

Spider-Man 341

Chapter 341: Nosy Old Man

Peter stood alone in the spacious laboratory, the hum of machinery and the faint glow of futuristic technology surrounding him.

Hope had just left after their conversation, her mind brimming with possibilities and newfound purpose as the newest member of the Avengers. And with the Yellowjacket data, she wouldn't just be a scientist.

No, she would be a real member of the Avengers, like Scott.

But more than any of that, she was ready to get to work and find her mother.

The weight of responsibility settled on her shoulders, but she would do her best to rise to the occasion.

Leaning against a nearby wall, Peter let out a sigh, his thoughts drifting towards the enigmatic and no doubt furious figure who had been silently eavesdropping on their conversation.

"I know you're here. Come on out. We need to talk." Peter called out, his voice reverberating through the empty room.

A sudden tremor rippled through the air, accompanied by a faint buzzing sound. Peter watched in anticipation as a man in an old worn-looking Ant-Man suit appeared in front of him.

And as the mask swung open, Hank Pym's grumpy face stared back at him.

Hank had been watching their entire conversation, like a fly on the wall. But now, with Hope gone, it was time for the blowback from everything he just witnessed.

He never planned on leaving the building in the first place. Hank simply needed to make sure that his daughter was settling in okay, like the extremely overprotective parent he is.

So, when Tony appeared earlier, that gave him the perfect opportunity to start an argument and slip away.

The aging scientist appeared stern and serious, his eyes fixated on the young Spider-Man.

"That wasn't your secret to tell, nor was it your data to give away either." Hank's voice carried a mix of disappointment, anger, and concern. "You've crossed a line today. Revealing the truth about Janet's disappearance to Hope... that was not your place."

Peter straightened himself, meeting Hank's gaze unwaveringly. "I know, and I'm sorry. But Hope deserved to know the truth, to have closure. And she needed to understand the risks involved. Because I don't doubt that she would've gone down this path either way. I only gave her a head start."

Hank's brows furrowed, and his tone hardened. "You don't understand. The pain and guilt I carry for what happened to Janet... it's something I wouldn't wish upon anyone, especially my daughter. I've done everything in my power to shield her from the truth."

Peter's resolve didn't waver as he countered, "I get it. But she's a grown woman, capable of making her own choices. And she has the potential to do great things, just like you. You can't keep coddling her forever."

Hank's expression softened slightly, a mix of paternal concern and lingering regret etched across his face. "You're naive. Hope is my daughter, and I've lost too much already. The consequences of tampering with the fabric of reality... she doesn't fully grasp the weight of it all."

Peter took a step forward, his voice steady. "Then be there for her, you old fool. Join the Avengers. Protect her and guide her while you still can. You're the only one who can teach her how to navigate all of this, to make the right choices. You don't have to shield her from it or leave her to figure it out alone. There's always a middle ground."

There was a moment of silence, the air heavy with unresolved tension.

Hank studied Peter intently, his gaze flickering between determination and doubt. Slowly, he exhaled, his shoulders sagging ever so slightly.

"You truly believe in her, don't you?" Hank's voice held a mixture of resignation and hope.

Peter nodded, his eyes unwavering. "I think if you didn't coddle her for so long, then she would've been much more than Darren Cross' assistant. She's strong, intelligent, and she wants to find her mother. With your guidance, she can accomplish incredible things."

A brief, contemplative silence enveloped the room, broken only by the hum of technology.

Soon, Hank's expression softened as he realized what he's done.

Years of his protection have encumbered his daughter, stopping her from reaching her full potential.

After all, she graduated top of her class at Harvard with a masters degree in physics, engineering, and molecular biology, yet that lead her to be nothing more than Darren Cross' assistant.

It's laughable. The genius daughter of two outstanding minds reverted to an errand girl for some megalomaniac.

"Fine..." Hank muttered as he collapsed into a nearby chair. "You're right. I should have told her the truth long ago. My coddling has only made matters worse."

"It's good that you've realized that." Peter nods. "So, how about it? Do you want to Join the Avengers? You can work alongside your daughter."

"..." Hank remained silent, unsure as to what he should do.

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~1 Day Later~

Hope van Dyne stood in the center of her new state-of-the-art lab, the culmination of her dreams and aspirations.

The Avengers welcomed her into their ranks, recognizing her exceptional skills and her unwavering determination to find her long-lost mother.

Now, with access to their vast resources, she felt a renewed sense of purpose and a burning desire to make progress.

"So, this is your lab, huh?" Scott asked as he walked around, poking everything in curiosity.

"Yes, and don't touch that!" Hope exclaimed as she carefully placed some of her personal belongings around the room, family photos, fidget toys, figurines, etc. "If you break anything, then I'm banning you from this room forever."

"Yes, ma'am..." Scott muttered as he held his hands up and stepped away from the equipment.

Hope knew that every detail mattered in her quest to re-create her mother's Wasp suit.

The flash drive Peter had handed her yesterday contained invaluable data, and she couldn't wait to delve into it and improve it, making it her own.

As she reached for the flash drive, her fingers tingled with anticipation.

This was the key that could unlock the secrets to her mother's whereabouts, the missing piece that could bring Janet back to their family.

Plugging it into her workstation, which held a top-of-the-line Stark brand computer, she watched as the system recognized the device, and a multitude of files appeared on the screen.

But just as Hope prepared to delve into the data, the imposing double doors to her lab swung open with a gust of air.

Startled, the two turned around to find Spider-Man, entering the room, followed closely by her father, Hank Pym.

The sight of her father in the Avengers' headquarters was nothing short of a surprise. Just yesterday, he had declined the invitation to join them, stating his old age and reluctance to involve himself in their affairs.

Hope's eyes widened as confusion mixed with curiosity. "Hank? What are you doing here?" she asked, her voice filled with genuine surprise.

Peter smirked mischievously under his mask, stepping forward to answer on her father's behalf. "Well, I figured you could use some extra help, and who better than your dad?" He extended a hand toward the silver-haired scientist. "May I present your new assistant, Dr. Hank Pym."

Hope's gaze shifted from Peter to her father, her astonishment mounting with every passing moment. Hank Pym, the brilliant inventor and founder of Pym Technologies, was now standing before her, wearing a faint smile.

Hope knew her father had his own reasons for declining the Avengers' invitation, yet here he was, offering his assistance with a smile.

Her voice filled with a mix of surprise and skepticism, she addressed her father. "Dad, why are you really here? I thought you wanted to distance yourself from all this."

Hank's smile widened as he crossed the room to stand beside his daughter. "Hope, my dear, I may have declined to be an Avenger, but that doesn't mean I'm willing to abandon you or your goals. Besides, I never agreed to be your assistant." He chuckled softly, his eyes shimmering with fatherly affection. "Consider me your partner, your collaborator. Together, we'll find your mother."

A surprised look flushed on her face. "How do you know..." She spoke but soon noticed Peter, waving at her from the doorway. "I see."

Telling her that her father, someone she already didn't trust very much, was spying on her yesterday probably wasn't a good idea.

So, Peter would have to take the fall, and he didn't mind doing so.

Although she wasn't happy with Spider-Man's big mouth, she couldn't exactly complain after everything he's done for her.

Soon, a sense of warmth and gratitude washed over Hope as she realized the significance of her father's presence.

Hank Pym, a man of immeasurable brilliance, experience, and knowledge, had chosen to stand by her side. It was just too good to pass up.

After all, with his help, finding her mother would take a lot less time than she originally expected.

Hope extended a hand towards her father, their palms meeting in a firm and reassuring grip. She looked into his eyes, a renewed determination blazing within her own.

"Fine..." she whispered, her voice filled with heartfelt appreciation. "Let's get to work."

As Peter watched the exchange between the father and daughter, he couldn't help but smile, knowing that a formidable team was now assembled.

"Should we leave?" Scott walked over to Peter and asked, as he didn't want to intrude on the family moment.

"Yeah, probably..."

Chapter 342: A Fathers Loving Teachings

Peter swung through the New York City skyline, his red-and-blue suit blending seamlessly with the evening sky. The cool breeze caressed his masked face as he navigated through the bustling streets, his heart pounding with anticipation.

Tonight, he was returning home after finally settling Hank and Hope into the Tower, eager to see Lily and the rest of his family.

As he found a secure spot to open a portal, Peter stepped into his bedroom, his senses tingling as the portal closed behind him. Something was different, something made him feel an undeniable surge of pride.

With swift movements, Peter pulled off his mask and turned to see Lily, his beloved daughter, standing in the center of the room, her eyes gleaming with pride and accomplishment.

"Lily." Peter called out, his voice filled with a mix of surprise and delight. "What's going on? Are you up to something?" He wondered if May or Grave sent her to get revenge for their last prank.

Lily beamed, her petite frame brimming with confidence beyond her years. "Dad!" she exclaimed, bounding toward him. "I did it! I finished the job you gave me!"

Peter's eyebrows arched in surprise, his curiosity piqued. "Job? What job?"

With a triumphant grin, Lily began to recount her tale, her words pouring out with infectious enthusiasm.

She spoke of how her father had tasked her with an incredible mission. To utilize the Hand, the very ninjas he had subdued, to carry out the orders of their Princess.

Despite her young age, Lily had been the mastermind behind an intricate plan to uncover a hidden dragon graveyard nestled beneath Hell's Kitchen.

Her bedroom had become her command center, a place where she strategized and guided the Hand from the safety of her sanctuary.

Through careful instruction, Lily had orchestrated the secret excavation of the dragon bones, the burial ground hidden away from the world.

Peter listened intently, remembering exactly what she was talking about, his heart swelling with pride for his daughter. He loved the cute prideful smile that graced her lips as she vibrated with excitement.

Truthfully, he thought it might take her longer, as he didn't know how big or deep the burial ground was, but an AI is just too overpowered.

As Lily finished her recount of events, she looked up at Peter, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. "Dad," she said, her voice filled with excitement, "The Hand is waiting for you. They've excavated all the dragon bones. They did it, just like I told them!"

Peter's smiled warmly as he patted her head, his heart bursting with paternal pride.

He took a moment to gather his thoughts. His daughter had not only completed the task he had assigned to her but had done it so quickly.

After all, it's not easy to securely and secretly dig up the underground of a major city.

"Lily, I am so proud of you." Peter said.

Lily's grin grew even wider, and she threw her arms around Peter in a tight embrace. "Thanks, Dad! I couldn't have done it without you."

Well, he did make her and tell the Hand to follow her orders, so Lily isn't wrong, but without her involvement, it would've most likely taken far longer than this.

Peter held his daughter close, savoring the moment before reluctantly separating from her.

"I should probably go pick up the bones." Peter said, excited to see how much Elixir he would be able to make now.

But before he could leave, Lily grabbed a hold of his arm.

"What's up?" Peter turned back and asked.

"Dad." She began, her voice tinged with excitement, "Can we go collect the Dragon bones together? I want to see them."

Peter's expression softened as he looked down at his daughter. He understood her curiosity and eagerness to see what was left of an extinct species.

'Well, technically they're endangered...' Peter thought as there is a dragon in K'un-Lun. 'I wouldn't be surprised if there were a few more hiding out somewhere as well.'

With a nod, he motioned for her to follow him.

"Come here." He replied, his voice filled with affection. "I've got something for you first."

Intrigued, Lily followed her father to his desk, where he reached into a drawer and pulled out a folded piece of clothing, gleaming with red and blue hues.

"It's a custom-made spider suit, like mine and your mom's." Peter explained, unfolding it for her to see. "I thought it was about time you had one of your own. Especially if we're going to meet the Hand. Try it on."

Lily's eyes widened with delight as she took the suit from her father's hands. And just like his, it disappeared upon contact, but she wasn't surprised.

Seconds later, the suit appeared on her body, replacing her normal clothes. It was a perfect fit, tailored to her small frame, adorned with spider-web patterns and the iconic spider emblem.

[Insert picture of Spider-Girl here]

And just like her parents, Lily's suit came with a hood, which she could pull on whenever she wanted.

Turning around, Lily stared in awe at herself in the mirror. "It's so cool..." She muttered in shock at how good she looked.

She couldn't believe her luck, feeling an incredible surge of excitement coursing through her veins.

After suiting up, Lily stood before her father, her heart pounding with anticipation. Peter's eyes met hers, and he smiled, a mixture of love and confidence radiating from his face.

"Now, my little Spider-Girl." He said as he pulled his mask back on. "Let's go collect those Dragon bones, shall we?"

Lily's eyes lit up with joy as she grasped her father's hand. And with a wave of his free hand, Peter opened a portal to a tall skyscraper.

Together, they stepped through the portal, but as they did, the bedroom door opened behind them, revealing Lily's grandmother, Grace.

"Lily! Are you in-" Grace poked her head in and froze on the spot, catching a glimpse of the two before the portal snapped shut, leaving the room empty.

Instantly, Grace turned around and rushed down the stairs, a fearful and worried look on her face. "MJ! May!" She screamed.

Peter stood atop the edge of a towering skyscraper, the bustling city spread out beneath him.

A gentle breeze rustled his sleek red and blue suit, as he glanced over his shoulder, a warm smile forming on his face as he looked at his daughter, Lily.

She stood beside him, her small frame adorned in her brand new spider suit, specially made by her father with all the bells and whistles.

Lily's wide eyes reflected a mix of excitement and nervousness as she fidgeted with her clothes.

This was a defining moment, a rite of passage for all spider heroes.

"Are you ready, Lily?" Peter asked, his voice laced with a blend of encouragement and paternal pride. "Because if we're going to pick up the Dragon Bones, then you're going to need to learn how to swing."

His own heart raced with anticipation, mirroring the adrenaline he had felt during his own first time.

Lily nodded, her voice barely above a whisper. "I think so, Daddy."

'The Daddy's always come out at times like this.' With a gentle hand, Peter rested it on her small shoulder reassuringly. "Remember, Lily, you have all the spider powers I have, including the organic web shooters. I know that I've been keeping you from using your powers too much, but now's the time to finally let loose. Trust yourself and your instincts."

Her father's words brought a glimmer of determination to Lily's eyes. She took a deep breath, and her posture straightened, as though a newfound confidence began to blossom within her.

Though that confidence couldn't fully erase the fear and nervousness she felt as she peered off the edge of the very tall building they were on.

Peter's gaze shifted to the city, his eyes scanning for the perfect spot to initiate her training.

He spotted a sturdy-looking fire escape in the distance, an ideal target for her first swing. "See that fire escape over there? I want you to land on it, okay?" He said, pointing with a gloved finger.

Lily's eyes followed his gesture, and she nodded resolutely. "Got it."

Peter took a step back, allowing his daughter some space to prepare. He watched as she raised her arm, the sound of her organic web shooters firing into the air.

Thin strands of webbing shot out, attaching themselves to the edge of the building, creating a sturdy line for her to start swinging from.

"Now, remember, it's all about timing and control." Peter advised, his voice calm. "As you swing, keep your body loose and relaxed, just like you're floating on air."

Lily nodded once again, her face a picture of determination, her eyes fixed on the fire escape in the distance.

Taking a deep calming breath, Lily prepared herself.

And with a swift motion, she propelled herself forward, her small body soaring through the open air. A mixture of fear and exhilaration coursed through her veins as she trusted her instincts, just as her father had instructed.

Of course, Peter didn't sit still either.

No, he rushed to follow after her, his heart pounding with a mixture of pride and concern.

If she couldn't do it for one reason or another, then he would be right behind her, ready to catch her at any moment.

He saw her adjust mid-swing, her movements becoming smoother, more controlled.

Lily's expression transformed into one of pure joy as she arced through the sky, her laughter carried on the wind for him to hear.

With a final twist and a graceful landing on the targeted fire escape, Lily came to a stop. Her chest heaved with exertion, a wide grin hidden under her mask.

She had done it. She had swung like a true Spider-Man.

Or rather, Spider-Girl.

Peter's heart swelled with a mixture of emotions as he landed next to his daughter. He wrapped his arms around her in a tight embrace, pride radiating from his very being. "You did it!"

Lily beamed up at him, her eyes sparkling with a newfound confidence. "Hehe! Of course, I did it!"

Separating for a moment, Peter looked down at his daughter in amusement. "Feeling confident, are we? Then I guess you're ready to go again?" He says as he shoves her off the fire escape.

"Ahhhh!" Lily screamed as she scrambled to shoot a web toward a nearby building. "Daddy, I hate you!"

Peter laughed as he dived off the fire escape, following his daughters every move.

Chapter 343: ***** *****

Peter and Lily soared through the air, their bodies gracefully gliding across the New York City skyline.

Their vibrant red and blue spider suits caught the attention of pedestrians below, eliciting awe and whispers of admiration.

But as they approached their destination, a closed-off construction site in Hell's Kitchen, their suits swiftly morphed, the colors fading into a sleek, dark black. The transformation signaled a shift in their purpose, an imminent covert mission.

After all, Spider-Man couldn't be seen with the Hand. Even if they've been a force for good for a few years now.

The duo landed silently within the confines of the construction site, their feet touching the cold concrete with barely a sound.

The area was shrouded in darkness, broken only by the dim light of a few industrial light posts.

Peter's keen senses detected a presence lurking in the shadows, and before long, they found themselves surrounded by a circle of masked figures.

Each one donned the traditional garb of the Hand ninja, their eyes piercing through the darkness as they knelt before the father and daughter.

Years ago, Peter had subdued these very ninjas and emerged as their leader.

A title he hadn't sought, but one he had embraced to ensure that the Hand would never cause him any trouble again.

The ninjas, bowing their heads, addressed him. "Black Sky!" They spoke the name they bestowed upon him.

As the ninjas knelt, a familiar figure emerged from the shadows. Unmasked, his piercing gaze met Peter's, and he knelt before him, paying homage to the man who had reshaped the Hand.

This was Scythe, one of the Fingers. Individuals whom Peter had strategically placed in positions of leadership within the Hand to reshape the organization into something more than a ruthless killing machine.

Scythe rose from his kneeling position, his gaze shifting from Peter to the young girl at his side. "Princess," he addressed Lily, a note of reverence in his voice.

Though this was the first time they had met in person, her invaluable aid and instruction helped in things like securing permits and acquiring the land for the excavation they were about to witness.

Her remarkable hacking skills had proven instrumental to the Hand's endeavors.

With pleasantries exchanged, Scythe extended an arm toward the construction site.

"Allow me to guide you." He invited, his voice showing a mixture of excitement and respect. "We've unearthed the dragon graveyard, thanks to the Princess's efforts. It is a sight to behold."

Curiosity flickered in Peter's eyes, but he turned to his daughter, offering her the choice.

Lily's face lit up with anticipation, her young heart brimming with the same adventurous spirit that had driven her father ever since he arrived in this world.

With a nod, she accepted Scythe's invitation, and the trio ventured deeper into the construction site, their steps echoing faintly in the night.

Following Scythe, the father and daughter duo arrived at the entrance of a tunnel, which was illuminated by rows of wired lights.

Lily, stood beside her father, her entire being vibrating with excitement and wonder.

With each step, guided by Scythe, the duo ventured deep into the tunnel.

Soon enough, the sounds of bustling city life faded away. The air grew cooler, carrying a faint scent of earth and mystery.

Lily's small hand gripped her father's gloved fingers tightly, her anticipation reaching a whole new level.

Finally, after walking for a few minutes, the tunnel opened up, revealing a vast and awe-inspiring cave.

It seemed to stretch into infinity, adorned with ancient stalactites that hung from the tall ceilings.

But it was not the cavern that captured their attention. It was what lay within.

Peter's eyes widened, his breath hitching in his throat.

There, strewn across the floor and partially hidden within the visible walls, lay the petrified remains of immense dragons. Their skeletal structures, though frozen in time, maintained an astonishing level of detail.

It was as if these magnificent creatures had been waiting patiently for this moment to be discovered.

Lily's infectious excitement bubbled over, and she darted off, her feet echoing softly on the cavern floor, weaving between the giant bones.

She marveled at the massive ribcages that sprawled across the ground, the elongated spines that seemed to go on for miles, and the delicate wings that lay gracefully folded by their sides.

Scythe smiled. "Welcome to the dragon bone graveyard, princess." He said.

Peter watched his daughter with a smile as well.

He had known this discovery would captivate her, but he hadn't expected her enthusiasm to reach this level.

He moved forward cautiously, his fingertips grazing the smooth surface of an enormous dragon skull.

With a simple touch, Peter could feel the latent energy (Chi) left behind in each bone.

As Lily's exploration continued, Peter's gaze shifted to the surrounding walls, where even more dragons peeked out, as if they stood on their own two feet.

Time seemed to stand still within the dragon-filled cave as the two marveled at their discovery.

As Lily's laughter echoed through the cavern, Peter couldn't help but smile. His daughter looked like a little archeologist, who just uncovered some dinosaur bones.

"Good work, Scythe." Peter said to the man standing beside him.

"Thank you, sir." Scythe replied dutifully. "But we couldn't have done all of this without your daughter's help. Her assistance was invaluable."

"Either way, good job." Peter patted the man on the shoulder as he walked over to Lily, wondering what he should do to reward her.

"This is so cool!" Lily exclaimed as he stood next to her.

"I know, right?" Peter nodded in agreement as he doted on his excited daughter. "Why don't we explore a bit more before packing up the bones?" He asked.

"Okay! Follow me!" Lily leads the way, rushing around the cave with her father following close behind.

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After spending an hour oohing and aahing at the many Dragon skeletons, Peter got straight to work.

With a few simple spells, he was able to pack up the bones and safely send them through a portal, where they'll be stored for the time being.

It didn't take more than half an hour.

And by the time he was finished, the entire cave seemed to lose every ounce of wonder that it once held, leaving it completely empty.

After emptying the cave, Peter and Lily bid farewell to Scythe and the Hand Ninja, leaving Hell's Kitchen behind.

As they swung through the towering city, enjoying the moment for a little while longer, a piercing scream echoed through the air.

Peter and Lily abruptly landed on a rooftop, their heads turning in unison toward the source of the sound.

Wordlessly, their eyes locked, a silent understanding passing between them.

Without a moment's hesitation, Lily dashed off in the direction of the anguished cries.

Peter froze for a moment, unsure if he should allow his daughter to get involved in this. After all, this was only supposed to be a night out together, not some crime-stopping adventure.

Shaking his head and taking a long breath, Peter pursued his spirited daughter.

He knew she was still learning the ropes, quite literally, but he decided to let her do as she pleased.

He wouldn't stop her. At least not yet.

Instead, he would keep close and safeguard her from the shadows, ensuring her safety.

Moments later, the duo arrived at a modest family-owned restaurant, its windows shimmering with warm, golden light.

Above it lay a small apartment, an unsuspecting residence for the family who owned the restaurant below.

Taking a more detailed look, Lily found a team of masked figures clad in ominous black attire, their every movement precise and deliberate.

After breaking into the family home, the unknown team came storming out with a thrashing child in hand.

'Is this a kidnapping?' Peter's eyes narrowed, his senses heightened.

He absorbed every detail, noting the terror etched on the faces of the parents as they valiantly resisted their attackers.

But these kidnappers possessed a cold, calculated efficiency that overwhelmed the desperate efforts of the innocent parents, rendering them defenseless.

It was then that Lily sprang into action, her small frame ablaze with determination. Swift and nimble, she utilized her acrobatic skills to outmaneuver the masked criminals.

With each well-placed strike, she subdued her opponents, her spider-like abilities lending her a formidable advantage.

'Damn... When did she get so good?' Peter watched with a mix of awe and apprehension, positioned at a vantage point that allowed him to intervene if the situation spiraled out of control. 'AI's are just too overpowered...'

It just wasn't fair.

In a flurry of movement, Lily managed to incapacitate the kidnappers, rescuing the frightened child in a matter of seconds.

The parents, battered but relieved, rushed forward to grab their little girl, their gratitude evident from the tears in their eyes.

They embraced their daughter tightly, grateful for the mini Spider-Mans intervention. "Thank you!" The mother cried.

As the commotion subsided, Peter dropped down beside his triumphant daughter, a warm smile hidden under his mask.

He patted her head affectionately, a blend of pride and concern radiating off of him.

"Good work." He praised softly in admiration. "I don't think that I could find a single fault in the way you handled that situation even if I wanted to."

Lily beamed up at him, happy to see that her father was impressed.

As Lily was preoccupied with her father's words, Peter looked over at the kidnappers target, wondering why these masked men would want to take her.

Though he wasn't left wondering for long.

Just with a simple look, Peter instantly understood.

'She's a Meta-Human...' His eyebrows raised in surprise. 'Which dumb motherf*cker thinks that they can kidnap Meta-Humans in my city?'

"Achoo!"

Across the city, in an abandoned laboratory, a tall, athletic man with a menacing demeanor sneezed, his shaved head shining under the rooms lights.

[Insert picture of Ajax/Francis here]

"Ooh! My spider senses are tingling!" A handsome yet disheveled man spoke, strapped to a hospital gurney. "Someone must be talking about you, Francis."

[Insert picture of Wade Wilson here]

Chapter 344: Ugly Awakening

Sensing her father's change in demeanor, Lily followed his gaze and noticed the little girl's mutation. "Cute..." She muttered.

As far as physical mutations go, the little girl was pretty lucky for a Meta-Human.

Peter wasn't sure if it would give her any useful powers, but the girl had two furry ears atop her head as well as a bushy fox tail behind her back.

'Maybe some wolverine type powers?' He wondered.

After listening to the parents thank them over and over again, Peter handed them the contact information for Xaviers School.

Though, they didn't look very interested in sending their daughter there.

After all, she didn't seem to have any uncontrollable powers, nor does she face any sort of bullying in school since Spider-Man literally endorsed all Meta-Humans.

In fact, her mutation made her the most popular kid in school.

So, why send their child to a boarding school, where they would only get to see her during breaks?

Peter shrugged uncaringly.

If they wanted to raise their daughter as they should, then he wouldn't get in their way.

Actually, he would help.

Once the small family returned to their apartment, Peter turned to the downed kidnapers. "Lily." He said, his voice drawing her attention.

"Yeah?" She looked up at him, tilting her head to the side.

"I need you to access their phones. We need to track where they've been. Access the GPS and mark their pathing for the past month." Peter instructed. "Once your done, find the location that they all have in common. They would most likely arrive at this location at a specific time, like clocking in for a job."

Lily's eyes sparkled with a hint of excitement as she nodded, her youthful face reflecting an air of confidence beyond her years.

Walking over to the defeated criminals, she effortlessly collected their smartphones.

Laying them out in front of her, Lily quickly accessed their devices without touching them.

Instantly, the screens lit up as the GPS app on each phone opened in tandem. And as the apps opened, lines quickly appeared, showing exactly where they've been.

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Completing her task with ease, Lily turned to face her father, her expression radiating accomplishment.

"Got it." She declared, her voice tinged with a touch of pride. "Each of these guys has one location in common. It's most likely their base, probably some kind of lab for experimenting on Meta-Humans."

Peter's mind raced as he processed the information, piecing together the puzzle with his seasoned instincts. "That's what I thought as well." He muttered, his voice laced with concern.

Not only was he concerned but also annoyed.

It's been a while since any large-scale crime has taken place in New York City.

After all, this city is the birthplace of Spider-Man and the Avengers, so it quickly turned into a bit of a safe-haven.

Although crime didn't just disappear, crazy schemes like Meta-Human experimentation completely did, making him wonder why these people would even choose to operate here.

'Are they f*cking crazy?' Peter waved his hand, portaling the unconscious kidnapers to the towers detention center. "Lily, you should head home. You're still a bit too young to be dealing with stuff like this, no matter how extraordinary you are."

Although she liked the compliment, Lily didn't agree with her father at all.

Lily's eyes met her father's, determination burning within them. "But I can handle it!" She argued, her voice filled with conviction, "I want to help!"

A mixture of pride and apprehension washed over Peter as he considered it. He knew her abilities surpassed those of a normal child or adult for that matter, but he also understood the importance of protecting her innocence.

After all, almost every facility that kidnaps or experiments on Meta-Humans is usually a bit of a horror show.

After a moment's hesitation, he relented. "Alright, Lily." He said, his voice filled with a mix of resignation and trust, "You can come along but you have to stay outside. Your job is simple. Watch the perimeter and detain anyone that's coming or going. Agreed?"

It wouldn't hurt to allow her some leeway while simultaneously keeping her away from the gruesome stuff.

Lily's face beamed with a radiant smile. It may not be exactly what she wanted, but it was a start.

"Agreed!" She replied, ready to head out. "I'll do everything you say, and I won't let you down."

Peter nodded. "Good, now lead the way." He said as they took off into the night.

In a dimly lit, not-so-sterile room, Wade Wilson, haggard from weeks of continued torture, found himself trapped inside an open glass chamber.

Stood above him, Francis, also known as Ajax, smiled cruelly down at him. "If this doesn't unlock your mutation, well... Nothing will." He shrugged uncaringly.

"These straps are a bit itchy." Wade spoke in his usual infuriating manner. "Do you mind loosening them for me?"

Ignoring the loud mouth lab rat, Francis continued. "Now, what we're going to do is lower the oxygen concentration in there to the exact point you feel like you're suffocating. If your brain waves slow, meaning you're about to pass out, then we'll turn up the O2. If your heart rate slows, meaning you're able to catch your breath, we'll turn it back down. And that's where we'll leave you for the next few days."

"Come on, Francis, you can do better than this, right?" Wade taunted, his body straining against the straps that held him down. "What's the matter, can't handle a little name-calling? Did all the kids on the playground make fun of poor little Francis? Wait! They didn't call you Franny, did they?"

Ajax's eyes narrowed, his patience wearing thin. "I told you, Wade, my name is Ajax. You will address me accordingly." He replied, his voice cold and devoid of mercy.

Wade's eyes sparkled with mischief, even in the face of imminent danger. "Oh, come on, Francis, don't be like that. It's such a lovely name. I mean, it sounds like the name of a cat."

"You know the funniest part of all this?" Francis asked, ignoring Wade's sharp tongue. "You still think we're making you a superhero. You, a dishonorable discharge hook deep in some hooker wh*re? Did you really think you'd have a life with her?"

For the first time since his torture started, Wade's face lost its taunting air, hardening into a killer's glare.

Francis continues, enjoying the new look he was receiving. "You're nothing. This workshop doesn't make superheroes. We make super slaves. We're gonna fit you with a little collar and auction you off to the highest bidder. Who knows what they'll have you do? Slaughter freedom fighters, assassinate political rivals, set fire to a few orphanages? Maybe just mow the occasional lawn or perhaps wash the dishes?"

Without warning, the glass chamber began to close in on Wade, compressing the air around him. Panic surged through his veins as his chest constricted, and he struggled to catch his breath. The walls seemed to press against him, as he suffocated in the enclosed chamber.

"Can't... breathe," Wade gasped, his voice strained, his face contorted with pain. He fought against the inevitable, desperate to escape the tightening grip of the chamber.

Ajax watched from outside, his expression devoid of compassion. "Well, I'm heading home." He said, his voice filled with sadistic anticipation. "I have a long day of fun all planned out tomorrow. Just for you. So I need my rest. Have a good night, Wade."

As Ajax turned and walked off, leaving Wade to his torturous fate, Wade's eyes locked onto his retreating figure. Fear mingled with defiance, as he refused to let despair consume him.

He mustered every ounce of willpower, refusing to give in to the suffocating darkness that threatened to claim him.

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The night wore on, and Wade remained trapped, his body wracked with torment. Each gasp for air grew weaker, each moment of ease shorter, as the glass chamber mercilessly repeated its suffocating cycle.

But Wade's spirit remained unbroken, his determination unwavering.

What felt like hours turned into an eternity as Wade fought to stay alive, his thoughts wandered to the woman he loves.

'Vanessa...' Her image flashed deep within his mind, replaying their time together.

As he relived these beautiful and sometimes R-rated moments, Wade's will to live and see the love of his life once again grew to astronomical levels.

And suddenly, something changed.

An intense wave of burning pain shot through his entire body. His muscles spasmed and contorted as if they were fighting against an invisible force.

His once handsome features contorted and morphed, taking on a grotesque and diseased appearance.

Wade's smooth skin quickly changed into a patchwork of scar tissue, resembling the mottled flesh of a burn victim.

As his body convulsed, his eyes caught sight of his reflection in the glass surrounding him. He couldn't tear his gaze away, even though he despised what stared back at him.

A monster born of pain and suffering.

[Insert picture of Deadpool without suit here]

And just as he stared in shock at his new self, a loud ear-piercing alarm filled the entire facility, followed by the sound of automatic gunfire.

Although a commotion like this would usually spark hope in any captives mind, Wade could only think of one thing.

'Vanessa will never love me like this...'

Chapter 345: Meeting

Under the cover of darkness, Peter stood with his daughter Lily near an abandoned hospital on the outskirts of New York City.

Despite its supposed abandonment, the presence of heavily armed guards surrounding the desolate structure suggested otherwise.

Although they would be hidden fairly well for normal people not to recognize their presence, Peter and Lily were a whole different story.

As soon as they laid eyes on the place, their spider senses started tingling, informing the two of the danger in their surroundings.

The night air hung heavy with an eerie stillness, adding to the tension that filled the atmosphere.

Peter and Lily crouched on a nearby rooftop, their eyes scanning the perimeter of the hospital.

The faint glow of the nearby street lights cast long shadows over the cracked pavement, and the sound of sirens echoed in the distance, which was fairly normal for New York City.

It was most likely going to be a gruesome sight inside, and Peter knew that bringing his young daughter along wasn't the greatest idea, but he also knew that she was stubborn and headstrong like her old man, so it was best to appease her even a little bit.

With a glance, Peter signaled to Lily, reminding her of their agreement. Her role was to remain outside, vigilant and watchful, capturing anyone who tried to enter or exit the area.

Though he knew she probably wouldn't have to act, he wanted to be sure no one slipped through the cracks.

Lily nodded, understanding the importance of her task, even as her youthful excitement mingled with a hint of apprehension.

This was her first real mission in the field, after all.

"Stay safe and don't do anything stupid." Peter said softly, his voice laced with concern.
"Remember, if you have any problems, call for me and I'll rush back out, okay?"

Lily nodded once more, determination shining in her young eyes. "Yes sir!" She gave him a mock salute.

An amused smile played on Peter's lips as he watched his daughter take her position, her small frame disappearing into the shadows.

He couldn't help but feel both proud and worried, knowing she was growing up in a manner far different from normal children.

'Though most children would probably kill to have Spider-Man as their father, especially since it comes with the added bonus of superpowers.' Peter thought to himself.

With Lily settled outside, Peter took a deep breath, steeling himself for what lay ahead. With his experience and power, this would most likely be a piece of cake. The only thing that he was worried about was the gruesome sights he may or may not find inside.

'No dead kids... No dead kids... No dead kids...' He repeated in his mind, not in the mood to see something like that.

Launching himself into action, Peter bounded toward the building with acrobatic grace, his every movement a testament to his years of training and experience.

Without wasting a single second, Peter stealthily rushed to each hidden guard, knocking them unconscious with a single hit before rushing to the next and doing the same.

Repeating this, he managed to incapacitate every armed guard that protected the hospital's perimeter.

Meanwhile, just beyond the hospital's walls, Lily watched in awe as her father dispatched the guards with an effortless skill that didn't cease to amaze her.

She watched as her father stepped out into the light of a street lamp and gave her a quick wave before rushing to the now-unprotected building.

Peter soared through the air and latched onto the hospital's walls, allowing him to scale its exterior with remarkable speed.

As he reached the rooftop, he peered down through a shattered skylight, surveying the interior of the building.

The scene below was a maze of dimly lit hallways, discarded medical equipment, and shattered glass, far from the facility that he expected to see.

'Maybe they use the lower floors?' He guessed.

Nonetheless, it was clear that nefarious activities were taking place within the supposed abandoned hospital.

Determined to uncover the truth and put an end to whatever this was, Peter slipped inside unnoticed, blending with the shadows like a ghost.

His enhanced agility and training in stealth allowed him to navigate the labyrinthine corridors without setting off any alarms or attracting unwanted attention.

As Peter prowled through the shadows, he utilized his enhanced senses to detect the faintest of sounds, relying on his spider sense to alert him to any danger that might lie ahead.

Soon enough, he encountered a group of armed guards patrolling one of the lower-level corridors, their weapons in hand.

Without hesitation, Peter got to work, his lightning-fast reflexes and expertly shot webs rendering the guards incapacitated within seconds.

Not wasting any time, Peter left these guards where they fell and moved swiftly through the dimly lit corridors, navigating the shadows with practiced ease as he made his way toward the lower floors, where he began to notice a new addition to each of the hallways.

Security cameras appeared around every corner, watching for any anomalies, though Peter ensured he remained undetected them.

After all, his suit made him invisible to any and all recording devices.

As Peter descended into the sub-levels below the basement, the absence of radio chatter seemed to catch the attention of the guards stationed in the security room.

They grew suspicious, their senses heightened by the unnerving silence.

Something was amiss.

Realizing that their comrades had gone dark without any explanation, nor did any of them appear on the countless cameras, they knew something had to be wrong.

With no other option, the guards activated the alarm system, the blaring sirens shattering the previously eerie silence.

The sound reverberated throughout the halls, bouncing off the peeling wallpaper and broken equipment.

Peter, unfazed by the sudden alarm, merely shook his head and shrugged. He had anticipated this turn of events. It was only a matter of time before his presence was discovered.

Seeing as he didn't need to be stealthy anymore, Peter abandoned that approach, opting for a more direct and decisive strategy.

He moved with unparalleled agility and reflexes, dodging bullets with ease as he incapacitated the guards one by one, making his way lower and lower into the facility.

The abandoned hospital instantly erupted into chaos as armed guards scrambled to secure their positions.

The echoing shots of gunfire filled the air, bringing fear to every guard who hadn't seen the enemy yet.

And as he kept moving, Peter started to see signs of some seriously f*cked up sh#t.

One entire floor was filled with old worn hospital beds, and many of these beds were occupied by bound men and women, who looked absolutely exhausted with clear signs of extreme torture visible on each of their bodies.

And as soon as they saw him arrive in his iconic red and blue suit, their dead eyes instantly sparkled with signs of hope.

Seeing this, Peter sighed in relief.

Yes, they were in a horrible state, but so far it didn't seem like there were any children in this facility.

'Maybe that girl was their first underage target?' Peter wondered as he turned to the many captives. "Wait here while I clear the place out!"

As he disappeared from the captives view, the gunshots returned once again, though they soon grew distant as Peter made his way deeper into the abandoned hospital.

They could only wait in anticipation, hoping that this wasn't some decision brought on by the weeks and weeks of nonstop torture.

Finally, after clearing out two more floors, where he found all sorts of sickening torture rooms, Peter arrived at a small room tucked away in the corner of the floor.

And inside, trapped in a pod-like chamber of reinforced glass, a figure writhed in agony. His disfigured body filled the scars of immense suffering.

He looked like a burned ballsack...

Immediately, Peter froze as he caught sight of the man, his eyes widening in recognition.

'F*ck me... It's Deadpool!' Peter exclaimed in his mind, shocked that Wade Wilson actually existed in this world.

Well, he did meet Dopinder a while back, so it made sense.

Deadpool's lungs strained against the confines of his chest, struggling for every breath.

Though he seemed to be acclimating to his torturous situation rather quickly, as the strain on Wade's face started to slowly ease up with each passing second.

'He must have just unlocked his powers.' Peter surmised as he rushed up to the chamber, pulling it open. "Good morning, Sunshine! Did you have a good nap?"

Of course, since this was Deadpool he was dealing with, Peter decided to skip the normal pleasantries and went straight to the banter.

Gasping for that sweet precious air that now filled his surroundings, Wade looked up at Peter, instantly realizing who he was. "*Heavy breathing* It was alright... I'll give it a 6 out of 10 on Yelp. If there were chocolates on my pillow, then maybe it could've been a 7, but sadly the owners of this establishment aren't so accommodating."

"I know what you mean." Peter nodded understandingly as he reached over and tore the straps off of Wade's body. "The second I walked into this place, the staff started shooting at me. Can you believe it? It's like they don't want any new customers."

Smirking as he rose from his former torture device, Wade dropped the act. "You know, I told Francis my spidey senses were tingling but he just didn't believe me..." He said with a shake of his head.

"!" Peter's eyes instantly widened as he heard this. 'Holy sh*t... Does he actually have 4th wall-breaking powers?'

Chapter 346: Team Work

In the dimly lit room of the abandoned hospital, Peter, clad in his iconic red and blue Spider-Man suit, stared cautiously at his newest acquaintance.

Though, thanks to his mask, Wade couldn't tell.

'Does he actually have 4th wall-breaking powers?' Peter wondered, hoping that Deadpool didn't know too much about him... "You knew I was coming?" He asked, playing it cool.

Wade smirked as if he knew something that Peter didn't. "No, how could I? It was just a feeling. I call it my Wade-Tingle. Cool name, right?"

'Okay... Now he's just f*cking with me.' Peter thought as he let out a sigh, giving up on that line of questioning for the time being. "So... You good? Because you look like someone dunked their testicles in a deep frier."

"It's not that bad, is it?" Wade asks, his mood instantly dampening.

"You know, I feel like we're gonna be fast friends, so I'll give it to you straight." Peter says as he places a comforting hand on Wade's shoulder. "You look like the child of man who had sex with a rotten avocado."

And to emphasize his point, Peter waved his hand and conjured a mirror in front of Wade so that he could take a close look at himself.

"I..." His voice hitched in his throat. "My face! My handsome dashing face! My flawless clear skin! I'm... ugly."

"Yeah, sorry, bud." Peter consoled him as he vanished the mirror before Wade could spiral even further into depression. "But look on the bright side, you can easily get a starring role in any horror film."

Wade instantly turned to glare in his direction, as he could feel the smirk hidden under Peter's mask.

"Okay, sorry. That was too far." Peter raised his hands and apologized. "But seriously, you do look like Freddy Krueger." He couldn't help himself.

With a snap of his fingers, Peter swapped out Wade's shabby hospital gown and replaced it with a complete Freddie Krueger hollowed costume, including the finger knives.

"I really hate you right now..." Wade said with a dead look in his eyes.

"Okay, okay, I'll stop." Peter said as he switched his clothes to a normal shirt and jeans. "So, can you give me a rundown on what's been going on here?"

Seeing that the conversation was heading away from his horrid appearance, Wade was more than happy to explain everything. "It all started in 1985..."

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After listening to Wades brief, yet descriptive, explanation, which also included parts of his life for some reason, Peter found no differences from the first Deadpool movie.

Wade Wilson, a former special forces operative worked as a mercenary in New York City.

'How the hell did he not come up on my radar whatsoever?' Peter wondered.

Wade met escort/prostitute Vanessa Carlyle at a local bar and they became romantically attached.

One year later, Wade proposed to her and she accepted, but their happiness didn't last very long, as he was diagnosed with terminal cancer.

And though Vanessa remained unwaveringly by his side, Wade didn't want her to watch him die.

He loved her far too much to put her through that.

Soon enough, a recruiter from this facility approached Wade, offering an experimental cure for his cancer.

And although he initially refused the offer, Wade eventually decided to leave Vanessa and undergo the procedure with hopes of returning to happily spend their life together.

Sadly, those hopes were slowly crushed.

At this very facility, Wade met Ajax/Francis, whom he instantly resented.

On the day they met, Francis injected Wade with a serum designed to awaken latent Meta-Human genes. Then he proceeded to have Wade subjected to weeks of torture to induce stress and trigger the mutation without much success.

Until tonight, of course.

Though Wade wasn't the only one subjected to this.

Each person that Peter saw strapped to the beds upstairs went through the same exact torturous experimentation. Not to mention the countless other who have probably died as well.

"Wow, you got scammed, huh?" Peter blurted out without thinking.

Wade's eyes met Peter's masked face, his signature smirk playing at the corners of his lips. "You know, Spidey, I've been through pretty f*cked-up sh#t in my life, but this... This takes the cake." He raised a gloved hand, tracing the numerous scars on his face. "Thanks for getting me out of there, buddy. Can't say I'll ever be pretty again, but I'll figure something out."

Peter's gaze softened, turning empathetic.

He knew the torment lurking beneath Wade's joking demeanor, the need for vengeance radiating from his very being. "Wade, people like to say that revenge isn't the answer, but I just so happen to disagree. Those bastards need to pay for what they did to you and all of those other people too."

Wade's eyes widened in surprise, his face portraying a mix of shock and amusement. "Well, well, well, Spidey. Who knew that the world's favorite do-gooder would say such scandalous things!"

Without another word, Peter conjured two gleaming Desert Eagle handguns, their metallic surfaces reflecting the dim light in the room.

He held them out toward Wade, his proposition hanging in the air.

"You know, I didn't take you for the vengeance type, but I'm all in. So, what do you have in mind?" Wade snatched the guns from Peter's grasp with one fluid motion, quickly making sure that each of them had ammunition.

"We'll clear out the rest of this facility together, and maybe, just maybe, we can make those bastards regret the day they laid a finger on you." Peter said, sparking a bit of excitement in his new friend.

Twirling his new guns, a bloodthirsty smirk appeared on Wade's face. "You had me at sweet revenge, Spidey. Let's give those baddies a taste of their own medicine."

With a shared nod, the unlikely duo started clearing the rest of the floors together, descending into the bowels of the facility.

As they moved through each hallway, the two dismantled the defenses of their enemies, like a well-choreographed dance.

The guards they encountered were no match for the seamless combination of Spider-Man's agility and Deadpool's relentless precision.

Watching Wade wielding his desert eagles was like watching Michelangelo wield a brush. Killing was truly his calling in life, whether the public would agree with it or not.

"Oh, that's gotta hurt..." Peter muttered as he witnessed Wade shoot a man's arm off.

But that wasn't all. No, he then proceeded to beat the poor guy to death with his own arm.

And although Peter didn't plan on killing any of these people, especially in such gruesome ways, as his daughter was nearby, Deadpool wasn't exactly the type that spared his enemies any courtesy.

So, with a single sigh, Peter joined Wade in slaughtering the remaining guards whilst making sure that his victims died a faster more painless death than the rest.

Of course, Peter didn't mind killing the guards, as anyone who could work in a literal torture factory deserved nothing less.

Together, they weaved through the corridors, leaving a trail of blood and death in their wake.

And as they fought, Wade started to figure out what his Meta-Human powers were.

Healing Factor (Extremely high)

Superhuman Strength (Low)

Superhuman Speed/Agility/Reflexes (Low)

Superhuman Stamina (Mid)

Superhuman Durability (Mid)

If he didn't have to turn ugly to get these powers, and Francis wasn't such an obnoxious pr*ck, then Wade might just be grateful for all the weeks of unending torture that he was forced to go through.

But sadly, that wasn't the case.

As they pressed on, the echoes of gunfire rang through the dirty hallways, punctuated by the occasional wisecrack from Deadpool.

"I disarmed him!" A guy's arms were blown off, leaving him screaming in agony as he swiftly bled to death.

"Oh, now that's a facial." The blood from one dying guard splattered into the face of another, who Wade swiftly killed next.

"Look, Spidey! It's Micheal Jackson!" Wade fired bullets at a single guard's feet, forcing him to dance for their entertainment before putting a bullet in his forehead.

It's safe to say that Wade was enjoying the first phase of his revenge to the fullest.

And although Peter found most of the carnage a bit gross, he couldn't help but laugh at some of it.

Their partnership was like an intricate ballet of carnage and finesse, as they made it to the last floor and killed the final guard.

"Hmm, it looks like none of the doctors or big shots were here..." Peter said as they only ran into guards.

"Yeah, they all left after throwing me into that chamber." Wade says as they found a highly secure room filled with all sorts of equipment and a single workstation. "We'll have to hunt down the rest."

"We?" Peter asks as he walked over to a workstation and plugged a flash drive into the computer.

Instantly, the PC lit up as all of its data was copied onto the drive.

"Yeah, I was thinking that you could use your superhero contacts to find Francis so that I can torture him until he agrees to turn me back to my former more stunning self." Wade explains his game plan.

"And if I refuse?" Peter asked as he walked over to a nearby fridge, finding a bunch of vials filled with all sorts of colorful liquids.

Shrugging to himself, Peter collected the vials and stashed them into a portal before turning to find two shiny desert eagles in his face.

"Then I'll just have to shoot you until you agree to help." Wade said with a smirk.

"Okay." Peter shrugged as the guns in Wade's grasp disappeared, disarming him with a single thought. "Come on."

"Huh?" Wade grunted in surprise as he watched Peter walk off. "Where are you going?"

"I have to release the other test subjects upstairs and call for backup to deal with them." Peter stood and turns to look back over his shoulder. "Are you coming or what?"

"But what about Francis?" Wade asks.

"I said okay." Peter nodded as he turned to walk down the hall, leaving Wade behind. "I'll help you find him, but if you're going to be a superhero, then you need a cool name."

"Hey!" Wade shouted as he rushed to catch up, walking alongside Peter. "I am not a superhero."

"Yeah, you are. You just unlocked superpowers and helped me, a known superhero, take down a facility that illegally experiments on innocent people. Face it, you're a superhero." Peter says as he pats his new friend on the shoulder. "Welcome to the club."

Chapter 347: Drama

The night air brought on a cold wind as Peter and Wade emerged from the dimly lit corridors of the abandoned hospital.

The ordeal they had just faced was finally over, the echoes of their triumph fading into the shadows behind them.

The building had been cleared of any and all nefarious individuals who had subjected Wade and many others to unspeakable tortures in hopes of activating their dormant X-Gene and turning them into super-powered slaves.

Outside, the moon cast a faint glow over the desolate landscape.

Waiting patiently by the entrance, bathed in the pale light, stood Lily, Peter's 10-year-old daughter.

Her eyes widened as she caught sight of her father and the mangled-looking figure beside him.

"Dad!" Lily exclaimed, bounding toward them with unbridled excitement. "You're back! Who's this guy?" She looks at Wade in confusion and pity.

The perks of being an AI allowed Lily to see Wade, not as the monster that he currently appeared to be, but as a man who was most likely tortured a great deal.

After all, his face alone made him look like a burn victim.

Peter smiled under his mask as he embraced his daughter. "This is someone I want you to meet. His name is Wade Wilson. He helped me clear out all of the bad guys inside."

"Hi there, Little lady!" Wade condescendingly greeted Lily, his voice slow and overly loud, as if he were addressing someone mentally challenged or deaf.

It was clear that Wade didn't have much experience with children, and his interactions reflected that ignorance.

"I'm Wade! Can you say Wade?" He said, a touch of patronizing kindness in his voice. "You must be Spider-Girl, huh? Your Daddy here tells me you're one smart cookie!"

Lily tilted her head, scrutinizing Wade's peculiar behavior.

She turned to her father, her voice tinged with concern. "Dad, does he have something wrong with his head? Did those bad guys beat his brain into mush?"

Peter chuckled and shook his head, placing a reassuring hand on Lily's shoulder. "No, sweetheart, Wade's just... well, he's an idiot. But don't worry, he's harmless."

Well, that wasn't exactly the truth.

Deadpool is extremely deadly, though Peter knew that he was harmless to her, as Wade would never harm an innocent person, especially a kid.

As they continued their conversation, a familiar figure emerged from the shadows.

MJ, Peter's girlfriend, and Lily's mother approached them, wearing her Silk suit, with a mix of relief and frustration hidden under her mask. Her eyes bore into Peter with a steely gaze.

"Ahem!" MJ cleared her throat, drawing everyone's attention. "You took our daughter out at this ungodly hour? Do you know how much I've had to deal with since you left? The grannies have been pacing around the whole house in worry. I've had to listen to them complain for hours!"

The only reason that she knew where Peter and her daughter were was thanks for her place in the Avengers.

As soon as Peter called for a team to come and clean up the hospital and help with the survivors, she was able to receive the information from Jarvis.

MJ glared straight at Peter, clearly unhappy. "Not only that, but you even gave her the Spider suit without me? That's a big moment for our daughter that I would have liked to be there for. And I would have also liked to be there for her first day as a superhero, but that seems to have passed as well..."

Since MJ wasn't as overprotective as Lily's grandparent, she was mainly upset at the fact that she wasn't included.

Peter glanced at MJ, realizing he had made a series of missteps in his eagerness to show his daughter the dragon graveyard. He knew he had some explaining to do.

"Uhh... Oops?" Peter replied dumbly, his voice tinged with remorse. "It was all a bit chaotic, and I didn't really think. I should have included you, I know. I'm sorry."

MJ's frustration softened slightly as she knew that Peter wasn't purposely excluding her.

She sighed, her anger giving way to concern. "You're damn right you're sorry. But I'm just glad that nothing went wrong and our daughter is safe. Listening to my mother you'd think she would've been turned into minced meat by now." MJ said, clearly annoyed with Grace's overprotective nature.

Though her protectiveness was certainly warranted. After all, Lily is only a child.

MJ sighed once again. "Let's talk about this later, okay? Someone needs to get to bed." She turns to Lily. "It's way past your bedtime."

Peter nodded, grateful that MJ didn't seem too mad at him. "I'll follow you guys back in a bit. I need to find a place for Wade to spend the night." He glanced at Wade, who was watching the family-oriented exchange with a mixture of amusement and curiosity.

"Come on." MJ said, holding her hand out to her daughter. "Let's get you home. It's been a long night."

As they made their way into the darkness, heading back home to quell the boiling concern of Lily's grandmothers, Wade turned to Peter.

"Wow, she's a fiery one, isn't she?" He says, giving Peter an approving nod. "She reminds me of my sweet Vanessa. If only I could-"

Wade was interrupted by the appearance of multiple black SUVs, which quickly sped into the parking lot, parked, and released countless armed agents in black suits.

"Sir!" One of the more senior agents paced over to Peter and greeted him with respect.

Peter nodded as he motioned at the Hospital behind him. "Inside you'll find everything I explained. Help the captives, detain any of the surviving guards, and clean up the rest of the scene as usual. I want a complete list of each captive's name and address along with any other needed information. Especially if they activated their X-Genes."

"Yes, sir!" The man said as he turned and began shouting orders.

Ignoring them, Peter turned to Wade. "Okay, we should get moving. I need to find you a place to stay."

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The next day, Peter awoke alone in his bed after only a few hours of sleep.

After finding Wade a hotel room, which was paid for with his Avengers company card, Peter bid him farewell and left to get some sleep.

Thankfully, Grace and May were already in bed by the time he got home, which saved him from a very long lecture that will no doubt take place as soon as he leaves his room.

'Let's face the music...!' Peter thought as he climbed out of his warm bed and made his way downstairs.

Instantly, he was met with the glare of two grandmas, who were ready and waiting for this very moment.

'Here we go...'

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After spending an hour silently nodding his head up and down, doing his best to placate the angry Grannies, Peter was finally free.

Truthfully, the whole situation would have been much worse, but thankfully, Lily and MJ seemed to have spoken up for him beforehand, saving him from a much longer and no doubt louder lecture.

And since he was free, Peter thought it best to give the angry women some space, so he donned his spider suit and portal'd right into Wade's hotel room.

"Aaahhh... Oh yeah, baby... F*ck me!" The sounds of a bed shaking alongside womanly moans echoed from the open bedroom down the hall.

Turning his head, Peter stared straight into the open door and found a scene that made him want to wash his eyes out with bleach.

Wade, who was completely naked, hid his face under a brown paper bag, on which he drew a goofy-looking face, was tied to his bed and being ridden by a middle-aged prostitute.

Liquor bottles filled the room and the smell of cigarette smoke clouded the air.

"I..." Peter muttered, wondering if he should make his presence known before finally coming to a decision. "I'm not dealing with this."

Stepping back into the portal, Peter was once again met by the glares of Grace and May.

'You know what?' Peter thought as he stepped back through the portal once again. 'I'd rather be here right now.'

He knew that May and Grace wouldn't be mad at him for long, as they were only worried for Lily, so for now he would simply allow them some time to cool down.

Closing the bedroom door with a wave of his hand and opening all of the windows to vent the air, Peter grabbed the hotel's menu and ordered himself some room service while he waited for Wade to finish his business.

'What's on TV?' Peter wondered as he took a seat on the couch.

Though as he sat down, Peter could feel something sticky under him. Taking a closer look, he soon noticed that the couch, which was in pristine condition yesterday, was now covered in some unknown substances.

Well, Peter could guess what it was but he didn't exactly want to think about it.

Chapter 348: Booby****!

Francis, also known as Ajax, jolted awake in his dimly lit bedroom as the shrill sound of his cell phone pierced the silence.

He fumbled for the device on his nightstand, squinting at the screen to read the incoming call.

The caller ID displayed the number of one of his men. An emergency call at this hour could only mean trouble.

Groggy and disoriented, Francis answered the call, his voice laced with annoyance. "What is it? Can't this wait a few more hours?"

The voice on the other end was urgent, filled with a sense of panic. "Ajax, it's bad. The Project X facility's been raided. They came in late last night."

Dread washed over Francis as he sat up, fully alert now. "Who? Who raided us?"

The man hesitated before responding, his voice trembling. "I don't know for sure, but there are government-type agents in black suits and unmarked SUVs parked outside. They've cordoned off the entire area. They're taking everything. Equipment, bodies, surviving test subjects. Even some of our men were dragged out in cuffs."

Francis was taken aback by the news. He had been at the facility just the night before. Thankfully, he had decided to leave early and get some sleep.

The realization hit him like a lightning bolt. If he had stayed, he could have been caught in the crossfire.

Though who knows? With his immunity to pain, enhanced Strength, Durability, and reflexes, Francis might have been able to fend off the attack.

He is a Meta-Human after all.

His mind raced with questions. "Did they get the serum?"

Of course, he means the serum they were using to activate the dormant X-Gene in their test subjects.

"I don't know. Everyone inside the facility was either killed or captured. I only found out because I was on my way to work. I saw those men surrounding the place and knew something was wrong, so I kept driving." The man's response was tinged with uncertainty.

Although it wasn't said out loud, both parties knew it was very likely that these agents took the Serum, as well as their data, which would allow them to make it themselves as well.

Francis clenched his fist, his anger building. Who were these people? How dare they interfere with his plans?

He couldn't let them ruin everything he had worked for. And most importantly, he couldn't let the serum fall into somebody else's hands.

"Find out everything you can about these agents. Their identities, their organization. I want to know who they are," Francis demanded, his voice dripping with killing intent.

The man on the other end understood the gravity of the situation. "I'll do my best."

"One more thing." Francis added. "Contact all surviving members. They need to disappear immediately. Who knows when these agents will come knocking."

"Yes, sir." The man replied.

Without another word, Francis hung up the phone, his mind already spinning with thoughts of revenge.

He couldn't let this setback discourage him. He would track down those responsible, unleash his wrath upon them, and retrieve what was rightfully his.

With a determined stride, Ajax left his bedroom, ready to exact revenge and reclaim his plans from the clutches of those who dared to stand in his way.

But before that, he needed to get moving.

After all, his house would no doubt be compromised soon enough. He would have to abandon anything attached to his most recent identity and start all over again.

At least until this unknown enemy was dealt with.

As he dressed in his signature black attire, Francis pulled out his phone and texted his assistant, Angel Dust, a Meta-Human with adrenaline-based powers.

Of course, the message was very cryptic but to them, it was easy to understand. They needed to go dark and meet up at a specific location.

After sending the text, Francis didn't wait for a reply and tossed his phone into the crackling fireplace, where it sizzled and melted under the high heat.

Quickly collecting some of his most precious belongings, Francis armed the house's security system and left.

After Wade finally finished with his lady of the night, the two of them sat in the living room together.

Of course, Peter made sure to cleanse his suit as well as the hotel room with every cleaning spell that he had in his arsenal.

Though he still contemplated incinerating his suit and making a new one whenever the memory of sitting on that disgusting couch resurfaces.

"You couldn't just sleep for the night like a normal person?" Peter asked, his mood prickly. "And what about Vanessa?"

"What the love of my life doesn't know won't hurt her." Wade shrugged. "Besides, we aren't exactly together right now, so I don't count it as cheating."

"So, you'd be fine with her getting tied to a bed and plowed by some middle-aged dude?" Peter asked. "After all, you guys aren't exactly together, right?"

Instantly, the look of a killer appeared on Wade's face. Peter's words certainly seemed to strike a chord.

"I see your point..." Wade conceded.

Though now he was thinking about slaughtering every single man that dared to touch his fiancé while he was away.

No doubt they would die spectacularly.

That is if she decided to cheat on him, though she was a prostitute so it's a possibility.

After all, she would need to earn a living.

Especially since Wade literally pulled the 'I'm going out to buy some milk and cigarettes' only to disappear without a word of warning or goodbye.

"Anyway, get dressed and grab your guns." Peter said, changing the subject.

"Huh? Why?" Wade asked.

"I found where Francis lives." Peter dropped a bomb on him, shocking his newest friend.

"Why didn't you say so earlier!" Wade shouted as he rushed into the bedroom to find his clothes from yesterday.

Originally, he wanted to go stalk his fiancé to see how she was doing, as he hadn't seen her in so long, but this was more important at the moment.

After all, in Wade's mind, Francis was his key to fixing his grotesque appearance, which would allow him to reunite with Vanessa.

"Well, you were kind of busy..." Peter shrugged.

Stepping through a portal, Peter and Wade stood in front of an expensive modern house, their eyes scanning the area for any signs of their target.

The setting sun cast an eerie glow on the secluded area, heightening the tension in the air.

As soon as they arrived, Wade's impatience was already beginning to show.

"Come on, Spidey, what are we waiting for?" Wade's fingers twitched as he cocked his desert eagles, his trigger-happy nature on full display. "Let's get in there and show this bald f*cker what happens when you mess with the Merc with a Mouth."

Peter sighed. "Wade, we've been through this. That's a horrible superhero name. Anything more than two words is just too much."

Before leaving, Peter gave him some superhero name ideas, though he made sure that each of them was either lackluster or a joke.

After all, he didn't want to accidentally make Wade call himself anything but Deadpool.

"Alright, remember, you said that you need Francis to help you. We can't kill him, no matter what." Peter said, though he didn't believe that Francis would be able to do so.

Wade nodded, though that didn't mean he couldn't torture the living hell out of him...

With a determined look on his face, Wade stormed towards the front door, kicking it open with a sinister smirk on his face. "Honey! I'm home!" He yelled with the love of a returning husband.

Peter followed closely behind, shaking his head at Wade's grand entrance.

As they entered the house, Wade's voice reverberated through the empty rooms, demanding Francis to show himself.

Each door swung open under the force of Wade's kicks, revealing nothing but deserted spaces.

The house seemed devoid of any life besides the lit fireplace, showing that someone must have been here rather recently.

Peter watched Wade's rampage with a mixture of amusement and detachment.

He had already grown accustomed to the chaos that often accompanied his new friend's actions.

As they reached the upper floor, the two soon realized that the house was completely empty.

Peter shrugged, his disappointment evident. "Looks like someone tipped him off. He must know what happened to his facility."

Wade's shoulders slumped, his hopes of resolution fading away.

He had wanted to finish this today, to quickly reunite with Vanessa as the man she remembered, not the disfigured monster he saw in the mirror whenever he had to take a p*ss.

As they made their way back downstairs, Peter's spider senses suddenly went into overdrive.

Something wasn't right.

Peter couldn't help but notice a small security panel by the front door. It had been silently counting down this entire time, unnoticed by both of them.

Staring at the security panel, his spider senses started tingling like crazy.

Only two seconds remained on the countdown.

Acting swiftly, Peter grabbed Wade's arm and waved his hand, creating a portal underneath them leading to the roof of a distant building.

The sudden displacement left Wade momentarily bewildered as they landed on their feet, but realization quickly dawned on him as the house they had just been inside exploded in a spectacular display of destruction.

Debris rained down as Peter and Wade stood on the rooftop, watching the flames and smoke rise into the evening sky.

Luckily the house was a good distance from any other properties, so no one was hurt.

Wade stared at what remained of the burning house. "That f*cker actually boobytrapped his own house?"

Peter nodded. "I'll give the guy some credit. He has a big set of balls on him."

"Ewww..." Wade groaned in disgust. "I can't get the image out of my head." He said, slapping himself in the face with one of his desert eagles. "Go away... Go away..."

Chapter 349: Sister Margaret's School for Wayward Children

Wade Wilson walked through the entrance of Sister Margaret's School for Wayward Children, a dimly lit bar tucked away in a quiet corner of the city.

He wore a simple set of clothes with a paper bag adorned his head, a sad-looking frown drawn on the front alongside eye and mouth holes.

With each step, he dragged his friend, Peter Inside, who had been unsuccessfully assisting him in apprehending Francis, the sadistic man responsible for his ugly transformation.

Inside the bar, Wade's heavy footsteps echoed against the wooden floor, the only sound breaking the silence were the many patrons inside, drinking and chatting amongst one another.

And as they made it fully into the bar, panic instantly spread throughout the room as the criminal clientele caught sight of Spider-Man's unmistakable figure.

In a flurry of movement, the customers abandoned their drinks and scrambled to escape, fearing that the arrival of the web-slinger signaled their impending doom.

"What the... Hey! You didn't pay your bill!" Weasel, the well-known bartender, and friend of Wade, called out in confusion, wondering why everyone was evacuating the place so abruptly. "What the hell is going on-"

[Insert picture of Weasel here]

As Peter's figure rounded the corner, Weasel found himself frozen behind the bar, his mind racing with thoughts of potential arrests. After all, almost everything about this establishment was illegal.

It was practically a guild for Mercenaries, where anyone could pick up or put out a contract for all sorts of dirty work.

However, before fear could fully grip him, Wade slid onto a vacant stool at the bar. "Sex on the Beach." He ordered in a crestfallen tone.

Recognizing Wade's distinct voice, Weasel's shock only increased.

He was elated to see his friend alive and well, or as well as someone wearing a paper bag over their head could be. "Wade! You're alive?" His eyes darted to Peter, still uncertain of the famous hero's intentions.

"Don't worry about Spidey. He's not here on business." Wade quickly vouched for him. "And yes, I'm alive. Did you think I would die so easily?"

"If he's not here on business, then why is he here?" Weasel asks as he continued to eye the hero warily.

Wade gestured to Peter, who took a seat beside him at the bar. "Spidey here saved me from some pretty nasty torture and the life of a slave that would've come afterward."

Curiosity got the better of Weasel as he leaned over the bar, his gaze fixed on Wade's concealed face.

"Uhh, okay. I'm guessing all of this has to do with that creepy guy who you met with last month, but I just have a couple questions." Weasel leaned over the bar with a mix of concern and morbid curiosity. "Why are you wearing a paper bag over your head? And where the hell have you been?"

After all, there had been a lot of people cashing in on their bets from the dead pool, thinking Wade had met his demise.

Wade's voice oozed with sarcasm, as per usual, as he explained that some so-called miracle workers had promised to cure his cancer, but instead, they had left him looking like a burn victim.

His cancer was no longer an issue, but now he had a face that could launch a thousand nightmares.

"Can I see it?" Weasel asked curiously.

"No!" Wade swiftly refused as he chugged his drink through a small mouth hole in the paper bag.

"Come on..." Weasel whined like a kid. "Just show me already. You can't hide your ugly mug forever."

"No, it's-"

Before Wade could say anything more, a mischievous grin spread across Peter's face as he reached over and yanked the paper bag off.

Weasel's eyes widened, a mixture of shock and amusement taking over. "You look like a burnt Mr. Potato Head..."

Unable to resist his comedic instincts, he couldn't help but crack a few jokes about Wade's unconventional appearance.

"It's like someone ran over a possum and then set it on fire." Weasel couldn't stop himself.

Peter joined in. "Like a mole rat with acid burns." He said, ignoring the glare that Wade was giving him.

"Like a hairless dog with skin cancer..."

"Like a cat that wasted a few of its lives playing in a fireplace..."

"Like a fish that got..."

"Like a..."

Peter and Weasel went back and forth, roasting Wade's new appearance viciously.

"Are you done?" Wade asked, fed up with both of them.

"Yeah..." Weasel nods, staring at Wade in concern. "Are you okay?"

He may have made some jokes, as that was the basis of their friendship, but that didn't mean he didn't care.

"Yeah, I'm good." Wade nods. "I just need to catch the f*cker that did this time me so he can fix it."

"Don't worry." Peter pats Wade on the shoulder a few times. "He won't be able to run for long. We'll get him next time."

With everything out in the open and the initial shock wearing off, Wade's attention shifted to a pressing concern.

"Where's Vanessa?" He asks, staring straight at Weasel. "I checked the apartment and she wasn't there."

It had been almost a month since he last saw his fiancé, and he had no idea where she might be.

Weasel sighed. "Well, since you disappeared without saying anything, she was obviously crushed and heartbroken." He explained.

"..." Wade's head dropped downward, staring at the bottom of his glass.

Weasel continued, his tone growing more serious. "After a couple weeks of waiting for you to come back, she ran out of money and had to start working again. She took a job at a pretty popular Strip Club. Last I heard, she was making a few thousand a night."

Vanessa chose that path instead of returning to her former life as a prostitute.

She didn't have the means or skills to support herself otherwise, and the choice between working at a minimum-wage job or dancing her way to financial stability had been an easy one.

"Here..." Weasel scribbled down an address on a piece of paper, passing it to Wade with a sympathetic look. "That's where she works."

As Wade took the paper, he felt a mix of emotions wash over him. Relief, anticipation, and a renewed determination to find the woman he loves and explain himself.

But not before he was back to his old handsome self.

"I hate to say this because I know that you don't want her to see you like this, but..." Peter spoke up, drawing Wade's attention away from the paper in his hand.

"What?" Wade asks as he stashed the address in his pocket.

"Francis knows about Vanessa, right?" Peter asked, receiving a nod in return. "Then shouldn't we be moving her to a safe location? Francis may try to use her against you, especially when he learns that we're searching for him."

The same thing happened in the first Deadpool movie. Wade was an idiot who forgot that his enemies could go after his loved ones at any time.

Suddenly, realization dawned on Wade as he dropped his empty glass, which shattered on the wooden floor.

"Hey! You have to pay for that!" Weasel admonished, as otherwise it would be taken out of his pay.

Ignoring the angry bartender, Wade practically jumped out of his seat and rushed to the door. And of course, Peter was quick to follow him out.

"Wait!" Weasel shouted. "You didn't pay!"

Outside the bar, Wade found a good-looking car and broke it open before hopping inside and hot wiring it.

"Seriously?" Peter asked with a sigh. "You know I can just portal us there, right?"

"..." Wade froze for a moment before hopping out of the car and looking at Peter expectantly. "Well, what are you waiting for? Let's go."

His future wife could be in danger so he didn't have time to waste.

"The address." Peter said as he held out his hand.

"Here..."

In a dimly lit strip club bathroom, where the air was heavy with the stench of stale beer and sweat, a golden portal opened, revealing Peter and Wade, who was once again wearing his paper bag.

"We're here." Peter says as he holds his nose from the foul stench of the place. "Though I wish we weren't."

Unlike Peter, Wade sniffed the air without any trouble. "Ah, the unhygienic stench of desperation and loneliness. This is definitely a Strip Club."

"Alright, how are we doing this?" Peter asks. "Are you taking the lead or what? Because someone needs to explain to her what's going on."

"Well..." Wade didn't sound very confident. "I was thinking that we could kidnap her and hold her somewhere until Francis is taken care of."

"..." Peter just looked at him in silence for a moment. "You would rather put the woman you love through a frightening kidnapping than simply tell her what's going on?"

"Yes." Wade nods his head, unashamed by his answer.

"And you refuse to reveal yourself?" Peter asked and received another nod in return. "Sigh, why must you make everything so complicated..."

Chapter 350: Committing a Crime

Peter leaned against the bathroom wall, his arms crossed, as he waited for Wade to finish adjusting his tactical suit.

Although Peter didn't agree with this, as he knew it would be better to simply explain things to Vanessa, Wade refused to see things his way.

So, they would be breaking the law today.

Just as Wade wants, the two of them would kidnap his fiancé and move her to a safe location, where hopefully, Peter could either convince Wade to reveal himself or perhaps, trick him into doing so instead.

'Meh, ill figure something out.' Peter shrugged.

Wade tugged at the straps on the suit, muttering to himself. "Man, this thing is tight. Are you sure I won't suffocate in here?"

[Insert picture of Deadpool suit]

Peter rolled his eyes, his voice laced with impatience. "It's designed for maximum flexibility and protection. You'll be fine. Just keep your focus on finding Vanessa."

Peter didn't think it best for him to wear the paper bag for this, so he conjured up a normal tactical suit that matched the Deadpool aesthetic.

It wasn't anything crazy like Peter's suit, but it would be enough for this.

Wade adjusted the mask, his eyes narrowing behind the red and black fabric.

"Right. Vanessa. Gotta keep my girl safe from Francis." He straightened up and struck a dramatic pose. "Don't worry, Spidey, the Crimson Chin is on the case!"

"Please stop coming up with these sh*tty names. They just don't work." Peter couldn't help but chuckle. "Just remember. We need to keep a low profile. No unnecessary violence."

Wade grinned, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "No promises, web-head." He said as he turned and left the bathroom.

Shaking his head in annoyance, Peter discreetly activated the enchantment on his spider suit, watching as it transformed into a sleek, pitch-black form.

Now unrecognizable as Spider-Man, he followed Wade out into the dimly lit club.

They stepped out of the bathroom and into the pulsating atmosphere of the strip club. The bass thumped through the air, mingling with the voices and laughter of the surrounding patrons.

Wade adjusted his mask once again, ensuring his face was hidden beneath its intimidating design.

Men stood around the runway-styled stage, throwing money at practically naked women who danced on long shining poles for their pleasure.

Other men sat in their own booths, accompanied by similar women, who fawned over them as if they were the most handsome men in the world.

They certainly weren't...

Meanwhile, the bigger spenders were invited into the back of the club, where secluded rooms were set up for private dances.

'Suckers...' Peter thought as he watched these women expertly drain them dry of their money.

As they navigated through the crowd, their eyes scanned the room, searching for any sign of Vanessa. The scent of perfume and alcohol mixed with the flashing neon lights created a surreal atmosphere.

Wade's eyes widened as he spotted a door at the back marked "Employees Only." He motioned for Peter to follow him, and they stealthily made their way toward it.

Inside a nearby dressing room, a beautiful woman with long brown hair and matching eyes stood before a mirror, dressed skimpily, carefully applying her makeup.

[Insert picture of Vanessa here]

The soft glow of the lights accentuated her beauty, but her expression carried a mix of weariness and uncertainty.

Although she didn't return to prostitution, in a way, she was still selling her body to similar clientele, which was a bit disheartening when she thought about it.

Though the money alone made this a far better job than anything else that she could be doing.

Staring at herself in a tiny handheld mirror, Vanessa sighed. 'I just wish Wade was here...' She thought sadly.

Unbeknownst to Vanessa, a security guard, who was meant to be guarding the hall outside from any weird and overzealous patrons, watched her with lust-filled eyes.

He had been watching her carefully ever since she started working here, waiting for the best moment to strike.

Stalking up behind her unnoticed, as her mirror was too small to show anything behind her, the rather muscular guard peered over her shoulder, admiring her exposed breasts.

Unable to hold himself back any longer, he reached his hand out, his intentions clear.

Suddenly, the door quietly opened and a red and black clothed head peaked inside.

Instantly, Wade's rage bubbled to the surface as he burst into the room. "Hands off, scumbag!" He shouted, his voice filled with fury.

The security guard stumbled backward, startled by Wade's sudden appearance. "Who the hell are you?"

Wade cracked his knuckles, a wicked grin spreading across his face. "I'm the Crimson Chin, Motherf*cker!"

'Not again...' Peter rolled his eyes and let out a sigh.

Without warning, Wade launched himself at the guard, a flurry of punches and kicks raining down upon him, leaving the Guard reeling as he tried and failed to defend himself.

Meanwhile, Vanessa leaped out of her seat and backed up into the corner, surprised by the sudden fight that broke out in the middle of her dressing room.

Though before she ran over to cower in the corner, she was sure to hit a small emergency button under the table, which sent out a distress call to all security guards in the building.

After all, being a stripper is a hazardous business.

Clients can easily grow obsessive and delusional, leading to all sorts of unsavory situations.

Bam!

A red and black-clothed fist smashed into the guard's face, sending him spiraling to the floor.

"Don't you ever!" Wade exclaimed as he started stomping the guard's downed body. "Try to touch her again!"

"?!" Vanessa wondered what he meant by that and why he seemed so protective of her.

She felt that this masked man was familiar, though the mask muffled his voice, leaving her confused as to who it was.

Peter leaned against the door frame, enjoying the show, though that was quickly ruined as a crowd of similarly dressed guards came running down the hall behind him.

Quick to react, Peter turned around and swung into action.

His movements were agile and precise as he incapacitated the guards one by one, using nothing but his inhuman speed to outclass them with ease.

"Aaahhh!"

"Ughhh!"

"Aauughh!"

Vanessa's fear only grew as she heard the screams of agony and pain that echoed from outside the door.

Barely a minute passed before Peter returned, completely unscathed with a pile of unconscious guards behind him.

And when he returned, Wade was still stomping the guard that tried to get handsy with his fiancé. The floor was filled with blood and the man's head was partially caved inwards.

Though he was still breathing.

"Stupid dumb f\$cker b*tch..." Wade never stopped insulting the guy as he continued to brutally assault him.

"I think that's enough." Peter said as Wade calmed down and returned to his senses.

Nodding his head, Wade pulled out one of his desert eagles and aimed downward.

"N-No... Wait... *Bang!*" The man tried to speak but Wade didn't listen and simply pulled the trigger, piercing a bullet straight into his pants and blowing his d*ck clean off.

"Aaahhh!" The man let out a high pitch scream as he rolled on the floor, holding his crotch in agony.

"Seriously?" Peter asked in exasperation.

"What? He deserved it..." Wade shrugged uncaringly.

"!" Vanessa, wide-eyed in fear, watched all of this from the corner of the room, a lamp in hand ready to defend herself if need be.

Fear mingled with confusion as she tried to comprehend the situation unfolding before her.

Peter looked toward Wade, motioning for him to speak to her, but he just couldn't muster up the courage.

Sighing in exasperation, Peter made a quick mental note to beat some sense into him later as he stepped up toward the frightened woman.

Vanessa's voice trembled as she spoke, her trust wavering. "Who are you? Why are you doing this?"

"Look, we're not here to hurt you." Peter says, receiving a very skeptical look from Vanessa. "believe it or not. I don't care. We don't have much time right now, so just come with us and we'll explain everything, okay?"

Of course, she didn't believe a word that came out of Peter's mouth, staying firmly in the corner, ready to lash out at whoever came near her.

Seeing that this wasn't working, Peter sighed and waved his hand. "Sleep." He said and moved forward to catch her as her eyes dropped shut and her body collapsed into a deep slumber.

"What did you do to her?!" Wade asks in concern as he turns his desert eagle toward Peter.

"She's asleep, you idiot." Rolling his eyes at his friend's overreaction, Peter tossed Vanessa over to him.

"!" Wade's eyes widened as he dropped his gun and scrambled to catch his fiancé in a princess carry. "Don't throw her like that! She's not a sack of potatoes!"

Suddenly, the sound of police sirens echoes from outside the building.

"I think that's our cue." Peter says, ignoring Wade's glare as he opens a portal and steps through. "Come on. Let's go. I'd rather not deal with the cops."

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Minutes later, when the police finally breached the building with a heavily armed swat unit, they found no sign of the perpetrators.

Though they did find a badly beaten penis-less man alongside a large pile of unconscious guards, leaving them no choice but to seal off the area in hopes of catching the fleeing perpetrator(s).