov , Graphic Violence , Torture , Human Experimentation , THE BOXES - Freeform , White and yellow , Breaking the Fourth Wall , mostly canon but some AU , Alternate Canon , MCU universe with some changes , Attraction , Deadpool is inappropriate , Peter encourages him , Baby Boy , Flirting , Banter , Action , Superheroes , Insecure Wade Wilson , Minor Peter Parker/Wade Wilson , Virgin Peter Parker , Post-Spider-Man: Homecoming , Deadpool being Deadpool , Protective Tony Stark
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-05 Updated: 2019-07-19 Words: 15,056 Chapters: 3/?

They Think I'm Crazy but They Don't Know the Feeling

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Summary

It's hard enough surviving day to day life in high school and balancing your superhero duties. But add a merc with a mouth to that and things start to get crazy!

Wade wants to find and take down Project X. Maybe do a bit of killing and torture along the way. But he meets a friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man and things get complicated.

Deadpool murders people and Spider-Man saves them. They match each other in wit and humour, but can they work together when it counts? They soon become unlikely friends (eventually becoming more), when an enemy turns their lives upside down.

How will they get out of this one?

I'm Nothing If I Don't Have You

Author notes:

So, this story is set two years after Spider-Man Homecoming. No Infinity war in my universe. I have tried to keep most things canon. But have made minor changes along the way to suit my story. In this version May never found out that Peter was Spider-Man. In my mind Spider-Man is Tom Holland and Deadpool is Ryan Reynolds. But if you think something different that's up to you! There are song credits at the end of the chapter. These are songs I listened to while writing this chapter. Feel free to listen to them on Spotify or something if you want to add to your reading experience.

This is the first fan fiction I've written in ten years. I hope you like it!

Chapter One - I'm Nothing If I Don't Have You

Peter

Peter was having an awesome day. He absolutely nailed his Spanish quiz. He managed to improve his web fluid formula during chemistry class and today was Taco Tuesday in the cafeteria. Peter's favourite. He sighed with blissful contentment as he sat down with his lunch tray at his usual table next to his best friend Ned.

"So how did you go?" Ned asked as Peter sat down.

"Really good. I think I got everything right. I feel really good about it" Peter replied as he took a bite of his lunch.

"So, she said yes?" Ned enquired with keen anticipation.

Peter's eyebrows furrowed together in confusion. "What are you talking about Ned? The Spanish quiz?"

"Are you serious Peter!? No, I'm not talking about the Spanish quiz," he said with exasperation as he smacked his palm to his forehead. "I'm talking about May."

Peter stopped chewing his lunch, as realisation dawned on him. "Oh! You mean asking Aunt May about my 17th birthday," Peter said with less enthusiasm as before.

"Did she say yes? Can we have a party at your apartment?" Ned probed. Wanting more information out of Peter, clearly frustrated at his lack of enthusiasm.

Peter sighed. His good mood slipping away slowly. Peter hated celebrating his birthday. It was just another reminder of how low on the totem pole he was at Midtown School of Science and Technology. Ned, ever the dreamer, seemed to believe that if Peter had a party it would boost their popularity. Especially if Spider-Man made an appearance.

Peter had been Spider-Man for just over two years now. But it was still difficult for Peter to get used to his double life and even harder for Ned to understand how his two lives could be so different. As Spider-Man, he was the most popular guy in school. All the girls wanted to kiss him and all the guys wanted to be him. People walked around with Spider-Man shirts and one guy even graffitied a spider symbol onto the lockers in the west corridor. It was a shame he got caught and the principal made him scrub it off. Peter had thought it looked pretty sick. If people knew that Peter was Spider-Man it was pretty much a guarantee that he would shoot to the top of the social hierarchy at school.

But Peter couldn't do that. Being Spider-Man comes with responsibility and also dangerous side effects. Peter didn't even want to think about what could happen to the few people he was close too if his enemies knew about them. No, to keep his friends and family safe it was best to keep his superhero identity to himself. It was already bad enough that Ned had accidentally found out, when Peter had come home after patrol one night and crawled through his window onto the ceiling to find Ned sitting on his bed with a half-built Lego Death Star in his lap and his mouth hanging open in shock. Peter had completely forgotten that Ned was coming over and he had to quickly fill Ned in on everything that had happened to him since he got his powers and met Mr Stark.

It has been two years since Ned found out about Spider-Man. Peter had hoped that his over enthusiasm and constant questions would have lessened over time. This however was not the case. Ned was obsessed and every day demanded that Peter fill him in on his nightly patrols of the city.

Ned had also been trying to convince Peter to swing by as Spider-Man at his own birthday party to boost their popularity. But Peter had been trying to talk him out of that idea. It didn't go over too well the last time he planned to do that at Liz's party two years ago. Peter felt a twinge of guilt thinking about Liz and her Dad. Liz's Dad had turned out to be 'The Vulture'. Responsible for stealing alien technology, designing and making advanced weapons and selling them on the black market for a huge profit. Peter fought hard to stop him, which almost ended in fatality. But he had managed to pull Mr Toomes from the flames and left him webbed up for the police. Mr Toomes was sentenced to 10 years imprisonment. Liz and her Mom had moved to Boston to get away from the media hype of the trial. Peter used to have a huge crush on Liz and felt terrible that it had been him that caused her so much heart ache. Even if it was her Dad's choices that led them there.

"Peter! You're not even listening to me!" Ned sighed with annoyance.

Peter shook his head to clear his thoughts and looked up at Ned. "Sorry man. I got lost in thought. No, I haven't asked May about a party."

"What? Why not! Dude, it's our last year of high school and we deserve to be on top for once" Ned exclaimed as he took a bite of his taco lunch.

Peter sighed again. “You know why Ned. I don’t want a party. No one would come anyway.”

Almost on cue, as if to prove his point, Flash Thompson walked past Peter with a full tray of lunch. Peter could sense it coming. His spider sense tingled on the back of his neck in warning but Peter forced himself not to react as Flash bumped into him hard, tipping his tray onto Peter’s back. Minced meat, salsa, and assorted other ingredients dripped down the back of his shirt and onto the floor with a gross squelching sound. “Watch where you’re going next time Penis Parker!” Flash shouted, walking away with a wicked grin on his face and his mates giving him high fives to show their approval.

Peter closed his eyes for a moment. Trying to keep his cool and not flip out. This was the hardest part. Not reacting when he could do so easily. Peter could send Flash to the hospital after one punch if he really wanted. He also could have avoided that tray. His reflexes would have kicked in and he could have avoided it easily. But how would he explain that to the whole school watching? Its not humanly possible to be that fast or that strong. So, Peter had to pretend that nothing had changed. That he was still slow, clumsy, weak and a loser.

“Not cool man,” Ned said quietly when he knew Flash was out of ear shot. “I’ll go get you some napkins,” he suggested with a hint of pity in his voice.

“Don’t worry about it Ned,” Peter said with a grimace. “I’m gonna go to the change rooms at gym and change my shirt.”

“Want me to come with you?” Ned offered.

“Nah, it’s fine. I’ll see you at decathlon practice.” Peter grabbed his back pack, waved to Ned and headed in the direction of the change rooms. How did this day get so screwed up? Peter thought as he walked down the hallway. It had started so well, but now Peter was feeling like crap. At least he had patrolling to look forward to tonight.

The bell rang and Peter made his way to last period. He headed straight for the library for academic decathlon practice. As he walked through the library doors towards their regular table, he spotted MJ and waved to her. She glowered at him, as usual, making an L shape with her finger and her thumb on her forehead in the universal ‘loser’ symbol. But Peter just laughed. That was MJ’s humour. She liked to pretend that she’s all tough on the outside but really, she was nice when she wanted to be, but only to a very small number of people. Peter knew her well enough now to know that she was just joking.

“What’s up loser?” she said as Peter sat down across the table from her.

Peter laughed again. “Not much. Just keen to get started.”

“You are such a nerd,” MJ smirks as she shakes her head. “Unless you have somewhere better to be and that’s why your so keen to get started?”

Peter shifts his weight in the chair nervously. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

MJ stares at him. Making him feel even more nervous. She can't know what Peter rushes home to do every day after school. There is no way. Just when the silence gets almost unbearable. MJ smiles and says, "I'm just messing with you Parker."

Peter lets out a small sigh of relief and laughs nervously. "So where is everyone?"

Just then the rest of the team arrives and comes to join them. Bringing up the rear is their teacher Mr Harrington. "Nice to see our team captain is keen and ready to go. Good job Michelle!"

MJ just rolls her eyes as Ned, Abe, Flash, Cindy, Sally and Charles join their table. Flash looks at Peter and smirks. Clearly still amused by his earlier stunt in the cafeteria. Peter just nods and looks down at the desk. Ned sits next to Peter and whispers, "Hey are you alright? Changed your shirt I see."

Peter looks down at the design on his spare shirt and shrugs at Ned. He only had one shirt in his locker and it was one of his science pun shirts. It had a picture of the solar system on it. Mercury has a speech bubble saying "I'm too hot!" and the caption underneath reads 'First World Problems'. Peter grinned and whispered back, "Yeah I'm fine. And I love this shirt thank you very much!" Ned grinned back.

Peter enjoyed academic decathlon. The national championship was coming up in two months. This year the championship was being held in Boston. Unfortunately, his team didn't win last year but he had high hopes for this year. Besides, it would be his last chance to win that trophy as this was his last year. "Right! Let's get started," said Mr Harrington.

It was just after 3 o'clock when Peter burst out of the library doors at the end of the school day, ran towards the side gate and with a quick glance to check no one was watching, he jumped right over the top of the fence in one giant leap. He grinned as the exhilaration washed over him for a brief moment before landing gracefully on his feet. Peter jogged to the school's subway station on 36th Avenue and managed to board the train seconds before the door closed behind him. Peter pulled out his phone and checked it for messages as the train pulled away. Nothing. No messages from Happy or Mr Stark. Peter understood that Mr Stark was trying to protect him in his own way. But hadn't Peter proven himself by now? Yes, he loved being a friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man, but the world was changing. Crime was on the rise and Peter knew he could contribute more if Mr Stark trusted him and stopped treating him like a kid. He was starting to regret his decision, turning down being an official Avenger. Peter put his phone back in his pocket stared out the window as Queens passed him by.

A short subway ride and walk later Peter was entering the lobby of his apartment building and digging his keys out of his pocket. He jammed them in the lock, twisted and pushed the door open. A burning smell quickly filled his nostrils and he screwed up his face as he coughed. "May!" Peter called out in worry as he shut the door behind him.

"I'm in the kitchen!" May replied also coughing and sounding slightly manic.

Peter smiled to himself. Aunt May was not a great cook. She tried her best but most of her attempts end badly. Either being burnt or completely inedible. Peter had gotten very good at pretending to enjoy her cooking over the years. Most nights she would give in and just order take out. But it seems like she was in a cooking mood today. “What is going on in here?” Peter exclaimed as he caught sight of May waving a tea towel around in front of the open oven where smoke was gushing out.

May turned around, glancing at Peter and laughing. “Wow! I really screwed up this roast!” she exclaimed as she walked over to him and gave him a hug in greeting. Peter wrapped his arms around his aunt’s waist and squeezed. She looked exhausted. Peter felt a twinge of guilt seeing his young aunt with bags under her eyes, her long brown hair sticking up in every direction as she pulled away from their embrace. He knew she was working way too hard to support them both. If only being Spider-Man was a paying job. “You smell like Mexican food Peter,” she said with a smile. “Have you been rolling around in a dumpster or something?”

Peter offered a weak smile and said, “Oh just an accident in the cafeteria today. I’ll go have a shower before dinner.”

“Well we won’t be eating this,” she said with humour as she pulled a baking tray out of the oven with a big black lump on it.

“What was it? Beef? Chicken? I can’t even tell,” Peter joked with her as he kicked off his shoes.

“Well it was supposed to be chicken thank you very much,” she replied with mock insult. “Definitely not edible. I think I’ll order us some Chinese food instead.” She grabbed for the cordless phone.

“Good idea,” Peter agreed. “I’m gonna go have a shower and start my homework.” He started walking towards his bedroom.

May nodded and began to punch in the phone number for the Chinese delivery place. But she paused, “Oh I forgot to tell you. I managed to pick up an extra shift tonight at the shelter.”

Peter stopped and turned around. “Another one? Aren’t you going overboard a little? I think you’re working too hard,” Peter voiced his concerns.

May smiled warmly at Peter, “It’s kind of you to worry about me. But food doesn’t just magically appear in our fridge. We have bills and rent to pay and we need the money. Don’t worry about. I like working there. I feel like I’m making a difference.”

Peter was still not convinced but could see there was no talking May out of it. He nodded and headed to the bathroom to clean himself up.

A few hour later, Peter was sitting on the edge of a roof on a tall office building in the Bronx. May had headed off to work after eating dinner with Peter. He took the opportunity of her

absence from the apartment to get an earlier start with his patrol tonight. He usually waited until she was asleep before creeping out of his bedroom window. But tonight, that was not necessary. So here he was, his legs dangling carefree in the breeze over the edge of the building.

He didn't usually go to the Bronx. Most of his patrolling covered the island of Manhattan, but tonight he felt like a change. Peter listened. He could hear traffic in the distance, muffled voices, the occasional barking dog. He leaned further forward, teetering on the edge of the building listening intently. Then he heard it. A voice, "No...please don't! I'll give you whatever you want...please!" Peter stood up quickly, his mouth set in a grim line hidden under his mask.

He leapt off the roof and let himself fall for a few moments. Then he shot a web at the opposite building and started swinging towards the voice. It was about five blocks away. He landed on the roof of an apartment building and crouched on the edge to look down into the dark alley below.

There was an older woman backed against the brick wall clutching her purse. Her hair was grey and she was dressed in a black dress with long formal gloves, clearly heading to a classy event. A man with a gun was threatening her and grabbing for her purse.

Peter clung to the side of the building and quietly crawled down the wall until he was right behind the man. No one even noticed him perched there. He cleared his throat.

"Hey buddy! Stealing is wrong! Didn't you watch Sesame Street growing up?"

"Who the fuck is that?" The man whipped around, his gun now pointing in Peter's direction. The old woman behind him gasped.

"Wow! That's rude! Pointing a gun at me when I'm just trying to give you some quality life advice."

Maybe the man knew who Spider-Man was or maybe not, but after a shocked pause he decided to run. Peter sighed. Why do they always run?

"Hey where do you think you're going Mr Criminal?" Peter called out as he shot a web at the man's feet, causing him to lose his balance and topple forward with a grunt, landing on his face. Peter shot another web at the man's legs and leaped over a railing on the fire escape, pulling the web behind him like a hoist. The man was now dangling by his ankles a meter or two off the ground thrashing around with anger. Peter took a few steps towards him. The man lashed out, trying to hit him. Peter dodged these attempts easily and punched him (with partial strength. He didn't want to seriously injure the guy) in the stomach. The man grunted in pain and Peter shot more webs to wrap him up like a cocoon.

He turned around to find the old lady still frozen in shock against the brick wall. Her mouth open and eyes wide. "Excuse me Miss? Are you alright?" Peter asked quietly taking a few steps in her direction. This seemed to wake her from her trance as she shook her head and looked to Spider-Man.

“Yes.... yes, I think I’m ok. Thank you, young man,” she smiled warmly at him.

“Do you have a cell phone? You need to call the police so they can pick this guy up. When they get here can you tell them what happened?” Peter asked.

“Yes, I can do that,” the lady replied. “Thank you again.”

“My pleasure ma’am.” Peter replied as he crawled back up the edge of the building to the rooftop and disappeared over the edge.

He waited around for about twenty minutes until the cops came. He watched them struggle to cut the man free from his webbing, handcuff him and place him in the back of the police car. They took a statement from the old woman and then they were gone.

Peter allowed himself a smile for a job well done. These cut and dry incidents were far and few between. It wasn’t always wrapped up so nicely. He was just lucky it was only one guy, not like last time he was on patrol and was heavily outnumbered. He had ended up with quite a few bruises from that fight but had managed to web them all up as well. They should all be nicely tucked away in a jail cell by now.

Peter took a deep breath and began listening again. After a few moments Peter thought about swinging to a higher vantage point when he heard screaming. Peter’s head snapped up in concentration. Yes, it was definitely a man screaming not too far away. Peter took a running start and leapt off the roof. Shooting his webs at the building across the road he started to swing towards the horrible sound. A few blocks away Peter did a flip and landed gracefully on the roof of another building and peered down into another dark alley.

Peter didn’t quite know what to make of the sight before him. The man who was screaming was crawling on his hands and knees trying to get away from a tall figure in a red and black suit. The man in the red and black suit was huge! A hulking figure with guns on his utility belt and a sword in each hand. The man who had been screaming had patches of red on the back of his shirt where Peter assumed, he has been stabbed repeatedly. Who the hell was this guy? He didn’t look like any of the Avengers. Unless this was some new guy he didn’t know about? Peter took in a sharp breath as the man in red gave a hard kick to the guys stomach. Causing him to retch and splatter blood onto the pavement. Peter didn’t bother crawling down the wall this time. He dropped straight from the roof, landing in a crouch behind the hulking figure in red.

The man in red appeared to be swinging his hips, as if he was listening to a catchy song. “I’m gonna get ya. I’m gonna get ya, get ya. Oh, ah oh! I wanna taste the way that you bleed, Ohh! You’re my kill of the night!” He nodded his head and sang along as he went to kick the man again.

“Stop!” Peter called out.

The figure in red turned around; swords ready to strike. He spotted Peter and squealed like a little girl. “Spider-Man! Hey ittsy bitsy spider! What are you doin’ here? Come to get my autograph and beg me to take you under my wing? I’ll just have to check my schedule. No, I won’t. I’m definitely available for you! Hey I miss your original costume. The onesie that

you had? So adorable. Although this one has advantages as well. For example, that ass! Damn it looks fine in that red and blue spandex.” He sheathed his katanas and placed his hands on his hips.

Peter just stared. This was not reaction he expected. It took him a moment to regain his ability to speak. In the meantime, the man sheathed his swords (no wait! Katanas! Peter remembered. Yeah that’s what they’re called). “Look I don’t know who you are, but…”

“Oh! Silly me! I haven’t introduced myself! Hiya!” and he waved, “My name is Deadpool! I already know who you are of course! Spider-Man, I am a huge fan of how you swing around kicking ass in tight spandex. Just lovely!”

Peter blanched again. “Umm…Hi Deadpool. Look why don’t you let this guy go? It looks like he’s had enough for one night.”

Before Peter knew what had happened, Deadpool had pulled out his gun and pointed it in his face. Damn it! Peter hated guns and how had he done that so fast without setting off his spidey sense?

“This donkey dick isn’t going anywhere,” Deadpool exclaimed, all humour now gone from his voice. “Isn’t that right Sergei?” he turned his head and called to the man who was whimpering on the ground to his left.

Peter saw his opportunity; he shot his webs at Deadpool’s gun. Jerking it from his hand and quickly back flipping over him to land next to the unfortunate victim. “I’m here to help you,” he said to the man.

All of a sudden, his spidey sense shot a sharp pain down his spine. Without even thinking about it, acting purely on instinct, he leapt out of the way landing on the nearby wall in a crouching position. A small throwing knife bouncing off the dumpster he was standing in front of moments ago, hitting it with a clang.

“Time to squash a spider!” Deadpool warns as he draws his katanas from their sheath with a scraping sound. They do look very sharp. Peter gulped.

Peter looked to the man on the ground who was slowly getting to his feet. “Go! Run! Call the police!” he shouted to him.

“Not so fast Sergei! Didn’t we warn you not to run away from us?” Deadpool called as he drew a gun and shot him in the leg.

Peter scowled under his mask and shot his webs at Deadpool’s waist, wrapping his arms and katanas so he couldn’t swing them around anymore. “Just let the guy go! I think you’ve tortured him enough!”

Deadpool laughed as he struggled against Peter’s webs. “Of course, he doesn’t know. We haven’t told him yet.”

Peter was confused. Was he talking to him?

“Well Spidey boy it might interest you to know that this piece of shit you’re trying to save is a mother fucking sex trafficker. Isn’t that right Sergei? He works for the big boss of sex trafficking in New York and I was just about to make him spill everything he knows before I spill his guts.”

This caused Peter to stop and think. “That was too witty and clever” Deadpool muttered.

“Who do you keep talking to?” Peter asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

“Oh, its just my conscience! Little Jiminy cricket” Deadpool replied as his katanas finally manage to cut through Peter’s webs, setting him free.

Peter fired more webs at Deadpool but he managed to dodge them with unexpected speed. “Well tell your conscience that he’s not really doing his job...and that Spider-Man says hi”

This comment made Deadpool laugh. He doubled over with laughter, his anger dissolving as he sheathed his swords. “Will do ittsy bitsy spider.” He looked at the alley where Sergei had been lying in a puddle of blood. His blood remained, but he was gone. “Fuck me sideways! That asshole got away!”

Peter felt slightly guilty. “Was he really part of a sex trafficking ring?” Peter asked as he took a few steps towards Deadpool.

“Yes indeedy!” Deadpool replied as he picked up his throwing knives off the ground.

“And you were trying to get information out of him?” Peter clarified, watching carefully as Deadpool holstered each of his weapons.

“Sure...something like that,” he replied with a grin. Wait how could Peter tell he was grinning? Deadpool’s mask seems to have an unnatural ability to show human emotion. How does that work?

“Look, I don’t know if this is your first day as a superhero, but you can’t just go around torturing people like that.”

Deadpool stepped closer to Peter and looked down at him. He muttered under his breath, “Yeah but he doesn’t know that.” He put his hands on his hips and made a superhero pose. “What do you think? Do I look like a superhero?”

Peter smirked under his mask. “Spidey boy I’m no hero. I’m a mercenary. I’m in this for the money, not the glory.”

Peter quickly scrunched up his face in disgust. “First of all, its Spider-Man not Spider boy.”

“Yeah keep telling yourself that. No way your older than 21. I might not be able to see your face, but I can just tell. You’re definitely still a spring chicken.”

Peter felt his cheeks flush pink in embarrassment and anger. “And secondly, that’s horrible. How can you just be a hired killer? Don’t you have any sense of honour?”

Deadpool shrugged, “I have my own code. I only kill bad guys. Definitely not women or children.”

This surprised Peter. “Oh...”

Deadpool rocked back and forth on his heels a few times. “So... not that it hasn’t been a blast meeting you Spidey! But I’ve got places to go, people to *coughs* kill.”

“Hey wait!” Peter exclaimed. He wasn’t sure he should just let him go. This guy is breaking laws and is definitely dangerous. Not that he was sure he could stop him if he wanted to. Deadpool was surprisingly fast and strong. That realisation scared Peter a little.

“See ya later Spidey boy!!” Deadpool called out in a sing song voice as he ran around the corner and out of sight.

Peter paused for a moment. Trying to decide if he should chase after him. He decided to let it go for now. He was sure he would bump into Deadpool again and to tell the truth, he was feeling exhausted. He crawled to the top of the building and stood on the very edge, taking in a deep breath of the cool evening air. He scanned the pavements for a figure in red, but didn’t see anything. Peter jumped off the edge of the building, letting air rush past him for a few seconds before shooting his webs and swinging home.

By the time Peter arrived at his apartment building, it was just after three o’clock am. He had to be up for school in three hours. Peter landed quietly above his bedroom window on the sixth floor of his building. He silently lifted the window and crawled inside, listening carefully for any sign that May was home early from her shift. He didn’t hear anything and landed on his bed with a plop. He slid his window closed. May should be home around breakfast time. Peter hated her working the night shift. He didn’t like the idea of her catching the subway at that time of night. But she insisted that it wasn’t a big deal and he had quickly learned not to argue with her. Peter stripped off his suit and tossed it under the bed. He pulled on an old sleeping shirt and shorts before sliding under the covers. He closed his eyes as soon as his head hit the pillow and he let out a sigh of exhaustion.

Today had definitely not gone as planned, Peter thought as he started to drift off to sleep. That Deadpool was definitely a concern and something he should look into. Peter yawned and turned over onto his side. Tomorrow he would do some research.

Song credits:

Loser of the Year by Simple Plan

In Between Days by The Cure

Alive by Warbly Jets

Kill of the Night by Gin Wigmore

What A Tragic Attraction

Chapter Two – What A Tragic Attraction

Wade

[White]

{Yellow}

“Damn, that boy has a sweet ass! And did you see the way his body twisted in the most delicious ways when he flipped in the air?” Wade exclaimed as he slammed the door of his apartment shut behind him.

{I’d love to twist his body in some unnatural ways too and see his pretty red blood}

[We like blood ... and ass]

“Damn straight!” Wade took his katana straps off his back and dropped them on the ground with a thud. He twisted his neck until it cracked and sighed. “He did give us a good workout though! Even if I was distracted by his skin tight suit the whole time.”

[You need to stop thinking with your dick all the time]

“Ha! Like you can talk White! You’re just as much of a perv as me!”

{And me!!!}

[No one is as much of a perv as you Yellow]

{True}

Wade plopped onto his couch and peeled his mask off. Tossing it across the room. Wade had only been back in the States for a few months. His job sometimes took him to exotic locations around the world. Meeting new and exciting people and killing them. His last job had taken him all the way to Korea. He was glad to be back in his home city of New York. Although this particular apartment was starting to get pretty nasty. Wade wasn’t the cleanest guy and instead of getting off his ass and cleaning his own apartment, he preferred to move somewhere else and start again when it got too disgusting. He did make a butt load of money.

{As big as Kim Kardashian’s butt?}

“Definitely” Wade mumbled.

Wade grabbed his laptop off the floor and turned it on. His desktop wallpaper was of Captain America, in his tight little uniform posing with his shield.

{Damn...speaking of asses. That is America's ass}

"Captain America has always been my favourite superhero. But after tonight I think I might have a new contender." Wade remarked as he opened YouTube and searched for Spider-Man.

[Oh no! You're not developing a crush, are you?]

{A crush!!! Ooooo! We haven't had a crush on someone in ages! Not since....Va.....}

Wade stiffened and so did White, as Yellow almost let slip a painful memory.

Yellow went suddenly quiet. Wade sighed and continued his YouTube search, pushing that painful memory to the back of his mind. He clicked on a video dated a few weeks back. There he was! Our little spider, swinging from building to building and waving to tourists as he passed.

[He's too much of a goody, goody for us Wade. Look! He stopped to help an old lady cross the street for goodness sake!]

Wade smiled as he watched Spider-Man help the old lady.

[We should kill him!]

{"What?"} Wade and Yellow replied at the same time.

[Think about it! We love slicing, dicing, the pretty red blood. Think about cutting his perfectly white, young supple skin and all that lovely red coming out.]

{We do love blood, and we didn't get to finish our fun with Sergei} Yellow pouted.

"He did let Sergei get away..." Wade considered. He considered this as he clicked on another video. This time someone was obviously filming with a camera phone. The picture kept shaking. The person filming seemed to be hiding behind a dumpster. Spidey was beating up a couple of thugs in an alley. They had knives and were slashing towards him. But Spidey dodged out of the way with incredible speed and flipped behind the guy, kicking him in the ribs.

{Oh! I don't like this movie! There's no blood or sex}

[It's not a movie you idiot]

Wade kept watching as Spider-Man webbed up the criminals and swung away before the police turned up. Wade smiled to himself and said, "You know what? Maybe we should go spider hunting after all. Could be fun."

{Yay! I can't wait to feel his warm, sticky blood run down our fingers!}

[We'll catch him in our web]

“Oh, that pun was terrible...” Wade laughed as he closed his laptop.

A few days had passed and still no sign of Spider-Man.

Wade was starting to get pissed off and decided to go have a drink with Weasel at Sister Margaret's. Wade drunk about three bottles of top shelf liquor much to Weasel's dismay. Because of Wade's healing factor he had to consume a lot of alcohol. He could still get drunk, but it took a lot more than the average person to achieve. After starting a few bar fights, talking to Weasel about which Jonas brother is the most fuckable and winning a big wad of money from Buck over a game of pool, Wade decided to call it a night.

When wade had nothing better to do, he was either getting drunk or high with Weasel, playing video games, watching Netflix or jerking off to B grade porn in his apartment. He was thinking porn might be the way to spend the remainder of his evening.

The next night, Wade was determined to find the little spider. He ran all over the city, climbed up fire escapes and jumped over roof tops. Keeping an eye out for the slim figure in red and blue. No dice. “Fuck!” Wade exclaimed in frustration. Determined not to waste the evening, Wade pulled out his cell phone and called Weasel for a job. He might as well earn some money tonight. The name Weasel gave him was relatively well known in the crime scene of New York. Wade could have gone home to research his mark, but he was restless tonight and was feeling reckless. Its hard to care about planning and safety when you can't die. Right?

Wade made his way to the warehouse district. He approached the address of a meth distribution centre where his mark was rumoured to be. Wade slid the door open and walked inside, unholstering his guns and calling out in a sing song voice, “Honey! I'm home!!”

[There's no one here] White said with disappointment.

Sure enough Wade looked around but couldn't see anyone. There were tables of packaged meth ready for shipment, scales and piles of white snow but no drug dealers. “Where is everyone?”

{Maybe they all had to go to the loo at the same time?} Yellow joked.

Wade snorted as he walked to the back of the warehouse, he could hear the sounds of a commotion.

[They're still here! We get to kill after all!]

Wade pushed open the back door and the scene that he saw surprised him. In the carpark at the back, was about 30 armed thugs with semi-automatic guns, all pointed at a certain figure in red and blue.

{Oh no! Our Spidey!}

[Wow, he is seriously outnumbered]

{Let's kill them!! Spidey is ours, not theirs!}

Wade watched for a moment as Spider-Man kicked, punched, flipped and webbed in a flurry of speed. Every now and again one of the thugs would land a punch but it never broke Spidey's stride. It was almost beautiful to watch. Then the bullets started flying.

"Hey!" Wade exclaimed with anger. Moving forward to join the fight. He had fired six shots at the nearest thugs before anyone even noticed him. Six head shots and they were down. "Hey hot stuff!" Wade called as he waved to Spider-Man. Spidey whipped around to see who had called out. Unfortunately, about twenty guys with guns also turned to face Deadpool.

"Crap!" Wade exclaimed as he ducked behind a nearby car. Bullets raining down on his location. Wade peered around the back of the car to see which targets were closest. With a quick running start Wade jumped and flipped in mid-air, firing his guns as he did so. Taking out another ten guys with relative ease.

[There's never enough to keep us busy]

{Hey! Our Spidey is over there!}

His guns now empty, Wade threw them aside and unsheathed his katanas. He began slashing his way towards Spider-Man.

He seemed to be doing much better now. With a smaller number of attackers he was able to keep them at bay as he webbed them up. "Hey Spidey!" Deadpool called out, slashing his katana across some guys stomach. "Did you catch too many flies in your web tonight?" Spider-Man shot a web grenade at the guy closest to him which stuck him against the nearest car.

"I'm fine Deadpool. Please, no more killing," He called out breathlessly as he kicked another guy in the stomach, narrowly avoiding the knife the thug slashed in his direction.

"Screw that!" Wade exclaimed. "They're trying to kill you, so..." Wade went to slice through Spidey's last attacker, but Spider-Man shot his web at Wade's katanas and pulled them from his grasp, skidding them across the floor.

"Hey!" Wade growled.

{Hey! Our precious!}

[If he scratched our precious, we will kill him!]

Spider-Man finally knocked out his attacker with a well-placed kick. Wade found the sound of his head smacking the pavement very satisfying. Spider-Man started to drag his unconscious victims into a pile and web them up. "What are you doing here Deadpool?"

Wade picked his katanas up off the ground and examined them carefully. He couldn't see any scratches, so he holstered them before answering. "Was just in the neighbourhood Spidey. Besides, it looked like you needed some help." Spider-Man was too busy webbing up the guys to answer.

[Hey, isn't that our mark? Over there?]

Wade turned his head and saw the target. The man behind the whole meth operation. He was cowering behind a car.

{What a coward. Let's go fuck him up!}

Then Wade saw him pull a gun and point it at Spidey, who's back was turned. "No fucking way!" Wade growled as he ran towards Spidey. Spider-Man looked up in confusion as Wade leaped in front of him, a throwing knife leaving his fingers just as a shot echoed across the empty carpark. Wade felt his vision darken. Sounds faded away.

[Not this shit again...] White's voice faded away too. Soon it was nothingness.

For a while there was silence, empty blackness. Wade hated this part. The never ending void of nothingness.

Then slowly Wade began to hear music in the distance. As if someone was turning up the volume on a stereo. It was that stupidly annoying song from the Lego movie. Everything is awesome! Everything is cool when you're part of a team! Everything is awesome when you're living your dream!

Oh god! Not this shit again...

But nothing Wade could do could stop it. Suddenly cartoon characters sprung to life in his vision. A love heart with cartoon eyes was hugging a cute spider. Suddenly the spider grew huge with fangs and ate the heart, tearing its flesh and spitting out its bones.

[That is some fucked up shit]

{Hey! We're back!!!}

"Ughh..." Wade moaned as he slowly opened his eyes. His head felt like it had been repeatedly hit with a baseball bat. Headshots sucked.

Light filtered in slowly and the music faded away. Wade could smell gunpowder, blood and sweat. Suddenly his eyes focused and he was surprised to see Spider-Man's face so close to his.

Yellow gasped {Are we in heaven??}

Wade was suddenly conscious of the fact that his head was laying in Spider-Man's lap and he flushed red. His hands shot up to his face to make sure his mask was still on.

"Whoa! What the hell just happened!?" Spider-Man exclaimed in a high-pitched voice.

Wade shot up into a sitting position. Turning around to face Spidey. “Hey! Spidey Boy!”

Spider-Man looked confused. “But you were dead. You got shot in the head”

“I was only dead for a few minutes. It’s no big deal. Happens all the time.” Wade replied as he shrugged his shoulders.

Spider-Man sat up on his knees and grabbed Wade’s face with his hands, examining the bullet hole on his mask. Wade started to panic. What if the hole in his mask was big enough for him to see his skin?

[Yeah no one wants to see the cluster fuck that is your face]

{We wouldn’t want to make him puke would we?}

“But... I don’t understand. How are you not dead?” Spider-Man asked as he sat back down on the concrete ground.

“Healing factor! Its pretty much unbeatable. I can heal from any wound or injury. I could jump out of a plane with no parachute, have my limbs cut off and they grow right back, I basically can’t die. I’m immortal. A god basically so you should be worshipping me.” Wade grinned as Spider-Man scratched his head deep in thought.

{Remember that time we were in space without a suit?}

[And that time we got run over by a train?]

{Oh! How about the time we pissed off Superman and he shot his laser eyes at us?}

[That never happened]

{Whoops! Wrong universe. My bad}

“This is incredible...” Spider-Man sighed, staring at Wade.

Wade shifted uncomfortably for a second. “Awww... Don’t tell me you were worried about little old me?”

Spider-Man slowly got to his feet. His breathing hitched a little as his hand shot to his side with pain. “Damn, I think I’ve got a bruised rib. I’ve got a healing factor too. But no where near as impressive as yours. I can heal from an injury in about half the time of a normal person. But I don’t think I could survive a head shot.”

“That’s why I stepped in front. I couldn’t let Spider-Man die.” Wade replied as he too got to his feet, adjusting his katana straps.

Spider-Man looked at Wade and tilted his head, almost as if he was smiling. Although Wade couldn’t tell under his mask. “You didn’t need to do that. I can dodge bullets.”

“What!? You can dodge bullets? Like in the Matrix movie?” Wade was impressed.

{That's awesome! I wish we could dodge bullets}

[We don't need to dodge bullets. They don't kill us remember?]

{Yeah but it would look cool}

"What? Oh, um sort of. I have this kind of..." Spider-Man hesitated for a moment. "this spidey sense..." He looked embarrassed to call it that. "I get this slight pain or sensation run down my spine and my hairs stand on end and I know something is about to hurt me and I just flip out of the way on instinct. Although it would be cool if I could dodge bullets like Neo in the Matrix"

Wade laughed. This guy knows his movies. "That is totally awesome!"

"So you don't need to take bullets for me. Ok? I can dodge out the way next time." He sounded serious now.

"Its not a big deal Spidey Boy. I get shot all the time. It hurts like hell but it doesn't kill me."

"I don't want you getting hurt because of me." Spider-Man said quietly.

Wade was surprised.

{Awww! He likes us}

[He's just being nice. No one would ever like us. Have you seen us?]

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment before Wade cleared his throat. "So I guess you would have been fine if I hadn't shown up then?"

Spider-Man looked around at the scene and let out a sigh, "I guess I was a little outnumbered."

Wade snorted, "Ha! You think?" Wade took a few steps over to his mark. The guy had Wade's throwing knife lodged in his throat and was slumped over the door of the car. Wade pulled the knife out, whipped the blood on his leg and tucked the blade away into his belt.

Spider-Man chuckled at Wade's response. But quickly turned serious when he saw the dead bodies. "I wish you hadn't killed them all though."

"Oh baby boy. Your so sweet," Wade replied. "It had to be done otherwise it would have been bits of Spider all of the pavement."

Spider-Man nodded slightly and took a few steps closer to Wade. Wade's heart started to beat a little faster. "Well you did save my life. I'm really grateful for that. Thank you. How can I make it up to you?"

Wade was shocked. No one ever thanked him. He was truly touched by how genuine Spider-Man was being.

[You can scream our name as we drive our knife into you over and over again]

{I thought you didn't want to have sex with him?}

“How about we grab some dinner tomorrow?” Wade blurted out.

{[What!?!]}

Wade let out a deep breath. He wasn't sure why he said it. But the more he got to know Spidey, the more he liked him. Surely it couldn't hurt to hang out and get to know each other better?

{Yay! A date! We haven't been on a date in ages!}

[It's not a date. It's just dinner. Besides he won't come]

{Sure he will! Spidey is nice remember? He won't say no}

[He won't want to hang out with us. We kill people remember? Spidey is too noble to spend time with us]

Wade's heart began beating faster as the silence hung in the air. Crap. Maybe this had been a mistake? Spider-Man looked like he was considering it.

“My treat?” Wade added hopefully.

That seemed to convince Spidey. “Sure...ok. Sounds great.”

Yellow was doing a little happy dance.

Wade let out a sigh of relief and smiled. “Great! Why don't I meet you somewhere tomorrow night and I'll bring us some take out?”

“Sure,” Spider-Man replied. “How about the rooftop of the Grand National Bank on 22nd street at midnight? You know the big silver building? Or is that too tall for you to get up there?”

Wade shook his head, “It's not a problem Spidey Boy. Ill see you there.”

“We should go. The police are coming,” Spider-Man replied suddenly.

A few seconds later in the distance Wade could hear police sirens, slowly getting louder. It was time to go.

“See you tomorrow night little spider.” Wade raised his arm and waved as Spider-Man shot his webs at the nearby building, ready to swing away.

“See ya Deadpool. Try not to get killed too much between now and then.” And he swung himself up onto the rooftop of the building next door and swung around the corner and out of sight.

Wade smiled and ran to the nearest alley, out of sight before the cops showed up. After he ran for a few blocks back to his apartment Wade stopped for a moment to catch his breath.

He couldn't believe Spidey wanted to hang out with him. He was sure he was going to say no.

{How come I want to fuck him more than I want to kill him?}

[Because you are both idiots. This isn't going to end well]

"Stop being such a spoil sport White"

{Yeah! I like the little spider. Let's keep him}

[You idiot. If Wade likes him, he won't kill him, and we won't get to see his pretty blood]

{Oh.....}

"Both of you shut up" Wade hissed as he continued walking back to his apartment.

[I bet he won't even show up]

"He will." Wade gulped nervously.

Wade was so nervous as he climbed the fire escape towards their meeting spot just before midnight the next evening.

[He won't be there. No one would want to spend time with us]

{If he's not there then we can hunt him down and make him scream our name}

[Why does everything have to have a double entendre with you?]

{How do you know I was talking about sex?}

[Because its you we're talking about]

The voices had Wade almost convinced that he was going to find an empty roof top as he climbed the last few stairs, carrying a pizza box.

[See. I told you. He's not here]

Wade felt his stomach drop with disappointment.

{No! He is here! Look over there!}

Wade whipped his head around to the right where he could just see Spider-Man sitting on the edge of the building, his legs dangling over the edge. Wade smiled. He knew Spidey was too

nice to stand him up. He made his way over towards Spider-Man. He was a few steps behind him.

“Hey Deadpool!”

“How did you know it was me? I hadn’t said anything yet?” Wade was surprised.

“Spidey sense remember? It’s basically impossible to sneak up on me. Plus, I could smell the food.” Spider-Man turned slightly as Deadpool sat next to him, hanging his legs over the edge.

Wade whistled. “Damn...That’s sexy as fuck.”

Spider-Man shifted uncomfortably for a second before he chuckled.

“I hope you like pizza!” Wade exclaimed as he flipped open the pizza box between them and grabbed a slice.

Spider-Man looked down into the box and took a slice. “I love pizza. Not as much as I like tacos but it’s still pretty good.”

{He is PERFECT. We need to keep him. He likes tacos too!}

[I’m sure lots of people do. It is a delicious dinner choice. It doesn’t mean we need to marry him]

{Who said anything about marriage? I meant we should tie him up and keep him in our apartment to play with}

“Will you shut up?” Wade hissed under his breath.

“What?” Spider-Man asked with confusion in his voice.

“Nothing Spidey Boy. You love tacos huh? Me too! Tacos are my absolute favourite! But you can’t go past a good pineapple and olive pizza. Sweet and salty, yum”

Spider-Man chuckled as he placed his fingers under his mask and rolled it up to his nose, exposing his chin, neck and mouth. “Well maybe we should get tacos next time”, he said right before taking a bite of his pizza.

Wade had frozen. He was too busy staring at Spider-Man’s mouth. His lips looked so soft. He had an angular chin in a boyish, sexy way. His skin looked so soft and pink. The curve of his lips was almost pornographic.

[Oh shit. We’re in trouble now]

“Hey this is really good pizza! I’ve never had pineapple and olive before. You’re right! Its great!” Spider-Man had already finished his first piece and was grabbing his second.

Wade shook his head to clear his thoughts. He was still holding his first piece. He went to roll up his mask but stopped.

[Do you really want him to see your fucked-up skin?]

{No one wants to see that when they're eating}

Wade backed away slightly from the building edge and leaned against a nearby air vent which was casting a dark shadow. Spidey wouldn't be able to see his skin if he sat in the dark. Wade lifted up the edge of his mask to expose his mouth and practically inhaled his piece of pizza.

"Glad you're enjoying it Spidey Boy." Wade finished his piece and grabbed another. Spider-Man was on his third piece already. "You starving or something?"

Spider-Man stopped eating suddenly, "Oh sorry. I didn't mean to hog all your pizza. I eat a lot to keep up with my high metabolism. I'm always hungry." He went to put his piece down.

"No, no! Don't stop eating. I'm glad to see you have a healthy appetite. Besides, it makes sense. Your abilities must be linked to your high metabolism. So, eat up. Don't be shy." He passed Spider-Man another slice.

Wade was sure he saw the skin on Spider-Man's neck flush pink as he mumbled "Thanks" and he took the slice.

"So, I love your suit. It makes your ass look perfect by the way. Where did you get it?"

Spider-Man's neck and cheeks flushed a deeper pink. Wade smirked. He enjoyed causing that reaction. "Um... Mr Stark gave it to me actually a couple of years ago."

[That dick head? He is such an ass hole]

{Yeah, but he's a rich ass hole}

"The Iron Douche? Sweet. That's pretty impressive Spidey."

Spider-Man smiled, clearly happy with the compliment. "Yeah this suit is awesome. I'm still not sure why Mr Stark wanted to give me this suit. It would have to be worth at least a million dollars. It can do so much! It can like regulate temperature, it's got filtered lenses to help me focus and see better at night, my web shooters have so many combinations, I'm still learning them all, it also has an inbuilt parachute and a tracking system. I've gotten pretty good at using it and Mr Stark did offer for me to become an Avenger a while ago but I turned it down because I wanted to look out for the little guy and be a friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man, but now I don't know if I made the right choice. Mr Stark still acts like I'm a..." Spider-Man suddenly stopped. Not sure if he should be telling Deadpool all this.

Wade just nodded. "Well that all sounds awesome Spidey Boy. An Avenger huh? No offense to Tin Man, but you don't want to be an Avenger. Having a whole heap of people telling you what to do all the time? It's much better to be on your own. Be your own boss."

Spider-Man considered this as he finished his fourth piece of pizza. “What about your suit?” He turned to look at Deadpool.

Wade quickly shoved his pizza in his mouth and tucked his mask back over his chin. He could always eat more later. “Oh, this baby is homemade!”

“Really?” Spider-Man was clearly impressed.

“It didn’t always look this sexy either! It took me quite a few tries to get it looking this skin tight and gorgeous. I had to learn how to sew and everything.”

{Remember when we sewed our fingers together?}

[Yeah before this dumbass learnt how to use the sewing machine properly]

“My suit is red so the bad guys can’t see me bleed. That’s why you choose red right?”

“What!?” Spidey looked a little surprised and smirked. “No! I was going for more of a patriotic thing with the red and blue. But red and black...” Spider-Man looked Deadpool over and nodded, “Well I like it.”

Wade grinned, sliding towards the edge of the building and hanging his legs over the edge once more. “Thanks hot stuff.”

Spidey turned away, the colour of his cheeks darkening again. Wade grinned even wider. “So, friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man, hey?”

Spidey shrugged. “Yeah, I like to do my part. Make New York a safer place and all that. It seemed like the logical thing to do with my abilities.” He looked at Deadpool. “So, contract killing, hey?”

Wade laughed, “Yeah it seemed like the logical thing to do.”

[Plus, we love killing]

{Stabbing}

[Shooting]

{Blowing things up}

[Blood]

{Guts}

[Screams]

{[Pain]}

Wade ignored the murderous voices in his head. “It’s not like there is a shortage of shitty people around the world. I figure it’s my job to cull that particular population.”

Spider-Man nodded looking off into the distance. Obviously deep in thought. “Hey what’s the time?”

Wade looked at his Adventure Time watch. “It’s almost 2am. Why?”

Spider-Man quickly pulled his mask down over his mouth and stood up.

{Aw... We can’t see that milky white skin anymore}

“I didn’t realise how late it was. I’ve got to go...”

Wade stood up and chuckled. “What? Got to get to bed because it’s a school night?”

“Ummm... Something like that.” He laughed nervously. “Sorry. This was fun though. We should hang out again some time. Maybe you could join me on patrol next time?”

{He wants to see us again!!!} Yellow squealed with excitement.

“Sounds like a date Spidey Babe” Wade replied with a wink.

“I’ll see you around big Red. Thanks again for the pizza.” Spider-Man took a running start and jumped off the edge of the building, falling for a few seconds before shooting his web and swinging out of sight.

Wade gave one last lingering look before he heading to the fire escape.

[Don’t get attached Wade]

{What are you talking about White! Spidey likes us! He wants to see us again!}

[You know what happened last time we got attached to someone. I’m just saying. We’re better off on our own]

“Shut up White.” Not even White’s contrary attitude was going to dampen Wade’s mood tonight.

Wade began to hum along to “Teenager In Love” by Neon Trees. “I’ll be your angel, I’ll be your best friend, take me to New York, take me to heaven.” Wade skipped along the roof top humming. He started climbing down the fire escape. “I’m a fool with a curse and a crush. What a magic distraction. What’s the point of romance? I never wanted to be a teenager in love.”

[Don’t say I didn’t warn you]

Song credits:

Merc With A Mouth by Teamheadkick

Everything Is Awesome from The Lego Movie

Teenager In Love by Neon Trees

Boxers or briefs?

Chapter Notes

Finally an update! Yay! Sorry for the long wait on this chapter! My life has been very busy lately. Work has been insane and then I went on holiday for a few weeks. I've also had a bit of writer's block. I had a hard time pushing through it but I think I'm fairly happy with this chapter. I really hope you enjoy it and please leave me a comment. I love reading everyone's thoughts and feelings. The wait for chapter four shouldn't be as long. Thanks again to my loyal readers! xoxo

Chapter Three – Boxers or briefs?

Peter

Peter groaned and turned over onto his stomach, his bed sheets tangled around his legs. The morning sun was filtering through the bedroom window and Peter could hear May in the kitchen making breakfast.

“Peter! Are you up yet? It's almost time for school.” May knocked on his bedroom door.

Peter's eyes flew open. He was suddenly wide awake, remembering that he had been too tired last night when he got home to change out of his Spider-Man suit. He looked down at his red and blue spandex covered legs tangled up in his white bed sheets.

“Yeah I'm up May. I'm coming!” Peter frantically tried to free his legs from the sheets.

“Can I come in?” May called.

Peter finally freed his legs and pulled his sheets up high, right under his chin to hide his suit.

“Uh, yeah. Come in”

A few seconds later the door creaked open and May came in. She took a few steps inside and sat on the edge of Peter's bed gently. She smiled warmly at him “Morning Peter. Not even out of bed yet? Did you stay up all night on the computer again?”

Peter remembered his late-night dinner plans with Deadpool last night and smiled guiltily.

“Yeah, sorry. I’ll try not to stay up so late next time. I’ll have a quick shower and get to school on time May.”

May laughed, “If you weren’t getting such good marks at school, I’d be much more upset about your late nights.”

Peter smiled at her.

“But I wanted to talk to you before you go to school. About your birthday.”

Peter sighed and tried not to roll his eyes. “What about it?”

“Well it’s not every day that your nephew turns 17. I feel like we should celebrate. You’ll be off to college soon and I want to make the most of the time we have left in your last year of high school. It’s your birthday tomorrow and we haven’t organised anything yet. What do you say?”

Well how could he say no to that? Aunt May had managed to guilt trip him into celebrating his own birthday. Peter smirked, “Yeah alright. But just something small. I don’t want a big deal.”

May clapped her hands in excitement. “Excellent! Why don’t you and I go out for dinner? And you can invite Ned and a few friends to come over afterwards?”

“Sounds great May”

“Alright! I’ll make a reservation. How about Thai?”

Peter smiled and nodded.

May stood up and started to walk towards the bedroom door. “Great! Now hurry up or you’ll be late for school!”

Peter smiled, “Ok. Can you close the door please?”

May closed the door behind her and Peter let out a small sigh of relief. Throwing the covers off his bed and lowering his feet to floor, sitting on the edge of his bed. Peter yawned and arched his back, arms outstretched. He really needed to catch up on his sleep. He peeled the Spider-Man suit off, giving it a cursory sniff. He probably needed to wash it soon. Peter tried to sneak it into the washing machine when he knew May wasn’t home. Once he almost turned the white bed sheets pink by putting his suit in the wash. He luckily realised just in time. Peter shoved his suit into his school backpack.

Fifteen minutes later Peter was showered, backpack on and was hurriedly rushing towards the door when May threw a lunch bag at him. Peter caught it of course, his senses alerting him before he even saw it, May clapped and exclaimed, “Nice catch kid!”

“Bye May! Love you!” called Peter with a cheeky wink as he closed the apartment door behind him.

Peter put his headphones in and started making his way to the subway. His stomach growled in protest of him skipping breakfast. He hadn't eaten since last night. But he just didn't have the time before school. He was already close to being late.

Instead of focusing on his empty stomach, Peter thought back to last night with Deadpool which had been surprisingly fun. He had been so easy to talk to that Peter had to stop himself a few times from giving away too much information about himself. It was easy to forget that you were talking to someone who murders people for money. Deadpool could be quite charming and funny, when he wasn't talking to himself.

Peter had noticed it a few times, that Deadpool seemed to have a voice in his head that he talked to under his breath. When Peter had researched Deadpool online a few nights ago, the internet hadn't given him very much information about the merc. Just that his abilities were the result of some kind of secret mutant program that had been shut down years before. The website only speculated at Deadpool's abilities, mentioning healing and strength. It also mentioned that whatever gave Deadpool his abilities also made him mentally insane and left him scarred, which is why he always wears a full body suit.

After his encounters with Deadpool, Peter could now confirm that the healing factor was definitely true and much stronger than the website had made out. He wasn't sure about the super strength, but it wouldn't surprise him. Although he hadn't observed it yet. Peter wondered if his own strength was more than Deadpool's. Hopefully he would never have to find out. Something told Peter that Deadpool would not be easy to take down in a fight. It seemed there was some truth to the craziness as well. Which made Peter wonder what the website had meant about him being scarred.

But despite all these things, Peter liked the guy. He was sure that Deadpool just didn't have any good influences or role models in his life. Maybe he could convince Deadpool to use his abilities in a more positive way. Minus the killing. Well, he would find out tonight on patrol. He had invited Deadpool to tag along. It was either going to work out the way Peter hoped or be a complete failure. Only time would tell.

Peter smiled at the thought of seeing the large guy in red again. He liked the idea of having a friend with superpowers that he could talk to. As much as Peter tried, Mr Stark always seemed too busy to answer his phone calls and messages. It made him feel isolated and alone sometimes. The thought of sharing his experiences with someone who understood his lifestyle filled him with hope.

Peter's day at school was uneventful. His classes passed by in a blur. At lunch time he invited Ned and MJ to come over to his apartment tomorrow night for his birthday. Ned seemed a bit disappointed with Peter's choice of celebration but quickly smiled and said he'd bring the popcorn. Peter just wanted a quiet night in with his friends. So a movie night was his choice. DVD's, sugary snacks, soda, pillows and junk food. MJ said she would bring a selection of movies as well. But Peter was sceptical. MJ had an alternative taste in movies. It was probably best to watch something else. Peter would need to download some new movies tonight when he got home.

It was around 10pm and Peter was now sitting on the edge of a building, his legs dangling over the edge while he waited for Deadpool. As soon as May had gone to bed, Peter quickly shoved on his suit and swung his way to the same rooftop as last night, realising he hadn't actually arranged a meeting place with Deadpool. Peter could feel butterflies in his stomach as he waited. He was nervous. What if he didn't show up? What if Deadpool refused to try things his way and continued hurting people? Peter didn't really want to fight the guy. But he didn't understand why he was so nervous. It was silly. Peter took a deep breath to calm himself, when he heard steps on a fire-escape not too far away. His heightened senses picking up a voice singing in the distance.

"Oooooooo. Nobody knows it! Right from the start, I gave you my heart.....Stop complaining White.... Yellow and I will just sing louder.....alright you asked for it....So don't go breaking my heart! I won't go breaking your heart. Don't go breaking my heart!"

Peter smirked under his mask. Deadpool seemed to be in a good mood. He would probably be embarrassed if he knew Peter could hear him from this distance. That made Peter chuckle to himself.

"Webs! It has been too long darling!" Deadpool had climbed onto the roof top and spotted him.

Peter stood up and faced him, "Hey Deadpool! How has your day been?"

Deadpool sashayed over to Spider-Man and mock kissed him on each cheek, making the mwa mwa noises and everything.

"I'm absolutely fabulous Spidey darling, now that I'm with you!"

Peter chuckled. "So are you still wanting to join me on patrol tonight?"

Deadpool stopped joking around and turned serious. "Yes. I'd love to see how you work, up close and super personal Spidey."

Peter took a step closer to Deadpool and in his own serious tone said, "Well, then I have some conditions."

Deadpool laughed, "I'd be disappointed if you didn't! Fire away Webs. What are the rules? Do we need a safe word? My safe word is Big Floppy Donkey Dick."

Peter tried not to laugh. Hoping his mask was hiding the stupid grin on his face. "If you are going to be fighting crime with me, you need to follow my morals. That means no killing. Anyone. For any reason."

Deadpool was quiet for a moment. "But what if they are a really, really, really bad person? Like kidnaps young girls and sells them as sex slaves bad?"

Peter paused and considered Deadpool's words. "Still no. It doesn't matter how bad, no killing."

"How about maiming? Severing limbs? Intense torture?"

“No Deadpool! None of that! Let’s keep the violence rated M for mature audiences only”

“Not even R rated? Lame!” Deadpool whined.

Peter laughed, “Those are my conditions. Take them or leave ‘em.”

Deadpool paused in thought for a brief moment. “Oh alright! I’ll be a reformed mercenary turned goody goody superhero for now. But I reserve the right to change my mind later!”

Peter smiled. “Deal.” He puts out his hand to shake Deadpool’s. Deadpool instead grabbed both of Peter’s hands. He clutched them tightly and stepped closer, looking down into Peter’s masked face.

“You have beautiful eyes by the way,” Deadpool whispers.

“First of all, I’m wearing a mask. Secondly, can I have my hands back please?”

Deadpool laughed and released his grip on Peter’s hands. Peter let them fall to his sides. Blushing slightly at the strangely intimate gesture. He cleared his throat, “Right, lets go then. I was thinking we could try patrolling in Brooklyn tonight?”

“Fine with me Spidey Boy! Lead the way! I’ll follow.”

Peter pressed down on his web shooter and swung off the side of the building with ease. The feeling of the brisk night air rushing past him, filling him with contentment. Peter could see Deadpool running along the rooftops, jumping between buildings to keep up with him. So he tried to swing a path that would be easier for him to follow. After ten minutes of swinging and running, Peter’s senses picked up on a robbery in progress a few blocks away.

He called out to Deadpool on the parallel rooftop, “I think I found something.” Deadpool simply gave him a thumbs up motion. Peter landed on the roof of the building across from the robbery. Deadpool, only a minute behind him, panting and slightly out of breath.

“Phew! You sure are giving me a workout Spidey! Although I can think of some other ways we could workout.” Deadpool winked at Peter.

Peter rolled his eyes under the mask and shushed Deadpool. “Shhhhh!!!! They’ll hear you! It’s a pawn shop robbery.”

“Did you say porn!?”

“No! I said pawn shop! Get your mind out of the gutter!”

“Oh Spidey Boy, the gutter is where my mind lives!” Deadpool chuckled.

“I can see three men in the shop and I can hear one in the back room. Two guys each. Think you can handle that?”

“Can I handle two men? Oh.... I can handle them alright.”

“Can’t you ever give me an answer that is not filled with sexual innuendo?”

“I’m trying to give up sexual innuendos actually. But it’s hard! Like soooooo hard!”

Deadpool giggled at his own joke and Peter grinned. This guy was a goof ball.

“Ready?”

“Wait! Before we go. I have a very important question to ask you.” Deadpool stated seriously.

“What?” Peter was confused. What could be so important right now in the middle of a robbery?

“Are you a boxers or briefs type of guy? Or do you go commando? Oooooohhhh! That would be sexy? What about your favourite movie? You can tell a lot about someone by what their favourite movie is.”

Peter just stared at him. Mouth open in shock. “Are you serious right now? That hardly seems important at this very moment!”

“Well, if we’re gonna be fighting together. I think we should get to know each other a bit better.”

“Oh my god....” Peter mumbled under his breath. He didn’t even answer Deadpool’s question, he just swung across to the store, landing with a soft thud on the concrete sidewalk outside.

The men in the shop were too busy filling large bags with valuables to even notice him. Peter quietly crawled through the broken window and crept up behind the closest robber. He was tall. Much taller than Peter. He was in the middle of emptying the jewellery cabinet when Peter cleared his throat and said, “Pro tip. If you’re not good at breaking or entering, maybe you shouldn’t be pulling a B&E.”

The man’s head snapped up to look at who had spoken, just as Deadpool came crashing through the shop’s front door cracking up with laughter.

“Good one Webs! Ha! Ha! Hey! It’s your friendly neighbourhood PoolGuy here to tell you that I have no idea what I’m doing. But I know I’m doing it really, really well!”

At this point, all hell breaks out. The other two men, one short and blonde, the other muscular with black hair, pulled out their guns and aimed for the two masked vigilantes. Peter felt a sharp pain shoot down his spine in warning before he heard the gunshot. He quickly dodged to avoid it, shooting his webs at the short guy and pulling the gun out of his hand. Deadpool had not been as quick, and was inspecting the fresh bullet hole in his shoulder.

“Mother fucker!” he yelled before unsheathing his katanas and charging at the muscular guy.

“No killing Deadpool!” Peter reminded him as he kicked the short man in the stomach. He doubled over with a grunt before swinging his fist towards Peter’s shoulder. Peter managed to block the hit.

Deadpool groaned in frustration before swinging his katana across the guys cheek, leaving an oozing cut on his face. “Oh I’m not gonna kill him. But I’m gonna make him bleed!”

The man with dark hair looked worried for a moment before raising his gun again. Deadpool swiftly thrust his other katana through the man’s hand and into the wall behind him. The dark haired man screamed out in pain. “Now be a good baddie. And stay right here, alright?” Deadpool asked in a condescending tone as he patted the man on the head.

Peter was still busy fighting the short blonde man when Robber number three who had been emptying the jewellery cabinet was making a run for the back room to alert their fourth friend. Peter quickly used his web shooters to trip him up, just before he got to the back door. Robber number three quickly got back to his feet as Deadpool punched him in the face and Peter was sure he heard his bones crunch.

“So Webs! You didn’t answer my question! Boxers or briefs?”

Peter laughed as he dodged another punch. “Boxers, alright?!” he called out in frustration. Peter couldn’t believe he was having this stupid conversation in the middle of a fight. But he couldn’t stop smiling.

Deadpool traded blows with robber number three, ducking and weaving. “Ooohh! I totally would have guessed briefs! I’m a commando man myself. I like to let things be free!”

Peter laughed at his answer, which momentarily distracted him. The blonde man landed a swift kick to his stomach and Peter doubled over, exhaling in pain for a moment. Before he could kick him again, Peter shot his web shooter, flipped over the man, landing behind him with ease. Quickly firing his webs over and over, to trap his arms in the web fluid. He wobbled for a moment before hitting the ground with a thud. Peter felt a sense of accomplishment and placed his hand on his abdomen gingerly to asses the damage. It hurt slightly but nothing that wouldn’t heal in a few hours. Peter cringed with pain as he flipped over to help Deadpool with his attacker. But Deadpool didn’t need his help. As Peter landed next to him, Deadpool landed a final punch, knocking the guy out.

Peter looked down at the unconscious man with his clearly broken nose and bloody lip. He put his hands on his hips and looked at Deadpool.

“What?! He’s not dead. He still has all his limbs. I followed all your rules!”

Peter sighed. Technically he was right. He had followed all of his rules. But the unnecessary violence still bothered him.

“You know you look adorable when you’re mad? Hands on your hips and everything. Gorgeous, Spidey Boy.”

Peter felt his cheeks flush red again. They seemed to do that a lot around Deadpool.

“Come on, there was one more guy in the back room,” Peter said as he walked through the back door.

It turned out robber number four was a bit of a coward. He was hiding under the desk with a bag full of money. When he saw Spider-Man and Deadpool enter the room he threw the bag at their feet and raised his hands straight away. Peter webbed his hands together and stuck them to the desk. He used the store phone to call 911 and a few moments later Deadpool and Peter were watching the police load the men into their squad car from the roof top.

“Well that was fun!” Deadpool exclaimed in a cheery voice. “I think we’ve earned a snack break! Feel like Chinese?”

Normally Peter would continue patrolling and just head home. Not wanting to spend the precious little money he had on luxuries like a second dinner. But his stomach protested and Peter was having a good time with Deadpool. “Sure sounds good.”

Deadpool clapped his hands together with excitement. “Excellent! I know this great place not far from here. Mr Chang who owns it owes me big time for saving his life. He lets me eat for free whenever I want.”

Peter was surprised. “Really? You just sit in his restaurant in your super suit and eat as much chow mein as you want?”

Deadpool chuckled. “Not exactly. I order to go and usually sit on his roof. Come on, you look like you haven’t eaten in a month. I feel obligated to feed you.”

Peter looked down at his toned body and slight frame. Yes, he was a bit on the lanky side, but he had his fair share of muscles too. It’s not his fault his metabolism burns away his calories at an insane rate. “I eat,” Peter huffed with a pout.

“Oh, that’s adorable,” Deadpool exclaimed. “Follow me Webs!”

Deadpool jumped down the fire escape in a few bounds. His long muscular legs taking large strides. Peter simply jumped off the edge of the building, arching his back and flipping around to land in a crouch besides Deadpool on the street below.

“Woah! That was incredibly sexy! You’re so flexible Spidey, like a gymnast.”

Peter grinned. “So which way?”

Deadpool smirked and started walking, Peter following closely behind. They decided to walk. The streets weren’t very crowded and things seemed relatively quiet in the area.

Peter smiled to himself as he remembered their earlier ridiculous conversation. “So what is your favourite movie Deadpool?”

Deadpool laughed. “Oh, so you want to keep playing my game do you?”

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

“Alright, my favourite movie. I think it’s a tie between, The Princess Bride, Star Wars (and I mean the original Star Wars, not that prequel CGI shit), and Forrest Gump.”

Peter kicked at an empty soda can on the sidewalk. “I like Star Wars. My Aunt showed them to me. Yeah, the originals are way better. I don’t think I’ve ever seen the other two movies you mentioned. I’ve never even heard of them to be honest.”

Deadpool stopped walking and Peter bumped into him. Deadpool turned to face him with a crazy look of shock and horror on his face. “You’ve never heard of The Princess Bride or Forrest Gump? Are you serious! How old are you? Those are iconic 80s and 90s movies!”

Peter fidgeted nervously with his web shooters, “So I’m on the young side. It’s not my fault I haven’t heard of those movies. My favourite movies are The Matrix, The Kingsman and The Hitman’s Bodyguard.”

Deadpool slowly turned and continued walking. Peter followed as they cross the street and turned left. “I approve of your choice of movies. Some great action movies with some very handsome eye candy like Taron Egerton, Keanu Reeves and Ryan Reynolds, yum yum. But they do make me believe you are a lot younger than I originally thought. How old are you exactly?”

“I’m 20.” Peter lied.

“Yeah ok. Wanna try that again?” Deadpool asked. Clearly not believing him.

Peter sighed. “I’m 18 ok? Tomorrow actually. It’s my birthday.”

Lying again but hopefully more believable this time. It was only a year that he was adding onto his true age. But that one year was the difference between being a child and an adult. Peter was already treated like a child by Mr Stark and Happy. He didn’t want his friendship with Deadpool to follow that same path.

Deadpool stopped walking again and turned to face him. “You’re 18!? Holy shit biscuit Baby Boy! Talk about jail bait! Wait! You’re birthday is tomorrow? So you’re not even 18 yet you’re still 17? Fuck me! And I’ve been making all sorts of inappropriate comments to a minor! I’m almost old enough to be your....” He ran his hands over his masked face and paused.

“Look I’m not a kid alright! I’ve been doing this Spider-Man thing for two years. I’ve seen some horrible things, I’ve been beat up and torn down, I’ve done more than you can imagine. Just because I’m a bit young does not mean I’m a child. So don’t you start treating me like one Deadpool. And I don’t care how old you are either. I just wanna hang out ok? It’s actually nice having someone to talk to about all this super hero stuff. You know, when you’re not too busy making crude jokes. Which are pretty funny most of the time, when they’re not disgusting.”

Deadpool lowered his hands and looked into Peter’s masked eyes. “Oh? You like my crude jokes do you? Well you’ve seen nothing yet Baby Boy.”

“I’m not a baby Deadpool. We just established that.”

“Oh, I acknowledge that you’re not a child. But I’m still gonna call you Baby Boy. Deal with it.”

Peter rolled his eyes as Deadpool laughed. “Come on, It’s just around the corner.”

A few minutes later Deadpool had ordered two sweet and sour pork, one box of chow mein, some friend rice and hokkien noodles. Mr Chang greeted Spider-Man with enthusiasm, shaking Peter’s hand.

“Mind if I use your roof again?” Deadpool asks.

“Please. Mr Pool. You can use my roof anytime. I put some extra spring rolls in the bag for you and your friend.” He handed over two bags of take out.

“Thanks Mr Chang,” Deadpool grabbed the bags and indicated for Peter to follow him outside and up the fire escape.

He plonked the bags down and sat up against an air vent, gesturing for Spidey to join him. Peter started to sit but winced in pain. Grabbing his abdomen.

“You ok Spidey? Did you get hurt?” Concern was clear in Deadpool’s voice.

Peter waved his hand, “It’s all good Deadpool. Just a little bruising. It’ll heal.” Sitting down slowly across from him.

“It’s Wade.”

“What?” Peter asked. Not sure he heard him correctly.

“My name, is Wade. Wade Wilson. So you don’t have to keep calling me Deadpool.”

Peter was shocked. Deadpool had just revealed his civilian identity. That was a bold move that required trust. “Why are you so willing to tell me your real name?”

Wade hummed in thought before answering, “I have nothing to lose. No one to protect. No one can hurt me if they know my name.”

Wade said it so matter of fact that Peter felt his heart ache. “That’s – that’s horrible.”

“It’s better in a way.” Wade shrugged as he pulled a Chinese container out of the bag and passed it to Peter.

“Thanks. For the food – and for trusting me with your name.”

Wade nodded and lifted his mask up to his nose to eat. But he leaned back into the shadow of the air vent as he did so. Peter remembered what he read online about him being scarred. *He must be self-conscious about it*, Peter thought to himself. Peter rolled up his own mask and they ate together in silence for a few minutes.

“This pork is orgasmic. So fucking good!” Wade sighed with joy as he inhaled his food.

“I didn’t know you were into meat.” Peter said off-handedly, and Wade gasped.

“Sassy, but not overt about it. I like it - the whole dirty humour thing. Anyway, I’m into all sorts of people, Baby Boy. I don’t give two fucks about what’s between their legs. I mean, *I’d* be between their legs, on a good day, but whatever,” he shrugs.

It takes a moment for Peter's clueless mind to realize what Wade said, but his cheeks flush then.

“Got it,” his voice cracked.

“What about you Baby Boy? What is your preference between the legs?” Wade said casually. This caused Peter to start choking on the spring roll he was eating. As he was coughing and spluttering Wade started laughing. “Sorry? Did I offend you with my crude humour again? Or is that you’re a homophobic?”

Peter finally finished coughing and startled, “What? No! I’m not homophobic!”

Wade was clearly enjoying making Spidey feel uncomfortable. “Oh good! So what is your sexual preference then? We’re getting to know each other remember?”

Peter’s cheeks had gone crimson. He didn’t know what to say. “Umm. I don’t know. Straight I think. I haven’t really given it much thought.”

“Well have you ever kissed a guy?” Wade asks.

“Uhh.. n – no,” Peter stammers.

“Well then how do you know? Have you ever had a girlfriend?” Wade continued to grill him with uncomfortable questions.

“I went on a date with this girl once. But it didn’t exactly work out. I haven’t really had time for relationships being Spider-Man,” Peter blurted out. Keen to finish this conversation.

“You’ve only been on one date? In your entire life!?” Wade pulled his mask down to cover his face and leaned forward in obvious shock. “Does that mean you’re still a a virgin?” He whispered the last part.

Peter chose not to answer. Which was all the confirmation Wade needed apparently. Wade clasped his hands to his cheeks in mock horror. “Oh Baby Boy! For an ass kicking super hero you are so innocent! No wonder you don’t know your sexual orientation! You haven’t even figured that out yet! Well good thing you’re still young. You can figure it out.”

Peter pulled his mask down and squirmed in discomfort. “Can we change the subject now Wade? Please!”

Wade sighs, “Oh I like it when you beg Baby Boy. Alright. We’ll change the subject. So big birthday tomorrow?”

Peter relaxed slightly, although his birthday was another topic he wasn't fond of discussing. "Yep. Another one comes and goes"

Wade frowned, "Aren't you excited to celebrate your birthday with your friends and family?"

Peter shrugged, "I'm not into big social gatherings. I'm just doing dinner with my aunt and a movie night with a few friends."

Wade seems surprised by his answer. "Oh." He paused. Clearly trying to think of something else to say. "So are you a morning person or a night owl?"

Peter laughed. "Night owl obviously."

Wade smirked, "Yeah obviously. Chocolate or cheese?"

"Oh! Definitely chocolate," Peter pretended to start drooling.

"What's your favourite colour?" Wade asks.

"Blue"

"Why?"

"Because it reminds me of the blue sky when I swing through the city."

Wade nodded.

"What's your favourite colour Wade?"

He hesitated for a moment, "Red. Don't ask me why."

Peter nodded and pulled his phone out of the discrete pocket in his suit. It's later than he thought it was. Almost 1am. He stood up slowly, stretching carefully as he did so.

"I've got to head home. It's late."

"What time is it?" Wade asked, rising to his feet also.

"It's almost 1 in the morning"

"You know what that means Baby Boy?"

Peter paused and shrugged.

"It's officially you're birthday. Happy birthday Webs."

Peter smiled. "Thanks Deadpool...I mean Wade. Here, I'll give you my cell phone number and we can arrange another patrol soon."

"Sounds like a date Baby Boy," Wade replied with a chuckle as he also pulled out his phone.

A few minutes later the two men had swapped numbers.

“So what name do I put next to your number Baby Boy?”

Peter sighed, “I have a family and friends I need to protect. I need to keep my identity to myself Wade. To keep them safe. You understand, right?”

“Sure. I get it. So it’s not Harry? Fred? George?”

Peter laughed, “Are you just naming Harry Potter characters?”

“Maybe……” Wade replied. “You’ll tell me if I guess it though, right?”

Peter winked as he shot his webs at the building across the street, “Maybe……” he replied.

“Cheeky little shit!!!” Wade called after him.

Peter chuckled to himself as he swung home.

Song credits:

Don’t Go Breaking My Heart by Elton John

(or Taron Egerton’s Rocketman version which I love!)

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