

Wade Wilson

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Wade Wilson

by [MasterTLA](#)

Summary

Wade's POV slash a sequel to my story Peter Parker.

Wade gets a call from an unknown number asking for help. He ends up saving Spider-Man from a party and taking him home.

Notes

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

It is absolutely and completely the worst night ever for fighting crime. Deadpool has been wandering around the city looking for some crime to fight for hours. Not to mention he's been keeping an eye out for that glorious, glorious red and blue menace of the night.

If Spider-Man is a menace to anything, it's Wade's sanity. How can anyone literally so perfect and so wonderful exist in a world so shitty? And how dare the Daily Bugle say anything different. A “menace” and a “criminal”- Ha! Deadpool could show ol’ J. Jonah Jameson a menace. Really, if Spidey wasn't so adamant that Wade not kill anyone anymore, JJJ would be just another picture in the obituary section of his beloved newspaper.

So many people are alive today because of Spidey's compassion for humanity.

Again, literal perfection.

The world doesn't deserve Spider-Man.

Wade Winston Wilson definitely doesn't.

But he tries anyway. No more killing? Fine. Done. Check. No more red in his ledger. No more ash in his vacuum cleaner. Too soon?

The point is: he tries to be someone better because he wants to be someone who can stand next to Spider-Man. Or, at least, someone who can stand somewhere in his general vicinity. He wants to be someone that makes Spidey proud. Someone who the arachnid-themed hero can trust at his back.

There's actually a lot of things Wade would like to do to Spidey's back.

But that's neither here nor there.

He doesn't even know the hero's real name. Not that he's complaining. He'll take whatever he can get. Just being able to be near the hero and work with him and feed him food is enough. His precious spider friend is too skinny. And his sweet little tummy is always rumbling. Wade makes sure their times together always end in eating.

Food, that is. Like, actual food.

Has the thought of eating something else crossed his mind though? *Yes*. Gods, yes.

Dat ass.

He just wants to bite it and kiss it and taste it and worship it and marry it and have its babies and-

He plops down on a nearby bus bench and hangs his arms over the back of it. If only it were raining to match his morose and melancholy musings.

If only Spidey was here to hear his great alliteration skills.

He lets himself think about the hero in a much more rated R fashion every now and then but tries to snap himself out of it more times than not. Partly because he thinks the hero is younger. How much younger? No idea. Young enough to make him weary. But mostly? It's not just Spidey's banging (hopefully legal) body that makes him so wonderful.

See above and below for just a few reasons to love Spider-Man.

He saves people. We're talking individual people here. The random person who gets held up walking home from work. The little kid who runs into the crowded street. The sweet old lady who can't escape her burning apartment building. If a city-wide threat emerges of course he does what he can to stop it, but it's not stopping the big crimes that makes him such a great hero. It's the little ones too. The individual ones.

Heroes like the Avengers focus on a much larger scale of people they protect. They save countries; they save worlds. They don't focus on the little things. They can't. But Spidey does.

He recognizes that each person he saves *is* the world to someone else.

No job is too small for Spider-Man to take on.

Deadpool actually watched him save a kitten from a tree. That is a thing that actually happened in real life. Honestly, Wade is pretty sure his heart exploded watching it. For real. It was so disgustingly sweet and precious that Wade's heart actually exploded.

Literally.

Amazing. Glorious. Perfection.

Spider-Man.

He should really get back out there and keep an eye on the streets, especially since it seems his beloved arachnid is taking the night off, but he just wants to sit down a little longer and mope. Woe is Wade and all that stuff. Woeful is a good look for him. Really brings out the black in his costume. Ties the whole look together. It-

His phone rings.

Which is odd because all of his contacts have a name in his phone. This is an unknown number. New York area code. Is it a wrong number? Possibly. He lets it ring three times before he decides to answer it. He uses his merc voice.

"Who are you and how did you get this number?" he growls. If Weasel is passing out his number to potential clients again he's going to be pissed. He told that son of a bitch he wasn't taking on anymore jobs.

"*Wade, it's me!*" a slightly slurred voice calls over the line.

Wade scoffs. "Obviously it's me. I'm right here. But who are you?" The voice sounds oddly familiar. It's like, right there in the back of his head. He's heard this voice before.

Whoever it is on the other side laughs at Wade's terrible humor which drastically narrows down the list of people it could be. There aren't a lot of people out there who like the particular brand of humor Wade has. He's mildly concerned when the voice starts crying. It pulls at his heart strings. This is obviously not a dial from a potential client from Weasel. And he obviously knows this person somehow. He definitely doesn't want them to cry so he tries to be soothing.

He hears some banging in the background that raises his metaphorical haunches. He's got some nice metaphorical haunches by the way.

"It's me, Wade! It's Spidey. I don't have my suit and this guy gave me drugs and called me a bitch! Now he's trying to break down the bathroom door. I wanna leave but my head is spinning around and around and around and I need your help!"

Whaaaaaaat? Is this a joke? Is that why this voice sounds so familiar? "Spidey? Is that really you?"

Then, in a tone he'd recognize anywhere, the potential Spidey says, *"Deadpool, no cutting off people's heads!"* Yeah. That's Spider-Man alright. Wade has heard him say that enough times to know for sure. It's not his fault bad guys don't deserve the heads on their shoulders.

"It is you!" he exclaims, but then he frowns. "You need your ol' pal Wade to come knock some heads?" He might not be killing anyone right now, but if one hair on his precious Spidey's head is harmed in any way then someone is going to go home in pieces. He knows exactly what he can chop off of a person and still be safely away from removing something fatal.

"Please," Spidey requests. Deadpool doesn't hesitate. He slams his hand down over the button of his teleportation belt, never happier that he won the thing from Cable in a poker game. He cheated his ass off to beat the cyborg fucker, and it was totally worth having to grow his dick back.

It took awhile to actually figure out how to use the belt, but he got it eventually. If he knew where he was going, exactly where, then it was smooth and easy. If he didn't know, like needing to rescue his drunk and drugged arachnid hero, he just needed to focus really hard. Which was usually difficult for him unless a job was involved. Or Spidey. He can always focus on Spidey.

Suddenly, he's no longer out in the city but in a swanky bedroom. It looks like the room they show in all those college movies where someone's virginity gets taken or a drug deal goes down. Probably both in this case. He can hear loud thumping noises and practically smell the bad decisions being made.

He can also hear the banging that he heard on the phone with Spidey, just a lot louder.

With a quick turn, he sees the douche harassing his precious arachnid and snatches him up. The guy never even sees him coming. It's over in seconds. Even for being caught off guard, this fugly bastard should be embarrassed.

Luckily, Wade always keeps plenty of rope and zip ties handy. Heh, *handy*. It makes him chuckle as he ties the unconscious douchebag's hands behind his back uncomfortably. No sympathy.

Now all he can do is knock softly on the bathroom door, heart racing. Spider-Man is on the other side in civilian clothes. He's drunk and drugged and scared. Wade is relieved that he was able to help but... He should probably leave right? Not without saying something first at least.

"Spidey? It's your friendly neighborhood Deadpool. Are you okay?" It's quiet for a moment before the merc continues. "I can take out the trash and call you a cab if you want. I know you don't have your suit on in there. I can go." He *should* go.

But he can't. Almost as soon as the words leave his mouth, the bathroom opens and a brunette stumbles out. He latches onto Wade, standing adorably shorter than the merc. He fits into Wade's arms like a puzzle piece. "Don't leave," he begs.

Wade wraps his arms around the unmasked hero and can't stop the slight tremble in he has. He can't bear the thought of what could have happened he hadn't answered his phone. Or if he got his arms chopped off. Or if he was unalived. Or if he never gave Spider-Man his number. Or- Yeah. Just- He squeezes the hero tight. "You're not wearing your mask Spidey," he wants to remind the other male.

"Peter," the hero replies, nuzzling into Wade's chest. "Out of the mask, I'm Peter." He pulls back enough that Wade can see his wide brown eyes. "Peter Parker."

Wade isn't totally convinced that this isn't some weird beautiful dream. Because Peter Parker?

Stunning.

Absolutely and completely the most gorgeous person Wade has ever seen.

Maybe he *was* unalived, and this is just like in Deadpool 2 where he was able to visit that knock-off version of heaven. He's waiting for the inevitable heartbreak of being gut-punched back into the real world but nothing happens. He has Peter Parker, a.k.a. Spider-Man, in his arms and that's it.

It just is.

But then the door bursts open and a drunk couple stumbles through, not questioning the unconscious and tied up male in the corner of the room or the scary (also terrifying and horrendously handsome) mercenary cuddling the cute brunette with tear stains on his face. They just fall into the bed and before Wade can think too hard about it, he's slamming his hand down on the belt and bamfing he and Peter elsewhere.

Which, he realizes too late, was not the best call to make for transporting a drunk and drugged Spidey. As soon as they land in Wade's apartment Peter stumbles away and throws up.

"I'm so sorry!" he cries, covering his cute little mouth in what appears to be shame.

That won't do at all. Wade scoops the hero up in his arms (internal squealing only, so that's good) and carries him to the bedroom. He purposely doesn't think about other reasons he could have Spider-Man in his room, and lays Peter gently on the bed. "Don't you worry your cute little face over it, Petey. You haven't done anything wrong and shouldn't be apologizing. Let Dadpool take care of his little Spidey-baby."

He brushes damp brown hair- dammit he should have taken his glove off first fuck- out of the hero's face. He's relieved to see a small smile on those perfect pink lips.

"I knew you had a daddy kink," Peter says weakly, eyes already heavy and drooping now that he knows he's somewhere safe. That does things to Wade.

Spider-Man could have called one of a hundred other supers. He could have called one of his friends. And he called Wade.

He told Wade his name. And sure, maybe he's drunk, maybe he'll have second thoughts in the morning. But for whatever reason, he wanted to feel safe, and he called Wade Wilson.

If Wade *could* die, he would do it happily.

He laughs softly and pulls a blanket over his Spidey. "Just one of my many kinks, baby boy. If you're nice, maybe I'll show you some more of them." He turns to go warm up the water in the bathroom so he can wipe the hero's face off, but not before he hears a sleepy reply

"Promise?"

Wade quickly decides to pull his mask off and place a soft kiss on Peter's forehead before he loses the nerve. "Promise."

A very nearly asleep Peter Parker smiles before falling right into dreamland.

Wade Wilson definitely doesn't spend the next ten minutes dancing around his apartment or watching the hero sleep.

Definitely not.

End Notes

Let me know what you think! Heart-eyes emoji

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