

Holy, Sick, Divine Nights

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Holy, Sick, Divine Nights

by [romanticallyinept](#)

Summary

At the end of the bar, the two off-duty cops don't even move, still entranced by the way the dancer is moving. Wade's certain they're off-duty. There's a certain glazed expression in their eyes, a laziness in how they hold themselves. They're not a threat.

The cop up on the stage, though, is a whole 'nother fucking story.

Now complete!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

“Shh, baby, *baby*. Don’t cry. You knew the rules, didn’t you?”

In response, the man tied to the chair sobs. It’s quiet, though. Resigned. It’s oh so different from the wails he’d let out when Wade pulverized his fingers with the croquet mallet. The poor bastard is still trying to move them, even though his wrists are bound to the chair he’s sitting in and anything that used to be a muscle or ligament is now a bloody, bony mess.

The guy, Johnny or Jimmy or something like that, doesn’t answer Wade’s question. Shaking his head in disappointment, Wade swings the mallet up onto his shoulder, sliding his other hand into his pocket. Cool, collected. That’s him. He’s not fuming, not at all, not because someone he trusted tried to go behind his back and destroy everything Wade has spent *years* building up.

Wade is fine and *dandy*, thank you very much.

The guy gets out something that sounds like an apology, like a plea, but it’s high-pitched and desperate. It’s whiny, and the sound grates on Wade’s ears. He’s high off the pain, off his own fear, and he’s past the point of making sense. Dammit. Wade should have questioned him *before* he started breaking bones.

“Useless,” he mutters. “Not even worth the bullet it would take to end you, you know that?”

The guy looks up, hope in his eyes and snot and spit on his face. Wade’s lip curls into a snarl, and then, almost immediately, evens out into a smile. “Good thing we don’t need a bullet, then, right?”

The guy’s relief is palpable, and he’s halfway through gasping out a, “Thank you!” when the mallet connects with the side of his head.

Wood and bone both splinter with the force of the blow. It’s gratuitously violent, and completely unnecessary, but the loud *crack!* that fills the room is satisfying, and the blood that sprays out of the fissures in the guy’s skull is beautiful in its own gross, repulsive way.

It’s not a quick, painless death by any means, but Wade doesn’t stick around to watch the light fade out of the dead man’s eyes. Instead, he ducks out of the soundproof room, closing the door behind him, and, with a bit of a wry grin, flips the stolen hotel sign on the outside to “Please Clean the Room.”

Weasel will chew him out later for not cleaning up his own messes, but for now, what he doesn’t know won’t hurt him.

Outside the room, Wade can hear music blaring, can feel the steady beat of the bass in his chest. There's a smattering of applause, barely audible over the music, but that's okay. It's amateur night - not everyone who gets up on the pole has any talent. But the cover charge is waived on amateur night, and both the crowd and the performers tend to drink a little faster, a little stronger. Worst case scenario, Wade breaks even. Best case, he can recruit some hot young thing who can actually recognize a beat.

He ducks behind the curtain that separates the club from the business portion of the building. No one looks at him, and to be fair, Wade doesn't look at who's performing, either. Instead he makes his way across the room to the bar, sliding onto one of the stools. Almost immediately, a drink appears in front of him. It's electric blue, ice cold, and the glass looks more like a miniature fishbowl than anything else, but Wade just leans in and sips from the straw, humming when the sweet drink splashes over his tongue.

"Jesus, dude, you've got blood on your shirt."

Weasel's voice is exasperated, but low enough that even Wade barely hears it over the music. The other patrons at the bar remain blissfully unaware, most of them too focused on either their own drinks or the performances that are happening to care about a hushed conversation between a bartender and a scarred man in a suit. People are like that. It's not that they don't see Wade - they do. They see him, and then they decide to ignore him, some ingrained self-preservation instinct deep in their psyches telling them he's trouble.

"Jamie?" Weasel asks.

Ah, right. That was the guy's name. Wade shrugs, taking another sip of his drink. "He broke the rules," he replies after a moment. "Was I supposed to just let him get away with it? What kind of precedent does that set? 'Yeah, Wade Wilson, real tough guy there, he'll let you get away with damn near...'"

Weasel's not listening anymore, already moving down the bar to top off someone's drink, so Wade trails off. He's not sure where he was going with the sentence, anyway. But he does know that Jamie did deserve his fate. He broke one of the cardinal rules, Rule #3, the jewel in the crown of Wade's empire.

Rule 3: Only one snitch.

Now, Wade knows it's an odd rule. One snitch? Why not no snitches? No snitches makes more sense. Snitches are bad, generally speaking, generally because they speak too much and always to the wrong people. Jamie was a snitch, the bastard, which is why Wade doesn't feel bad about caving his head in with a mallet.

But Wade has a snitch. One snitch. And that one snitch is why he's all but untouchable, why there's two cops sitting at the bar amidst the rest of the crowd. That snitch is why they're drinking there, off duty, winding down on a Thursday night like Wade's club is a legitimate business.

See, Wade has an *understanding* with the cops. He snitches to them, not about his own operations, but about the ones his rivals are running. He gives them dates and times, and the

cops do their copper job. In return, they leave Wade the fuck alone, as long as he doesn't go around shooting up street corners or dropping drugs into the water supply. So, sure, it's a weird arrangement, but it works: Wade gets to let his little criminal empire grow, and the cops get to make their arrest quotas.

But Jamie hadn't been snitching about another crime lord. He'd been snitching about Wade himself, or trying to, at least, eager to spill secrets in exchange for the 'protection' the DA promised him. She'll be pissed when the guy's body turns up, but hey. That's showbiz, folks. She shouldn't have broken the rules, either.

Wade is briefly entertaining the idea of taking a croquet mallet to the DA's head when the music changes from something deep and sultry to something upbeat and poppy. It's enough of a drastic change to grab his attention, and, raising an eyebrow, he turns on his stool to face the stage.

A few wolf whistles come out from the crowd as the performer takes the stage. His outfit is cute, Wade notes. Little black leather shorts, fishnets, a black halter top. It makes the muscles in his shoulders pop a little, highlights his masculinity instead of detracting from it. It's a good look. Wade likes it, at least. He wants to *lick* those muscles.

"He's legal, right?" Wade asks over his shoulder.

"Fuck if I know," Weasel responds. "He got in, didn't he?"

Wade throws a glance down at the cops at the end of the bar, but they don't seem to care about the dancer's age. They're too busy watching him, eyes wide and focused, when they're not darting away and looking around, like, *who, me?*

Pretending to be straight looks like so much damn work.

Satisfied this isn't some sort of ill-conceived sting, Wade turns back to the dancer. He hasn't done much other than prance around the pole, grinning at the more vocal members of the audience, waving at the shy ones. The kid (kid, because there's no *way* he can legally buy a drink) knows how to work a crowd, at least. He's got them on the edge of their seats, waiting, *wanting*. And Wade's not too hung up on his image or his sexuality to admit he's waiting, too.

The music swells, and the kid raises his arms up over his head. He throws out a wink, and then he spins, back to the crowd. One leg comes up, hooking around the pole, and then he's bending backwards, arms bowed out over his head, until his fingertips touch the damn stage. The top rides up over a smooth, pale stomach, and there's no happy trail for Wade to follow even though the shorts are slung low enough that there should be.

It's enough of a show that Wade almost misses the way the kid's eyes scan the crowd as he's upside down. He almost misses the way those eyes evaluate every face they pass over, almost misses the way they land on Wade's face and linger, far longer than they have any right to, before finally moving on.

“Goddamn,” Wade mutters. He draws his jacket in around himself, covering up the blood spatters on his shirt. “Dammit, Christ, this is the *last* time I let Colossus be a doorman. He’ll let fucking anyone in if they smile pretty enough.” He turns to the person next to him, pointing to the guy up on the stage. “And he’s pretty, isn’t he? He’s about as pretty as they get.”

“Boss?” Weasel asks behind him. Wade sighs, spinning his stool back around. He doesn’t need to watch the rest of the kid’s routine. He doesn’t *want* to watch it, even if he is still a little curious about that hyper-flexibility, about what those hands would look like sliding down over black leather, about...

“Christ,” he repeats. At the end of the bar, the two off-duty cops don’t even move, still entranced by the way the dancer is moving. Wade’s certain they’re off-duty. There’s a certain glazed expression in their eyes, a laziness in how they hold themselves. They’re not a threat.

The cop up on the stage, though, is a whole ‘nother fucking story.

It’s not a situation Wade has dealt with before, okay?

The cops have tried to send people in undercover, sure. That’s not new. Whoever Wade has on doorman duty will turn them away with a smile and a polite *next time, boys*, and that’s the end of that.

If they do get in, they tend to lurk in the background. They don’t draw attention to themselves. If they’re stupid, they try to talk to the dancers, and if they’re less stupid, they try to talk to people at the bar. Sometimes they make Weasel offers, and he laughs and throws drinks in their faces.

But in all the years Wade has been running the club, he’s never seen one of the cops get up on the damn stage.

The kid’s routine is over, but he’s still lingering by the stage, still dressed in all that shiny, black leather. He’s scouting, Wade realizes. If he were actually one of Wade’s dancers, he’d be looking for someone in the crowd who wanted a little more of a private show. But he’s not - the guy doesn’t work there, so what is he looking for?

Wade ignores Weasel’s muttered, “Boss?” as he strides across the room. As soon as he starts moving, the dancer’s eyes fix on him, and he doesn’t even have the fucking common sense to look *scared*. Instead, he just looks smug as Wade slips his way through the audience, toward the edge of the stage. When he gets there, the kid is resting against it on his elbows, hips thrust out in front of him, and he’s grinning in a manner that’s positively salacious.

“See something you like?” he asks, like Wade is some john just looking for a good time.

Like it’s not *Wade’s fucking club*.

Instead of answering, Wade grabs the guy’s wrist, and maybe he’s a little too rough, a little too agitated, because he *feels* bones shift under his hand. But the kid doesn’t even flinch.

Instead, he just raises an eyebrow and lets Wade tug him forward.

“We have an agreement,” Wade spits out. His voice is low, hushed, *angry*. “And part of that agreement is that you fucking *pigs* stay out of my business.”

He doesn’t know what he expects the kid to say, what he expects as an answer. But he absolutely *doesn’t* expect to be pulled in closer by the front of his shirt and have that perfect, plush mouth whispering in his ear.

“You’re making a scene,” the cop murmurs, and his voice is soft, but his grip on Wade’s shirt is like iron. They’re close, almost touching at the jaw; if Wade turned, he’d be able to press his nose into the mess of dark brown hair on the other’s head. “If you want to talk, let’s talk. But not out here.”

Wade growls something like agreement, jerking back and smoothing down the front of his shirt when the guy lets go. There’s no hiding the blood now, but the kid, the *cop*, doesn’t seem to care.

“Come on,” Wade mutters, spinning on his heel and stalking away from the stage. He doesn’t look back to make sure the cop is following him. Half of him wants the guy to put up a fight, to give Wade an excuse to throw him out. Or, try to, at least.

He’s about to go to his office when he remembers that Jamie is still in there, very much murdered and very much *not* something Wade wants to deal with. So instead of shoving the office door open, he turns down a different hall, kicking open the door to the men’s bathroom.

There’s a guy washing his hands at the sink, but he takes one look at Wade’s face and books it, elbowing past the kid to get out of the bathroom, his hands still dripping wet. Before Wade can move to close the swinging door, though, the cop reaches out, pushing it shut, and then flips the lock into place.

“See?” he says. “Privacy. So much better.” Then he turns, crossing his arms over his chest, and Wade’s eyes are drawn to his shoulders, to the way the position accentuates the musculature there. It’s stupid, the attraction. But Wade can’t deny the fact that the cop *is* attractive, perhaps as much as he is annoying.

In the fluorescent lighting of the bathroom, Wade can see that the guy is wearing makeup. Not much, just some eyeliner and a little glitter, over his cheeks, enough to accentuate but not overwhelm. It’s pretty, and Wade hates that it’s pretty, because the pretty is *distracting*.

“The fuck are you here for?” he asks. He doesn’t shove the cop up against the wall, but he thinks about it. He thinks the kid probably wouldn’t mind, probably would even fucking blink at being thrown around, not since he’s the one who locked them in a room together.

“Not you.”

Wade blinks. When he doesn’t respond immediately, the kid sighs, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose. “What, did you think I was here for you? You think *that’s* how we would

try to take you down? With a fucking *stripper*?”

“It wouldn’t be the first stupid stunt your department has pulled,” Wade snaps back. Then he pauses, considering. The cop said *not you*, which definitely wasn’t a *nothing*. While Wade would have preferred the *nothing*, he can settle. He’s a 21st century man, after all - he can compromise. “Who are you?”

The kid’s frustrated expression slips into a grin, and he sticks out his hand like they’re meeting at a work function. “Peter Parker,” he says. “31st precinct. You want a business card?”

Wade shrugs, doesn’t take the hand that’s offered. “Not a huge fan of cops, believe it or not.”

Peter’s grin morphs, hardening around the edges. “If you’re going to cause a problem, Mr. Wilson...”

Yeah. Yeah, the kid, the *cop*, he’s standing there, all five feet eight inches of black leather and fishnets, threatening New York’s most powerful mobster. Threatening *Wade*, to his face, in his club, behind a locked door. If nothing else, Peter’s got grit.

“Listen, kid, whether or not I cause problems is entirely up to you and whatever cockamamey plan you and the 31st have concocted. So why don’t you tell me who’s got your panties all in a bunch, *literally*, and I’ll decide whether or not I’m going to have my bouncer kick your bubble butt to the curb.”

Peter cocks an eyebrow at ‘bubble butt,’ but he doesn’t take the bait. Instead, he nods, almost to himself. “Yeah, fine,” he says. His tone shifts, leaving flirty behind in favor of serious.

“Look, he’s a nasty guy, all right? New to the area, but not the scene. Real fucked up.” Peter shivers, and Wade wonders what he’s seeing in his head, what the case files for this one look like, if they’re better or worse than the scene that’s waiting in his office, just a few feet away.

Peter straightens, clearing his throat. “Bastard’s going by the name ‘Ajax,’” he says, casual.

Wade’s hand flies to his own chest, fingers spreading over his heart. Under his jacket, under the shirt, his skin itches and burns, like the scar tissue there can *hear* the fucker’s name. He rubs at it, wincing when Peter’s eyes slide down to follow the movement.

“You think he’s gonna come to one of my clubs?” Wade asks, dropping his hand. He doesn’t laugh, doesn’t shut down the idea - he’s not sure he’s too keen about Peter knowing about his history with Ajax. Not yet, at least. That’s the sort of thing that’s definitely third date material.

“You own every joint in the city,” Peter says, drily. “And clubs like this are kind of his MO.”

You don’t know shit about his MO, Wade wants to say. Instead, he nods. “He’s all yours,” he says. “No complaints from this peanut gallery.” This, this is the sort of thing he excels at, the whole reason behind Rule #3. It’s all about finding a mutually beneficial solution, and getting Ajax put in the chair is definitely a fucking beneficial solution. “I’m gonna assume you’re looking for a cover?” He pauses, looking Peter up and down. “Stripper won’t be a hard sell,

though I'm *sure* you already know that." He feels a grin of his own tugging at his mouth, and he sticks his hand out. "Well?"

Peter nods, grins, and takes his hand.

"Then you're hired, Mr. Parker."

Chapter End Notes

All right, lovelies! I know I missed the hype train on this pairing, but better late than never, right? And I'm still holding out hope that we'll get a Tom Holland & Ryan Reynolds interaction in some upcoming movie. The sass would be amazing. Be still my heart.

As per usual, here's a [link](#) to my poll. Vote on what you want me to work on next!

Song title from Lorde's "Sober II (Melodrama)".

P.S. The newest pairing I discovered is Eddie Brock/Venom and I just want to say I'M SORRY for the inevitable tentacle porn I'm going to write.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

TW: this chapter contains a character being drugged against his will. Take care of yourselves, lovelies, and please don't read if that's triggering.

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

“So, here’s the plan.”

Wade’s desk is covered in shit that isn’t his: surveillance photos, case files, witness statements. A cup of coffee that Peter’s been nursing for the past hour. It’s black, which isn’t how the pretty boy likes it, and Wade hates himself for knowing that, just a little. He’s also pretty sure he shouldn’t be seeing any of the materials Peter brought, but he’s not the lawman in the room.

Today, Peter’s dressed in civvies - tight jeans, some superhero t-shirt, and Converse that have definitely seen better days.

(“You look like a college student,” Wade had muttered when Peter walked into the club.

“It’s not like this is going to work if it’s obvious I’m a cop,” Peter had replied.)

“All we need you for is surveillance,” Peter continues. “Access to your security footage. And eyes on the floor, if you can spare them.”

“I can spare some,” Wade grouches. Peter smiles, brilliantly, like Wade gave him a puppy instead of some criminal watchdogs.

“Thanks! That’s great. As you know, I’ll be watching from the stage. We haven’t seen Ajax get too up close and personal with anyone, but rumor has it he likes them... well.” Peter motions at himself, shrugging one shoulder. “You know.”

“Young and pretty?” Wade supplies, and Peter goddamn *blushes*, his cheeks heating up in the dim light of Wade’s office.

“Something like that,” he agrees. Coughing, he runs a hand through his hair, mussing the already mussed curls as he turns his face away from Wade. *Muss*. Wade makes a face. It’s a weird word, but what’s the alternative? *Disheveled*? *Rumpled*? Christ, he’s not a fucking thesaurus.

The kid has “just got laid” hair and it’s killing Wade slowly.

“Mr. Wilson?”

“What?” Wade snaps. Then, almost immediately, he runs his hand over his face, shaking his head. “Sorry,” he says, his voice more even. “I’m not usually this involved in helping you guys do your jobs.” He pauses. “What do you need?”

Peter smiles, gently. “I wanted to ask if you’d stay on the floor during the nights I’m surveying. You know your clubs better than anyone else, and you’re familiar with the staff. It would make my job a lot easier.”

Wade almost, *almost* says he’s not interested in making Peter’s job easier. But that’s not the truth. The truth is, the easier Peter’s job is, the faster he’ll be done and out of Wade’s hair. Out of his way.

“Yeah, sure,” he says, waving a hand dismissively. “Anything else?”

As Wade watches, Peter’s grin turns sharper. “Can I ask you a personal question?”

The feeling in the room is no longer playful, but there’s no fucking way Wade is going to let himself be intimidated by a kid who weighs 120 soaking wet. “You can *ask*,” he replies. “Not a high chance I’m gonna answer.”

“That’s fine.” Shifting, Peter raises a hand, pointing to the ceiling. Wade follows it, his stomach curling in all the wrong ways when he sees what the kid is pointing at. Whoever cleaned his fucking office forgot the ceiling - there’s blood spatter all over it, most likely from the last swing of the mallet Wade took. *Fuck*.

“Arterial spray?” is Peter’s question, voiced a few moments later.

“Cranial,” Wade replies, because in for a fucking penny, right? His fist clenches momentarily, around a mallet that he’s not holding anymore. His lip twitches, and he thinks about the fucking disaster that is his life.

But Peter just laughs.

More notably, perhaps, Peter does *not* arrest him.

(The janitor does get fired, though).

Peter’s talents, Wade thinks, are definitely wasted being a cop.

It’s an established fact that the kid is pretty. *Kid*, Wade thinks, even though he’s seen Peter’s ID and knows that he’s on the upside of 25. He looks young, especially when he’s up on the stage, when the lights hit him and dance over bare skin. He’s an instant hit at the club - but being a stripper doesn’t suit Peter any more than being a cop does, at least in Wade’s opinion.

Because Peter is pretty and flexible and knows how to work a crowd, knows how to get the guys in the audience palming themselves through their pants before he’s even lost his shirt. He can pinpoint the high rollers in seconds, and he knows how to lavish them with attention without making anyone else feel left out. And, through all that, he stays on target, searching the crowd every night for his mark.

Peter's more suited to be a predator, Wade thinks. A hunter.

Wade watches as Peter grinds against the pole, make his dick bulge almost obscenely in his tight, tiny shorts. It's a move Shiklah taught him, and Peter mimics her perfectly, tossing his head back like he's in the throes of an orgasm, right there on stage. It earns him a few whistles from the audience, and when he straightens, he's grinning.

It's been three days since their office talk. In three days, Peter has danced at three of Wade's clubs. And Wade, because he's still not sure he trusts Peter isn't up to something shady, has been there each time, watching.

It's necessary, he tells himself. It would be suicide to let a cop just have free reign, to let him go poke around wherever he wanted. Wade's just there to keep an eye on things, to make sure Peter doesn't stumble across any offices with bodies in them, because that's the sort of thing the PD isn't going to want to ignore.

It's work, he justifies. Peter's not on the payroll, but he's still working. Wade has to make sure his clubs live up to their reputation, and that requires making sure Peter knows how to dance.

(It's irrelevant that he knew how to dance during amateur night, and it's irrelevant because Wade says it is.)

It's... fun, and that's the last begrudging admission Wade allows himself. The worst part is that it's true - it is fun, and Wade's enjoying himself probably more than is strictly professional (scratch that, *definitely* more than is strictly professional, because the kid's thighs are to die for, all right?). It's not the first time Wade has developed a thing for someone he shouldn't. Hell, it's not even the first time he's gotten hard over a cop. But it *is* the first time he's been in such constant, close proximity to one he didn't want to kill.

Wade didn't think he had a lot of firsts left, but. Here they are.

As Peter starts to undo the buttons on his shirt, Wade turns to face the bar, reaching down to adjust himself surreptitiously. He's supposed to be helping, supposed to be scanning the crowd as well, looking for Ajax. He has strict orders not to engage, though. *Don't scare him off*, Peter had murmured in his ear. It's his favorite way of communicating with Wade - pressed up close to him, mouth almost on his earlobe. Wade knows it's likely to avoid being overheard, but he also suspects it's because Peter is a fucking tease.

Glancing over his shoulder, Wade sees the kid take a fiver out of someone's hand with his teeth. *Yeah*, he thinks. *Definitely a fucking tease*.

"Don't tell me you're planning on fucking him."

That's the bartender's voice, but it's not pitched low and urgent like Weasel's always is. Weasel cares who's around, who's listening in, because he's a big-picture kind of guy; Ellie, on the other hand, just likes to wind Wade up. It's revenge, Wade thinks, for making her wait to join his crew. That's Rule #2 in Wade's book: no kids. And Ellie, two months past eighteen, is just barely not a kid anymore.

“I’m not telling you anything,” Wade answers cheerily. “Though, should I be worried about how much thought you’re putting into my sex life? Don’t get creepy on me, now. I had a stalker once. 2 out of 10, would not recommend.”

Ellie raises an eyebrow, her piercing glinting in the light. “2 out of 10?” she repeats. “That’s a higher rating than I would give a stalker.”

Wade sniffs. “He had good taste in chocolate before he lost his shit.” He pauses, glancing back at the stage. Peter’s shirt is gone, dropped to the ground, and the button on his shorts is popped open. Barely, just barely, Wade can see a tease of lace, red lace, peeking out behind the button. He knows that peek is all Peter is going to allow - the kid is good at *hinting* at depravity without embracing it head on. It makes him one of the more tasteful dancers, and while less skin usually correlates to less popularity, Peter seems to be the exception.

“I don’t think I’ve ever actually seen you *pine*, boss.” Ellie pauses, like she’s considering. “It’s not a good look on you.”

“Everything’s a good look on me, sweetheart,” Wade answers, more out of habit than anything else. His eyes are still on Peter, though.

As much as it pains him to admit, Ellie is right. But there’s no way he’s going to tell her that, not in this lifetime.

Wade develops a Three-Step Plan to Deal with Peter Parker, Step One of which is to *stop watching the damn kid dance*.

The dancers are supposed to be erotic. They’re supposed to draw attention, and they’re supposed to get people hot under the collar. Peter’s doing all of that, so, Wade reasons, if he stops watching, he’ll stop being affected. He can let the cop do his job, catch Ajax, and then get the hell out.

Except...

Except not watching is *hard*.

Not watching Peter means finding something else to occupy his attention. But because Peter’s around, Wade is reluctant to actually do any business. His deal with the PD is solid, as long as he keeps his shit relatively out of the open. It gives them *plausible deniability*, or something like that. But the point is that there’s nothing to do for Wade to distract himself with. It’s not a great start to his Three Step Plan, admittedly.

Step Two is to *fucking find Ajax*, and that’s a wash too, because he doesn’t come to the clubs. Wade has people watching the streets for him, discreetly, of course, but they don’t come up with anything either. If the guy’s even in the city, he’s hiding well.

Step Three is to *fucking get laid*, and that, Wade thinks, he can manage.

To be fair to his dick, it has been a while. It's totally not his fault he's getting hot for a cop. It's just the birds and the bees and Wade's ridiculous schedule coupled with his inability to trust anyone. It'll be fine, he tells himself. It's just sex.

On the fifth night, Wade starts flirting with a girl. She's pretty in her own right - skinny waist, big tits, pouting lips and long, blond hair. She's nothing like the cop that's dancing on the stage behind him, and that's what Wade wants. He wants something that's *different*.

He asks her name and promptly forgets it. He buys her a drink. He follows the Hookup Handbook to a goddamn fucking T, and it works. The girl scoots closer in the booth they're sitting in, and she lays a hand on his arm. Even through the material of his jacket, Wade can feel the heat of her hand, can feel the intent of the touch. It's easy to lean into. It's easy to laugh when she says something, even though her voice is too soft to hear over the blaring music.

She sips at her drink, and her hand stays on Wade's arm. When she's done, Wade's going to invite her back home (or whatever apartment of his is nearest), and he's going to get his rocks off, and accomplishing 1 out of 3 of the steps in his plan is going to have to be enough.

He glances up, eyes flitting through the crowd until they land on what's slowly becoming a familiar patch of curls. Peter's out in the audience, mingling, getting up close and personal with the people who tend to hide in the shadows. He's not dancing, so Wade lets himself watch Peter move between patrons, letting them touch his shoulders, his hips, his thighs, before skipping out of their reach.

He watches as Peter returns to the bar. He signals Ellie, who pours him a glass of water. Peter takes a long drink, and Wade definitely *doesn't* watch the way his throat works as he swallows, doesn't watch the way his chest heaves one big breath when he sets the glass down.

Peter turns to his left to answer a question from a portly grey-haired man. Then there's some movement at the bar, and a few people walk behind Peter, obscuring him from Wade's vision. It's only for a moment, maybe two or three seconds - it's nothing.

It's everything.

Peter turns back to the bar, raising the glass of water to his lips again, and something dreadful starts to curl in Wade's stomach.

He murmurs something to the girl he's sitting with, something that's like an apology but mostly just a hurried rush of words, and then he's standing, slipping his way through the throng of people up to the bar. He elbows someone, hard, when they don't move at a gentle prod, and then snarls in their face when they turn to confront him.

Sliding up to Peter, he puts a hand on the small of his back, possessive in a way that makes the men around him sigh in disappointment. "Daddy's here now," he coos, lighthearted in a way that he doesn't quite feel. It's mostly a show for the company, anyway.

The glass on the bar is empty, and Wade's gut twists again.

“Mr. Wilson,” Peter says, and the smile on his face is easy, but his eyes are curious. “Did you need me tonight?”

Peter’s voice is soft, innocent, and he even fucking bats his eyelashes up at Wade. But, as it turns out, Peter’s wiles are a lot easier to ignore when Wade’s worried the kid has just been drugged.

“Just came over to check on you, baby,” he drawls, tugging Peter in close against his hip. “Make sure everyone is treating you right.” He leans down, like he’s going to brush a kiss over Peter’s cheek. Instead, he puts his lips by his ear. “You weren’t watching your damn drink.”

Peter stiffens, and, pressed together like they are, Wade can feel every inch of him going tense with realization. But Peter doesn’t jerk away. Instead, he nods firmly, leaning into Wade a little more.

“Are you sure?”

His voice is soft, but it’s not longer innocent. It makes Wade ache, just a little. “No,” he answers. “But the opportunity was there.” He turns, tugging on Peter’s waist a little bit. When he speaks again, his voice is louder. “Sorry, gentlemen, I am going to steal him away from you for a few minutes.”

Carefully, he guides Peter away from the bar. The kid seems fine - he’s not wobbly, and he’s walking fine on his own, but it’s only been two, three minutes. Not long enough for symptoms, even if he was roofied. Wade’s jaw clenches at the thought. He changes their trajectory a bit, purposefully walking by the bouncer that’s closest to the bar.

“Bar footage,” he says. “Past ten minutes. His drink.”

The guy nods, and turns to go review the film. If something did happen, they’ve got it on fucking tape, and Wade will be more than happy to personally kick the ass of the guy responsible.

“You treat all the girls like this?” Peter asks as Wade guides them into one of the private rooms. “Or should I feel special?”

It’s partially a taunt, partially an honest question. As he closes the door, Wade shakes his head. “Protocol,” he says. “If it’s suspected, we keep an eye on them until either we’re sure they’re fine or we’re sure they’re not.”

“And if they’re not?”

And if I’m not?

“Emergency contacts, if we can,” Wade says. “If we can’t, then it’s usually a back room. No hospitals.”

Peter looks up. He’s biting his lip, and his cheeks are a little flushed. Were they before? Wade can’t remember. It is hot inside the club, so it’s not odd. It’s not an indicator. Unless, of

course, it is.

Sighing, Peter seats himself on the chaise, which is the only piece of furniture in the room. Then, suddenly, he reaches out, hands scrabbling at the waistband of Wade's jeans.

"Jesus!"

Wade tries to push the kid away, but Peter just curses under his breath, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Phone," he says. "I need your phone. If... you need to be able to get in contact with my handler, or he's going to lose his shit if I don't check in."

That makes sense, so Wade takes the phone out of his pocket, handing it to Peter. The kid punches in a number, hesitates, and then shakes his head before holding the phone back out to Wade. His hands are shaking.

"You put it in," he says, and then dictates the number. Wade saves it.

"How're you feeling?" he asks, after a moment, when it's clear the kid's shakes and shivers aren't just from nerves.

Peter laughs, but the sound is mirthless. "Tired," he says. His fingers clench, curling against the velvet of the chaise. "Uh, hot. Sick." He swallows. "Floaty."

"I'm calling your handler," Wade says, but Peter lashes out, trying to slap the phone out of his hand. He misses, badly, but the action is successful in that it makes Wade stop.

"It's gonna be fucking suspicious if I go home with a cop when you don't take people to the hospital," he snaps. "Later. Tell him later. You just... you said you'd use a back room, or..."

Or.

Peter lurches forward, and there's sweat beading on his forehead now. He groans, and Wade catches him before he can topple out of the chaise, going to his knees and all but letting Peter fall into his lap. It's not elegant, but it stops the kid from hitting the floor.

"I'm taking you home," Wade says. "Okay? It'll be safer."

Peter mumbles something, whines, and then goes limp in Wade's arms.

And Wade, as he gets to his feet, cradling an all-but-unconscious Peter in his arms, decides he's going to fucking *murder* the person responsible.

Chapter End Notes

So, ah, the angst train. It's here.

Before yelling at me for hurting Peter, go [vote](#) in my poll and help me choose my next fic!

Also, before yelling at me, tell me what other fandoms you guys are in. I'm browsing.

Thank you and I'm sorry!!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

TW: Wade's voices.

They're not nice.

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

Peter's loose-limbed and glassy-eyed, but he's conscious. There's not a whole lot of awareness behind his glazed-over expression, but he blinks every few seconds, swallows when saliva pools in his mouth. It's not the best situation Wade's ever seen, but it's not the worst, either. Peter might even remember part of the night after the drugs flush from his system.

The kid's still in his dancing clothes, a thin, white tank top and blue sparkly shorts, so Wade shrugs out of his jacket and wraps Peter up in it. Then, carefully, he gathers Peter up in his arms, cradling him close against his chest. The cop's head lolls back, but Wade shifts to support it against his shoulder. "It's all right," he murmurs, even though it's likely Peter can't understand what he's saying. "You'll be okay. I've got you."

Maybe Peter *does* understand, or maybe the drugs kick in a little more, because he makes a soft, broken noise and then closes his eyes. Wade thinks it's the latter. He's fairly certain that reassurance, coming from a man like him, would be anything but reassuring.

He takes Peter out the back door, careful to avoid any club-goers who have gone outside for a smoke. Thankfully, the parking lot is all but deserted, and Wade's able to get to his car without incident. Unlocking it is a feat in and of itself, but he manages, and then he gently lays Peter in the backseat.

He's done this before, more times than he cares to admit. But, this time, he pauses for a moment, eyes fixed on Peter's chest until he's certain he sees it rising and falling with each breath. The kid's fine. He's going to be fine. He just has to ride it out.

Sliding into the front seat, Wade pulls out his phone and taps out a message to Peter's handler.

Parker's with me. He's safe. Will check in with you in the morning.

"I make a mean French toast," he says out loud, turning the car on. "Fresh bread, fresh fruit - the works. Store-bought whipped cream, though, because I don't have the patience to sit there and jack off a damn mason jar for two hours."

Peter, of course, doesn't answer. But one of the girls Wade sat with while the GHB she was dosed with wore off told him, afterwards, that the talking helped. It gave her something to focus on other than the feeling of *wrongness* in her own body. At the very least, Wade figures, talking to the kid won't hurt.

"I have a cat," Wade says as he pulls out of the parking lot. "I'm not home all that often, between work and, well, *work*, so she's pretty self-sufficient. I hope you're not allergic. I'm not sure giving you a Benadryl in this state will be entirely helpful."

Yes, Wade, joke about the kid being drugged. That's relaxing to listen to.

Wade ignores the mocking reply in his head. He chatters on, both to offer Peter a modicum of comfort, and to drown out the sarcastic, sharp comments his subconscious keeps making. It works, mostly. The worst of the thoughts - he refuses to call them voices; he's *not* batshit crazy, despite the rumors - the worst of them, though, still get through.

Pig deserved what was coming to him.

Best way possible to get rid of the kid, and you fucked it up.

Watch, he's gonna pin this on you. Your bleeding heart's gonna get you fucking killed.

Wade Wilson, under arrest for allegedly drugging and sexually assaulting a New York police officer...

"I have cable!" Wade says, loudly. "And I have it on good authority that there's a *Say Yes to the Dress* marathon on tonight, you lucky bastard. My marathons are sacred. Even Weasel hasn't been invited over for one."

The ~~voices~~ thoughts quiet down as Wade pulls up to his house. There's not a single word as he parks the car, not a peep as he opens the back door, and then, as he bends over the seat, shifting to drag Peter out and into his arms...

Well, there's no reason to let a good roofie go to waste.

Wade straightens abruptly, rolls his shoulder back, and then slaps himself across the face. It's not a shock, and it doesn't hurt as much as it could, but it shuts the voices up. It's a temporary solution, and Wade knows there's only so many times he can slap himself before they start ignoring the sting.

"C'mon, kiddo," he murmurs, returning to the car to lift Peter into his arms. He's still high out of his mind, but he makes a noise when Wade closes the car door, and one of his hands twitches half-heartedly against Wade's shirt. Wade fights the urge to coo, because he *shouldn't* find the situation adorable.

He is kind of cute.

"Shut up," Wade hisses. He fumbles with his keys, awkwardly unlocking the door while holding Peter's limp, unconscious form. It isn't easy, but he manages, even though he does

drop his keys on the way in. He kicks them towards the kitchen, and then kicks the door closed behind him.

There's a yowl somewhere off to his left, but he ignores the cat in favor of carrying Peter over to the couch. He lays him down, shifting the kid into the recovery position, just in case. Then he retrieves a blanket from the closet at the end of the hall, spreading it out and covering Peter up with it.

That's all he can do. Peter's breathing, steadily, and his eyelids are fluttering, and he just needs to sleep the rest of the high off. He'll be fine. Wade should just... go to bed.

Wade doesn't go to bed.

He grabs another blanket and collapses into the armchair facing the couch. It's the smart thing to do, he tells himself. Instead of waking up alone in a strange place, Peter will wake up with *Wade* in a strange place. Hopefully, the kid will remember enough that he doesn't try to stab Wade to death with a kitchen knife.

With a soft hiss, Princess Unicorn jumps up into Wade's lap, kneading at the blanket a few times before curling up against his stomach. She's facing Peter, though, and Wade knows she's watching him. He doesn't bring people home all that often, but Princess is a cat, and she must feign indifference at all costs.

"Goodnight," Wade says softly, half to Peter, half to Princess.

Waste of a good roofie.

The kid is still asleep in the morning, but at some point in the night he moved himself out of the recovery position. Wade blinks at him, sleepy, and it takes far longer than it should for him to realize the white shape on Peter's chest is *Princess*.

"Traitor," he mutters, pushing himself to his feet. His neck hurts from sleeping in the chair, and there's a twinge in his back that he knows is going to come back to bite him later in the day, but he can handle some muscle aches and soreness.

Quietly, he pads into the kitchen, popping a new k-cup into the Keurig on the counter. While it's brewing, he opens the cupboards, looking for something that resembles edible food. He'd promised Peter French toast (not that the kid probably remembers), but French toast requires groceries and Wade hasn't been to the grocery store in, well... the milk carton in the fridge is two weeks past its expiration date, so it's been a while.

Thank god for DoorDash.

He keys in the order on his phone and agrees to pay the exorbitant delivery fee, because the expected wait time is 30 minutes and he wants to have food on hand when Peter wakes up. He purposefully doesn't think about *why* he's so worried about providing - and the snide thoughts that made themselves known the night before stay quiet about it, too.

Wade sips coffee while he checks his messages. There are half a dozen from Peter's handler, but he leaves those alone for the kid to look at after he wakes up. There wasn't a police raid in the middle of the night, and that's enough reassurance on Wade's end that he's not going to get in trouble for taking care of the situation.

Speaking of the situation... he has a few texts from the bouncer, too. One is confirmation that something was actually slipped in Peter's drink. *No shit*, Wade thinks, but he tries to quell the irritation. The next message includes information about the guy responsible: Joseph Kelly, 34, in possession of seven little olive-green rohypnol tablets.

The bouncer says that Kelly was 'talked to' and 'banned from the premises,' and Wade wishes he'd bloodied the guy up himself, but for now, he'll accept the vicarious justice.

A preliminary search on the guy doesn't reveal much. He's an RN at a nearby hospital, never married, drives a second-hand Prius, and he's got one of those faces that Wade feels like he's seen before. There's no spark of recognition, though, so it's likely that he's just been to one of the clubs before, probably to scout out the 'prospects.'

The thought doesn't do much to keep Wade's blood pressure down, but he benches it. He'll look deeper into the guy later, when there's not a cop in his house who could potentially see him accessing databases he has no right to.

He glances over at Peter, who's still snoozing peacefully, uncaring of the miniature fluffy predator that's taken up residence on his chest. With every breath, she rises and falls, like a little boat afloat in the waves of the blanket covering Peter. Once again, it's something that has no right to be as adorable as it is.

The doorbell rings, but neither Princess nor Peter startles. The cat does open one lazy, yellow eye to glare at the door, and then to stare at Wade, like *Take care of that, would you?* is an expression a cat can convey. With a sigh, Wade sets down his coffee cup and heads to the door, pulling money out of his wallet as he goes.

He tips the delivery guy with a few bills that he doesn't check the denominations of, because he's Wade *fucking* Wilson, and he's got a bit of money to spare. Then he takes the bag of food back to the kitchen, intending to just set it on the counter and wait for Peter to wake up.

Except as he turns into the kitchen, Peter groans. Wade knows that sound. That is the sound that always, *always* precedes someone throwing up, and he just got his carpets cleaned, dammit. Quickly, he grabs a plastic bowl from the closest cabinet, all but hurdling over the back of the couch to get it in front of Peter in time.

Peter does throw up, and all of it ends up in the bowl, thank god. And because he doesn't trust the kid to hold the thing himself, Wade just stays there, kneeling at Peter's feet, holding the bowl with one hand and gently rubbing the kid's shoulder with the other. Meanwhile, Princess stalks off, upset at the loss of her Peter-bed.

When the kid's done, he sits back, shaky, and there's tears and snot and spit on his face. Wade makes a sound, one that's far too soft for him, and then digs around in his pocket until he

finds what he's looking for. "Easy," he says, when his fingers close around the handkerchief. "Here, baby boy. Let me."

He sets the bowl aside, and then, gently, wipes Peter's face clean. He's almost surprised that the kid lets him, but Peter doesn't speak a word of protest, doesn't even move to pull away until Wade does.

"Sorry," Peter says, after a beat, his eyes dropping to the ground.

Wade's chest fills with righteous fury, all of it on Peter's behalf. "There's nothing to be sorry for," he replies, making sure his voice stays even. "It wasn't your fault."

Peter snorts, but the sound is humorless. Wade frowns at the sound. "You got roofied," he says. "That is most definitely not your fault."

"I should have been watching my drink," Peter counters. "I didn't think...I was *stupid*."

"Nothing happened," Wade says quickly, because Peter's tone is bordering on upset, and Wade's not sure what he remembers, or even *if* he remembers.

This time, when Peter laughs, it sounds a little bit more real. "Yeah, I know. My knight in shining armor saved me. You get the guy?"

Wade's never been called a *knight in shining armor* before. He's also never been accused of saving someone. It's an odd feeling, and thankfully, it's one he doesn't have to examine too closely, because Peter follows the oddball statement with a question. "Yep," Wade answers, not managing to conceal the glee in his voice. "He was taken care of."

Peter raises an eyebrow, and, yeah, right. Cop. *Shit*.

"No one un-alived him," Wade grumbles. "Happy?"

"Having to arrest you would put a damper on my morning." Peter grins as he says it, and Wade barely has time to process the words before the kid's moving on. "You got water?"

"I've got breakfast."

"Tony?"

Wade blinks, and Peter winces. "My handler," he clarifies. "I'm not... I think I gave you his number, last night?"

Oh, right. Wade nods, reaching into his pocket and holding out his phone. "I'll be in the kitchen," he says, which is really doesn't grant Peter anything but the semblance of privacy, but hey, it's the thought that counts, right? It's gotta be worth something, because Peter smiles up at him and takes the phone with a murmur of thanks.

Wade retreats to the kitchen, grabbing a water glass for Peter before taking the food out of the delivery bag. As he sets it on the counter, he hears Peter talking, his voice low and quiet.

“Hey, Tony. I’m fine. It’s all good. Everything’s just peppermint patties, okay?”

Wade snorts, because as cue words go, that’s pretty fucking awful. Still, it seems to get the point across that Peter’s okay and *hasn’t* been kidnapped by Wade, because a few moments later, Peter rises from the couch, stretching his arms up over his head. Wade watches, shamelessly, as the muscles in the kid’s back shift and move under his skin. It’s only for a moment, though, because Peter picks up Wade’s jacket almost immediately, putting it on to cover his bare torso.

Wade does *not* mourn the loss.

Peter pads into the kitchen, looking every inch like a one-night stand Wade took home in a moment of weakness. The kid doesn’t seem to notice he’s still in his club-wear, though. Other than shrugging on Wade’s discarded jacket, he’s not even trying to cover up.

“Breakfast,” Wade says, pushing one of the cartons towards Peter. Then he studiously drops his gaze to his own. “Nothing heavy. Biscuits, fruit, scrambled eggs. Shouldn’t upset your stomach, but still go slow, yeah? I don’t need to be cleaning vomit off the tile.”

There’s a moment’s pause, where silence hangs between them, and Wade wonders, ridiculously, if he’s overstepped some bound. But then he sees Peter nod out of the corner of his eye, sees the kid reach for the plastic silverware that came with the food.

“Thank you, Wade.”

It’s only later, much later, that Wade realizes that it’s the first time Peter called him by his first name.

Chapter End Notes

This fic will earn its Explicit rating, I promise. I am a benevolent porn god.

-----> [poll](#).

Also, as a side note: I have never experienced being roofied. I've been purposefully high, but I've never been drugged. My uncle *has* been, though, so most of the reactions and descriptions I used are from his story.

(He was okay, by the way. His friends noticed something was wrong almost immediately and made sure he got home safe. The only thing he did that he regrets is call his wife and leave a long, ooey-gooey lovey-dovey voicemail that she still has as blackmail material to this day.)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

Wade's Three-Step Plan to Deal with Peter Parker goes down the drain after that night.

In the relative privacy of his own brain, Wade's willing to admit that he might, maybe, have a thing for the kid. He doesn't name the thing, because he knows that naming it gives it power, and he already feels powerless enough in the face of *the thing*. He doesn't need to give Peter any more power over his subconscious than he already has.

He also doesn't name the thing because he has a sneaking suspicion of what it might be. It's not lust (although lust is a part of it), and it's not *love*, because Wade's a goddamn grown man who doesn't fall in love with people after a handful of days and a dozen strip dances.

But the thing is *something*. It's an attachment at the very least, and attachments, in Wade's line of work, are dangerous things.

Wade expects the kid to take a night off to deal with what happened, but when he goes to the club that night, Peter is in the back room with the other dancers, in the middle of changing into his costume. The night's theme is "Sexy Superhero," and Peter's clad in thigh-high red boots, white briefs, and a cape that does little except highlight his collarbones.

Peter glances up when Wade walks in, and a smile dances over his face. "Hey, Mr. Wilson," he says, straightening from where he's bent over, fiddling with the laces of one of his boots. And it makes sense to have the formality here, in the club, but Wade decidedly doesn't like it.

He walks over to the kid, reaching out to lift his chin with a finger. Peter's eyes are bright, focused, even though Wade knows there are dark circles under the makeup he's wearing. "You don't have to be here tonight," he says, quietly. "No one's gonna question it if you take a night off."

"I'm fine," Peter answers. When Wade raises an eyebrow, Peter sighs. "Really. I'm fine. No weird side-effects, no emotional trauma, no reason for me *not* to be out there, doing my job." He smiles, and then lowers his voice, just for Wade to hear. "Don't you want me out of your hair sooner, rather than later?"

Wade huffs, but he doesn't answer. Instead he says, "Be careful, kid," and turns to leave the dressing room.

"Hey," Peter calls. "Can I ask a favor?"

Wade sighs, like the answer to that question is anything but 'yes, of course'. "Ain't got all night, kid," he says instead. "What do you want?"

Peter flashes another smile. “Sit close to the stage tonight?” he asks. “I’ll feel better knowing you’re close by.”

It’s a ridiculous request, because no one is going to try to drug Peter while he’s up on the stage. No one’s going to try *anything* while he’s up on the stage. It’s too public, too noticeable. But Wade still finds himself nodding, agreeing. “Better make it worth my while,” he grumbles, just to add some edge to his easy acquiescence.

He doesn’t wait for a response, just turns and leaves the dressing room, heading out towards the club. When he reaches the bar, Weasel glances up, meeting his gaze. “Trouble in paradise?” he asks over the music, and Wade flips him off. Shifting, he reaches over the bar, grabbing the closest bottle and pouring two fingers into the nearest clean-looking glass. He throws it back, wincing at the burn.

“I’ll be up front tonight,” he says. “Near the stage. Keeping an eye out, just in case.”

Wisely, Weasel doesn’t say anything.

Turning from the bar, Wade heads over towards the stage. He knows he’s supposed to be keeping an eye on the crowd, watching for Ajax, but he thinks that for one night he can pass and keep an eye on Peter instead. The kid asked, after all, with those pretty brown eyes turned upwards to Wade’s face. Peter *asked*.

The table Wade chooses is practically touching the stage. Peter will definitely be able to see him, be able to take reassurance from his presence or whatever it is the kid is looking for. It could just be that Peter wants him in sight to keep an eye on him, instead of the other way around. It could be that Peter’s trying to keep him away from his business, under the pretense of being scared.

The music starts, and Wade glances up as the kid takes the stage. He sure as hell doesn’t *look* scared. He’s radiating confidence, dripping in sex-appeal, and the look he flashes Wade’s way when he sees him is nothing short of *glowing*.

Peter palms himself through his briefs, and the kid *asked* him to be there, so Wade doesn’t feel bad about looking, eyes tracing the bulge beneath Peter’s fingers. As he watches, Peter slides the hand up his body, over his stomach, pausing to scrape a nail across a nipple. He throws his head back and thrusts his hips forward, and *god*, Wade’s hard in his slacks.

Peter’s hand continues traveling upwards, until it reaches his collarbones, where the ties holding the cape on his shoulders lie. Almost delicately he pulls on one of the strings, and Wade watches as the red satin slowly falls off Peter’s shoulders, hanging by his side.

“Hold this for me, would you?”

Wade barely has time to register Peter’s voice above the sound of the music before the kid is holding the cape out towards him. And before he can reach for it, can make some semblance of actually trying to take it from the kid, Peter drops it, right into Wade’s lap.

“Oops! Sorry, let me fix that.”

Peter's tone is falsetto, obviously put on, but Wade still finds himself nodding as Peter hops down off the stage. There's nothing to fix, but Wade still lets Peter push his shoulder back against the chair, lets him run his hands down Wade's chest until they reach his lap.

"Here we go."

Peter's hands smooth over the cape, over Wade's lap, over the erection that's tenting his pants, without hesitation. And then Peter looks up at him, all big brown eyes and pouty lips, and he smiles, wide and earnest. "Better?" he asks.

Wade's voice, when he manages to bite out a, "Yes," is deep and rough. And Peter, when he straightens and steps back up onto the stage, looks satisfied, like the cat that got the cream. Wade has *questions*, but Peter's doing his routine, and Wade can't well pull him off the stage and demand to know what the fuck is going on, no matter how much he wants to.

So, with the cape draped over his lap and hiding absolutely nothing, Wade watches Peter dance.

He watches Peter grind against the pole, watches him cant his hips up into his own hand, watches him bite his lip and throw a wink directly at Wade. He's *flirting*, like Wade is a john with money to blow, and fuck it, Wade kind of feels like it. He kind of feels like purposefully forgetting, just for a little while, that Peter Parker of the 31st precinct is a fucking *cop*

Peter finishes his routine to a round of applause, but instead of walking off towards the back, he hops off the stage right in front of Wade, holding out his hand expectantly. Right, the cape. Wade picks it up, holding the satin between his fingers, but he doesn't place it into Peter's outstretched hand.

Instead, he stands, throwing the cape over his shoulder. "You asking me for something, Parker?"

Peter raises an eyebrow, steps closer. "I'm offering," he says, just above the music. "You up for it, Wilson?"

Wade nods his head once, a jerky motion, but that's apparently consent enough for Peter because a moment later the kid is grabbing his arm and tugging him off the floor. Wade lets himself be led to the back, all the way back to his own office.

Peter shifts, then, plastering himself to Wade's back, hands curling around his hips. "Open the door," he says, breath fanning hot against Wade's neck, and Wade barely has time to fumble in his pocket for the key before he feels Peter's teeth scrape over the raised, ugly scar underneath his ear.

He almost drops the key. *Almost.*

Peter all but shoves him into the room, and Wade's not sure when the dynamic changed, when Peter went from teasing to demanding, but he's not complaining. Demanding Peter is shoving him up against the desk, stepping in between his legs and *kissing* him hard enough that their teeth click together. Demanding Peter has one hand palming Wade through his pants

while the other sneaks up under his shirt, nails scraping against his chest. Wade arches into the touch, and, yeah, he's totally on board with demanding Peter.

"Off," Peter all but growls, and he tugs at Wade's shirt hard enough that the buttons snap off, flying across the room. He doesn't apologize (and Wade doesn't think he's actually sorry, not for a moment), but he does lean down to mouth at Wade's exposed collarbone, licking over one of the scars that's there.

"This one could have killed you," Peter says, mouth against Wade's skin, and the older man just nods, because it's true. That knife glanced off his collarbone instead of piercing his airway, just like the one on his neck mangled the muscle, but didn't sever his jugular.

"I'm a lucky guy," Wade breathes, and Peter just laughs. Both his hands drop to Wade's pants, popping the button with practiced ease. He's shoving them down over Wade's hips a moment later, and then Peter's back in his space, thrusting up against them, and *Christ*, his briefs don't hide fucking anything.

Peter just rocks against him for a moment, scraping his teeth over every scar he can reach with his mouth. He's hard, too, the tip of his cock poking up under the waistband of his briefs, and it brushes up against Wade's stomach every time Peter rocks forward. Precome is beading at the tip, sticking to Wade's skin, but the friction feels so fucking *good*.

"Lube," Peter breathes, and Wade collapses back against the desk. He ignores Peter's concerned face, reaching back behind him to open one of the desk's drawers. His fingers close around a number of foil packets, which he promptly tosses in Peter's general direction. It's a mish-mash of condoms and lube, but Peter manages to get one of both in his hands.

"Turn over," Peter says, and, *oh*.

Yeah. Wade fucking *loves* demanding Peter.

He obeys the order (because that's what it is, a fucking order that should have Wade's hackles rising, but instead has him rolling onto his stomach), and kicks his pants off from around his ankles. Then he spreads his legs, shamelessly arching his back.

Peter wastes no time yanking Wade's boxers down, making his dick slap up against the wood of the desk, hard. It pulls a hiss from Wade's mouth, and almost immediately, Peter is bent over him, one hand sliding around his hip until it closes around his dick, stroking softly. Wade shivers at the touch, bucking up into Peter's hand. "Sorry," Peter murmurs, and Wade thinks he was sorrier about the shirt he destroyed.

"Losing patience, here," Wade grits out, even though he's not. Peter's touch isn't enough to get him off, but it's damn pleasurable all the same, and Peter's solid weight against his back isn't all that bad, either. It's been a long time since anyone even *tried* to pin him, to *control* him during sex, and Wade is love every fucking minute of it.

But Peter just chuckles under his breath, and his hand leaves Wade's dick a moment later. Wade doesn't have long to miss his touch, though, because he hears one of the foil packets tearing, and then he feels a cold, wet finger tracing his hole. The moan that falls from his lips

is entirely unintentional, but he follows it up with another, purposeful one when the first makes Peter twist and *press*.

“Eager?” Peter asks.

“Fuck you.”

Peter’s finger sinks into him fully, and it’s not a stretch, but it’s still good. It’s a tease, a preview of what he’s about to get. “Other way around, Wade,” Peter murmurs in his ear, and he’s already teasing a second finger, tracing Wade’s rim with it, and Wade *wants*.

“You’re not getting shit if you don’t pick up the pace,” Wade growls, and Peter laughs again, that same genuine, clear sound. But he also obliges, giving Wade the second finger he wants and pulling another throaty, desperate sound from Wade’s mouth.

Peter scissors his fingers, stretching Wade open until he’s loose and pliable and all but humping the desk, desperate for something other than the teasing stimulation of Peter’s fingers. He’s about to actually yell at the younger man when Peter’s fingers retreat and the sound of crinkling foil meets Wade’s ears.

“Fucking *finally*,” he says, and then he feels the head of Peter’s cock pressing up against his rim. This, at least, Peter isn’t hesitant with. He presses forward, steadily, and Wade doesn’t have any choice but to brace himself against the desk and take it.

It’s fucking *glorious*.

The angle has the head of Peter’s cock rubbing against Wade’s prostate with every thrust, each movement sending pleasant waves of sensation up his spine. His hipbones are digging into the desk, and he’s positive he’ll have bruises there later, visceral reminders of what they’re doing.

“Christ, Wade,” Peter gasps into his neck. “You take it so fucking *well*.”

Wade comes when Peter reaches around, grasps his dick and jerks him roughly, once, twice. Then he’s shooting over the desk and choking on air while every muscle in his body tenses, contracts, tightening around Peter deep inside him.

Peter comes with a hurt, punched-out sound right in Wade’s ear.

For a moment, they just lay there, Peter draped over Wade’s back, catching their breaths. Wade can feel come cooling between his stomach and the desk, and that’s going to be a bitch to clean up, but he can’t find it in him to care. He’s fucked out and loose, riding high on endorphins, the last aftershocks of his orgasm still rippling through him.

Peter pressing his lips to the nape of Wade’s neck before he pulls out, but even the slow motion makes Wade twitch. He huffs when Peter finally stands, and he straightens himself, making no move to hide the mess that’s covering his stomach. Peter ties off the condom and tosses it into the trash can in the corner, and then tucks himself back into the briefs he’s wearing. Which, Wade realizes belatedly, he never took off.

Wade shivers.

Peter looks up and flashes Wade a grin, running a hand through his hair. “Same time tomorrow, boss?” he asks, and Wade should say no, should tell Peter that this isn’t happening, but instead he just nods, bending down to pick up his discarded clothes.

When he straightens, Peter is gone.

Wade’s not quite limping when he leaves his office, but he knows he’s not quite walking normally, either. When he walks out onto the floor, he notices that the shifts have changed, and Ellie has replaced Weasel behind the bar. It’s not ideal, but he wants a drink, so he avoids meeting her eyes as he sidles up to the bar. She notices, of course, and there’s a drink waiting for him when he finally arrives.

“Did you really just fuck the cop?”

Weasel, Wade thinks, wouldn’t have asked. Sighing, he nods, taking a sip of the drink. “The 31st should send their boys over more often.”

Ellie looks at him, her eyebrows knitted together. “The 31st?”

“I know, I know,” Wade says. “But it’s a ‘keep your enemies closer’ situation here, and...”

Ellie holds a hand up, cutting him off.

“You do *not* know,” she says. “Jesus, Wade. There’s no fucking 31st precinct!”

She pulls out her phone, typing something in frantically, but all Wade can do is blink at her. He knows Peter said the 31st. He remembers everything about that first conversation in the bathroom. So Ellie has to be wrong.

“Jesus,” she mutters under her breath, and then turns her phone around. On the screen is an actual list of New York’s precincts, in numerical order. And, right there on the screen, Wade sees the list go 25, 26, 28, 30, 32.

“Who the fuck is he, Wade?”

And Wade has absolutely no idea how to answer that question. Because if Peter isn’t a cop, if he isn’t there looking for Ajax, what the *fuck* is he doing in Wade’s club?

Chapter End Notes

Smut! Also, did you know that there's really no 31st precinct? The numbering system is bizarre.

[Poll](#) here. And yes, I noticed that one of you voted NINE times in a row a few nights back. I appreciate the strong opinions, friend.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Wade examines every interaction with Peter, using the 20/20 vision of hindsight.

How could he have been so *stupid*?

When he'd first seen Peter, he assumed it was a sting. A poorly conceived one, but a sting all the same. Finding out that it *wasn't* had quelled just enough of his anger to make him forget that his contact in the PD hadn't mentioned anything about an undercover operation.

Peter had pointed out the blood on his ceiling with a tongue-in-cheek question, had *laughed* when Wade told him what it was from. And he'd figured that the kid was laughing because the blood would be gone before he could get a squad down there to try to claim it as evidence against Wade, but now? Now, Wade's wondering, because laughing at the stain of a man's lifeblood isn't fucking *normal*.

He remembers other things, too. Peter letting it slide that Wade's people had obviously inflicted grievous bodily harm on the guy that had roofied him. Peter's entire behavior on the stage, which went so far beyond flirty it was in an entirely different fucking zip code.

Peter fucking him over his own desk, which is definitely *not* the kind of involvement a cop should have with Wade.

Peter saying, "*Same time tomorrow, boss? Told you playing the hero was a mistake.*"

He could be anyone. Feds. Private sector. Competition that just came to the city.

You're fucked.

Wade punches a hole through the wall and chokes on drywall dust, but the pain in his hand makes the voices shut up, at least for a few moments. He just needs to *think*, just for a minute, so he can figure out what the fuck is going on. So he can figure out who the *fuck* Peter is.

He slaps his computer on, ignoring the pathetic whirring sound it makes as it comes to life. The security cameras outside won't give him a lot of information, but they might give him a plate he can match to Peter's name, get his contact in the PD to look the kid up and spill whatever they have on him.

The security feed shows Wade exactly what he expected to see. He watches as Peter traverses the club, nods to Ellie as he leaves, and then ducks out the door into the parking lot. The kid's car is parked close to the back entrance, so it's barely a few seconds for him to leave the door and arrive at the vehicle. But in those few seconds, another figure appears on the feed.

He knows where the camera is, because he keeps his back to it as he levels a handgun at the back of Peter's head. On the screen, Peter freezes, and then slowly raises his hands. The feed doesn't have audio, but it doesn't take a genius to figure out what's happening.

Wade expects the stranger to take Peter's wallet and book it, but the guy doesn't. Instead, he gets closer, slowly, close enough that he can jerk his hand and pistol whip Peter to the back of the head.

Peter collapses to the pavement, and Wade grits his teeth against the pang of empathy he feels, but even he can't squash it entirely, not when the tape shows the stranger dragging Peter to another vehicle and all but throwing him into the backseat. He shuts the door, and then digs around in his pocket for a moment before pulling out what looks like a sheet of paper and placing it, almost delicately, on the hood of Peter's car.

The stranger (and Peter) are gone a moment later, and Wade still hasn't seen the attacker's face, but he has an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of his stomach that he knows *exactly* who Peter's kidnapper is.

Slowly, he makes his way back out to the club, ignoring Ellie's look from the bar as he steps out into the parking lot. Peter's car is still there, and the piece of paper is as well, trapped under a windshield wiper like it's a parking ticket. Wade picks it up, flattening it out against the hood before reading the words hastily scribbled on it.

You know where to find us.

-A

The paper crumples in Wade's hand, smudging Ajax's handwriting. But Wade isn't thinking about the paper. His mind is racing, frantic, because the note was correct in its assumption. Wade does know where to find them.

But, typically, people aren't found there *alive*.

Twenty minutes later, Wade is sitting in the driver's seat of his car, a .45 auto strapped into his shoulder holster. The engine is running, but Wade's still sitting in the club's parking lot, phone in hand. He's debating on whether putting the call through is going to be worth it, if it's even going to get him anything useful at all.

With a sneer that no one can see, Wade taps the contact.

Three rings pass before the line clicks. Wade can hear the person on the other end take a breath, and that's the only warning he gets before their voice comes through, painfully loud and clear.

"Where the fuck is he, Wilson?"

The man's tone is no-nonsense, and Wade recognizes the voice immediately. In fact, he doubts there's a person alive in the US who wouldn't instantly recognize that voice. And it

piques his interest, because Peter had referred to the man as ‘Tony’ - just Tony, which implied he had a real fucking close relationship with the guy. With Tony fucking *Stark*.

“I don’t have the kid,” Wade replies easily. “But I know where he’s at. I’ll go get him, but I’m sure as hell not going in blind.”

“I don’t have to tell you anything.”

“Ajax is a sadistic son of a bitch, and he’s got our boy. Now would be a good fucking time to tell me *what the hell is up!*”

There’s silence on the other end of the line. Wade knows what Stark is thinking about - he’s weighing the pros and cons of giving up intel to someone with a reputation like Wade. He’s wondering if it’ll help or hurt Peter. He’s wondering if *Wade* is planning on helping or hurting Peter.

“Peter’s a good kid, He’s a great kid. But he’s just a fucking kid.”

Ah. Wade gets what Stark is saying - or, rather, what he’s not saying. Peter isn’t part of their superhero squad, the self-appointed protectors of the world that Stark’s running.

“Okay,” Wade says. “Then what the fuck was he doing in my club?”

“He’s a good kid with a hero complex, Wilson. Most of the time, he’s smart about it, and I do my best to help him out and keep him from getting killed.”

“So what you’re saying is that Peter is a motherfucking *vigilante?*”

There’s a pause on the other end, and the Stark sighs. Wade can almost see him pinching the bridge of his nose. But when Stark speaks again, his voice isn’t chastising. “*You called him our boy. Do you have his back, Wilson?*”

And Wade surprises himself by answering, immediately, “Yes.”

Ajax’s old stomping grounds are in Hell’s Kitchen, a neighborhood that Wade’s uncomfortably familiar with. While he’s moved up in the world, trading in grime for glitter, Ajax apparently has not. The man always did have a taste for the horrors that only a place like Hell’s Kitchen could truly handle.

The scar on Wade’s neck twinges with pain. He remembers the day Ajax gave it to him, remembers the feeling of the knife parting his skin. He remembers the feeling of his clothes being soaked with his own blood, and most of all, he remembers Ajax laughing as he bled out.

It hadn’t even been a fuckng hit. It was Ajax’s own ego, his dislike for the way that Wade had risen from the crew they’d both ran with and made more of himself than any of them ever had. It was petty jealousy, and this, with Peter? This was more of the same.

Wade wonders, briefly, if Ajax will give Peter a matching scar. He wonders if, after this, Peter will live long enough to scar.

The warehouse he's looking for is old - it's been listed as condemned for as long as Wade can remember, but no one's ever tried to tear it down. Local gangs use it as a playground, a place to do the dirty work that even Hell's Kitchen won't tolerate in broad daylight. Wade knows, because he's done his fair share of dirty work there. The blood that's soaked into the concrete is proof of that.

The back door isn't locked, just jammed, but it opens when he yanks on the knob and shoves his shoulder against the old wood. Half of him expects a bullet as soon as he swings the door open, but there's nothing. The door just opens to darkness, to the musty smell of dust and decay.

There's no sign that anyone's been there in years, but Wade's sure he's in the right place. Sure enough that he draws his gun as he steps out past the door, peering into the darkness for any sign that Peter's there.

"So nice of you to join us, Wade."

The voice comes from Wade's left, and he immediately spins to level the gun in its direction. He still can't fucking *see*, and he's not going to shoot into the darkness when there's a very real chance that he could hit Peter. He can't help the way his fingers twitches on the trigger, though - even all these years later, he's still conditioned to associate Ajax's voice with violence.

"Taking hostages isn't your style," Wade calls back, hoping that his assumption is right and Peter still is a hostage, not a casualty. "Why don't you let the kid go, and we can talk?"

Ajax laughs, and, yeah, that was pretty much the reaction Wade was expecting.

"He's not a hostage." There's a shuffle of movement, a sharp intake of breath, and then...

"*Fuck* you, asshole!"

Peter's voice is clear and strong, and very, very angry. Wade still can't see them, but he has a good idea of where they are in the warehouse. Slowly, he starts creeping closer, careful to make as little sound as possible.

He freezes when the sound of skin hitting skin echoes around him. Peter swears again, sharp and biting, and the sound has a fire creeping up Wade's spine. It sounded like a slap, and in the grand scheme of things it's not much, but it's still Ajax putting his hands on Peter/ And Peter is *his*.

"As I was saying." The voice is closer, now. Wade blinks in the darkness, trying to get his eyes to pick out an outline, a shadow, anything. "Your boy isn't a hostage, Wade. He's here because he cost me a job. You're just... a bonus."

Wade doesn't have time to reply before, suddenly, the room fills with light. He blinks in the brightness of it, raising a hand to shield his eyes as spots dance in his vision. He takes a stumbling step backwards, and then, instinctively, raises the gun in front of him, pointing it at where he's fairly certain Ajax is.

When he lowers his hand, just a second later, his gun *is* pointing at a man. Peter is next to him, bound to a chair, and the man's own pistol is pressed right up against the kid's temple. Wade blinks, though, because the face of Peter's captor is familiar, but not familiar in the way he was expecting.

Ajax is wearing the face of the *asshole* that drugged Peter.

Wade sees red.

Chapter End Notes

Oof. I'm sorry for the delay on this chapter, guys. A coworker quit, and another went on vacation, and picking up the slack kind of killed me. Also, Wade and Tony's conversation just refused to write itself. But I'm back, now, with an angsty chapter for you all.

----> [poll](#)

I'm thinking there's going to be one, maybe two more chapters. Depending on how much I want to drag out the resolution :)

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

Wade takes a single step forward, and that's all the time it takes for Ajax to swing the gun around to point at him. He fires; the shot misses, but Wade feels a breeze go by his cheek. Then, like nothing happened, Ajax puts the gun back to Peter's head. "Drop the gun, Wilson," he says, "or I'll put an extra hole in your boy toy. And I don't think you'll like this one as much as the others."

A snarl fights its way up through Wade's throat, but he stops the forward motion, dropping the gun at his feet. Ajax *will* kill Peter - there's no doubt about that in Wade's mind. So, for now, he just needs to play along with whatever fucked-up plan Ajax has. Hopefully, somewhere along the way, he'll come up with a plan of his own.

Across the room, Peter meets his eyes. The kid doesn't even have the good sense to look scared. He looks annoyed, more than anything else, even though there's a dried trickle of blood on the side of his face and the beginnings of a mean shiner on his left eye. Wade wants to offer some sort of comfort, some assurance, but dammit if Peter doesn't look like he even *needs* it.

As he watches, Peter's eyes flick downward, once, twice - deliberately. Wade follows his gaze, down to where Peter's feet are pressed up against the legs of the chair he's sitting on. His feet are bound together, but, Wade realizes, they're not bound to the chair. And he'll hazard that if Ajax was cocky enough to leave Peter's feet free, he probably didn't bind Peter's hands to the chair, either.

He's still not sure how that *helps*, exactly. But then Peter meets his eyes again and mouths, "*Distract him.*"

And there's a tingle of hesitation in Wade's stomach, because he's not entirely sure he trusts Peter. The sensation only lasts for a moment, though. He definitely trusts Peter more than he trusts Ajax, and for the time being, those are his two options.

Of course you trust the twink.

Objectively, he's prettier. But Ajax's new face is...

Wade firmly shuts the voice down, making himself look up at Ajax. "You said he cost you a job," he says, forcing his voice to be casual, indifferent. "As far as I remember, you're the one who fucked up and got caught drugging him."

That's right. Taunt the unstable killer with a gun to the kid's head.

Just because we have a deathwish doesn't mean Peter does, too!

But Ajax doesn't respond to the taunt by blowing Peter's brains out all over the warehouse floor. He does respond the way Wade thought he would, by baring his teeth in a sneer and shifting his attention fully to Wade.

"I was meeting a client," Ajax says. "A client who would have appreciated a pliant, willing dancer to keep him company while we chatted. And after, if things went well." Wade feels a surge of protectiveness that clenches in his chest, but Ajax goes on, seemingly unaware of how tightly Wade is clenching his jaw. "But, see, I got kicked out before I could make the deal, and that rang just a little too unprofessional with the client. So, now I'm out the 30 g's the job would have paid, and it's all because you decided to get a hard-on for jailbait up there."

"If money's the issue..."

"Money's not the issue!"

Ajax stalks forward, away from Peter, and Wade simultaneously breathes a little easier and prepares to fight. The guy's always been easy to rile up. His pride makes him easy to poke at, easy to goad into a fight. And that's what Ajax is looking for - he wants a fight, wants a put-down, wants to prove that he's the biggest, baddest bitch on the block.

Wade's all right with letting him pretend, for a little while, but he hopes Peter's plan is the quick-action sort all the same.

With a huff, Ajax storms into his space, pushing the gun right up against Wade's chest. "Money's not the issue," he repeats, his voice low, dangerous. "The issue is my *reputation*, Wilson. I lost a job because you tried to put me in my place over some *whore*. I can't just let that stand, not if I want anyone to take me seriously again."

"People took you seriously to start with?" Wade quips, and it's both the right and the wrong thing to say. It's the right thing, because Ajax's eyes narrow and Wade's certain that he has 100% of the man's attention. It's the wrong thing, though, for the same reason. Ajax's attention is never a good thing. Wade has the scars to prove it.

"You haven't changed one bit, have you?"

Wade sees the blow coming, and he leans back, just far enough to avoid the hook that Ajax is throwing with the hand that isn't holding the gun. Ajax isn't a particularly *good* fighter, but he's strong, and he's dirty, and he doesn't hesitate when he's got a goal in mind.

In this case, the goal is apparently adding to Wade's repertoire of scars. The punch doesn't connect, but Wade still feels a bright strip of pain across his cheek, and when he raises his hand to touch it, his fingers come away bloody. He sees the knife in Ajax's hand a moment later, and he grits his teeth.

If he's going to urge Ajax into a fight, he's going to damn well *enjoy* it. Grinning, he straightens, wiping his hand on his pants. "Aw, Francie, still can't stand that I'm prettier than you?"

Wade's not sure what does it, if it's the throwback to Ajax's real name, or if it's the dig at his looks. It doesn't matter what does it, because it does it, and Ajax is lunging at him a breath later, teeth bared and knife glinting in the low light.

Wade meets him halfway, batting the gun away with a hard tap to the other man's wrist. It goes skidding away - useless, now, and Ajax *roars*, fury etched into his features. He lunges forward again, with a backhand this time, and Wade diverts it easily, grabbing Ajax by the arm and yanking, tipping him off balance and pulling him into Wade's knee. It hits the other man square in the chest, and Wade can *hear* him choke on his inhale.

Figuring Ajax is incapacitated for the moment, Wade risks a glance up at Peter. It's the wrong thing to do, though. Peter's not in the chair anymore, and Wade has to blink through the confusion. And Ajax, apparently, has spent their years apart learning how to take a hit, because he's pulling himself up far quicker than Wade expected.

Everything happens at once.

Wade hears Peter cry out a warning, something that's high-pitched and worried and sounds startlingly like his name. He turns, sees the blade in Ajax's hand, and he twists out of the way just as the gleaming metal passes through the place where his stomach was not a moment before.

Pain blooms up his side, and he vaguely realizes he didn't move far enough as he hits the ground, his ribs taking the brunt of the impact. Something cracks, most likely a rib, matching the fire that's creeping up his other side.

"I should have put you down a long time ago," Ajax says, and now he's bent over Wade, his knife dripping blood onto the concrete.

Wade coughs, flashes a grin he doesn't feel. "To be fair," he gasps out, "you did put in a good effort."

Ajax snarls, rears his hand back, and Wade closes his eyes, waiting for the slash across his throat.

It doesn't come.

And then he feels a little stupid, laying there with his eyes closed. Sighing, he opens them, half-expecting Ajax to be standing there with the knife, waiting for Wade to meet his end with his eyes wide open. That's not what he sees, however. Ajax is on the floor, limbs askew, blood dripping out of the corner of his mouth.

And, above him, is Peter.

Peter's holding a gun, the one that Wade dropped, but he's holding it by the barrel. Wade doesn't remember hearing a shot. So Ajax isn't dead, he's just unconscious. That's fine. Wade can finish the job as soon as he gets to his feet, so Peter doesn't have to...

Peter flips the gun in his hand, takes aim and fires twice in quick succession.

Ajax's legs jerk as two plumes of red spray up from his knees. There's a moment of silence, barely a beat, and then the man's whole body tightens.

Ajax *screams*, and it's honestly one of the most beautiful sounds Wade's ever heard.

"You fucking *kneecapped* him," Wade manages, laughter in his voice even though it takes an extreme amount of effort to get the words out. He pushes himself up onto an elbow, wincing before pressing a hand to his side. His shirt is soaked through, and his jacket is damp with blood, and all of that is not a good sign, but.

But Peter's all right, and Ajax definitely isn't going to be able to walk this one off.

Peter moves to kneel by Wade's side, gently lowering him back to the ground. If he focuses his eyes, Wade can see red stripes around Peter's wrists, raw skin where the bindings bit in a little too deeply. The bindings. Right. Peter had been tied up when Wade started the fight. How the *fuck* had he gotten out?

"How...?" Wade manages, but his voice is raspy, weak. There's black hovering at the edge of his vision, and with every moment that passes, unconsciousness sounds better and better. But Peter is looming over him, concern clouding those pretty brown eyes, and Wade really doesn't want to give him another reason to worry.

"I'm flexible," the kid answers. "I'll show you later, yeah?" Peter shifts, one of his hands coming up to cover Wade's, to press a little harder against the wound on his side. "The ambulance will be here soon. Just relax. I've got you."

Wade snorts, says, "You have some *'splaining* to do, kid," and then promptly passes out.

Chapter End Notes

-----> [poll](#)

I've been sick for four days, and most of this chapter was written while I was on Sudafed. I'm still pretty happy with it.

Also, before anyone clutches their pearls over Peter shooting someone, let me remind you: Peter is not Spider-Man in this fic. Without webbing to keep the bad guys in place, what's he to do? Non-lethal shooting is what he do.

also Tom Holland wielding a gun mightbemykink or something, idk.

One more chapter! Also, with the next chapter, I'll announce the winner of the poll and update with new choices.

(Last "Also", I promise. It *is* possible to get out of the bind Peter was in. I have done it, back when I was flexible. I wasn't kidnapped or anything. I had to do a demonstration

for a class and I thought 'yes, I will teach them how to escape being tied up!' I think I scarred them.)

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

TW: this chapter does include brief mention of self-medication involving pain medication and alcohol.

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

Wade wakes up in a hospital bed, in an almost painful glow of fluorescent lighting.

He doesn't sit up and dramatically rip the IV out of his hand, because he's not in a movie and, despite all evidence to the contrary, he does enjoy living. He does groan, though, raising his free hand to shield his eyes from the light.

"The *fuck* were you thinking?!"

Ellie's voice is shrill, higher than Wade's ever heard it. It resonates inside his skull a little, reverberating in a way that's just as painful as the light. It's even more painful when she hits him, on the side, directly over what Wade immediately remembers is his *fucking stab wound*.

"You could have *died*," she hisses. She's leaning over the bed, eyes blazing, her finger pointing at Wade, inches from his nose. "You could have fucking died, because you decided to play hero over some fucking *kid* who looks pretty on a pole, you *asshole*!"

"Careful," Wade wheezes. "You're starting to sound like you care, Elle-bear."

"Oh, fuck you."

"Love you too, kiddo."

Ellie hits him again, a closed fist on his chest this time, and Wade catches it, holds it there. "I'm okay," he says. And then, because Ellie deserves an explanation, deserves to know why Wade left her behind, he says, "It was Ajax."

Ellie crumples, all 100-some pounds of her, across Wade's chest. "You're still an idiot," she mumbles, but there's no heat left in her voice. "Don't do that again."

And Wade doesn't promise, because he knows it's not one he can keep. "I'll tell you next time," he says instead. Then, after a pause, he squeezes Ellie's shoulder with the hand that doesn't have an IV sticking out of it. "Speaking of the kid..."

Ellie sits up, a disgusted look on her face. "You're awful," she says. Before Wade can protest (even though, really, there's nothing to protest), she continues, "And I don't know. The only

reason I know *you're* here in the first place is because I'm apparently your *next of fucking kin*."

"Surprise?" Wade tries. Ellie's look turns a little murderous, like she's about to stab Wade herself, but he's saved from death by scalpel by a nurse entering the room.

"Mr. Wilson," she says. "If you're feeling well, we should be able to get you discharged."

Wade's never filled a form out faster in his life.

He's not sure what he expects, walking back into the club. It feels like it should be monumental - it feels like something should happen, other than Weasel looking up from where he's wiping down glasses at the bar, preparing for the night's crowd.

"Good to see you back, boss," he says, and Wade's hand involuntarily curls around the bandages on his side. And Weasel has to see the question in his eyes, the expectation in the way he's holding himself, because it's the only explanation for the man's next words. "I haven't seen him, since. Don't think we're gonna, either."

And that.

That's that.

Because it's true, Wade realizes. Peter was there for Ajax. The whole gig, the dancer cover, it was all to take him down. That's done, now - Ajax's arrest is all over the news. The PD is taking credit, of course, but it doesn't matter. Peter's reason for being in Wade's club is gone.

It shouldn't hurt like it does.

Wade rolls his shoulders back, plastering a grin on his face. "Good riddance, right?" he says. "Kid caused more trouble than he was worth."

Weasel definitely doesn't believe him, but he doesn't call him out on it either, and at the moment, Wade's willing to accept that. He limps his way into his office, making sure the door shuts behind him before slowly, gingerly, lowering himself into his chair. His side hurts, and there's an ache in his chest that's definitely not left over from his scrap with Ajax.

With a grimace, he throws back one of the pain pills the hospital sent him home with. After all, what's the point of medication if not for a little self-medicating?

He almost goes home, right before the club opens, but Weasel puts a drink in his hand and he's already at the bar, and levering himself off the stool just sounds like... like a lot of work. So he stays.

And, maybe, he thinks, it won't be so bad. The alcohol is interacting nicely with the pain meds, making his head soft and fuzzy, making the lights dance pleasantly in his vision. Maybe it won't be so bad. The other dancers are pretty, too - he could take any of them home if he wanted and only feel *slightly* guilty about it in the morning.

As the music starts up, Wade decides he'll do just that. He'll find a pretty dancer or two, and he'll take them home, and he'll fuck Peter right out of his system. That'll get him sorted, get him back to being himself. It's a good plan, and he thinks it's a good plan, right up until the first dancer comes on stage.

Because the first dancer, dressed in only a tight-fitting pair of jeans and a fucking *bow tie*, is Peter.

The kid meets his eyes from across the room, gaze like a pair of brown lasers. Wade's rooted in the spot, and suddenly, the pleasant haze he'd been slipping into is more than a little unwelcome. He grits his teeth, like he could will away the chemical cocktail of oxy and Jack in his stomach, but it doesn't do much. *Fuck*.

Opiates make time move strangely. Wade could swear he spends barely fifteen seconds fighting with himself to clear his head, but by the time he looks up, Peter is stepping off the stage to cheers and cat-calls, his chest glistening with sweat. He blinks, dizzy, and then the kid is in front of him, brows furrowed in concern as his eyes dart over Wade's face.

"Hey," Peter says over the music. "Are you okay?"

No, Wade wants to say. Instead, he nods, even though Peter's concerned expression turns to disbelief. "I'm fine," he manages, wincing at how his voice cracks. "I'm fine. Why are you here?"

Peter raises an eyebrow. "I never quit," he says, flatly. "And I'm not sure if you noticed, but I kind of have a thing for my boss. Figured it'd be really hard to follow up on that if I never came back."

Wade blinks, and Peter sighs.

"Let's get you home," he says, and Wade lets the kid guide him to his feet, lets him lead him out of the bar.

In the morning, when both the alcohol and the opiates have bled out of his system, Wade lets Peter make him feel dizzy in an entirely different way.

Chapter End Notes

And that's the ending, friends!

Poll results: the next fic on the roster is "Shooting Stars and Silver Moons", a sequel to [Behave \(Abnormally\)](#), a Kliego omegaverse AU.

The poll has now been [updated](#) with new options! (And they're pretty great ones, if I do say so myself).

Thanks for all the love and support, on this fic and others. Writing fanfiction makes me happy, and it makes me even happier to know that other people enjoy reading what I write.

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