

Something Spideypool This Way Comes

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Something Spideypool This Way Comes

by [ImpassionedWriter](#)

Summary

Deadpool is hired to steal a spider from the labs of Oscorp and clashes with an adorable young lab assistant who is adamant about putting a stop to the criminal activity. While this bespectacled wallflower is tougher than he looks, Wade triumphs. But, the victory is hollow. Wade decides he wants to take another of the company's assets... And there has to be a joke in there somewhere...

Chapter 1

Wade honestly doesn't give a shit about spiders. They live in corners, poop out homes, and squish pretty nicely. That's about it. But when someone pays him half a million to scoop one up from Oscorp, he has to rethink their importance. So, just before creeping back out of the lab with his newly acquired buddy, he studies the thing. Eight pinprick black eyes gleam back at him.

"I guess you are what they mean when they say it's "for science"."

The spider does not answer.

[Good.]

{What the heck, that would be so scary!}

"Now, now. We owe a lot to science. Mainly, this overwhelming sex appeal." The novelty of his returned good looks had not yet worn off and there were many shiny surfaces in the lab in which to see Wade's nearly perfect face reflected. He admires each one as he walks toward the door.

"Nearly perfect, my above average ass. Do you think I could sneak in here wearing a slutty nurse uniform if I still looked like Frankenstein's rejected body parts pile?"

An unfamiliar voice stops him.

"Where are you going with that?"

Wade purses his lips, plasters on his best innocent expression, and spins on his heel to address the person who will hereafter and forever be known as The Cutest Person Who Ever Came Out Of God's Creative Sperm Bank.

{A lengthy title.}

[But well deserved.]

Standing a surfboard length away and coming closer- **[What an odd unit of measurement.]**
- is a young man who appears to be in his early twenties.

{Or, he could be a reaaaally healthy thirty year old.}

[Nah. They don't look this good unless they're legit young.]

With brown hair, a white lab coat, and dorky glasses on his sweet face, he is a walking cliché. Wade is honestly surprised to have missed the nerd alert on the PA system. Still, he is insanely cute and the merc has always been attracted to the shy bookworm type. It must be that opposites thing again. But, as tempting as it is to clap hands on his cheeks and squeal

about exchanging numbers, Wade is not about to trade his sterling reputation of non-professionalism for a meaningful first impression.

This is business, not pleasure.

Okay, it's always a little of both ideally, but in this case, half a million dollars can buy him a lot of pretty faces.

{Dakimakura aren't that expensive.}

[Just say “anime body pillow”, you pretentious fuck.]

{No quarreling on missions, remember??}

Wade smiles. “It's a spidernapping. Oh, and coincidentally,” He says, holding the container up to his face, “A spider napping. Isn't it cute?”

The young man looks at it and back at him. The perplexity in his large brown eyes is adorable. Since his mouth isn't rising to the occasion, Wade takes it on himself to be a gentleman and continue his usual babbling. “It's less furry than a cat nap and equally as illegal as a kid nap. So, I'll be taking my complimentary pet and leaving before security arrives. Unless, there is a booth where they hand out snacks. Because if there is, we'll be stopping there first.”

As he moves, the other man reaches out and grabs his arm. It takes a lot for Wade to suppress his reflexes and remain still.

“No.”

“No?” Wade blinks back and corrects him, “Yes.”

A shaking head accompanies the stressed repeat of, “*No*. I can't let you leave and I especially can't let you take J.B.”

Sharp eyes track down the small scientist's frame and linger on his name tag before shooting back up to meet his gaze.

“Okay, I'll be straight here, Parker, as un-fun as that is. I haven't asked for permission to do anything since I was five and wrecked my tricycle in front of the ice cream truck to trade my silence for freebies. And it's against my nature to blindly take orders, that's why I would make a terrible su- Wait...”

Wade abruptly tilts his head, something tugging at his heartstrings. He says, “This little guy has a name?”

He could swear there is a tint of pink in those apple cheeks.

“That's... Forget that. Just give me the specimen and I won't tell anyone you were in here.”

Why is he trying to negotiate? Clearly, Wade is larger and scarier. Just how important is this tiny eight-legged lab rat that this guy would try to stand up to him?

“I’m gonna go with the “Make me” option, which means I’ll have to regretfully kick your likely delicious ass. Or, you can let go.”

Surprisingly, the grip on his arm tightens and it’s kind of ouchie. The action puts a deep slant in Wade’s brow. He is used to stupid people but it never stops being annoying when they act on it. Maybe he shouldn’t have expected more from this kid just because he’s an egghead.

“Look, I really don’t want to hurt you. I might even cry myself to sleep if I mess up such a pretty face.”

The scientist- **[You know his name. Use it.]** Parker seems to reach a determination as he looks down, gives a deep sigh, and glares up at Wade with new steel.

“You’re not giving me much of a choice here, man. I’ve spent months on this research and you’re not going to walk out of here with it. Put the spider down or I’ll be forced to resort to using force.”

“Say that five times fast.”

“What?”

There is a split second of confusion and Wade takes advantage of it by throwing the container in the air. When Parker gasps and lunges forward to catch it, Wade tangles his legs and uses an elbow to knock him to the floor.

He reaches out to palm the falling prize and contemplates setting it on the counter and spanking some sense into the boy gaping up at him. Hey, he never said he wouldn’t fight dirty.

There’s no time for that, though.

“Sit. Stay. Good boy.”

{We already missed the start of the Golden Girls marathon!}

He turns to leave and absolutely does not see it coming when something small and unexpectedly solid tackles him from behind.

They both hit the ground and the wind is knocked right of Wade, painful and sudden. The spider’s container slides across the tiles just out of reach, hitting the bottom of the door gently.

Wade is fuming by the time he realizes that this fight isn’t quite over and rolls, shoving the smaller body off him.

He growls, “I tried to go easy on you, cupcake. Now, you’re getting the knife.”

Wade reaches back for his katanas and groans upon finding empty air.

[I told you this costume wasn't combat efficient.]

Oh well. He doesn't need a weapon.

Parker is kneeling a foot away, lips pulled tight, scowling at the merc. His glasses are crooked. Wade wants to knock them off his stupidly precious, flushed face.

This time, Wade is ready for the attack and dodges the punches that are thrown at him. Parker isn't playing around.

A surprise kick sends him flying backwards into a shelf. Glass shatters on impact around him and goodness-knows-what oddly colored liquid blotches the pristine tiles. This stuff could be harmful and they are still on the floor, so Wade feels he has no choice but to launch himself forward at the kid.

They kind of wrestle for a minute and he doesn't know how the other man can possibly be this strong, but Wade has the upper hand, having been trained for combat. He manages to get Parker down on his back, both panting and straining against the other.

Wade can't help being impressed. Certain parts of his body are aching- not the fun places; but they're all fun places- and it's been too long since he had to put this much effort into a scuffle. It makes him feel rusty but good; like all his cogs are starting to work again. He relishes it while gazing into fiery hazel eyes.

Damn, are they beautiful.

“You've got some skills, kid,” He says.

“Don't call me that,” Parker grounds out, “I have an actual name.”

“So do I. I'll leave you my calling card.”

Again, a look of uncertainty crosses Parker's face. Wade wishes he didn't have to do this next part, but he's really cutting it close now.

[We're definitely going to miss the whole marathon, aren't we? Dammit. I knew we should have waited until after.]

{I'm closing my eyes! You know I can't stand the sight of blood!}

[That looked like it hurt. Poor kid.]

{He doesn't like being called that.}

[Don't care. I'll call him whatever I want. Still, maybe we should leave a note of apology?]

“I don't have any paper.”

{Write it on his face. Ooh, and draw a penis!}

“I’m not putting a penis on his face. Not without buying him dinner first.”

[How are you leaving a calling card without paper?]

“Huh... I didn't think about that.”

Wade taps his chin, staring thoughtfully down at the unconscious boy now propped against a cabinet. He really wouldn't mind seeing him again under better circumstances. And get a closer look at everything under the lab coat. Not that he's a pervert or anything.

*{*Wink wink*}*

“Ah,” He sighs, shuffling over to the door and bending down to retrieve his prize. “Maybe we're star crossed lovers. Then, we will meet again and I won't have to do anything.”

Luckily, the spider is all right. It seems a bit rattled, but can you blame it? After witnessing that, anyone would have eight wobbly knees.

“Don't worry,” Wade coos at the small thing, “Your parents are just having an argument.”

[Do spiders have knees?]

{If they don't, this will be a very dull story.}

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

“You said half a million.”

There is a mumble on the other end of the phone.

“No, no. If I don't see that money, you can kiss this spider goodbye. I will flush it and that's a promise... Yeah? Well, your mom loves it, so... uh-huh. Sounds like a date.”

Wade snaps his phone shut and drops it on the floor. Instead of hitting the boards with a clatter, it falls right into a takeout box, on a welcoming pile of noodles. It has been two days since the not-so-smooth heist and he still hasn't received the other half of payment. Just to show them, he's going to sit right here on this ratty couch in his boxers and not move until his bank account is fed.

Oh, speaking of feeding things...

Wade stands up and moves to crouch in front of the box sitting in the middle of his living room. The spider has spun itself a cozy hideaway inside, where it sits and peers out like a petulant child. He can tell the thing doesn't like him, but eventually it has to get over that, right? He's only selling it to carry out a Scrooge McDuck fantasy he's had since he was a kid. What's so wrong with that?

“Hey, angry marble with legs, do you want to come out and play today? Are you hungry?”

Two dead flies are stuck to the bottom of the clear box. Maybe his pet prefers the thrill of the hunt to finger foods. Maybe Wade should try to catch some living ones instead of grocery shopping from the window sill.

[He would look so cute pushing a little shopping cart. A list on one leg and grabbing all kinds of little products with the others.]

{We should put him in a top hat!}

Wade studies the barely visible creature. “How do we know it's a “he”?”

[You just feel these things.]

{Damn right you do. Bow chica wow wow.}

[You are such a pervert.]

{Thank you.}

Tired of waiting for it to venture forward, Wade retrieves a chopstick and unclasps the box lid, lifting it just far enough that he can slip it inside. He pokes the silky sheath and the spider cringes into its home for a brief second before another round of jostling sends it shooting to the farthest corner in a panic. Its long legs reach up the wall, searching for a foothold. With a sense of guilt, Wade retracts the chopstick and closes the lid. He feels worse in discovering that there was now a roof collapse in the soft structure. He lifts the whole thing to lock eyes with the spider, its fear increasing with the altitude.

“Don't be scared. I'm not going to hurt you. And if you were listening before, I was just kidding. I wouldn't flush you even if you went legs up.”

Slowly, it stills; except for one restless limb that strokes the plastic barrier between them.

“Atta boy! Now, what would make you feel better. A bedtime story?”

[It's noon.]

“Once upon a time,” Wade begins, settling into a cross legged position on the floor, “In a forest not so far away, but very long ago... There was a horny dragon that lived in a cave. The people in a nearby village feared the dragon; they hated him, but were too afraid to do anything about it.

Suddenly, girls started going missing and people stopped going into the forest. They warned all of their children and the visiting travelers to stay away, lest they be snatched up. What nobody knew was that the dragon had very particular tastes. He only liked boys.

Sick and tired of being blamed for it, the dragon went out and found the true culprits. A band of wolves had been abducting the girls and dragging them back to their den. The dragon followed them there and breathed fire, and swung his tail, and slashed with his claws until all of them were dead.

The girls that were imprisoned escaped and ran back to the village to tell everyone what really happened. They were so relieved that they sent the prettiest boy to the dragon to sate his horniness. But the dragon, who also didn't believe in non-consensual sex, refused. You see, he was waiting for a handsome prince charming to sweep him off his feet.”

The spider has calmed down during the tale and is transfixed. Wade smiles at it, feeling oddly warm inside.

“I'm not sure what happened to the dragon, but maybe he found his special prince and they lived happily ever after in cloud cuckoo land.”

Wade's stomach chooses that moment to utter a long, low rumble and he sheepishly sets the cage back down. With one hand he grabs a menu and with the other he fishes his cellphone out of the noodles.

[I don't care if you starve to death. Do *not* lick that clean.]

“Whatd'ya say, spidey... chimichangas?”

After he's eaten and fallen into boredom again, Wade decides to take a stroll down to Oscorp to see if they have a return policy on science experiments; or signs offering rewards for the safe return of one. He should have worn his Deadpool suit on the job so he could go incognito today, but ever since that miraculous injection that juiced up his healing factor enough to recover his good looks, he can't seem to put the mask back on. Some small part of him fears taking it off and finding his old face is back; the ugly one that haunts his nightmares. He looks normal again, and he's going to appreciate it this time around.

[Oh, come on. It's not like you're a movie star.]

“I bear a striking resemblance to one, though.”

{Sorry, but Ryan Gosling is way hotter than you.}

“I'm revoking your TV privileges until you apologize.”

Since the Deadpool outfit will draw too much attention, Wade settles on a pair of jeans and a simple hoodie. He takes a selfie with his phone, though it's a little blurry from residual grease. Looking down at it, he boasts, “Incog- *neat* -o.”

The voices groan in unison.

He takes the bus for a couple of blocks and walks the rest of the way. It's a nice day, if a little warm for a hoodie.

Oscorp is such a smug corporation. It appeared that way the first time, too. Something about the wastefully high ceilings and the glass walls everywhere. The employees all stood straight and spoke primly, like programmable drones instead of people and it gave Wade the creeps. That's another reason that scientist from before caught his attention. There was something independent and earnest in his doe eyes. But Wade wasn't here to see him. In fact, if he got fingered by the guy-

[Wow, not even playing it subtle.]

-he would get swarmed by security pretty quickly. It would not be fun waiting for people to pull the strings and get him out that pickle. If anyone would bother in the first place. Heck, they would probably like having Wade locked away where he couldn't run amuck and they knew where to find him when they required his services. There were really too many shady people in too many important positions. If he cared more, he might try to fix that. But he didn't give a shit. Life was easier for the apathetic.

{Hey, about before... How does one get in a pickle?}

[Yeah, how on Earth did that saying originate?]

Wade spots the reception desk when he enters the building. He heads toward it, saying, “Watch and learn.”

[Please, don't be demonstrating the pickle thing.]

The woman behind the desk looks exactly like everything else here. Pure as driven snow and shallow as spit on a sidewalk.

{Now that's a saying. Visual, graphic, very relatable.}

“Excuse me.” Wade uses his winning smile to garner favour with the lady. She beams up at him, a waterfall of platinum sliding over her slim shoulder as she moves to face him.

“Yes?”

“Which aisle are the spiders in?”

The tiniest of wrinkles appears between her brows. “I'm sorry?”

“The spiders. Is there a pamphlet on how to take care of one? I'm not sure what they eat besides flies. A microscopic bowl of oatmeal? And do you think it's a bad idea to rent Arachnophobia? That may encourage all the wrong behaviours, but I want to get him things he'll enjoy.”

It's probably weird that he finds her bewilderment so amusing.

“I'm sorry, I'm not sure what you're talking about. Are you here for the tour?”

If it's not boring, then... “Sure!”

“They're usually reserved for field trips.” Her lips quirk minutely. “But I can tell you're really passionate about the subject matter. If you go through the door on the left, you'll find a waiting area. They should be gathering there now.”

“Thanks, doll,” He says with a wink.

Wade follows the directions and finds himself in a room that reminds him of the walk-through portion of the aquarium. It's dark compared to the other areas, more leather and carpet than marble and glass. There is a single row of seating along both walls. They want you to be in position and ready to file out two at a time from the start; like Noah's ark.

{How is this anything like Noah's ark?}

His timing is perfect because they begin not two minutes after he starts playing musical chairs with the voices. It's a draw because they refuse to admit he won fair and square.

[We had to stop before it even got serious! No one even put money on it!]

They walk down several halls and look through lots of windows at people and paperwork that he cares less than nothing about. He was promised so much more. This is very disappointing. The only plus side is that the tour guide does a passable impression of the teacher in Charlie Brown.

{Did you hear the sarcasm there?}

Stifling his fifth yawn, Wade doesn't notice the group has stopped until he bumps into a short girl, who spins around and viciously murders him in her mind in at least three different ways before turning back to the guide.

He likes her.

It takes longer than it should have for him to look around and realize that they are surrounded by spiders. The show he's been waiting for and he almost missed it! Immediately, he is wide awake and starts meandering about, gazing starstruck at this and that. They are all pitifully behind glass, but he presses his nose against it, ignoring the dirty looks, and searches for one that looks the most like his spider.

At the far end of the room, he sees a door and peers through it, noting that there is another section they have yet to enter. Inside, chatting with fellow employee, stands a nerdy, doe-eyed wallflower, who also happens to be pretty damn cool.

[And happens to be sporting a slight injury.]

{It's just a cut cheek, it will heal.}

His eye didn't blacken, that's a relief. Wade's conscience has been mildly upset with him; in the closet at the back of his mind where he keeps it buried between collector's edition comic issues. Maybe he should apologize. Or just go say hi and see if he made an impression.

[Yes. You did. Made an impression right there *on his face* .]

{badum tssssss}

The tour guide is pulled over gracelessly and Wade points through the window and asks, "Who is that?"

"W-who? Oh, you mean Dr. Parker?"

"That much I know. What's his first name? Who are his parents? What is his favourite stuffed animal? Does he prefer being the big spoon or the little spoon? Will he ever take that coat off so I can actually see his ass? Because my expectations will grow exponentially until that happens."

The frightened guide blinks a couple of times and stutters, "I think his first name starts with a 'P'. I'm not sure. I have other people to talk to."

Wade releases him and watches the oblivious exchange taking place in the next room. "P. Parker." Another victim of that comic book character naming trend.

{Reminds me of my favourite tongue twister. Oh, ask him if he has any peppers!}

[No, that was a piper. With pie.]

{I want pie!}

Judging by his facial expression, the little scientist isn't having a pleasant conversation. Wade would bet there are at least half a million reasons for that exasperation... or just one big dope. He retreats from the doorway before getting caught.

Hands sliding into the pockets of his hoodie, Wade slips through the group and makes his way to the building's lobby. He isn't going to find what he needs here.

Chapter End Notes

Montage of the epic cuteness we could achieve by making this a Deadpool & Little Spider adventure fic

Chapter 3

When Wade walks in the front door and finds two strange men in his apartment, the first thing out of his mouth is, “Aren't girl scouts supposed to knock?”

One of them pulls a gun and the other turns around, holding the spider's cage.

Wade's eyes narrow. “Well, aren't we naughty?”

There is no reason to elaborate on the bloodshed and general badassery that follows. Let's just say that those thieves won't be stealing anything since they have no arms. Or legs. Or... heads. IT'S A MESS, OKAY?!

Wade tries to collect himself, using the couch to support his weight while a bullet hole mends itself in his side. His nerves are frayed as he examines the scraped up box. It had gotten a bit battered in the fight, despite every effort to the contrary.

The spider sits on the bottom, legs curled under its round body, not moving. It doesn't look stiff, but that doesn't mean it isn't dying. He can't explain why there is a sinking sensation in his chest. He already got partially paid, it's no big loss if it all goes down the drain now.

But he won't let it go that easily.

He heads back out in a hurry and threatens the bus driver to break a few speed limits in order to get to Oscorp as quickly as possible. Nothing can stand between him and his objective without getting mowed down, but he is kind enough not to kill anyone en route to the lab. As soon as the door is smashed open- needless theatrics- he finds P. Parker sitting surrounded by other white coats, all shocked by his entrance.

Wade holds the box high above his head and shouts, “Is there a doctor in the house?!”

When nobody moves forward, his patience runs out like a branch snapping. He strides forward and plants the box on the counter in front of Parker. “Fix him.”

The sound he makes at the sight of the spider almost breaks Wade's heart in two. “What did you do to him?”

“It isn't my fault. I was mi-”

“You are the one who stole him. Who else should I blame?”

“Mmm, I'm gonna guess hired thieves. Again, not me. Not for this, I mean.”

The brunet sighed, removing the lid and reaching into the box. One of the men behind him clamped a hand on his shoulder.

“Parker! The tongs!”

“Look at the shape he's in, Gibson. I'm not going to test his durability by prodding him with tongs.”

Despite the confidence in his words, his fingers tremble ever so slightly when he picks the little one up. He doesn't set him down, but holds him carefully in his hand while observing him.

“Um,” Parker starts, glancing up at Wade's worried face, “I think I can save him, but I’ve got to take him in the other room. Is that all right?”

Nodding quickly, Wade says, “Yes! Do whatever you have to! Just save my little boy!”

He goes and leaves Wade alone with the rest of the scared men. One of them scoots sideways towards the exit, but stops when Wade looks at him.

“Where the fuck do you think you're going?”

“T-The bathroom?”

“Wrong. We are starting a prayer circle. Are there any candles? This seems like a romantic date location.” He points to the far side of the room. “Check that drawer over there. I know you freaky lil’ geeks have them stashed away somewhere.”

By the time Parker returns, Wade has constructed a tower of empty beakers, the one at the top filled with pens and needles for symbolism. The scientists are all sitting in a circle while holding hands and chanting, “The itsy bitsy spider went up the water spout. In came the bad men and smacked his ass around. Then came an angel and patched up all the wounds and the itsy bitsy spider was all okay again.”

All except the one weeping in the Corner of Banishment, that is.

With a timid hand, Parker touches Wade's arm. “Can you come with me, please?” He asks.

After nodding at him, Wade points a finger at the others and says, “Now, you guys stay right here and keep doing what you're doing. I don't think anybody needs a repeat of what will hereafter be referred to as the great goat escape of ‘98.” A lot of disgusted faces confirm that assumption.

He lets himself be led into the room where J.B. is now happily, if a bit anxiously, spinning up a new home in a different box. Wade runs over to it and squats so he is face to awkward little face with his companion. “IT'S ALIVE!”

There's a chuckle behind him at the Frankenstein impression and he peers over his shoulder. “To whom did you sell your soul to pull this off and will it involve me going on a quest to avenge your sacrifice? Because avenging is not what I'm known for.”

In the face of Wade's sarcastic humour, the other man is cocky. “I'm just that good.”

“You deserve a raise then.”

“I get compensated with other benefits.”

“Do they involve under the table blowjobs, because that's a volunteer program I could get into.”

“Are you better at that than avenging?”

“Loads.”

“Pun intended?”

“My puns are always intentional.”

Parker moves closer to him, sliding his finger across the steel surface. His eyelashes create spider-y shadows on his cheeks and Wade might be developing a bit of an obsession with this brand of arachnid.

The brunet looks up at him with unexpected tenderness. “You brought him back,” He says with a type of awe Wade is not used to. The soft cadence of his voice is doing scary things to Wade's heart and all the merc can do is gape.

It isn't like he is returning the damn thing. He still wants to get paid and quite frankly he still holds a grudge for the boring ass tour they sent him on earlier. He's not afraid of being challenged and not leaving here without that spider. No, no, no.

Suddenly, a smile touches the other man's features; it's a small one, but beautiful regardless. He holds out a hand and says, “I'm Peter.”

Ffk.

Djdbf.

Damn it.

{...}

[...something just happened.]

Keep the fucking nose stud of a creature. Wade wants to upgrade.

Swallowing nervously- *no, I did not just gulp* - Wade accepts the handshake, answering, “Wilson. Wade Wilson. But my friends call me “for a good time”.”

{*Wink*}

[Jenny don't change your number~]

Peter's eyes widen and he drops his gaze, chuckling. “Ah, gotcha.”

“Not yet, but wrestle me again and I might let you win this time.”

There's a wrinkle between Peter's brows when he looks up again. "I could have taken you."

"Care to test that theory? Tomorrow at the Chinese place on Evans Street?" The room is quiet but Wade's heart is beating so loudly he isn't sure he heard the response correctly. "Exsqueeze me?"

"I mean, I'm busy until eight. Is that too late?"

Determined to wipe the worry off that sweet face, Wade grins back and says, "I'm a creature of the night, cutie pie. Lemme iron my cape and I'll pick you up."

Quickly, Peter waves his hands and says, "No, no. I'll meet you there."

Wade tries to hide how much he cares. "Don't stand me up or I'll key every car in the Oscorp parking lot."

To make himself seem even cooler, he does the whole spin-on-heel routine and strides through the door with his chest puffed out and broad shoulders squared. Then, he remembers the multi-limbed paycheck and jerks to a stop. The door is kept from shutting by his fingers ***{fucking ouch}*** and he starts to go back only to freeze again when he sees Peter with his head in his hands, leaning over the table. There's a hushed groan. "I must be out of my mind." Hands drag through short brown hair and Peter shakes his head, raising it finally. He laughs, pressing a fingertip to the box and the spider walks over to do the same, skating a leg up to tap at Peter.

Wade's feelings should probably be threatened by the comparison of dating him and clinical insanity, but he is too in awe of what just happened between the two. Plus, that kid is so adorable he might just be falling in love. What a crapfest that would be.

He leaves, not at all sad and very much looking forward to the next evening.

Chapter 4

Wade's apartment is *trashed*.

[More than normal.]

He can't for the life of himself figure out what kind of spell Peter cast to get him to walk out of that building empty-handed and foolishly optimistic that this wouldn't turn into a police ambush. Okay, so "foolishly optimistic" wasn't too accurate at the moment. There is no way a guy that gorgeous would seriously want to have dinner with him.

[You don't look like a zombie's bowel movement anymore, remember? Plenty of people would want to ride your jackhammer.]

{True. Even I'm down if we found a way to make that happen.}

"No thanks, yellow box. As flattering a change as that is from your usual vom noises, I'm not into mind fucks. It's the real deal or no meal. Itadakimasu."

Straightening from a bow and dropping his arms at his sides, Wade looks out the window at the brick wall across the street. It's a shame they had to take down the Playboy billboard. He misses it. He was getting pretty friendly with ol' Marge; even after some vandal added a mustache and chest hair and titillated Wade's kinkier side.

"I miss spidey. We could have gone to the park and worn out the swings."

[He's a spider, how would that even-]

"Super glue. I would glue the box to the seat." Wade sighed, staring wistfully into a future he would never be lucky enough to have, but wished selflessly into reality for the sake of an alternate version of himself. "I'll bet the alternate universe has pretty sunsets, too. They could be perched on a rooftop, the other me has him in my palm..."

{A bird flies by, sees him...}

"Talking about pretty lady spiders and their sexy legs..."

[Someone freaks out and grabs a broom. Or a can of hairspray. It's both slow *and* painful.]

"He sits under other me's hat and controls all my movements like in Ratatouille. I'm a giant puppet on at least six strings, because he needs the other two legs for balance."

{...}

[Yeah, I'm not touching that one.]

It feels like the weight of worlds bears down on Wade's shoulders and he lets gravity pull him down onto the couch. "Maybe I should just sleep until eight."

[He said nine.]

"Don't even fucking try it." Wade's voice is muffled by the cushion his face is being pushed into but the box still cowers at the warning.

Wade is sitting in the Chinese restaurant with a glass of water that's already been weeping into a napkin coaster for half an hour and twenty good reasons to get up and leave. It's stupid to think that he was so easily manipulated by a pretty face, but simple men are like that and he is a very simple man. Food, sex, money. That's all anyone needs to make life less of a shit storm. And right now he is too familiar with his right hand (left, too, on more adventurous nights), gypped out of half his paycheck, and stuck with a growling stomach because that little nerd has apparently gone and stood him up. Just like he warned him not to. Time to pull out the big keys; one from Kingdom Hearts, one that belongs to the city, and one to the spaceship he found while camping (Technically glamping; he's too addicted to modern conveniences to go without).

Wade is in the middle of rethinking his life choices when a breathtaking pair of legs in dark jeans come into view. His eyes follow them up to sexy hips, a slim waist, a great torso, and finally the face of a bespectacled angel. God has heard his prayers- Let's hope not the bad ones.

The moment he sees Peter, everything makes sense again. "Sorry, lil' spidey," He mutters under his breath, "Totally worth it. Wouldn't change a thing."

[You really subscribe to the loyalty mags, huh?]

Peter looks like he's about two seconds from going chibi anime and popping a sweat drop. "Sorry, I'm so late," He says, pulling out the chair opposite Wade and sitting down, "My laundry hasn't been done in a week and I couldn't find anything to wear. I know that's a lame excuse but it's true."

Wade smiles at him, feeling light as a feather now that the mining cart is back on the right tracks. "I had a similar problem today. Maybe we should have shown up naked."

Peter hides a smile in his palm and surveys the restaurant's other inhabitants. "That's a different kind of date." Wade doesn't miss the slow rise of pink in his cheeks.

A waitress comes to their table and chews her bubble gum loudly while Peter hastily grabs a menu and looks for something that would quell his hunger and satisfy his taste buds. Wade has been here enough times to know exactly what he wants, but he waits for Peter to speak before ordering his own meal.

They share a few more quips while waiting for the food to arrive and it all feels so effortless. Wade is really enjoying it. He even divulges some of his movie obsessions and they geek out over the new Solo movie. It feels so *right* .

Finally, their food arrives and they dig in, losing the easy verbal exchange to random comments between bites.

Wade pauses after a long drag on his straw to watch Peter's lips seal around his fork, sliding back until it emerges clean. Quiet appreciation of the food finds its home in a short groan. His lovely eyes are downcast, cheeks still a healthy rose tone and lifted with a touch of mirth. He is fucking perfect. Wade can't stop staring.

{This is about putting your penis on his face, isn't it?}

[I hope so. It's been too long since we've gotten any.]

“Stop whining. All you do is watch anyway.”

“Hm?” Peter looks up, covering his full mouth and says, “What was that?”

“Nothing.” Wade shakes his head and stabs a piece of chicken. “Just talking to my food.”

He receives a lifted brow as a response but has successfully evaded the “ *by the way, I hear voices* ” talk for now.

The plates clear quickly, both men shamelessly open about their appetites.

“Would you like something else?”

Peter declines, saying that he's had enough. It takes Wade a good five minutes to decide he doesn't really need any dessert or the sugar rush that would come with it. No one ever mentions there being a cloud above nine so he'd better play it safe and stay where he's at.

“So,” Peter says, biting his lip briefly, “I get that this is a weird question, all things considered. But I'm afraid I'm a bit of a cliché when it comes to first date conversation. Laying the groundwork and all...”

Wade leans forward to show he's listening and waits for his boy to continue.

{You've already started calling him your boy! This is moving way too fast!}

“Shh.”

Peter blinks up at him, startled. He could kiss the confusion right off that face.

“Not you, sorry. Go ahead and say what you were going to.”

Brown eyes drop down to the slim hands folded on the table's surface. “Um... what do you do? Besides stealing from labs, I mean. Do you have a real job or anything?”

“My dear nerdette, I am a highly sought after mercenary. Sought by law enforcement mostly, but they'll never catch me! You know Carmen Sandiego? I'm like that without high heels. Oh, not that you could know that from the first time we met. I only wear them for special occasions.”

Trying hard to fight a smile, Peter leans back far enough to sneak a look under the table. “You're not wearing them tonight,” He says with a meaningful inflection.

The insinuation is demeaning and Wade will have no part of it. He covers Peter's hands with his own and, with an uncharacteristic amount of sincerity, promises, “You are more than special, baby boy.”

{I hate that pet name.}

[I thought we weren't going to use it in this fic.]

It just slipped out.

[Yeah, right.]

{Get to the part where you're screwing his brains out already!}

A deep blush colors Peter's cheeks and he says, “Stop trying to win me over.”

A realisation comes to Wade and he lifts a brow. “I literally messed up that pretty face and you're more bothered by a few sweet words? I don't get you, Petey. Are you masochistic with low self esteem? Because if so, you should know that I can meet your needs in the first category with minimal reluctance and a massive hard-on. But I am completely incapable of not complimenting you and making damn sure you know how extraordinary you are.”

If he thought Peter was blushing before, his face is on *fire* now. The waitress comes back and their hands part, each returning to their side of the table; Peter's a bit quicker. She asks if there will be anything else and lays down their bill, fishing into her pocket. Someone waving from another table catches her eye and she pulls her hand out, setting their fortune cookies down before going to render assistance.

“Huh,” Wade says. She's accidentally given them three. They could call her over and return one, but who in their right mind would pass up a rare chance like this? Plus, she's busy.

He takes one of them and tears it out of its plastic jacket, wishing for a split second that he could be as vigorously undressing the boy across from him who tentatively claims his own cookie. It's bad luck to read the fortune without eating the cookie first, so Wade breaks it apart to remove the slip of paper and shoves the rest in his mouth. Peter reads his first before pushing both it and the cookie into their leftover mess.

“What issyh ssyah?” Wade is curious.

Shaking his head and rolling his eyes, Peter answers dimly, “Something about perceptions. I don't believe in that stuff anyway.”

Excited, Wade gulps down the barely sweet packing foam treat and looks at his own fortune. It reads, *Be ready for a major change*. He hums and holds it up so Peter can see. The boy nods and Wade adds it to the trash pile. Then, he looks at the other one. “Do you want to spin again?”

“You can save it for later,” Peter suggests kindly.

“But it's not fair that one of us gets two. Oh, let's make it spidey's!” He claps his hands and bounces in his seat from pure delight. Peter frowns but it disappears as Wade continues, “Since he is the reason we are on this date and he could not join us due to unfair imprisonment, he should rightfully get this cookie.”

“Okay, but there's no way he can eat that much in less than a year. His mouth is so smol~” Peter goes so far as to hold his fingers together to demonstrate how tiny the spider's mouth is and Wade likes him all the more for it.

“All right.” He tears the plastic. “Then you eat it and I'll read the fortune. Since he's both of ours.”

Peter flushes again but he accepts the deal and while he's chewing, Wade reads the bold text aloud.

“You are going to get lucky.” He falls silent and then says, “Dammit. Can I trade for this one?”

For a split second he thinks Peter is going to allow it, but the boy remains carefully impassive and says, “Not tonight.” A smile taunts Wade from the corners of those perfect lips.

{Oh, that means yes another night!}

[Yes is not right now, though.]

“Do I at least get to kiss you goodnight?”

The question seems to throw Peter off guard. “Are you ready to leave so soon?”

“Is there something else you wanted to do?” Wade mentally crosses his fingers that Peter changed his mind about the sex, but he isn't so lucky.

“We could walk around and check out the neighborhood. I remember you saying something about being a night owl.”

“I said nothing of owls, but if you want me to turn my head 180 and make cooing noises at you, that can be arranged. Believe it or not, I've had tons of practice.”

Peter purses his lips in the cutest way and says, “We'll save that for later.”

“Gotcha.”

Wade pays for the meal; first, shooing away Peter's attempts at waving money in his face and, when that doesn't work, quieting his generous offer by throwing the dollar bills into the breezeway where the boy scrambles to retrieve them while Wade proudly pays the deadpan waitress from his own wallet. He won't mention where the money came from or that there could be more if Petey agrees to be his spider guy on the inside, shuttling out little arachnids to the mercenary's eager hands to be sold to different bozos than the ones who tried to swindle him. (He'll save that less than respectable job offer for another time. Or never. It depends on his mood, really.) Wee spidey's fortune cookie paper is neatly folded and placed inside the wallet, next to the lottery ticket Wade found in the back of a taxi on the way here. Peter returns just as Wade slides his wallet back into his pocket, beaming.

“Chivalry is not dead, Petey pie.”

The boy's hair is a little messier from dodging new patrons. “Right,” He says after a few beats.

When they leave, Peter holds the door open for Wade and the action sends the mercenary into a mock swoon.

[Switching is caring.]

{Caning?}

[Caring.]

{Scarring?}

[Neh- well, probably. But, no.]

“Guys, calm down.”

It's easy to ignore Peter's raised brow in favour of surveying, with a delighted smile, the faintly visible starry sky.

“It's such a pretty night.”

Peter hums in agreement and turns his eyes skyward as well.

They look up into the infinite cosmos for a while. Several people are forced to walk around them in order to get into the restaurant. Something brushes Wade's pinkie and he is immediately yanked back into his own body, eyes still aimed upward but gaze unmoved, and his heart falters in its percussion rendition of classical music. With disappointment, he realizes that Peter must have chickened out because the boy's hands are now being tucked away in the pockets of his hoodie. The embarrassment makes Wade feel shy by proxy and he takes a deep breath, looking down the street.

“Do you want to see a movie? We can try to squeeze as many cliché date activities as possible into this one. Really make it worthwhile.”

The poor light doesn't hide Peter's pink cheeks. He glances down, smiling. Then, looks back up into Wade's eyes and says, "There's a place that does laser tag until eleven. No age limit on it. You can show me some of those mercenary skills."

Impersonating a bobble head in an earthquake, Wade says, "Oh, I'll show you, baby boy. You'll be impressed. Gare-un-tee it."

Chapter 5

Wade is still grinning after his next morning shit about blowing Peter away at laser tag. If he'd been paying more attention to the extra bonus targets, he could have beaten the record high score. You'd think a real mercenary never stopped by there to play before now.

His reflection is absolutely beaming and he basks in the glow of that flawless smile for a bit, framed by lips that aren't chapped and bleeding. The shape and brightness of it are the only thing that didn't change after his catastrophic dive into the history of human evolution. Not that he had much to smile about at that point.

{More like alien evolution.}

[No, more like what an alien would take home in a doggy bag.]

{The poop kind or the food kind??}

[Doesn't matter. Too many poop jokes.]

Wade considers his eyes in the mirror for a moment, searching for his soul in those gentle brown hues. He wants to say something, to try it out, but feels incredibly stupid doing so aloud. It's too much, too fast. But this giddy feeling won't be quelled.

Brazenly, he says, "I think I'm in love with this boy."

[Shouldn't that be the other way around?]

{Yeah, when it comes to brains-}

[{ ♪~ You've got the short end of the stick ~ ♪ }]

Wade ignores the comments made by his voices. Any sort of acknowledgement will only egg them on further. Instead, he forces a laugh at the ridiculous statement, watching the expression in the glass poorly try to hide embarrassment. For all his practice holding up to interrogations, he's always been terrible at hiding the truth from himself.

"Aren't brain-drugs fun, kids?" His gaze shifts to yours.

At that moment, his phone vibrates in the other room and he goes out to hunt for it, hoping it's the other half of the spider money coming in; even though that's unlikely. The phone turns out to be under the couch, right where he left it when his tired and happy self stumbled in from a late-night date and fell instantly into sleep's arms; he hopes Peter isn't the jealous type. Then again, he's already spurned sleep in favour of the other man's company once and would do so again at the drop of a hat, so it seems like he's going to be playing favourites.

The text message is from an unknown number and he eagerly opens it, only to squee in joy at the contents. No money, but this is better.

Heyo~

I had a great time last night and was wondering if you had any interest in comic books. There's a little store I know of that has good stuff, if you're into them. They're a bit secluded, so that means mroe walking. I'm a bit busy this afternoon, but can meet you at the memorial park around six. Is that okay? You don't have to if you don't want to, just let me know!^^

Two more messages come in while he's reading.

This is Peter, by the way.

**more*

The last one makes him smile, picturing the different ways he can get Peter to repeat it in bed.

He'd forgotten about giving Peter his cell number at the end of their date. In fact, he is still processing that part, while simultaneously putting it in the back of his mind. Not a very easy task.

Things had gone well and he expected a kiss at the end- at the very least! But, when the moment came and Wade was focusing on his target, Peter did that thing where you turn away and awkwardly take a breath in place of outright saying, "No kissy, see ya." And Wade simply did not know what to do other than revert to his dorky teenage self and fall through the typical motions of bidding farewell, almost attempting a hug, pussing out, looking at everything that makes a distracting sound, saying good night again, and finally managing to walk away.

Yeah, he definitely needs to process that one later. "Later", in this case, being "never".

But, now that Peter is asking him out for a second time, things are immediately aglow and flowers are raining inside his head once more. He is not going to fail on an epic scale twice in a row. The odds are ever in his favour.

[*Are the odds ever in his favour]

Wade quickly types back an affirmative response and saves Peter's number with a blurry picture of spidey for the contact ID. It's a shame he only took one while the little guy was in his possession. He'll need to take a sly shot of Peter as well; unless he's the type to actually

smile for a photo, which Wade hasn't thought to test yet. He doesn't want to put pressure on things by asking the cute scientist to pose like one of those sultry Frenchies.

The day passes by very quickly. One minute, Wade is exercising his X-box skills and in the next he's dropping the couch cushion he's just cut open to gasp at the information his clock is meekly offering from the wall. He'll have to hurry if he wants to be there on time and whether or not the other man is punctual, Wade would rather be the one made to wait than vice versa. Wouldn't want any hottie pulling a classic yaoi swipe!

[Seriously. With those glasses and that build, he is an Uke bento waiting to be ravaged.]

{KaaabeeeDON}

"Hush, you two. I can't decide on a jacket with all this racket!"

[Black and red. Always go with the classics.]

"Good choice. Thanks for weighing in. Now, don't speak again during this date or I'll sew your mouths up like the doppelganger who shall not be named."

{Did he say it was a date?}

Wade silently stares at the wall. He refuses to follow the breadcrumbs his mind so heavily sprinkles down the path to such an unpleasant thought. It is definitely a date. Absolutely. He made his interest pretty clear with the... um... There was all that blowjob talk way back. Surely, that made the intentions clear.

[A friend-date, maybe.]

Resolute, Wade pulls on his jacket, brushes his fingers through his hair, checks his teeth in the mirror, and walks out the door feeling high as a bird and wound tight as the cork in a virgin Merlot.

He spots Peter first, sitting on a wooden bench beneath the umbrella-like canopy of an elm tree. The brunet is wearing a red plaid button-down and dark denim skinny jeans. It is almost as if he *wants* to distract Wade with thoughts of those legs around his waist. Peter's hair is perfectly messy, like Wade's, but his face is not nearly as mirthful. A small frown pulls his lips downward as he stares at the screen of his phone, swiping this way and that, oblivious to Wade's approaching footsteps.

When Peter finally notices him, he sits up, startled. "Oh!" Then, that glorious, butterfly-triggering smile blooms across his features and Wade feels himself mirroring the expression. "You sneaked up on me," Peter says, standing and looking Wade over with an indecipherable note in his voice.

"Nope. You were just really tuned in to whatever that was. I hope I didn't make you wait too long."

A small huff leaves Peter's lips. "Not at all. I'm usually much more observant, though. Are you ready?"

He moves past a nodding Wade, providing a perfect window to stare at his rear before following. *Worth it*, Wade's mind repeats as he falls into step beside him.

They make their way down the short list of streets to the comic shop, batting the conversation back and forth like kittens playing with a ball of yarn. Wade enjoys these moments more than anything else in his entire life. Or, anyway, they definitely rank in the top five experiences.

[Wouldn't want to build it up too much.]

"What did I say," Wade stresses under his breath.

Peter gives him a curious look. "You said he was the coolest dog ever." The boy shrugs, adding, "I'll let him take home that trophy. I've never had a pet, so there isn't a reason for me to be competitive."

It is Wade's turn to be wondering. "*Never* ? Not even a goldfish? Not even an ant that crawled across your desk that you named Stanley and herded around with a pencil for two hours?"

Peter chuckles and shakes his head. "Not even that. My uncle didn't think I was responsible enough to take care of an actual living thing. Plus, I was always busy, so there wouldn't have been much time for one anyway."

A thought strikes Wade and he says, "But what about little spidey?"

It is a touchy subject since they couldn't agree on joint custody. Ah, it's always hardest with kids.

{Why do I feel like this is The Parent Trap all of a sudden?}

After a second's pause, Peter asks, "What about him?"

"Didn't you say you had named him? That technically makes him a pet. And you're definitely emotionally attached. He's too precious for this world~ You can't help but love him more every time he dances beautifully across the floor of his tiny house." Wade is lost in a fond reverie and doesn't see the flicker of unease that crosses Peter's face before being hidden again by his easy smile.

"I don't know if that counts. Technically, he's a part of my job."

"But he does have a name."

"He does," Peter sighs, slowing to open the door of the comic store. He gestures for Wade to go inside and Wade does a spot-on Olive Oil impression, mooning over her hero. Peter rolls his eyes.

“Seriously, if you open doors for me every time, I may start to lose cred as a gentlemanly man,” Wade says. He gazes around at the walls lined with shelves and filled to the brim with colorful tales of adventure, in awe of the treasure trove tucked away on this hidden street.

Peter follows him in, brushing past with a sly look. “Are you a gentleman, though?”

The gleam in Wade’s eyes darkens to something more wicked and he smiles back. “Not always.”

The bespectacled man leaning against the counter to their right clears his throat and peers at them from beneath bushy grey eyebrows. Peter offers a small wave and heads towards his favourite section with Wade in tow. The man’s mustache twitches and he returns to his own book of what appears to be a werewolf stalking Buffy in a graveyard.

Wade follows Peter’s lead through a low doorway into a second room with muted blue walls and they take opposite sides of a table that holds clear plastic totes of assorted comic series.

“I used to come here with Harry,” Peter says, not meeting Wade’s eyes, “He was my best friend when we were kids.”

“You’re s-” Wade barely keeps himself from saying, *Still a kid*. “You don’t say.”

Peter looks up at him and then to the books under Wade’s fingertips and asks more light-heartedly, “So, which ones are your favourites?”

“Hm...” Wade seriously considers it a moment. “The ones with a lot of gore. There’s just something about blood and guts and a damsel in distress. It’s a nice contrast. The pretty and the ugly. And a lot of snappy one-liners. What are yours?”

Gingerly picking up a book and smiling at the patriotic disk on the cover, Peter answers, “I’m a fan of the old fashioned hero. The type who values justice above all else and does good for the sake of the good; there’s something wholesome in that. I know it’s a naive and outdated concept.” He rolls his eyes. “People who can make a difference these days just want to get their face on the news and use it as some kind of free pass to get whatever they want. Like there’s anything noble in selling out.”

Almost shamed by the contrast of his own history and Peter’s idealistic viewpoint, Wade says, “You’re right about one thing, Petey. That is extremely naive. It’s not the age of knights. Everyone has some sort of agenda.”

Part of Wade’s brain screams at him when Peter’s tender expression becomes shadowed and his shoulders slump. The boy swallows and mutters, “Yeah. I guess you’re right.”

They fall into a solemn quiet and Wade takes the opportunity to peel back the calloused layers of his interior and examine his own motives. Should he try to be less of a sellout himself? Has he undermined his chances at gaining Peter’s respect and affection by being in this line of work? Maybe it’s time for a little change.

He thinks more about it while they glean the table's contents in silence. Peter seems to be occupied by his own thoughts and flipping through books at random without really paying attention. It isn't surprising when they leave the store without purchasing anything.

Trying to recover the good mood, Wade wracks his brain for a new topic. All he can think of are fluffy pugs and ice cream. "Hey," He says, causing Peter to stop walking and turn to him, "Do you think there are any ice cream places around here?"

"Um, I don't know. It might still be too early in the year for the trucks to start driving around."

"Even a shady van would work for me at this point." Wade pats his stomach sympathetically. "If I don't get some ice cream soon I may literally die."

A small smile cracks Peter's stoic expression and he shakes his head at the merc, slowly relenting to the sense of fondness that exists inexplicably between them. "Fine," He says, "I'll find us a place. But, fair warning, it may end up being a grocery store."

Delighted, Wade responds, "I'm okay with that!"

They continue walking and fall into another silence, though this one is comfortable and easy.

They are in a dark, quiet neighbourhood and are enjoying the peaceful atmosphere when suddenly there's a yell down the street.

{And if that isn't a line straight from an action comic, then I've never heard one.}

(Shut up.)

[*starts making popcorn*]

Their pace quickens until they turn the corner and it becomes clear that, several yards away, a group of men is dragging another man into an alley. The difference in their clothing, some in hoodies while the man wears a suit, and the desperate but pointless struggle he's putting up makes it clear that this isn't innocent horseplay. The last man to disappear behind the edge of the building pulls something out of his pocket and it flashes silver in the dim light.

Peter is watching the scene with wide eyes and furrowed brows. His breaths are quiet but fast. His hands go to his pants and Wade wonders if he's reaching for a concealed weapon he's clearly forgotten to bring. Those pants don't hide *anything*. Tearing his eyes away from the mouth of the alley, Peter looks at Wade desperately, helplessly. He almost seems to feel blame, but there's no reason for it; he obviously can't-

"Sorry about this," Peter blurts out before sprinting across the street into the alley.

And dammit if Wade's heart doesn't stop in his chest for a painful second. He quickly chases after the young man, instincts kicking into overdrive.

{Hey, what are you doing?!}

[He's bonkers! No one sane would do something this suicidal.]

{Yeah, throw him back and get a better one.}

The businessman is sitting on the ground, a heavy hand on his shoulder and a knife in his face. The lot of them- five, it appears- have turned to Peter. A couple are approaching him just as Wade clears the street and bursts into the alley, pulling the boy behind him and acting as a shield. He puts his hands up, smiling. "Hey, hey, there's no need for us to get off to a bad start. How about we let the well dressed idiot go, get some slushies, and call it a night, 'kay?'"

[We. Are going. To die.]

{Nice Indiana Jones impression }

[Thanks.]

The guy nearest to him has shaggy blonde hair and a chin covered in scruff. His beanie does little to hide the fact that he's not showered in a while. Maybe a full-body trash bag would do the trick.

The space between them closes and Wade's body is tense. He can sense Peter behind him and feels the warm weight of his body pressing against the arm that bars him from taking part in the exchange. If he had any tingling of self preservation at all, or even a handy little mind connection to Wade through which they could communicate in hairy *{Is that a shitty pun?}* situations like these, he would turn around and run as fast as those great legs could carry him until he reached safety.

The blond's eyes flick from Wade to Peter and back, a dark smirk growing on his face. It's clear he thinks the act of protection is a sign of weakness on Wade's part, giving him the upper hand

"This has nothing to do with you," He says, "So, if you don't want your pretty boyfriend raped and gutted in front you, get the hell out of here."

Something inside Wade starts to burn at a slow sizzle and the heat of it stifles his breathing.

Neither he nor Peter move and it wipes all smugness from the thug's face, leaving him angry. He approaches quickly and Wade reaaaally doesn't want Peter to see this next part if this asshole does what he thinks he's about to-

The punch lands on Wade jaw and he accepts it, pushing back at Peter to create some distance and kicks the attacker square in the chin. Blondie falls backwards and goes down for a few seconds. His return will be slow and unsteady, so Wade is already turning to the next two that rush forward, whipping his head to the side to avoid another connection and swings out to break a glass jaw and grab the other in a chokehold. A fraction of a second keeps him from snapping *{Ooh, let's give them all nicknames!}* Beer Gut's neck, for Peter's sake. They haven't agreed on whether or not he consents to watching Wade kill people yet. And pending consent is always a no. That means he'll have to hold on like a weekend stripper to a pole until the lack of oxygen puts him out.

He drags Beer Gut around to roundhouse kick Blondie in the head. That means there are three left. He hears the zing before ducking to barely escape the blade of a hunting knife. He misses the katanas. He would have brought them on the date, but considering how they first met, Peter might be wary and he was all about getting that kiss tonight.

More martial arts moves keep the three right where he can see them, until the anchor in his arms finally drops. Then, there's no mercy and he fights away until his fists are bloody.

A lot about this situation reminds him of his first encounter with Peter, if only because the lack of weaponry makes it a tad more difficult and he's gotten spoiled by the easy kills of late. His body works like a fine tuned instrument, but part of him craves that challenge. Being immortal means there are no consequences to his recklessness, but he doesn't want to act as though that's the case. There's no reason to be a slob about it when he was trained to be an efficient killer before the upgrade of unlimited re-do's.

When the last one is on the ground, Wade can finally catch his breath. He can't bring himself to turn around and look at Peter, for fear of what his face might give away. Instead, he holds out a hand to the astonished businessman. The man takes it and yelps when he's yanked up nose to nose with a scowling merc.

"Next time, take a fuckin' taxi," Wade growls.

The man nods quickly and bolts past when Wade releases him.

Now, to face the music.

Battening down the sensitive bits of his internal structure, Wade pastes on a smile and spins around. He steps over the groaning men on the ground and grabs Peter's hand, pulling him out of the alley and back onto the street. Peter is staring at him with eyes as wide as saucers and being oh so silent. To Wade it's ten times more scary than what he just faced. He isn't sure if the brunet is going to cry, or cower, or just disappear from his life now, but whatever the reaction, at least he's safe. Wade doesn't get to save the day for genuinely, if stupidly, kind-hearted boys very often.

{Chivalry persists after all.}

[...]

{You're being awfully quiet, too.}

[There's popcorn in my teeth.]

{You have teeth?!}

Unable to take it anymore, Wade uses the hand that was connecting him to Peter to brush his fight-mussed hair back into a reasonable mess instead of a ghastly one. He says, "I have no right to say this, but don't be so quick to throw yourself in the middle of it next time. You'll end up getting really hurt and I'd... I don't think anyone would be happy about that."

That appears to awaken Peter and he blinks rapidly, blurting out, “No, no! That was... I was prepared to defend myself, but you... *Wow*, that was incredible. I mean, I knew you could fight, but I’ve never seen anything like that except in movies!”

Stunned, Wade asks, “You’re not scared? That mash-up of Mortal Kombat and Fight Club didn’t make you want to run away?”

“No! That was awesome!” Grinning like this, Peter really looks more beautiful than anything. Alive. Fearless. “Holy shit, I don’t know what to say. You really took care of them.”

Wade’s heartbeat speeds up to fuel his sudden rise in mood. He says, “It was pretty bold of you to step in, too. Don’t do it, like, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, *ever* again. But, I kind of do like getting a chance to show off a little...”

“Can you teach me some of those moves?”

Man, he really underestimated Peter. “Sure!”

Peter’s eyes dance in the orange glow of the street lights. “Cool,” He replies, still grinning from ear to ear.

All the acceptance and buzz of excitement in the air remind Wade of something he intended to forget for at least ten more dates. He drops his gaze to the pavement, chest full to the point of bursting with so much good and bad emotion twisted up together.

“Hey, you know... there’s something I want to tell you. Just so all the cards are on the table.”

He is just about to say it when Peter gives a small gasp and takes his hand. “Oh, yikes, you’re still bleeding. We should find somewhere to clean up your knuckles.” He starts to pull Wade along by the wrist.

He tries one more time. “Peter-”

The boy stops him, shushing him with a sweet but serious gaze. “Later, Wade,” He says, making it clear he expects no protest.

It is definitely the mix of adrenaline and endearment, with a hint of vulnerability, that makes Wade twist his hand around to take hold of Peter’s. The boy turns and his lips part to speak again but Wade seals them with his own. He leans into the kiss, the softness of Peter’s lips such a divine relief from the previous activity that now cause his knuckles to throb as he lifts his free hand to Peter’s head and tenderly cradles it to keep him close.

After a pause, Peter responds by minutely pressing forward and adopting a better angle. The kiss doesn’t deepen, doesn’t grow hurried. They remain joined for a few more beats and gently part, pausing to savour the intimacy before pulling away completely.

Peter’s throat moves as he swallows and glances away. Wade only has eyes for him. Pink highlights his cheeks and frosts the tips of his ears, both endearing and tempting. If the boy’s bangs were any longer, he would no doubt be trying to hide beneath them. The sudden

shyness is very seductive. Wade is locked in this moment and would happily exist within the span of that kiss for a million lifetimes.

I may really be in love with him.

"Come on," Peter says, barely above a whisper.

They start walking again and soon make it back to the park. Peter doesn't look at him once the whole way and Wade would consider apologizing for the kiss except there is no way he's going to because it was perfect and he'll let the world explode before ever taking it back.

The centerpiece of the park is a seven foot tall concrete fountain surrounded by benches. Its ornate design is covered by spattered spray paint and the pool at the bottom is littered with wishing coins and bubblegum wrappers. The city sends people to clean it every so often, but it's turned into a passive aggressive battle between them and neighbourhood vandals.

Standing nearby is a regular water fountain for drinking; apparently penny flavoured water isn't good enough for everybody. Wade saunters over to it while Peter hangs back, putting on an obvious show of debating whether or not to sit down. The water is cold and it feels oh so good on Wade's sore knuckles, but all he can focus on is the memory of how warm Peter's lips are. He cleans the skin carefully, though the wound is almost completely healed, taking his time and collecting his thoughts in the process. He wants to be upfront with Peter; for once, feeling like it's necessary to let him see exactly who he is. No matter what the outcome may be, if there's a chance revealing this is going to drive Peter away, then it's better to do it now before either of them become any more invested.

When he turns back around, Peter is chewing on his bottom lip, staring into the ripples of the clear pool before him. For all of his apparent innocence, his face never gives anything away. It's a shame the moon isn't full and there are no cherry blossoms and this isn't a freaking anime, but nothing is ever going to be perfect so it's better to charge right on. At least, that's Wade's opinion. He approaches Peter and pretends not to notice the sudden tension when he reaches out for his shoulder. The boy lets himself be guided to the nearest bench and doesn't make a protest until he's been seated.

"Wade, can we just--"

"Shush. I have something I want to say. It's kind of important to me, so please let me get it over with, okay?"

Still looking like he wants to refuse, Peter reluctantly closes his mouth and waits for Wade to continue.

"The truth is," Wade starts, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. "I'm not just a mercenary."

Peter's eyes widen slightly.

"Ack, okay, I'm just gonna power through this. Maximum effort," Wade mumbles to himself before continuing loudly *{Too loudly! Shet teh feck up!}*, "I'm going the very cliché reverse

route of telling you my secret identity. You kind of deserve it after all of this. You may have heard of me, actually. I'm D-"

"Deadpool," Peter says, thankfully quieter, "I already know that."

{What? He knows?}

Wade's mouth drops open. "Y-Yeah. But, how," He asks.

"I like to know what's going on in my city. And it's not like you keep your identity under wraps, mister *Wade Wilson* ." Peter stares up at Wade with eyes that could melt the friggin' planet of Hoth. His cheeks have the faintest dusting of pink and it takes everything in Wade's power to refrain from kissing him again right that second. The only thing that stops him is the painful thump his heart gives as he realizes something.

Tilting his head in confusion, Wade asks, "If you knew I was Deadpool, why did you go on a date with me?"

The question wipes all composure from Peter's face. "What?" He asks, incredulous. "Why wouldn't I?"

"I know for a fact that my reputation precedes me. I pay a little computer mouse in Ohio a not-so-lot of money to make sure of it. Marketing isn't cheap these days."

"Wade, I'm not scared of you if that's what you're worried about."

It isn't. Well, it isn't just that. What Wade is more concerned about is the increasing number of signs that Peter is certifiably insane. He agreed to- no, he was the one to *invite* Deadpool on a date, after being assaulted by him during a robbery on their first encounter.

Wade's sex appeal must be a heckuva lot higher than he thought.

"I thought you were all about the noble guys. My track record is covered in so many bodies you can't even see it."

That did seem to bother Peter as he looked away, nose scrunching. "You're not really an evil guy, though. You didn't kill any of those men back there. And you... You brought J.B. back. If you don't think that was noble, I think your standards need to change." An abrupt smile stretched across Peter's face and he looked up into Wade's wide eyes again, saying, "Hey, maybe that's what the fortune cookie was talking about. You becoming a noble guy."

{Already asking us to change for him. Not a good sign.}

"Okay."

{Wait, WHAT?!}

[I didn't consent to this.]

Peter blinks up at him and Wade continues, sinking to a knee in front of the boy, “I’ll try anyway. If it makes you happy, I’ll do whatever you want.” His hands rest lightly on the bench, bracketing Peter’s legs. The urge to pull him close, nestle his face against Peter’s shirt, and just hold him is overwhelming.

“It doesn’t have to be anything drastic,” Peter tells him, smiling. “Just consider the consequences of your actions.”

Wade steps out on a limb and impulsively asks, “What are the consequences of me kissing you again?”

The question takes Peter off guard. Eyes widening and unable to give a proper answer, he drops his gaze. After a few beats, he gives a small shrug. Wade believes he can read the implied answer in the deepening of Peter’s breaths and the slight parting of his lips, but most of all in the fact that he doesn’t turn away. Peter’s eyes close as Wade slides a hand around the nape of his neck and brings him closer. Their mouths meet with a gentle pressure and Peter almost allows himself to melt into it. Residual hesitation keeps Wade from deepening the kiss.

Peter seems to be okay with him- which is weird. Wade has never felt so compelled to be upfront about himself and so scared it’s the wrong thing to do. But with Peter, it isn’t about getting him in bed *{That, too, though}* or trying to appease that daydream-y part of his brain that thinks “*Forcing someone else to help me demolish this pancake pile would be nice*”. For some inexplicable, undeniable reason Wade feels a pull to Peter that he has never experienced in his entire life. Sure, he’s wanted to kiss people, get to know them, thought they were funny and cute... But not on this scale. This is *Despicable Me* level of emotion...

{PETER’S SO FLUFFY I’M GONNA DIE}

Yes, exactly like that.

Not ready to part, Wade has to force himself to lean back. It won’t do if he suffocates the poor guy on their second date.

[That only happens on the third date.]

{*makes inappropriate gagging sounds*}

When Peter’s eyes open, he is confused by the hard set of Wade’s jaw. “What’s wrong? Was that not good?” He looks away, suddenly embarrassed.

“No, no!” Wade grabs Peter’s hands and shakes his head to reassure him. “Just my thoughts running a little wild. That was perfect. You are perfect. This is perfect. Um, except for the shady circumstances leading up to this and the fact that it is either starting to rain or a little baby bird just peed on me a tiny bit. Other than that, it’s all great!”

Sliding his hand out of Wade’s and holding it up, Peter frowns at the sky. “It is starting to rain. We should get back before it gets too bad.”

They both stand and begin their journey to the nearest bus stop. Peter doesn't drive and Wade prefers to walk. But, upon making clear his plans to trudge home in the dismal weather, Wade finds himself being dragged onto the bus and gets to spend more time with the now chatty boy. Peter is rambling non-stop now, and it is probably because he is still embarrassed over the kisses, but Wade finds it adorable. The ride to Peter's stop is shorter than expected and they part with smiles and fond farewells. Due to the handful of other occupants, Wade doesn't try to kiss Peter again, but he wants to. Honestly, he wants to kiss him constantly for the next hundred years or so. He watches through the window as Peter walks away and the bus slowly drags itself into motion again. Peter turns to look back and they share a wave.

Without his presence, the bus morphs before Wade's eyes, becoming small and grungy. It smells like feet and subway sandwiches. The lights are dim, the windows are filthy, and the seats are covered in material so old it has long ago hardened and cracked. It's a relief to get off and walk the rest of the way home. He opens the door to his apartment, not bothering to turn on the light as his dripping jacket falls to the floor.

"Now," Wade says into the darkness, cracking his knuckles, "Let's discuss the No Talking policy that was implemented earlier."

Both boxes scream in terror.

Chapter 6

The next day is a battle to fend off boredom. The voices are in hardcore timeout, which makes him even more lonely. *But they are still not allowed to come out.*

Wade turns to his closet, intending to locate a particular shirt that would make Peter go weak in the knees. Instead, he ends up going through a pile of cast-offs from one-night stands who didn't bother to collect their undergarments before skipping out. He tries some things on, mostly the pretty pink stuff. At one point, he sends Peter a selfie in a sexy lace bra before thinking better of it. The reply is almost immediate.

Peter : ...*You really enjoy cross dressing.*

Wade : Does that make you doubt my manliness? Trust me, I can get in touch with my feminine side easy peasy

Peter : *LOL xD*

Peter : *It's just surprising because you are definitely a "manly man", despite the obsession with dresses and bras.*

Wade : I can be a manly man all the time if that floats your boat

Peter : *My boat is fine, thanks.*

Wade : Want me to raise that flag for you, pirate king?

Peter : *I can't tell if I should respond to the innuendo or the Pirates of the Caribbean reference...*

Wade : Do both and flaunt your multitasking skills

Peter : *Maybe another time. TTYL?*

Wade : Why is that a question

Peter : *╰(´.´)╯*

Peter : *I have to get to work. I will text you later!*

Wade humphs and stares at his phone in disappointment. His daily dose of Peter has not been filled yet. So, in order to fix that, he finds a red shirt and dark jeans- not removing the bra- and dresses in a rush. He is out the door and on his way to Oscorp in the blink of an eye.

Then, he comes back and grabs his leather jacket. Can't be sweeping nerds off their feet without the proper bad boy attire.

“This is where the voices would say the bra is a bonus,” He mumbles, sweeping past an old woman on his way out.

“How dare you,” She croaks after him, “That is very rude.”

He doesn't hear her and keeps power walking like a soccer mom on Kombucha. The sun is blinding when he steps out of the apartment building, but there is still a nice bite in the air that makes his jacket feel warranted. It will be nice to see Peter and check in on his little Spidey.

“What a difference date makes, right, Dinah Washington?”

When Wade arrives at Oscorp, something is going on. There is a limousine parked outside and a bunch of security guards posted at the doors. The odds of being able to waltz in without being stopped are pretty slim. Chances aren't looking good for the Tango either. Cursing the disadvantages of being in his nice clothes, Wade decides the best course of action will be to wait it out. Maybe he'll see Peter leaving for lunch and get to kidnap him- in the friendly way.

Given the way his plans are playing out, Wade decides to have mercy on the voices and let them rejoin the party.

[This is for the sake of the story, isn't it?]

{Yeah, you don't really want to let us out, do you?}

[It's because this was written in pieces. You need to stop thinking ahead so much.]

{Yes. Sound advice.}

Shut up.

Wade is sitting atop a four story building across the street from Oscorp, counting the things he likes about Peter- so far, he has used all fingers and seven toes- when there's a soft thump from behind him. Not having a limited life span *{Wait, don't you still get old?}*, and therefore no reason to worry about surprise attacks, he merely tilts his head and says, "Howdy there, stranger. What brings you to these parts?" He leans back to look at the person, adding, "I was kind of hoping to play the mooning maiden role in the privacy of-"

Wade's mouth snaps shut and his eyes go wide at the sight of the costumed vigilante known as Spiderman, standing behind him like a shy ballet dancer pointing her toes in the direction she wants to go but afraid to take the first step onto the stage.

[There's that great descriptive skill again.]

{Ooh, I can taste the sarcasm. It tastes like blood.}

He's only seen Spiderman on television twice; lucky enough to have caught his name by pausing long enough to get a good look at that fit body while flipping through the channels in search of porn. The city's self-appointed protector was still skirting the spotlight, unlike his friends in the Stark Guild or whatever they were actually called. Wade had never met him before and, therefore, didn't know very much about him other than that he had a connection to the animal kingdom- *not going to ask about that family tree*- and their costumes were almost in the "one of us will have to change" category.

Spiders. Spiderman. The universe must be trying to tell me something.

[If only you'd pick up the phone once in a while. I hate live-action crossword puzzles.]

"You never learn to be quiet, do you?"

[I have the memory capacity of a Dory fish.]

Spiderman seems taken aback. "I wasn't trying to sneak up on you."

"No, not you."

Tilting his head at an angle to study Wade, Spiderman finally takes a step forward. "What are you doing up here? This isn't exactly the safest way to spy on people."

"That is where you are wrong, my webby friend. This is the *exact* way to safely spy on someone if you are an invincible daredevil-" Wade chokes on the word, his body rejecting it entirely.

[Damn competing franchise.]

This protest does nothing to convince Spiderman. He crosses his arms over a puffed out chest. The misguided assumption that this would intimidate Wade is even more laughable because this guy is way too small in comparison to appear threatening, no matter how much alpha posing he attempts.

Then, Spiderman says, "Don't think I didn't hear about your little heist the other day, Wilson. Why don't you make like a traditional villain and share your monologue with the class?"

Wade is shocked, but that quickly turns to irritation. "Who spilled the beans," He asks, addressing the boxes as much as the man before him.

{NOT IT}

[Not it.]

"That doesn't matter. The important thing is telling me your endgame so I can decide whether or not you are an actual threat."

[Too soon.]

“What if I am?” Wade doesn’t mention that there is one beautiful, precious reason he is not going that route in this Pick Your Own Adventure life scene.

“Then, I will have to care of you.” Spiderman’s voice is notably hard.

[Pfffffft]

{Hehehehe}

[“Notably hard”.]

{HAHAHAHA}

[So am I when we read Playboy.]

“Guys, we talked about this. Cool it when I’m trying to socialize, okay?”

Noticing the step Spiderman takes backwards, Wade is quick to wave his hands and say, “Sorry. I might give the appearance of being crazy, but I’m having perfectly coherent conversations with the voices in my head.”

“Yeah... That's the definition of crazy.”

“Hm. You have a point there.”

Running out of patience, Spiderman huffs and starts, “Look, you need to ta-”

An explosion sounds nearby, cutting off the hero’s words. He looks over his shoulder at the rising flume of smoke and swears under his breath.

“Hey,” Wade admonishes, climbing to his feet, “Keep it clean. Some role model you make.” He watches as Spiderman obviously debates going to the site of the explosion to do his hero thing, versus staying here to flounder around in this “interrogation”. Not that Wade minds spending time with a leotard model, but he is ready to leave.

Wade starts for the roof exit. “I’ll save you some trouble and be on my way. There’s something that needs my attention.”

A sudden force slams his body against the concrete wall next to the door he had been reaching towards. Glancing around through a wince, he sees a thick white substance stretched across his torso and fused to the building. Oh, hell. Did he just get webbed?

{Now, that is pretty cool.}

[Also annoying as feck.]

Gritting his teeth against the sudden rise of anger that swells inside him, Wade growls, “You had better get this stuff off me right now.” There is no telling what it will do to his nice leather jacket.

Spiderman is shifting on his feet anxiously, genuinely apologetic when he says, "I am so sorry. Just wait and I will be right back, I swear. We still need to talk, but I have to take care of this first."

With that, the so-called hero shoots another web to a nearby skyscraper and swings away. Wade is left plastered to a wall to gape after him. This was not how he imagined the day turning out. Fortunately, he is accustomed *{a costumed what now?}* to getting out of sticky situations.

[No. Bad pun. Never again.]

"That little asshole," He grumbles, "Do we have bad blood between us? I didn't think he would be the type to spray 'em and leave 'em without a reason. Or dinner first."

Wade escapes with minimal trouble, thanks to literal years of extensive training as a mercenary and a hidden blade.

Feeling oddly down about the interaction, he heads to Oscorp to seek comfort in the arms of his beloved and their love mascot. The limo and all the security guards seem to have vanished into thin air while he was being distracted. He only has to hide a few times on the way to the room where he first found J.B. Too easy.

When he arrives, however, there is no sign of the boy or the creature. He looks around, singing, "Come out, come out wherever you arrrrre."

Still nothing.

He decides to wander through the door in the back of the room and explore further. There are a few desks, some filing cabinets, lots of screens. It is all official nerd stuff and therefore officially boring. Wade approaches the desk where Peter had stood the last time they were in this room together and fills his cheeks with air, letting it out in a lengthy and loud exhale.

His eyes catch a file tab that reads: **J.B.**

Of course he opens it.

August 11, 2019

Subject shows no signs of pigment changes on abdomen. Slight discoloration on legs, further examination required.

Prolonged change in environment seems to have caused no harm, though the extent of external influence has yet to be determined. No change in diet or web activity. Subject responds to stimuli at normal rate. More aggressive towards Flanders (can't blame him, honestly).

Due for radiation flood at 12:00 hours. Will re-introduce gradually in case of sensitivity after sun exposure.

[What the flip?]

{I don't like it! "Test subject" hits too close to home!}

[{ABORT! ABORT!}]

Wade lets the folder fall shut, feeling confused and protective over his newfound love child. Wherever J.B. is, he has to get him out of here before anything inhumane happens to him. Wade knows what it is like to be experimented on and the fact that Peter is taking part in such a thing is a bit disappointing.

There is a sound and Wade drops into a crouch on instinct. The desk blocks his view of the door, but he can hear the shuffle of cloth and steady footsteps making their way nearer. *Peter?*

"Carson," Comes a voice from farther away, "We're going for lunch. You coming?"

"Eh, I need to take care of this."

It isn't Peter in the room.

"Come on, after that fiasco, it doesn't matter. You can deal with it later."

"You're right." Footsteps carry Carson to the doorway. Just before they leave, Wade hears him say, "Cross your fingers that they'll just terminate the little fucker and not the whole program."

The door closes and Wade peeks up over the edge of the desk to find the room empty and a caged spider sitting in front of his face. Talk about exceptional timing.

[He looks a little green around the gills.]

{Don't we all?}

[Fair point.]

{Fair use.}

[What?]

{What?}

Wade stands and pulls the cage close. The small eight-legged bean is trying to climb the walls. This container is different from the one he was in last time. There is a blinking light on the top that looks similar to a tracker. Given the ease with which he was able to kidnap the spider last time, it was smart of them to take precautions.

"It is okay, J.B. I won't let them kill you. There are still a lot of chapters left in your story."

[Find the key and let's get out of here.]

{I have a nail file! All we need now is a cake.}

[Or a crumb. Spiders have tiny hands.]

After a few tries, Wade finally manages to get the lid off the cage and the spider stills immediately. "Shh, shh. I won't hurt you, little one. Just climb onto my hand and ride that magic carpet to freedom. Then, let's go find our boy."

[Carpet? How hairy are your hands?]

{Yeah, if you're going Disney, you can pick any beast. I, for one, am a fan of the horse from Mulan.}

[Is Nemo Disney?]

{STOMP. STOMP. STOMP.}

[That would explain your smaller testicle.]

Wade stops and frowns. "My testicles are totally normal."

[Yeah, sure. If you say so.]

{Nayyyyyyy, my dude. Neigh.}

"They are definitely average!"

[*snort* He said it.]

{It's okay to be "average". We are not judging you.}

["Average" can be anything.]

{3 inches can be average.}

"We're done having this talk."

[No reason to be ashamed.]

"At least I have testicles, you cockless cowards."

[WHOA, TOO FAR]

{WHAT THE FUCK, WADE}

Smug about winning the argument- *{Hey, wait a-}* - Wade reaches into the box and holds his hand out for the spider. "All aboard."

It slowly crawls onto his index finger and up to his wrist. He raises his hand to eye level and smiles. "How does freedom taste, little buddy?"

The next few actions happen quickly. The door opens again, Wade looks up, the spider bites into his skin SO DAMN HARD, and he flings it off, cursing as it skitters across the floor to hide.

Wade grabs his wrist and yells, "Did they not feed you today?! *FUCK* !" It doesn't feel like a spider bite, it feels like someone has injected gasoline into his skin and set it ablaze. The sensation is traveling up his arm and he looks up into a familiar face and swears again.

It is that effing scientist he stuck in the Corner of Banishment. The gaping man recovers in a split second and slams his hand down on a button mounted to the doorframe. All of a sudden, alarms are blaring and the lights go red and it is a lot to deal with and *Wade hasn't been this stressed in a very long time*. He looks around for J.B. and the spider is nowhere to be seen. If he doesn't want this whole thing to blow up in his face- **[Too late. It already has.]**

{And you deserved it. Rude mofo.}

Can he trust Peter to save J.B. before they kill him? Can the little fucker escape on his own since he has a head start and a valid means of self defense?

Let's hope so.

{Tune in next time for...}

Wade has no choice but to run past the scientist, spitefully elbow him in the face, and head straight into the flood of security guards. Fighting is made more difficult by the numbness that is overtaking his bitten hand. Man, Wade needs to start bringing weapons everywhere if it is going to be like this. He enjoys challenges, but he also enjoys the chance to recuperate between them.

Fortunately, the aftermath of being so heavily guarded earlier means that everyone has relaxed and no one is prepared to swarm Wade as he makes his way to the exit. He steals a car out front and tears away down the road, watching the scrambling forces shrink in the rear-view mirror. His breathing slows and after putting a bit of distance between himself and Oscorp, he ditches the car and takes to the back streets. Once he is safe, he pauses to inspect his wrist. The bite is red and oozing. It looks bad. He regrets not having asked if J.B. was poisonous before now, but... he has a healing factor so it should be fine.

{But shouldn't it have already-}

"Shut the fuck up."

[Ooh, somebody is pissed. Not having a great day?]

"I will literally shoot myself in the head to silence you."

[Go ahead.]

{I think he needs a minute.}

[Sorry, other box. I can't hear you over the sound of this STUPID, GIANT DICK.]

"..."

{...}

[...]

"..."

[Okay, I'm done.]

"Finally."

Wade sinks to the ground and lets his head fall back against a brick wall. He stares up at the sky, losing himself in the empty chasm of blue. He can forgive J.B. for the betrayal, but now it is going to be next to impossible to slip into Oscorp unnoticed. Peter is probably hearing about the whole thing right now. He may never want to speak to Wade again. Who can blame him, really? Even though it was not his plan, it looks like he was trying to steal from Oscorp again. And, yeah, maybe that is what it turned into, but he would have been more than happy to explain to Peter why he was saving J.B. from that hellhole. Now, it would seem like an excuse so Peter wouldn't see him as a bad guy.

Ah, shit.

That did not go the way he wanted at all.

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