

Spider-Man 351

Chapter 351: Love is Complicated...

Soft, dim light, casted gentle shadows across the spacious penthouse apartment, which just so happened to be one of the many Shield/Avengers safe houses in New York City.

Wade cradled Vanessa in his arms, her delicate form pressed against his chest as they made their way toward the master bedroom.

With careful tenderness, he lowered her down onto the plush mattress, ensuring her comfort was tended to perfectly.

As he settled Vanessa down, Wade couldn't help but let out a lighthearted grumble. "Seriously? She gets these fancy digs, and I'm stuck in some plain hotel room? You're really playing favorites here, Spidey."

Peter glanced at Wade. "Come on. You know this is just a temporary arrangement until we take care of Francis. She needs protection, and this place was available. It has round-the-clock surveillance and agents at every entry possible entry point. She'll be safe here."

Wade crossed his arms, pouting under his mask. "I know, I know. You're right. Safety first and all that jazz."

"Besides, after what you did to that hotel room, do you really think that I'd ever let you stay in a place like this? Nope, from now on it's nothing but rundown motels for you." Peter says with a shake of his head.

"Come on..." Wade whined like a kid. "Give me a second chance. I promise that I won't jizz on the couch ever again!"

"You did far more than that and you know it." Peter pointed an accusing glare at him. "Now, lower your voice before she wakes up."

Hearing Peter's warning, Wade shut his mouth and swiftly turned to make sure that she was still asleep.

Sighing in relief, as she was still out cold, his voice softening. "She's even more beautiful than I remembered. I need to fix myself before seeing her again..."

"You know, for a badass Mercenary you're really acting like a p*ssy, aren't you?" Peter says matter of factly.

"Who the f#ck are calling a p*ssy?" Wade turns to Peter, appalled that he would call him that.

After all, Wade was the exact opposite of a p*ssy. He would gladly jump headfirst into danger for something as small as a chimichanga and a cold cherry icee to wash it down.

"I'm 100% fat, hairy, d*ck! I got veins and all!" Wade jutted his hips forward, turning the conversation in a rather gross direction.

"Really?" Peter says in amusement as he gestures to Vanessa. "Then wake her up and introduce yourself. Without a mask, of course."

Wade looked toward his sleeping fiancé, freezing on the spot.

Turning away from her, Wade looks at Peter once again. "Fine, I admit it. I'm not a BBC. I'm a p*ssy... I just... I'm scared, okay? What if she's disgusted with me? I would be..."

Peter stepped closer, placing a comforting hand on Wade's shoulder. "Wade, listen to me. Vanessa loves you. She's seen the person beneath that mangled face of yours. And if she can't accept you for who you are, then maybe she's not worth your time and love."

Wade shook his head, his voice filled with doubt. "But, she signed up to marry a handsome, dashing mercenary. This," he gestured to his scarred face, "isn't what she signed up for. I don't even have hair anymore, for crying out loud... God, I loved my hair..."

Unbeknownst to Wade, Vanessa's eyelids fluttered open in the middle of their conversation, her eyes widening in shock at the conversation unfolding before her.

"Look at this!" He removed his mask, revealing the face of a burn victim, scars marring his features.
"Would you love this?"

Vanessa's nearly jumped out of bed as her heart ached.

"What happened?" She wondered in shock.

At this point, she understood that Wade was the one who kidnapped her, though she didn't know why.

She lay still, feigning sleep with her eyes closed once again, listening to Wade's heartfelt admission and the pain in his voice.

Wade turned toward Vanessa, his eyes filled with love and longing, before silently leaving the room.

The sound of objects being broken echoed through the safe house as he vented his frustration, leaving Peter and Vanessa alone in the bedroom.

"And he wonders why I didn't bring him here earlier?" Peter muttered in annoyance, his gaze shifted to Vanessa, a knowing look in his eyes.

He could see through her pretense, knowing she had been awake all along.

After all, he was the one who woke her up to begin with.

"I know you're awake." He called out to her gently, breaking the silence that lingered in the room.
"Did you see him?"

"Y-Yeah..." Vanessa swallowed the lump in her throat, her eyes fluttering open.

Peter approached the bed, his expression sympathetic. "So, what do you have to say? Do you love him or not?"

Tears welled up in Vanessa's eyes as she contemplated her next move. She couldn't bear to see Wade in pain, but she also couldn't deny her own conflicted emotions.

She looked up at Peter, her voice barely a whisper. "What... What happened to him?"

Peter took a deep breath, preparing himself to share the truth. "Well..."

He went on to explain everything that happened to Wade, from the reason that he left her to the weeks of torture and the awakening of his X-Gene.

Nothing was left out.

"So, you two kidnapped me to keep me safe from this Francis guy?" She asked incredulously.

From her perspective, they could have easily just talked to her and explained the situation.

"Yeah, well, if you haven't noticed yet, Wade is a bit touchy about his appearance at the moment. He thinks you're going to treat him like The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Peter explains.

"I-I would never!" She stutters, looking offended by his assumption.

"Hmm, I guess we'll see, won't we?" Peter says, unsure.

After all, she still hasn't said whether she loves him or not, though that could be due to the fact that he left her without a word. Or because she was too shocked to think straight at the moment.

"Spidey!" Wade called out from the living room. "Let's just write her a note and leave! The longer we wait, the farther Francis gets!"

"Alright! Give me a minute to write something!" Peter replied and turned back to Vanessa. "You have until we're finished dealing with Francis to get your thoughts together. There's enough food and drinks in the kitchen to last you a month. Cable TV on every TV and the WiFi password should be written on the Router."

"Uhh..." She didn't know what to say.

"Do not under any circumstances leave this apartment. Understood?" Peter warns and receives a nod in return. "Good, now pretend to sleep again. He's coming back."

Vanessa's eyes widened as she swiftly threw herself back into bed. Seconds later, the sound of footsteps along the hardwood flooring echoed into her ears.

"What's taking so long?" Wade peeked his head inside, seeing his fiancé fast asleep alongside Peter, who sat at the edge of the bed, scribbling a note on the nightstand.

"I'm just finishing up." Peter says as he finished writing and stood up, passing Wade as he walked out of the room. "I'll meet you on the roof. I need to explain some things to the agents outside."

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Hesitantly staring at the love of his life, Wade couldn't stop himself from walking over and taking a seat at her bedside.

His gaze never wavered from Vanessa's face as he traced the contours of her delicate features with his eyes, etching them into his memory.

Wade swallowed hard, trying to gather his thoughts before he spoke.

"I love you, Vanessa..." Wade's voice broke the silence, barely above a whisper. "I never thought I could find someone like you."

He reached out hesitantly, brushing a strand of hair away from Vanessa's face, careful not to disturb her peaceful sleep.

"But things have changed. I've changed," Wade continued, his voice tinged with sadness. "I'm not the man you fell in love with anymore."

A faint tremor coursed through Wade's hands as he fought to contain his emotions. He couldn't bear the thought of Vanessa seeing him in his current state, his scarred and disfigured appearance.

"I can't show myself to you like this," Wade admitted, his voice strained. "I want to fix this, to find a way back to being the man you deserve. That's why I'm leaving... again."

Vanessa's heart ached as she listened to Wade's words. She longed to reach out and comfort him, to tell him that his appearance didn't matter, that she loved him unconditionally.

But on the other hand, she was hurt and heartbroken for weeks after he left without a word. Even now she still felt hurt by what he did.

One moment he was there and the next he was gone, leaving her behind in the apartment they shared, where everything reminded her of him.

And although she had the full context of the situation now, thanks to Peter, Vanessa wasn't ready to talk to Wade just yet.

Everything was happening far too quickly and she needed some time to think before doing or saying anything. So Vanessa remained still, her eyes shut tight, pretending to be asleep.

Wade stood up, his shoulders slumped as he let out a long sigh. He leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on Vanessa's forehead, his lips lingering for a moment.

"Goodbye, Vanessa," Wade whispered, his voice thick with unspoken sorrow. "I promise I'll come back to you. I'll fix this. And when I do, I'll be the man you fell in love with again."

With one last lingering look at Vanessa, Wade turned away, his footsteps growing fainter as he left the room.

Once he was gone, Vanessa's eyes fluttered open, tears welling up, blurring her vision.

"I love you too, Wade," she whispered into the empty room.

Chapter 352: A Day in Court

-New York City Courthouse: 9 AM-

The atmosphere in the courtroom was heavy with anticipation as Scott Lang, accompanied by his lawyers Foggy Nelson and Matthew Murdock, made his way to his seat.

Hope van Dyne, filled with unwavering support and affection for Scott, walked by his side.

The tension between Nelson and Murdock and the prosecutor sent by the District Attorney's Office was certainly palpable, and only intensified by the presence of numerous lawyers representing Vistacorp, their determination to bury the case evident.

What was even more evident was the odd connection that Vistacorp seemed to have with the District Attorney's Office.

As the proceedings began, the judge entered the room, prompting the Baliff to command the attention of everyone present. "All rise! The Honorable Judge Judith Sheindlin presiding."

"You may be seated." She said as she took a seat and banged the gavel a single time. "Court is now in session."

Vistacorp's head lawyer wasted no time as he rose to his feet. "Your Honor, this entire endeavor is a waste of your and the court's time." He argued, citing the lack of new evidence to justify such a step. "There is nothing here that warrants re-examining Mr. Lang's case. And I find it odd that they would try doing so."

Hearing this, Matt turned to look at the man, as if he could see him with his blind eyes. "I find it odd that Vistacorp's entire team of lawyers found the time out of their busy schedules to attend such a small legal matter." He said, bringing attention to their weird interest in Scott's case.

The judge turned to Matt. "That's enough Mr. Murdock. We aren't here to throw cryptic quips at one another. Do you have any evidence to present or not?"

After all, without evidence, they would have no ground to re-open the case.

Truthfully, the evidence should have been filed with their motions to re-open the case, but everything was rushed thanks to Peter calling in some favors.

The gears of the legal system started turning rapidly as soon as Spider-Man said the word.

And since it was rushed, the judge called this meeting, where they would handle everything that would normally lead up to the re-opening of a criminal case.

Swiftly, Foggy and Matt rose from their seats, producing stacks of documents from their briefcases.

"Your Honor, we have piles of undeniable evidence of Vistacorp's unethical practices, their exploitation of vulnerable customers, and their complete disregard for the law." The room fell silent as Foggy addressed the court, his voice firm and unwavering.

Matt chimed in, his tone assertive yet measured. "Let's start with something juicy, shall we?" He says as he picks up two documents, handing one over to the Baliff, who then brings it over to the judge.

Holding the document in the air for all to see, Matt addresses the court. "Your Honor, the document that your looking at is proof of over 100 different cases of Identity theft committed by Vistacorp and its high-level members. Not only did they illegally access customers' personal information, such as credit card details or social security numbers, they used that confidential information for their own financial gain."

Wide-eyed, the head lawyer for Vistacorp stood from his seat once again. "Your Honor, this-"

"I'm sorry, is it your turn to speak?" The judge asks pointedly.

"N-No, Ma'am..." He replies quickly.

"Then why are you talking?" She asks as she returns to reading the document.

"My apologies, Your Honor. It won't happen again." He instantly takes a seat.

"Thank you, Your Honor." Matt says as he smirks tauntingly in the opposing counsels direction. "Though this isn't the only piece of evidence that we've been able to find while looking into Vistacorp. Fraud, Price Fixing, False Advertisement, Product Tampering, Pyramid Schemes, Insider Trading, Unfair Debt Collection, Environmental Violations, Discrimination, Data Breaches, Unfair Contract Terms, Substandard Product Safety, Exploitive Pricing, Wage Theft..."

As Matt meticulously listed each and every wrongdoing committed by Vistacorp, which included the branch of customers that Scott had intended to help through his heist, Foggy slapped down document after document, emphasizing that they held all of the proof in their hands.

Usually, it would take years and years to build up evidence like this, but thankfully, the Avengers have access to Jarvis and Peter has access to Lily.

Hacking into some low-level company and gathering incriminating evidence is light work for the two AIs.

Once his partner was finished, Foggy spoke up. "This crucial evidence was withheld during Mr. Lang's initial trial. And had it been presented, it would have shed a completely different light on his actions. Instead of the crazed thief, who was only after the money of the company that fired him, our client would have been seen as a modern-day Robin Hood, stealing from dirty criminals and giving back to their victims."

"Objection, Your Honor!" Vistacorp's lawyers reacted swiftly, objecting to the sudden influx of evidence.

The leading lawyer stood up, his voice filled with disdain. "This evidence is irrelevant and should not be considered. It's nothing but a fabrication. Vistacorp is a pillar of the community and would never partake in such unscrupulous activities."

"Oh, really?" Matt says as he pulls out a folder and walks over to place it on the table in front of him.

And as the head lawyer of Vistacorp opened it up, his eyes grew wide as his mouth hung open.

"What is it?" The judge asks as the Baliff walks forward and holds out his hand.

"I-It's..." The man says as he held the folder tightly in his grasp.

"Hand it over." The Baliff says, giving the man no way out.

Well, he did have one way out.

Scrambling past his team, the man sprinted to the door, shocking everyone in the room.

"Stop him!" The Judge orders. "I'll be holding him in Contempt for every step he takes."

And with one smooth motion, Matt pulled out his walking cane and threw it like a spear. Flying through the air with pinpoint accuracy, the long stick appeared between the fleeing lawyer's legs, entangling him perfectly.

As he came crashing to the floor, the Baliff ran over and detained him alongside a few police officers who were called into the room.

Soon enough, the Baliff brought over the file and gave it to the Judge.

Opening it up, the Judge frowned as a look of pure disgust appeared on her face. "I'll see that he not only loses his Bar License but he's thrown in prison for the rest of his life..."

Foggy stood up once again, his voice dripping with determination. "Your Honor, as you can see, our evidence is absolutely relevant and reliable. It goes directly to the motive behind Mr. Lang's actions and demonstrates that he was driven by a desire to expose Vistacorp's wrongdoings, as well as the wrongdoing of its high-level members, and provide restitution to its customers."

The judge, contemplating the arguments presented, nodded her head.

She turned her attention to Scott's lawyers. "Mr. Nelson, Mr. Murdock, you've made a compelling case. Your motion is approved. Please don't forget to submit all of your evidence to the Court before the first trial date."

Hope, unable to contain her emotions, jumped out of her seat and wrapped her arms around Scott, happy for his victory.

Though they still had to have the trial all over again, so this was only a minor battle, which would help them win the war that was coming.

Scott awkwardly wrapped his arms around her waist, grateful for the support.

"This Court is now adjourned!" The judge calls out as she bangs the gavel one last time.

"Wait! Your Honor! You can't just-" Another Vistacorp lawyer tries to argue.

"Did you not hear me?" The judge asks as she stands from her seat.

"Your Honor, I heard you but-" He continued to try to argue.

"Then are you dumb or deaf?" She asks angrily. "Because I'd like to know the reason when I file to have you held in contempt of court."

"I-I'm sorry, Your Honor!"

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While the judge was dealing with the idiotic lawyers on the other side, Scott's side was already on its way out.

Although Foggy and Matt weren't the most seasoned lawyers, they knew that it was best to stay on the judge's good side, so they decided to leave as swiftly as possible.

They only hoped that the opposing counsel would continue to dig themselves into a deeper and deeper hole.

"Wow..." Scott muttered as the courtroom doors closed behind them. "I actually think we can win this..."

Originally, he was a bit skeptical as he did commit the crimes that they sent him to prison for.

Though, after going through that, a newfound confidence filled his entire being. Scott realized that he really had a chance at what Peter promised him.

Matt smiled and placed a hand on his shoulder. "We won't just win. We'll get your record expunged, get shared custody of your daughter, and take down Vistacorp." He said, full of confidence.

"I hope you're ready, Scott." Foggy smiled, happy with their first of many victories. "Because now is when things get busy!"

Chapter 353: Cue the Music

Peter sat on a rooftop, his ghost laptop open in front of him while Wade crowded next to him, impatiently waiting for him to find their runaway bad guy.

The wind rustled over their suits, adding an eerie atmosphere to the night.

Peter's fingers danced across the keyboard, tapping into various databases, trying to find a trace of Francis after he went into hiding.

Wade erratically tapped his up and down, his arms crossed impatiently. "Any luck, Spidey?" He asked for the 100th time, his voice tinged with irritation.

Peter sighed as he could feel Wade breathing down his neck for the past hour. "No, Wade. As I've told you countless times already, you're arch-nemesis knows what he's doing. He covered his tracks well. No digital breadcrumbs to follow so far. And if you want me to find any, then you need to be patient. "

Wade groaned dramatically. "Seriously? This guy knows how to vanish better than my ex-wife."

"You were never married." Peter scoffed.

"How do you know that?" Wade asked before coving his masked mouth and letting out a high-pitched gasp. "Are you stalking me?!"

Of course, Peter read Wade's file, so he knows everything that the government knows about his annoying friend.

"Yeah, I'm your biggest fan." Peter says sarcastically, trying to work with a loudmouth idiot constantly hovering over his shoulder. "Can you give me some space? I need to focus to figure this out."

Wade whined. "Hey, I'm just trying to add a little spice to this snooze fest."

Peter rolled his eyes and turned his attention back to his laptop. "Maybe we can find some clues from the surveillance cameras in the area. When Francis left his house, he had to have passed some cameras. There might be footage of the direction he left in or the vehicle he took."

With a new plan in mind, Peter got back to work, hacking into the surveillance network that covers the entire city.

Isolating the area where Francis lived, he scrolled through the footage, but his hopes quickly faded. The screens displayed nothing but static as if someone had deliberately wiped them clean.

"Great, just great!" Wade exclaimed, throwing his arms up in exasperation. "Can't catch a break, can we?"

Peter clenched his jaw, his patience wearing thin. He shot a glare at Wade, silencing him momentarily.

Seeing Deadpool on the big screen, p*ssing off everyone around him certainly hits differently when you're the target of his antics.

Determined not to waste any more time, Peter let out a defeated sigh as he reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone, dialing a number.

Wade leaned closer, trying to catch a glimpse of the screen. "Who're you calling, Spidey? Some hotshot hacker to do your job for you?"

Peter ignored Wade's taunts as the call connected. "Hey, sweetie. It's Dad. I need your help with something for me."

Wade raised an eyebrow. "Are you calling your daughter?"

Peter shot him a warning look, his voice carrying a hint of annoyance. "Wade, I swear to Morgan Freeman... If you don't shut the hell up, I'm going to throw you off this building."

Wade shrugged and leaned against the wall, his hands held up in surrender. "Your family, your business."

Meanwhile, Peter spoke into the phone, his tone filled with both urgency and affection. "Yeah, sorry about that. I need you to hack into the smartphones of everyone near a certain address and help me track someone using the built-in cameras. You're looking for anyone who was around or was recorded at a specific time. Hopefully, you'll have better luck than me."

Of course, Peter could have done this himself, but it would take far longer since he only has two hands.

Lily, on the other hand, can interface the World Wide Web using her mind alone, which allows her to do the work of a thousand Peter's at once.

Wade scoffed. "Oh, great! He's calling his kid for help now? Is she even old enough to use a computer? Should we get her a booster seat so she can reach the keyboard?"

As if on cue, Wade's complaint triggered Peter's breaking point. 'That's it.' He thought.

Without warning, he shot a web at Wade's face, which latched onto his mask. And with a simple tug, Peter forcefully threw him off the roof.

"Aaaahhh! F*ck you!" Wade's screams quickly faded into the distance as he landed with a loud thud in a nearby dumpster.

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When Wade finally climbed his way back up to the rooftop, covered in dumpster juices that stunk up his surroundings, Peter stood there casually waiting for him, his arms crossed.

"Alright, Wade," Peter said, his voice tinged with satisfaction. "My precious little genius found him. Or at least his last known location."

After using smartphone camera footage from anyone in the area to follow Francis and the car that he stole, Lily was able to use the city's surveillance system and stop light cameras to follow his path throughout the city, leading all the way to an abandoned dock.

And to add a bit more certainty to it, the entire area just so happens to be a dead zone for traffic and cameras.

One of the very few in the entirety of New York City, to be exact.

Wade wiped off the dirt and grime, his expression a mix of annoyance and admiration. "Then that dumpster dive was totally worth it. Now, lead the way, Spidey."

Waving his hand and summoning a golden portal, Peter stepped back and motioned toward it. "Ladies first."

"Suck a d*ck." Wade countered as he paced passed Peter and stepped through.

Atop a tall crane on an abandoned dock, Wade and Peter stepped out of a shining portal, glancing below at a huge rundown freight ship, which looked to be in the process of being remodeled into a secret base.

And surrounding the makeshift base was a fenced-in perimeter, crawling with heavily armed guards in blacked-out tactical gear.

"Hey, Spidey, think you can handle a superhero landing?" Wade's voice echoed through the night air, filled with mischievousness.

Peter rolled his eyes beneath his mask. "Wade, we're trying to be stealthy here. No unnecessary attention, remember?"

Although it wasn't likely, Peter didn't want to give Francis the opportunity to run again.

"Besides, you don't have what it takes to-" Peter spoke tauntingly, but it was too late.

Wade leaped off of the crane as if he were an Olympic Diver. "Superhero landing!" He shouted as he soared through the air, limbs flailing, and crashed onto the ground at the center of the fenced-in area.

Peter couldn't help but wince as he saw and heard Wade's ankles snap upon impact.

His feet turned to a sickening angle as the red and black-clad idiot fell to the ground in pain. "Motherf*cker!"

The guards, who were on high alert, immediately turned their attention to the loud spectacle as men in towers shined bright spotlights onto his downed form.

"Nice going, Wade," Peter muttered to himself, shaking his head.

Ignoring the pain, Wade managed to prop himself up on his elbows, a grin spreading across his masked face. "Ta-da! See? Perfect superhero landing!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

With a sigh, Peter gracefully descended from the crane, landing silently beside Wade. His landing was nothing short of perfection, a testament to his years of training and experience.

"That's a superhero landing. Feel free to take notes." He shot Wade a knowing look before turning to the guards.

The armed men, their weapons pointed directly at Peter, hesitated. Whispers swept through their ranks, fear evident in their eyes.

They recognized the iconic red and blue costume, a symbol of dread that struck terror into the hearts of all criminals across the world.

"Spider-Man..." One guard muttered, his voice trembling. "What's he doing here?"

Another guard, his voice more confident, stepped forward. "Doesn't matter who he is. Shoot him!"

But before they could react, Peter's agility took over. He darted forward, webs shooting from his wrists, disarming the guards with expert precision.

His movements were fluid, almost dance-like, as he incapacitated them one by one, leaving no chance for a single bullet to be fired.

Not even the alarm was raised.

Meanwhile, Wade was busy snapping his ankles back into place, his healing factor working its magic.

Within seconds, he stood tall once again, brushing off the mishap as if it never happened.

"All right, time to finish this the f*ck up!" Wade declared, cracking his knuckles as he turned to the author. "Cue the music!"

 Gangnam Style by PSY Plays 

♪♪oppan gangnam style♪♪

♪♪gangnam style♪♪

♪♪na je nun dda saroun ingan jogin yoja♪♪

♪♪coffee hanja ne yoyu rul anun pum kyo kin nun yoja♪♪

♪♪bami O myun simjang E ddugo O jinun yoja♪♪

♪♪kuron banjun itnun yoja...♪♪

"Seriously?" Wade asked as Peter continued to demolish the guards in the background.

Suddenly the music stops as Wade could hear the sound of a button being pressed before another song filled his ears.

Chapter 354: B*tch Slap

Peter and Wade moved swiftly, their synchronized movements showing just how great of a duo they truly are.

With fluid precision, they took down the last of the guards stationed outside the beached freight ship, ensuring that their assault remained undetected.

However, their success was short-lived as the shrill blare of an alarm pierced the air, echoing through the desolate dockyard.

Peter shot a glare at Wade, frustration evident in his voice. "Seriously, Wade? We were supposed to be stealthy!"

If Wade didn't jump in earlier, Peter would have opened a portal to the top deck of the ship, sneaking them inside with ease.

They would have found Francis by now...

Wade nonchalantly shrugged, his masked face splitting into a mischievous grin. "Well, Spidey, my way is a lot more fun. Besides, who needs stealth when you've got these bad boys?" He brandished his gleaming Desert Eagles and promptly opened fire on the fresh wave of guards rushing out of the ship.

As bullets flew, blood spilled, and bodies fell, Peter couldn't help but shake his head.

He knew he couldn't argue with Wade's words. This was indeed more fun than sneaking in.

Together, they fought their way into the belly of the ship, leaving a trail of death in their wake.

After all, Deadpool wasn't the type of hero to spare his enemies, which Peter respected.

'It's not like these guys are innocent.' Peter shrugged as Wade shot a guy in the neck, blowing his head off of his shoulders. 'Damn, those .50 Cal rounds pack a punch...'

Their relentless progress led them to the ship's rooftop, where only two people awaited them.

Standing there were Francis, the enigmatic leader of the latest Weapon X program, and his formidable subordinate, Angel Dust, a muscle-bound woman with short hair that matched her black clothes.

Both of these Meta-Humans, who were exceptionally confident in taking care of these intruders only a moment ago, practically recoiled in shock and fear at the sight of Peter's familiar red and blue spider-themed suit.

"Spider-Man..." Francis muttered, his voice laced with disbelief. 'This isn't good...'

He would have gladly left already if he knew that it was Spider-Man who was behind the assault on his base.

But no, Francis wanted to see who was after him, confident in his and Angel Dust's Meta-Human capabilities.

"Hey, Francis. I've heard a lot about you." Peter waved in their direction, a relaxed air radiating from him. "Nice trick with your house, by the way. It was smart to use your security system as a trigger to blow it sky-high. You're actually one of the more crafty criminals I've dealt with on this planet."

"...Thanks?" Francis answered, trying to figure out a way out of this.

There was a car parked around the back and a helicopter behind him, but he knew that Spider-Man wouldn't allow him to get to either of them.

All roads seemed to lead in one direction, a fight. And winning was his only option.

Because any Meta-Human to ever be caught by the Avengers has disappeared completely, never to be seen again.

This is one of the main factors that strikes fear in all super-powered criminals, as they can at least look forward to a possible escape when dealing with the criminal justice system.

But when it comes to the Avengers, there's no trial, no jail, no prison. You just disappear.

Of course, this would lead anyone to wonder whether the Avengers were killing off super-powered criminals, but that obviously wasn't the case.

They simply rot in the Towers detainment floors.

Meanwhile, Wade stood by Peter's side, his mask concealing a wicked smirk.

Francis squinted, unsure which Avenger was stood next to Spider-Man.

"And who might your friend be?" Francis inquired, hoping to stall for some time to think.

Without missing a beat, Wade removed his mask, revealing his scarred and disfigured face, a taunting smirk plastered all over it.

"Ewww!" Francis cringed at the sight of him, a mixture of surprise and disgust coloring his voice before, finally, realization struck. "Wait... Wade? Is that you?"

"Oh, Francis, my dear old friend. It's so good of you to remember me." Wade's eyes gleamed with a blend of amusement and menace. "The guy whose face you ruined when you decided to play mad scientist."

Tension hung in the air, thick with the weight of unfinished business and personal vendettas.

"Hey, Mate. I'm guessing our last little experiment was a success?" Francis greeted him tauntingly. "But do you mind putting the mask back on? Your face is just so... ugh, you know?"

Seeing his nemesis wince at the sight of him, Wade kept his mask off out of pure spite.

"Nope, If I have to live with this ugly mug, then you have to live with it too!" Wade sneered. "Now, I'm going to tell you what the f*ck's about to happen. First, I'm going to kick the sh*t out of you, and second, you're going to help me fix this..."

He points to his face, forcing Francis to look at him.

"And maybe when you're done with my makeover I'll let you go... after torturing you for a few weeks, of course." Wade said, a bloodthirsty smirk on his face. "After all, it ain't revenge if you don't go through the same f#cked up sh*t that you put me through."

Francis scowled but remained defiant. "You think you can fight me? You're nothing but a lab rat, a barely passable experiment."

Seeing how badly Wade wanted to fight him, Francis decided to lean into it. Because he would much rather fight Wade than Spider-Man.

And maybe, through his fight with Wade, Francis could find a way out of this situation.

Handing his desert eagles to Peter, who was standing beside him, Wade flashed a wicked grin. "Don't worry, Spidey, I got this. It's personal." He stepped forward, motioning for Francis to come at him.

Peter, understanding Wade's need for vengeance, moved to the side, giving the two adversaries space.

He watched with a mix of amusement and anticipation, ready to intervene at any moment if necessary.

Agreeing to the one-on-one fight, Francis pulled out two steel fighting axes, twirling them expertly in his hands. His eyes gleamed with a dangerous resolve.

Realizing Wade was weaponless, Peter raised his hand and conjured a pair of Deadpool-style swords, the iconic katanas.

"Here!" He tossed them to Wade, who deftly caught them with a flourish of his own.

"?!" Both Francis and Angel Dust watched the Katanas appear in shock, wondering how Peter did that.

"Alright, let's get this-" As Wade was ready to go, focusing his gaze on Francis, Angel Dust began walking toward Peter. Her intense gaze burned with an unspoken challenge.

Peter raised a hand, attempting to diffuse the situation. "Hey, let's not fight, okay? Let Wade and your boss settle this."

But Angel Dust disregarded his words, her muscles tense and ready for combat.

He didn't know what was going through her mind, but he did know one thing. She wanted to fight.

"Sorry about her." Francis spoke up in her stead. "She's a bit of a battle junky."

As he spoke, Angel Dust threw a powerful punch in Peter's direction, charged with superhuman strength.

Peter's reflexes kicked into gear, and he effortlessly caught her fist mid-air, shocking both her and Francis, who knew exactly how strong those punches really were.

Any normal person would have been instantly crushed under the force of her fist, but Peter was far from ordinary.

"Remember when you wake up that it was you who started it." Peter said as he swiftly backhanded her across the face, sending her flying backward.

She crashed into the parked helicopter, knocking it over as she fell unconscious from a single hit.

Wade, witnessing the exchange, couldn't help but speak up. "Well, that was anticlimactic..."

Francis couldn't help but nod in agreement, his gaze lingering on the broken helicopter, which he couldn't use to escape anymore.

"What can I say? I've had some practice." Peter shrugged nonchalantly, settling back into a relaxed position. "Now, why don't you two settle your little vendetta so we can all be done with this? I promised my daughter that I'd be back by morning and it's almost sunrise."

'Spider-Man has a kid?' Francis was shocked.

That type of information would sell for a lot...

Though he didn't have much time to dwell on it, as Wade crept closer and closer, katanas gripped tightly in each hand.

With Angel Dust neutralized and Peter on the sidelines, all attention returned to the imminent clash between Wade and Francis.

The tension between the two grew thicker, anticipation hung in the air, and the stage was set for a battle that would certainly be entertaining.

Chapter 355: Deadpool Vs Francis

The deck of the ship was drenched in an eerie silence as Wade stood face-to-face with his arch-nemesis, Francis.

Their eyes locked in a deadly dance of hatred and determination. The stench of blood and violence lingered in the air, a reminder of the carnage that had unfolded on their way up to the deck.

Francis looked at Wade in curiosity. "So, besides the ugly makeover, what else did you unlock in that chamber?" He asked.

Wade grinned sadistically. "Want to know my powers, huh? Why don't you come and find out? I promise you'll enjoy the experience. I'll even shave the pubes off that bald head of yours." He taunted, twirling his razor-sharp blades in each hand.

Francis chuckled, a sinister gleam in his eyes. "Ah, Wade, how I've missed our time together. Too bad it's about to end..." He replied, his voice laced with a sadistic edge. "But don't worry, I'll make sure to pay a visit to that whore of yours once we're done here. What was her name again? ...Eh, it doesn't matter, does it? I'm sure I'll learn it after a little playtime with her before... you know."

In an instant, Wade's anger flared to a dangerous level.

Without a word, he lunged forward, his katanas slashing through the air with deadly precision. But before his blades could reach Francis, two steel axes appeared, expertly deflecting the blow and sweeping toward Wade's exposed arm.

"Ugh!" Wade grunted as an axe dug into his arm. "Motherf*cker!" He yelled, tugging his arm back, dislodging the axe.

Watching the blood spill from Wade's arm before his injury began to closed, disappearing in a matter of seconds, Francis' eyes widened in realization. "Healing, Huh? Aren't you a lucky little lab rat?"

"Some curses come with a blessing..." Wade said, his deformed face still exposed.

Without another word, both sides rushed forward.

In a whirlwind of movement, Wade and Francis displayed incredible skill and precision. They dodged, parried, and counterattacked with deadly grace, their weapons singing through the air with each strike.

Meanwhile, Peter watched from a distance, conjuring a comfortable seat for himself and a bag of Takis.

He munched on the spicy snack, his eyes fixated on the combatants like a spectator at a thrilling UFC fight.

"I need something to drink." He thought as a can of ice-cold Coca-Cola appeared in his hand.
"Yeah, that's the stuff..."

Back to the fight, Wade lunged forward, his blades slashing through the air with deadly precision.

However, Francis swiftly sidestepped, narrowly evading the lethal strike. Retaliating, he swung his axes in a fluid motion, aiming at his opponent's exposed shoulder.

Of course, Wade learned his lesson after the first injury.

Deftly twisting his body, he evaded the oncoming axes with graceful agility, leaping and spinning into the air as he swung down at his enemy.

And in return for the axe to his arm, Wade's blades managed to rake their way across Francis' face, disfiguring his skin with two long bleeding cuts.

"!" Francis quickly retreated a few steps, wiping the blood that fell into his eyes.

Thankfully, his pain receptors were fried long ago, allowing him to fight on without any problems whatsoever.

"Looking sexy, Franny." Wade comments as he flicks the blood off his blades. "Red is definitely your color."

A scowl marred Francis' bleeding face as the fight escalated and blows were exchanged in rapid succession.

Wade spun on his heel, executing a series of intricate slashes aimed at Francis' torso.

Though his opponent's reflexes proved equal to the task as Francis twisted and turned, parrying each strike with his axes, the sharp clang of metal resounding through the night.

Soon enough, Francis seized an opportunity and lunged forward, attempting to deliver a devastating strike to Wade's midsection. But Wade, ever resourceful, twisted his body in a nimble maneuver, narrowly avoiding the brunt of the blow.

And as he did, he retaliated with a swift kick, catching Francis off guard and sending him stumbling backward.

Quickly regaining his footing, a determined glint in his eyes. Francis launched himself at Wade, axes whirling through the air with deadly accuracy.

But Wade reacted with lightning-fast reflexes, his katanas acting as an impenetrable wall against the onslaught.

The constant clash of steel echoed across the deck, each strike met with an equal measure of skillful defense from both sides.

As the battle raged on, the combatants traded blow after blow in a frenzied dance of violence.

Blood stained the steel of their weapons as well as each of their bodies as the fight grew increasingly intense.

Though only Wade remained unharmed, his healing factor saving him from any and all injuries.

"Huuu... huuu..." Francis breathed heavily as blood continued to leak from his body.

Although he has the upper hand when it comes to strength, as time went on, Francis started to slow down from both loss of blood and exhaustion.

Of course, Wade was getting tired as well, but certainly not to the same degree as his opponent.

And after a moment of stillness between the two, Wade's swords sliced through the air once again, aiming for vulnerable spots, while Francis' axes swung with unyielding force, seeking to overpower his opponent.

Both fighters showed varying signs of weariness, their movements slightly slower, their breathing labored. But their determination remained unwavering.

Wade, with a surge of adrenaline, launched himself forward, his katanas whirling in a deadly arc. And Francis responded in kind, axes spinning in a last-ditch effort to subdue his foe.

The clash of steel intensified, sparks flying with each meeting of blade and axe. Their movements became a blur of motion, each combatant striving to gain the upper hand.

Sweat mingled with blood, coating their bodies as the battle waged on.

Until finally, the fight reached its peak, each warrior pushing themselves to the limit. Their strikes became wild, and desperate, as fatigue threatened to overtake them.

Especially Francis.

In a final display of ferocity, both Wade and Francis lunged at each other, weapons colliding with a resounding clash.

For a moment, the world stood still as they locked eyes, the weight of their rivalry heavy in the air.

And in this exchange, Wade's relentless assault managed to knock the axes out of Francis' hands, forcing him into a defensive position.

Francis, now unarmed, ducked, dived, and dodged, evading Wade's relentless onslaught of killing blows.

However, Wade's persistence paid off as he managed to slice open his opponent's kneecaps.

"!?" Francis' eyes widened as he collapsed to the floor, unable to hold his bodies weight anymore.

And as he fell, Wade was quick to trap him on his back, his katana blades forming a scissor-like formation just a hairs thickness away from his exposed neck.

Looking down at his most hated nemesis, his voice seething with rage, Wade ordered, "You made me like this, Francis. And now you're gonna fix it!"

His hideous face was a foot away from his opponents.

Out of nowhere, Francis burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the empty deck. "Fix you? Oh, Wade, my dear guinea pig, you must be delusional," he mocked, his eyes filled with malevolence. "No one can remove a Meta-Humans mutation. It's permanent. You'll look like an old man's saggy nutsack for the rest of your life."

Shock registered on Wade's scarred face. His hopes shattered in an instant.

Francis continued to laugh, savoring Wade's despair. "If you want to be pretty again, then I suggest you pay a visit to a plastic surgeon. That's the best you're ever going to get," he taunted, his words laced with sadistic glee.

As began to realization sink in, Wade's grip on his katanas tightened. A mixture of rage and acceptance burned in his eyes

Unable to control himself, Wade pushed all of his weight down on both swords, decapitating Francis in an instant.

Slice! The swords descended with a sickening sound as blood sprayed out, sending his severed head rolling.

"Well, that went as I expected..." Peter muttered as his chair and snacks disappeared. "You alright?" He asked as he walked over.

Standing behind Wade, Peter got a good look at Francis' motionless body as well as his severed head, which was still smiling up at Wade, as if he had somehow won in the end.

"That's not creepy at all..." Peter commented as he waved his hand and portal'd Angel Dust to a cell back at the Tower. 'I'll have someone from Shield deal with her later.'

Once she was gone, Peter placed a hand on Wade's shoulder, breaking him from his dejected state. "Come on, let's go and get something to eat. I heard there's a good Mexican place nearby."

"...do they have chimichangas?" He asked, like a sad child.

Wade had no idea what to do anymore. All of his hopes were set on Francis, but now he was left with nothing.

"Sure." Peter nodded. "And we'll even get some ice cream on the way home, okay?"

Picking himself up off the floor, Wade sullenly followed after Peter, leaving the ship full of dead bodies behind.

Chapter 356: Lovers Reunite

Peter and Wade sat in an empty Mexican restaurant a few blocks away from where Francis just died, the remnants of their battle still lingering in their minds.

Peter munched on a taco, the enchantment on his suit allowing him to eat with his mask on.

Wade, on the other hand, had his mask pulled up, still covering his nose and eyes, as he devoured his fifth order of Chimichangas, eating to fill the void in himself.

The pain of his disfigured appearance weighed heavy on his mind, believing that he could never be with his beloved fiancé ever again.

As they sat in the booth, Peter listened attentively as Wade whined about all of his woes.

"What am I supposed to say... *Munch* ...She'll never love me like his... *Chomp* ...How the f*ck am I supposed to live like this?!" Wade went on and on, constantly stuffing his face the entire time.

Meanwhile, the restaurant staff couldn't help but stare in awe and disbelief at the sight of Spider-Man, the world's most popular hero, casually dining in their humble establishment.

Some took discreet pictures and videos, not wanting to disturb the heroes in their private moments.

Though they were quick to post them online, sharing one of the greatest encounters in their entire lives.

After all, who can say that they cooked for the most famous person in the world?

"Look, Wade," Peter said earnestly, trying to console his friend. "I understand that you're afraid of how Vanessa will react, but if she truly loves you, then she'll be able to see past it. Beauty isn't just about physical looks. It's about the person you are inside, the connection you share. You need to talk to her, let her know what happened. Give her a chance."

Wade sighed, his stuffed mouth muffling his voice. "Fine... I don't have a plan B. I don't have a way to be the man she fell in love with, so I should just give up and let her decide..."

Although Wade didn't have a plan B, that didn't mean that there wasn't a plan B set up for him.

Peter could think of at least three spells that could help Wade just off the top of his head, whether it be through body morphing, beautification, or simple illusions.

But he wouldn't be doing any of that just yet.

In Peter's humble opinion, if Vanessa is so superficial that she would ditch the man she was about to marry because of his appearance, then she wasn't worth Wade's time to begin with.

He'll gladly reveal that he can help with Wade's little problem as soon as he and his fiancé figure themselves out.

If they end up together again, then it won't be because Wade is handsome. And if they don't, then maybe that's for the best.

Peter nodded his head. "Good, life is unpredictable. Sometimes things don't go according to our expectations, so we have to dive in and see for ourselves."

After a moment of contemplation, Wade nodded slowly. "You're right. I can't hide forever. And If that beautiful succubus of mine is as crazy as I remember, then she'll love me... I think."

"Congratulations, Wade." Peter smiled, proud of Wade's decision. "You're not acting like a p*ssy anymore."

Feeling a renewed sense of determination, Wade pushed his pile of empty plates aside, sucked down the last of his soda, let out a loud belch, and stood up from the booth.

The restaurant staff watched with wide eyes as Spider-Man and some unknown hero prepared to leave. Some mustered the courage to approach them for autographs, surprising Wade, who's ego boosted through the roof in an instant.

Though when it came time to sign his name, Wade froze, unsure of what to put down as he hasn't chosen a hero's name yet.

Ultimately, he ended up writing a quick squiggle, which no one would be able to decipher no matter how hard they tried.

And once the autographs were signed, the two were on their way, leaving behind a happy group of employees.

Though they wouldn't be happy for long...

Seconds after Peter and Wade left, the street outside the restaurant was swarmed with cars and pedestrians who came running down the block at full speed, hoping to get a glimpse of Spider-Man and the never before seen hero beside him.

And as chaos descended upon their small restaurant, they all regretted posting the pictures and videos of Spider-Man, wishing that they'd kept them to themselves. At least until after work.

-Safe House-

Tired of waiting for Wade, who stood frozen at the front door, Peter grew impatient and opened the door, pushing him inside the penthouse.

The Shield guards outside the door watched the whole exchange with interest, wondering what was going on.

Though they wouldn't ask. After all, anything involving an Avenger was way above their pay grade.

-Inside-

The sun was rising on the horizon, casting a warm glow over the room as they entered. The aroma of breakfast cooking in the kitchen filled the air.

Wade and Vanessa locked eyes for a moment, their gazes filled with a mixture of longing and uncertainty.

She instinctively knew that now was the time to come to a decision. Francis was most likely dead and now it was time for Wade to reveal himself as Peter said.

Finally, Wade mustered the courage to speak. "Hey, Ness," he began, his voice filled with a mix of nerves and affection. "I... I need to tell you something."

Recognizing the voice behind the mask, Vanessa's anger simmered beneath the surface as she walked over to Wade, delivering a swift punch to his face.

She wouldn't be pretending to sleep this time around. Now was the time for action.

"I totally deserved that..." Wade shook his head and turned back to her, a faint smile hidden under his mask.

Though she knew him well enough to know that he was smiling right now.

Unfazed, Vanessa landed another punch, this time harder than before.

Wade nodded in acknowledgment, his resilience evident as he easily shrugged off the blow.

"Okay, that too," he admitted, rubbing his jaw.

With frustration mounting, Vanessa raised her knee, aiming to strike him where it hurt the most. But Wade reacted swiftly, catching her leg just before impact.

"Maybe not that," Wade interjected, a hint of amusement in his voice.

He was not about to let his family jewels suffer any harm.

Meanwhile, Peter leaned against the wall and watched in both interest and concern. He didn't know whether Vanessa would take him back, but he hoped for the best for Wade.

"Start talking!" Vanessa glared at him, her voice laced with impatience and concern.

Wade took a deep breath, bracing himself to explain the unexplainable. "I'm so sorry for leaving and taking so long to come back. It's been a rough few weeks," He began, his voice filled with remorse.

As Vanessa listened to his words, her anger softened slightly, understanding the ordeal Wade had endured, thanks to Peter's explanation after her kidnapping.

Wade went on to explain that he had wanted to reveal himself sooner, but the man behind the mask he currently wore wasn't the same anymore.

Vanessa, already aware of the situation, reached up and grasped the edges of Wade's mask, surprising him as she pulled it off to reveal a picture of Chris Pratt duct-taped to his face.

"Who is this?" Vanessa asked, curious and puzzled.

Wade chuckled softly. "That's who I'd want to play me in my superhero movie if Ryan Reynolds was busy or dead. God forbid," he added, making a religious cross-motion.

After the playful exchange, Vanessa unceremoniously ripped the piece of paper off Wade's face, fully exposing his disfigurement.

Wade winced in pain as the duct tape was abruptly removed. "Careful! That's my money maker..."

"Not anymore." Vanessa comments as she takes in his appearance.

A moment of silence hung in the air as the two lovers stared at each other, Wade anxiously trying to discern Vanessa's response.

A slight frown crossed her face, causing Wade's heart to sink as he started rambling. "Look, if you don't like it, we can try some masks or I can find a good plastic surgeon. It can be fixed, I promise. Just-"

But before he could finish, Vanessa reached up, cupping his face tenderly between her hands. Her eyes sparkled with love and acceptance.

"It's certainly not the prettiest," Vanessa began, her voice filled with sincerity, "but it's still a face I'd be more than happy to sit on."

Wade's eyes widened, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "Well, I'm not the same down there either," he motioned toward his nether regions with a playful gaze, "I've got a super penis." He paused, waggling his eyebrows. "The healing factor keeps me going and going."

Vanessa's curiosity was piqued, and a mischievous glint appeared in her eyes. "Is that so?" she teased.

Without missing a beat, Wade wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into his chest.

'Maybe I should go?' Peter thought as the two started making out right in front of him as if he weren't there. "Yeah, I just remembered that I have to get home-"

As he spoke, both Wade and Vanessa reached over and grabbed random stuff from the kitchen counter, hurling it at him as if to say 'What are you still doing here!?'

Of course, their lips didn't separate the entire time. And they weren't even looking in his direction.

"!?" After nearly getting hot in the head with a few plates and a toaster, Peter swiftly made his way to the door.

And as he left, the sounds of destruction inside the apartment grew louder and louder.

"Is everything okay, sir?" One of the guards asked as he stepped out.

Sighing in exasperation, Peter nodded his head. "Yeah, just kick them out once the noises stop and send an invoice for any damages to Tony." He ordered as he walked off.

"Y-Yes, sir..."

-Hours Later-

The once pristine and perfect penthouse apartment was completely destroyed.

The air was thick with the scent of cigarette smoke and lingering sexual tension as if the room itself held the memories of everything it just endured.

The walls, once adorned with elegant artwork and photographs, now bore the scars of fierce battles, with gouges and deep cracks marring their once pristine surfaces.

Shattered glass from broken windows littered the floor, glinting ominously in the dim light that filtered through the tattered curtains.

Furniture, once stylish and meticulously arranged, now lay overturned and broken.

The remnants of a shattered coffee table were scattered across the room, mingling with torn upholstery and broken wooden frames.

The once-plush carpeting was stained with splotches of liquor, wine, blood, and all sorts of unknown bodily fluids, evidence of what looked like a fierce confrontation that could have taken place.

In the midst of the wreckage, surrounded by shards of random household objects, Wade and Vanessa lay naked, nestled on top a pile of ripped couch cushions, pillows, and stained blankets.

Both of them had blissful smiles plastered all over their faces.

"I love you..." Vanessa admitted as she drifted off to sleep, her head lying on his chest.

"..." Wade froze for a moment before lovingly brushing the hair off of her forehead. "I love you too..."

Wade, wearing normal clothes with his disfigured face uncovered for all to see, stood outside the luxurious penthouse, staring at the line of guards in front of him.

The deafening silence that followed their passionate reunion was abruptly shattered by the authoritative voices of the Shield security team.

Just as Peter ordered, they rushed in as soon as the sounds of moaning and destruction came to an end, waking the couple from their sleep and throwing them out in the middle of the night.

And as they stood outside with nothing but their clothes on their backs, Wade's phone buzzed with a new text message

"?" Pulling out his phone, he couldn't help but feel aggrieved.

Spidey: Your ban from expensive safe houses now includes Vanessa... Go home or find a motel. I'll call later. -Love, the Skeet Shooter 📞

Wade glanced at his fiancée, Vanessa, her eyes filled with a mixture of amusement and embarrassment as she peaked over and read the text.

The penthouse, once a pristine haven, now lay in ruins, a monument of their reckless lovemaking.

Shield agents stood across from them, their stern expressions betraying their annoyance at the couple's antics.

After all, they were forced to listen to this couples activities from morning to night.

"Come on, Babe," Vanessa said, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "We should probably leave before they start charging us for property damage."

Wade smirked, wrapping his arm around her waist as they walked off, unashamed.

Their journey back to Wade's former apartment was filled with laughter and stolen kisses, as they reminisced about their time together before he disappeared.

Entering the dimly lit apartment, Wade's eyes fell on the remnants of their life together, a collection of dusty memories scattered across the room.

He couldn't help but feel a pang of nostalgia.

Vanessa, sensing his emotions, wrapped her arms around him, her voice filled with warmth.

"We'll make new memories..." she whispered.

Wade smiled, his fingers gently tracing the curves of her face.

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As they settled into a comfortable routine, Vanessa perched herself on the couch, idly scrolling through baby names on her phone while Wade occupied himself in the kitchen.

"Hey, how about 'Richard'?" Vanessa called out, her voice floating from the living room.

As soon as they settled into the apartment again, the idea of having a baby was thrown around and both sides seemed interested at the very least.

Wade chuckled, expertly arranging frozen dinosaur-shaped chicken nuggets onto a baking tray.

"'Richard'? Really? I mean, we could call him Harry Richard Wilson..." he replied, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Hairy Dick Wilson...

Vanessa giggled, her laughter infectious.

Though the sound was abruptly cut short as a wave of unease washed over Wade. He froze, his senses on high alert, as he detected the faint sound of multiple footsteps approaching their door.

"Vanessa, get down!" Wade ordered, his voice tinged with urgency, as he retrieved a long kitchen knife from the drawer.

Without hesitation, Vanessa leaped over the couch, disappearing from sight, hiding herself on the floor.

Wade tightened his grip on the knife as he crept over to the side of the door. The familiar adrenaline rush of battle coursed through his veins.

And then, without warning, the door exploded inward, shards of wood and debris flying through the air.

Standing in the doorway was a team of heavily armed Russian gangsters, their menacing presence filling the room.

Wade's eyes narrowed, his determination etched onto his scarred features. He gripped his gleaming kitchen knife tightly in his scarred hand, his senses on high alert.

Five burly figures, covered in tattoos, had barged in uninvited.

They were armed to the teeth with an assortment of weapons, prepared for a battle against a man of Wade's caliber.

Vanessa lay behind the worn-out couch, her wide eyes filled with fear. She held her breath, praying for Wade's safety.

The tension in the room was palpable as the armed assailants stepped inside one by one.

Wade's face split into a manic grin as he twirled the knife in his hand. "Please take off your shoes. This is an Asian household," he said, revealing himself as he appeared in front of them.

With lightning speed, Wade lunged forward, slashing his knife at the leading gunmen's wrists, causing him to drop his shotgun.

Seeing their target, the gangsters quickly spread out and opened fire, attempting to encircle him.

But Wade was a whirlwind of death and chaos. He darted between them, his movements fluid and unpredictable.

"Your tracking dirt into our love nest... How rude." Deadpool quipped as he stabbed an assailant in the eye, causing him to drop to the floor with a bloodcurdling scream, cradling his bloody eye socket.

The other gangsters reacted quickly, their eyes filled with rage. They continued to unleash a barrage of gunfire, bullets tearing through the apartment, leaving holes in the walls and furniture.

But Deadpool's agility was insane compared to theirs. He twisted and contorted his body, narrowly evading every projectile.

Dodging another spray of bullets, Wade vaulted onto a nearby countertop, using it as a springboard.

He somersaulted through the air, landing behind one of the gangsters. And with a swift, precise motion, he thrust his knife into the man's heart.

"Oops! Did I ruin your favorite jacket?" Deadpool remarked, a maniacal chuckle escaping his lips.

Seeing this, two gangsters charged at him simultaneously, hoping to hold him down and finish him off for good.

Luckily, Wade saw this coming from a mile away and parried them off, his knife slicing through the air.

He delivered a swift kick to one of them, sending him crashing into a bookshelf, while his knife found its mark in the throat of the other.

The room descended into chaos as the remaining gangster tried to make a hasty retreat.

But Deadpool was relentless. He pursued him, leaping over furniture and debris, closing the distance between them.

"Running away? I thought we were just getting to know each other?!" Deadpool taunted, his voice echoing through the apartment.

With a savage swipe, Wade expertly threw the knife into the final gangster's leg, stopping him in his tracks.

The man screamed as he fell to the floor, writhing in pain.

Wade loomed over him as he pulled the knife from his leg and held it teasingly above his head.

"Oh! It's slipping!" he jokingly gasped as the knife fell from his fingers.

The pointy end descended, cutting through the air before embedding itself into the last intruder's open mouth, ending his life soon after.

The room fell into an eerie silence, broken only by Vanessa's shallow breaths and the normal chaos of the city outside.

Wade stood amidst the carnage, his body covered in blood, victorious.

"Looks like date night just got a little more exciting, babe," He quipped, his voice tinged with dark humor as he turned to his fiancé.

Vanessa slowly stood from her hiding place behind the bullet-riddled couch, her heart pounding in her chest.

She takes in the sight of the lifeless Russian gangsters sprawled across the apartment, their blood staining more than just the carpet.

Relief washed over her as she realized that Wade managed to protect them both.

Wade's eyes widen as he watched Vanessa emerge unharmed.

A wave of pure relief flooded through him, but before he could fully process the situation, a chilling sound echoed in his ears, the distinct click of a gun being cocked.

Instinctively, his body whirls around, his mind racing to assess the new threat.

Standing in the doorway, an unnoticed figure comes into view.

Another gangster, an unexpected reinforcement who must have been waiting outside for one reason or another.

The intruder's cold eyes were fixed on Wade and Vanessa, his finger tightening on the trigger of his pistol.

Without a moment to spare, Wade acted on pure instinct. He twisted his body and hurled the blood-stained kitchen knife he had used earlier toward the new arrival.

However, the unexpected movement from the Wade caused the assailants aim to shift away from Wade and towards Vanessa, who stood there defenseless.

Fear gripped Wade's heart as time seemed to slow down. He watched in horror as the trigger was pulled, anticipating the tragic outcome.

But just when all hope seemed lost, a sudden blur of red and blue appeared.

A gloved hand, vibrant in very familiar colors, wrapped effortlessly around the barrel of the assailant's gun, morphing the metal under its grip.

In an instant, the bullet inside was constricted and stopped in its tracks.

And before the stunned assailant could react, the knife that Wade had hurled earlier found its mark, embedding itself deep into his chest.

With a grunt of shock and pain, the man crumpled to the floor, slowly choking on his own blood.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Wade's gaze turned toward the source of their salvation.

And right on cue, everyone's friendly neighborhood Spider-Man stepped into view, revealing himself.

"Yo."

Chapter 358: Options

Vanessa stood in the wreckage of their apartment, still shaken from the recent attack.

Wade let out a sigh as he rushed over and pulled her into his chest, snaking his arms tightly around her waist. He was just happy that she was alive.

For a second there, he knew that she was going to die, but that feeling suddenly disappeared as soon as Peter arrived.

Speaking of Peter.

The sound of footsteps walking all over the apartment could be heard, accompanied by the sounds of his phone taking pictures of every dead assailant's face.

"Spidey." Wade called, refusing to release his fiancé. "You came at the perfect time."

"That's what she said." Peter smirked under his mask as he turned to his phone. "Jarvis, find everything you can about these guys. I have a friend who's going to want to pay their boss a visit."

"Yes, sir!" A voice replied loud enough for Wade and Vanessa to hear.

"Thank you, Spider-Man..." Vanessa spoke, knowing that she wouldn't be alive right now without him.

Peter raised an eyebrow and shrugged. "Ah, it was nothing. I just happened to be passing by." He replied. "But I'm glad I could help. Are you okay?"

Vanessa leaned into her fiancé, her voice trembling slightly. "Yeah, I am now..." she said, calming down quickly.

Peter nodded. "Well, I'm glad I got here in time."

Of course, Peter wasn't just passing by.

He watched Deadpool 2 and knew that Vanessa was due to die sooner or later, so he sneakily placed a few spells to alert him of any danger.

And the second his spells went off, Peter rushed over to save the day as usual.

"This isn't a movie..." He thought as he swore to do all he could to make sure that Wade doesn't lose the love of his life.

As the adrenaline began to fade away, Peter's curiosity took hold. "So, any idea on who these guys are?" he asked, gesturing towards the lifeless bodies of the gunmen. "They don't seem like your average run-of-the-mill burglars."

Vanessa turned to Wade, knowing that nothing she's done in her entire life could have angered men with this much firepower.

They had to be after him.

After all, Wade was a prolific mercenary before meeting her, making it almost certain that one of his jobs angered the wrong person.

Wade scratched his head, thinking back on his past exploits. "I've made a lot of enemies in my line of work." He mused as if he were reliving happy memories. "But given their firepower, tattoos, and accents, my guess is they're connected to the Russian mob. I'll have to start there."

"Okay, we'll see what Jarvis has to say first." Peter says as he pulls up a chair and takes a seat.

Wade turned to face Peter, an idea formed in his mind. "Hey." He began, a mischievous grin appearing on his face. "You wanna join in on the fun? We could get some drinks from Weasel and go out on the town. Maybe compete for who can get the most headshots?"

Peter paused for a moment, considering the offer. "Well, I do have a knack for getting involved in these things." He admitted with a chuckle. "Sure, let's do it, but let's keep the killing to those that deserve it."

Before they could leave, Peter's gaze shifted to Vanessa. Wade noticed this and realized that leaving her behind was no longer an option.

The apartment obviously wasn't safe anymore...

His paranoia had reached new heights, fearing for her safety whenever he was away.

Seeing this, Peter spoke up. "Wade, since this place isn't safe anymore, how about I offer some help." he said. "I can offer you an official position in the Avengers. We have countless empty apartments in the tower, and it's free for any member. But, uh, try not to destroy it, okay?"

He really doesn't want to give Wade an apartment, as his track record with such places was horrendous, but if it could keep Vanessa safe and guarantee his recruitment, then he can make the sacrifice.

'Maybe if it's their apartment, they won't trash it...' Peter hoped.

Wade hesitated, not wanting to become what he referred to as a do-gooder. However, the prospect of a secure home for Vanessa intrigued him.

After all, the safest place on the planet just so happened to be the Avengers Tower.

"Ehh..." Wade let out a hesitant grunt. "I can still kill motherf*ckers, right?"

Peter nodded his head, grinning under his mask. "Sure, but you'll need to follow a few guidelines." He said, causing Wade to whine in annoyance. "First, only kill those that deserve it. Second, Never kill in front of the public, especially when there are cameras around. And if for some reason you do, then be sure to destroy the footage. Not all Avengers are against killing. The only reason you haven't heard of it is because we do it discreetly. Understand?"

Wade became contemplative, slowly waving towards a decision.

Seeing that Wade still wasn't fully convinced, Peter quickly scribbled some numbers on a piece of paper and passed it over. "That's how much you'd be paid as an Avenger."

Wade's eyes widened as he glanced at the number. "!"

"Is this for real?" Vanessa asked as she peaked at the paper, her jaw dropping in astonishment.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, and that's only for new recruits. Your pay will increase every year."

Instantly, a bright smile appeared on Wade's lips and Peter swore that he could see dollar signs flashing in his eyes.

"How could I say no?" Wade beamed excitedly. "I've always looked up to heroes like you and the Avengers, saving people and sending the bad guys to prison. If the world needs me, then I'll gladly rise to the occasion!" He said, lying out of his a*s to secure the massive payday before him.

"Right..." Peter stared at him, not believing a word that left his mouth. "Do me a favor and save this energy for the other Avengers, okay?"

"Huh?" Wade grunted, his fake hero persona disappearing just as fast as it came. "Yeah, whatever..." He shrugged.

With their agreement settled, Peter opened a portal, revealing an empty apartment in the Avengers Tower.

After packing a bag, Vanessa walked through to settle into their new home, while Wade and Peter stayed behind.

And just as she left, Wade and Peter still had some time before Jarvis gave them the info about their dead gunmen, so Peter took the opportunity to talk to Wade about something important.

"Hey, I've actually been meaning to tell you something..." Peter quickly explains his ability to fix Wade's appearance.

"So, you're telling me you've got a way to fix all this ugliness?" Wade asked, shocked.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, I've come up with three possible solutions. It's up to you to choose which one you want to pursue."

Wade leaned in, his curiosity piqued. "Alright, lay 'em on me, Webhead."

Peter's gaze turned distant as he explained, "The quickest option is an illusion. I studied at Kamar-Taj and-" Before he could continue, Wade raised his hand like a good student. "Yes, Mr. Wilson?"

"What the hell is Lamar Lodge?" He asked, butchering the name of an ancient world-protecting organization.

"Just think Hogwarts but better and without the whiny kids." Peter says as he continued. "There, I learned a thing or two about magic. I can create an illusion that will make you appear normal again. However, beneath that illusion, you'll still be the same. It's like a temporary fix, a bandaid until we find a more permanent solution."

Wade's eyes widened, a glimmer of hope in his scarred face. "An illusion, huh? So, people wouldn't be able to see the real me?"

Peter nodded, his expression serious. "Exactly. People would see you as you were, but it wouldn't change the reality underneath."

Wade chewed on his bottom lip, mulling over the option. "Okay, what's the second one then?"

Peter's tone shifted, his voice tinged with anticipation. "The second option involves body morphing and beautification magic. It's a more long-term solution, but it will take time. I need to work on the spell beforehand, meticulously planning every aspect of the transformation. It won't be a quick fix, but it could potentially give you a permanent change."

Wade scratched his chin, his fingers tracing the jagged scars. "Permanent, huh? That sounds tempting. But what about the third option?"

Peter's expression darkened, his voice tinged with caution. "That's the riskiest option. Given your cancer and your crazy healing ability, it's hard to predict how your body would react to it. But basically, we would turn use something called the Extremist Serum. The process could fix your appearance. Though I'm not 100% sure. For all I know, it could cause more problems."

Wade's eyes narrowed as he absorbed the information, a mix of excitement and hesitation swirling within him. "So, you could've done this the whole time?"

He suddenly realized that while he was whining and complaining about his appearance, Peter was hiding his ability to fix it.

Peter sighed, his gaze softening. "Yeah, Wade, I could've helped. But I chose not to. I didn't want the reason Vanessa chose to stay with you to be because you were handsome again. I didn't want your relationship to hinge on something as shallow as appearances. I wanted her to love you for who you are, and it seems like I made the right choice..."

Wade's breath caught in his throat, and he looked down at the floor, lost in his thoughts. Vanessa's face flashed in his mind, her acceptance and love radiating from her eyes.

Wade realized that his fear of denial had dissipated, replaced by a newfound sense of security. 'Do I even want to fix it anymore?' He wondered.

And as silence descended on Wade's destroyed apartment, Peter's phone went off with a message from Jarvis.

Chapter 359: Kinky Masochist Slave

In the penthouse of a thumping nightclub, Sergei Valishnikov, a middle-aged Russian man, covered in tattoos, lay tied to a bed, his body glistening with a sheen of sweat.

Above him stood a provocative dominatrix, holding a leather whip in hand, matching her skin tight outfit.

Though just before she could crack the whip once again, their playful encounter came to an abrupt halt as the shrill ring of a phone shattered the sexual atmosphere of the dimly lit room.

Sergei's eyes narrowed, annoyance etched across his face. With a slight nod, the woman withdrew a ball gag from his mouth and answered the call, placing the phone against his ear.

Sergei growled into the receiver, his voice laced with hostility. "Who the f*ck is calling at this hour? This better be important!"

"Are you busy, Sergei?" A familiar voice resonated through the speaker, causing Sergei's eyes to widen in recognition.

Instantly, the hostility melted away, replaced by subservience and fear. "M-Mr. Fisk, my apologies. I wasn't expecting your call."

Wilson Fisk, the notorious Kingpin of crime, spoke with a calculated calmness. "Did you complete the task I assigned to you?"

Sergei cleared his throat, desperately trying to compose himself. "Yes, Mr. Fisk. I sent my best men to take care of him, just as you ordered. He's probably dead by now."

There was a momentary silence on the other end of the line, causing Sergei's heart to race.

"Very well, Sergei. I trust you did your best. We shall discuss the details later. However, I must remind you of the consequences of failure." Fisk's voice remained cool and collected.

Sergei's eyes widened, his mind racing.

Fisk has many criminal enterprises under his belt, one of which is the Russian Mob. He took hold of this organization through the blackmail of its leader, Sergei Valishnikov.

And it wasn't just Sergei's masochistic tendencies that Fisk knew about either.

The type of information that Fisk had on Sergei could get him hunted by the FBI and ousted from his own organization.

So, how could Fisk not know what he was engaged in at this very moment?

This knowledge sent shivers down his spine as he stammered into the phone. "I assure you, Mr. Fisk, I will not fail you. I'm loyal. You know that..."

Fisk's voice grew colder, laced with a veiled threat. "Remember, Sergei, I have ways of learning things. You should be more careful about what you indulge in during your private time. Respect and loyalty are not negotiable in our 'alliance'." He spoke the word as if it were a joke. "Fail me, and I can't guarantee that your secrets won't become public knowledge."

Fear gripped Sergei's heart, his breath catching in his throat.

"Please, Mr. Fisk, I beg you. I'll do whatever it takes to prove my loyalty." He begged, his voice trembling.

Without another word, Fisk ended the call, leaving Sergei pleading with the silence, a freaked-out Dominatrix standing beside the bed.

As the weight of the Kingpin's power hung heavy in the room, suddenly, the sound of gunshots and screaming seeped through the walls from outside.

Sergei's eyes widened, realizing that he was trapped, restricted to the bed by his sexual preferences. "Unlock the cuffs! Quickly! QUICKLY!" He turned to the cowering Dominatrix, who just moments ago was confidently beating him with a riding crop.

Unable to contain her panic, the woman ignored Sergei's pleas for help and rushed out of the room, where she found a hallway filled with dead bodies and two pitch-black figures walking her way.

-10 Minutes Earlier-

After reading the information from Jarvis, Peter turned his phone to Wade. "Do you know this guy?" He asked.

On the screen was a picture of a Russian man alongside his name.

Sergei Valishnikov.

Squinting his eyes at the phone for a moment, Wade shook his head. "Nope, never seen him before."

"Really? Because these guys..." Peter gestured to the dead bodies laying all over Wade's apartment. "...worked for him."

"Nope, he looks like a side character though. And I don't usually hang around with the lower class." Wade says nonchalantly. "My crowd is more along the lines of Ryan Reynolds, Tom Cruise, Denzel Washington..."

"Okay..." Peter muttered, stopping Wade before he could name any more celebrities. "Then let's go ask him why his men came knocking at your door." He said, opening a portal.

Instantly, the loud music and ground-shaking base of a nightclub echo from the portal.

"After you." Peter gestured as he snapped his fingers, using the reality stone to cover Wade in a blacked-out version of his Deadpool suit.

"Hehe, let's kill some Cossacks!" Wade laughed as he grabbed his swords and stepped through.

Shaking his head at Wade's excited behavior, Peter stepped into the portal as his own suit turned black as well. 'I need to get used to going undercover whenever Wade is involved...'

After all, he didn't want to ruin the perfect poster boy reputation that he spent years carefully cultivating.

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Stealthily maneuvering their way through the upper floors of the club, away from the nightly party going on downstairs, Peter and Wade went looking for their target, silently taking out any random guards they found along the way.

Their blacked-out suits blended seamlessly with the shadows, allowing them to move unnoticed.

As they reached the top floor, they found themselves facing a long, narrow hallway.

Peter's enhanced senses tingled with the anticipation of danger as he saw a large group of heavily armed Russians gathered at the end of the hallway, a single door behind them, which they seemed to be guarding.

Their menacing presence was matched only by the malevolent glint in their eyes. And the moment their gazes locked onto the intruders, the air erupted with the deafening roar of gunfire.

"Looks like we found our Russky!" Wade said, a wicked smile dancing across his masked face.

Peter's reflexes kicked into high gear as he sensed the first bullet whizzing toward him. He gracefully dodged it, his body twisting with an unnatural agility.

Using his spider sense, he anticipated the next onslaught of bullets and moved with blinding speed, evading each lethal projectile.

[Insert Matrix GIF here]

Wade, on the other hand, welcomed the hail of bullets with a twisted delight.

His regenerative abilities made him virtually invincible, allowing him to withstand the onslaught without flinching.

With two Katanas in hand, he charged forward, deflecting bullets with deadly precision.

And as far as the ones he couldn't stop, Wade would simply take the hit and hope they exited out of his body on the other side. Or else he'd be playing a fun game of Operation with Vanessa tonight as she fished the stray bullets out of his body.

Though he may have to find a metal detector, as the wounds will heal, leaving no indication as to where he should be looking.

But that's a problem for later...

As they closed in on the Russian mobsters, Peter's hands shot out, unleashing a volley of webs, expertly ensnaring the guns in their hands.

With a quick yank, he disarmed them, sending the firearms clattering to the floor.

"Dance, anyone?" Wade called out, twirling his swords in an intricate display of skill.

With a flurry of blows, he slashed through the armed men, slaughtering them swiftly and efficiently.

His swordsmanship was unmatched, every movement calculated to create the biggest mess of blood, guts, and other body parts as he could.

Peter, who wasn't nearly as messy and excited about killing as Wade, relied on his acrobatic prowess, using the walls and ceiling to his advantage.

He launched himself into the air, somersaulting over the dying mobsters, and delivered lightning-fast punches and kicks. His enhanced strength allowed him to quickly kill his enemies with a single blow, rendering them dead within seconds.

It was the least he could do. After all, the only other option awaiting them was a blood death from Deadpool himself, so he decided to give them some mercy instead.

As the fight raged on, the hallway became littered with fallen bodies.

The once formidable group of Russians now lay dead at the hands of the dynamic duo.

Peter and Wade fought in perfect synchronization, their movements fluid and precise, like a well-rehearsed ballet of violence and death.

With the last mobster dispatched, the hallway fell into an eerie silence, the only sound that remained was the dripping of blood from the mess that Wade made.

It was everywhere...

They stood there, surveying their handiwork, a victorious gleam in Wade's eyes reflecting his sense of accomplishment.

"That was a piece of cake," Wade quipped, flicking the blood off his katanas.

And just before Peter could reply, the door across from them swung open and a curvy dominatrix came rushing out.

But just as she arrived, the woman froze in fear at the scene she just walked into and let out an ear-piercing shriek. "AAAHHHH!" She yelled before swaying on her feet and collapsing onto the floor.

Right into a large puddle of blood.

"Uhhh..." Wade grunted as he didn't expect that. "Is she alive?"

Walking over, Peter checked her pulse and found nothing wrong. "Yeah, she just fainted." He said, quickly portaling her over to a nearby hospital. "Come on, let's meet the boss..."

Stepping up to the now open door, Peter and Wade halted in their steps as they found a very odd scene in front of them.

"That explains the dominatrix..." Peter muttered as they laid eyes on a naked cowering Mob boss, who was tied to a bed with a ball gag hanging around his neck.

"Eww..." Wade groaned as he took a sniff of the musky air in the room. "Somebody's been getting kinky in here!"

Chapter 360: Iron Fist

The dimly lit room was filled with tension as Peter and Wade, clad in their blacked-out suits, stood across from Sergei, the cowering naked Mob Boss.

Sergei was still strapped to the bed, the fear evident in his eyes as he unleashed a barrage of threats and warnings. "Get back! Do you know who I am? Touch me and your entire bloodline won't survive the night!" He attempted to assert his authority even in the face of danger.

Wade chuckled, seemingly unaffected by Sergei's desperate words.

With swift precision, he drew his Katanas and plunged them into the bed, just centimeters away from Sergei's exposed private parts.

The sharp blades sent a clear message that Sergei wasn't in control right now.

Instantly, Sergei's blustering facade crumbled, and he began to realize that his threats were only hurting his already dire situation.

Wade, his mask still on, listened intently, relishing the power he had over this guy's balls.

"Hey! I heard that!" Wade peered up at the ceiling and shouted, sounding offended.

"Who are you talking to?" Peter asks, wondering if this was one of his 4th wall breaks.

"Nothing..." Wade clicked his tongue as he turned back to their captive. 'Fat f*ck author...'

"Look, ill give you anything. Do you want money? I have millions. Just let me go and it's all yours, okay?" Begging for mercy, Sergei offered anything he could think of to secure his survival.

As well as the safety of his precious family jewels.

"How can I refuse your generous donation!" Wade happily accepted as he took a seat at the man's bedside.

However, before he would accept any kind of offering, Wade knew he needed answers. Removing his mask, he revealed his scarred face and cold eyes, ensuring that Sergei understood the gravity of the situation.

"Why did you want me dead?" Wade demanded, his tone laced with a dangerous edge.

He made sure the Katanas remained in place, serving as a constant reminder of the pain Sergei would face if he refused to cooperate.

Sergei's eyes darted nervously, not recognizing Wade as the target he was tasked to eliminate by Wilson Fisk.

"W-What happened-" Sergei quickly stopped himself and rephrased his question. "I mean, who are you?"

"Wade Wilson." He reveals his name. "You sent your men to my house... They're dead by the way. I'll send you the bill for the mess they made."

Immediately, fear washed over Sergei, torn between the danger posed by these intruders and the repercussions he would face from his own boss.

Just the thought of Fisk tightened his lips, unsure whether to remain silent or divulge the information he possessed.

As Wade continued to press Sergei, veiled threats barely contained, the mob boss relented. "L-Look, if I talk, I'm in big trouble..." He offered a cryptic hint, making the two wonder who wielded enough power to silence him like this.

Sergei knew his life hung in the balance, but he also knew that revealing too much could lead to dire consequences.

If he talks now, Kingpin will kill him. And if he doesn't talk, then these masked men will probably kill him as well.

Both roads lead to death and he couldn't do anything about it.

While the conversation unfolded, Peter seized the opportunity to investigate further.

Snatching Sergei's phone, he deftly scrolled through the most recent calls and contacts, hoping to uncover evidence of the person responsible for ordering the hit on Wade.

Every passing second was crucial as they sought to untangle the web of intrigue surrounding them.

Just as Peter began to find valuable information, the sound of a gunshot echoed through the room.

Startled, he turned to witness Wade holding his smoking desert eagle, a lifeless Sergei sprawled on the bed.

Shock registered on Peter's face as he realized the missed opportunity to extract more information.

"You should have kept him alive, You Idiot." Peter chastised, his disappointment palpable. "He knew more than he was saying."

Wade shrugged nonchalantly, his annoyance evident. "He outlived his usefulness. Besides, he almost killed Vanessa. He deserved a lot worse."

Peter sighed, recognizing Wade's impulsive nature.

Returning to the phone, Peter went to Sergei's calls and tapped on the most recent number, which called him only 15 minutes ago.

'Suspicious...' Peter thought as the phone began to ring.

"What are you doing?" Wade asks as Peter held his finger to his masked lips, motioning for him to keep quiet as he turned on the speakerphone.

"Sergei?" A deep raspy voice answered. "Is the job done? Is he dead?"

"?!" Wade reacted quickly and snatched the phone out of Peter's hand.

"Hello? Sergei?" Fisk called out over the receiver, irritated.

Wade grinned beneath his mask, his eyes narrowing as he recognized the voice. "Well, hello there, buttercup," he replied, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Don't worry about little old Sergei, your underling didn't suffer for too long."

As a former member of New York City's underworld, Wade has taken a few jobs from Kingpin, so he could at least recognize the voice.

Though he doesn't know the Kingpin's real name or what he looks like.

And as he found out who was behind his death order, Wade realized what this was about. "So, you're still mad about that time in the Bronx, huh? It's been almost 4 years, you know? Most people would have moved on by now."

"Moved on?!" Fisk nearly shouted from the other end, understanding exactly who he was talking to right now. "Not only did you protect the target I paid you to kill, but you even killed my men when they came to do the job that you couldn't."

"Well, I told you no kids." Wade shrugged as he spoke. "So, Mr. Big Shot Kingpin, how about we have a little chat? I'd love to meet up in person. Somewhere private. Just you and me." He offered, threateningly.

Kingpin's voice grew cold and menacing. "You have no idea who you're dealing with..."

"Oh, I know exactly who I'm dealing with." Wade shot back, his tone growing more serious. "You wanted me dead, and you put my fiancé's life at risk. Now it's time for you to bend over and take your punishment like a man."

A sigh crept through the receiver as Kingpin spoke. "Have a good night, Wade. And make sure to keep that fiancé of yours safe. New York is a very dangerous city, after all."

"Suck a fat c*ck! Toodles!" Wade replied cheerfully as the call came to an end.

"Who was that?" Peter asked, feeling as though the voice was familiar.

"Kingpin." Wade reveals as Peter's eyes widen in realization. "He's a big player in this city. I've taken a few jobs from him in the past. The last one ended in a small disagreement..."

A man in his mid twenty's stood at the entrance of the gate to K'un-Lun, his gaze unwavering as he guarded its mystical barrier.

Standing at an average height, his athletic build exuded a sense of agility and strength honed through years of intensive martial arts training.

His face bore traces of his arduous life, with a rugged handsomeness that spoke of both resilience and determination. His complexion, kissed by the sun, boasted a healthy glow that hinted at his time spent in the secluded city of K'un-Lun.

Deep, piercing blue eyes shimmered with a mix of curiosity and a hint of sorrow, reflecting the weight of his responsibilities and the losses he had endured.

The air was still, the only sound being the soft rustling of leaves in the breeze.

The gate, a monumental structure of ancient stone, stood imposingly before him. It had been fifteen years since he had last witnessed its opening on the day he arrived, and he had grown accustomed to the solitude of his duty.

As he stood there, lost in his thoughts, a hawk suddenly soared across the sky, catching Danny's attention. His eyes followed its graceful flight as it disappeared into the distance.

A sense of anticipation surged within him, as he knew that the hawk was leaving K'un-Lin.

The gate was open again!

The rare event was about to occur, and he had a fleeting opportunity to leave his post and venture out into the world beyond.

Danny's hand tightened as his fist began to glow in a yellow light, his mind racing with conflicting emotions.

He had spent his entire life training and preparing for this moment, dedicated to protecting K'un-Lun from any threat that may come through the gate.

Yet, a part of him yearned for something more—a chance to explore the outside world and find his purpose beyond the confines of the mystical city.

A solemn smile tugged at the corners of Danny's mouth as he slowly turned his back to K'un-Lun, his eyes lingering on the gate one last time. "Farewell..." he whispered, his voice filled with both gratitude and sorrow.

With a decisive step forward, he began his journey, following the hawk's path.

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Days later, Danny stood on the deck of a large freight ship. The wind blowing his dirty blonde hair as he stood tall, his bare feet planted firmly on the metal deck.

He continued to wear the simple attire of a monk, a testament to his dedication and training in K'un-Lun.

His gaze was fixed on the vast expanse of the open sea, endless possibilities stretching out before him.

The rhythmic rocking of the boat brought a sense of calm to Danny's spirit. He closed his eyes, embracing the tranquility of the moment.

The boat sailed steadily onward, carrying him toward his new destiny.

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Finally, the iconic skyline of New York City appeared in the distance.

Danny's eyes widened with a mix of nostalgia and excitement.

The boat slowly approached the bustling harbor, its engines humming in the background.

With each passing moment, the anticipation within him grew stronger.

Danny took a deep breath, savoring the scent of the city he had longed to return to for so many years.

The boat came to a halt, and he stepped onto the dock, feeling the solid ground beneath his feet.

As he took his first steps toward the towering skyscrapers, a sense of familiarity washed over him, a sense of belonging.

He looked up at the cityscape, the shimmering glass and steel reflecting the sun's rays. "I'm finally home," Danny murmured, a sense of purpose radiating from his every word.