A Little Hiccup

by Crazysnakelover

Summary

While Peter was out patrolling as Spiderman, an incident occurs and something happens to him. Now he has to go to Tony for help, and their relationship will never be the same.

Shameless Irondad and Spiderson.

Notes

This is my first time posting on Archive of our Own. Hope you all Enjoy!
Prologue

It was a crisp chilly December evening. Stray flakes of snow could be seen falling in the lights of the city. Tony Stark sat in front of the desk in his office at the new Avengers facility in Upstate, New York, reading over the same paragraph in the dull contract Pepper was making him read.

To be honest, his mind was actually miles away, thinking about the beloved woman that was forcing him to do this mind numbing task, and the vacation to the Bahamas they were leaving for in just two days. With everything being so busy planning a wedding and running the Stark Industries business, the two had decided to take a much needed get away for Christmas. But Pepper insisted that he read and sign these last few contracts before they left. His first instinct would be to just scan the pages for signature and initial spots and leave it at that; but ever since that time the business lost $104,000 dollars (chump changes in Tony’s opinion) because he didn’t read the fine print on the contract close enough. Well, let’s just say Pepper has her ways of making sure he now reads every sentence before signing.

Which leads us back to why he’s staring glassy eyed at the same paragraph for the last ten minutes. Tony rubbed a hand over his face, in an attempt to re engage with the task at hand. God this was a snooze fest. Maybe he should call it a night, and finish it up tomorrow. Or maybe just get a bit of scotch to help him get the rest of the way through the current contract.

Before he could debate any more on which was the better option, his phone next to him lit up indicating an incoming call. Glancing down at the screen, he saw the name and goofy face of Peter Parker show up. The man rolled his eyes, but still smiled fondly. The kid probably wanted to tell him about something that happened on his patrol this evening. The kid still mostly gave his reports to Happy, but every once in awhile when something kind of big or out of the ordinary happened, he would call Tony as well.

Tony allowed the call to go to voicemail as usually. He always listened to the kids messages later when he had time. Ever since the Vulture incident happened a little over a year ago, Tony had attempted to be more involved with the kid, with not too much success. (Hey he would be the first to admit to not being a grade A mentor), but he still paid a bit more attention to the reports Happy transferred to him, which is a lot more than what he did before the Vulture incident. And he made more of an effort to call and check in with the kid… at least once every … two months? And he even had the kid come over to facility a couple times for suit upgrades. The last time mind you, he reactivated the A.I. installed with his suit. The boy was ecstatic. So Tony still counted all that as a win.

With a shake of his head, Tony went back to the task at hand. This boring stack of papers, absently waiting for the ping sound from his phone, indicating a new voicemail message. After about ten minutes he suddenly realized that the sound never happened. A slight frown formed on his lips. That was… odd. The man tried to recall a time when the kid called but left no message, and he couldn’t.

Chalking it up to some random teenage angst, or something, Tony once again went back to reading the contract in front of him. He finally managed to start reading the next paragraph down the page, and was stuck on that paragraph for the next twenty minutes. But it was for a different reason this time. He began to get a prickly feeling on his skin, the kind you get when you feel like your being watched. And he was. Something was crawling outside the window that Tony’s back was facing. It was small, and looked shadowy against the dark night sky. It stared at him for a moment before crawling out of site.

Tony turned around to look at the now empty window. The hair on the back of his neck stood up,
despite the fact that he saw nothing there. His eyes returned to the paper, and seconds later the shadowy figure returned. Crawling across the window, and again out of site. Tony quickly swung around just in time to catch a glimpse of it before it was out of sight. The billionaire then swiveled his chair around so he could stare intently at the window, waiting for whatever it was to show up again.

By chance the shadowy figure was now peeking through the window on the other side of the building now. It waved a tiny dark arm, as if trying to draw attention on itself. But when it didn’t work, it crawled out of sight again, just in time for Tony to swing around again, and see nothing but a blank dark window.

The sudden sharp noise of his phone ringing, gave Tony quite a jump that he would never admit to anyone. The caller ID showed Pepper Potts, and the billionaire immediately answered it. Although he was still quite distracted at figuring out what exactly was creeping on him, and was it host? “Hi babe,” he greeted distractedly, turning around yet again to look at the other window.

“Tony, I just finished up the rest of details on the Ashton Agreement,” His beloved's voice flowed through the speaker into his ear, slightly taking away the eerie feeling that currently pricked his skin. “I’ll be flying out to Miami in the morning, to oversee the start up.”

“Sounds great Hon…” Tony responded still glancing around at all the windows.

“Did you get those contracts signed?”

“Um… y...yeah- I mean no not yet. I’m working on it, but don’t worry it will get done.”

It sounded very much like Tony was just goofing around in his lab, and lying through his teeth. But in truth, the man was still distracted about the feeling of being watched. So he kept turning around in circles looking at all his windows trying to catch another glimpse at the culprit. Pepper however thought he was doing exactly what it sounded like he was doing. “Tony,” her voice was full of warning. “You know how important this is. I know you don’t like the tedious paperwork, and boring meetings. So I try really hard to keep your participation minimal, and the few times I need you to-”

“Woah, woah! Pep calm down. I’m doing it ok. I’m actually looking at the Kelton contract as we speak. I plan to have it signed tonight, and I’ll get the last one signed tomorrow.” Tony hearing the distress in his lovers voice finally stopped looking out the office windows, and gave his full attention to the phone call.

“Ok…” she sounded guilty. “I’m sorry Tony, it’s been a long day.”

“Sounds like you need this vacation more than me.”

A breathy laugh sounded on the other end of the phone. “I’m only expecting the oversee to take a couple of hours, then I’ll be flying out.”

“Yep, I’ll be seeing you at the hotel Friday night… oh and wear something nice… if you know what I mean.”

By ‘something nice’, this was code for ‘nothing at all’ and Pepper gave another giggle over the phone. “Get your head back into the paperwork Stark, or the next two days are going to be long.”

“I love you sweetheart,” Tony spoke, his voice full of affection.

“I love you two. Have a good night.”

Tony ended the call with a slight smile on his face. He was totally whipped over that woman, not
that he would admit it to anyone but himself. A sharp tingling sensation running up his spine reminded him of the unknown whatever that was watching him. It was behind him, he could feel the eyes staring at him. What could it be? Another alien attack? Someone seeking revenge? A crazed fan. Very slowly he reached a finger up to his chest to hit a button on the side of his arch reactor.

The button that only put armor over his right hand and forearm. He felt the nanotechnology grow over his skin until the armor covered up till his elbow.

His pulse beat deep in his eardrums. Did it have a weapon also? Could be ready to attack any second. With a quick blow out of breath, Tony swung around, armored hand outstretched ready to fire. His came face to face, with a blue eyed, brown haired… baby?

Well baby was generic term, he’s referred to 5 year olds as babies. This one was definitely younger than 5, but older than a new born. The baby was at least old enough to distinguish that he was male and not female. “What the-” he swore loudly. A million different things could have been going through Tony’s mind at that moment. Like why was a very young child hanging off his third story office window. What actually went through his mind however was ‘Oh my God, a little baby is outside his window, at 10:30 at night in the middle of December. He must be freezing.’

The billionaire stared dumbfound at the child for several moments before his thoughts connected with his mouth. “Friday, open east side office window,” he spoke to his A.I. and a moment later the window was sliding open, letting in breathtaking cold air.

The shivering child wasted no time, crawling through the now open window, and tumbled forward onto the floor with a thud and slight whine. This is when Tony noticed that besides the overly large T-shirt that hung over his body like a dress, he was wearing no other clothes; as the shirt had ridden up on his back showing his naked bottom cheeks to the world. Tony awkwardly pulled the shirt back down to cover his nakedness, and at the same time the child pushed himself into a sitting position. A large shiver ran through his little body, and he wrapped his tiny arms around himself.

“Oh kid,” Tony spoke, not even sure if the kid was old enough to understand him. “I don’t know who you are, or how you got here. But you need to back to whatever you belong, right now.”

The kids next words left Tony speechless. “M-Mr. St-arrk it’s me,” the kids teeth chattered as he spoke. “P-Peter… Park-ker.”
Congratulations it's Peter!

Chapter Notes

Here's a nice long chapter for you.

Thanks to everyone who commented and gave kudos. I was blown away by the response the last chapter got, you guys are all awesome! I do request to please, please, please be patient with updates. I have a super busy schedule, so my time for writing is literally... half hour here... an hour there... wait I have five minutes to write this down on a napkin... :]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony Stark stared at the shivering child before him for several long moments. He must have been struck silly, because he thought that the kid had just told him that he was Peter Parker. And it was impossible for this kid to be Peter. When he finally found his voice, the billionaire laughed a little bit. “Funny kid. I don’t know who put you up to this joke, but your age is off by about 16 years.”

“H-Hey!” the boy said indignantly his little body still shuddering with shivers. His tiny arms snaked around himself to gain more warmth. “I’m older than a new born.”

The billionaire did give him that. He was aware enough about that kid to know that he was now 16 years old. So yes telling him that he was 16 years off would indicate the kid impersonating Peter was a new born, and he had already distinguished in his mind that the kid in front of him was older then an new born and- Tony was suddenly jared from his inner ramblings by suddenly realizing that strangeness of the kids statement. He could do math? Sure it was low grade basic math, but normally kids that are shorter than his knees in height can’t do any math.

Upon closer inspection of the trembling child, Tony saw that the over large T-shirt the boy was wearing had a cheesy science joke on it. And if he didn’t know any better, he’d say that the shirt was probably about Peter’s size. That didn’t mean anything though… this could just be some elaborate joke that the teen decided to play on him. Hire a kid that looks like a younger version of himself, coach him on things to say, give him one of his T-shirts to wear. It wouldn’t be that hard right? “Ok kid, if you’re really Peter Parker then tell me how you find acceleration in g’s?” Tony realized after asking the question that even if this was an age regressed Peter Parker, the current age he would never be able to answer a question like that.

He was surprised however when the kid correctly answered, “Just add up all the acceleration vectors to find the net acceleration.”

A long silence stretched between the two, only broken by the kids chattering teeth until Tony finally said, “Is it too much of a stretch to think that you just had a lucky guess?”

The child gave an exasperated sigh, looking very much like a teenage toddler, and his blue eyes swerved in his eye sockets awkwardly. It almost looked like he was trying to roll his eyes but didn’t quite know how to. “Mr. Stark it really is me. I even have my spiderman powers. Can there be any other reason why I’d be crawling around on a window?”

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose, in attempts to ward off the oncoming headache. This was just
too much strangeness for this late at night. First some creepy whatever his spying on you, now a
small spider baby crawls through the window and claims to be the 16 year old kid you’ve been
mentoring for a year and a half. “Listen kid, you can’t possibly be Peter Parker because Parker is a
16 year old high school student.”

“Look I can prove it!” the tiny child shouted in exasperation, and reached for the two items he hadn’t
realized until now, had fallen to the floor when the kid crawled through. “Look,” the boy held up the
first item. “Here’s one of the web shooters you made for me. The other one is in my room, since they
don’t fit my wrists anymore I could only use one to hold on to while I swung here.” He then picked
up the second item on the floor. “And this is Peter Parker’s cell phone, you can check for yourself
that it has your and Happy’s numbers in it.”

Tony ran an agitated hand through his hair. “Ok, I’ll admit. You sound pretty convincing. But
seriously. How could you go from teen Peter to pint sized Peter. If I recall, I believe ageing does not
go backwards?”

The child’s only response to that was a whimpering groan. He had resumed his previous actions of
wrapping his arms around his little body, shivering. A pang of sympathy ran through the man.
Whether this was his mentee or not, he was still a very small child that had just come out of 6 degree
weather in the middle of the night.

With another sigh, Tony grabbed a spare blanket he kept lying on the office couch, wrapped his
snugly around the small boy, and brought him over to the couch. “Ok,” he looked into his wide blue
eyes. “Start explaining kid, and it better be good.”

The child gave one last shuddering shiver before he began speaking in his high pitched little voice so
unlike Peters. “Ok, so I was out patrolling as Spiderman and I came across these guys trying to break
into a house.” The kids voice, if possible got higher, and the speed of his speech sped up rapidly as
he continued. “They were using these weird weapons that looked like they could have been modified
by alien tech. So I go up them right, and I say ‘hey guys get locked out or something?’” The young
child then went into a long explanation about every snarky comment he made, and every punch
thrown at him, and every punch he threw. This kid certainly rambled on the way his teenage intern
did. Finally after about 10 minutes of this Tony lost his patients and snapped, “Get to the point
shrimp.”

This only earned him a mild glare from the kid, along with what he wanted. “Well anyway. After all
that happened, they shot at me with the gun, and the next thing I know, I’m this size with my
spiderman suit, and web shooters falling off me because they’re too big.”

Tony felt anger grow in him as he realized what this meant if the kid really was Peter. “Ok small fry.
You better really hope your not Peter right now, because if you are then you’re in huge trouble.” A
small pout formed on the child’s lips, as he stared up at the man with confusion. The look almost
made Tony drop his anger. Almost. “Because if you are Peter Parker, then I specifically told you that
if you ever come across weapons like that, you were supposed to call Happy or myself. And in that
whole rambling session, I don’t recall hearing anything about that. Which means you directly
disobeyed by orders.”

The boy looked down at the ground in shame. God it was hard enough seeing teenage Peter with
that look at his face. Seeing a very small child with that look was almost unbearable. “I’m sorry Mr.
Stark,” the child sniffled, and quickly rubbed a tear away from his eye. “It just all happened so fast. I
didn’t think about it.”

To to billionaire’s horror, the kid in front of him began to cry. Way to go Stark, making a baby cry.
He had absolutely no idea, what he was supposed to do about this. “H-Hey, wait. Stop, I- just- I
mean… just- stop crying!” he finally yelled at the kid in desperation.

The child flinched, looking up at him with wide tear filled eyes. He did stop crying, so that was a plus. He took a quick hiccupsing breath, as if trying to get a hold of himself, but tears still leaked from his blue orbs. His face was flushed red, like he was embarrassed. “S-Sorry Mr-Mr. Stark. I… I do-n’t know what’s c-come over m-me… hic.”

“It’s ok kid,” Tony was visibly relieved that the kid was making an effort to not cry. “I’m not mad. Just- just don’t cry, ok?”

The child nodded his head, taking another breath to compose himself. After everything that had happened in the past 20 minutes, Tony was almost convinced that the sniveling kid before him was a shrunken down version of his mentee. But a small voice in his mind still continued saying ‘could be a hoax.’ Maybe the only reason he was still listening to this voice is because he really didn’t want it to be true. Seriously he about to go on the vacation of a lifetime with the woman of his dreams. Having Spiderman get turned into a little baby was going to complicate things. “All right,” Tony sighed, running a hand through his tousled hair. “Let’s go down to the lab, and get some answers.”

With a final sniff, the little boy before him nodded in agreement bringing his arm up to scrub away the last trace of tears from his flushed face. Tony picked the child up into his arms to carry him, and the boy flushed even more red, tracing up the tips of his hears. “Mr. Stark its ok,” he mumbled in a soft embarrassed voice. “I can walk on my own…?”

“Suit yourself kid.” Tony responded, eager for a reason to put the child down. He had no idea how to handle someone this small. He could break the kid’s bones by squeezing him too hard for all he knew.

Tony led the way out of the office. The kid had to run just to keep up, and even then Tony had to stop and wait for his little legs to catch up more then once before they got to their destination. He ended up going to the medical unit in the building rather than his own personal lab because there were still staff on the clock this late at night in the med bay, and the less he handled small children the better.

“Why aren’t we going to your lab?” the child asked as Tony opened the door to the medical unit.

He thought for a moment how to respond. He couldn’t tell the kid the truth; that he just wanted someone else to perform the tests that will answer his questions. He finally settled with, “I just need someone’s help who works in here,” he held the door open to allow the child to walk in first.

The medical unit was set up like a large examination room with a lab attachment in the same area. One side of the room consisted of 3 examination tables all spread equally apart, and a large counter with drawers, cupboards, and overhead cupboards filled with medical supplies. The other half the room was set up like a science lab. There were also several doors around the room that lead to smaller rooms with beds in it. That way if someone got injured or sick they could do an examination, and then have the patient wait in one of the bedrooms while they did their lab tests.

There was one woman in the lab, looking at something through a microscope. She looked up at them when the door opened, and her eyes widened in surprise at the sight of them. “Mr. Stark? How can I help you this evening?”

“Need a blood test done.”

The woman looked even more surprised at this response, which was understandable. Everyone who worked here was very aware that Tony never let anyone do any medical tests on him. If he ever
needed his blood tested, he’d do it himself in his own lab. So he wasn’t at all surprised when she asked with disbelief, “For you?”

“No, no on the kid,” Tony gestured at the little child who was now hiding behind his legs.

“Oh,” she raised her eyebrows at the man in confusion but knew better then to ask questions. “Yeah, ok. Um… get him on the table.” She then walked away to grab the needed equipment.

“Ok kid, need help up on the table?” Tony turned to kid, and found he had backed away some, looking more than a little nervous. “What’s up?”
“Is she gonna have to draw some blood?” the child’s voice squeaked with fear.

“Um… yeah.” Tony’s voice had a hint of sarcasm in it. “Generally when you get a blood test, you have to get… blood. So come on, get up on the table.” The only movement the boy made was, backing further away. “Don’t tell me you afraid of needles?”

At the boys hesitant nod, Tony let out a groan of exasperation. Was this kid trying to be difficult. “Come on kid!” the man squatted down to the boys level and spoke in a whisper. “You’re trying to convince me that you’re Peter Parker, and I know for a fact that Parker had gone through a lot worse than a needle prick. Come on, it's the only way we can get answers to fix this.”

The child shook his head with a firm, “Mm-mm!”

Tony went back to full height his voice becoming firm with frustration, “It will only hurt for like two seconds.”

The boy childishly jumped up and down shouting, “Nooooooo!”

A soft giggle brought Tony’s attention away from the little brat he was trying hard not to strangle. “Is someone a little nervous?” the woman who seemed to have gotten everything ready, was now standing right behind Tony smiling down at the pouting boy.

That’s an understatement Tony thought to himself. “Would you like me to help?” she asked Tony, who gladly motioned with his hand for her to give it a shot. She went down to the boys level and held her arms open, “Come here sweetheart.”

The kid shook his head firmly, moving further away from the two adults. “I promise, all I want is a hug. I’m not going to poke you with anything until your ready. No surprises,” the woman spoke in a very soft, gentle voice.

There was a little bit more hesitance from the child, but after a moment he slowly inched his way towards the woman’s outstretched arms. When the boy got close enough, she wrapped her arms around his little body. Tony was surprised to see the child melt into her embrace, totally drinking in her affection. The woman snaked her arms under the child’s bottom and lifted him up into her arms, allowing him the snuggle into her chest. She made it look so easy. “Ok little one. Here’s what’s going to happen. Your um…” she gave Tony a questioning look.

“Mr. Stark,” Tony replied. He knew that she was probably expecting him to say ‘dad’ or ‘uncle’ or something that indicate how he was related to this child. If she was confused by the response, she didn’t show it. “Mr. Stark really needs me to get some of your blood. It’s going to help you get better,” she must have thought the kid was sick. And if they found out he really was Peter Parker, then Tony wound totally agree that he was sick. De-aging can be a sickness right? “We’re just going to give your skin a little pinch, that will give us the blood we need, and then it will be all done. So if you can be really brave, I’ll let you have a special sticker.”
Tony wasn’t at all surprised when the child shook his head ‘no.’ I mean seriously, all she was offering was a sticker. A kid probably wouldn’t even clean his room up for a sticker. “How about a lollipop?” she suggested next.

A lollipop? Seriously. This woman obviously didn’t know anything about bribery, you got to go bigger. “How about I take you for a ride with the Iron Man suit?” Tony suggested, and the boy perked up at hearing that.

He still looked a bit hesitant though, “and a sticker and lollipop?”

Ok, one for the lady, it seemed that stickers and lollipops could be good bribery tools for children. He’d have to remember that for later, stickers are a lot cheaper then the I-pods he normally uses for bribery. “That sounds like a good deal,” the woman said with a laugh. She walked over to the closest examination table and sat the child down on top of it.

Despite the rewards he was going to get after this was done, the boy still trembled slightly with fear, tears leaking from his blue eyes in anticipation. “Maybe you squeeze Mr. Starks hand, to help,” the lady suggested while cleaning a spot on his arm with an alcohol swab.

The kid immediately reached a hand out for Tony. The billionaire was a little annoyed she suggested this without asking him first, but it could have been worse. She could have suggested he hold the child. So he reached his hand out toward the child. His hand was so small that he ended up only being able to wrap it around one of his fingers. “All right,” the doctor got the needle ready, “just a little pinch.” Tony felt the kids hand squeeze tightly around his finger, and he began to cry, “Almost done.”

She continued drawing blood until she had about 10 ml. and quickly pulled the needle out and put a band-aid over the hole. With the kids healing power, it would probably heal within minutes, “All done,” she said cheerfully, and Tony wondered why she bothered with being so chipper; the kid was a sobbing mess right now and probably didn’t even notice. She walked away to go package the blood sample.

Tony knew he probably should try and comfort the child somehow, that's what you do for crying children right? But he didn't think he was ready for the hugging and cuddling thing, so he settled on patting the boy on the back awkwardly, which did seem to help somewhat, that or the kid was just trying to compose himself on his own. The woman came back with her hands full of rewards, “I know what’s going to help you feel better,” she placed a large round sticker that said ‘Stark Industries’ on the front of the T-shirt the kid was wearing.

The child looked down at the sticker, smiling around the thumb that he was now sucking on. “And what color do you want?” she held out 4 different colored lollipops, and the kid used his free hand to grab the red colored one. He made eye contact with Tony, seeing that the man was watching him and quickly popped the thumb out of his mouth blushing deeply.

“We’ll do your third reward tomorrow,” Tony told him with a smirk at the kids obvious embarrassment at being caught sucking his thumb.

“What type of blood test did you need done Mr. Stark,” the woman asked.

“I need you to compare it with another sample, and see if they match.”

“You want to know if their blood types match?”

“No, I need to know if they come from the same person.”
“That shouldn’t be too difficult,” she walked to the other side of the room to get the sample ready. “Which sample did you want me to compare it with?”

“With SP15,” Tony responded moving towards the kid to help him unwrap the lollipop wrapper he was struggling with. “How long will it take to get the results?”

The woman went over to the freezer that stored the blood samples, “Once I get it into the machine, it will only take a few minutes.”

While she went to work on getting the test results, Tony began to talk to the kid in an attempt to get him calm again. Large tears were still falling from his eyes, as he sucked on the lollipop in his mouth. “All right, we should have the results in about five minutes,” the woman announced after a few minutes.

“While we’re waiting, do you think you can help me figure out how old the kid is?” Tony asked her.

The woman raised her eyebrows at him in confusion, “You don’t know?”

“No I don’t. It’s kind of a long story.”

“Well there isn’t really a way to determine someone’s exact age without a birth certificate, but there are ways you can make a good estimate.” Went went over to the child and tapped her finger on his chin in indication to open his mouth. The child complied without hesitance, and she shone a penlight into his mouth. “His speech seems very advanced, almost like an adult,” she mused. “But we all know your not an adult huh?” She raised the pitch of her voice a little higher, the way most people do when talking to small children, and playfully poked his nose. The boy giggled at her, playfully swiping at her hand. The doctor laughed, clicking the pen light off. “Going by the amount of molars he has, I’d say he’s probably about 23 or 24 months.”

“Which would make him…?”

“About two years old.”

That made Tony sigh. In his mind a two year old was the same as a three month old, and a five year old. He had no idea what to do with a kid that young. After a few more minutes, she announced, “The results are done,” and he turned his attention towards her. She looked at the page that was printed out for a moment before saying, “The results are positive.”

“So the two blood samples are.”

“From the same person.”

So it was true. The kid was Peter Parker. Some alien weapon had turned him into a toddler, and this had to happen now of all times? Right before his vacation to the Bahamas. He had two days to get this fixed. Or maybe he could just drop the kid off at his aunts, and then deal with all this when he got back.

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Tony was walking down the hallway with the two year old Peter balanced on his hip. He had convinced the child to let him be carried with the argument that it would be faster. And the kid was so tired at the moment, he didn’t put up much of an argument. “All right kid, here’s the deal. I’m about to go on a trip; need to be on the plane in two days.”

Peter looked at the floor, eyes downcast. “I’m sorry… didn’t mean to cause you trouble.”

“Yeah, sure kid. So here’s how it’s going to go down. I’m going to have Happy, drive you back to your aunt’s place, you can stay with her and she’ll take care of you till I get back.” Peter's eyes
widened at these words, and he began frantically shaking his head. “Relax,” Tony continued. “As soon as I get back I’ll work on figuring out a way to change you back.”

“No, No Mr. Stark you can’t! My Aunt can not know about this!”

Tony stopped walking and looked directly at the kid’s face. “Why not?”

“Because she will totally freak out. I can’t handle it when she freaks. Please Mr. Stark I’m begging you!” The child looked at him with those soft sad puppy eyes again. God how could anyone resist those eyes, they were worse than Peppers.

“So then what are you going to tell her while I’m trying to figure this out. Because I doubt we’ll be able to fix this in an hour, and she’s probably wondering where you are right now?”

The only word that could describe the look that fell onto Peters face was disappointment. Like he legitimately thought Tony would be able to fix this in an hour, and his dreams had just be crushed. “Well, my aunt thinks I’m staying at my friend Ned’s house tonight, and tomorrow she’s leaving for the weekend on a business trip for her work. So she’s not actually expecting to see me again for a couple of weeks because I’m supposed to be spending Christmas break with Ned’s family, who’s going on vacation to L.A.”

Tony pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to figure out the best way to handle this. Why couldn’t he just look the kid in the eye and say ‘no we’re doing things my way?’ He knew that it would be easy enough to just say that and drop him in his aunt’s lap so he could be her problem for the week. Maybe it was the fear that he might start crying again. Two year old Peter seemed to be much more of a cry baby then teenage Peter. And he wasn’t good at handling tears from either age. “Please Mr. Stark. If you can figure out how to fix me soon enough, then we can both go on our vacations.”

“Fine,” the billionaire relented with a groan of frustration. “The things I do for you kid… but we’re starting right now kid. We’re going to go to my lab, and start figuring this out. Don’t expect to get much sleep in the next couple of days.”

“Thank you Mr. Stark!” Peter cried out in his little squeaky voice, crushing against the man’s chest in a hug.

“Yeah, yeah, kid. Just tell me everything you can think about that weapon. What it looked like what color it was. Give me every detail.”

Peter began listing off everything he could remember about the weapon shot at him as Tony carried him towards his private lab. But before they even made it half way, the kid suddenly stopped short with a sudden “Oh no…”

“What? What’s that proble- WHAT THE-” Tony swore loudly as he suddenly felt warm liquid run down his leg forming a wet spot on his pants.

He quickly pulled Peter away from his body, and saw that the front of Peter’s large T-shirt had a wet spot as well. The child’s face was bright red, looking humiliated. “I’m so sorry Mr. Stark, I-I didn’t mean to.”

Tony roughly set Peter back on the ground, and let out a long string of colorful swear words that made the child start crying and apologizing repeatedly. The two were making such a loud ruckus that someone came to investigate. “Yeah, something is going down over here,” a voice was heard approaching the hallway. “I’m going to check it out now,” Happy Hogan walked into the hallway and stopped short at sight before him.
It was indeed a strange sight. A red faced Tony Stark, cursing like a sailor, stood over a young sobbing child who appeared to be sitting in a puddle of urine going by the smell. Happy cleared his throat to get his boss’s attention, “Um… can I help with something?”

Tony took a deep breath, trying to compose himself, and then puffed it out. “I just figured out, in the worst way possible, that the kid is not house broken.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry I didn’t mean to!” Peter continued to wail, not really paying attention to what the other two were saying.

Happy winced sympathetically, noticing the wet spot on Tony’s pants. “Well boss, I’m not going to say that I’m an expert on children. But I don’t think yelling at the kid is going to help.”

“Tell me that when you got piss all over your pants,” Tony snapped with a deep growl. He turned his back to them, letting out a few more swear words.

“What are you doing with a kid anyway?”

“Its Peter…”

Happy blinked in confusion, “Peter? As in Spiderman Peter?”

“No, I mean the Peter running the hot dog stand- of course Spiderman Peter! What other Peter would I be talking about!” Tony was now facing the other man, his face looking thunderous.

“Well it’s just that… the last time I saw the kid he was a bit… bigger?”

“Nice catch Captain obvious.”

“Well how did he get like this!” Happy was now shouting as well. A little bit from frustration, and a little bit because the kid’s crying was getting so loud, he practically had to shout just to be heard.

“He shrunk in the wash- how the f- should I know. He just came to me saying that he was hit by some weird ass alien weapon that turned him into a pint sized brat. So now I got this shit to deal with, while trying to finish up all the shit Pepper wants me to do before our vacation in two days- and would you just shut the f- up kid! God!”

“Tony!” Happy gave him a ‘that really wasn’t helpful’ look as Peter began to sob all the more loudly. His blabbered apologies no longer comprehensible. “Ok… let's take this one step at a time. So the first thing you got to do is calm down.” Tony responded to this with a glare that could kill. “I know this must be frustration,” Happy added quickly.

“More like infuriating!” Tony roared. Happy was his best friend, but seriously, he in no way could understand.

“Yes, I get it ok,” Happy empathized sincerely. “But seriously Tony, yelling and screaming at the kid isn’t going to make it go away. He’s obviously sorry, I mean look at him?”

The two men stared at the child crying in a puddle of urine and misery, and felt his heart strings tug with pity. Deep down he knew that his best friend was right. All he was doing was making things worse, he knew that it was an accident, and Peter did not intend for it happen. But seriously, of all the times for the kid to lose control of his bladder, it had to be when he was carrying the kid. He should have just insisted on having the kid walk on his own. It’s not like he would have argued. Tony let out a long sigh of defeat, as all his anger deflated out of him. “So what am I supposed to do with him?” he dearly hoped that Happy wasn’t going to suggest cuddling the kid.

“I don’t know Tony. What would you want done if you were in his position?”
Tony walked out of the steamy bathroom connected to his bedroom, with a towel wrapped around his waist. Things always seemed so much more manageable, after a warm shower. It also showed him how tired he truly was, and he wasn’t the only one. Peter was lying on his bed, wrapped up in only a towel; having taken a shower himself, before Tony.

The billionaire couldn’t quite nail down what was going on inside that kids brain. On one hand, his mind still seemed to be at the age of sixteen, despite being in a two year old body. He still had all his memories prom the past 16 years, and he was embarrassed at the idea of Tony helping him take a shower. So the boy insisted on showering without help. On the other hand, the kid seemed to find himself falling into habits you associate with very young children. For example, Pete was now half asleep on the bed sucking his thumb. And there were already numerous occasions of crying Tony had never seen teenage Peter do.

Tony smiled to himself as he stared at the boy. He really did look kind of adorable lying there, eyes half closed, sucking on his little thumb with one hand and mindlessly playing with his wet hair with his other hand. He couldn’t let the kid fall asleep though. Not until he was wearing some protective gear. He had sent Happy to the nearby convenience store a little bit ago to get anything that would be helpful for a two year old, and diapers were #1 on the list. “Hey kid don’t fall asleep yet!” Tony called out startling the kid a bit.

The boy quickly popped his thumb out of his mouth, and sat up on the bed. His eyes were downcast, looking ashamed. “I’m really sorry Mr. Stark…”
“I know kid…” Tony sighed. “You’ve said that a million times now.” Peter looked at his feet in shame. “Look it’s late, and we’re both really tired. So I’ve decided that we’re going to call it a night. Let’s both get a good nights sleep, and we’ll tackle this in the morning. But you got to stay awake until we can get a diaper on you-”

“What!” Peter’s eyes widened, the sleepy look completely gone now, replaced with a look of horror. “N-No! Please Mr. Stark- It was an accident. I promise it won’t happen again.”

Tony firmly shook his head. “Nope. Sorry kid. I’m not going to let you piss all over my bed. I said I would help you get back to normal, I never said I would be cleaning up your… accidents..”

“But I won’t!” Peter yelled, looking almost on the verge of tears again. In fact Tony could see the tears pooling in his eyes as he spoke. “Really, with all the stuff that happened I was really distracted, and I just didn’t recognize the warning signs. Please Mr. Stark give me another chance…”

With a drawn out groan, Tony ran both hands through his hair, and grabbed fist fulls of his brown locks. He really was way too tired to argue about this. But he really didn’t want to clean up after any accidents, “Ok fine. But if you piss on me again-”

“I promise I won’t.”

“Or I have to help you clean up any of your messes, then you’re getting a diaper. Understood?”

“Yes! Thank you so much Mr. Stark,” the child stood up on the bed, making sure that the towel was still wrapped around him, and jumped at his mentor crushing him in a hug.

Tony almost fell over in surprised, not anticipating this move, he blamed it on the tiredness. “Um…” he said awkwardly. Both of them were completely naked apart from wearing towels, and the kid was hugging him. This situation just didn’t seem right. “Yeah, sure kid,” he pried the child off his chest and set him back on the bed. Peter was blushing bright red again, seeming to be embarrassed by the same outburst of gratitude. Or maybe he was just uncomfortable for the same reason Tony was.
Tony didn’t comment on the obvious awkwardness between the two, and walked over to his dresser. He opened his drawers and pulled out a pair of pajama pants, and two T-shirts. “Here,” he tossed one of the shirts at Peter. “You can sleep in that tonight. Tomorrow, we can… get you some clothes that will fit…”
“T-Thanks…” Peter replied, still red faced to the tips of his ears. The awkwardness in the air still think enough to cut with a knife. He quickly slipped the shirt over him, after making sure that the towel was covering his lower half.

Now that his nakedness was covered, Peter slid off the bed. The T-shirt was so big on him, it practically touched the floor. “Friday, can you direct the kid to his bedroom?” Tony asked the A.I. looking up at the ceiling.

“Yes boss. Sir, when you leave the room, walk down the hallway to the right,” Friday responded in her irish automated voice.

“Good night Mr. Stark…” Peter waved at him shyly. “Thanks again… and again… I’m sorry…”

With that the kid quickly, ran towards the closed door. He was now too short to reach the doorknob, so he used his Spider Powers to crawl up the door a little ways to reach it. Once the kid left, and the door was closed again, the billionaire sighed deeply. He was in for a long night. When he told Peter that they were both going to get a good night's sleep and work on the problem tomorrow morning, he wasn’t being entirely honest. Yes the kid was going to go get some sleep. Himself on the other hand.

There was no way in hell he was going to let this little… hiccup, ruin his vacation with Pepper. He’d stay up for the next two days if he had to. But he was going to fix this, and he was going to the Bahamas. Even if he had to die trying. Which knowing the kid he was dealing with... he might.

Chapter End Notes

I do have a general point to the story that I'm working towards, but I'm also making this up as I go along. So if anyone has idea's or requests you would like to see in the story, I will take them into consideration. Just note that I'm trying to make this story as compliant as possible to the MCU timeline, so most of the other avengers won't be able to be able to make an appearance.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Here is chapter 3 for everyone. Sorry it's a little short. Thanks to all those who left comments. Every nice comment that is written is more fuel to keep me going. Now I know that it’s hard to wait for updates :) but please remember it's going to take 4 or 5 days or longer to write up each chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Peter Parker became aware of, in his fog of just waking up after a long sleep, was how soft of a bed he was in. There was no way this could possibly be his bunk bed; but if he wasn’t in his bed, then whose bed was he in…? He shifted his body around to lay on his side, relishing in the cool softness. It would be perfect if not for the uncomfortable wetness that surrounded him. Wait… wetness. Why was it wet….? It almost felt like he…

The boy’s stark blue eyes flew open, “Shit!” he swore sitting bolt upright. The shirt he was wearing, the bedsheets and all the blankets were wet, and smelled rank of stale urine. Everything now came back to him. What happened on patrol… having to swing all the way to the Avengers Facility to try and get Tony Starks help, and then accidentally… Peter flushed red at the memory of urinating all over Tony freaking Starks leg. There was no way in any lifetime he’d be able to live that one down.

The disappointment that came with realizing that everything that happened last night, wasn’t just some nightmare; and the humiliation he was currently feeling all flooded into his little body and threatened to overflow into a basket case of tears. Why did he suddenly have no control over his emotions. He knew that he was now in a toddler body, but he still generally felt like he was still sixteen. She should still be able to control himself. Telling himself this didn’t seem to help, as the tears started rolling down his little cheeks, staring at the mess of soiled sheets surrounding him. He promised Mr. Stark that he’d not have any more accidents; now look at the situation he was in. If the man found out about this, he’d force the boy to wear a diaper, and there was no way in hell he’d be caught wearing a diaper. Even if he was in a two year old body. It was not happening.

So as quickly as his little legs would allow. Peter jumped out of the wet soppy bed, and pulled the Smelly T-shirt off of his body. He tossed it onto the bed, and then began stripping the sheets off of the mattress. This process was a lot harder then one would think. His two year old body wasn’t as coordinated as sixteen year old body. So by the time all the soiled sheets and blankets were off the bed and wrapped up into a bundle on the floor, the boy was huffing and puffing, like he had just ran a marathon.

Ok Peter thought to himself. What do I do now? He looked over at the now sheetless bed mattress, and saw that it was still wet. “Um… Friday?” Peter glanced up at the ceiling speaking hesitantly. He wasn’t sure if the A.I. was always turned on, and if she would even hear him at the moment. And if she did, would she rat him out to Mr. Stark?

“Yes Mr. Parker?” the A.I. answered without hesitance.

The boy jumped slightly in surprised, having half expected her to not hear him. “Um… how do I get pee out of the mattress?”
“You will need special cleaning products, to do this task. Would you like me to inform Mr. Stark that you are in need of assistance?”

“No!” the boy almost shouted in alarm. He’d done this much without help from the billionaire, he wasn’t about to give up now. “I- I can do it. Just tell me what I need, and where to get it.”

“You will need baking soda to soak up the excess urine and a bottle of urine odor and stain removal spray.”

“Great,” the boy’s blue eyes lit up hopefully. It didn’t seem like it was going to be that hard to clean up his mess. “Where do I get those?”

“The baking soda can be located in the kitchen. Unfortunately, Mr. Stark does not own a urine odor and stain remover,” Friday added, and Peter sighed regretfully. Of course Mr. Stark wouldn’t own something like that. Why would he? It’s not like he normally has pets or young children who have accidents running around. “May I suggest using an alternative solution of water and vinegar, both of which can also be found in the kitchen.”

Peter smiled feeling hopeful again. “Yes! Thank you Friday.” Now he just had to sneak to the kitchen, get the supplies and hopefully get back here to clean up the evidence before his mentor found out. But first things first. He couldn’t very well run to the kitchen, stark naked as he was now standing. He needed to find something to wear. The child quickly threw the soiled bed sheets down the laundry shoot attached the bedroom he was in, (hopefully Mr. Stark didn’t do his own laundry) before checking the dresser for another large T-shirt he could wear.

To his delight, there was a large number of shirts in the first drawer he opened, and he quickly pulled one out. When he held it out in front of him to check the shirt size, Peter noticed the front had a cheesy math pun on it, and it also seemed to be the right size for his teenage self. The boy looked more closely at all the shirts in that drawer, and realized that they all could have come from his own closet.

At this point he took the time to look around the room he was in for the first time. Posters off all his favorite things littered the walls. The book shelves were filled with all of his favorite types of books. He even spied a Play Station 4 on the shelf over there with about 30 or 40 different games to go with it. If Peter didn’t know any better, he’d say that Tony Stark had set up this room just for him. But that was nonsense. Why would Mr. Stark set up his own bed room when he rarely came to the facility.

Peter didn’t take the time to dwell on this question. He had more pressing matters at hand. Quickly slipping on the first shirt he had pulled out of the drawer, the child stood up and ran to the bedroom door. Like when he was in Mr. Starks room last night, the door knob was too high for him to reach. At least he seemed to have kept his Spiderman powers, so it was easy enough to crawl up the door and reach the knob to open it.

Blue eyes peaked passed the door into the hallway, looking from one direction to the other. The coast seemed to be clear, so the child quietly slipped out of the room. “Friday, how do I get to the kitchen?” Peter whispered to make sure he wasn’t overheard.

He cringed when the A.I.’s response was glaringly loud, “Head left down the hallway.”

“Shh! Friday not so loud, I don’t want to be overhead,” the boy hissed glaring up at the ceiling.

“My apologies Mr. Parker,” she spoke in a much softer voice and the volume of the speakers seemed to have gone down significantly.
“It’s ok,” Peter felt a little bad at snapping at the machine. He wasn’t totally sure why though, considering she was only a machine and didn’t really have feelings, right? “Thanks for lowering your voice. Just wait until I ask before you give the next direction.”

He tip toed down the hall at first, but later began running so he could get to his destination faster. Once he reached the end of the hallway, Peter looked around the corner to see if anyone was nearby. The place appeared deserted, “Ok Friday, where do I go next?” Peter whispered.

The boy made his way down the next few hallways without incident. Right as he made it into the elevator room, his heart jumped into his throat, as he heard footsteps approaching. Peter quickly looked around for a place to hide, and not being able to find one he settled on crawling up onto the ceiling. He just barely made it before Happy walked into the room. He was carrying three or four shopping bags in his arms which led Peter to the conclusion that the man had just come back from the store. Peter waited in bated breath as Happy pushed the button to open the elevator and wait for it to arrive. He did not even realize that he was holding his breath until he let it out, after the man disappeared into the elevator.

It was just then that Peter realized that something must be wrong with his spider powers. His spider senses should have alerted him of Happy’s approaching presence long before he showed up. Sure the man wasn’t a danger to him, but his senses tended to change what was considered dangerous depending on his state of mind. There was a time, Peter was ditching class and his spider sense alerted him of nearby teachers.

Deciding it was probably safer to just stay on the ceiling, Peter crawled the rest of the way to the kitchen on the ceiling. Peter poked his little had into the kitchen, and looked around. The light was turned on, but he didn’t see anyone around. Thinking that the coast was clear, the boy gave a quiet sigh of relief and silently crawled his way into the kitchen. “Friday, where is the baking soda kept?” he whispered.

“The baking soda is in the third cupboard from the refrigerator, and the vinegar is stored under the sink,” Friday responded in the same soft voice she had been using since he snapped at her.

“Oh, thanks,” Peter responded and began making his way towards the refrigerator.

He was half way there when a voice stopped him in his tracks, “You cleaning something kid?”

Tony Stark, was leaning against the counter next to where the oven stood, sipping on a cup of coffee. Peter was so startled by his sudden appearance, that he lost his grip on the ceiling. “Woah!” he jumped slightly, fingers attached to the roof slipping. His body started to fall, and in a last stitch effort to cling to the ceiling, he reached out scraping his finger nails against the sheetrock. It didn’t work, and he fell 12 feet, forehead hitting the island counter before landed in a clump on the floor. An explosion of white hot pain erupted behind the boy’s eyes, and the breath was knocked out of his lungs. It seemed as if the pain that coursed through his body was too much for him to bear. The urge to burst into tears was almost overwhelming. But Peter knew that would be silly. Crying over a little fall like that, he’d gone through much worse while out as Spiderman, multiple times in one night. But this just seemed so much worse than anything he’d ever experienced. The boy clenched his teeth around his bottom lip so hard he probably drew blood. The intense feeling of pain overflowed into large tears that leaked from his blue eyes. Before Peter knew it, he was sobbing from the pain.

Tony did not seem to know what to do; and he probably didn’t. He stared at the crying child for a moment, then looked around as if hoping someone would pop out and tell him what he was supposed to do. When no one did, he took a few steps forward to stand in front of the boy who was a basketcase of sobs at the moment, “All right kid, let me see the damage?” He reached down and
looped both hands under the boy’s armpits and lifted him up to sit on the counter.

Peter had both of his little hands over the left side of his forehead, and refused to let Tony drag them away to look at the source of the pain in his head. “Come on kid let me see,” he voice was laced with the tiniest trace of frustration. But all that was going through Peter’s brain at the moment was that his head hurt, and anyone doing anything to it was going to make it worse.

The man did manage to pry his hands away from the wound, despite the boy using all the strength he had to stop him. Peter was aware that he was stronger than Mr. Stark so something was also wrong with his super strength. The billionaire frowned slightly as she stared at the small bleeding cut on his forehead, which gave the boy renewed sobs. He was sure the look meant that he was dying. “Dude, chill out Pete,” Mr. Stark said in a somewhat exasperated voice. “You sound like your dying. I’ve seen you get worse scrapes on your daily patrols.”

This caused the boy to be filled with shame, and only cried harder. He was acting like such a baby, and he just couldn’t pull himself together. For some reason it just felt like his little world was ending, and nothing anyone said or did was going to stop it. Peter let out a long drawn out wail of misery, as he buried his face into his little hands. He heard Mr. Stark give a growl deep in his throat, and stomped away. He returned a moment later with a first aid kit. Peter was so focused on his crying and misery that he barely noticed the sting of the alcohol swab Mr. Stark used to clean the cut.

“All right, come on kid. You’re over doing it now,” the man spoke again, as she placed a bandaid on the small cut. Peter continued to cry, and didn’t feel like stopping anytime. It’s like all the stresses he’s been fighting through since the moment he lost 14 years, had become too much, and he was now releasing it all into a puddle of tears in his lap.

If Mr. Stark was aware of this though, it didn’t seem to be a good enough excuse for him. Anger entered his eyes to join the frustration. “Peter! Stop crying right now!” the man pretty much yelled, and Peter just cried all the more harder. “Please kid…” now it sounded like the billionaire was begging, and this change of voice caused Peter to look up at the man. The look on Mr. Starks face was so lost it was almost comical, and it lightened the child’s heart enough to take a shuddering breath and try to compose himself.

Fat tears still leaked from his baby blues, despite this, and Peter reached an arm up to scrub them away even though were quickly replaced with more. “What do you want from me kid? Do you want cash? Video games? Your own lab? A pony, I’ll give you anything, just stop crying!” The desperation in Mr. Starks voice was too much, and a giggle fell from his lips.

“Oh you think this is funny?” the man glared at him. “You like having a front row seat, as a bumble around, not knowing what the hell I’m doing?”

Peter just giggled all the more, and for a moment it looked like the billionaire was going to start yelling again. But he seemed to think better of it. After all the kid wasn’t crying anymore which is what he obviously wanted, so he seemed to have decided to just roll with it. “Yeah your really enjoying this aren’t you,” Mr. Stark playfully poked Peter in the ribs, and the child grabbed his ribcage, quickly scooting away from the man giggling more. “So what happened to the shirt I gave you last night?”

That certainly wiped the smile off of the kid’s face, and he blushed to the tips of his ears. The man had walked back to the counter his coffee was waiting on, and he took a sip from the mug giving him a knowing look. God he knew. And why wouldn’t he, Peter was sure that he probably smelled like urine, considering he slept in it for God knows how many hours. “I-It… just got a little dirty…”

“Mnhmm,” Mr. Stark nodded and took a another sip. “So dirty you felt it best to clean it yourself
with baking soda and vinegar. Or was that for the mattress?” He gave the boy an ‘I’m not an idiot look.’

Peter sighed in defeat. The gig was already up, “Ok I did have another accident. But I was handling it.”

“Really,” Mr. Stark leaned his back against counter and gave him a patronizing look.

Peter couldn’t help himself, as he crossed his arms over his chest and pouted slightly. “Yes,” the volume of his voice rose slightly with a whine. “I took all the wet sheets and blankets off the bed, and put them down the laundry shoot, and I was now working on getting the bed mattress cleaned. That’s why I need baking soda and vinegar, so if you don’t mind-”

“Don’t bother,” the man interrupted with a wave of his hand. “All the mattresses get steam cleaned daily.”

“Really?” Peter looked at him with a surprised face.

“Perks of being a billionaire.” Mr. Stark reached over towards a bag that was sitting on the counter he was leaning against. This is when Peter realized that all the bags he saw Happy carrying earlier were sitting on the counter there. The other man must have already come and gone from here. “So you very well can’t continue going around wearing an ill fitting T-shirt, so let’s get you into some better fitting clothes.”

“Yes please!” Peter said relieved hopping off the counter. He started making his way closer to the man, watching him dig through the bag but stopped short and began to back away when he saw that he was pulling out a bag of diapers. “Wait… no I thought…? Please Mr. Stark no!”

“We already went over this kid. I said if you had another accident-”

“No! You said if I peed on you again, or you had to help me with an accident then I’d have to wear diapers. You didn’t help me with this accident.”

“Mr. Parker is correct boss. That is what you told him,” Friday pipped in unexpectedly.

Mr. Stark glared up at the ceiling a moment, before turning his attention back on the boy. “You really want to spend your time pissing all over yourself?”

“It won’t happen again.”

“That’s what you said last night,” the man threw his hands up in the air admitting defeat. “Fine, whatever it’s your life kid.” Mr. Stark reached into the bag again, and this time pulled out a small pair of jeans, underpants and a plane blue t-shirt. “Need help getting dressed?” he asked tossing the clothes in his direction.

Peter shook his head, and felt his face heat up. Embarrassed by the idea of his mentor and hero watching him get dressed, “T-turn around…”

To the boys relief, the man did so without making any snarking comments. Peter quickly pulled off the ill fitting T-shirt and slipped on the underwear, relieved to finally have his bottom half covered, then pulled the jeans on. He had to give it to Happy for judging his clothing size. It fit pretty darn good. He struggled with the button however, as his fingers didn’t seem to want to cooperate slipping it through the button hole.

While the child struggled with this, Happy busseled into the room, carrying two more bags. Peter
squeaked in surprised, flushing even more with embarrassment as he was still half naked in front of the man. Happy didn’t seem to notice the kid however, as he just dropped the bags onto the island counter with a sigh, “All right Tony here’s the rest of it.”

Mr. Stark had turned around at the new commotion in the room. “Thanks Pal, would you mind making the kid some breakfast? He’s probably hungry.”

“Wait the kids up?” Happy asked as if he thought Peter was going to sleep all day.

Mr. Stark responded with a pointed look in the kid’s direction. Happy followed the other man’s eyes until they landed on the half naked, blushing child standing stock still in the middle of the kitchen. His two little hands were still clenching the button of his pants. Happy gave the kid a neutral look, “You gonna button those up kid?” he asked awkwardly.

If it was possible for the kid to turn any more red, he certainly did. In all his life, Peter had never felt so embarrassed. Even that one time Flash Thompson pantsed him freshman year. He turned his blue eyes away from the two men, and fumbled with the button again. For some reason it seemed even more of a difficult task now then it did before. After a good thirty seconds that felt like it could have been hours, Tony finally bent down and did the button for him, “You look like you need help kid.”

Peter thought he might die from humiliation. He quickly slipped the smaller shirt over him, and felt slightly better now that he was fully clothed. He wouldn’t look anyone in the eye however. Happy was no longer watching him, he seemed to have gone to do the task his mentor had asked him to do. If he hadn’t felt so humiliated at the moment, Peter might have welcomed the idea of food. But now he justed wanted to find a way to disappear.

If Mr. Stark was aware of the child’s embarrassment, he did not show it. “All right kid. Jump up on a chair, we’re going to get you some food.” Peter crawled up onto one of the bar stools, that stood up against the island counter, and looked at his hands still refusing to meet anyone’s eyes. “It’s looking like it’s not going to be that easy to change you back.”

Peter’s heart sank at hearing these words. Not only did this mean his chances of going to L.A. with Ned’s family were gone, but it also meant that he’d have to deal with the humiliation of being in a toddler body for a lot longer then he had expected. “I ran a series of tests on your blood, and it didn’t show any abnormalities compared to the other blood sample I have. Which gives us nothing to go forward on.”

“So then what do we do?” the boy asked anxiously. Would he be stuck like this forever? Or maybe he would have to live his childhood again.

“Well, we’re going to try and find the weapon that did this to you, and hopefully be able to use it to reverse this.”

Mr. Starks response didn’t sound too reassuring, but Peter’s attention was drawn away from his mentor as Happy placed a baby bottle full of some white liquid inside of it. The boy frowned at it, “What’s this?”

“It’s your food,” Happy responded, sounding annoyed at the boys ungrateful tone.

“I don’t need to drink out of a bottle…” Peter glowered extremely offended by this action.

Mr. Stark, pulled a glass out of the cupboard, and placed it in front of him. “Then pour it in this?”

“What is it though?” the boy unscrewed the lid off of the bottle, and smelled the contents inside. It definitely wasn’t milk. He knew what that smelled like, he couldn’t actually pin point what it smelled
“Enfamil,” Mr. Stark responded as he picked up a yellow and tan can that had a baby duckling on it, and looked at it closely. “Good for your digestion,” he shook it slightly and you could hear the powder inside moving around.

“Ew- there is no way I’m drinking this shit,” Peter pushed the bottle away and crossed his arms over his chest in a pout.

“Kid you got to work with us here,” Mr. Stark spoke sounding like he was beginning to lose his patience. “You are in a baby’s body. So you need to eat baby food.”

“That is for infants,” Peter pointed at the bottle with a look of disgust. “That’s why it’s called IN-FAMEL.”

“Well look how small you are. I’m sure you still fall under the category of infant?”

Peter rolled his eyes, or at least tried to. Was Tony freaking Stark really that clueless? Apparently Happy was also, since he was the one who bought all this junk. Just when the boy was giving the man props for guessing his clothing size correctly, Happy was now knocked down a few pegs in Peter’s book. “Friday!” Peter called up to the ceiling. “What is the definition of an infant?”

“A child in infancy is anywhere from 3 weeks to a year in age.”

Both Mr. Stark, and Happy stared indignantly at the kids smug look. Mr. Stark opened his mouth like he was going to yell at the child, but then seemed to think better of it and said instead. “Fine, Happy get him some of the other food?”

If looks could kill… then Peter would be a dead child. That was the look that Happy was currently giving him. Peter was sure that if anyone other then Tony Stark had given him that order, he would have refused. With a growl deep in his throat, Happy began digging through the shopping bags for something else he had apparently bought for the kid to eat. It was obvious now that everything in those bags that Happy had just bought were for him.

After a moment something else was plopped in front of the kid that looked just as distasteful as the bottle of enfamil. Peter recognized what it was this time? He’d been in enough stores to know what the mushy garbage Gerber sells for baby’s looks like. He didn’t know what kind it was, but it must have been a mixture of meat and something else because it smelt like cat foot. “What!” Happy shouted at the look Peter gave him. The man had a mixed look for frustration and being lost. “Want me to warm it up for you?”

Warm mush was probably better then cold mush, but Peter did not want any mush. “Why can’t I just eat normal food?”

“Your not choking on my watch kid.” Mr. Stark pointed an accusing finger at the kid, like Peter had threatened to do just that.

“I have teeth and I know how to chew,” Peter pointed at his teeth while saying this.

“No!” his mentor said firmly. “We’re not taking any chances.”

“You’re taking a big chance of watching me throw up by forcing me to eat this shit.”

“Stop arguing, and eat your food!” Peter responded to this by throwing the baby mush at his mentor’s face. It was a perfect hit landing face open on the man’s forehead, and the mush ran all
down his face.

Peter regretted the decision the moment he did it. His little hands flew over his mouth in shock. “M-
Mr. Stark, I didn’t-” he stopped short of the explanation. He couldn’t exactly say that he didn’t mean
to. He did it, so that was exactly what he meant to do. “I- don’t know what came over me…” That
seemed to be his fall back excuse anytime he did something very childish.

Mr. Stark didn’t respond with words. But the look he was giving the kid showed that he was
seriously debating on whether he should kill the boy or not.

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger? Kind of? Sort of? I know not much happened in this chapter. Sorry if it
was boring. I have more planned for the next chapter. There’s a lot of set up that needs
to happen before we can get into the fun fluffiness.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Thanks again to everyone who commented, and gave kudo's to this story. You guys really are all awesome. And thanks so much for being patient everyone. I know how hard it is to wait for updates. Hope you enjoy this next chapter!

WARNING: Very brief Corporal Punishment in that chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter was sitting between Happy and his mentor, happily munching on a pancake slathered in butter and maple syrup. “I’ve never had maple syrup before,” he spoke with disbelief, mouth full of pancake. My aunt always gets the cheap brands like Log Cabin.”

Mr. Stark snorted in distaste. “That stuff is basically sugar and water. There’s no way I’d put that fake shit on my pancakes.”

In the end, the man had made the right decision and not slaughtered the kid limb from limb. Though Peter suspected that Happy might have been his savior in this case. Just when it looked like the billionaire was going to blow a gasket, Happy piped up and suggested that he make pancakes for them all. “If I find that you can’t handle solid food, I’ll give your ass a hiding you’ll never forget,” Mr. Stark had warned him.

Luckily for them all, Peter had been able to chew and swallow the food without any problems. “So what are we going to do next?” Peter asked, lifting his plate up and licking the rest of the syrup off the plate, earning stares from the two men. The boy blushed deeply, at being caught once again doing something childish. He gently set the plate back down on the table with a soft clank and absently picked at the band-aid on his arm.

“You shouldn’t need that anymore,” Mr. Stark said and ripped the band-aid off of his arm. Peter winced with a soft ‘ow’ and examined the to very tiny dot sized scab from the needle. “Shouldn’t your healing factor have taken care of that by now?”

“Yeah…” the child agreed with a frown. “I guess it’s not working at the moment.”

“That or your baby self doesn’t have it yet,” Happy suggested.

“That doesn’t even make sense Hap,” Mr. Stark rebuked. “He got all his powers at the same time when he was fourteen. By that logic he shouldn’t have any of them at two years.”

The two men went into a brief argument that Peter didn’t really pay attention too. He was too busy thinking about what Happy had suggested. It actually made sense in his mind, and would explain why his spider sense hadn’t worked when Happy passed by earlier, and why he didn’t seem to have his super strength anymore. If it was true that his two year old self didn’t have his fast healing powers, then he’d need to be really careful. “Well I guess I’ll just have to add this to the list of things to do today,” Mr. Stark was saying. He and Happy’s argument seemed to have finished up. “All right kid. I got most of what I need from you already, so your going to stay with Happy today, and only bother me if I need you, or if its an emergency.”
Both Peter and Happy opened their mouths at the same time in protest. “You want me to do what?” Happy asked, while Peter yelled. “Mr. Stark I don’t need a babysitter!” Seriously, just because he was in a toddler body now, didn’t mean he was as helpless as a toddler. He still had 16 years of life experience under his belt. His mentor was definitely overreacting.

Luckily, Mr. Stark didn’t seem to have to patience or energy to argue, because he immediately threw his hands up in defeat. “Fine, whatever. Just stay out of trouble, don’t bother me, and if Friday says to come to wherever I am, you had better be there.”

Once the three parted ways, Peter decided to go back to the room he stayed in last night and try out some of those video games he saw before. However, avoiding accidents seemed to a lot harder than the boy originally anticipated. Halfway to his room, his bladder quite suddenly demanded for a toilet, and by the time he made to the nearest bathroom, he was already soaked.

With the new set of circumstances, Peter decided to take another shower. Probably just as well anyways, since he probably already smelled from wetting the bed that morning. It was best to have a clean start. After his shower, he put on some clean clothes. Mr. Stark had left a couple bags of the new clothes Happy had bought this morning in his room. Upon checking his phone, he saw that he had several missed calls from his best friend Ned. “Crap!” the boy hissed to himself. He had completely forgotten about Ned. He was supposed to leave for LA with his family after school today. The poor guy was probably wondering why he wasn’t at school today.

Not wanting to go into an explanation about why he sounded like a small child to his questioning best friend, Peter opted to sending a text.

Me: Sorry man. Something’s come up and I may not be able to go L.A. with you anymore. A few minutes later Ned responded.

Ned: Is this something to do with you know what? By ‘you know what’ Peter knew that Ned was talking about spiderman.

Me: Yeah… something like that. I’m hoping to finish up before you leave this afternoon. But if I don’t show up when you guys are leave just go without me. By the time he finished sending that text, he had the urge to pee again. Luckily there was a bathroom near his room.

Through trial and error, Peter figured out that his bladder gave a very small almost undetectable tingling, and he had approximately 3 minutes to get to a bathroom. He had, had to stop and urinate in one of the potted plants more than once while he figured this out, because that was better than ruining another pair of clothes. He was just thankful that his bowel muscles seemed to be developed enough that he didn’t have to worry about #2 accidents.

Tony Stark meanwhile has spent the morning holed up inside his own personal lab. After having spent all night doing every test he could think of on the kid’s blood, in hopes of finding a way to turn him back into a snarky teenager, or even figuring out what caused this in the first place. Unfortunately his blood didn’t seem to have any new abnormalities, when compared to the other sample he had. So when he came out dry on this line of work, he began looking into the weapon that had caused this.

He went onto black market websites, looking for stories, posts, ads, anything that might sound like the weapon Peter described to him last night. He came up with nothing. The billionaire growled in frustration, running a hand through his disheveled hair. He was running out of ideas, and his time was running short. His flight to the Bahamas was tomorrow. Tony glanced over at the clock hanging on the wall. Wow, it was already 12:30 in the afternoon; he’d been sitting in in this lab for
almost 3 hours now. Counting last night, he’s been trying to come up with a solution for this for roughly 12 hours straight. And the only conclusive thing he’d figured out in that time is that Peter for sure did not have his healing factor anymore.

Tony had added toxins to both the blood sample he got last night, and the one he had before. The blood from his teenage self was easily able to fight off the toxin in just minutes. The blood from last night, however got contaminated beyond repair. This meant that he didn’t have all his spiderman powers anymore. He’d have to do some field tests on the boy to figure out which ones he still had and which one’s were gone. That would be a test for another day though. When he had more time.

Pushing his chair back away from the desk he sat in front of, Tony yawned tiredly. He hoped it wouldn’t come to this because it would take a lot of extra time he didn’t have to spare, but he didn’t know what else to do. It was time to take Peter back to the place where he fought the bad guys and look around for clues or anything that might help. He’d do it after eating lunch though. Even if he didn’t have his fast metabolism anymore, the kid was probably starting to get hungry.

Speaking of which, it had been a pretty quiet morning. Tony knew from experience that anytime Peter was in the same building as him, things where anything but quiet. So he got a little worried and suspicious at the same time. He didn’t know a lot about children, but he had heard enough times from parents that if a kid is quiet for too long then you should be worried because they’re either doing something naughty, or they could be hurt. Either way, it wasn’t a good thing. “Friday, what’s the kid doing?”

“He’s down in the west laboratory, flying on one of your Iron suits.”

Tony choked on his own saliva, “He’s what?” This wasn’t just not a good thing, this was downright bad. All the Iron suits he kept in the west laboratory were the malfunctioning ones. If Peter was taking a joy right on any of them, he could be seriously injured. The man quickly jumped out of his chair, and ran for the door. “Which one is he flying on?”

“Number 34D,” Friday responded.

“Shit!” the billionaire swore. Of course it had to be that one. He’d already been given a concussion, and a few bruised ribs, just from trying to fix that model. Without the kid’s healing factor, forget seriously injured. He could be killed. Tony quickened his pace, taking every short cut he knew about, thinking of every brutal and horrible accident that could befall the kid. By the time he reached the door to the lab, he was sure that the kid was already dead.

The man opened up the door to the lab, barely noticing that he didn’t need to put in a code override to unlock the door. Tony Stark was not ashamed to admit that the sight he saw, made him speechless. It was true that Peter was indeed riding on one of his Iron suits. But but this wasn’t some impulsive joyride. The suit was hovering about 3 feet off the ground; Peter himself was sitting on the right shoulder, staring intently at the side of the suits head with a screwdriver in his hand.

The first thing Tony felt upon seeing this after the shock had worn off, was relief. The kid was safe, he was not injured or dead. He was not going to need to come up with an excuse for the kid’s aunt as to why her nephew was injured or dead in a 2 year old body. But this was quickly replaced with a sudden angry urge to kick the kids ass into the next century. “Wow, wow, kid. What do you think your doing?” he asked.

The child turned his little face toward Tony, and a wide grin painted his facial features. “I fixed it!” he said happily.

“Yeah right,” Tony mumbled with a glower. Like this kid could fix this malfunctioning hunk of
junk he’d been trying to fix for weeks now, he seriously doubted it. “Get down from there right now,” he ordered in a firm voice that almost bordered on rage. Luckily the child complied without argument and then Tony told the suit to power down. He waited until it was back on the ground and completely powered off before turning to the kid with a glare that could kill. “What did I tell you?” he managed to keep his voice volume just under a shout.

“To stay out of trouble and not bother you?” the boy replied having the nerve to sound snarky.

“So this must not have comprehended in your tiny brain. Breaking into one of my labs, to play around with my malfunctioning suits is NOT STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE!” Tony was no longer able to keep his voice level. His chest heaved in and out as the anger coursed through him.

Peter shrank back a little looking much like a wounded puppy. “But I knew what I was doing. I fixed three of your suits.”

“That’s not what I told you to do. All those suits were having serious malfunctions, and you could have been seriously injured,” Tony lectured as he pressed buttons on the computer screen by the door. Slowly the room began to lock down, screens turned off and the iron suites started getting stowed away. “By the way, I did figure out that you don’t have your healing factor anymore. You welcome. And your lucky that nothing happened. Without that super healing you could have easily been killed.”

Tony gently grabbed the back of Peter’s head and began pushing the child towards the door. “Come on. Start marching your little ass out of here before I belt it,” he threatened, making the child cross his arms over his chest and pout childishly. They both walked out of the room and Tony began locking up the lab with his code. “How did you get into there anyways? No one knows the code to get in except me.”

“Figured out your password,” the boy replied in a rude voice.

Well now Tony was going to need to change that password. His anger that was starting to deflate was beginning to creep up again. “Oh, so now your hacking into my computers. I thought we already went over hacking my tect?”

“I thought you were going to take me on a ride on the Iron Man suit?” Peter asked out of the blue, sounding very much like the winey child he looked like.

What the hell? What did that have to do with anything they were talking about. Unless the kid thought if he fixed up all his malfunctioning suits, he’d get his ride right now, which if that was the case he was sorely mistaken. “Not after what you just did?”

The boy stopped suddenly, making Tony almost trip over him. “But you promised me last night, after I got my blood drawn,” Peter reminded him. His blue orbs staring up at the man with a hint of betrayal in them. That wasn’t going to work though, Tony was still trying to refrain from strangling the kid.

“Well, we’re going to have to save it for later. Because you don’t deserve any rewards at the moment kid.”

“That’s not fair!” Peter suddenly shouted stomping his little foot on the ground. Tony gave him a glare, and the kid just plopped to the ground and pouted deeply.

Seriously? Was Peter Parker really throwing a temper tantrum right now. Tony did not want to deal with this right now. This is not what he had signed up for when he agreed to help get his spider
mentee back to his teenage form. Rubbing a hand over his face, Tony sighed. “Look kid, I’m sure we’re both a little grouchy because it’s past lunch time, and we haven’t eaten yet. Let’s go to the kitchen and get some food, I’m sure we’ll both feel better afterwards?”

The boy didn’t move. He just continued sitting their pouting. God this kid was stubborn, he thought his presentation was pretty good considering he’d been ready to skin the kid alive just moments before. What was going on with the kid? This wasn’t like Peter to throw fits like this? Well he didn’t know the kid that well, but he was pretty sure this was out of the ordinary. “You’re going to make me carry you like a baby?” he dearly hoped that would hit the boy’s pride enough to get him moving because he really didn’t want to carry him again. He still remembered what happened last time he carried him, and knew very well that the kid was not in diaper.

Unfortunately he either didn’t care, or didn’t have much pride anymore. Because all he did was curl up into an even tighter ball and pouted even more deeply. “Fine,” Tony threw his hands up in defeat. “If that’s the way you want to do it.” Tony picked the kid up and carried him under his arm, not as much in the line of fire in this position.

Peter began protesting instantly, kicking his legs and slapping his hands against Tony’s back. “Let me go! Let me go you asshole!” Tony really hoped that feeding the kid would help get him in a better mood.

Unfortunately Peter’s behavior did not improve at the lunch table. He complained and whined about every little thing, from the temperature of the room to the meal that Tony had prepared for them to eat for lunch. “I don’t like green beans…” Peter complained pushing the plate of food away from him. “Then don’t eat them,” the man growled. “There is other food on the plate other then green beans.”

But apparently in the kids eyes, having the green vegetable on the plate at all made the entire meal irredeemable. He ignored the mac-n-cheese, and fruit salad that was also on his plate and began throwing the green beans across the table one by one. Tony inhaled deeply, trying very hard to keep his voice level. “Kid, you’re acting like a toddler?”

“I don’t care…” Peter whined with a pout, still throwing the veggies off of his plate.

The billionaires knuckles began to turn white as he clenched them so hard. Things might have gotten ugly if Happy had not just then entered the room, “You wanted to see me boss?” Tony had asked for the other man to come see him when he first started making food for the two of them.

Grateful for the distraction, Tony turned towards his best friend. “Yeah, I need you to drive us to Queens.” Happy didn’t respond to this, as his attention was now focused on Peter, who was still flinging green beans across the table. Tony followed his friends eyes until his eyes also fell on Peter. “Just ignore him, kid’s in a mood for some reason.”

Happy turned his attention back onto Tony, though his gaze kept going back over to the kid. Probably thinking he would have to be the one clean up the kids mess. “So we taking the kid back to his aunt?”

“God how I wish the answer was yes- but no. We’re going to go back to the spot where Peter was fighting those creeps that changed him into the little brat we’re now dealing with.”
earned a glare from the child, along with a green bean being thrown at him. “Try that again, and I swear you will regret it kid.”

Peter had the nerve to stick his tongue out, and Tony got to his feet ready to rip the kid a new one. Happy once again saved the day. “Ok, enough!” he got between the two of them. The movement seemed to bring Tony back down, because he sat back down in his chair blowing out a breath. “So you want me to take the kid with us?”

Now the green beans were strung across the table, instead of on the plate, it seemed it was ok to start eating the rest of the food because Peter now began taking small bites of the mac-n-cheese. “Yeah, to make sure we get to the right spot,” Tony replied. “The kid will probably be able to notice anything that might have been left behind from the men or the weapons they used.”

“Well what about the car seat law?”

Tony stared at him blankly, “What car seat law?”

“The one that says that any child that does not meet the age or weight requirement needs to have a car seat. If I get pulled over while the kid is in the car without a car seat, I’ll be getting a fat ticket.”

“What are you worried about?” Tony snorted. “I’m a billionaire, I can pay for any tickets you get on the job.”

“Well they have the law for safety reasons, and who knows we could have Child Protective Services get involved if the police think we could be endangering a child-”

“Ok, ok Happy relax,” Tony waved his hand in dismissal at the other man. “God when did you turn into such a mother hen?” Happy just glared at him without responding. “This is an easy fix, we’ll just stop at the store and pick one up on the way.”

“NO WAY!” Peter suddenly shouted. The two men looked at the child in surprised, both having thought that the kid hadn’t been paying attention to their conversation. The child had an outraged look painted onto his face, the skin beginning to tint pink. “I’m not going to sit in a car seat!”

“Sorry kid, you don’t get a say in this matter,” Tony told the boy, and his face flushed from pink to red. It would have been cute seeing the kid look so hot and bothered if the billionaire hadn’t already lost all patients with the kid. An outsider looking in on the scene, would be able to recognize the warning signs of an angry explosion between the two.

Tony had not slept in over 36 hours, making his nerves way thinner then normal. This is saying something since his nerves usually run thin on a normal day. On top of that, he had the ongoing pressure of trying to fix this before his flight tomorrow; not to mention the kid has been giving him attitude for the past hour. He didn’t know what was going on inside Peters head right now, but at the moment he couldn’t care less. He was ready to just drop the kid off at his aunts doorstep and come back after his vacation, and when the kid remembers to respect his elders.

So when Peter banged a fist on the table, shouting “NOOOO!” in his squeaky little voice and little legs kicking in defiance. The man was not impressed, and not about to give into the child’s demands. “That’s it! I have had it with you kid. Your naked ass self comes to me in the middle of the night asking for my help, and I’m kind enough to offer it. I take all night long trying to find a way to change you back, and you’re thanks to me is hacking into stuff, yelling and screaming at me while making a mess of my kitchen? I have half a mind to just drop you off at your aunt’s apartment and letting you fix this on your own.”
The kid’s reaction to this rant was an unexpected one. Tony had expected the kid to yell back, maybe throw some more food, at the very least defend himself. What he actually did was throw his face down onto the table and burst into harsh sobs, shocking the man into silence again. He didn’t feel bad about making the kid cry this time though, he kind of deserved it. Happy shook his head at the sight, “You know Tony, we might want to save the trip for later. The kids acting like he needs a nap.”

A nap? What the hell was Happy talking about. The kid wasn’t acting like he was tired, and in need of a nap; he’s acting like he needs an attitude adjustment. “What makes you think he needs a nap?” Tony asked. “Wouldn’t he be showing signs of tiredness, liking yawning or rubbing his eyes?”

As if on cue, Peter lifted his head enough to rub his red eyes, smearing tears all over his cheeks. “Kids show tiredness differently from adults. They’ll often just get cranky, irritable and whiny. Which I guess isn’t too different from tired adults.”

“How do you suddenly know so much about kids?”

“It’s not suddenly. I have nieces and nephews you know,” Happy responded. “My sisters kids always took afternoon naps when they were toddlers. I’m pretty sure the kid falls into the age group of needing an after lunchtime nap.”

“I-I d-don’t ne-ed a naaaaaap!” Peter wailed into the table.

Watching Peter fall to pieces in a puddle of tears, and looking back at all his behavior the past hour; Tony had no doubt that the child was in serious need of a nap. But allowing the kid to go to sleep for however many hours he needed, would take away precious time he didn’t have. But there was no way he’d be able to take the kid anywhere in the current state he was in. The only thing left to do was take up Happy’s suggestion, and go out later this afternoon. “Yes kid. I really think you do need one. Come on,” Tony snaked both hands under the boys armpits and lifted him out of the chair and onto the floor. “Get going to your room?”

“No!” Peter yelled and crashed to the floor; laying on his belly while crying into his arms. Tony was now completely out of patience, and wasn’t putting up with anymore of the kids crap. So he picked the child up, carrying him under his arm again, and headed towards the kid’s bedroom.

The billionaire had originally made up the room for Peter, after the Vulture incident. He had completely expected the kid to jump at the offer to become an Avenger, and pulled out all the stops to make up a room that the kid would enjoy staying in. He was completely surprised when the kid turned him down, but also very proud at the kid’s making a mature decision. So the room he made up just sat with no changes until now. The trip to get to his room took a good five minutes if you included the time it took to wait for the elevator. Tony plopped the screaming whining child onto the now steam cleaned, with new sheets, bed. “Here we are kid. Close your eyes, count some sheep. I’ll see you in a few hours.”

“F- you!” the kid swore. It sounded almost comical in his tiny high pitched voice, and Tony might have laughed he he wasn’t already so frustrated with the child.

“You better nip it right now kid, otherwise it’s not going to get very happy for you,” the man pointed an accusing finger at the boy. “Go to sleep right now!”

“No!” Peter took one of bed pillows and threw it at Tony. “I’m not going to take a nap!” he then grabbed the clock that sat on the bedside table and chucked it at the man still screaming and crying.

“That’s it!” Tony was finally at his wits end, and unfortunately for Peter, Happy wasn’t there to save
him this time. “You’re in for it now brat!” The man took two large strides over to towards the bed. In one quick motion Tony picked up the screaming child, held set the boy against his chest, and smacked his backside with a loud clap.

Peter immediately silenced all his protests, frozen against the man in shock. But Tony wasn’t done with him, with a big swing the billionaire again crashed his hand against the child’s tiny bottom and then pulled him away from his chest to look Peter in the eyes. “There’s more where that came from,” he growled. Tony roughly laid the boy back down on the bed and tossed a blanket over him. “Now go to sleep!” he ordered before stomping out of the room, slamming the door shut on the way.

There was a good thirty seconds of silence from the room. The boy must have been shell shocked, and to be honest Tony was almost shocked at himself as well. Then it seemed that Peter finally processed what just happened because loud pitiful cries erupted from behind the closed door. Tony leaned against the opposite, still shaking with anger. He began to feel a little guilty, not because the kid didn’t deserve a few smacks to his rear, cause he certainly did, but because he he had hit the child in anger. Just like his own father had done.

The apple really doesn’t fall very far from the tree. This was why he had vowed never to have his own kids. He was a Stark, and Stark men were terrible fathers. He had heard once that his grandfather hadn’t been the greatest father for Howard, which is probably why Howard had probably been a terrible father to Tony. And now there was proof that the vicious cycle was continuing through him.

The ding of an elevator opening sounded, and after a few moments Happy appeared. The other man looked questioningly at the closed door across from where Tony stood. Peter’s cries could still be heard through the door, however they were getting less and less harsh. “How did it go?” he asked the billionaire. With a shake of his head, Tony strode past his friend in a huff. “Tony!” Happy called running after the other man.

Happy followed Tony all the way up the elevator down into the north end rec room. Tony refused to answer or comment on anything Happy asked on the way there. When he finally reached his desired destination, the billionaire walked over to the bar, and poured himself a shot of scotch. Happy have him a sympathetic look, like he actually knew what was going through his mind. “Tony…”

“I can’t do this anymore Hap,” Tony said by way of explanation, and downed the shot in one go. The liquid burned all the way down his throat, but the kick was just enough to soothe his raw nerves.

“Do what?”

Tony shook his head, turned his back to his friend, fidgeting, trying to come up with the words his jumble mind was dwelling on. About how he was slowly ruining that kid’s life. “This!” he motioned to nothing in particular. “What—... What I’m doing right now with the kid… I’m- I’m messing him up…” the man planted both palms on the bar counter, and hung his head low. God he should have never gotten involved in the kid’s life. He’s like a leper, everything he touches gets messed up.

“Oh come on,” Happy took a chance to stepping forward and clapping him on the shoulder. Always a risky move when it came to Tony Stark, but he appreciated it all the same. “Just cause the kid had a tantrum. You can’t make a judgement on that, you’re going to get his figured out soon, the kid will be a hyperactive teenager again, and you’ll be back to your old relationship.”

“I’m not talking about right now,” Tony glared at the other man. Happy took the hint and stepped
away. “I’m talking about everything I’ve done with the kid, I just… I’m ruining him. I should have never gotten involved in the first place…”

“What do you mean your ruining him? If anything Tony I’ve seen improvement in his maturity since you’ve gotten involved with his life.”

Tony poured another shot of scotch, and downed it before answering. “That’s just growing up Happy. That kid wants… and needs a father figure in his life. And he’s trying to get it through me, which can only end in disaster. The kid just doesn’t understand what my father was like. I can’t be the father he wants me to be.”

“You don’t have to be like your dad Tony.”

“Of course I don’t. It happens naturally. The Stark curse, that all fathers have to be assholes.”

Happy just shook his head. Both were aware that the conversation was going nowhere. “Well, I’m going to go out and buy one of those car seats, so we can get going when the kid gets up. Maybe you should get some sleep yourself?”

Tony just waved his hand at the other man, already in the process of pouring his third shot. Happy walked out of the room, and the billionaire was debating on having a fourth shot when his phone started buzzing. The caller ID showed it was Pepper Potts. The man hesitated, suspecting that his wasn’t going to be a pleasant conversation. Going against his better judgement, Tony answered the phone. “Hi Tony,” Peppers sweet voice was like a soothing balm to his erratic nerves, and a genuine smile formed on his mans lips.

“Hi Honey,” he responded pushing away the bottle of scotch he was about to pour.

“I just got to the hotel,” he sounded tired. “It was a long morning, I’m looking forward to relaxing a bit. But I’m more looking forward to when you’ll be getting here tomorrow.” Tony’s smile widened. “Did you get everything signed and wrapped up?”

Of course she would ask that. Those two contracts he was supposed to sign where long forgotten on his desk. “Um… actually Pepper. Something’s come up-”

Tony heard his beloved sigh regretfully over the phone. “I knew it…” her voice was laced with disappointment.

“No, wait Pepper. This is for real, it's not some-”

“Some excuse like you always make when you don’t want to do something,” she finished his sentence now her voice sounded angry.

“I know what this sounds like babe, but something really important came up.”

“Right, and what was so important that you have to risk pissing off your fiance?”

Tony paused for a moment. What was he supposed to say. His teenage intern was turned into a two year old, and now he’s trying to figure out how to change him back. He probably wouldn’t even believe that story without some kind of proof. He was just thinking about maybe going to take a picture of Peter when Pepper spoke again. “You know what. I don’t want to hear anymore of your lies. I suppose this important thing that’s come up means you won’t be able to make it tomorrow.”

“Of course not. Pepper I wouldn’t miss this trip for anything. I promise, my plane is leaving at 2:05pm tomorrow and I will be on it. You can count on me.”
“You haven’t given me very many reasons to do that Tony.” With that the call was cut. Tony had to restrain himself not to smash his phone against the counter. Why did all this shit have to go down now! Was God now punishing him for all the wrong he’s done in his whole life. Because right now if all he needed to do, to fix this would be to confess his sins and say Jesus is Lord, then he’d do it in a heartbeat.

Nothing was going to stop him from getting on that plane tomorrow. Not even some sad puppy doe eyes. There was only one thing he could do now, and that was to take Peter back to his aunt's place and then figure this all out after the trip. He was pretty sure the kids aunt would understand. Peter on the other hand… but what else could be do?

Speaking of which it was probably about time he go and check on the boy. If he was still awake, he might has well get the deed done and take him back to his aunts now. He mentally prepared himself for more tears and begging for reconsideration from the kid, on his way back. Once he made to the kids door, he heard nothing but silence. So either the kid fell asleep, or he was just being very quiet. There was also the possibility that he left the room, but Tony somehow doubted that. He gently knocked on the door, waited briefly for an answer, and opened the door when none came.

Poking his head into the doorway, Tony saw that sure enough the kid was sound asleep on the bed, wrapped up in the blankets, sucking on his thumb. He was really going to need to break the kid of that, if this went on for two long. Tony didn’t see any point in waking the kid up, so without a word he closed the door and headed back towards the elevator. He could take the kid back to his aunt's house when he woke up. One way or another though, he was getting on that plane tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

I’m not very happy with the ending of this chapter. The conversations Tony has with Happy and Pepper were kind of forced out and didn’t flow very well, and probably both are out of character. I just needed to establish Tony’s insecurities about Fatherhood, and I needed Pepper and Tony to have an argument for later in the plot. If anyone has ideas on how to improve the ending to this chapter, I’ll welcome ideas.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Be warned everyone. This chapter has GRAPHIC descriptions of bodily fluids. I’m talking about diarrhea folks. Those with sensitive stomachs should skim over parts of this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter Parker was a sobbing mess; for multiple reasons. He had been forced to take a nap by his mentor, who also had the nerve to spank him. Then he had once again woken up surrounded in wet sheets. The worst of it however, was the killer stomach ache that had actually been the reason he woke up. He sat on the still sopping wet bed, his little arms wrapped around his stomach, sobbing at the horrible cramps that panged below his navel. Something he ate didn’t agree with him, that was obviously.

After about ten minutes of this, the pain finally eased up enough that the boy could think about moving. His first stop was going to the nearest bathroom, hopefully allow whatever he ate to pass through. Pushing away the smelly wet blankets, Peter rolled out of the bed and fell into a clump on the floor. The pain was coming back again, making him whimper. All he had to do was get down the hall. He stumbled about half way there before it was two late. With a final gurgling cramp, the boy felt his bowels loosen, and warm chunky liquid was released into his underwear, that quickly ran down his legs. “Oh shit!” Peter stopped in his tracks shell shocked. A soft cry of pain fell from the boy’s lips as another painful cramp ripped under his navel, and more liquid was released.

He needed to quickly get to the bathroom before he started leaking onto the floor. He felt a little bit better after he released all that, so he was able to quicken his pace to the bathroom and arrived moments later. Peter shut and locked the door before doing anything. This was going to get messy. He started with unbuttoning his pants, and pushing both the jeans and underwear down to his feet. The smell alone almost made him gag. His stool was a pasty tan color that looked like it could have been split pea soup. That thought alone made him never want to eat that again.

It was so runny that the substance leaked out of the underpants and oozed onto the floor. This wasn’t his concern at the moment. He was cramping again, and wanted to make sure anything else made it into the toilet. Quickly stepping out of the soiled pants and underwear, Peter quickly jumped onto the toilet seat, just in time for his bowels to loosen again. He could hear his chucky stool splash into the toilet. If the boy hadn’t been feeling so miserable at the moment he’d be completely grossed out.

It was good twenty minutes, releasing one watery bowel movement after another. Once he was sure everything that wanted to come out was out, he actually felt much better. But that just meant, without his focus on the cramping pain in his belly, he could now put his full attention to the disaster before him. The soiled pants and underwear he’d been wearing were in the middle of the bathroom floor full of foul smelling stool. He must have stepped in it, while trying to step out of the clothing because there were little footprints on the ground leading up to the toilet.

There was certainly a big mess to clean up, way bigger than any urine accident he thought he would only be dealing with. But Peter was certain that he could handle this. He decided that the first thing
he should do would be to clean himself up. He had to actually get off the toilet seat in order to wipe himself, because he was so small now that he had to hold onto the rim of the toilet seat to stop himself from falling in.

Cleaning himself up proved to be easier said than done. The back of his legs were covered with the remnants of his stool, and it was on his hands as well which meant he passed it on to everything he touched. The current toilet paper roll would probably have to be thrown out after he was done. After going through three bunches of toilet paper, Peter gave up cleaning himself, figuring it was a lost cause. He’d have to take another shower later, and if there had been a shower attached to this bathroom he’d do that before trying to clean up anything else But luck wasn’t on his side today.

Peter wiped off as much as he could with the toilet paper, then crawled up into the sink so he could wash his hands. This proved to be another bad decision. He had momentarily forgotten that his feet were dirty too, so now there were stool footprints on the sink cabinet, and on the sink itself. He had to squat in order to wash his hands properly.

Now satisfied that his hands were clean, Peter jumped off of the the sink and decided to tackle the dirty laundry next. He checked under the sink, and all the drawers looking for some type of plastic bag. The only one he could find was in the bathroom trash. The clothes were probably irredeemable anyways, so Peter just did the best he could, rolling the soiled clothing into a ball and dropping them into the trash can. To his dismay, his hands got dirty again in the process.

He wasn’t going to climb up on the sink again, so Peter just grabbed the dirty toilet paper roll and began trying to clean up any and all remnants of stool. It had managed to get everywhere. On the toilet seat, the walls, the floor, the sink. You could probably name everything in that bathroom and there would be some remnants of stool on it. Peter started with the floor first, getting a large wad of toilet paper and started trying to sop of the watery foul smelling liquid. But he only seemed to be making everything worse. It finally sunk in that there was no possible way he could hide this from Mr. Stark. The sensation that was becoming more and more familiar rose up into the kids chest, and quickly overflowed into sobbing tears. It was all too much.

Tony Stark was packing up the rest of the items he needed for his trip, into his suitcase. After his phone call with Pepper, he had given up all attempts to change Peter back before the trip. So while the boy took his nap, Tony spent the last couple of hours getting things squared away before the trip. This included, reading and signing that contract he had been working on when Peter first showed up. He figured that he could read the other one after the trip, but packed it in his bag just in case he decided to read it during the flight. He’d show Pepper that he cared about her requests. After that was all done, he spent the rest of the time packing for the trip.

As soon as Peter woke up they were heading to queens, and he would leave the kid in his aunts care until he got back. He had tried calling her earlier, to try and save him a trip by having her come to get the kid. But she didn’t pick up. “Sir, I feel the need to inform you that Mr. Parker appears to be in extreme distress, “Friday suddenly spoke up.

Tony rolled his eyes. What did this kid get into now? “What’s wrong with him?”

“It appears that he has made a bit of a mess in the east bathroom by his sleeping quarters, that is a bit too much for him to clean up on his own.”

With a deep sigh, headed for the bathroom. He really didn’t know what kind of mess he was going to find. Maybe an overflowed toilet, perhaps the kid had accidentally used his super strength to rip the
faucet nozzle off of the sink, and water was now spraying everywhere. What didn’t expect to find, is the entire bathroom covered in shit. He had heard the boy sobbing from behind the door, and opened the door without knocking, and found exactly that. The man swore loudly as a terrible odor assaulted his nose, and quickly backed out of the room, closing the door to let out a gag. This is definitely not what he signed up for.

He really, seriously considered just walking away. Pretend that he didn’t see it, and hope someone else would find the kid and help him. But he had just enough heart for that kid in here, to resist the temptation. Taking a deep breath to mentally brace himself, Tony opened the bathroom door and stepped inside. The sight before him, was just as bad as it was the first time he walked up. Actually it might have been worse, because now he could fully see what had gone down.

Peter was crumpled on the floor, basically covered from head to foot in his own stool, crying his eyes out. It didn’t take a genius to know that the kid had had a nasty bout of diarrhea. The smell alone was an indicator. “Friday,” he spoke to his A.I. “Bring someone up where to clean up this bathroom, and send me a reminder to give a big tip to whoever does it.”

“Yes sir,” Friday responded.

There was only one way this kid was going to get cleaned up, and it wasn’t happening in this bathroom. “Hey kid!” Tony called out over the sobs to get the boys attention. Grabbing a large towel off of the nearby rack, “Eye’s up here?”

Peter raised his red puffy eyes to look up at the man. He looked mortified, “M-Mr. Stark… I’m so sorry…”

“Save it kid,” Tony growled, really not wanting to deal with this. “Stand up.”

The boy did so with little hesitance, but buried his face into his hands, smearing more stool all over his cheek and forehead. Loud sobs racked his little frame. Tony wrapped the towel around him, and placed both hands under the boys armpits to lift him up. He did not bring the child close to his chest, but held him by the armpits with his own arms outstretched as far away from him as possible. This is how they left the bathroom, and walked back to Tony’s own bedroom. It seemed to take forever.

Once they reached the bedroom, Tony walked into the bathroom and plopped the toddler into the bathtub, and turned the water on. Peter squealed with a jump, “It’s cold!”

“Quiet kid. I’m not in the mood to hear anymore of your complaints,” the man snapped, but did turn the nozzle that would start up the hot water. It would take a few minutes before the water would heat up, and Peter began to shiver in the cold water. Tony wet a washcloth, and lathered it up with body wash. There was silence between the two as Tony began helping the boy clean up, starting with rubbing the soapy washcloth over the boys forehead and down to his cheek. Peter attempted to help by scrubbing the stool remnants off of his legs. “Stand up,” Tony ordered after the boys arms were clean.

The child did so, blushing deeply in humiliation when Tony cleaned between his bottom cheeks, and around his crotch. The man finished off by turning the shower on to wash away the excess soap that still clung to his body, and then wrapped him up in clean towel. As if the kid already knew what was coming next, the boy weakly said between his sobs, “I’m so sorry Mr. Stark. P-Please don’t make me wear a diaper.”

“No,” Tony replied firmly leaving no room for argument. He picked the child up into arms, no longer worried about holding the boy against his chest. “I’m not letting you talk me out of it anymore.”
Renewed cries fell from the boys lips, and he wrapped his wet arms around the man’s neck. “I’m really, really sorry. I-It won’t happen ag-ain.”

If he hadn’t had to just clean up after someone else shit, then Tony might have caved under the heart wrenching wails that the boy was belting out. “Nice try kid,” he mumbled setting the child down onto his bed, and began toweling him off. The boy continued to beg and plea through his tears which all fell on deaf ears. There was no way in all hell that Tony would go through that again. “Wait here,” he ordered once satisfied that the child was dry enough, and went to retrieve the bag of diapers that Happy had bought the night before.

It was a small package of just five diapers, the only kind Happy was able to find in the convenience store. He’d have to get more, but this was enough to satisfy their current needs. He read the directions for a few moments before deciding he had no idea how to put this diaper on the kid. He was going to make an attempt though, that was a no brainer. Tony ripped the bag open and pulled out one of the diapers. Tony actually cracked a smile as it had pictures of the Avengers printed on it. He opened it up and examined it, comparing it to the picture on the package. It was actually a little bit easier to understand the direction with the diaper in front of him. He was wondering which side was the front, and which side as the back until he looked more closely at one side and saw the work ‘back’ printed on it. Now that’s handy.

Poor Peter was in his own world of misery on the bed, sobbing into his little hands. It seemed that the kid had been crying a lot recently. You’d think he’d run out of tears at some point. The child had not ceased in his plea’s for Tony to reconsider. “Alright Pete, lay down,” Tony ordered trying to sound more gentle without much success, he was still in a really bad mood.

The child shook his little head, wet hair flopping this way and that in the motion. He attempted to push his mentors hands away, but Tony was having none of it. “This is happening kid. One way or another.” Tony grabbed the kids ankles with one hand, pulled his legs up so they were tucked against his belly, and slid the diaper under his bottom. He brought the front side of the diaper up between the child’s legs, so it laid just below his belly button. Then he pulled one of the velcro straps up to attach to the diapers front.

Peter covered his face with his little hands, face flushed with humiliation as Tony adjusted the last strap of the diaper. Blue eyes peaked through fingers, glaring down at the diaper, decorated with the avengers. It didn’t even have spiderman on it, he thought selfishly. His little hand left his face to reach down and start taking the diaper off, but Tony’s hand lightly slapped it away. “Don’t,” the billionaire snapped. “Peter, you leave that on. Remember I won’t hesitate to tan your little hide.”

Tony grabbed the bag of diapers and took them into the bathroom, while Peter rolled over onto the bed and began balling. “Trust me kid, I don’t like this any better than you do,” Tony continued, his frustration getting the better of him. He tossed the clean clothes at the crying child lying on the bed. “Congratulations for pulling one over on me, really appreciate it. Come on stop crying and put your clothes on.”

The question only made Peter begin to cry harder. “The only shit I ever thought I’d clean up was my own,” Tony continued, his frustration getting the better of him. He tossed the clean clothes at the crying child lying on the bed. “Congratulations for pulling one over on me, really appreciate it. Come on stop crying and put your clothes on.”

Peter continued to cry, not making any efforts to do as Tony said. The billionaire pinched the bridge of his nose. This is why he was never going to have his own kids, “This is for your own good Peter. I think we can both agree that cleaning up shit out of a diaper is a lot easier then what we just went through.”

The boy hiccupped and let out another wail of misery. With his frustration toning down a bit, Tony
began to feel a little guilty harping on the kid about something that really wasn’t his fault. With a defeated sigh, he sat on the bed next to the crying child and tentatively placed a hand on his bare back. To be honest Tony wouldn’t have been surprised if the boy flinched away from the touch, that’s what he would have done, but the kid did not. He didn’t stop crying either.

Tony knew what he was supposed to do, he just didn’t want to. He could almost hear Pepper yelling over his shoulder to ‘pick up that kid and cuddle him!’ “God I’m bad that this,” Tony mumbled to himself as he awkwardly picked up the child, and placed his snotty face into his shoulder; trying not to think about the million dollar suit he was wearing. He gently rocked his body from side to side trying to soothe the kid, giving gentle pats to his diapered backside. “Ok kid, calm down, shhhh…” he said in a gentle voice that even surprised him. “It’s ok. I know this must be really difficult for you. You remember what it’s like to be 16, and able to do this stuff on your own. But you got to understand Pete that even though your mind is still at 16, your now in a two year old body.”

Peters crying had slowed down quite a bit while he listened to the man. “A two year old body can’t do the same things a sixteen year old body can, and that’s ok. It’s ok that you can’t wear underwear in a two year old body. No two year old knows how be in underwear. This is normal. And the diaper is only a precaution ok. If you can make it to the bathroom on time, then great. Go ahead take the take diaper off, just make sure you put it back on when your done. I’ll even help you get it back on if you need it. And just remember that all this is only temporary. We’ll get you back to your own self in no time.”

Only hiccups could be heard from the boys lips now, Totally drinking in Tony’s words and affection. “Ready to get your clean clothes on now?” Tony asked.

“Y-yes,” Peter croaked out with a sniffle. “Thank’s Mr. Stark.”

A pang of guilt wormed his way into Tony’s conscience. He still have to break it to the kid that he’d have to wait another week, and that they were also going to have to tell his aunt. “All right kid… I need to level with you,” the billionaire sat the boy back down on the bed and looked in his red tear filled eyes. God those sad baby blues where going to kill him. “I got a trip to go on tomorrow. Bad stuff is going to happen if I don’t go. So… I’m sorry but… I gotta take you to your aunts.” The child's eyes widened in shock, and Tony quickly continued before he could say any protests. “It’s just for a week. And I promise that as soon as I get back I’ll come get you, and I won’t sleep until your back to your teenage self.”

“B-But Mr. Stark you can’t,” the boy protested.

Tony laughed. “Oh yes I can, and that’s exactly what I’m going to do. So come on, get your clothes on, we’re going to leave now.”

“Don’t you remember? My aunt left for the weekend, she’s probably not even at the apartment anymore.”

Ah crap! Tony had forgotten about this bit of information. This was certainly a little hiccup in his marvelous plan. Though he did say ‘probably’ maybe she was still there and they could catch her before she left. But a voice in the back of his mind reminded him that she did not answer the phone when attempting to call her. That didn’t necessarily mean anything, and he mentally swatting that thought away. “What time was she supposed to leave?”

“I… I’m not sure. But I know she was supposed to leave today at some point.”

Tony looked at the clock on the wall and swore when he saw that it was after four-o-clock. The chances of her not having left yet were minimal. He still had to try though. He couldn’t waste any
time though. Not even to bring the kid with him. As long as he made it to the apartment before she left, he could tell her what was happening, and bring her to the compound. He pressed the middle of arch reactor on chest and his suit began to form around him. “Friday set rout for the kid’s apartment in Queens,” the man spoke and quickly pulled his phone out, and snapped of picture of the kid. Just in case he needed to show proof.

Peter’s blue eyes widened with admiration, “You’re going there in the iron man suit! Wow! Can I come?”

“No time for that kid. If your aunt is still at home, I need to try and catch her before she leaves,” Tony replied quickly before heading out of the room. He was able to hear the child yell out while he walked down the hallway, “But you said you’d take me for my ride today!”

Tony rolled his eyes, deciding not to yell back a response since she was already at the elevator. Is that really all the kid cared about that the moment. Once he was in the elevator he called Happy through the suit. Someone needed to babysit the kid while he was gone.

When his mentor left the room, Peter crashed himself face first onto the bed and began to cry again. It seemed that recently he had been doing nothing but crying; in fact he was beginning to get a headache from all the crying he’d been doing. The boy didn’t understand why he’d been crying over every little thing, it was almost as if his little body couldn’t handle the pressures of life, and the only thing that could be done to relieve the pressure was to release it all through tears and harsh cries. It was embarrassing.

He wasn’t even totally sure why he was crying right now. He was pretty sure that his mentor wouldn’t find May at the apartment; she had probably left hours ago. So there was no reason for him to be crying over his aunt finding out. It must have been a combination of being forced to wear a diaper, disappointment at not being able to go with his mentor, and the stomachache that still plagued him. It had to have been that mac-n-cheese he had for lunch. He’d never eat that blue box again. The bit about the diaper was high on his list of grievances, and just thinking about how he was lying on Tony Starks bed wearing nothing but a diaper brought renewed cries to the boy’s lips. He would never in a thousand years live this down.

After an undetermined amount of time, the child’s heightened hearing picked up someone walking towards the bedroom door, and it opened a moment later. Peter lifted his head up, half expecting it to be Mr. Stark returning. But no. Standing before him was the grumpy face of Happy. Peters own face flushed in embarrassment at being almost naked in front of the man. Happy didn’t seem to be comfortable with it either. “Why aren’t you dressed?” the man’s discomfort was obvious as he wouldn’t look directly at the boy. “Do you need help?”

“No!” the child snapped, burying his face into the bed comforter. He just wanted to be left alone in his misery. “Go away!”

“Can’t, I’ve been given orders to feed you. And there is no way you’re leaving the room looking like you are.”

“I’m not hungry!” Peter was annoyed by the way Happy made it seem like he was just some annoying pet that got dumped onto his doorstep.

He heard the man sigh in frustration. “Well you can’t very well go around wearing only that forever,” he indicated the diaper with his hand. “The weather is really chilly, and Tony would kill me if you got sick on my watch. Happy walked over and flipped the boy over onto his back. Peter gave him a small pout, but didn’t resist she the man pulled the shirt Mr. Stark had given him to put
Once in the motions of getting dressed, Peter felt some of his independence returning. Once the shirt was over his chest, he gently pushed away Happy’s hands when they moved to help him with the jeans and pulled them on himself. Happy had to help him with the button much to the boy’s humiliation. “All right. I know you said you weren’t hungry, but at least try and eat something so I can tell Tony that I at least did what he told me to do,” Happy asked opening the bedroom door and waiting for the child to go out first.

Peter sighed in defeat, “No mac-n-cheese…”

Peter had his chin propped up on his palm, as he pushed the food around on his plate. Fried up cubed spam with potato chips. Seriously, did Mr. Stark not eat anything fresh. He never thought he’d appreciate May’s cooking. “Come on kid, at least try and eat something,” Happy grumbled at him, and set a plate of toast in front of him. The boy opted to take a bite of that since his stomach still felt a bit on the tender side.

A silence fell between the two of them, only broken by the sounds of chewing and the clanking of silverware on plates. After about ten minutes of this a jolt ran through Peter when he felt another cramping sensation below his navel. He needed to find the nearest bathroom, and fast! “Oh no, Happy.” too late he was already feeling his bowels loosening and another bout of diarrhea was released into the diaper he was wearing. The child felt his face heat up in shame; he’d never admit it to anymore, but he was actually grateful to be wearing the diaper at the moment.

Happy snapped his eyes over at the boy looking annoyed. “What? What’s the problem now?” Peter responded by blushing a deeper shade of red. “Spit it out kid,” Happy asked again but a moment later he saw or rather smelled what the problem was. The man gave a short sniff and his face scrunched up with disgust. “Ew… gross kid.” Peter buried his face into his hand, dead with shame. “Well I’m not changing you. You’re going to have to wait for Tony on that one.”

As if on cue, Mr. Stark walked into the kitchen. His face looked livid. Peter could only guess what his problem was, and he would probably be right. “The kid’s aunt was not there!” he yelled at no one in particular, and then his eyes darted to look directly at Peter. “When is she supposed to get home?”

Peter flinched at his tone of voice. He gulped before answering, somehow knowing that his mentor wasn’t going to like the answer. “On Monday I think…” as expected the man didn’t like that response, making it quite obvious to everyone in the room by letting out a colorful stream of swear words.

After a few moments Mr. Stark took a deep breath to calm himself, then Peter heard him give a couple of sniffs. “What’s that smell?”

The child looked down at his feet mortified, but not totally surprised. He could smell himself, so it was only plausible that everyone else did also. “It’s the kid,” Happy supplied and Peter turned an even deeper shade of red. He was probably about to get into the world record book, from turning the brightest shade of red from embarrassment.

His mentor sighed. “Great… you couldn’t just change him?”

“Changing diapers isn’t exactly in my job description,” Happy countered.

“Well it wasn’t in mine either,” Mr. Stark approached the child who just wanted to disappear into the
Mr. Stark carried Peter back to the man’s bedroom, and into the bathroom. He set the boy on the counter to sit while he gathered the supplies needed. The bag of diapers, wipes, and a towel. Then she cleared off the sink counter enough for Peter to lie down on it. He laid the towel down on the counter before having the child lie on top of it. “All right, this shouldn’t be too difficult,” Mr. Stark said before pulling the boy’s jeans down, Peter raised his hips up to help aid in this task.

Once the jeans were down to the boy’s knee’s; the man pulled the velcro straps off, and pulled the front of the diaper down and tucked the child’s legs against his belly. Peter saw Mr. Stark turn his head away and let out a puff of breath. “Wow that’s ripe,” he brought his hand up and waved it back in forth in front of his nose. This was all Peter saw before his arms few over his face as if it would shield him from the embarrassment. “We need to figure out what it was you ate, and make sure you never eat it again.” The boy didn’t bother to respond. He had thought he had already reached the most humiliating moment of his life, and that nothing would trump it. This moment right now, having freaking Iron Man; his long standing idol, wiping his bottom clean. That right there surpassed it all.

Mr. Stark spent a few moments, cleaning the excess waste off of the child’s bottom, before decided that it was too much. “Ah screw it.” Peter peeked through an opening in his arms to look at the man. His mentor roughly tossed the baby wipe he had been using into the trash can, and then finished cleaning Peter in the bathtub.

Thirty minutes later, Peter was back in his bedroom, a fresh clean diaper over his bottom again, resting on his now clean bed. He wasn’t exactly tired, but he sure didn’t feel very good. He dearly hoped that whatever he ate that contaminated his stomach so badly was out of his system now and he could start functioning normally again. His stomach felt full and bloated despite having barely eaten anything since lunch. Maybe he should go get a glass of water. He remembered May always telling him that when your body doesn’t agree with something you ate then the best thing to do is flush it out with water. With this in mind the boy decided this was a good action to take, and rolled off of the bed to head to the kitchen.

Mr. Stark didn’t tell him where he had gone after he had deposited Peter in the room, and telling him to stay there. But his enhanced hearing heard him and Happy talking in a room down the hall. Neither sounded very happy. They should start a club, because Peter certainly wasn’t happy right now either. “I’m sorry Tony, but I already told my mom that I’d be spending Christmas at the cabin with the rest of the family,” Happy was saying.

“You can’t just bring the kid with you?” Tony responded.

“My cousin hates children. Not to mention all the adult games and fun that will be going on. I would never be able to get them to understand that he used to be 16 years old.”

Peter felt a jolt in his chest. They were talking about him. About how much a nuisance he’d become. An even bigger jolt hit him at his mentor’s next words. “Well he can’t come with me. Pepper is already fumed at me.”

“She would probably be more understanding of the situation than anyone in my family-”

“No!” Mr. Stark cut off the other man, his voice raised slightly. “I’m not telling Pepper about this. She’d probably think it was my fault somehow. I’m not going to let this ruin the best thing that ever
happened to me.”

Peter didn’t need to hear anymore. He was about to ruin everything with Mr. Stark and his fiancé. He should have never come here in the first place. What had he been thinking. The beginnings of tears began to prickle at his eyes, and the boy quickly blinked them back. How could he have been so stupid as to think Tony Stark cared about him. Sure the man probably cared on a somewhat shallow end, but when it came to important things like his girlfriend, of course he’d chose her over some high schooler that fan-boyed over him. There was only one thing he could do. And that was to leave. With that the boy turned his heels, and walked back to his room. He wouldn’t be the reason for Tony Stark’s wedding being canceled.

Chapter End Notes

Aww bad Tony… and poor Peter. I know Tony’s kind of been a class A jerk for the most part in this story, but it’s all going to change in the next chapter. Irondad is coming folks, and it’s going to get so fluffy I’m sure you’ll all forgive him for everything he’s done.
Why did I want to go into detail about diarrhea? I don’t know. I’m a preschool teacher and stuff like that doesn’t gross me out. Hopefully I didn’t turn anyone off. Now before anyone rags on me. I KNOW that it’s possible for a two year old to be completely potty trained. Working in preschool I’ve known quite a few of them. The key note to this is that Tony is the one that said it wasn’t possible for two year olds to be potty trained, and of course Tony wouldn’t know this was untrue. Someone ought to tell him :P
When Peter made it back to the room he was staying in, he looked through the bags of new clothing that was bought for him and found a couple of jackets. He put on the warmer of the two, before slipping his shoes on. He had lived in New York long enough to know that in the month of December temperatures frequently dropped to below freezing. Once his shoes were tied, tying shoes had become more of a chore since the age change as it seemed like he fine motor skills were that of a two year old. He at least remembered how to do it, thank God. He’d been feeling enough humiliation lately, and was glad he didn’t have to add someone helping to tie his shoes to the list.

It would have been nice to have his web shooters for this, but he had no idea where Mr. Stark had left the one he brought with him. He wasn’t going to ask though, he would just have to find other ways to making the long trip back to Queens. The child’s plan was to go back to his apartment and wait for aunt May to come back from her trip. He’d have to tell her everything, but at least she wouldn’t have to cancel her trip for him.

Peter was confident that he’d be able to survive the weekend by himself. It was only a couple of days and his metabolism didn’t seem to be as quick as it used to be. The last thing he grabbed before getting ready to leave was his phone that was left on the shelf. Looking at the phone screen, the boy saw that he had another missed call from Ned and 4 messages.

Ned: You still doing your ‘internship’ stuff…?

Ned: So I take it you can’t make it in time…”

Ned: We’re running a little bit behind. If you let me know when your done, I can have my parents wait.

Ned: We’re leaving now… hope your having fun with you know what…

The last one was sent a little over an hour ago. Peter knew that his best friend was disappointed, and to be honest he was also. He had been looking forward to this trip for months now. This little hiccup that happened to him has ruined a lot of things. He pocketed the phone intending to next his friend back later. “Friday open the window,” Peter told the A.I.

“It’s currently 2 degrees out. I would not recommend letting the cold air in,” Friday responded.

“It won’t be open for long,” the boy responded with some heat. “Just open it for a minute!”

Friday responded by doing what was asked. The window began to open, letting in chilly air. Chilly might not be a strong enough word though. The wind that hit the child’s face was so cold it stole his breath. It actually made him think twice about his decision to leave. He couldn’t stay though… Mr. Stark had to leave for his trip tomorrow, and if he stayed then the man wouldn’t be able to go, and Peter swore that he was not going to be reason for ruining Iron Man’s relationship with his fiancé. With this in mind, the boy took a deep breath to brace himself against the cold, and crawled out of the window.

The compound building against his hands felt like a thousand tiny knives piercing his skin. The weather was colder now than when it was when he came last night. But all he had been wearing that
night was a large T-shirt, this time around he was in thick jeans and a heavy winter jacket. So even though it was colder now, this was still an improvement over last night. But it was going to take him a lot longer to get back to Queens without his web shooters. Walking was out of the question, just driving here takes a couple of hours. Maybe he could attach himself to a car? It would be hard on his bare hands, which were already starting to go numb with the cold. If only he had gloves… though would his hands still stick with gloves on?

Peter shook his head of the mental ramblings. First things first, he needed to get on the ground, so he didn’t have to touch the ice cold building anymore. So on painfully numb fingers, the child crawled along the shadows of the building, so he wouldn’t be seen. It wasn’t too late at night, but it did seem to be the time where most of the Stark Industries employee’s left for the evening. So there was quite a bit of activity in the parking lot. Peter suddenly had an idea, that just might work. It would be tricky, and he’d have to time it right. But he might be able to sneak into someone else’s car without them noticing, and hitch a ride away from here.

With this plan in mind, Peter made his way down the wall of the building until his feet touched the ground. With a relieved sigh he let go of the icy building, and stuffed both hands into his jacket pocket. He made his way over to a silver Honda Civic car. It was parked in the perfect position for his plan. The drivers side was facing the direction of the compound’s entrance, so all he had to do was wait next to the back passenger seat door. Hopefully whoever owned this car wasn’t staying very late.

After waiting for a few moments, Peter’s bladder suddenly gave that familiar urge to urinate. Oh man, why now? He was wearing a diaper, so he could just pee in the diaper and he wouldn’t need to leave his hiding spot. But having to use a diaper felt like a very humiliating thing to do. He eventually settled on pulling his penis out and quickly relieving himself in the bushes by the car. Once that was done, he went back to waiting for the owner of the car to show up.

Luckily he only had to wait ten minutes before a young brown haired woman, came rushing towards the car, most likely trying to get out of the cold quicker. Peter heard the car unlock from the car remote, and waited for the woman to open up the driver door, before opening up the door next to him. He quickly scrambled into the car and tried to shut the door at the same time she did. The timing wasn’t perfect, but close enough that you had to be listening for it to notice. In the woman’s haste to set her stuff down on the front passenger seat, and start warming up the car, she did not notice the small child scurry to the floor directly behind her seat. Peter was so small now, he could easily lay on the car floor without feeling cramped at all. Everything seemed to be going as planned.

The car ride was fairly uneventful. This lady listened to classical music, so that was the only thing he heard during the drive. Unfortunately it only lasted 20 minutes, so there was no way he could be anywhere near Queens. He heard the lady leave the car, and he waited a full sixty seconds before sitting up and looking at his surroundings. He had no idea where he was. The woman parked outside of a Safeway grocery store he didn’t recognize. She was probably picking up dinner or something before going home. He was debating on whether he should leave the car or stay, when he spotted a subway entrance off in the distance. That was perfect, he was very familiar with the subway system and would be able to make it back to Queens easily.

Unlocking the passenger door that was next to him, Peter hoped that there was no car alarm that would sound when he opened the door. He let out a breath when no sound blared, however the breath was stolen when the icy cold car hit his face. The child quickly jumped out of the car, and shut the door after locking it first. It would at least be little warmer down in the subway, so Peter ran the whole way there.

Peter knew if he played it right, it wouldn’t be too difficult to get on a train. He didn’t have any
money on him, so he wouldn’t be able to pay for a ticket. It was almost hypictrical. He usually tries to stop people that try and stow away on transportation. He mentally planned to go to a confessional later, and maybe drop the amount he would need for the subway ticket into a tithe bucket. Anyways he stuck close behind a couple who was heading towards the train he needed to get on, close enough for bystanders to think he was following his parents, but not so close as to draw attention to the couple. It was easier than he thought it would be to get past the ticket gates. After a brief debate, he decided to go with the lost child act. The boy walked over to a bearded man that he knew was a worker by the security uniform he was wearing and tugged on his pant leg. “Excuse me sir…”

The man turned his hazel eyes down on the boy, “What is it son?” asked kindly.

“I… I lost my mommy and daddy,” Peter responded changing his voice to sound scared and close to tears.

“Oh no,” the man responded softly, a look of concern fell over his face. He squatted down to Peter’s level, “Do you remember were you last saw them?”

“I saw them go that way?” Peter pointed in the direction he needed to go. “They went through the ticket thingys, and I dropped and I dropped my… toy. I went to grab it, and then they were gone.” The boy tried to speak in a way a normal two year old would speak, however he didn’t think he succeeded.

Luckily the security guard didn’t seem to notice his advance language. “Ok we’ll go try and catch them. Maybe they haven’t gotten on their train yet.” The man took Peter by the hand and pulled him through a door that took them past the ticket booths and towards the subway trains. “I got a code yellow,” he spoke into his walky talky while they walked. “Caucasian male, about two years old, brown hair, blue eyes, says he’s with his parents.” He then pulled his mouth away from the device and looked at the boy. “Do you know your parents names?”

“Um…” Peter almost made up some names but decided the less information given the better. “Mommy and daddy?” unfortunately he made it sound like a question, which a child probably wouldn’t do if they really thought that’s what their parents names were. At least his small blunders were going unnoticed.

“Do you see them anywhere?” the two had made it to where the trains pulled in, and the passengers boarded.

After looking around for a moment Peter responded. “No…”

The kid waited until the train he needed to get on showed up, and the door’s opened before deciding it was time to get away. “There!” he shouted pointing and breaking his hand away from the security guard. “I see them! Mommy! Daddy!” ignoring all the stares that he was attracting, Peter ran into the large crowd, and when he was sure that there were probably too many people blocking him, he ran onto the train that would take him to Queens. The child kept moving, until he was no longer attracting attention from those around him. He didn’t sigh with relief though until the train started moving.

Peter was able to blend in with the crowd easily enough during the train ride. All he had to do was make sure he didn’t look like a lost child, and everyone would think he belonged to someone that stood nearby. He began to get fidgety for some reason as the time passed. It was a long train ride, so he was probably just getting a bit claustrophobic. The train never did get any emptier. When it stopped somewhere, the people that got off the train were quickly replaced with more people getting on. He had managed to snag a seat at some point, but he was starting to get so fidgety that he gave it up and began walking around.
He was on the subway for over two hours and by the end of it, Peter was more than a little tired and he noticed that the more tired he felt the more fidgety his body felt. It was almost as if his body didn’t know how to settle down, or didn’t want to. So it did what it could to stay awake. Not that it was a bad thing staying awake, he certainly didn’t want to be falling asleep on the subway train. Unfortunately since he did not have access to a bathroom, his diaper was soiled again halfway through the trip. He planned to have another shower when he got back to the apartment.

Peter made it out of the subway station without incident. This time around he just quickly jumped over an out of order ticket booth, and in the New York hustle and bustle no one noticed the small child get past the booth without a ticket. Peter continued his same routine of sticking close enough to a person or group to make those around him think he was with someone, and had no problems with someone trying to be a good citizen.

It had to have been a few degrees colder here in Queen’s because after thirty seconds of being out in the open air, Peter briefly debated going back into the station. But he was sure to be noticed by someone if he just hung out by himself in a subway station. He didn’t need to have CPS taking him away and making things even more complicated. He just had to bite the bullet and go as quickly as he could to the apartment. So he pulled the hood of his jacket over his head, stuffed his hands into his pockets and started quickly down the sidewalk.

Maybe the temperature up here was the same as Upstate, and the wind made it seem colder. Because God that wind was biting, and the jacket he wore did little in defence of it. The walk to his apartment seemed to take ten times longer than it normally did, possibly from his shorter legs. Just when all his fingers and toes were practically numb, he made it ot the building. The heater inside the apartment wouldn’t be on with May thinking that no one would be home all weekend, but it would at least be warmer than the outside. So Peter reluctantly pulled his hands out of his pockets and began climbing up the wall to his bedroom window. He always kept it unlocked out of habit. So he was certain that it still would be.

To his great disappointment however, upon reaching the window he found that May had locked and bolted it before leaving. Maybe he could break the window…? If he did that though, than it would just keep the apartment as cold as it was outside, and he would have to explain it to May who really wouldn’t be happy about a broken window. So with a last longing look at his unmade bunkbed, Peter crawled his way back down to the ground. What was he going to do now?

The child stood shivering in the shadow of his apartment building, going over his options. He could turn around, go back to the subway, and head try to make it his way back to the Compound. That didn’t seem like a very ideal plan. That would make him Mr. Starks problem again, not to mention he wasn’t sure he could make it without freezing to death. His spider powers must have helped taper off the cold weather because he’d been out in weather this cold before, even in his old suit and he had never been this miserable. The only other option he could think of would be to go look for some kind of shelter for the night and hope he would have a better plan in the morning.

Where would he go though? It had to be someplace secluded enough to not draw anyone’s attention to him. So a homeless shelter of some sort would be out of the question. Maybe he could find some abandoned building, or a parking garage. Was this what it was like to be homeless? The air seemed to be getting colder by the second, so Peter decided that staying where he was wasn’t going to help him, and started moving. There was a section of Queen’s that had several empty buildings he could probably break into without drawing attention to himself.

Peter stuffed his tiny frozen fingers inside his jacket pockets for warmth, and he felt them touch his cell phone. His phone! He had momentarily forgotten that he had his phone with him. With that phone there were many more appealing possibilities than spending the night in an abandoned
building. He could call May, and ask her to fly back early? But then she’d risk losing her job, which would be terrible for them financially. That was a no go. He could call Tony or Happy, and have them come pick him up? That brought him back to square one, so that was a no go as well. He could call Ned? But what could he do? He was probably already on the plane with his parents heading for California. God how he wished he could be there now. California was probably warmer also. Who else was in his phone he could call?

With numb barely feeling fingers, Peter began scrolling through his contacts list while walking. He stopped on the same, Michelle Jones. He could call her? She lived nearby, he knew that she wasn’t going anywhere for Christmas. He’d have a lot of explaining to do, but he could probably do that without having to reveal that he was spiderman. This was the best choice, so after taking shelter from the wind in a small alleyway Peter pressed the dial button and put the phone to his ear.

It rang, and rang, and rang. His heart sank when the phone went to voicemail, and the child hung up without leaving a message. He stood there for several long moments dwelling in the disappointment that fell over him. The sudden noise of a cat screech made him jump so badly that his phone went flying. He saw a mouse scurry past his feet, followed by a stray black cat scurrying after it. Taking a deep breath to get over the sudden scare, the child looked around for where his phone landed.

He spotted it a little further in the alleyway, and upon running to go retrieve it, he accidentally kicked the device, which went sailing under the nearby dumpster. “Shit!” the child squeaked, running over to the dumpster dropping down to his hands and knees in front of the dumpster. “Oh no! Oh no!” he said over and over again while he reached an arm under the dumpster and groped around for the device. His hand just glazel over the icy ground and only felt different pieces of trash that had been kicked underneath over time. The boy pulled his hand out after a moment and glanced around under the dumpster, trying to get a glimpse of where the phone had landed.

It was too dark to see anything, and he had nothing he could use as a flashlight at the moment. Giving it up as a lost cause after a couple more minutes of blindly groping underneath the dumpster, Peter got to his feet again and left the alleyway with a pout on his face. He planned to go back in the morning and try again to find it. Right now he just really wanted to get out of the wind.

Peter was starting to get into the not so good part of Queens where the homeless tended to congregate. He then spied an abandoned warehouse with a broken window a little off in the distance. It would be easy enough to crawl through the window and stay in there for the night. “Where are your parents boy?” a gravelly voice suddenly spoke.

The child jumped at the sudden voice speaking to him. He looked around and saw an old man with a white scraggily beard and dressed in threadbare clothing, sitting against the wall of a building looking at him. Peter took a little step backwards, wary of the man. He wasn’t sure why he gave this answer, but it slipped out before he could stop himself. “There dead…”

The homeless man gave him a sympathetic frown. “It’s pretty cold out tonight. If you wanted to come sleep over here with me tonight. I might be able to keep you a little bit warmer?”

Even though Peter was pretty sure the man meant well, he took another couple steps backwards and firmly shook his head no and continued to make his way towards the warehouse. With his enhanced hearing he picked up what the man was yelling after him. “If you’re heading for that warehouse I wouldn’t recommend it. It’s close to falling down and the wind’s supposed to be picking up tonight.” Peter barely gave the warning a thought, as his top priority right now was getting warm. Not to mention that the likeliness of an entire building collapsing from wind alone was very low. After approaching the old building, the child waited until he was sure no one would notice before quickly climbing up the wall and slipping through the broken window.
A breath of relief escaped the boy’s mouth when he entered the building. It was still bone chillingly cold inside, but at least he was out of the wind. The child was dead on his feet at this point, so he didn’t take any time to look around, and walked to the nearest corner of the room and laid down on the ground. With a deep sigh, the child closed his eyes, and waited for sleep to claim him.

That seemed to be easier said than done though. Even though he was incredibly tired, he still felt incredibly uncomfortable. He was cold, the diaper he was wearing was full of his own waste that uncomfortably clung to his backside, the ground he was lying on was wet and cold, and lastly the wind outside was indeed picking up and it almost sounded like thunder. In fact after about an hour of lying there listening the building creak and groan, Peter was beginning to wonder if maybe that guy was onto something, about the building collapsing.

After another hour, the child was beginning to finally doze off. In his half sleep state, he didn’t recognize the warning signs of splintering woods, and twisting metal. Just when he was about to fall asleep, there was a deafening crash. His blue eyes flew up and looked around to see a part of the roof falling down, then the floor began to collapse under him. Peter felt himself fall probably eight feet and with a painful thud. Small pieces of debris were fall on top of him, while large pieces were falling around him. He wasn’t that lucky, so the threw his small arms over his head and waited for a large piece of the building to fall and crush his little body.

The crashing continued for what felt like hours, but he hadn’t felt any pain yet. A little bit of pressure here and there as slightly heavy things fall onto his legs and back. Slowly the noise began to die down, and eventually he no longer felt the debris falling on him. Hesitantly he dared to look around. It was pitch black. The child knew he was under a ton of debris from the building. Did the whole thing just fall on top of him? How was he still alive? He felt no pain, but he couldn’t move either. It’s like he was pinned down just enough to stop him from going anywhere but not enough to crush or break his bones.

The relief he felt about being still alive was short lived as crushing panic began to fill his little body. Like every other time anything overwhelming happened, it was too much for his little two year old body. He began to shake, as the sensation of deja-vu came over him. Another night, over a year ago where he was stuck under a building. There had been may sleepless nights after that event, having to come up with excuses as to why he was afraid to go in the parking garage, or anything else that could come crashing down on top of him. Even though he felt like he was pretty much over what had happened, being crushed under a building was still one of his recurring nightmares. He didn’t have his super strength anymore, so there was no way he’d able to get out on his own this time. He was stuck.

When Tony woke up that morning, he was in a much better mood than he had been as of late. It was amazing what a full night of sleep can do for you, even though he still probably needed a good 12 hours more to catch up. But he could catch up on the rest later. After yelling himself practically horse arguing with Happy about what they were going to do with Peter, Tony decided to go to his room to take a breather for a few minutes. The last thing he recalls from last night was taking a seat on his bed and trying to get his anger and frustration under control; the next thing he knew he was waking up almost twelve hours later.

The man let out a blood pumping yawn, and stretched his old cracking limbs. Everything seemed so much more manageable after a good sleep. He already had a plan in mind, that would hopefully fix everything with Pepper. He could have kicked himself for not thinking of it earlier, it seems like such a simple solution when thinking about it now.

Tony glanced over at the clock bedside table; he had plenty of time to get Peter ready before his
plane was supposed to leave. It would complicate some of the fantasy’s he had in mind for the week, and they’d probably have to find of day care of sorts so he could have a little alone time with his soon to be. But the man was fully planning on bringing the child with him to the Bahamas. Then he would have real proof with him that the problem was pretty important, and Pepper was soft with children so hopefully all Peter had to do was show some of those sad puppy baby blues and she’d forgive all.

Guess it was time to go tell the kid. Tony stood up with a final stretch, and headed towards the boy’s room. It would probably be best to make breakfast for them first, then he would help the boy pack a bag. They’d need to go to the store and pick up some more supplies before leaving. Tony was confident though that he could get this all done before 2:00. “Peter!” Tony knocked on the door when he got there five minutes later. There was no answer. The kid was probably a heavy sleeper. He knocked one more time a little harder before opening the door when he got no answer.

The room was empty. Maybe the kid already got up? The man turned to go and check the kitchen but stopped short. Why waste time searching the whole compound for the child when he had his trusty A.I. “Friday, where’s the kid at?”

“He is no longer in the building sir…” the machine responded after a moment.

“What?” a sudden pang of worry hit the man right in the chest. He glanced out the window, and saw that it was snowing. Why would he leave? Especially with how the weathers been. “Where did he go?”

“Mr. Parker did not mention where he was going, before leaving.”

“Shit… when did he leave?”

“He left out of the window at approximately 5:30 last night.”

“What!” Tony swore loudly. That meant that he’d been gone for over twelve hours. The man could have kicked himself for not noticing sooner. The kid could be anywhere now. The billionaire grabbed his phone and quicked called up Happy on his speed dial.

The other man answered on the third ring. “What’s up boss?”

“Happy! The kid’s gone AWOL, I don’t know where he is?” Tony spoke very quickly, not even pausing to breath as he was quickly consumed with anxiety. Where this sudden feeling came from, he had no idea. All he knew was that his little spider who was practically helpless now was missing and had been outside in the cold all night long.

“Woah! Calm down Tony. What happened? Did a game of hide and see go bad or something?”

“No! Look Happy, I don’t know what happened. I woke up this morning, and he wasn’t in his room, Friday said that he left last night- Happy it's freezing outside. The kid doesn’t many of his powers anymore, most importantly his healing factor- he’s been gone for over 12 hours- why the - did he leave in the first place-”

“Tony! You have to calm down,” Happy interrupted the rant. “Freaking out isn’t going to help us find the kid. Does he have any type of tracking device on him?”

“No…” Tony replied with a groan. He mentally made a note to make sure there was always a tracking device on that kid, even if he hand to emplant it in kid’s own body. “It’s only on the Spiderman suit.”
“Ok well, he doesn’t move very fast, so the kid couldn’t have gotten too far,” Happy pointed out. Tony had to agree. Since the change, the kid had to run to keep up with his normal stride. The billionaire stared out the window at the woods surrounding the compound. Those woods went on for miles. He had to be out there somewhere. Lost alone scared… “I’m on my way to the compound. Don’t worry Tony we’ll find him.”

“Yeah,” the man replied half listening. “I’m going to start combing the woods. Call me when you get here.”

With that Tony hung up and phone and pressed the arch reactor on chest to get into his ironman suit. Five minutes later he was flying over the woods. “Friday scan for life forms below?”

“I have detected 13,413 lifeforms below?” Friday responded.

The man sighed with frustration. “Let me rephrase that. Scan for any human life forms.”

“I have detected none.”

Her scan detector’s only went about 4 miles out so that didn’t necessarily mean anything. He flew about thirty seconds then asked again, only to have the same results. For the next twenty minutes Tony flew over every inch of the woods, looking for any type of human life form, and came up with nothing. This could only mean one of two things. Either the kid wasn’t in any part of the woods, or he was down there and the only reason Friday wasn’t picking up life forms was because he was no longer alive. He dearly hoped it was not the latter. “Incoming call from Happy Hogan,” Friday spoke up and his friend’s picture showed up in the corner of the ironman helmet screen.

“Ignore call,” Tony already knew what Happy was calling about so he’d call back later. Right now he was going to search every inch of these woods. Even if all he was going to find was a lifeless body of a toddler. The kid deserved more than being left to rot away in the woods. But if he was going to find him in a reasonable amount of time, he was going to need some help. “Friday, call James Rhodes.”

Chapter End Notes

Gotta have some Whump before fluff ;) Where are Peter’s keys to his apartment… I don’t know. Its a plot hole I didn’t feel like filling. I have never been on a subway before, I live on the west coast so the closest thing to the subway I’ve been on is the B.A.R.T. station. So I apologize if subway part in this chapter wasn’t accurate. Hey guess what everyone. The cotton candy just arrived, which means it’s time for the fluff to start. Now I don’t want you all to get sugar rush, so it’s going to start out slow.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for shortness, hopefully early update makes up for it. I promise that the next chapter will be longer. Also sorry if Rhodey is out of character. I’m not very familiar with his character.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony had been searching through the woods for almost an hour when his friend arrived, wearing his Iron Patriot suit- aka War Machine. He still couldn’t believe that Rhodey actually agreed to have his name changed to that. There was always a strange mix of emotions that came with seeing James Rhodes nowadays. It was like a mixture of happiness, envy, and guilt. Happiness because it was always nice seeing an old friend, envy because no matter how hard he tried he could never be as good as the man that stood before him, and guilt because of what had happened to him almost two years ago.

Ironically the very event that caused Tony to make contact with Peter Parker in the first place was the same event that caused his other best friend to lose the use of his legs. Tony had provided a special machine of his own invention to help Rhodey walk again, and over the last couple of years the man had gotten to the point where he you could forget that he was even using the machine.

But Tony would always know and remember. That whole mess over the Sokovia Accords ruined a lot of things. If that had never happened his friend would be using his legs without the aid of a machine, and Tony may have never gotten into the life of Peter Parker. Which means he wouldn’t be ruining the kid’s life. That kid might actually be home with his Aunt right now, happy. Not somewhere out here in the cold, possibly dead.

Which means all this was Caps fault. Tony Stark had no problem whatsoever blaming all his problems on Captain freaking America. He’d been doing it for years now. “Where’s Happy?” Tony asked when the two men both lifted their faceplates to talk.

“He’s back at the compound,” Rhodey replied.

“Well he needs to get out here with us. The kid could be anywhere.”

“Happy told me that the kid should have a cell phone, have you tried calling him yet?”

Tony stared stupidly at his other best friend. That should have been the very first thing he tried. It seemed that in all the chaos of finding out that Peter was missing, he had overlooked the most logical thing that could be done to find the boy. He’d already wasted so much time; they might have found him by now. “Friday, call Peter Parker,” the billionaire ordered without responding to his friend’s question.

“Calling Mr. Parker,” the A.I. responded.

The phone rang and went to voicemail. But this phone lead led to a few other options he could look into before they start mindless roaming the woods again. “Friday I need you to track Peter’s phone, tell me exactly where his phone is right now.”
It took a few minutes for Friday to come up with the exact location. “Mr. Parkers phone is currently in Queens.”

“Isn’t that where the kid lives?” Rhodey asked sounding confused. “You haven’t checked their yet?”

“Yeah… No I didn’t think the kid would be able to make it that far on foot. Probably went back to his apartment.” Tony sighed deeply. “I guess I better head over to Queens and get the little runt before he freezes to death.”

“Want me to come with you?” Rhodey asked.

Tony thought for a moment before answering, “Yeah, you probably should. To make sure I don’t rip the kid of new one for for scaring the shit out of me like this.”

The billionaire then told Friday to call up Happy, and after a few moments the other man answered. “Did you find him?”

“No yet,” Tony responded. “I tracked his phone, he’s in Queens now. So I want you to stay at the Compound just in case he comes back.” Tony figured that that if the little runt could make it all the way to Queens in just one night, then he must have some other kind of transportation other then on foot.

“You just thought of this now,” Happy asked sounding like he was rolling his eyes.

“Don’t even start. Just keep him with you if he comes back.”

With all that Tony ended the call and set his route for Queens. The two metal suits of armor had been flying for about five minutes before Rhodey bean to ask him questions. “So this kid is Spiderman?”

“Yes,” the billionaire responded.

“But he’s younger now?”

“By about fourteen years. He got hit by some type of alien weapon that deaged him.”

“So how old is he now?”

“He’s like two years old.”

“Two! Jesus Tony, we’ll be lucky if he’s not frozen to death by the time we find him.” Tony chose not to respond to this. These had been his exact thoughts the moment he found out that the kid was missing. He didn’t need a verbal reminder, “You say he’s aged down fourteen years? How old was he when we fought with him in Germany?”

Tony knew that question had been coming. He knew that the minute he decided to bring his friend in on this, that he would be eventually wanting to find out how old this spiderman kid was that he took under his wing. The billionaire knew he would have to answer this question, so after a long pause he replied. “I’m not totally sure. I think he was fourteen.”

Rhody did not respond to this. Tony assumed the man was thrown speechless from the shock of finding out how he was; he himself had been shocked when he first found out the kid running around stopping busses with his bare hands and fighting petty crimes in nothing but pajama’s was only in high school. The two were silent the rest of the way to Queens, but Tony knew that this conversation was far from over. His best friend would certainly have some words for him on the
Once they made it to Queens, Tony led the way to where Peter lived with his aunt. They decided to try knocking on the door first, so after getting out of their suits the two friends went up the seventh floor of the apartment building and knocked on the door. “Peter!” Tony called after a couple of moments of silence, then knocked again.

“I’ll go out and look through the window, see if I can see anyone inside,” Rhodey suggested, and walk back towards the elevator without wait for his friend to answer.

Tony knocked at the door for another five minutes before deciding that the kid was either ignoring him or wasn’t in the building. He met up with Rhody again in front of the apartment building, who was back in his Iron suit. “I didn’t see anything in the windows. It looks like no one is home,” he said as the other man approached.

“So if the kid’s not here, then where the hell is he?” Tony asked almost shouting. The constant frustration he’d been feeling lately was beginning to consume again. But there was something added to the frustration this time. A different feeling that made his heart ache, a feeling that he usually associated with Pepper. Could it be worry? Tony ran both hands through his hair, and grabbed onto the locks, squeezing them tightly in his fists.”

“Tony you need to calm down,” Rhodey told the man placing a comforting metal hand on his shoulder. “We know that he’s here right? I mean you tracked his phone here?”

The billionaire took a couple of deep breaths trying to regain his composure. “Y-yeah…” the man took another steadying breath then spoke to his A.I. “Friday, give me exact coordinates for Peter’s phone.”

“I’ve located his phone about thirty yards west of your current location,” The A.I. responded after a moment of silence.

The two men began walking in that direction, with Friday leading them into an alley, where they found the phone under a dumpster, but Peter was nowhere in sight. They still spent several minutes looking up and down the alleyway, and checking any place a two year old might be able to hide, and they didn’t find anything. “We know the kid was here,” Tony said to no one in particular. The phone is proof that the kid had been here since he left the compound. Which means that he couldn’t have made it far. The billionaire pulled his phone out of his pocket and began thumbing through it.

“Ok here’s the plan. Someone had to have seen him or noticed him, so we’re going to go around and ask around to anyone we see. I just sent a picture of him to you.”

Rhodey who was out of his Iron suit again, pulled out his phone and looked at the picture Tony had just sent him. It was the picture the man took of Peter last night when he thought he might need it to convince the boy’s aunt that her nephew was indeed a little toddler now. No other words were said between the two men. They both went in different directions, carrying their phones and showing the picture to anyone that was passing by to see if they had seen the kid.

This went on for hours. Precious time was wasted by people fanning over the two heroes, and having to give explanations as to why they were looking for a two year old child. Tony was at the point where his whole body felt numb from the cold weather. He couldn’t stop through, he had to keep looking. He had to find his little spider, even if it meant not sleeping. The man couldn’t help but feel that he was responsible for this happening. He hadn’t been very patient with the kid since he showed up asking for help, it had to have been him driving the kid to do something so stupid. If he found the kid froze to death under some bridge later, he’d never forgive himself. “Excuse me ma’am,” Toy stopped a woman who was passing by and held up the picture on his phone.. “I’m
The woman didn’t seem to recognize that he was Tony Stark. That was a rare occurrence but did happening occasionally for people that were just so busy they didn’t recognize what was in front of them and those who didn’t watch much television. The woman stared at the picture for a moment before shaking her head. “No I’m sorry. How old is he?”

“He’s- two-” the man found himself choking up at answering the question. Peter was nothing but a helpless two year old now, and he was lost, alone, scared, possibly dead out in the cold. Why didn’t he realize that the kid had been missing sooner.

“Have you informed the police?” the woman asked now looking deeply concerned at the knowledge that a two year old child was lost in New York in the middle of December.

The police were the last people he wanted involved in this situation. The last thing he needed was child protective services getting involved with his spider child. He wasn’t about to tell this woman that, so he lied and said, “Y-Yeah, there- there looking elsewhere…”

“Ok, well if I see him, then I’ll be sure to inform the police.”

Tony thanked the woman, but wondering if maybe he just made the situation worse. He partially hoped that the woman wouldn’t be the one to spot the kid. The man was about to move on when another voice spoke up, startling him from his thoughts, “You looking for a little boy?”

It was an old homeless man, dressed in thin threadbare clothing, sporting a gray scraggly beard. Tony hesitated in answering the man for a moment, before realizing that people that loitered on the street all day and night may know more than just random passersbys. So the man hesitantly stepped closer, and held his phone out close enough for the man to see the picture but far enough that he couldn’t just snag the phone suddenly. This may not have been even necessary as who would ever try to steal anything from Ironman… unless the guy didn’t recognize him. “Yeah… have you seen him?” Tony asked.

The old man frowned for a moment at the picture then his brown eyes glanced back up at the billionaire. “You’re Tony Stark right?” Ok so apparently he was recognized. Tony expected for man to demand something in return for his information, but to his surprise a moment later he just responds with, “Yeah I saw him… last night… he headed towards the old sewing warehouse.” the homeless man pointed over to an old run down abandoned building some distance away.

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After tracking Rhodey down, the two friends were standing outside the old building that was looking like it was close to falling down. “Friday scan for lifeforms in this building, and please don’t include animals, insects, parasites or any of that shit. Are there any human life forms?”

After the few moments it took her to scan the building, Friday reported. “I’ve detected one life form in the first floor.”

That was good enough for them. Tony kicked the front door in, and charged inside the building calling out the child’s name. “Hey kid you in here? Peter!” the man glanced around and saw that a part of the building seemed to have caved in, as there was probably two or three floors worth of rubble piled up on on the ground about thirty feet away from him. He dearly hoped that the kid was not underneath all of that. “Friday, where’s the life from?”

“It is about thirty-five feet to your left.”
“Jesus, NO! PETER! PETER!” Tony ran over to the pile of rubble with his friend following as best as he could. The other man hadn’t mastered running yet on the machine that helped him walk.

To Tony’s immense relief, he heard a squeaky child’s voice respond with a shriek. “Mr. Stark! Mr. Stark please help! I’m stuck! I can’t move!” the relief he felt was quickly replaced with fear as he realized how terrified the child sounded.

“Peter I’m coming!” Tony yelled and began to throwing pieces of rock and rubble aside until Rhodey stopped him.

“Wait! Tony you have to be careful. If you jostle this pile the wrong way, you could cause more of the rubble to crush him,” the other man warmed grabbing Tony’s arms to stop him from moving anymore.

Using Friday to help figure out the best pieces to move, so it would jostle the pile the least amount; the two men began carefully picking up pieces of rock, glass, concrete, metal, and tossed it aside. Even with their careful calculations, there was still an ominous rumble and sound of rubble shifting dangerously after Rhodey picked up a large piece of concrete with the use of his iron suit. Both of them had found themselves in their suits to help aid with the heavier pieces.

Peter immediately began to scream at the sound. God this was it. He was being crushed, they weren’t going to get him out in time. “Peter what’s wrong?” Tony yelled trying not to panic and failing miserably. “Talk to me! Tell me, are you hurt?” The billionaire could feeling the panic rising in his chest, his heart was beating rapidly, his hands went numb all the way to his fingertips. He was obviously about to have a panic attack. Rhoedy began speaking to Peter, but in his anxious state, the billionaire couldn't register what was being said between the two of them. All that was consuming his mind was how he had killed this kid. The one kid fate had placed with him, to teach and protect, and he failed. He failed to protect the kid.

After an undetermined amount of time, a voice finally made its way through the blind panic. “Tony! Would you f-ing listen!” Rhodey yelled, and the billionaire turned his attention towards his friend. “He’s still ok, but he’s really scared. We need to keep him from panicking. If he moves around too much it could make it worse.”

Tony had to take another couple of breaths before he could trust his voice not to break while speaking, then raised his voice enough for it to trail through the rubble. “Hey kid! Can you hear me?”

“M-Mr. Stark!” the young child’s voice shot through the rocks, and smacked Tony right at his heart strings. He didn’t even realize that he had heart strings before now. The boy’s voice voice sounded like it was horse from tons of screaming and crying. In fact the man’s ears were able to pick up on the sobs that fell from the spiderlings lips. “Mr. Sta-rk please- I’m really scared!”

“I know you are buddy,” Tony called loudly but still in a soothing voice through the rubble. “But you’re going to be ok. I’m going to get you out of there, and then I’ll take you on that ride on my Ironman suit, and I’ll take you to your favorite ice cream shop- heck I’ll take you to the moon if you want me to kid.”

The task of unburying the kid was ‘pull your hair out’ slow. Or at least it felt like it was. Rhodey did most of the works because Tony was now weighed down with the task of making sure the child didn’t panic which was actually harder then he thought it would be. Anytime their topic of conversation got slow or not that interesting the kid would began to freak out about not being able to move. On the plus side, the two men noticed that the further they dug into the rubble the less muffled the kid’s voice was, which meant that slowly but surely they were getting closer.
Finally Tony removed a large piece of metal and through a tiny hole they could see bright blue eyes looking back at them. The kid’s face looked dirty and pale but he appeared relatively unharmed. When Peter saw the two men looking in on him, he burst into a new set of fresh tears, somewhat startling Tony. He had expected the child to maybe shout for joy, not start bawling. Unless he was suddenly hurting, or maybe he just didn’t recognize Tony in his suit. Tony pressed the arch reactor on chest to make the Ironman suit go away, just in case. “Hang in there Pete, we almost got you out,” Tony spoke in a gentle voice.

Peter reached a tiny hand towards the hole, and as if some magnetic force was pulling them closer, Tony suddenly found himself reaching into the hole with his own hand and allowing his fingers to close around the boy’s tiny frozen ones. It took about ten minutes for them to make the hole large enough for Tony reach in and try to pull the kid out. But the kid’s foot was stuck. “Ok Tony, I’m going to reach in and pull the slab of concrete under his foot up, and as soon as I do that you need to pull the kid out as fast as you can,” Rhodey told him, and he waited for the billionaires nod of confirmation before reaching into the hole. “Ok on the count of three. One...” Tony got a good grip on the child and pulled just enough feel his foot resisting. “Two… THREE!”

As soon as Tony felt the foot get released, he pulled the child as fast as he could out of the whole. Just seconds later, and small hole that had been Peter’s prison was now filled with five hundred pounds of rubble. But that didn’t matter anymore, because the little spiderling was no longer in the hole, he was in Tony’s arms.

Peter clung to the man, melting into his embrace as tears flowed from his shiny blue eyes, leaking onto Tony’s t-shirt. The billionaire wrapped his arms around the trembling child, and squeezed him as hard as he dared. He felt a strange urge to never let this child go, to shield him and protect him from everything that surrounding them. In Tony Stark's mind right now, nothing else in the world mattered or existed, the only thing that did matter was he had his kid back, and he was safe. And there was no way he’d ever let anything happen to his little spider.

Tony happened to look at the time on his watch. And Ironically it was 2:05pm exactly. But that didn’t seem to matter anymore. For some reason, getting on that plane didn’t seem as important as it did a few hours ago.

Chapter End Notes

Again I apologize for shortness. There was supposed to be more fluff in this chapter, but this just seemed like the perfect spot to end the chapter. This chapter and the last one isn’t really my best work. I’ll be honest I was getting as impatient as the rest of you for the fluff to start so I kind of sped things up a bit. As I’ve been promising from the very beginning folks, starting now till the end of the story will be nothing but shameless Irondad/Spiderson tooth rotting fluff with a little bit of angst and whump thrown in so you guys don’t all get diabetes. Finally, next update might take a bit longer than usual. I’ll be out of town this weekend and I don’t know how much computer access I’ll have.
Tony held the crying child protectively in his arms until the spiderlings sobs began to slow down to the occasional hiccup. Then Rhodey, always there to bring him back to reality, reminded him of something important. “Tony you should probably check to make sure the kid doesn’t have any injuries.”

“Oh… yeah,” the billionaire shifted the boy slightly in his arms. This caused Peter to snuggle closer into the man’s chest, squeezing a bit of Tony’s shirt his tiny fingers, and hiding his head in the crook of the man’s shoulder. “Friday scan the kid for injuries?” Tony asked his A.I. and as if by instinct he began the rocking the child from side to side in his arms. The movement seemed to make the child sigh in contentment, and he melted even deeper into the man’s embrace.

“I have detected multiple contusions, several non lethal abrasions, and severe dermatitis on his buttocks,” Friday listed off in her robotic irish voice after a few moments.

Dermatitis on the kid’s backside? What was that supposed to mean. Did the kid contract some weird disease while he was roaming about, and now his skin was breaking out. The billionaire looked over at Rhody with confusion in his eyes. “Diaper rash,” the other man whispered by way of explanation. Tony nodded in understanding, now it made sense. He really needed to change Friday’s language settings so, so that she spoke in more modern day language. Now that the kid’s diaper was brought to the front of his mind, it certainly smelled like the kid needed a change, and the man was nothing but ready for give the child a pass, considering how long he was buried under a collapsed building. But this was a problem that could be dealt with later. “We should probably find a way to get him in clean diaper. The longer he stays in a dirty one, the worse the rash will get,” Rhody added.

Scratch that, getting this kid changed was next on the ‘to do’ list. “Ok, I don’t think the kid is in any condition for me to be flying him back with the iron suit. So here is what I propose…” Tony looked down at the child in his arms. He had stopped crying at this point, and looked almost half asleep against the man’s chest. “I’ll call Happy, and have him pick us up and take us back to the compound. While we’re waiting for him, let’s go to the nearest store and get what we need to get this kid in a clean diaper.”

“Sounds like a pretty good plan,” Rhody nodded in agreement.

“Great. Want to come with me. I have absolutely no idea how to treat a diaper rash and I would appreciate the help.”

“I’m not sure how much help I’d be in that department, but I guess two heads are better than one.”

Tony shifted Peter so he could hold the child with one arm, and unzipped his own jacket. Peter groaned slightly at the shift, but rested his little head on the man’s shoulder and sighed tiredly.
“Friday call Happy?” the billionaire ordered shrugging off his jacket.

“Calling Happy Hogan,” the A.I. responded and a few seconds later the internal ringing sound was heard.

The other man picked up on the first ring, which probably meant that he had been waiting around for the phone to ring. Which wouldn’t have been surprising, considering that the only order he had given was to wait at the compound in case Peter returned. It was obvious now that Peter wasn’t at the compound so Happy wouldn’t have anything to do but wait around for the phone to ring. “Tony?” Happy asked over the phone by way of greeting.

“Hey Hap we found him,” Tony said without ceremony. He now had his jacket pulled off, and he wrapped it snuggly around the child who was now asleep in his arms.

You could almost hear the relief in the other man’s voice, “That’s good to hear. Is he ok? Where did you find him?”

“Yeah,” Tony glanced down at Peter’s pale sleeping face. You could see the tear trails running down his grimy face, and he rubbed a soothing hand over the child’s back causing Peter to give a satisfied sigh in his sleep. “He’s fine, just a little beat up. It’s a long story, I’ll tell you later- listen I need you to come and pick us up.”

“Sure thing,” Happy replied quickly. He seemed eager to be doing something. “You guy’s in Queens?”

“Yeah,” Tony replied. “Call us when you get into town and we’ll let you know where we’re at.”

With that the billionaire ended the call. “Should we get going?” Rhodey asked after a moment, and Tony nodded in agreement. Rhodey led the way out of the old building. Tony planned to make a call about the building’s structure later. Someone would certainly need to do something about the place if it was beginning to collapse within itself. He followed closely behind his friend, holding the sleeping child in his arms as if he were made of glass. Even though the boy was dead asleep at this point, he still made small whimpering sounds anytime he was shifted, which caused Tony to worry more. Either Friday missed an injury, or that diaper rash the kid had was more painful than he was thinking.

They managed to find a Target store just a couple of blocks down the road from where the warehouse was, which should be able to serve their purpose. The moment they stepped into the store, they were greeted by an employee wearing the typical Target red shirt and khaki pants. The employee was a young girl, probably no older than 16 or 17 years old with long brown hair and wearing glasses. Her reaction to him was typical, “Oh my gosh- it’s Ironman…” she said with a breathless gasp, placing a hand over her heart. Several people nearby stopped and stared at overhearing her.

It took a few moments before she was able to get a hold of herself, but the young girl finally managed to take a few steadying breaths and get back to her job of customer service. “M-May I help you fi-nd something Mr. Stark- Sir- Mr- Ironman…”

Tony had to fight not to roll his eyes at the girl. She seemed totally smitten with him; hopefully she wouldn’t wet herself. He thought of a million different things he could say to this girl, that would send her over the rails, and probably totally embarrass her. He knew that Rhodey wouldn’t approve, so he kept it cool. “Thanks, I’m looking for diapers?”

The girl didn’t seem at all taken aback by the unusual prospect of Tony Stark coming into a store like
a regular person and asking for diapers. “T-They would be in the infant section?” she responded breathlessly.

Infants? He thought that he had already established yesterday that Peter no longer fell into the category of infant. He was more of a toddler, being two years old. Maybe in her fangirling mind, she thought he was looking for infant diapers. “No. You see I need them for him?” Tony motioned at the sleeping Peter. “He’s two, so he’s not an infant.”

The girl looked suddenly terrified, as if she thought that she had offended Ironman for misunderstanding her. She stood there shell shocked with her mouth slightly opened, and didn’t respond. “All our diapers are in the same section,” a different voice responded, and Tony looked around in the direction of where the voice came from. It was an older woman with shoulder length blond hair, probably in her mid twenties, also sporting the red shirt and khaki pants. She approached the smitten girl, and laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. “Bev, we’re kind of backed up. So can you help out on lane 8?”

The young girl nodded dumbly, and headed for the direction of the check out lanes with the help of a gentle push by the other employee. “Sorry about that?” the woman said after a moment. “But I’m sure you probably get that alot Mr. Stark.”

The billionaire just nodded without giving a verbal response. He arm was beginning to get tired from holding Peter for so long. Sure the kid wasn’t that heavy right now, but carrying 25 pounds on one arm for an extended amount of time, anyone would eventually get tired. He as gently as possible shifted the boy over to his other arm, causing the child to wake up with a soft cry of protest. Tony gently made shushing noises into the spiderlings ear, rubbing his back and rocking from side to side. Slowly the tired child fell back into a partially content sleep sighing into the man’s shoulder, his tiny fist wrapped around the hem of his neckline. The blonde haired woman smiled at the adorable scene. “Wow, Mr. Stark I never knew you were so good with children. In fact I didn’t even know that you had a son- Anyway’s our infant second is is down that way past housewares.”

The employee pointed towards the left of the store. However Tony wasn’t wasn’t really listening to her anymore. To be honest he stopped listening to everything she said after the word son. This kid wasn’t his son, and he couldn’t have people going around thinking that he had one. That would ruin his image. Everyone would think that Tony Stark was going soft. Then there would be a big scandal of who the mother was… The whole business sounded like a shitstorm ready to hit the fan. “N-No he’s not my son. He’s… a friends kid. I’m j-just watching him.”

Tony felt Rhodey press a hand on his shoulder, causing him to start moving forward. “Thank you,” his friend called back to the woman, as they went towards the direction of infants. Rhodey also seemed to pick up on the direness of what just occurred. “I think we better get this done quick, so you can get out of the public eye.”

It was easy to tell which section was the infant section, as there were pictures of babies everywhere. They made it to the diaper aisle after a few moments, and both were shocked by what they found. Both sides of the aisle were filled all the way with boxes and bags of diapers. Tony never in his wildest dreams realized how many different brands of diapers there were. How do you know which ones are the right ones. “What is this?” the billionaire asked in shock. “I see Huggies, Pampers, Luvs, Up n Up- and what’s with the numbers. Some have the three, two, five. How do we know which is the best diapers to pick with so many options?”

“Ok… don’t panic,” Rhodey said, placing a hand on the other man’s free shoulder. But he also looked lost and trying hard not to panic. “Let’s take this one step at a time. We’ll start with a brand, then decide on which number we need.”
Tony walked up and down the aisle a couple of times looking at all the brands, and skimming over all the advertisements written on the packaging. All of them seemed to be the perfect diaper according to the labels. “Ok… let’s go with Huggies or Pampers. There seems to be more of those brands then any of the others,” he decided after a long time of contemplating.

“Ok, let’s just go with Huggies,” Rhodey decided, starting to run out of patients.

“All right sounds good.” Tony stood directly in front of the large collection of Huggies brand diapers. “The number probably means the diaper size right?”

“Probably.”

“So what size do you think he is?”

Rhodey ran a hand over his forehead and went to pinch the bridge of his nose. “I don’t know Tony, what size of diaper is he wearing right now?”

Tony shifted the child ever so slightly, so he could look down at the child’s pants. He pulled the child’s pants back just a little bit to look down at the diaper. He didn’t like what he saw, and the smell was even worse. He was certainly not looking forward to changing that diaper. The billionaire pulled his head up quickly, trying to get as far away from the smell as he could. “I have no idea, and I’m not checking right now.” His friend only responded with a knowing smirk. “Ok, so the kid is two years old, so maybe that means he’s a size two?”

“I don’t know Tony?” Rhodey sounded doubtful. “It looks like the sizes go all the way up to 6, and I don’t think it’s normal for six year old’s to still be in diapers.”

The other man shrugged. “Don’t look at me, I wouldn’t know this stuff.”

Rhodey picked up a purple box. “Ok this one had a picture of kid on it who looks about the same age as Peter, and it has has 3 through 6 sizes. With this we have four sizes to try, at least one of them ought to fit the kid.”

“Sounds good to me, what else do we need?” Tony was eager to move this along. His other arm was beginning to tire, so he had to switch Peter around again. Luckily this time he didn’t wake up, but a soft whimper still fell from his lips.

“Probably some baby wipes so you can clean… you know,” Rhodey suddenly looked awkward, and Tony chose not to respond.

They found all the baby wipes on the next aisle over, which surprise surprise, was also filled with a ton of different brands and options. It wasn’t as bad at the diaper aisle, the wipes were only about half of one aisle. But there were still different brands and different scents. How could any parents do this without getting overwhelmed. “We can’t spend all day trying to pick out the best brand of baby wipe,” Rhodey said, and grabbed a pack at random. “Hey look here’s some diaper rash cream,” he then grabbed one of the brands of cream that were next to the wipes, and then grabbed a bottle of baby powder. “Baby powder probably wouldn’t hurt to have as well. That’s probably good enough.”

Tony waited with Peter near the store restroom, the child was still fast sleep on the man’s shoulder. It was decided that, to save on more publicity blunders, Rhodey would buy the stuff and Tony could hide in the corners away from prying eyes. He hoped there would be some type of diaper changing spot on the men’s room. Rhodey had told him that there usually is, and the billionaire would just have to take his friends word for it because he never paid attention to what was in a men’s public
Rhodey approached where the two were waiting, with the box of diapers under one arm, a shopping bag in one hand, and a water bottle in the other hand. “Here?” the man held out the water bottle out to Tony. “The kid’s probably really dehydrated, so we should try and get him to drink something.”

“Thanks,” Tony accepted the bottle. He had to shift Peter around slightly in order to give both of his hands access to twist open the bottle cap, and the child cried out in weak protest at the movement. Once the water bottle was open, the billionaire used his free hand to hold the tip of the bottle to Peter’s lips. “Hey kid… wake up,” he spoke gently giving the child a shake.

Glassy blue eyes cracked open, and the child instinctively opened up his mouth at the feeling of something against his lips. This allowed Tony to dip a little bit of water into the child’s mouth. They heard the boy swallow and then smack his lips together. The man dipped the bottle again, and this continued for a couple of minutes until Rhodey stopped him. “That’s probably enough for right now. We can get him to drink some more later.”

Finally it was time for the deed to be done. Rhodey ripped open the diaper box, and Tony examined the different sized diapers. All four sizes didn’t look much different from each other, and all seemed like they could probably fit the kid. The size six looked a little big, and the size 3 looked a little small. He’d probably only use those sizes in an emergency. After a couple minutes of debating with his best friend, Tony settled on the size four diaper. With one arm filled with a sleeping baby spider, and the other arm filled with wipes, baby powder, diaper rash cream and the clean diaper in his free hand; Tony went into the men’s restroom.

The man panicked for a second when he didn’t see any spot for changing diapers. Just as he was about to go back out and tell Rhodey that they needed another place to try, he saw what must have been one inside the handicap stall. It was pinned onto the wall with a picture of a koala in a diaper on the front of it. If that wasn’t a diaper changing spot, he didn’t know what was. Having it inside the stall was a plus, now they’d have a bit of privacy.

He had to set the wipes and stuff on the floor so he could use his other hand to pull the changing table down, and saw that the surface didn’t look clean at all. This caused Tony to really hesitate and reconsider whether it was worth it to change Peter now. Yes he’d been in a dirty diaper all night and most of the day, and according to Friday he had a severe rash already. But he really didn’t like the idea of changing the kid on something that could contain God knows how many diseases. He finally settled on just changing the boy now, as it seemed like the lesser of two evils, but wiped the surface down with a couple of baby wipes before laying the child down on it.

A soft groan fell from Peter’s lips as he was laid down, and glassy blue eyes cracked open for just a second before closing again. The kid must have been up all night, to be so tired now. There was a buckle strap on either side of the changing table, making Tony wonder if the table was going to start moving of its own accord. Why else would you need to strap your child to the table. He decided to take the chance of not using the buckles, he could always strap the kid in later if he felt that he should.

Tony mentally prepared himself with a deep breath. He sure wouldn’t be breathing deeply in a few moments, he knew that this was going to be really bad. More whimpers squeaked out of the child as the man pulled his jeans down. Tony was trying to be gentle, but it seemed like any type of shift around his bottom caused pain. He just hoped that getting him in a clean diaper would help make it less painful. Once the pants were down, it was time to check out the damage that festered under that diaper. Very slowly, Tony undid one velcro strap, and then the other. Inch by inch he began peeling the front of the diaper down. It’s going to be bad, it’s going to be bad, it’s going to be bad-
“Wow!” Tony couldn’t help but let out a gasp, and turn his head away. It was indeed bad. Worse than he expected actually. What was under that diaper was more diarrhea, but it had been sitting for so long that quite a bit of it had dried and clung to the boys’ skin. Chunky, partially dried stool covered the kid’s entire backside and all up the front as well. He probably should have gotten multiple packages of wipes. He now regretted using two of them to wipe down the table.

With one hand he held the child’s legs up so knee’s were tucked against his belly, and with the other hand he grabbed two wipes and made a swipe over the kid’s left bottom cheek. Peter’s bright blue eyes flew open, and made a loud whimper of pain. Tony new why, after wiping away some of the feces he could see that child’s skin was an angry red color. “Sorry buddy,” Tony gently said with a wince and gave the skin another swipe trying to be more gentle this time.

Peter still scrunched his face up in pain, and a soft cry escaped his lips. “...hurts...” the child said with a groan, trying to wiggle away from the billionaire’s hand.

Tony made soft shushing noises and responded with, “I know… but you’re going to feel so much better once we’re done.” He continued cleaning up the child’s backside. Even being as gentle as he could, Peter still wiggled, groaned, whimpered, and cried through the whole process; large tears leaking out of his blue orbs.

The more stool that was cleaned away, the worse the kid’s backside looked. Under the feces were red tender skin and angry blisters. It didn’t help that Tony had to practically scrub to get off the stool that had dried onto the skin. Once his bottom was all clean, the man had to lay his legs down so he had access to clean the front of him. The whole process took almost fifteen minutes, and more than half the wipes were gone. Peter was sobbing mess by this point, and in his half asleep state he could do no more then just lay there sobbing his little heart out. “Ok, all done. The worst is over,” Tony soothed and tossed aside the last dirty wipe he had been using. The kid still stunk and there were remnants of feces left on his skin that weren’t going away no matter how much he wiped at it. But at least the majority of it was gone.

The sobbing child didn’t appear to have heard, or just chose not to acknowledge, what the man said. He continued crying into his little hands, laying on the changing table with his whole backside looking like it got a bad sunburn. It was a pitiful sight, and Tony’s heart went out to the kid because ouch that looked painful. He picked up the diaper rash cream and read the directions. It seemed simple enough, apply liberally as often as necessary. The directions also said to wait for the area to dry before applying, so he spent a few minutes carding his fingers through the boy’s brown locks, whispering soothing words into his ear.

After a few minutes the child’s sobs and whimpers slowed down, and he fell back into an uneasy sleep. Tony checked his backside again, and deemed it dry enough to apply the cream. He opened up the tube and squeezed a generous amount onto his fingertips, and began rubbing the cream into Peter’s red skin. The boy whimpered slightly at the touch, but after a moment a sigh of relief was released from his mouth, and he continued sleeping through the whole procedure. By the time the man was done applying it to all of the boy’s red and blistered skin, the tube was almost empty. He should probably go buy more before they leave the store.

Now it was time to get the kid’s backside clothed again. He picked up the clean diaper and was about to put it on before he remembered the baby powder. He wasn’t totally sure how it was supposed to help, but figured it couldn’t make it worse. So he set the diaper back down again, picked up the bottle of baby powder, and tried to unscrew the cap. It moved but a bit, but wouldn’t come all the way off. The billionaire struggled with the bottle for a moment, until he got a sudden face full of power when he squeezed the bottle two hard. He spent the next couple of moments coughing and waving powdery dust away from his face. Did the top just explode? The bottle’s cap didn’t look any
different, besides being covered in powder. But upon closer examination of it, he saw that he could see into the little holes on top of the lid when before all he saw was white plastic.

Tony played around with the cap of the bottle a few more moments, before finally figuring out how it worked. He dearly hoped no one ever found out about his fight with a bottle of baby powder. Right now the score was Baby Power: 4, Tony Stark: one. He’d never live this one down. The man sprinkled some of the power over the child’s painful looking bottom, and then but the clean diaper on. The kid was still fast asleep, and barely stirred even when Tony pulled his pants back up which shuffled him around pretty good. The boy seemed much more at ease now. Tony tenderly lifted him back into his arms, positioning the boy’s little sleeping body so that his arms were still free to clean up the mess left behind. There wasn’t really a trash can that the billionaire felt comfortable leaving a soiled diaper and baby wipes around, so he opted to throwing it all in a plastic store bag and sealing it up with a tight knot. There were trash cans outside the store he could leave the bag.

A good thirty minutes since the man went into the restroom, Tony met up with Rhodey again. “Was about to go in there and make sure you didn’t fall in,” his friend teased with a soft smile at the sleeping child in the other man’s arms.

“Shut up!” Tony responded with a mild glare. “Next time I’ll give him to you and see if you can get it done any faster.”

“Thanks but I’ll pass,” Rhodey laughed and pulled a couple of items out of the shopping bag he was holding. The items were a hat and a pair of sunglasses, both very different from the style he normally wore. He offered them to the billionaire, “Here while I was waiting, I got us a few things that will help us not stand out in the crowd so much.” Even though Tony would normally not be caught dead wearing such dorky sunglasses, and seriously a fedora. But even as they stood there, people walking by stopped to stare at them and a few even held out phones as if taking a picture of the celebs. So the sooner he stopped looking like Tony Stark the better, and quickly snagged the items.

Figuring it was best to lay low somewhere while they waited for Happy, the two man left the store in search of a place that wouldn’t have two many people around. This would be a difficult task considering they were in the state of New York. Tony was now wearing the new sunglasses Rhodey bought along with the dorky brown fedora. It seemed to work, as no one seemed to be paying attention to them anymore. They were now just two regular people walking down the streets of Queens. The billionaire shifted a still sleeping Peter onto his other arm again. The kid was no longer whimpering every time he was shifted and seemed to be sleeping peacefully. The child snuggled deeper into Tony’s chest making soft suckling noises around the thumb in his mouth.

“Do you want me to carry him for awhile?” Rhodey asked.

Tony’s first instinct was to decline the offer, as he was very hesitant to let go of his kid. Afraid that it he allowed the child out of his sight for one second he would disappear again. But he had been carrying the kid for over an hour and even with switching Peter back and forth between his arms, they were both beginning to get very sore. So with a little bit of hesitance, he eventually nodded. “Yeah… just be careful…”

Using the gentleness one would use when handing over a priceless very breakable antique, Tony gently placed the child into his friend arms. The boy barely stirred at the transfer. Even when the spiderling was in the arms of the other man, Tony still took a bit of extra time making sure the kid was wrapped snugly enough to keep him warm. Satisfied that he was, Tony hummed in approval and the two began walking again. “This kid is really Spiderman?” Rhodey asked in disbelief after a minute of silence. Tony really couldn’t blame him for doubting this, as Tony needed to have a blood
“Yeah…” the billionaire nodded. “Hard to believe I know?”

“What were you thinking Tony? Bringing in a fourteen year old kid in on that Sokovia Accords business. I mean, God I knew that kid was young by the old movie references he made but seriously? He was kid! He’s still a kid?”

Tony sighed. He had known this was coming. “To be honest Rhodey. I was thinking about how much of an asshole Cap was being, and trying to stop him from tearing the Avengers apart. We needed extra hands, and I heard about this masked vigilante from Queens and tracked him down. I didn’t know how old the kid was, in fact I didn’t even ask until the whole business was done. But honestly. The kid had been doing this stuff long before I got involved, in fact I helped him out by giving him a safer suit to wear.”

“Maybe by giving him that suit, you only added to his confidence to go out and do more dangerous stuff?”

“He’d be doing the dangerous stuff with or without the suit, I’m sure of that. I once tried taking the suit away from him; and the little dummy almost got killed by still trying to do that dangerous stunts without the suit.” There conversation tapered off after that. Rhodey never did give his approval, but both seemed to have come to the agreement that if teen spiderman was going to insist on being a hero it was best for Tony to stay involved as much as he could to help keep him safe.

They never did find a secluded enough place to wait, so they settled on a bus station that had enough activity they could blend into the background. Tony took Peter back into his arms when they found seats, and coaxed some more water down the kid’s throat. All three relished in the fact that they could stop and take a breath for a moment. It wasn’t until around 4:30pm that Happy finally called to let them know he was in town. The first thing out of Happy’s lips when they all met up at the bus station was, “You just couldn’t keep a low profile could you?”

“What are you talking about Happy?” Tony asked irritably while opening the back door to the limousine and glancing inside. It looked like Happy did get around to buying a car seat because there was one set up in the back.

“Have you looked online recently? It’s all over the news!”

The billionaire placed Peter into the car seat, he was still dead to the world, and buckled him up before answering. “I’ve been a little busy Hap,” once he was satisfied that Peter was buckled in safely, Tony looked up to find Happy’s phone right in his face.

It was a news article titled ‘Tony Stark’s Secret Love Child?’ and below the title was a clear picture of himself holding a sleeping Peter. The picture had to have been taken when they were in Target because there was a lot of red in the background. Tony didn’t know how else to respond. He swore loudly.

Chapter End Notes

Hey look at that... Fluff! And more to come folks! I tried to jam pack as much fluff as could of in this chapter for you guys that have waited so patiently for it. I am ashamed to admit that I’ve put a self insert in this chapter. I used to work at a Target store and I can’t
help but add my own cameo when I put a Target store scene in my writing.
A Bump in the Night

Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who left comments and Kudos. You are all awesome. Hope you enjoy this next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Peter woke up, he saw nothing but darkness around him. Instantly panic began to rise in his chest. He tried to move and found that he couldn’t; he must still be still buried under all that rubble. Tears sprang from his blue eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. In minutes he was screaming and sobbing and terror; the fear that consumed his entire body was the only thing he could focus on. The child cried and cried until he heard a voice speaking. In his panicked state he couldn’t make out what was being said but a moment later he felt his little body being lifted into someone’s arms. Someone had finally come and dug him out.

He was pressed against a very soft shirted chest, and his senses were overwhelmed with the smell of engine oil and grease. Smelling this caused a vague almost dreamlike memory to return to him. He had been under the rubble of that building crying in blind panic for hours and hours, screaming for help that never seemed to come. Then he heard a voice, a voice that was very familiar to him. It was the voice of his mentor and hero Tony Stark, Ironman, calling through the rocks. Mr. Stark had dug him out of that hell hole, and then held him in a tight embrace. That’s when he smelt it. The smell of grease and engine oil. That had been the first time he’d associated that smell with his mentor, and the moment he did Peter realized that Tony Stark had always had that smell on him. The smell of a mechanic.

The memory kind of faded into darkness after that, not really sure of what happened once he was pulled out. Maybe it was only a dream? Maybe being buried in a collapsed building had been nothing but his normal recurring nightmare. But did that really even matter anymore? He felt safe at the moment, being held in strong warm arms, a large hand rubbing soothing circles over his back. But even with all that, the fear of being buried alive still dwelled inside his tiny body and the crying sobs continued.

The boy was able to make out the words being said to him now. “Shh… it’s ok… calm down…. You’re safe now…” That was definitely the voice of his mentor. Why didn’t he sound angry or annoyed like he usually did? And since when was he so affectionate? The child decided not to care about that right now, all he wanted right now was affection and if Tony Stark was willing to offer it, he’d take it. Peter braced his two little feet against the man’s lab and pushed up in an attempt to crawl deeper into the man’s embrace, and cried even more as the movement caused a burning pain to surge through his backside. Why was that hurting so bad? He could feel the scratchiness of a diaper around him, it felt a little heavy like it was filled with liquid but it certainly didn’t have the feeling of waste surrounding his skin. So that couldn’t have been the problem.

Slowly the child’s sobs died down to the occasional hiccup. “You feeling better?” Mr. Stark asked in a soft voice, gently peeling the child away from his chest and letting the boy’s back rest against his arm so he was in a cradle position in the man’s lap. Peter looked up at his mentor with watery blue eyes and nodded, sniffing noisily. His nose felt a little stuffed up, like he was coming down with a cold, or maybe it was just all the crying; he couldn’t tell at the moment. “Well it’s the middle of the
night right now- or early in the morning depending on your perspective. So we should probably get some more sleep. So do you need anything before we go back to bed?”

The child’s stomach grumbled loudly as if answering the question for the boy. Peter heard the man give a soft sigh, “You hungry?” he asked wearily. Peter only blushed a mild shade of red, but nodded slowly. “Not too surprising considering how long it’s been since you last ate.” Mr. Stark ruffled his brown locks in a teasing manner and let out a yawn. “You look a bit wet though,” the man gently patted the squishy front of his diaper. “So let’s get a dry diaper on you, then we can get that stomach of yours a little happier.”

It was only just then that Peter realized with absolute humiliation that all he was wearing right now, was a red t-shirt and a diaper. He blushed to the tips of his ears, and looked down shamefully. Even when his mentor picked him up to carry him, Peter raised no objections. Partially because he was so embarrassed that the only thing he cared about was becoming invisible, but another part of him still felt extremely exhausted and almost lethargic that he almost welcomed not having to walk himself. Perhaps he was coming down with something?

Mr. Stark took Peter back to the man’s room, so he could change him in the bathroom. Maybe it was the exhaustion, or maybe it was just his two year old instincts taking over. Either way without even realizing what he was doing, Peter found himself resting his head against his mentor’s chest and sighing contently. When he felt the man’s large hand rub soothing circles over his back the child completely lost it, snuggling deeper into the man’s chest and popping his thumb into his mouth. Peter did not realize how carried away he was getting until the billionaire was laying him down on the towel that was placed on the bathroom counter sink.

An embarrassed squeak escaped the child’s lips, and his thumb came out with a wet pop, his cheeks flushing more red. Mr. Stark must have been too tired to tease him about this, because he made no acknowledgment of the child’s embarrassment. It also appeared that the man was getting familiar with the diaper changing procedure, as he pulled off both velcro straps, hauled the boys legs over his head and pulled the diaper off with such ease one would think he’d been doing this for years. “Lot easier when there’s no shit in there,” the billionaire commented to no one in particular, but the comment made Peter blush even more. Why couldn’t he just be able to use the toilet like he normally could. Why was it so much harder now to use his bladder and bowel muscles.

Peter couldn’t even look at his mentor anymore. It was just too embarrassing to look at the person who was literally cleaning your own backside. How did baby’s handle this for a whole three years most spend in diapers. A sudden burning pain against his bottom made him flinch with a cry of pain, “Oops, sorry,” he heard Mr. Stark quickly apologize.

Another hiss of pain sounded from the child as he felt the pain again, but not as bad. God did the baby wipe his mentor was using have a scrubber attach to it. He felt the man trying to gently wipe the excess urine from his skin, but whatever he was using felt like sandpaper. The child pulled his arms away from his face to try and get a glimpse of what Mr. Stark was using. “It hurts…” the boy mumbled with another hiss of pain.

“I know buddy,” Mr. Stark replied gently. “You got a pretty nasty diaper rash going on.”

A diaper rash? When did that happen? Wasn’t a diaper rash something that happens to kids who wear soiled diapers for too long? He didn’t recall wearing having his diaper dirty for an extended amount of time. “H-How did I- ow! Get a diaper rash,” Peter asked hissing and whimpering in pain.

“Don’t you remember having to sit in your own shit while lying under that building?” Mr. Stark asked, tossing the baby wipe he had been using into the trash can and allowing the child’s legs to lay flat against the towel.
“That wasn’t a dream?” Peter asked in almost a whisper. He felt the sting of approaching tears prick behind his eyes. “That really happened?” All those hazy dreams he was remembering, must have been vague memories. He clearly remembers his traveling all the way to Queens, and being unsuccessful in getting into his apartment. But then the memory went into collapsing buildings followed by very hazy darkness, panic, screams, cries, and eventually being found by his mentor. He figured that it had all been an elaborate dream. Just thinking about all that made the tears that slowly filled his blue eyes, overflow down his cheeks.

“Hey, no shhh, shhh,” Mr. Stark began to soothe in a soft voice, using one hand to card through his soft hair, and the other to wipe away his tears. “Yes it really happened. But it’s ok now. I found you, and your safe. We’re back at the compound, shhh…”

Peter continued to cry softly, and his child instinct took over again. He raised both arms up in the air, wanted to be held. Mr. Stark obliged without hesitance, scooping the crying child up into his arms and holding him in a tight embrace. Neither seemed to care at the moment, that Peter’s bottom half was completely naked. The boy’s mentor waited until Peter had cried himself out, before gently laying him back down on the towel. “All right kiddo, let’s get your bottom clothed again. First I need to put more diaper rash cream on.”

That bit of information seemed to bring Peter back to himself again. “W-Wait, you’re going to put it on my…” he blushed deeply not even able to finish the sentence. The very thought of Tony Stark rubbing cream on his backside made him want to die.

“Oh relax, it’s going help the rash get better. And I’ve already put some on you earlier, so you’ve got nothing new to show me.”

God it’s already happened once before, will the humiliation never end. “I don’t remember that happening…” Peter muttered, blushing even more when Tony pulled his feet back so that he knees rested against his belly. Every time he felt like he’d experienced the most embarrassing moment of his life, there was always something else to up the ante.

“Well you were barely conscious when it happened last time, so it would make sense that you wouldn’t remember it.” Peter wished he was unconscious for this one also. Mr. Stark opened the tube of cream, and squeezed some into his hand before applying it to the boy’s backside. Peter couldn’t help but let out an involuntary sigh of relief as the soothing cool cream felt heavenly on his burning hot bottom. The kid did not even realize until now how hot and painful the skin felt, and for a moment he was able to forget about his embarrassment and relish in the feeling of the icy coolness against red raw skin.

It quickly returned when his mentor brought his legs back down to lay flat, and began applying the cream to his front and the area around his penis. “W-Wait… Mr. Stark I-I can get right there…” the child blushed a deeper shade of red, attempting to push the man’s hand away.

“It’s fine, I’m already done.” With that the billionaire snapped the tube closed and set it aside. His mentor lifted the boys’ legs up again, and applied baby powder then quickly threw a fresh diaper on him. “All done,” he announced before washing his hands and then lifting the child into his arms again.

Although that was currently top of the list of most embarrassing things done to him; but boy did he feel so much better after all that. It was almost like that feeling you get after you’ve been doing a long workout session, and you finally get to sit down and stop moving. That blissful feeling was what Peter was currently feeling right now, and he melted into the man’s arms with a relieved sigh. His state of bliss caused him to lose track of himself again, because all of the sudden he was being set down on the kitchen counter and he realized that his thumb was in his mouth. God he really
needed to get a hold of that. Why did he so easily fall into that embarrassing habit.

“Hope your not expecting a gourmet meal?” Mr. Stark ideally commented with a yawn as he opened up cupboards looking for what he could give the boy to eat. “Cuz its too late for any of that.”

Peter did not reply, still dwelling in the fact that he was caught sucking his thumb again. His blue orbs just stared at his feet, cheeks flushed a light pink. “So far your digestive track hasn’t been too happy with anything you’ve eaten recently. So let’s try something more gentle…” the billionaire mused to himself, now checking the refrigerator. He really didn’t keep much food around… usually ate out. “Nothing too spicy… how about a peanut butter and jelly sandwich?”

The child wasn’t really sure if that counted as ‘light food’ he usually associated that with soup or broth. But he was so hungry at the moment he might even eat that baby crap food if that was the only thing available to eat. “Can I have some milk also?” the child asked. If he was going to be eating peanut butter, then he’d need something to wash it down with.

“Sure thing bud,” his mentor replied but Peter did hear the man’s voice laced with a bit of impatience. This was understandable as he had woken the man up in the middle of the night.

Mr. Stark opened the fridge and pulled the milk and strawberry jelly out. He poured the child a glass of milk and set it in front of Peter before going back to make the sandwich. As Peter’s mouth felt a bit parched, he downed half the glass before his mentor was halfway through making the PB&J. The sandwich certainly wasn’t made with the same love his aunt always did when she was making him school lunches, but it tasted good all the same. In less than five minutes the sandwich was nothing but crumbs on the counter and the residue of peanut butter stuck on his face. “Since when have you been such a messy eater?” Mr. Stark asked while wiping his face with a napkin. Peter only responded with a blush. “Ready to go back to bed?”

“Can I take a warm glass of milk with me? It helps me sleep better?”

This time the man could not hold back his sigh of impatience, but he still replied with in a light tone. “Ok… but this is it. That’s your last request of the evening, after that we’re going to bed.”

“Thank you!” Peter squeaked jumping into the man’s chest in a crushing hug.

Mr. Stark warmed up a glass of milk in the microwave, and than he took Peter back to his room carrying the boy with one arm, and holding the glass of milk in his free hand. When they arrived he set the glass on the small table next to the bed, and laid the child down onto the bed. “Sleep well,” the man announced tossing the blanket over the child and turning to leave.

Sudden fear coursed through the boy as he watched his mentor start to leave. “W-Wait! Where are you going?” he asked in a tiny voice, suddenly feeling embarrassed at having stopped the man.

The billionaire turned around, looking at the kid with some confusion. “...I’m going back to my room… you know so I can sleep. There’s generally where I go… when I decide to sleep. There a problem?”

Peter looked at his hands, feeling his face heat up. He felt suddenly afraid to be left alone, but asking Mr. Stark to stay with him, seemed like such a silly request. The man would probably say no if he asked, and that would only cause him to feel even more embarrassed as having asked. But the memory of being under that building was still fresh in his mind, and the fear of having another nightmare about it weighed greatly in his little mind. The child sat on the bed, twisting the sheet blanket on his bed between his hands, completely torn on whether he wanted to ask his mentor to stay with him, or just say that he’s fine and stop acting like a little kid. “You afraid to sleep by
yourself?” the billionaire asked guessing correctly at the debate going on inside the child’s mind.

Peter felt his bottom lip tremble, not wanting to admit it. He quickly shook his head, “N-No… I’m ok. You can leave me…” His words said one thing but his voice spoke the complete opposite. He might as well should have yelled out ‘Yes! Please stay with me.’

A soft sigh escaped the man’s lips, and his ran a hand through his disheveled hair. “Look kid, I don’t want Friday to be waking me up in twenty minutes telling me that you’re laying here crying. So how about I just stay until you fall asleep.”

That seemed like a good middle ground, so Peter nodded. Thankful that he didn’t have to actually ask, even though he still sort of did. “Th-Thanks…” he replied in a small squeaky voice, blushing an even deeper shade of red, and than laid down.

Mr. Stark sat in an empty chair, and pulled out his phone. Peter watched the man doing something on the phone for a couple of minutes until he suddenly spoke, “Close your eyes kid, I’m not going to wait around all night.” The boy snapped his blue eyes shut, and rolled over onto his side, so he back was facing the billionaire. He waited a few minutes for sleep to claim him, but dreamland seemed far away at this point. He rolled over onto his other side, trying to find a comfortable position. Then he remembered the milk.

Warm milk was always May’s cure for insomnia, even when he was a little boy she would hand him a sippy cup full of warm milk he could easily drink while lying on his bed. It worked every time, there were even mornings where he woke up with the cup still half filled lying next to him on the bed, meaning that he didn’t even need to finish it before sleep claimed him. This habit stuck with him most of his childhood, even now he took a warm cup of milk to bed with him almost every night and drinking it was always the very last thing he did before going to sleep. Peter sat up on his elbow, and reached for the glass of milk. He could feel Tony’s eyes watching him but the man didn’t say anything. Peter took a couple of gulps of the milk before setting the glass back on the table and laying back down.

It seemed to help a little bit, as the boy’s body seemed a little more relaxed now. But he still couldn’t seem to fall asleep. Every time he closed his eyes, the smell of dusty rubble filled his nose and the darkness behind his closed eyelids only made him feel like he was back under that building. After tossing and turning for another few minutes, the child sat up and grabbed the milk again. He took slow sips of the creamy warm liquid, it felt good against his scratchy throat.

Relishing in the relaxing feeling you got drinking warm milk, the child began to lose himself again. He leaned back against his pillows slowly gulping the liquid without pause, “Kid watch it-” Mr. Stark suddenly yelled at him, but he was too late. The glass slipped from his hold, and milk spilt all over his shirt and the bed.

The billionaire let out a frustrated groan. “I’m sorry!” Peter cried, staring at the mess all over him. His eyes filled with tears, as he realized that he had made his mentor upset again. All he did was cause trouble for the man. He knew that Mr. Stark had missed his trip to come and dig him out of that building. If he found out later that the man wasn’t getting married anymore then it would be his fault. He should have never come to ask the man for help, if he had just stayed away he would be with his aunt right now, and Mr. Stark would be happily spending a nice vacation with his fiance. Instead the billionaire was stuck here, cleaning up after him. “From now on, if you have to take milk to bed with you. You’re using a lid,” Mr. Stark suddenly yelled at him, but he was too late. The glass slipped from his hold, and milk spilt all over his shirt and the bed.

Peter crawled out of the wet sheets and onto the ground. At least they weren’t wet from urine this time, but milk wasn’t really much better. That’ll start to reek after a couple of hours if not cleaned properly. “Take that shirt off,” the billionaire ordered, while stripping the bedsheets and blankets off.
The child slipped the shirt off, and awkwardly stood in the middle of the room wearing only a diaper while his mentor threw all the milk soiled items down the laundry shoot.

With that done, the billionaire picked out a clean shirt from the new clothing bags, and tossed it at the child. Peter slipped the shirt over his head, and a moment later Tony Stark was carrying him down the hallway. “I’m not going to deal with your bed right now, so you’re just going to sleep in my room tonight.”

“Ok… I’m sorry…” the boy said tiredly, and rested his head on the billionaires shoulder.

When the two arrived back in Mr. Starks room, and the man set Peter down on the large arm chair that stood in the corner of the room. Then he grabbed an extra pillow off the bed, a red throw blanket, and tossed them at the boy. “All right kid. It’s really time for bed now,” the man announced before getting into his own bed.

“O-Oh ok…” Peter mumbled a little taken aback as he realized that the armchair was his bed for the night. Not that he wouldn’t be comfortable, as it was a very large chair, and he could easily lay stretched out in his tiny two year old body. Thinking about it now, the child realized it was a stupid assumption to think that he’d be sharing a bed with the Tony Stark. I mean of course the man didn’t share a bed with just anyone, it had to be someone really special… like his girlfriend. Not a little kid who couldn’t even hold his bladder for a full night.

Peter did not say anymore about it, and just unfolded the blanket he was given and adjusted the pillow before laying down. “You ready for the lights to be turned off?” Mr. Stark asked after Peter had blanket covering him.

“Yes sir…” Peter mumbled his respond.

“Friday kill the lights.” The two were then surrounded by darkness. “Good night kid.”

Peter laid on the chair, staring out in the darkness, sleep miles away. It’s not that the armchair wasn’t comfortable, it actually was. He might even be able to sleep in it as a teenager, if it was the only thing available. He just… didn’t want to sleep alone right now, the event that happened just hours before was still too fresh in his mind. Admitting this to himself almost made him feel ashamed. Even though he was in a two year old body now, he had still lived 16 years, and that was too old to be wanting someone to rock you to sleep. So as much as he wanted to ask if he could go over and sleep in the bed, he did not dare ask.

So rolling over in an attempt to find a more comfortable position, Peter closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep. After ten minutes of lying there with his eyes closed, sleep not any closer he heard soft snores coming from the bed. Didn’t take him long to fall back to sleep, the boy thought with envy. Maybe he could just crawl into the bed without him noticing. Sure he might get a telling off in the morning, but at least he wouldn’t be alone in the night.

Deciding that it was the worth the risk, Peter quietly crawled off the armchair and tip toed towards the bed. Getting up onto the bed was more difficult and louder then he had expected it to be, as he had to cling onto the comforter, and spider crawl his way up onto it. By the time he made it up to the top, Mr. Stark was awake and sitting up staring at him. “May I help you?”

The boy’s face flushed. “C-Can’t sleep. Is it ok if I…”

“No,” man quickly responded already picking up on what the child was hinting at. “That’s where I draw the line kid. You need to be able to sleep in your own space.”
“O-Ok…” the child responded sadly. He immediately complied however, jumping off the bed and scrambling back onto the arm chair. Mr. Stark had already laid back down by the time he got there. Peter did not though. He sat on the chair staring over at the man, overwhelmed by crushing disappointment. It would have been so easy to start crying right now, but that would be silly. He had been sleeping in his own bed for years now, even after the incident with the flying Vulture guy he hadn’t stooped to trying to sleep in his aunt's bed with her.

Five minutes passed before he heard Mr. Stark give a weary sigh. “All right kid… get over here.” Peter had thought that the billionaire had fallen back to sleep already, so he was somewhat surprised by the sudden response. He jumped at the invitation though, practically flying over into the bed. His mentor had moved over some so there was room for Peter to lay on the large King size bed, and lifted up the blankets some so that the child could crawl between them. “Will you please, please go to sleep now. Seriously we probably only have three hours left before the alarm goes off.”

The boy nodded flushing slightly, and settled into the bed. Mr. Stark settled down also mumbling with a sigh, “The things I do for you kid…” Not five minutes had passed before Peter had inched his way towards his mentor, and was now pressed up against his chest fast asleep with his thumb in his mouth. Mr. Stark shook his head at the sight, at least the boy was sleeping now. He wrapped an arm around the child, bringing him a bit closer and was soon asleep also.

Ok so I have shirts, socks, pants, diapers and wipes. I need to get more rash cream, and snacks for the kid to eat. And it probably wouldn’t hurt to get more wipes, and some extra clothes. Tony mentally went over the list of items he needed for his trip, and what he planned to get from the store. He had woken up that morning fully intending on going through with his plan from the day before. He was currently packing up a suitcase for Peter, trying to decide if he was forgetting anything.

Happy came into the room, followed closely by Rhodey. “I just got off the phone with Air Traffic Control,” Happy started speaking. “They told me that since there is so much Holiday traveling happening at the moment, and it’s not an emergency, they can’t let your plane leave until 4:30 today.”

Tony allowed a frustrated sigh to escape his lips. It was still better than nothing, but he had been hoping to leave earlier. At least this way he’d have plenty of time to take Peter to the store before they left. The child had woken up this morning with yet again a diaper full of diarrhea and a painful stomach ache. It was now getting to the point of concern with Tony. He had no idea why the kid’s body didn’t seem to want to digest anything correctly anymore. It’s happened with too many different types of foods for it be the food itself, so it had to be something else. Hopefully it was just some virus and not a deadly disease that was slowly killing him.

So wanting to cover all area’s, Tony had planned to bring the boy to the store with him today, and letting Peter pick out the food he wanted to eat. Who knows maybe it was just as simple as having a sudden diet change. He didn’t pay attention to what the kid had eaten as a teenager. For all he knew, maybe it had been a complete trans-fat free organic diet.

Rhodey didn’t seem at all happy about what Tony was planning to do you. “Really Tony, I don’t think that it’s a good idea for you to go. Have you been watching the news? The media is having a field day.”

What the man said was indeed true. The billionaire had not realized how many photos of him and Peter had been taken yesterday in the two hours they had been waiting for Happy to get them from Queens; he had stopped counting after 50, rumors and off the wall theories about who this mysterious child that was with Tony Stark was, were flying left right and center. The most popular of them being that the kid was Tony’s secret love child that had been suddenly dropped into his life.
by an angry past affair. His phone lines had been ringing off the hook from reporters, and crazy fans asking for Tony to comment on what the media has been saying. So far the billionaire had ignored all calls from any number he didn’t recognize. “You know what, the media can kiss my ass. I don’t give a f- what they’re saying right now. There are so many more important things going on at the moment!” Tony responded a little more aggressively then intended.

“Traveling with the kid, and being out in public with him will only fan the rumors,” Rhodey pointed out.

“Well I don’t see you offering to babysit him for me.”

“I don’t think either of you should be going out in public at the moment. You need to lay low, wait for things to die down, and then come up with some believable story about how he’s a friend’s kid that you were watching for a day.”

“No! I’m going to go reconcile things with my fiance, and then I’ll deal with this shitstorm later. You just-”

A tiny voice interrupted the argument. “Mr. Stark?” Peter walked into the room, dressed in a clean pair of jeans, shoes, zipped up winter coat, and a tiny beanie that looked like an owl head. “I’m ready to go?” The faces of all three men softened as they stared at the boy, he just looked so utterly adorable like that.

Tony gave one last hard look at his friend before smiling tenderly at the child. “Great buddy. The planes not going to leave until later this afternoon, so there’s no rush at the store. You sure you don’t want to eat anything before we go?”

The child shook his head with a frown. “No… my tummy is still kind of hurting,” he mumbled with a soft sniff. The kid had been doing that all morning, and the billionaire figured that the kid must be coming down with a cold or something. But the boy always said he was ‘fine’ anytime he asked how he was doing.

Tony shot a glance at his head of security, who had wisely remained silent during his argument with Rhodey. “All right Happy, go get the car we’re leaving.” Happy left the room without a word, and Tony picked Peter up to carry him downstairs. For some reason the kid didn’t seem to mind being carried as much as he used to. Not that it bothered the billionaire, carrying the kid was much faster than waiting for him to catch up on his short little legs. But he did wonder what was with the sudden change of heart? Maybe the boy also realized how much faster it was to just be carried, or maybe it was just because he wasn’t really feeling well. Probably the latter.

When the two started leave the room also, Rhodey stopped them. “Tony…” The billionaire did take the time to spare his best friend a glance. “…Make sure the kid’s getting fluids. I’ve heard diarrhea can cause dehydration easily…”

A warm smile was briefly shared between the two men. Yes it was a simple bit of advice, but it clearly hid a bigger message behind the words. One that said that even though Rhodey didn’t agree with what Tony was about to do, he still cared for the man, and that he was always available if the billionaire ever needed anything. “Thanks buddy,” Tony clapped his free hand on the man’s shoulder before leaving the room.

Tony decided to take his friends advice and get Peter something to drink before they left. The kid had certainly been a bit off since they woke up this morning, and dehydration certainly could be a big factor in that. “All right kid what do you want to drink?” the man asked once they arrived in the
kitchen. He began rifling through the refrigerator, “We got juice, milk… probably should stay away from the alcohol,” he added as a half joke.

He was a bit disappointed at not making the kid laugh, but at least he didn’t make him cry which was an overall improvement. Instead of laughing, the kid just squished his head deeper into the man’s shoulder, and shook his head. “Nothing…”

With a soft sigh, Tony looked down at the child’s pale face with concern. If the kid got sick in his care, they’d all be in trouble. So far he’d done a pretty bad job taking care of the child in his arms, evidence of how little he knew about children. He had been an idiot to think that just because the kid used to be sixteen he’d be able to treat his toddler form the same way he treated the teenage form. And if he knew a mustard seed amount about how to take care of child, he knew even less about how to take care of a sick child. So please if there was a God out there, please don’t let this kid get sick. “Come on Pete, you got to drink something. Dehydration is probably the main reason your feeling so shitty right now.”

The child’s only response to this was a soft whimper into the billionaire’s shirt. “How about some water at the least,” Tony suggested grabbing a plastic water bottle from the refrigerator, and offering it to the child. Thankfully the spiderling accepted the bottle, and Tony closed the refrigerator door with a relieved sigh and the two left the kitchen.

Peter struggled with the bottle cap for a couple of minutes, before Tony grabbed the bottle out of his hands and twisted the cap off with his teeth. The child’s cheeks flushed a light shade of pink, as he took the now open bottle of water and began taking small sips of the liquid. “T-Thanks dad…” he mumbled softly.

Tony stopped mid step at hearing that, his blood ran cold at hearing that simple word. No! No way. The kid couldn’t call him that. He had to nip that right now, “No! No kid- you can’t call me that because I’m not your dad. Um… why don’t you just call me Tony…”

The boy shook his head slightly, and blushed an even deeper shade of red. “Sorry Mr. Stark… I don’t know what I was thinking,” he looked down ashamed.

“It’s all right kid,” the billionaire told the child. He knew that he had kind of overreacted, and felt a bit guilty for making the kid feel bad about accidentally calling him dad. But for some reason hearing someone call him that, struck fear into him. Being called such a tender name like dad meant that someone had deep affection for him and was relying on him. He didn’t know if he was ready for that responsibility. “But seriously kid. Enough of the Mr. Stark crap. Just call me Tony ok?”

“Ok…” Peter replied awkwardly, and took another sip of water.

Chapter End Notes

Fluff, Fluff, Fluff and more to come folks. I want to put titles for each chapter, but I’m not very good at doing that. So if anyone has ideas for chapter titles I’ll welcome the feedback.
Happy had sent Tony a message to meet him at the back of the compound, and when Tony and Peter did Happy had the car ready and waiting for them. Peter had already drank through half of the water bottle Tony had given him, which means that Rhodey had probably been correct in his assumption of the child being dehydrated. The billionaire was not at all surprised at Peter’s affronted face when he saw the car seat in the back of the limousine. The kid hadn’t taken too kindly to the idea of getting him a car seat when it was discussed the other day, and seeing as he’d been barely conscious the last time he sat in the seat, it was most likely that he didn’t remember that incident. Meaning in his memory, this was his first time seeing it. “Do I have to sit in it?” the boy asked in a whiney voice.

“But kiddo. Safest way to drive in your shrimpy form,” Tony responded in a teasing tone, making the boy pout even more. The man had expected more of a fight about it, but Peter did not give anymore protests. He was very compliant of climbing into the tiny seat, and getting his seatbelt on.

When they started driving, Tony found out why Happy had wanted to meet at the back of the compound as opposed to the front. The whole front of the building was surrounded by dozens upon dozens of reporters, waiting for him to show up. When the saw the limousine drive by, many of them held out microphones and attempted to ask questions despite all the vehicle windows being rolled up. Tony was thankful for the tinted windows, so none of them could actually see the billionaire inside with Peter. He couldn’t make out any of their questions. “Move!” Happy shouted, honking the horn as about 15 people were blocking his way.

At a glance over at Peter, Tony saw that the kid looked terrified. Apparently he had not seen this part of his life up close before. It took five full minutes for Happy to honk and inch his way past the reporters, and when he finally had a clear path, he gunned the engine and took off. Some of the paparazzi tired running after them but after a few minutes they had lost all traces of them. Happy chose to take an alternate route to the store, in hopes of not being followed. Tony was starting to understand Rhodey’s disapproval of him going anywhere with the kid.

The first half of the drive was fairly uneventful. There was no conversation. Tony spent the time going over his ‘to do’ list for the day, while Peter finished off the rest of his water bottle. It was silent except for the occasional sniffling that came from the child. He had to be coming down with something, and the billionaire debated on getting some cold medicine to try and douse it out of the kid. The silence was suddenly broken by Peter, “Mr. Stark- I mean Tony. I need to go to the bathroom…”

“What!” Tony wasn’t sure why he sounded so surprised. The kid had just drank a 16oz water bottle in about 20 minutes. He just assumed with the kid being dehydrated and all, that it would take
longer to go through him. Unless… “Do you need to go number one or number two?”

“Number one…” Peter replied with a blush.

Tony couldn’t help but feel a little bit of relief at hearing that. That was a lot easier of a clean up. But he supposed that the ultimate goal was to have him not go in the diaper. “Um… can you hold it till we get to the store?”

The child shook his head, blushing even deeper. Tony held back a frustrated sigh, knowing that it wasn’t the kid’s fault, but seriously they would be at the store in less than ten minutes. Could he really not hold it for that long. He even considering just telling the kid to use the diaper- but no he couldn’t do that. Not when the kid was trying so hard to not use the diaper. Not to mention that he didn’t bring any extra ones, so he’d have to wait until the they were back at the compound before getting him back in a dry diaper. And sitting in a wet one was sure to make his already bad rash even worse. “Happy pullover,” Tony knocked on the privacy window that was separating them.

Happy immediately did so, but as soon as the car had slowed to a stop, he rolled the window down and asked if everything was ok. Tony chose not to respond to his friend, and instead unbuckled the kid’s seat belt and opened the door for him. “All right kid, go do your business. Don’t get it on the car.”

Tony kept his head turned away so he could give the kid little bit of privacy. Hopefully they had lost all the paparazzi at this this point. The last thing they needed was for something to take of picture of Peter taking a leak on the side of the road. The man turned his head back when he heard the distinct sounds of the boy crawling his way back into the car. “All good again?” Tony asked, and the child only nodded in response, flushing a deep shade of red.

Ten minutes later, Happy pulled into the parking lot of a nearby foodmart. The limousine attracted attention to many people who were standing nearby, making Tony think that he probably should have just taken one of his Audi’s. A limo attracted so much more of the attention they were trying to avoid. They might as well be shouting to the whole parking lot, ‘Hello! Here is someone very famous, get pictures. “All right kid, let’s try and make this fast,” Tony announced already sporting the sunglasses and fedora hat that Rhodey bought for him yesterday. As soon as this was all over, he’d be burning that hat.

The air outside was just as biting cold as the air had been yesterday when they were in Queens, and probably did nothing to help the cold that Peter was obviously starting to come down with. Seriously, if that kid sniffled one more time he’d probably lose it. Tissues had slowly moved up on the mental shopping list he was keeping in his mind on the car drive over.

Either teen Peter’s mind was starting to come back to the forefront of the kid’s mind, or he was just tired of getting carried, but Peter had insisted that he walk into the store on his own. Happy got a car for them, and Tony took a moment to examine the child seat in the front. Peter was definitely small enough now to sit in the cart’s child seat, and not wanting to waste any time by walking a slower pace for the child, Tony bent down and picked the boy up. “All right kid, here’s the perfect spot for you-”

“No, no!” the child protested, stiffening his legs so that they wouldn’t go through the seats leg holes. Tony looked at the child’s face, and saw that he was blushing with embarrassment again. “Please Mr. Stark… I can walk myself, really!”

“No Pete,” Tony left no room for argument, and forced the kid’s legs to bend so he could sit in the cart. “We’re on a time crunch and I can’t have you getting lost in the store, so you’re going to stay where I can see you.” Peter pouted in the cart with his arms crossed but made no other arguments to
Tony’s relief. There also wasn’t time for debating with a sixteen year, two year old.

The billionaire pushed the cart through the store entrance, having the uncomfortable feeling of looking like a dad. Happy followed a couple feet behind, falling back into his security role. “All right kid, before you got turned into a child, what did you eat?” Tony asked as they started down the canned food aisle.

“Um… usually whatever my aunt bought…” the boy mumbled still looking a bit put out from having to sit in the cart. Tony didn’t know what the kid’s problem was, it wasn’t much different from sitting in a car seat. Though that was at least out of the public eye.

“So what did she buy?” The billionaire could feel the beginnings of frustration creep in on him. “Was there anything special that she had you always eat?”

The child shrugged, “Not really… it was pretty much normal food.”

Tony could no longer hold back his sigh of frustration. “Come on kid!” his voice snapped, and he took a breath to try and gain control of his thinning patience. “I’m trying to figure out why you’re having stomach issues and digestive problems. Is there anything you can think of that would help me figure that out?”

The spiderling’s blue eyes suddenly widened as if a sudden realization came over him. “Mr. Stark? Did I ever tell you that before the spider bite I was gluten intolerant?”

Hearing this made Tony halt the cart suddenly, and he stood in the middle of the canned food aisle staring at the young child like he was wondering if he should strangle the kid. “No! You didn’t tell me that. But shit, that might have been helpful to know a long time ago! Why am I just hearing about this now?”

Peter shrank back a little bit at the man’s frustrated rant, making Tony feel a bit guilty. Biting the kids head off wasn’t going do any help. “W-Well it went away after I got my spider powers, and since I still had some of my powers, I didn’t really think I would start having problems again…” the boy said in a timid voice. “I’m sorry…”

The billionaire swore loudly. “This is going to be fun to adjust to! Isn’t gluten in like everything?” Besides the little he learned from when Pepper tried to go gluten free a few years back, Tony knew practically nothing about a gluten free diet. Pepper had only done the diet a couple of months, and the billionaire could still recall all the gluten free waffles he ate during that time, and how much he kept telling himself how much better waffles with gluten were.

“It’s in wheat,” Happy supplied unexpectedly. “That’s all I know.”

“The billionaire swore loudly. “This is going to be fun to adjust to! Isn’t gluten in like everything?” Besides the little he learned from when Pepper tried to go gluten free a few years back, Tony knew practically nothing about a gluten free diet. Pepper had only done the diet a couple of months, and the billionaire could still recall all the gluten free waffles he ate during that time, and how much he kept telling himself how much better waffles with gluten were.

“It’s in wheat,” Happy supplied unexpectedly. “That’s all I know.”

“It’s ok Mr. Stark, I still remember what I could and could not eat.”

“I thought I told you to start calling me Tony?” The man had suddenly realized that the kid had fallen back into this habit.

The child looked down a bit ashamed. “Oh yeah… sorry Mr- Um… I mean Tony.”

They continued walking through the store, with Peter naming off different foods he knew that he could eat. Since they were about to leave for a week, Tony mostly picked up non perishable items, like gluten free crackers. Tony quickly realized as the child continued listing off foods, that he was going to have to start doing real cooking for the kid. Most the pre-made food, and boxed dinners had some type of gluten product in it, and he also had to feed the boy something for lunch today. He couldn’t just give the kid crackers and call it a meal. They’d probably have to order special meals
while on the trip. In the blink of an eye Tony’s life had suddenly gotten ten times more complicated. Thanks spider kid… “So what do you want to eat for lunch today?”

The child just shrugged. “Not that hungry to be honest…” this was followed by a loud snifflie, which reminded the man that they’d need to pick up some kind of cold medicine before leaving.

“Pete you got to eat something. I think we figured out what’s causing your stomach troubles, so it should probably get better once you start eating the right type of food,” Tony stopped the cart in front of the refrigerator section. “How about eggs? Eggs don’t have gluten in them right?” he lookedquestioningly at Happy who just shrugged. Peter gave a shake of his head though, so the billionaire put a dozen in the cart. “Ok kid, your lunch today will consist of eggs, cheese, and how about yogurt?” Tony grabbed a pack of babybell cheese, then turned and looked at the yogurt section.

Satisfied that they had enough food to make it through the rest of the day, Tony took a turn down the medicine aisle. He was once again out of his element, as taking medicine in general was beneath him. Not to mention that it all tasted nasty, it didn’t matter what flavor you tried to cover it up with, all medicine tastes bad. But just because he never touched the stuff didn’t mean that he wasn’t going to shove it down the kids throat. “What are we down here for?” Peter asked with a frown.

“Getting some medicine for you, because it sounds like your starting to get sick…”

“M-not getting sick,” Peter said with annoyance in his voice, and then as if wanting to prove the child wrong, this was followed by a couple of coughs from the boy.

“Mmm-hmm,” Tony hummed sarcastically, and stopped in front of the cold and flu section of the aisle. Peter give him a mild glare but didn’t argue his point any further. Tony stared helplessly at the dozens of cold medicine he could choose from. “Should I get a children’s brand?” he asked Happy who continued giving unhelpful shrugs being just as lost as Tony was about all this.

“I don’t think the children’s stuff will help,” Peter spoke up. “The few times I’ve had to take medicine, I’d have to take double the recommended amount for adults for it to work on me.”

“That was when you had all your powers. You don’t this time, so we’re not chancing it,” Tony replied and grabbed a liquid bottle of Children’s Tylenol Cold and Flu, and tossing it into the cart.

They began making their towards the checkout stands, having gotten everything they needed from the store. Peter who had been playing with the child straps attached to the cart, suddenly looked up in alarm and made a squeak. “Oops…”

“What is it?” Tony asked with concern, but he didn’t need to hear the answer after a couple of seconds because the sudden putrid smell was answer enough. “All shit… really kid? Right now?”

“I’m sorry Mr. Stark- I mean Tony…” the child looked down and blushed in shame. “It just happens so suddenly…”

“You better hope going gluten free fixes this problem, otherwise I’m going to start making you change yourself.” It wasn’t a real threat, that was more of Tony’s frustration getting the better of him. “I mean serious. I don’t have any clean diapers on me, and having you sit for extended periods of time in a dirty diaper will only make your rash worse…” the man had lowered his voice to almost a whisper so that people wouldn’t overhear their conversation. Even if he was in a disguise right now, he really didn’t want anyone over hearing him talk about soiled diapers, and diaper rashes.

“You should really just get a diaper bag-” Happy started to suggest before Tony quickly interrupted him.
“I do not need a diaper bag!” the billionaire was offended at the very suggestion. Suggesting that he get a diaper bag was like suggesting he carry around a purse. It’s just not something that men do, especially Stark men. He’d never seen any male figure carrying around something as demising as a diaper bag. “I just need a… holder I can carry around that can hold a diaper or two and some wipes, maybe a-”

“Like a diaper bag?” Happy asked looking like he was resisting the urge to roll his eyes.

Tony’s response was an intense glare. “Ok fine, maybe I do need a diaper bag. But he need to come up with a better name for it. Something more manly like… Damage Control bag.”

This made Happy snort, “Two many syllables. That will never catch on.”

“Fine then we’ll shorten it to the DC bag.”

Happy rolled his eyes, “Fine whatever. I guess we’ll add a DC bag to our list of stuff to get from the department store.”

“Speaking of which, since we don’t have a DC bag yet we need to go back to the compound first. And to save on time, why don’t you drop us off and I’ll give you a list of items to get.” Going by the look on Happy’s face at the suggestion, the other man was getting tired of being the errand boy. “What you want to trade tasks?” Tony asked giving him a look. “Fine, when we get back then you can change the kid, and I’ll go out to the store.”

It took Happy approximately two seconds to process this. “So, what was the list of things you wanted me to get.”

Peter was now back at the compound, sitting at the kitchen table, slowing peeling the shell off of a hard boiled egg. After four separate failed attempts at scrambling eggs, it became clear that the only type of edible eggs that Tony Stark could make without burning them were hard boiled. “All right, eat up kid,” Mr. Stark- wait he was supposed to start calling him Tony. God that was going to be hard to get used to. The man set a bowl of mixed fruit and yogurt on the table in front of the child, and then went to find something to eat for himself.

“Thanks T-Tony,” the boy said awkwardly. The name sounded foreign on his tongue. Calling Tony Stark by his first name, seemed way too informal for their relationship. It was better than dad though… He still felt a squirrm of embarrassment every time he thought about that incident. It was slowly getting harder and harder to control his toddler instincts, and it got worse anytime his mentor showed affection for him. He would have to be very careful in the future, and make sure he contained his toddler side so he didn’t accidentally call him dad again.

Having finally gotten all the shell off, Peter took a bite of the egg. It tasted a bit on the rubbery side, meaning that the eggs had been cooked a bit too long. “Your a lousy cook, you know that?”

That caused the man to turn away from the open refrigerator and look at him with raised eyebrows. “That’s a pretty ballsy thing to say to someone who just made you lunch.”

“I could have made a better lunch with my feet.” Peter had meant it as a joke, but the words came out more rude then he intended.

Mr. Stark frowned deeply, clearly not seeing it as a joke. “Well it certainly sounds like you’ll be taking a nap when we’re done eating.”

The child’s blue eyes widened slightly, and he began to back peddle. “No! I’m sorry Mr. Stark. I
didn’t mean that…” Peter was against taking a nap for multiple reasons. One because it was humiliating to think that he needed to take a nap everyday, when he hadn’t had to do that since he was five. But the main reason was because if he fell asleep he’d probably have nightmares about being buried alive. What had happened yesterday was still too fresh in his mind.

“Just eat your food brat…” the billionaire spat, turning back to the refrigerator and began pulling out sandwich items. Peter felt a tightness in his chest as being called brat, and looked down at his plate of food, with a small pout forming on his lips.

The boy sat like that, making the occasional glance up at his mentor as the man made himself a turkey sandwich. The sandwich certainly looked more appetizing, filled with lettuce tomato slices, avocado and smothered in honey mustard, compared to his yogurt with fresh fruit, babybel cheese and overcooked hard boiled eggs. After going back on gluten for almost two years, Peter had forgotten how much the gluten free diet sucked. It wasn’t until Tony had finished making his sandwich and sitting at the table as well, that he man noticed Peter had not eaten anything since there little spat. “Come on kid. You need to eat that, I did go through the trouble to make it for you.”

That caused just enough guilt to setting in the child’s chest to get him to start eating the less than appetizing food again. He finished off the egg he had started eating, and then started on the yogurt. While eating, Mr. Stark tried to make a phone call, but whoever he was calling didn’t seem to answer because after a minute he muttered, “Damnit!” and slammed the phone down on the table so hard, it was a wonder that it didn’t break. Peter wisely chose not to ask who he was trying to call.

The food certainly did help with his stomach ache, but his head was still feeling a bit fogged. Probably also the result of the gluten he’d consumed. Peter recalled that the main symptom he got any time he accidentally had gluten while growing up, was the feeling of not being all the way present mentally. His aunt called it brain fog. Along with the many symptoms that came with being gluten intolerant, Peter’s nose was constantly running like a faucet. The child made a loud sniff as he took his last bite of yogurt. The sudden noise caused Mr. Stark to glance over at him with a frown, “I better give you that medicine before you go down for your nap,” he commented wiping his face with a napkin.

Peter groaned with a pout. Now medicine was added on to the nap. His day was just getting worse and worse. “I don’t need a nap Mr. Stark.”

“I’m sorry who?”

“I- I mean Tony… look I’m really sorry for what I said about your cooking. It’s really good see,” Peter peeled the wax covering off the cheese and took a bite of it. “I’m eating it.”

“Nice try kid,” Tony smirked at him, and stood up from the table. “We’re going to be traveling later, and I can’t have a cranky toddler on my hands.” The billionaire began digging through the shopping bags they had just got that morning, until he pulled out the bottle of Children’s Tylenol. He stared at the packaging for a couple of moments before letting out a heavy sigh.

“What’s wrong?” Peter asked and popped the rest of the babybel into his mouth, and then cracked the shell of his other hard boiled egg. He eyed the packaging, trying to see if he could figure out what the problem was just by looking. He noticed that the flavor of the medicine was grape, and he grimaced at the thought of taking the medicine. Grape flavor wasn’t as bad a cherry, but he preferred orange flavors. The citric taste tended to mask the medicated flavor better than anything else.

Mr. Stark shook his head before answering, not looking two happy with himself. “Nothing…” the man set the medicine bottle down on the counter and began rifling through drawers; it seemed that he wasn’t going to share the problem with the kid, and Peter didn’t have the energy to push the subject.
The boy just peeled the shell of his egg, and watched as the billionaire pulled a spoon out of the drawer and go back over to where the medicine bottle sat. The man opened the bottle and carefully measured a small dose of the liquid into the spoon before pouring the dose into the small cup that was provided with the bottle. Apparently his mentor was going to give less than the recommended dosage. Peter had stuffed the rest of the egg into his mouth when Mr. Stark set the medicine in front of him. “There you go, bottoms up.”

Peter turned his nose up to the dark liquid, and waited until the egg was swallowed before answering. “I don’t want it…”

“Tuff… you’re starting to get sick, so you need to take some medicine.”

“I’m not getting sick…” and then on cue, Peter gave another loud sniff.

Mr. Stark’s frustration seemed to have reached a peak, because the man unexpectedly slammed his hand down on the table making the child jump and everything that was sitting on the table juggle. “I’m not arguing about this with you. So stop being a little shit and take your medicine before I force it down your throat!” Peter glared at the man, very close to picking up the cup of medicine and throwing it at his mentor. That’s certainly what toddler Peter wanted to do. But he still wanted to try and get out of taking a nap, and throwing things would certainly not help his case. So with a deep steadying breath, the child picked up the cup and downed the liquid, grimacing at the taste.

Ten minutes later, Peter regretted having listened to the man, and wished that he had just throw the liquid at his face. This was mainly because he was currently being taken back to his room to be put down for a nap. “I don’t want a nap! I’m not tired!” the child had been protesting the entire way. It seemed that Mr. Stark had gotten tired repeating himself, as he was no longer giving the boy responses but remaining firmly silent. They arrived at Peter’s room a few minutes later, and his mentor plopped him on the bed without ceremony. “Friday play some soft music…” the man asked his A.I. and a moment later a soft classical song started playing through the room’s speakers on a low volume. “Good night kid,” Tony rolled back the covers so Peter could slide between them.

“It’s not nighttime dumbass…” the boy growled surprising even himself at the response, and pulled the blankets over himself.

The billionaire gave the child a glare, but didn’t offer any other response to what he said, instead saying. “Dim the lights Friday,” and then stalking out of the room.

Peter lay on the bed, in the semi dark room listening to the soft music, and silently fuming over how unreasonable Tony Stark was being. He didn’t even feel tired at the moment, just a bit cranky from feeling a bit under the weather. But that was no reason to be shoving medicine down his throat and forcing him to take a nap. Well two could play at that game. The boy decided at that moment he wasn’t going to take a nap just to spite the billionaire, and sat up looking around the room. He needed to do something that could occupy his time for the next couple of hours, that was quiet enough for the man to think he was napping. Reading a book seemed to be the best choice.

With this in mind, Peter quietly crawled out of the bed, and over to the bookshelf. He spent a good five minutes scanning the books before finding a physics book that looked interesting. It was also about half his size and heavy, as he almost fell over after picking it up. After managing to stay upright, the child lugged the book back to his bed and began reading it. This lasted probably ten minutes before the music in the background was suddenly cut and Friday spoke. “Mr. Parker, Mr. Stark would like me to remind you that you are supposed to be taking a nap right now, and not reading.”
Darn it… of course Friday would rat him out. “Tell him to f- off,” the boy snapped not really thinking about the consequences that may come with having the machine tell his mentor that, as he was still very upset with his mentor.

“Mr. Stark would like me to remind you of what happened last time you refused to go to sleep, and that he can come up and give a repeated performance,” Friday replied after a few moments.

This caused a tingling sensation to run up Peter’s spine as he recalled his mentor giving him a couple of swats that last time. Not wanting a repeat of that humiliating experience Peter quickly looked up in alarm. “Tell him I’m going to bed now!” the child then closed the book, pushed it aside and laid down with his eyes closed. He spent a few minutes like this, listening intently for sounds of the man coming up to the room. When nothing was heard for a few moments Peter began to relax, but he still didn’t want to go to sleep.

Peter spent another five minutes rolling back and forth on the bed, torn between not wanting to go to sleep, but knowing that if he didn’t soon than his mentor would come up and spank him. The debating battle of which outcome would be worse became too much for his tired little body to handle, and tears began to well up in his eyes and were soon overflowing down his cheeks. Two minutes later, he was sobbing snot and tears into his pillow. A jolt ran through his body when he heard the bedroom door open. At sparing a glance at the door, the child saw that Mr. Stark had entered the room. Oh no! Mr. Stark had come to spank him for not going to sleep, and this knowledge caused the child to cry even harder.

Burying his little face into the pillow, Peter braced himself and waited for it to come. However what actually happened was unexpected, and surprised the child. He felt an arm snake underneath his body, causing the boy to flinch, and the next thing Peter knew his body was crushed against Tony’s chest in a tight hug. “Shh… shhh calm down…” the man whispered into his ear and gave very gentle pats to the kid’s back before they turned into slow soothing circles. “What’s wrong Pete? Why are you crying?”

The child took a shuddering breath before stammering, “I-... I d-don’t want to… ge-t sp-spanked…”

Peter felt the man give a deep sigh, and the large hand that was rubbing his back soothingly moved up to card through his hair. “Relax kid… I’m not going to spank you.” Peter’s body deflated in relief at hearing these words. “But if you keep using that bad language I might just have to,” Tony added, and the child couldn’t help but think that the threat was somewhat hypocritical considering how often he heard those words out of the man’s mouth. But he knew better then to mention that.

The two stayed like this until Peter’s sobs slowed down to the occasional hitch of breath, and then Mr. Stark asked. “So why don’t you want to go to sleep? It’s painfully noticeable how tired you are kid…”

Peter broke eye contact with his mentor, ashamed to admit what the real problem was. “When I go to sleep, all I have is nightmares…”

A look of understanding passed through the billionaires eyes, and he gave a couple of slow nods. “Oh… so that’s what the problem is. Look kid, take it from a guy who’s had to deal with a lot of nightmares, and knows from experience- Refusing to sleep is not going to help- in fact it was actually make it worse. I’m not going to try and tell you some bullshit about how it’s going to get better- I mean it will get a little better, but the nightmares will always be there.”

His mentor’s rambling wasn’t making him feel any better, and Tony must have known it also because he suddenly stopped his train of thought ran a hand over his face. “Look… what I’m trying to say is, as much as it sucks, the nightmares aren’t going to go away. But you still have sleep. You
just need to come up with a list of things you can do that will help you feel better after waking up from a nightmare. For example when I wake up after a my weekly night terror I go down to my lab and tinker. It’s something I like to do and it makes me feel better. You just need to figure out what you can do.”

A silence fell between the two, while Peter processed everything that Mr. Stark had said. What could he do that would make him feel better after a nightmare. Normally when that happened he was so consumed with fear that he couldn’t focus on anything else. What was something he really enjoyed doing that could be an anchor to bring him out of the terror that filled his waking minutes after a nightmare. He had enjoyed the ten minutes he had read that physics book, that was his favorite subject. Perhaps he could start doing his physics homework. “How about I warm you up some milk hm?” Mr. Stark asked bringing the child out of his mental thoughts. “Would that help you sleep better?” Peter just nodded his head, and then his mentor gently lay him back on the bed and pulled the covers back over him. “All right, I’ll be back in a minute. You’re getting a cup with a lid this time though.” With that the man left the room.

The child nodded again, face flushing at the memory of when he spilled the milk all over himself. He really needed to keep his toddler instincts in check. But boy was it getting really hard to do that. It was getting to the point where he almost forgot that they were happening. He was slowly losing himself to his toddler side. Would he completely lose his 16 year old mentality if he stayed in this form for two long? Peter dwelled on this uncomfortable thought until Mr. Stark came back into the room. “This was the closest thing I could find to a cup with a lid,” the man announced upon entering the room and held up a baby bottle full of milk.

Peter eyes widened at the object. There was no way in all hell he’d be caught drinking out of a baby bottle. He didn’t care how tired he was, or what Tony Stark insisted on. It was not happening. He would learn how to sleep without his nightly glass of warm milk. The child began to shaking his head in earnest. “No- No! It’s ok Mr. Stark… I can pass on the milk.”

“Come on kid, don’t make a big deal out of this,” the man said with a roll of his eyes and then approached the bed. This caused the boy to back up against the headboard, terror in his eyes as if the man was wielding a knife rather then a baby bottle. You need to go to sleep, and you already told me that warm milk helps you sleep. Next time I’m out I’ll find some sort of sippy cup for you.”

To be honest a sippy cup wasn’t much of an improvement over a baby bottle. Peter just wanted to drink out of a cup like a normal person. The boy squeaked in protest when his mentor lifted him up into one arm, and used his other hand to put the tete of the bottle into his mouth. The child reached his hands up the push the bottle away, but as soon as the rich warm liquid touched his tongue he instinctively wanted to drink more and his hands instead grabbed the bottle so he could hold it himself. Peter was lost in his toddler side a good ten seconds before coming back and pulled the bottle away from him. “N-no Mr. Stark… I don’t need it…”

The billionaire sat back down on the bed and cradled Peter in his arms. “Yes you do Pete, now stop talking and drink your milk.” With that said the bottle tete was pushed back into the boy’s mouth. With his little body very tired, being held in Tony’s arms, and the rich creamy liquid tasting so good. The brief battle that went on inside Peter was easily won by his toddler side, and he stopped struggling and just took the bottle with blushing red cheeks. Before the milk was even half gone, Peter’s arms began to feel so heavy that they dropped to chest and Tony had to hold the bottle up to his mouth so he could continue drinking it. The child stared at his mentor with sleepy half lidded eyes, he’d be falling asleep very soon. When the milk was all gone, Peter was in a floating half conscious state. Still aware of the man’s arms holding him, but unclear of who’s they were. It had to be someone that loved him… no one that didn’t love him would hold him with such affection.
Peter felt the tete of the bottle leave his mouth, and he turned his face into the chest of whoever was holding him, and snuggled deeper into the shirt. A large hand started rubbing his back, and the last thing that went through the child’s mind before sleep claimed him was that this man had to be his dad, because with how loved he felt right now, that feeling only came from a dad.

Chapter End Notes

Oh darn… Jerkwad Tony has reared his ugly head in this chapter. But we just need to smack it down like we do in those arcade games. Truthfully he’ll probably make the occasional appearance throughout the whole story because let’s be honest; he’s still Tony Stark and people don’t completely change in just a few days. Just look at where the man started way back in Ironman, and where he is now in Infinity Wars. That took 8 to 10 years folks.

Giving a two year old cold medicine is not recommended. A child should be well off the baby bottle by the time their two, but for the purposes of fluff and cuteness for this fic I’m adding it in.
“Come on Happy! The plane is supposed to leave in twenty-five minutes and Air Traffic Control is not going to allow it to leave late during this time of year!” Tony called out to his friend. The billionaire currently stood in the compound front lobby, surrounded by suitcases, a half asleep toddler on his shoulder, and staring at his head of security who was fiddling around on the front desk computer.

The other man sighed in frustration as this was Tony’s third time telling him to hurry up in the last five minutes. “Tony if the compound doesn’t get locked down properly, we’ll be coming back to find the place robbed blind or that squatters have moved in.” It was a very rare occurrence for the compound to be completely empty of all people since there were usually Stark Industry employees around 24/7. But usually around this time of year- it being Christmas and all, everyone took a week off for the holiday which left the building empty. So when this did happen, the whole place had to be put on a tight security lockdown with deadly weapons ready to fire at anyone trying to break in. Happy finally clicked a final button and then stood up. “All right let’s go.

Tony picked up one of the suitcases with his free hand, and left the rest of them for Happy to carry. “Friday lock the place down, when we leave,” Tony told his A.I.

“Already on it sir.”

Peter had his head resting on the billionaires shoulders, eyes half lidded in drowsiness. The child had slept deeply all the way up until Tony had woken him up twenty minutes ago. Even after that, the kid had wanted to go back to sleep again, but Tony couldn’t let him do that for several reasons. The main one being that they had a flight to catch, another being that if the kid slept all day then he’d be up all night. Tony had been discouraged to find more diarrhea in the kid’s diaper after waking him up. He had hoped that the change of diet would fix that problem. Happy did point out that one meal wouldn’t instantly cure it, and it would probably take a few days. The billionaire certainly hoped that was the case, because if this wasn’t caused by the gluten then he had no idea what the problem was.

It was surprising to find no paparazzi waiting for them outside of the building, though Tony was grateful for it. He knew that he would eventually have to come up with some sort of press release explaining why he had a child with him, he just wasn’t sure what story to come up with. Pepper was always the one that came up with that stuff, and they currently weren’t on speaking terms. He had tried calling her several times, and she was either too busy to answer, or refusing to. Most likely the latter. Hopefully she just needed a few days to cool, but all the media about Tony Stark having a secret child probably wasn’t helping. He just hoped that he could catch Pepper at the hotel and try to smooth things over before things got even worse.

“Wow, I’m impressed,” Tony commented as they approached the limo, not really sounding impressed at all. “You got rid of all the media.

“Word leaked out that your plane is flying out today. So there probably all waiting at the airport for you,” the other man responded, opening the back door so that the billionaire could put Peter in the car seat. Tony noted that the child’s cheeks flushed a shade of pink at being set in the child seat, but he made no verbal protests.

The drive to the airport was fairly uneventful. Tony spent the time on his phone keeping up to date
on the media circus that currently surrounded him. Why couldn’t the little vultures just stay out of his business. Who cares if he’s currently toting around a small child. Peter was silent most of the way, still trying to wake up, and the only noises he made were the frequent sniffling and occasional cough. The billionaire eyed the child from over the phone when he gave a particularly chesty cough. There was no denying it anymore, the kid was sick with a cold of some sorts. He probably should have given him some more of the medicine, but he realized earlier that the bottle he got was for children aged 6 to 11. So he ended up just giving the spiderling a small dose in hopes that it would counteract enough. Nothing bad seemed to have happened to the boy, other then waking up a little groggy. Peter was still yawning widely while rubbing his eyes.

Just as Happy predicted, the airport was swarming with paparazzi, particularly around his plane. They crowded around the vehicle, when it slowed to a stop, microphones held out ready for any quotes they could get out of him. “Want me to try and get rid of them?” Happy asked.

The billionaire shook his head. “We don’t have time for that. There’s already pictures of Peter out there, I don’t see how a few more could make things much worse. Just don’t say anything,” Tony unbuckled his seatbelt then moved to undo Peter’s.

“The longer you stay silent, the more out of hand this is going to get,” Happy warned but knowing that the other man’s mind was set he didn’t wait for a response and opened the door.

Even in the brief seconds that the driver door was opened, there were about a dozen clicks and flashing going at them. Peter’s blue eyes were wide with terror. “Mr. Stark- I mean Tony I don’t want to go out there…” his small voice was laced with fear.

“Don’t worry,” Tony picked him up in his arms and held the boy against his chest. “We’re just going to the plane, and the media can’t follow us on board. But whatever you do, don’t say anything to anyone. In fact don’t speak at all- actually I want you to hide your face in my jacket.” Tony moved the child so his face was pressed against his shoulder and wrapped the tailored jacket he was wearing so it was covering most of the boy’s head. Most of the pictures that were online didn’t have a very clear picture of the kids face, and it would be better to keep it that way.

Taking a breath to prepare himself, Tony opened the door and stepped out. The thundering sound of a million questions, mixed with the sounds of camera clicks, and binding flashes bombarded him. He felt Peter’s body stiffen in his arms. He was able to make out a few of the questions thrown at him. “Mr. Stark! Is that your son?”

“Who’s the mother?”

“What’s his name?”

“Is this going to affect your upcoming marriage?”

Tony pushed through all the people and questions, without saying anything. Happy walked behind them, making sure that the reporters couldn’t follow too closely. Except for the regular sounds of a running plane engine, the plane was blessedly silent compared to the outside. It seemed that the airport security had finally decided to go do their jobs and came up help hold back the media. This gave Happy the way to come onto the plane and see them off. “So you going to be ok?” his friend asked giving a pointed stare at the child as Tony set him down onto his feet. Peter wasted no time going to find a seat.

“Don’t look out any windows,” Tony called after him before bringing his attention back onto the other man. “Yeah I think I got this. Gotten this far taking care of the kid. I don’t think there’s much else that can be thrown at me.”
Happy clapped a hand on the man’s shoulder and smiled. “Take care then buddy. I’ll see you when you get back.”

Tony returned the gesture. “Thanks for everything Hap. Merry Christmas.”

After Happy left the plane, Tony went to the seat that was across from where Peter was sitting. The boy sat slumped in his seat, frowning in almost a pout. The man noted the paleness of the kids skin, and hope that whatever he picked up would just be a common cold and he’d shrug it off after a few days. He did bring the cold medicine with him, so he considered offering the child another dose. But a part of him suspected that there was something more than just feeling crappy going on with the boy. “What’s eating you kid?”

The child made eye contact with his mentor and gave a sigh. “I’m just bored…” a distinct whininess was laced in the child's voice, which Tony chose to ignore. “I haven’t been able to do anything fun in days.

God the kid sure sounded like the two year old he spoke like, and puppy pout didn’t help things. His instinct was to brush this off by saying, ‘What do you want me to do about it’ but felt like that would be a little tactless. It was true that the most fun he saw the kid having since he turned into a child was when he was messing around with his iron suits, and the kid got told off for doing that. “So what do you want me to do about it?” the man’s instincts won this round.

Luckily Peter didn’t seem offended by this tactless response, but instead looked up at him with eager blue eyes. “Do you have any games on your phone? I lost mine back in Queens?”

“Oh yeah!” the question reminded Tony that he still had the kid’s phone. He had been meaning to give it back to him, but things had been pretty crazy since they returned from the little Manhattan city and he had yet to do it. “I found your phone- it was under a dumpster. Was going to give it back to you, but I forgot and it’s back at the compound. Remind me to give it to you when we get back.”

The child nodded his head, looking relieved that his phone was no longer lost, but still a little bit down since he still had nothing fun to do. The guilt won over and Tony pulled out his phone and unlocked it with his fingerprint. “All I got on here is Candy Crush, take it for leave it?” he handed the phone over to the spiderling who accepted it gratefully. Apparently the game was good enough to entertain his mind. He personally thought the game wasn’t complex enough for his genius brain but if I got to kid to stop pouting with those puppy eyes then he wasn’t going to voice his opinion. “Don’t look at anything else on the phone, and whatever you do don’t buy anything, delete anything, or close anything that’s opened.”

The game entertained Peter through take off, and Tony took advantage of the small break by pulling out one of the contracts he was supposed to read and sign 3 days ago. He needed to do everything possible to try and smooth things over with Pepper. She was probably fuming at him, thinking that he had an affair with someone two years back and knocked up some chick. It would explain why she was ignoring all of his calls. Maybe he should try leaving her a message, explaining himself- but no. This couldn’t be done over message. They needed to talk, preferably face to face. Hopefully she would still be at the hotel when they arrived.

Just as the were reaching 10,000 feet, Peter suddenly dropped the phone into his lap. Blue eyes wide, and both hands flew to his ears. “What’s wrong?” Tony asked him, wondering if the kid was trying to be silly or if something was wrong. Peter only whimpered in response, clenching his head even tighter, a grimace plastered on his face. None of this helped Tony figure out what was wrong. “Got to help me out here kid. I can’t read your mind.”

“...Hurts…” The child whimpered and this was followed by a cry of pain.
“What hurts? Your ears?” the man asked using the visual clues the kid showed to try and figure out what was hurting. The child nodded his head, making Tony suddenly realize what the problem was. The kid was sick with a cold, and they just few 10,000 feet in the air. Of course the extra fluid in his ears would protest. Why didn’t he think of this earlier. He could have bought something to help with this. They were already airborne, so there wasn’t much that could be done now. “Try yawning or swallowing?”

The little spider attempted both, and it must have helped some because the grimace left his face, and the hands that were covering his ears fell to his sides. But he still didn’t look quite comfortable. “Feeling better?” Tony asked hopefully, but the child only shook head much to the man’s displeasure. This could be long flight.

Peter had tried going back to playing on Tony’s phone, but that only lasted about ten minutes before he dropped the device into his lap again, both hands going back over his ears. A soft whimper fell from the spiderlings lips, and the man noticed with horror that his blue orbs began to fill with tears. Quickly picking up a nearby water bottle, Tony offered it to the child. “Here, try drinking some water. See if that helps.” The child accepted the bottle, but once again struggled with the cap for a few moments.

Seeming to have thin patience with the bottle cap, Peter suddenly threw the bottle away from him and burst into tears. “Wow… chill out a moment kid, I’ll help you.” the billionaire got up from his seat to retrieve the water bottle, noting that his gentle rebuke was a little hypocritical, considering his many tantrums of impatience he’s displayed in the past couple of days. He tried to justify it by telling himself that the tantrums he threw were over real problems. This was a water bottle, that he could easily open himself. There was no need for the kid to react the way he did.

Tony opened the bottle and handed back to the child. Peter took few sips but couldn’t seem to hold the bottle steady, and it soon slipped from his hands and poured all over the floor and seat causing renewed tears to sprout from his eyes. With a soft groan, his own patents beginning to wear thin. The billionaire picked Peter up and sat back down in his seat with the child in his lap. The boy pushed his head into the man’s rib cage, still clutching both ears with his hands. “Can I get another water bottle?” he asked the onboard flight attendant that was standing nearby waiting to be of service.

He adjusted the little spider so that the child was lying in a half upright position against his arm, and a moment later another water bottle was being handed to him. Tony accepted it without saying thank you, his mind too busy to be thinking of curticies. He opened up the bottle cap, and gently tipped the contents into the child’s mouth. Peter took slow sips of the water, and his cries slowly began to die down. Tony knew that swallowing was a way to relieve the pressure in your ears, when they got clogged from high altitudes, and assumed that the swallowing of water was helping the kid feel better.

That seemed to be the calm before the storm because an hour and a half into the flight, Peter was a sobbing hot mess in the billionaires arms. The man was at a complete loss what to do to help the child, and they still had an hour of the flight left. One of his onboard flight attendants suggested giving the child more water to drink, but the boy had been refusing all food and liquid for the past hour

By the time that the plane landed in the Bahamas, and disheveled looking Tony Stark exited the plane holding a still whimpering spiderboy. What should have been a nice easy two and a half hour flight had turned into a loud crazy flight that felt like it lasted nine hours. He was ready to vow at never ever flying with a child ever again. One thing was for sure, that he was wasn’t flying back to
New York until the kid was over the cold, or at the very least pump him up with decongestants before hand. The pressure on the kid’s ears seemed to have let up since they landed, as the boy had finally let go of his ears and lay his head against the billionaire’s chest breathing deeply. Only the occasional hitch of breath was leftover from the nightmare of a flight they just went through.

The car that Tony had called ahead for was waiting for them next to the plane. The airport also seemed to have fulfilled his request of keeping media and reporters away when they landed, as he did not see any around and detected no nearby flashing of cameras. Originally he had requested this to try and quench some of the media fire that was quickly getting out of control, but now he was just glad there were no pictures of him looking so hot and bothered. There had been many raised eyebrows as he passed by the airport personnel and security, so he probably did look pretty bad.

The billionaire set Peter in the car seat he had also requested to be in the car that picked him up, and buckled him in before sliding in next to the kid. Peter rested his head against the head rest of the car seat, looking pale and exhausted. He reached a little hand up to rub had his left ear. “Your ears finally pop?” Tony asked the child who just nodded his head without saying words but letting out a few coughs.

That cough the kid had was progressively getting worse. They had been kind of on the go non stop since returning from Queen’s, so Tony hoped a good long rest would be the cure. Now that they were finally in the Bahamas, the could reunite with Pepper and they could all finally relax. Once there bags were put in the trunk, the car began driving them to the hotel. Peter began to doze in his seat but still gave a fair amount coughing, sniffing, and sneezing as if the child’s body wanted to keep reminding Tony that the little spider as sick. He was really at a loss of what to do for the kid except pump him full of meds, and hope that it will just go away. He tried to think back to when he was sick as a child. Jarvis had been the one take care of him anytime he had fallen sick, and he recalled being fed a lot of soup, and resting in his bed until he was bored to tears.

So far the man had been toting the kid around so much, he hadn’t gotten much sleep or bed rest. That could change as soon as he got to the hotel. First thing he was going to do when they got settled in the hotel room, besides giving Pepper his rehearsed apology, was to put the kid to bed and order him some soup. It would have to be gluten free though.

God everything was going to get so much easier when he had Pepper around again. She seemed so much more of a motherly type to help him out in taking care of the kid, and she could probably even help getting the boy gluten free meals. They were almost at the hotel, and it was almost time for Pepper to come in and fix everything that he had messed up.

Tony had spent the rest of the car drive looking at the latest damage that the airport scene had done. The article he was currently reading was titled:

**Stark Spotted at John F. Kennedy International Airport**

Tony Stark with his alleged child, were seen getting on his private airplane earlier this afternoon. Mr. Stark refused any and all comments as he boarded the plane carrying the child in question. The child was well hidden from the press, as no one on the scene got quite a good look at the child. Eyewitness accounts conclude the child is a male around two year old.
Tony stopped reading at that point because the driver pulled up to the front of the hotel. He sighed deeply in frustration. So now Peter was his ‘alleged child,’ before it was just ‘who is this kid and why is he with Tony Stark.’ Now they had to nerve to just assume that the kid was his.

The hotel was abuzz of activity with Holiday travelers coming in. The billionaire slipped a pair of his trademark sunglasses over his eyes, opened the car door and stepped out as a bellhop approached the vehicle to get their bags. Peter had woken up a bit since dozing off in the car, and insisted on walking again. He didn’t make any arguments about this, as his arms were beginning to get very sore with all carrying around he’s been doing. “All right there’s a lot of people around and I don’t want to lose you, so you have to hold my hand,” Tony said to the kid and grabbed the child’s warm hand. Was his skin warmer than usual?

He led boy by the hand through the hotel lobby, and up the front desk. The lady sitting at the desk, was looking at her computer when they approached. She did not look up at him, but raised a finger in acknowledgment of their presence. A moment later she looked up at them and said in a Bahamian accent. “Hello, what is your reservation number please?” It seemed that she didn’t recognize him. Tony pulled the number up on his phone, having never been very good at memorizing numbers, and read it off to her.

After punching the number in on the keyboard, a confused look crossed her face. “I’m sorry sir. That reservation number has already been checked in.”

“Yes I know,” Tony responded. “My fiancé checked in a couple days ago, and I was a little late in arriving. The room should be under Potts?”

The lady’s mouth went thin as if she was about to give him some bad news. “Yes, Ms. Potts did check in on Friday, but she checked out this morning and we’ve already given away the room that was reserved.”

Tony felt his heart sink down into the stomach. She had already left… she did not wait for him. This was proof that his beloved Pepper was very upset with him, to actually leave without even trying to contact him. Was it because he had missed his flight… or what the media has been saying about him and his ‘alleged child. Or maybe it was both. “Ok… fine. Can you just hook me up with another room,” Tony rubbed a hand tiredly over his forehead. This had been a really long day.

“I’m sorry sir, we are completely booked through Christmas.” Tony took his sunglasses off and gave the woman a look. It seemed that the sun glasses, even though they were practically his trademark, was the veil that stopped her from recognizing him. As soon as the glasses were off his face, the lady’s eyes widened with recognition. “Oh my… goodness gracious Mr. Stark, I’m sorry I didn’t recognize you.” Tony rolled his eyes. This is why he should have put the reservation under his name. Things get done so much faster when his name is attached. But no Pepper had insisted that it was better to put the reservation under her name since she was currently head of Stark Industries.

The flustered woman wildly looked around in hopes that someone would pop up to help her. When no one did she looked back at the man. “Um… just give me a minute Mr. Stark,” she said and walked away.

Tony tapped his fingertips against the counter, and suddenly felt something lean against his leg. He looked down to find that Peter had leaned up against his leg, and rested his head against the soft part of his calf. His thumb was back in his mouth again, making soft suckling noises, eyes beginning to droop. It wouldn’t be long before the kid fell asleep on his leg. Now what the hell was he supposed to with a kid who obviously sick. He didn’t have Pepper to fall back on anymore, as she was not here.
With a soft sigh, Tony reached down, snaked both hands under the spiderlings armpits, and lifted the child up into his arms. Peter who seemed to be completely taken by his toddler side, snuggled into the man’s chest with a content sigh and continued sucking on his thumb. By this time a different woman approached the desk with a professional smile, but her eyes were bright with admiration.

“My apologies for the confusion Mr. Stark. Your room will be ready momentarily. Do you know how long you will be staying with us?” The woman's eyes drifted over at Peter in confusion, but she didn’t ask any questions about him.

Tony gently set Peter down on one of the beds in the suite they had been given. The child moved to lay down on his stomach, eyes drooping and thumb still in his mouth. The billionaire sat on the nearby couch with a groaning sigh. What a day this has been. He had thought for sure that everything would get better when he got to the Bahamas, though he didn’t count on Pepper not being here when he arrived.

Now I got to figure out what’s the best thing for me to do now…

Something suddenly came over the genius billionaire after having that thought. He stared at the child lying on the bed, cheeks flushed red against his pale skin, mucus running from his pink little nose, having a small coughing fit every five minutes or so. What he had just thought didn’t sit right in his mind as she stared at the sickly child, and it took him a moment to figure out why. It was because he had thought- what’s the best thing for me to do. The man suddenly realized how selfish he had been since the kid had first dropped into his life. First it had been needing the kid to help him deal with the rogue Avengers. Then it was all about how he had to go out of his way to clean up the kid’s messes.

And it had gotten even worse when the suddenly showed up pint sized, asking for help. It was still about how him getting on the plane for his vacation, and wanting to fix his relationship with his fiancé. He had been thinking about nothing but himself the last few days. Even when the kid he was mentoring, the kid he was supposed to be helping and supporting, comes to him with a problem he can’t fix on his own, it’s still all about Tony Stark. In some ways that made him just as bad as his own father.

This line of thought sent him spiraling into a pity party about how he ruins everything he touches, and how he didn’t deserve Peter or Pepper and should have never touched them in the first place. Then something Rhodey once told him came to the front of his mind. “You don’t have to be like your dad Tony. You can choose not to be like him. That’s really all it comes down to- a choice. A choice on whether or not you’re going to follow in your father’s footsteps. But you can’t keep blaming Howard for all your faults. Eventually you got to take responsibility for yourself.”

Tony glanced back over at the child as he had rolled over onto his back and was coughing into his elbow. He could start making the better choice now, and he changed that thought to. Now it’s time to figure out what’s the best thing to do for Peter. The kid was obviously sick now, so it was probably best to wait until he was feeling better before flying back to New York. Peter suddenly sat up in the bed, and moved to crawl off of it. “What’s up bud?” Tony asked him.

“I need to go potty…” the child mumbled and than headed towards the bathroom once he got his unsteady feet on the floor.

The billionaire watched the kid with raised eyebrows, wondering if the little spider realized he just used a very childish term for bathroom. He didn’t dwell on that wonder however, and went back to unfamiliar mental exercise of thinking about someone else before himself. The first person he ever did that with was Pepper, and to be honest he didn’t need to do it very much because it was usually her taking care of him. Now he had someone else relying on him. It was a strange feeling having someone rely on him, a heavyweight of responsibility he usually didn’t feel. He was now responsible
for a sick child. What to do?

Soup! The billionaire suddenly remembered his mental rambling from earlier. He could order some room service for the two of them. With this plan in mind, Tony began looking around the room for the room service menu. It had to be around here somewhere. He found the laminated paper on the table in the suite kitchen. That should have been his first place to look. Just as he was glancing down at the list of soups, he heard the boy’s voice calling for him. “Mr. Stark!”

The voice was timid but didn’t sound hurt or scared, so Tony didn’t feel the need to rush towards the bathroom with his armor ready. He still walked in a quick pace until he saw the bright blue eyes peeking out from behind the bathroom door. “Yeah what is it kid?”

The child’s cheeks which had already been flushed with sickness turned a deeper shade of red. “I… I need help…. With the diaper…”

Tony couldn’t help but hope that he wasn’t about to walk into the bathroom that was covered with feces, but still walked over to the where the kid stood without hesitation. He was thankful that the child wasn’t covered in his own waste, he was naked from the waist down however. The diaper he had been wearing looked both clean and dry still, and was laying on the bathroom floor. It was obvious now that the child only needed help getting it back on, and Tony was grateful that was all it was. He picked up the diaper off the ground and seeing that there was no room on the bathroom counter, and there was no way he’d be getting down on the floor with his back, he said. “Come on, we’ll it on over here.”

The two walked into one of the bedrooms, and Tony lifted Peter up into the bed and laid him down on his back. Becoming familiar with the routine Peter lifted his legs up on his own, and Tony took this moment to examine how the kid’s rash was faring. It was still an angry red color, but the blisters seemed to have gone down significantly, which meant that at least the billionaire was doing something right. “Let’s get some of the the rash cream on,” he told the child and walked away to go find it.

Tony didn’t really remember where he exactly put the cream, so he spent a good five minutes digging through pockets, before finally finding it in the bag he packed for Peter. The child was lying flat on the bed again, completely lost in his toddler instincts, as the thumb was back in his mouth and free hand twirling around his brown locks, a sleepy expression on his face. What was going on in the kid’s head while he was lost in toddler mind. The billionaire took a moment to really look at the child’s face. The spiderling had glanced up at Tony’s face when he reappeared and what Tony saw in his child’s blue eyes almost frightened him.

It was affectionate love. The type of love you have when your looking at a parent or a parent figure. Tony had never felt parental love towards either of his parents, but he had when Jarvis was still alive and taking care of him. Was this the look he gave Jarvis as a little boy? Even though such an affectionate look scared him, he also felt a pool of warmth fill his chest, and it felt so good it was almost worth the fear that resided inside of him. Tony did not know what suddenly came over him, but the next thing he knew he was leaning down and planting a gentle kiss on the child’s forehead. Peter’s hand that had been mindlessly twirling around his locks of hair, moved down to run through the man’s beard. Brown eyes stared into the loving blue ones, and Tony suddenly realized that he was ok with this. The man was now filled with a feeling that he only felt around his beloved Pepper. It was slightly different though. Was this what parental love felt like?

The two stared at each other another moment until a look of recognition passed through the child’s eyes, and he quickly popped the thumb out of his mouth. With a pang, Tony realized that teenage Peter had returned. A sigh fell from the man’s lips, but was that of disappointment? Tony tucked the
child’s legs so they were pressed against his belly again, and began applying the rash cream into the child’s tender red skin. He applied more baby powder before quickly putting the diaper back on. “All right,” Tony gently smacked the boy’s diapered backside in an affectionate way. “Go get your pants back on. I’m going to order us some food.”

Peter slipped off the bed, and headed back towards the bathroom. “I’m not really hungry Mr. Stark…” he mumbled over his shoulder.

Another sigh escaped out of Tony’s lips. They were back to Mr. Stark again. He couldn’t believe that he was admitting it, but at the moment he would have preferred ‘dad’ over Mr. Stark. Seriously, when was the kid going to cut it with the Mr. Stark crap. He let it slide since he was still a bit disoriented by the affectionate moment they shared, but he did plan on breaking that kid of the habit. “I know your feeling like shit kid, but honestly not eating isn’t going to make you feel better,” the billionaire called back and headed back into the suite kitchen to look at the menu again.

Discouragement settled into the man’s chest as he realized that there weren’t many gluten free options. In fact not a single meal appeared to be completely gluten free, let alone the soups. This would be so much easier if Pepper had been here. Why did she have to leave without waiting for him. Why wasn’t she returning his calls. He hadn’t yet left her any voice messages, and debated briefly on calling her one more time and leaving an apology message, and explaining everything. But no… maybe he was falling back into selfishness again, but if she was going to throw a hissy fit without given him a chance to explain himself, then she didn’t deserve to find out over voice message.

Just when he was thinking that he’d have to settle on ordering the child fresh fruit, he saw a note on the bottom of the menu that said, “Ask about gluten free options.” This certainly looked promising; Tony picked up the hotel phone and pushed the button that would call for room service. The line on the other end rang two times before a lady’s cheerful voice answered. “Room service, what can I get started for you today?”

“Yes… thanks. Do you have any soups that are gluten free?” Tony decided to cut right to the punch. The sooner they both ate, the sooner they could both hit the hay. It was painfully obvious that they both needed to turn in early tonight.

“Our vegetable soup is gluten free if you don’t eat the crackers that come with it.”

The billionaire frowned at hearing this. He really hoped that there was no green beans in the soup, as the kid had thrown a fit the last time he tried to serve him vegetables, which happened to be green beans. But the kid was gluten free now, and couldn’t afford to be choosy, so Tony just hummed in approval. “That sounds good, I’ll take an order of that and hold the crackers.”

“Would that be all for you sir?” the lady asked after a pause, probably to write it down.

“Um… no, hold on.” Tony glanced back over at the menu, deciding what to get for himself. He was pretty hungry, so he decided on the steak dinner for himself.

“All right sir, we’ll have that all ready and delivered up to your room in about twenty minutes.”

Tony thanked her and hung up the phone. He noticed Peter stumbling into the kitchen at that moment, looking pale and flushed, bark like coughs falling from his lips. Hearing this made the man frown deeply, “That cough doesn’t sound too good.” The first thing that came to his mind when he thought about childhood illness and a bad cough was whooping cough. Then it jumped to all the commercials and ads about vaccinations and how many children die from whooping cough every year, and how this is preventable by getting the vaccine. Tony didn’t know if the kid had been
vaccinated from whooping cough. “Did you get all your vaccinations as a baby?” the man asked suddenly.

The child blinked in confusion for a moment. “Um… I don’t know. I think I did.”

Tony wasn’t at all convinced by that response and was soon sitting on the couch, phone in hand, looking up the symptoms of whooping cough. Peter had crawled up onto the couch next to him. Tony had given him his Starkpad to play games on, and he was currently leaning his back against the billionaire on the couch. What Tony was reading online did nothing to help him feel better. Scary words and phrases stood out like, seizures, rib fractures and pneumothorax. The main symptoms of whooping cough that are usually the first signs are runny nose, fever, and cough. Tony was already aware of the runny nose and cough. He hadn’t really been paying attention to how warm the child’s body temperature was but he assumed that the kid probably had a fever also going by his flushed cheeks.

By the time the man set his phone down, he had no more doubts that the boy had developed whooping cough and would soon be on death’s doorstep. Tony glanced down at the little spider, who had let out another harsh cough that sounded terrible. Was that what the whooping sounded like? He had never been around anyone with the disease, so he wasn’t sure what it actually sounded like. The man unexpectedly wrapped his arms around the child and brought him up close into his chest. “Mr. Stark?” Peter asked, confusion in his voice.

Bringing a hand up to run over the child’s face, Tony attempted to check for a fever. The kid might have felt warmer than usual… he’d need a thermometer to know for sure. He felt the child squirm in his embrace, and the man held him tighter. “It’s going to be ok kid…” Tony said trying not to sound choked up but he was terrified right now. The kid had a life threatening illness and he had no idea what to do about it. “I promise we-we’re going to make it through this…”

Before Peter had the chance to respond to this, a knock on the door made them both turn their heads towards the sound. “Room service!” someone on the other side of the door called out.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the lack of fluff in this chapter. This was more of a transition chapter, that got the characters to where they needed to be for the next thing I have planned. I’m really excited for next chapter. Get ready for sick Peter and all the fluff that comes with it.

With the Holidays fast approaching, things are getting busier for me. I’m going to try and keep up with updating at least once a week, but I might not always be on my every five day update schedule. Or my chapters might just start getting shorter. Haven’t decided yet. But no worries 11 chapters in and I’m still going strong. That is only because your all your nice comments. So I want to thank each and every one of you that has commented on this fic. You are truly the only reason I’ve made it this far.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Warnings- Very sick baby Peter in this chapter. Graphic descriptions of illness and bodily fluids. Vomiting. Tender stomach's beware.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter sat at the kitchen table in the hotel suite, over a bowl and vegetable soup that he had no appetite for. His mentor had insisted that he at least try and eat some of the soup as he assured him that it was gluten free and would help him feel better. Peter wasn’t sure if anything would help him feel better at the moment. He didn’t know what symptoms were leftover from the gluten sensitivity, he recalled that it always took a few days for the symptoms to go away, and which were from the cold. At the moment his head was both fogged and pounding at the same time, which really caused all light in the room to be extremely painful and lets not even get into the grating noise.

Next was the annoying runny nose that didn’t seem to know how to stop no matter how often he tried to blow it, the upset stomach and his body was getting that chilled feeling you get when you have a fever. His throat felt sore and raw which only got aggravated even more by the ever increasing coughing fits. The coughing seemed to alarm Mr. Stark the most. Every time he coughed over the past half hour or so, his mentor had looked at him with a worried look one would use as if he was in danger of combusting.

Peter dipped the spoon back into his soup, and scooped up some of the broth to drink. The warm liquid did seem to help soothe his throat, but his stomach rebelled at anything being put in it. Mr. Stark seemed to be too distracted to eat much either, as he had only taken a couple of bites of his potatoes since the food arrived twenty minutes ago. The man was feverishly looking at his phone, looking more and more distressed with each passing moment, his hair looked particularly disheveled by the amount of times he ran a hand through it.

There was another knock on the door, that brought the billionaire flying out of his seat and practically running for the door. They both already knew who it was. When the room service attendant dropped off the food, Tony had asked for someone to bring up a thermometer. “Thank you so much,” Tony told the gentleman at the door gratefully as he was handed the small device.

“Your welcome sir. If there is anything else you need, do not hesitate to call the front desk.”

“Thank you,” Mr. Stark shut the door, and walked back into the kitchen. “All right kid, let’s check the damage.” The billionaire turned on the digital thermometer, and then lifted up the child’s shirt with his hand.

Knowing where his mentor had planned to put the thermometer, Peter obliged by lifting his arm up slightly so the end of the device could be wedged in his armpit. The boy took another bite of the soup while waiting for the thermometer to beep its results. It had a couple of peas in the bite, and his stomach gave an ominous squirm when the bits of food hit his stomach. He took that as a sign that it was time to stop eating. He had probably eaten about half the soup at least. “I think I’m done eating…” he mumbled pushing the half eaten bowl away, and a second later the thermometer began beeping.
“That’s ok bud. At least you had some of it. We’ll turn in early tonight,” Mr. Stark said as he reached under the child’s shirt to retrieve the device that was still beeping annoyingly. The man took one look at the reading on the thermometer and then swore loudly.

Peter was now lying on the bed in one of the suite bedrooms, all wrapped up snuggly in a cocoon of blankets. He knew that he should probably be trying to sleep now, but he was now a bit worried because of his mentor’s reactions. The man never offered how high his temperature was, but he figured that it must have been bad since Mr. Stark was now in the other room talking on the phone with someone about his condition. With his enhanced hearing still intact the child could easily hear what Tony was saying, but since he was in the other room with the door closed he couldn’t make out what the person on the other end was saying as he normally could do. “I don’t know. He’s been slowly getting worse since this morning…”

There was a pause while the other person was talking, and then the billionaire said. “I think it’s Whooping Cough. He’s got all the symptoms, and the cough he’s got going on sounds horrible…” Peter felt a jolt of alarm run through him. Whooping cough? Hadn’t he gotten the vaccination for that? He thought that he had… but if he was honest with himself the boy really wasn’t a hundred percent sure. “He’s two year olds…”

A ticking in the bag of his scorching sore throat brought about another coughing fit out of the child. Even he had to admit that the cough was loud and bark like, and anything from a normal cough. Was that what whooping cough sounded like. By the time the coughing fit was done, Peter was having a hard time catching his breath. In fact he had to struggle his way out of the blankets and sit up before he was able to catch his breath. “Of course I checked his temperature, it was 100.7…” Peter mentally did a double take at hearing that. Seriously? Was that what Mr. Stark had been swearing over? He had assumed his fever had to be in the 104 to 105 area, but if it was just past 100… what was he freaking out about…?

“I took it under the arm…” the billionaire spoke again. Peter began wondering who he was on the phone with? He doubted it was Pepper, he usually spoke to her with more affection. Maybe it was Happy or War Machine, but somehow he even doubted that because Tony felt the need to give them the information that he was two years old, which Happy and War Machine had both already met him and should know how old he was now. “I’m sorry… you want me to put it where?” His mentor’s voice suddenly changed to a tone like he thought the person on the other end was joking about something very serious. “Why can’t I just put it under the tongue?”

At this point Peter had lost track of what the conversation was about, and fatigue was finally getting the better of him. He laid back down on the bed and began to doze off, no longer listening to the billionaires phone conversation because it had suddenly become a taxing task. The child was unaware of how much time passed before the bedroom door opened, and his mentor walked in holding the thermometer in his hand. “Peter,” he called bringing the spiderling out of his doze unexpectedly. The boy jumped slightly and turned his bleary eyes onto the man, being in an unusual state of mind. In his groggy state he was once again lost in his toddler mentality… but his sixteen year old mind was still aware of this, and he could feel the mental fight between the two. His two year old mental state stared at this man and wanted to call him dad, but then his sixteen year old mental state firmly responded that, no he had no dad and that this was only his mentor who didn’t even want to be called dad.

But he loves me like a dad…?

That doesn’t matter, he’s freaking Ironman. You don’t go around calling Ironman dad.

But I want a daddy… if he can’t be my daddy then who will…?
Sixteen year old Peter’s mental side didn’t seem to have a response to this, but the man in question was talking to him again. “Do you promise not to bite down on this?”

Peter blinked at him in confusion. His sixteen year old mentality took over in the attempt to understand what his mentor was asking. “What?”

“If I stick this under your tongue,” Mr. Stark indicated the thermometer with his hand. “Do you promise not to bite down on it?”

The child’s eyebrows furrowed in continued confusion. That was a very odd question to ask, why would he ever bite down on the thermometer. “Um… yeah I- I won’t do it…”

Maybe in his fevered state he misheard the man. Whatever this was about, he seemed to have given the right answer because Tony looked relieved at the response. “Good, the hotel nurse said that we need a more accurate temperature reading and that you can’t take a two year old’s temperature orally, something about the child biting down on it. Since we don’t have a specialty thermometer the only other option is sticking it in a place I really don’t want to stick it, and I’m pretty sure you don’t want me to stick it either. So just promise not to bite down on it, and we’ll save us both the trouble,” Tony explained.

Knowing exactly where his mentor was talking about, and really not wanting to resort to that, Peter quickly nodded his head in agreement. “Y-Y-es- yes I promise not to bite.”

“Good, open your mouth,” the billionaire held out the thermometer. Peter opened his mouth and allowed the end of it to be placed under his tongue. The metal on the end of the device felt like ice against the skin of his oral cavity. Seriously did the man have it in the freezer? Or maybe it was just a sign of how sick he was getting. Either way the iciness caused a shiver to run through him.

After a few minutes the thermometer beeped, and Mr. Stark pulled it out to look at the reading. A groan fell from his lips at the sight of what it read. “That’s higher than it was before…”

“How high is it?” Peter asked now worried.

“101…” Again it seemed like his mentor was blowing it all out of proportion, as the man was looking at Peter like he was on his deathbed. The boy had certainly had fevers higher than that and survived just fine. Though right now he felt pretty crappy, so he didn’t voice any of his thoughts. He fell into another coughing fit, which again left the spiderling breathless, and gasping for air.

Tony stared at him with a mixture of helpless fear. It was very clear that he had no idea what he was doing. “You ok… having trouble breathing?” At the child’s nod, he was lifted into the man’s arms and held in a position so his back was more elevated. Peter let out a couple more bark like coughs before his breath eased up again. Tears were rolling down the child’s cheeks as he attempted to take deep gulps of breath, but drinking in his mentor’s comforting words of, “It’s ok… I got you… your going to be alright…”

“D-Do I have whooping cough…?” the child asked fearfully with another shuddering breath followed by a cough.

He felt Mr. Starks large hand give him gentle but firm pats on the back, in an attempt to help with the coughing. “I don’t know bud… it sounds like it though.” The billionaire grabbed one of the blankets and wrapped it snugly around the child, and then began rocking back and forth on the bed. He brought his thumb over to wipe away the stray tears from the child’s cheeks.

As Peter laid in his mentor’s arms, dwelling on the fearful knowledge of what the man had just said,
he felt his toddler side begin to come out again. It pushed away all incoming thoughts that came from his teenage side. He was sick, venerable, scared, and just wanted his daddy. He did not care that this man was Ironman, or that his teenage mentality side was embarrassed by thinking of the man as his dad. He felt the love of a dad coming from the billionaire, and that was good enough for him. The boy pushed his aching head deeper into his dad’s chest, and wrapped his tiny fist around the shirt the man was wearing. A tickling in the back of his throat caused him to start coughing again. Peter’s little body was shifted again so he was braced against his dad’s shoulder, an arm wrapped tightly around his tiny frame and a large hand firmly patted his back as he rode out the coughing fit.

By the time he let out his last harsh cough and got his breathing back under control, the child was trembling with exhaustion. Tony’s hand stiffened around the boy’s body, and the other hand moved up and down his tiny shaking body as if checking for injury. “What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” he asked, voice full of fear.

Fat tears had long ago started leaking out of the boy’s blue eyes, and soaking the billionaire’s expensive jacket. A shuddering cough like breath expelled from the boy’s mouth before he said in a gravelly horse voice, “S-Scared…” and this was followed by a soft sob into his dad’s shoulder.

“I know Pete…” Tony squeezed the baby spider a little more tightly. “But your going to be ok. You just all worked up, and need to take some deep breaths. Come on breath with me.” The man began taking exaggerated deep breaths that Peter attempted to copy. Doing this almost made it worse however as when Peter took too deep of a breath he would start coughing again which would lead to gasping for breath. After this happened three times, Tony abruptly switched tactics. “Ok new plan,” the man gently shifted the child’s head so his ear was pressed against the left side of his chest.

“I want you to listen to my heartbeat, and only focus on that.” This seemed to work. As Peter listened to the gentle soothing thump, thump of his dad’s heart, he stopped thinking about needing to breath and was then able to breathe easier. “Want me to call and have them send up some warm milk?”

A tiny jolt went through the boy’s stomach at the mention of anything going into his stomach. His nausea had gotten worse with all the coughing, and he was pretty sure that he’d regret any attempt at adding anything to his already tender stomach. Peter shook his head into the billionaire’s shirt with a firm sounding “Mm-mm..”

“Well how about a little water then hm?” Tony asked while rubbing a soothing hand over the child’s back that was still slightly trembling. But that could have just been fever chills.

Although his stomach didn’t seem to like the idea of anything being put in it, there wasn’t as big of a flip at the mention of water, so Peter gave a very small nod of his head. That seemed to be a good enough response for Tony, as after the slight motion the two were heading out of the bedroom over to one of the suitcases. The billionaire shifted the child so he was held balanced on one arm, and used his other to rifle through the suitcase. It took a moment before his dad found the item he was searching for, and pulled out one of the baby bottles. “Sorry,” the man mumbled when Peter caught sight of it. “I haven’t had the chance to get anything else yet.”

Obviously Tony thought that Peter was still embarrassed about drinking out of bottle but, the boy’s toddler side had full control now, and he didn’t care in the least about what he was drinking out of. All he wanted was to be held by his daddy, and wait for the terrible feeling of sickness to pass. Through fever glazed eyes, Peter watched his dad fill the bottle with water from the filtered tap in the suite kitchen, screw the lid back on and offer it to him. The boy accepted the bottle by grabbing it with both hands, and placing the tete into his mouth. He had to lean his head back against the billionaires shoulder so he could gently suckle small amounts of water into his mouth. The child was relieved to find that his tender tummy didn’t instantly rebel when the cool liquid hit his stomach. He
didn’t want to rock the boat too much though, and only drank about a eighth of the liquid before pushing the bottle away.

Tony didn’t try to push him to drink anymore, which Peter was thankful for. The man just set the bottle down onto the counter and than walked back over to where the suitcases were. “Let’s give you a little bit more medicine before we turn in for the night. The child grimaced at the thought of taking more of that foul liquid, but was too tired to offer any protests.

The water had actually settled well into his stomach, and he was beginning to doze off with contentment. He was barely aware of his dad measuring out another dose of the medicine, and was almost surprised when the small cup was being pressed against his lips. The boy obediently opened his mouth and allowed the grape smelling liquid into his mouth. He was able to swallow it, but the taste made him gag and begin coughing again. The fit wasn’t as bad as some of his previous ones, and soon passed with a few pats on his back. The delay in catching his breath was also less severe, and Peter was back to gently falling asleep on his dad’s shoulder.

The two of them went back into the bedroom, and Tony gently laid the child down on the bed. Peter’s thumb had found its way back into his mouth. He suckled on it while staring lovingly up at the man he was now seeing as a parental figure, and Peter could have sworn that he saw that love being reciprocated. The billionaire gently carded a hand through the child’s brown locks before unbuckling the boy’s jeans and pulling them off so he didn’t have to sleep in them. Now only dressed in a t-shirt and diaper, softs blankets were snuggly wrapped around his aching body, and in less then five minutes Peter was asleep.

Tony could not help but breath a sigh of relief when Peter finally fell asleep. Seeing the kid struggle so badly to breath was probably the scariest things he’d never seen in his life.... Ok so there probably was more scary things in his forty plus years of life. He just couldn’t think of any of them at the moment, which made this his most scary experience that he could recall.

It wasn’t until he was a hundred percent sure that the kid was asleep, before he very gently laid the sick spiderling down onto the bed. Even as gentle as he was, the boys glassy blue eyes cracked open as he was shifted onto the bed, but they closed again a moment later. The billionaire swaddled him more snugly in the blankets on the bed, and then brushed a hand over the child’s forehead. It was still unnaturally warm with fever. He really was at a loss of what was the best thing to do for Peter now. This kid was obviously very sick, possibly with the terrifying sickness known as Whooping Cough. When he called the hotel nurse number and gave the symptoms, she didn’t say it was or was not Whooping Cough. Just a bunch of advice on how to soothe and treat the cough and fever, and when he should go to the emergency room.

He really thought that taking Peter to the ER would not be in the kid’s best interests, no matter how bad he got. Going to a regular hospital would risk people finding out about the few powers Peter still possessed. That opened a million other scenarios that would be disastrous. The kid could be taken away to some lab to be experimented on, he could be forced to register with the Accords. They could link him with May Parker and put the whole family under the microscope. These and a dozen other unpleasant thoughts ran through the man’s head. There was no way in hell he’d allow anything like that to happen to this kid or his aunt.

Tony just had to hope that the kid wouldn’t get any worse, and he’d would be competent enough to nurse a child back to health. Once he was sure that the kid wasn’t in danger of coughing himself into a seizure, Tony reluctantly tried to find sleep in the other bedroom. But despite how achingly tired his body was, his mind was racing with worry which made sleeping a difficult task. He tried to ease his mind with telling himself that Peter was fine, sound asleep in the other room, and sleep was
always the best thing for you, when you were sick. It helped some, but Tony just couldn’t get past the sound of the boy’s breathing, even while sick. He didn’t really know how to describe what it sounded like, other then the general word ‘bad.’ What if the kid suddenly stopped breathing in the middle of the night, and he would wake up to find a dead toddler…

That one thought brought so much fear into the billionaires mind that he had to get up and go check on the boy. He was both relieved and concerned at the same time at hearing the child still breathing, but the breathing was still sounding ‘bad.’ Tony had finally come to the conclusion that he would not be getting any sleep tonight, and decided that it was best to just stay in here, that way he could monitor the little spider easier. In some way the kid’s loud gravely breathing was a blessing in disguise as it made it easier for him to know that the boy was still breathing.

There was plenty of room for both of them to lay on the bed. So Tony gently moved the child’s sleeping form over a little bit, and then laid down next to him, placing some pillows behind his back so he could lean comfortably against the headboard. Running a hand through the boy’s sweaty locks, Tony settled down for a long night of listening to his kid’s loud rattling breaths.

Tony did not even realize that he had fallen asleep, until he was woken up by the sounds of gasps and intense gagging. His brown eyes flew open, and the man sat bolt upright on the bed. Before him was a truly terrifying sight. Peter was sitting upright on the bed, tears streaming from his eyes that mixed with the sweat that poured down his face, alternating between gasping for breath, gagging, and expelling out more of those terrible sounding coughs. His fever must have spiked because Tony could feeling the heat radiating off of him from where he sat. He sat there in stunned horror, having absolutely no idea what to do to help, as the kid seemed to be dying before him.

Peter leaned over, forced out another gag like harsh cough, and then vomit spewed from his mouth, landing all over his lap and dribbling down his chin. “Jesus Christ!” Tony swore loudly, and as if someone had finally lit a fire under his butt, the man quickly moved over to where the child sat, not even caring about he got vomit all over his pants in the process. He placed a large hand on the boy’s heated back, and gently gave a pat as the child threw up more vomit onto the both of them, then coughed and gasped some more. For a terrifying moment Tony thought the kid wasn’t going to fully catch his breath, and pass out on him. But then he finally drew in a shuddering breath, but continued to cry harshly.

Knowing that this action would get vomit all over him, but still not thinking twice about it. Tony lifted the child into his arms, and held him close. Though when he place his palm under the boy’s diapered backside, there was an ominous squish followed by a warm chunky substance leaking all over his hand. He mentally cursed, having an idea what that was but still looking to make sure. Indeed, the kid had an explosion of stool that had been leaking out of his diaper, and onto the bed. Even more had come out at the pressure Tony had put on the diaper, and the man came to realize that they were both now covered in vomit and feces. Even he had to admit that this was pretty gross.

With a sigh the billionaire drew his attention back onto the trembling child that clung to him like a lifeline. He was till crying, coughing, and gasping for breath. Why was the boy having such a hard time breathing. He didn’t recall this being a prominent symptom when he was looking up the symptoms of whooping cough. He had no idea until now just how sick a child could get. And this is what he had on his hands right now, a very sick child. “God help me…” the man whispered blinking back his own tears at how helplessly lost he felt. If only he had someone here to help, if only Pepper had been here, if only he had insisted on Happy coming with him, if only he were someone else…

This is what he felt like back in that abandoned building digging the kid out of all that rubble, the fear that came with knowing that the child in your arms was dying and you were powerless to stop it.
Come on Stark! Get off your ass and do something, his mind yelled at him. But what could he do? He was a mechanic, not a doctor, he could fix an ailing machine not a ailing human. Tony continued to blinked back the tears that were threatening to fall, and he made a loud sniff which caused him to inhale the putrid smell of mixed bodily fluids. God he felt gross right now, which meant that the kid probably felt even worse. He then realized that this was something he could help the kid with. They’d probably both feel better after getting cleaned up.

Since he was already covered in every foul thing that can come out your body, Tony figured that things couldn’t get any much worse and haphazardly ripped the kid’s diaper off. He did have to fight back a gag as this caused more of the chucky stool to spill out over his legs and the bed. He’d probably burn or at the very least throw away everything he and Peter were currently wearing. Next was peeling the sweaty shirt away from the child’s heated skin, leaving the boy completely naked but still covered in everything unholy.

Placing his forearm under Peter’s fece covered bottom, Tony walked as quickly as he could to the bathroom, and started the shower. While water for the water to heat up, Tony took this time to shrug his own clothes off, having to shift the child back and forth between his arms in order to do this. He knew that the child was already running a very high fever, so not wanting to make it go any higher the billionaire made the water so it was just luke warm before stepping in with Peter still in his arms. Tony sighed deeply as he relished in the feeling of the water washing away all the gross fluids from his body. Peter started shivering in his arms, as the water must have been chilly against his heated skin. The man knew that people sometimes used cold baths to lower fevers, but since he wasn’t sure if he was doing it right, he decided not to linger too long.

Tony rubbed a hand over the kid’s backside, to get the last remnants of stool off and did the same with the kids’ legs. The little spiderling had yet to stop sobbing and gasping for breath. He clung to the man like a baby koala clings to its mother, which made it difficult to clean the boy’s frontal areas. He practically had to rip the kid’s clinging hands away from his body so he could run a hand down the boy’s chest. The boy cried and screamed worse then ever when he did this, arms reaching out, trying to claw his way closer to the man.

More harsh coughs started, and was followed by more gasping. Maybe the shivering was making it worse, as the boy still trembled violently against him. He really needed to wrap this up. As quickly as he dared, Tony grabbed a washcloth and lathered it up with soap. Then he began gently rubbing the soapy cloth over Peter’s skin, being careful of the already sensitive skin on his bottom. It was another pulling teeth struggled to clean the boy’s front. By the time the billionaire held Peter in a position so his back was crushed against the man’s chest, the child was a sobbing hot mess and Tony had a few new scratch marks on his face and shoulders.

It’s for his own good… Tony mentally told himself, as he rubbed the washcloth over the sobbing child’s chest, and around his penis. Once he was sure that they were both clean of all bodily fluid residue, Tony cut the water and grabbed a towel off the shelf that sat over the showerhead. By this time the child’s crying had turned into a few hitches that sounded like he trying to catch his breath, and then he’d belt out a high pitched cough that almost sounded like a seal. He’d sob a few times and then whole process would start again. Maybe the kid was having some sort of asthma attack. Just one awesome thing after another…

Tony made sure that he wrapped the towel over the boy’s front, before shifting him so that Peter was again facing his chest, clinging to him like a koala bear. The little spiders skin still burned to the touch, he’d probably need to take the boys temperature again. That brought along a whole new set of circumstances the billionaire would have rather not dealt with. As the boy didn’t seem to be in a state of mind to cooperate with having his temperature taken orally and having the hotel nurse tell him that an under the arm reading wasn’t accurate enough, there was only one other option with the
type of thermometer he had. Thinking that he would not have to resort to this with Peter still seeming to be mentally sixteen, Tony had not really listened to what the nurse had said when she went over how to take a rectal temperature. Now he wished that he had.

With a sigh, the billionaire wrapped the towel the rest of the way over the boy, and stepped out of the shower. His heart leapt into his chest, when the heard Peter let out a gasp and then silence. For a terrifying seven seconds no air was coming out of the kid’s lungs, until Tony smacked the kid on the back and a terrible sounding cough ripped out of the boy’s throat, and his head crashed against Tony’s shoulder with renewed sobs falling from his lips. “God kid… you got to calm down, or your going to make yourself pass out.” Right now Tony felt like he was in danger of passing out himself. Serious in the span of twenty minutes, ten years have probably been shaved off of the billionaires life. “Remember what you did last night?” If that was even last night. He didn’t know what time it was, so it could very well still be ‘last night.’ “Just focus on my heart beat. Don’t think about anything else.”

Thank the God in Heaven, it was working. As Tony toweled himself off with one hand Peter, who was still clinging to the man like he was a lifeline, had slowed his sobs down and his breathing grew a little easier. The crying never fully cied though, and neither did his dry gasps for breath. The kid didn’t really seem to be in danger of passing out anymore, but it still seemed like he was having a hard time breathing for some reason.

Tony dropped the towel he had been using to dry off, onto the floor before leaving the bathroom with a still crying, shaking, gasping little spider in his arms. They went into the room the billionaire had claimed for himself, since the one he had given Peter smelt like a hellhole right now. He’d probably have to tip the hotel cleaning maid pretty good, when he eventually called to have someone come to clean it up. He did not envy the poor girl that would get tasked with the job. He had more pressing things to worry about though, like the sick trembling child in his arms. Without realizing it, Tony had started mumbling sweet nothings into the child’s ear, in an unconscious attempted to sooth the kid.

When Tony tried to lay Peter down on the bed, the child once again violently tried to cling onto the man. It was almost as if the mere idea of not being attached to the billionaire terrified the child, like the minute Tony let go, Peter would get snatched away. This was nonsense though. And feeling rung out with the amount of worry he’d been feeling, on top of listening to the boy cry his lungs out. Frustration began to get the better of Tony. “Kid!” he spoke firmly, forcibly peeling the kid away from his body. “I promise I’ll be right back! I’m just going to get some clothes on.” With that he laid Peter down on the bed, and quickly stepped away before the kid could grab onto him again.

To be honest, Tony just really needed a breather. Having a child clinging and crying on you for that long was really wearing on him. And really, the kid wasn’t going to keel over in the two minutes it took him to throw on some clothes. He did feel a jolt of guilt though when he heard Peter let out an ear piercing wail. The man let out a puff of breath, as the guilt swelled in his chest. He pulled out the first change of clothes his fingers touched, and began quickly slipping them on while he walked back over to the bed. In the record time of one minute twenty-three seconds the billionaire was dressed in sweatpants and a t-shirt, and picking up the sobbing, gasping toddler. “Hey, hey shh…” he held the child’s little naked body against his chest, and rubbed a hand over the heated skin of his back, whispering gently into his ear. “Just calm down, I’m right here… I told you I’d be right back shh… shh…”

Tony gently rocked the child from side to side, but no amount of consoling was getting the child to stop crying. The harder he cried, and worse his coughing got. Maybe he should give the kid more medicine? But before any of that, he really needed to check the kid’s fever. His chest was getting uncomfortably warm, from the child’s skin pressed against him. With his free hand, Tony pinched
the bridge of his nose. He really wasn’t looking forward to this, and he might as well get it over with since there was no reason to diaper or clothe the kid until it was done.

He stalled a few more minutes with that excuse that he was waiting for the kid to calm down a bit. When Peter had come down from hysterical to soft cries with the occasional gasping cough, the man knew that this was probably the best he was going to get. He stood up with Peter still clinging to his side as if trying to do his best impression of a koala, and went into the kitchen to retrieve the thermometer from where he had left it. The moment he picked up the device, Tony realized that he couldn’t remember anything the nurse had told him about taking a rectal temperature and had no other idea on how to do it. So much for being a genius… if he had still been at the compound he’d be able to have Friday walk him through it. Actually if he had been at the compound he wouldn’t need to do a rectal temp at all because Friday would be able to tell him an accurate reading of the kid’s temperature.

With another helpless groan, Tony pulled out his phone, deciding that googling it was the best thing at the moment. He sat down at the table and read up all he could about the procedure, having to occasionally set the phone down so he could use his hand to pat the kids back when the boy’s breath hitched for too long. It became pretty clear that the kid was going to hate this just as much, if not more, as he hated having to do it. I mean seriously, who wanted something shoved up their rear end. He was going to need petroleum jelly, or some other form of lubricant to safely insert the thermometer. The only lubricant he had on hand at the moment was the stuff he and Pepper used when they…

That would have to be good enough. When Tony began rereading the same information on different web pages, he figured that he had learned enough and it was time to get the deed done. The billionaire set the phone down and landed a firm pat on Peters back when his breath hitched again. The boy’s crying was beginning to get hysterical again. “Shh… it’s ok,” Tony whispered running a hand through the child’s hair, before grabbing the thermometer and heading over to his suitcase again. “Just remember to focus on my heartbeat.”

It took a minute to find the lubricant. He would have never thought in a million years that he would be using this stuff to take a rectal temperature, but here he was. He brought everything back into the clean bedroom, so he could do this on the bed. “Ok kid… I know your not going to like this…” the man wasn’t even sure the kid was hearing anything that he had been saying, as he appeared to be too focused on crying. But saying it made him feel better, at least no one would be able to accuse him of not warning the kid. It was time for the teeth pulling task of getting the clinging kid to let go of him. The moment Tony began pulling him away, the child grabbed fistfulls of his t-shirt in an attempt to stop the separation. “No! No! No!” the child squealed through his sobs and then belted out another cough.

“I promise I’m not leaving this time. I just need to take your temperature,” the billionaire said trying to keep his voice low and calm. After a couple of minutes Tony managed to get the child lying face down on the bed, he had to use a hand to hold Peter in place. The man wasn’t sure about keeping the boy in this position considering he was having breathing problems at the moment, but all the websites he looked at said that the child needed to lay face down on a flat surface. Peter showed his protest of this by crying even harder into the comforter, and kicking his little feet weakly. Tony felt like a total jerk right now, but he kept telling himself that this was for the kid’s own good.

Tony realized that he probably should have lubed up the thermometer before laying the kid down, because now it really wasn’t that easy to do it while trying hold the kid down on the bed. After a few awkward moments, where a jolt ran through his heart every time the kid gasped for breath through his cries, he managed to squeeze some lubricant on the tip of the thermometer, and turned the device on. The man let out a breath as if wanting to steady himself, then moved that hand, that
currently holding down the child’s back, down so he could gently part the boy’s bottom cheeks. Then very, very gently he inserted the thermometer into the sobbing boy’s rectum making sure the tip was pointed in the direction of the belly button.

All the sounds that Peter had been making suddenly stopped as if someone had pressed mute, when the metal tip of the device pushed through the ring of muscle, but this only lasted a second before the child began to wiggle and kick in protest. “I don’t like it! I don’t like it!” the little spider cried out with renewed sobs. Tony returned his hand to the child’s back, to firmly hold him in place. Luckily it only took about thirty seconds for the thermometer to beep, and Tony was quick to take it out and lift the sobbing child back into his arms. Peter wrapped both arms around the billionaire's neck and sobbed pitifully into Tony’s shoulder, and let out a few more coughs. Tony whispered soothing words into the spiderlings ears, and lifted up the thermometer to the temperature reading. It read 105.2, and this caused the man to swear loudly.

He was freaking out when the kid’s temperature was a hundred. It was now five degrees higher. It’s official, he was in way over his head. He would do anything right now for someone’s help. Having that thought caused the billionaire to look over at his phone. Who would be call? Happy and Rhodey were out of the question, they would be just as lost as he was. There was only one other person… Tony reached over and picked up the phone. He pushed speed dial number one. His beloved fiancé. It was time to swallow his pride.

She didn’t pick up, and he wasn’t surprised by this. But instead of hanging up like he normally did, he waited until he heard that beep. “Hi Pep… listen I know your angry, and you have every right to be because… because it’s me and I can be a real asshole. I- I promise that I can explain everything to you but- …” he paused his emotions getting the better of him. He took a deep shuddering breath. “I’m in trouble Pepper… I don’t know what to do. I really need you help please. I know that-” There was a sudden click on the other end, that indicated someone had picked up.

Chapter End Notes

Cue Pepper on stage left… I know a few of your have been waiting for her to make an appearance. Well get ready because it's time for her grand entrance. ;)

I have personally experienced having a toddler crying and clinging onto me for an extended amount of time. I gotta tell you, it's not as cute as you might think. Especially when you lose a few decibels because there screaming into your ear. So not saying that Tony did the right thing, but I do understand Tony’s reasoning for wanting a breather.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

I once again want to thank everyone for your guy's support and comments. You're all awesome!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun slowly rose over the beautiful Bahaman landscape. The beaches looked clear and untouched after a full night of little use. The tourists had not yet woken up for the day. While the majority of hotel rooms housed sleeping vacationers, dreaming of what they will be doing on their grand vacation. One hotel suite however, still had some activity going on, in fact there had been activity in the suite for most of the night.

Tony Stark sat on the sofa in the front area of the suite, head resting in his hands, looking like the picture of exhaustion. Saying that it had been a long night would be an understatement. In the span of five hours, Tony felt like he had lived a hundred lifetimes that had kicked him left right and center. The only sounds that could be heard in the suite at this point was the sound of the shower running, and the occasional barking sound of a cough. A few times he thought that he heard soft singing, but it could have been his imagination. He looked up with shadowed bloodshot eyes, when he heard the door of the bathroom open.

A large waft of steam, filtered into the room before the figure of his beloved Pepper Potts emerging from the steam a second later. She was holding Peter, who was clothed in only a diaper at the moment, in her arms. A soft humming sound was coming from her lips. She looked over at him with a mutinous glare before grabbing the baby bottle full of water he had filled before, and heading back into the bathroom. She closed the door with a soft click without saying a word.

Yes she was furious at him. That was plainly obvious, but she had come. Despite how angry she was, the love of his life had still come to help him when he so desperately needed it. He had laid it on pretty thick though, about how sick Peter was, and his fears about how the kid could have a severe case of whooping cough. So it's very possible that that the only reason she came was to try and save a dying child. Whatever the reason was, he would be forever grateful to her. She had arrived about an hour ago. Luckily because of the severe back up from all the Holiday traveling, the woman hadn’t actually left the Bahamas yet. She had actually been about to board a plane back to New York when she decided to pick up the phone.

Pepper had arrived with her lips tight with concern, all business. Peter had still been in a hysterical crying fit when she walked in. She had barely given Tony a nod of greeting, before taking Peter out of his arms, which he was nothing but grateful for. The child had given a little protest at being taken out of the man’s arms, but it didn’t take him long to realize that this new comforting embrace was just as good if not better. He was soon clinging onto her, crying into her breast. “Why have you not taken him to the hospital?” she gave the man a glare, running a hand across the child’s forehead. “When you first called, I thought that you had maybe blown it all out of proportion but he’s in really bad shape…” The woman began patting the child’s bare back as the boy began letting out more gasping coughs. The billionaire noted that she was patting him much more softly than he had, and
was surprised by how quickly the child calmed down under her ministrations.

“It’s a long story,” Tony replied wearily. “But the short of it is that he’s enhanced and it’s not safe to take him to the hospital.”

Pepper just shook her head at him looking disgusted. “Well you can relax in knowing that this isn’t whooping cough…” There was venom in her words. She went into the bathroom with the kid and closed the door. That was were she had dwelled since then, only coming out long enough to grab something before shuttering herself back in with the kid. It was a full twenty minutes before she came out looking for an extra towel, and told him what she thought the kid had.

Croup.

What the hell was croup? The billionaire hadn’t even heard of it before, so he had to look it up on his phone. The kid did have many of the symptoms that was associated with croup, mainly the coughing and trouble breathing. But but there were also symptoms Peter had that were not normally associated with croup. Like the vomiting, and high fever. But with a little more searching around, there were some sites that that said that in some cases of croup the child can have a high fever, and in severe cases the coughing can also cause vomiting. Leave it to Peter to have a severe case of something that should normally be mild and easy to manage.

A knock on the suite door brought Tony out of his thoughts. “Housekeeping!” a woman’s voice spoke loudly from the other side of the door. Not having anything better to do, since Pepper seemed to have fully taken control of the situation and didn’t seem to need his help with anything, Tony had called down to the front desk about sending someone up to clean the other bedroom. Having felt bad about what he wanted them to clean up, Tony had given a little warning about what exactly needed to be cleaned. The maid must have gotten the memo because when Tony opened the door, he saw that she wearing rubber gloves. Hotel maids didn’t normally wear those when they were cleaning the rooms. Pepper did not emerge from the bathroom again until ten minutes after the maid had left. Tony slipped a hundred dollar bill into her hand before she she left. He didn’t now if she was allowed to accepted it or not, but she didn’t give it back when he did.

It had been awhile since the billionaire had heard Peter do any coughing, so he was not surprised to find that the child was fast asleep in Peppers arms, but was grateful all the same. Even in sleep, the child looked a wreck at the moment. His cheeks were still flushed, his whole body looked damp with the combination of sweat and being in a steam filled room for almost an hour, and his damp hair was all plastered against his face. “Where’s he sleeping?” Pepper asked in a soft whisper. Yes dear God don’t let the kid wait up.

Afraid that his voice would be too loud, even if he whispered, Tony pointed towards the room that the maid had just cleaned and led the way into it. Pepper followed without any words. Tony pulled back the clean sheets of the bed, and Pepper gently laid the the little spider down onto the bed making sure that a couple of pillows were placed behind his head so his upper body was slightly elevated. Peter barely stirred at the transition and Tony tucked the blankets up to his chin, and gave the boy a tender kiss on the forehead. It was warm, damp, and sweaty, but the billionaire didn’t care at the moment. He was just so relieved to see Peter sleeping peacefully at the moment.

Knowing that he had put it off long enough, Tony looked up into Pepper’s face. She still looked angry, but not quite as furious as she was before. At least she was no longer giving him those disgusted glares. Both seemed to come to the silent decision, that it was time to talk in the other room. This time Pepper led the way out of the room, and Tony followed dragging his feet slightly. He didn’t even know where to begin… Once they were both out of the room, Tony closed the door with a quiet click. Pepper was now leaning against the wall opposite of the door, arms crossed over
her chest giving him her ‘no nonsense’ glare. The man opened his mouth to start his explanation. He had a whole apology speech he had planned to give her when they first arrived, but right now he didn’t seem to be able to remember any of it. His mouth closed after a moment. Losing her patients she finally spoke first. “So… which one does he belong to?”

She must have been referring to which girlfriend he had an affair with. He wasn’t exactly surprised that she thought that, but he still couldn’t help but feel a little hurt at the veiled accusation. “Look Pepper… it’s not what you think-”

“Then enlighten me please,” she interrupted.

With a sigh Tony began his explanation. Pepper was already aware that he mentored a youth that ran around as Spiderman, so he started with the night two year old Peter suddenly showed up at the compound and went through all the events that had happened since then. Her expression remained neutral through the speal, and by the time he had finished and was waiting for her to respond she looked skeptical. “So you’re saying that the kid in there is the crime fighting spiderman we’ve read about in all the local newspapers?”

“I now it sounds crazy. I didn’t believe it myself at first. But I checked his DNA and blood, and it’s true. So I’ve just been trying to figure out how to change him back.”

“So then why didn’t you just call and try to explain this to me when he first showed up? Why were you trying to hide him?”

“I don’t know Pep…” Tony sat down on a nearby couch and buried his face into his hands. “I was just being selfish and thinking about myself. I’m really sorry…”

“No I’m sorry,” Pepper responded with her own sigh, and sat down on the couch next to him. One of her smooth perfect hands began rubbing circles over his back. “I overreacted and jumped to conclusions without allowing you to explain yourself. But when I saw the pictures of you and Peter, I just thought…”

“That I had a night of unfaithfulness a couple years ago…” Tony finished her sentence. He had figured long ago that she must have thought that. “The media was never supposed to find out about the kid.”

“Well your silence hasn’t really been helping your case. When you refuse to make any comments when a media fire like this happens, people tend to think that your hiding something.”

“I am trying to hide something… and I’m doing a lousy job at it.”

Pepper’s hand moved up to run through the man’s tousled hair before she replies. “Your going to have to tell them something, and soon. It’s already way out of control, and it will only get worse the longer you stay silent.”

“F- Pepper, I don’t know what to tell them!” Tony choked out feeling at the end of his rope. “I’ve never been very good at this sort of thing.”

“That’s what you have me for…” she woman lands a gentle kiss on his cheeks. A gentle warmth spread through Tony’s chest at her words. It was a good feeling, one that came with the knowledge that he wasn’t alone through the storm that was raging in front of him. He looked up into her eyes and the two shared a tender kiss. Her eyes turned critical when they parted, and she brushed some hair out of his face with a gentle finger. “You should go get some rest… you look dead on your feet.”
Tony gave the slightest protest to that suggestion by glancing at the door to the room Peter was sleeping in. “Don’t worry,” the love of his life gave another gentle kiss to his lips. “I’ll take care of Peter. We already got a sick kid, and we don’t need to have you added to the list.” Knowing that his little spiderling was in good hands, probably better than his own hands, Tony gave in and went into the other bedroom after giving a final kiss to his fiance’s lips.

A low squeak groan, slipped out of Peter’s dry chapped. The best way to describe how the child felt right was being hit by a train. A train full of heavy coal that was on fire. The thing that made sense as to why he was feeling so hot. His arms felt like they were on fire under the blanket he was swaddled in, which contrasted oddly with his ice cold feet. Those were just a few of the long lost of ailments he as currently feeling, which also included a rumbling stomach, parched burning throat that felt like he attempted to swallow the burning coal from the train that had hit him, and a pounding headache. Glazed blue eyes cracked open to look around, almost expecting find himself on the side of a train track.

He was wrong though. He was on the large bed of one the rooms in the hotel suite Tony had checked into yesterday. Or maybe it was till today… The boy knew that some space of time had passed as he vaguely recalled waking up before and feeling nothing but misery. He still felt miserable now, but not quite as bad as he did the last time he woke up. Not that he remembered much of what happened. What upset him the most though was that he was all alone. He did not see his dad in the room with him now. Where was he?

Tears filled his blue orbs, and a few whimpers escaped his mouth. The small sound seemed to be all that was needed to send someone running. A moment later a face came into his vision, and he was surprised by who it was. It wasn’t Tony… it was his fiancé Pepper Potts. The shock of seeing her so suddenly, caused teen Peter to regain control and he felt his already warm cheeks get warmer with sudden embarrassment. He was practically naked right now, wearing only a diaper. Certainly not a respectable thing to be wearing in the presence of a lady. It didn’t matter how old the body he was in was, there was no way he was going to be seen by any woman until he was fully clothed.

Before he could voice any protests about this, she was talking to him with a large loving smile on his face. “Well looks who’s awake! Hi there sweetie pie…” she said in a soft voice running a hand over his sweaty forehead. The loving touch felt so tender against his skin, that toddler Peter began to come back and teen Peter fought to stay in control. “W-Where’s Mr. Stark…” the child asked still struggling with the force his toddler side was fighting with. It didn’t help that his body felt so weak and tired. It seemed that it took more energy for teen Peter to be in control.

“He’s in the other room, getting some rest. But don’t worry, I’m here to take care of you,” Pepper responded with another loving stroke to his forehead. Peter didn’t want her to take care of him though. Having a woman take care of him seemed ten times more shameful then having Tony do it. He blushed more at the thought of having her change the diaper that he felt was already wet, and rubbing cream on his blistered tush…

He felt Peppers hand move from his forehead, and slide under the blankets he was wrapped up in to feel his back. The loving gesture was the final push for his toddler side to take control again; and the only thing toddler Peter wanted was his daddy. “But I want him…” the tears that were still pooling his eyes began to slip down his cheeks. He let out a harsh cough that felt blistering against his throat.

“Shh…” Pepper soothed gently, bringing her hand back out of the blankets to wipe away the tears. “It’s ok, don’t cry. I promise that you’ll see him as soon as he wakes up.” The woman bent down and gave him a soft kiss on the side of his forehead. Any chance of teen Peter coming back was gone the moment her lips touched his skin. An explosion of love filled feelings erupted in his chest,
and the child stared with love filled eyes up at Pepper. She would be a suitable substitute mother since May was not around. With a final stroke over the boy's brow, Pepper stood up. "You wait right here. I'm going to go get you something that should help you feel better."

Peter nodded his head, trusting her completely, and popped his thumb into his mouth. He closed his eyes, in an attempt to separate himself from how terrible he felt. It had finally gotten too much to keep his arms under the mound of blankets he was swaddled in and pulled them out, only to find that it was too cold outside of the blankets. It really was miserable being sick. If only his daddy was awake to hold on to him. When Pepper returned, she had few items in her hands, but the one that caught his eye was the baby bottle full of honey colored liquid that could only be apple juice. As tender as his stomach felt right now, apple juice sounded pretty good right now. He immediately reached out both hands for the bottle, and Pepper handed it to him with a soft laugh.

The bottle was warm which meant that the juice inside of it was warm. The child stuck the teat of the bottle into his mouth, and sucked a small amount of liquid out of it. The warm juice felt heavenly on his scorched throat, and tasted so sweet and good. Was a bit watered down though, like Pepper had deluted it some before giving it to him. But his stomach seemed to be accepting to ok so he wasn’t complaining. Peter continued to drink at a slow pace, still being careful of his stomach, and was barely paying attention to what Pepper was doing now. She was shuffling around the mound of blankets he was wrapped in, and the boy did not realize that he was uncovering him until a waft of ice cold air landed against his heated skin. The child quickly pulled the bottle out of his mouth and whimpered softly. "Shh…” Pepper cooed softly rubbing a hand over his belly which caused him to relax under her touch. “This will just take a minute.”

She pulled the velcro straps of the diaper apart, and pulled the squishy wet diaper off of him. Thinking that she was just putting a dry one on, Peter lifted his legs up so that his knees rested against his stomach. “This is going to be cold,” Pepper warned and a second later he felt his bottom getting wiped with a baby wipe that had to have been in the freezer it was so cold. The child whimpered again, trying to move away from the chilly wipe. "Shh… it’s ok, I’m all done.”

A sigh of relief was let out, as Peter watched the woman toss the baby wipe aside. The bottle was now back in his mouth, and he gently suckled the warm juice out while craning his his neck to watch what Pepper was doing. She had picked up the thermometer that Tony had gotten last night, and was now squeezing some clear liquid onto the tip of it. With his mind already on the sluggish side from the fever, and being partially focused on on the delicious liquid he was drinking. Peter did not actually catch on to what Pepper was about to do. He felt her place a hand firmly on the back of his legs, and the child let out a squeak when he felt something get inserted into his rectum and the bottle slipped from his grip. It didn’t hurt, but boy was it uncomfortable. He began to whine and struggle against the firm hold Pepper had on him. “Don’t move sweetie,” Pepper spoke in a calm voice, using the tips of her fingers to rub soothing circles on the boy’s chest. “Wiggling will only make it more uncomfortable.”

Peter stopped wiggling but continued to whine in protest. After, in his opinion, entirely too long the thermometer beeped and she pulled it out and let his legs lie flat on the bed. She frowned at the reading on the device, but did not say what his temperature was. “All right sweetie,” her lips formed into a kind smile as she directed her eyes back onto him. “Let’s a new diaper on your and then I’ll give you something that should help you feel better.”

He certainly hoped that it wasn’t more of that cold medicine that Tony had bought. All that had done was make him feel groggy. Though he was already feeling groggy just from being sick, so he guessed that taking more of it wouldn’t make much difference. Pepper bent his legs up over his head again, and squeezed some of the diaper rash cream into her hand. Just like the baby wipe, the cream was so cold against his skin. It almost felt like it had been kept in the freezer. Tears sprang from his
blue orbs, and the child began to cry. He had already felt miserable enough being sick, but also
having his rear wiped with an ice cold wet nap, having something shoved up your rectum, and now
this! It was just too much for his little body to handle. So he did the only thing he felt he could do in
protest, which was to cry.

“Shh…” Pepper’s soothing voice ghosted softly into his ears, as she gently rubbed the icy cream into
his skin with one hand, and rubbing circles along his temple with the other hand. “It’s ok… I’m
almost done. You’re being so brave Peter, I’m very proud of you…”

The child gave a hiccup in response. He certainly didn’t feel very brave, but her words brought a bit
of warmth into his chest and it gave him the strength he needed to stop crying. A moment later she
pulled her hand away, and put a new diaper on him. A small sigh of relief fell from the kid’s lips as
legs were allowed to lay flat once again. He desperately hoped that he was all done with being
poked, prodded, and shuffled around. Though not yet it seemed as the next thing the woman did was
peel away the rest sweat soaked blankets from his tiny little body, and lifted into her arms.

With wearing nothing but a diaper, and no longer being wrapped up in anything. The boy shivered
against the chilly air in the hotel room, and the smallest of whines escaped his lips and this was
followed by a harsh cough. “Shh…” she soothed gently, and rubbed a smooth hand over his bare
back. Peter clung to her like a koala bear, as she balled up the blankets with one hand, and tossed
them on the ground. She grabbed another spare blanket from the closet and wrapped it around his
body. The little spider reveled in how snug and protected he felt at the moment, resting his head on
the woman’s shoulder and wrapping his tiny fist around a lock of her strawberry blond hair.

It turned out that Pepper was actually very good at doing things one handed. Even Peter was
impressed by how she filled up a bowl of water from the sink, placed a washcloth inside of the bowl,
and set it on the bedside table without having to set Peter down even once. He was just beginning to
doze off again, while she messed around with something in the kitchen, when he felt something poke
at his lips. “Open up,” she ordered gently. Peter blinked a couple of times in order to focus his glazed
eyes on what the woman was holding. It was one of those plastic liquid syringes that was a filled
with a little bit of red liquid. Definitely not the medicine his dad given him. Though initially wary of
being given a strange liquid, Pepper did promise that it would make him feel better, and she had not
done anything yet that cause Peter not to trust her word. So he opened his mouth, allowing the tiny
part of the syringe into his mouth. She depressed the syringe with her thumb, allowing the liquid to
slowly flood his mouth.

The taste of cherry flavored medicine spiked at his taste buds, almost making him gag. Cherry was
always the worst flavored medicine. They should just discontinue the flavor all together. He
managed to swallow the bitter tasting liquid, but it caused him to start coughing again. The few
coughs turned into a fit, that Pepper gently patted his back through until the child’s breathing eased
up again. “There we go…” she spoke sweetly and planted a kiss on the side of his forehead.
“You’re doing so good.”

Pepper brought him back into the bedroom, and she sat down on the bed and held him in a cradled
position. The long forgotten bottle of juice was handed back to him, and the child began drinking it.
The liquid was closer to room temperature now, but it still tasted deliciously sweet all the same.
Peter lost himself in the feeling of being held in loving tender arms, until something wet and chilly
was suddenly brushed across his forehead. He refocused his vision to see that she had was gently
dowsing his head with a wet washcloth. Probably the one she prepared with the bowl of water
earlier. Despite how shivery he felt, and cool wetness felt heavenly against his pounding head, and a
relieved sigh slipped out of his mouth. The woman ran the cloth over his brow a few more times
before she set it on his bare chest, and allowed it to rest there. This also felt surprisingly good. A
good contrast of coolness on his heated skin while being surrounded by warmth.
A soft humming sound suddenly started up, and Peter felt Pepper begin to rock him back and forth in her arms. He continued suckling the juice out of the bottle, reveling in the familiar feeling of being held by a loving mother. He didn’t really remember his real mother much, as he had been so young when she passed away. But there were many times his Aunt May had done just this to soothe his fevers while growing up. The boy had been a bit of a sickly child before the spider bite, so there had been many fevers for her to soothe. He may or may not have finished all of the juice before he fell asleep…

Upon waking up, Peter found that he was covered in a layer of sweat, and expect for the grimy feeling it gave him; the boy felt a lot better. The blankets and sheets that surrounded him were so sweat soaked that they almost felt chilly against his skin. He began to kick the blankets off of him, and felt the uncomfortable squish that indicated that his diaper was full, and not just full of urine… It at least felt a little more on the solid side, Peter dearly hoped that he was finally past the diarrhea stage. A tickle in the back of his throat brought about another coughing fit. The despite feeling a lot better, the cough didn’t seem be any better. It was loud, harsh, and made him almost sound like a seal. The child was gasping for breath by the time the fit had passed.

The noise of his coughing seemed to have alerted Pepper, who came into the room a moment later. A smile was on her face, but he could see the concern behind her eyes. “Hi sweetheart,” she greeted with a love filled voice. “How are you feeling?” She sat down on the bed next to him, and placed on palm on his clammy forehead. Slight relief filled her eyes at checking his temperature. “It seems like your fever broke, which is great!” The woman brushed his sweaty hair back and gently pinched his nose between two fingers, causing the child to smile with a slight giggle.

“Let’s get a clean diaper on, and then we can probably do something to make your tummy feel a bit happier.” Pepper gently patted his stomach before standing up. Presumably to go get the items needed to change him. With no longer being inhibited by a raging fever, teen Peter was now back at the mental control. But toddler Peter continued to get harder, and harder to control. There was no doubt that if he stayed in this body long enough teen Peter would eventually go away forever. Never to return. The thought was almost scary…

Pepper returned a moment later with the needed diaper and wipes. A blush creeped across the boy’s cheeks, as he thought about how this woman was about to change his poopy diaper. He’d rather have his mentor do it. Actually… that wasn’t a bad idea. “C-Couldn’t Mr. Stark just change me…?” the cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red. It probably looked like the fever had returned.

“I’m sorry sweetie, but he’s still sleeping,” she replied and seeming to pick up on what the issue was she added. “It’s ok, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It’s pretty normal to not be potty trained yet at your age.” Then without saying anything else, she pulled the diaper off and began wiping his bottom with a baby wipe. Peter couldn’t help but cover his face with his little hands while she cleaned him up. “So are you hungry at all?”

Peter was almost taken aback by this question. Not because of what the question was, but because she was still wiping his rear end. Mr. Stark certainly never did this. It felt almost awkward having a conversation while his feet were up in the air, and his bottom on display to the world. He did feel quite hungry though, so he just nodded his head without removing his hands from his face. She continued to make small talk with him throughout the procedure which made it harder to block out the embarrassment of the whole thing. After what felt like forever, a clean diaper was on him, and he was lifted up into her arms and being brought out of the room. Peter wished that she had put some clothes on his, as he was a bit embarrassed by having worn nothing but a diaper for so long. Though what she said next explained why she had not. “After your done eating, I’ll give you a bath.” He guessed that there really wasn’t any point in putting clean clothes on his sweaty gross body when he would be getting a bath once he was through eating.
Why did she gave to give him a bath though? Why couldn’t he just take a shower like normal? Baths were for little kids- ok yes he was in a little kid body now, and his annoying toddler side seemed to have a mind of its own and took over at the most inconvenient times. But that didn’t mean he needed to be treated like a baby. The boy’s mental ramblings were interrupted, as he was set down on a chair at the table, and a plate of steaming scrambled eggs and some sliced oranges was set in front of him.

His stomach gurgled happily at the sight. He really hadn’t eaten too much since he got changed to a child, with him getting sick from one thing to the next. So now that he was finally starting to feel normal again, his stomach felt like an empty furnace that was raging for something to burn. The moment he was handed a fork, Peter began to shovel the eggs into his mouth. “Wow there Peter slow down…” Pepper commented watching him with raised brows. “We don’t want it coming back up.”

A sheepish look crossed over the child’s face, and his cheeks went a shade redder. He began eating again, this time at a slower pace, determinedly not looking at Pepper. The embarrassment of the situation was rescued by the appearing of a drowsy looking, tousled haired Tony Stark entering the kitchen area. “Well look who’s risen from the dead,” Pepper announced in a teasing voice. “I got the coffee hot and ready for you,” she handed him a mug with a smug smirk on her face.

“God I missed you,” Tony accepted the mug looking nothing but grateful, and the two shared a kiss. When the broke apart, he picked up the coffee pot and poured some into his mug. “What time is it?”

Pepper glanced over at the digital clock that sat next to the television, “Almost 12:30pm.” Hearing that gave Peter a start. He hadn’t even realized how late in the day it was. Actually he suddenly realized that he had lost track of what day it was. How much longer did he had before May would start wondering what happened to him? She thought that he was with Ned, at least until the Christmas Holidays were over. So he at least had until after New Years. He didn’t think Christmas had passed yet, so there should still be some time. He had hit by that alien tect last Thursday, and Saturday was the day he ran away which was the day before they flew out to where they were now. So unless a few days passed while being delirious with sickness today would be Monday. Christmas wasn’t until Thursday, so he still had time. But the time was quickly running out.

Chapter End Notes

Well… I’m starting to run out of ideas for this story, so I guess that means I should start wrapping it up before I start losing inspiration. But don’t anybody be worrying your little heads, that doesn’t mean next chapter is going to be the last one. I have a couple more idea’s I have planned, but just note I’m going to start winding things down before it all comes back up to the epic climax I have planned.

Not sure how many more chapter’s I’ll have, most of you already know with my writing one cute idea can stretch into two or three chapters.
After Mr. Stark had gotten his cup of coffee ready, he sat down at the table next to Peter and gave him a critical look. “You look a lot better,” he commented sounding like he was trying to hide how relieved he felt.

“You look a lot better,” he commented sounding like he was trying to hide how relieved he felt.

“Yes,” Pepper supplied the response. “His fever broke a couple of hours ago. Still got the croupy cough, but I think we’re through the worst of it.” The woman offered the child another warm smile, as she brushed his bangs back and planted on kiss on his forehead. Peter blushed at the amount of attention he was getting. He looked down at his food and attempted to change the subject. “Could I get some milk?”

“No, sorry babes.” Pepper replied shaking her head, and sat down at the table on the other side of Peter. “Milk usually makes a cough worse.”

This caused his mentor to look at her in surprised. “Well I wish that I had known that earlier. I’ve been giving him a ton of milk the past couple of days.” He suddenly looked worried. “Do you think that’s the reason he got so bad last night?”

Pepper shook her head with a light laugh. “No, probably not. Croup is usually worse at night, than it is during the day.”

“Well that’s comforting…” Tony took a drink of his coffee. “Does that mean we’re going to have a repeat of last night again tonight?”

“I don’t think so,” Pepper replied with another shake of her head. “It’s rare for cases of croup to get that bad, so having a bad case two nights in a row is pretty slim. And as I said before, I believe we’re through the worst of it, so it will probably only get better from here as long as he continues to rest.”

“So since we’re through the worst of it, what should we do now?”

Pepper gave Mr. Stark a smile. “Well we are currently at a lovely vacation spot, and it will probably be difficult to fly out of here, with all the holiday traveling. So why don’t we just stay here until after Christmas?”

Peter had been silently listening to the conversation between the two adults while he finished off the rest of his food. He gave a start though at the suggestion. Staying here until after Christmas would be that much more time lost to trying to figure out how to change him back into a teen. The boy was only just thinking about running out of time. He had to be ready to go back to school in less than two weeks. Somehow he didn’t think walking into Midtown High as a two year old would go over very well. Another jolt ran through him when Tony responded. “That’s sounds like a great idea. Doesn’t it Pete?”

“No!” the child quickly responded, making both adults look at him curiously. “I- I mean- I think I’d rather spend Christmas back in New York, you know. It’s more familiar.”

The boy knew that it was a bad excuse, and Pepper quickly picked up on his sudden uneasiness. “What’s wrong sweetheart?” she asked looking concerned and her hand went to his forehead. He must have gone a bit flushed if she was checking for a fever.
“I… I just- I need to change back before my aunt finds out…” Peter explained after a few moments of trying to find the right words to say.

“It’s already Monday. Isn’t that the day you said she was returning?” Mr. Stark asked. “I think we’re going to need to tell her kid.”

“She thinks that I’m with my friend on his family vacation. So we actually have until after New year’s to figure it out.”

“Even with that week and a half time, I’m not sure I’ll be able to figure out how to change you back by then,” Tony gave him a sad look. To be honest, Peter was slowly coming to the same conclusion. They had absolutely no leads at all to go off of, so it would take a miracle to figure it out before new years.

He could still hope though… “We can still try,” he spoke softly but sounded doubtful himself.

Tony glanced over at his fiancé who just shrugged her shoulders. “Well I guess I can call up air traffic control again, and see when’s the next time I can get my plane to leave,” Tony suggested.

Pepper nodded her head in agreement, “A nice quiet Christmas at the compound sounds nice also.” She picked up the now empty plate that Peter had been eating off of and placed it in the kitchen sink. Then she walked back over to the table and picked the boy up in her arms. “While you’re doing that, I’m going to go give Peter a bath.” Even though the child felt some embarrassment at the thought of Pepper helping him take a bath, he was still eager to wash the grimy feeling away. The little spider rested his head against the woman’s breasts, still having the rung out feeling that came from being sick. A few more coughs forced their way out of his throat, and she gently patted his back while heading into the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, Pepper closed the door and shifted Peter so that he was balanced on one arm, and used her free hand to turn on the bath water. The woman ran her hand under the water, and then adjusted the temperature tap before placing her hand back under the stream of water; trying to gauge the right bath water temperature. As the steam from the water began to rise up and dampen Peter’s skin, the boy began to stretch out one foot in an attempt to touch the water with it. He hadn’t even realized that he was doing this until Pepper suddenly spoke with a light giggle, “Eager to get in are we?”

A light blush tinted the kid’s cheeks as he suddenly realized his childish actions, and buried his face into the woman’s shoulder as if the action would actually help him disappear. Pepper planted a kiss on his forehead, and set him down on his feet. Her hand moved from his waist, to his diaper, and pulled at the tabs so she could slip the diaper off of him. Since Peter had only just been put in the diaper, and it was still clean, Pepper set it aside on the bathroom sink to be reused later. The feeling of shame grew in the boy’s stomach as he stood there completely naked in front of a grown woman. Sure his body was only toddler size, and there was nothing sensual about a naked child, it still caused his little face to turn bright red. He could not look her in the eye.

Pepper either did not notice or refused to acknowledge his embarrassment. She just snaked both hands under his armpits and lifted him up so she could set him in the bathtub. “Let me know if the water is too hot?” she told him just as the tips of his toes brushed over the steamy warm water. It wasn’t too hot, in fact the water felt heavenly against his grimy skin. Not too hot, but not too warm either. Peter sank into the water, allowing it to lap over his legs. All his unexposed skin was covered in goosebumps by the sudden temperature change, but it felt glorious. The boy moved a hand through the slowly rising water, wishing he had some bath toys to play with.

Then he suddenly realized what a childish desire that was. Toddler Peter was obvious fighting to get
control of his body again, and teen Peter firmly pushed it away. Pepper used a disposable coffee cup that was usually provided in hotel rooms, to fill with the warm water and gently pour over his body. The child relished in the feeling of warm liquid running down his sweat covered body. Once the water had reached just under his chest, the water was cut. Peter could not remember the last time he had taken a bath, and the young feeling that came with sitting in a tub of water while someone else poured water over your head and back was too much for teen Peter to hold off. Without even realizing it toddler Peter was back in control, which left the child splashing happily and practically diving face first onto his stomach and blowing bubbles into the water. “Peter, you’re getting me all wet!” Pepper laughed as she wiped some water residue off of her face.

A sheepish look crossed over the boy’s face, “Sorry.” he apologized before sitting up in the water again. He continued to make small splashes in the water but was more careful of not getting water all over the place.

“I think we’re going to have to get you some bath toys hmm?” Pepper suggested while she filled her palm with some shampoo. Peter’s little heart soared at the thought, and he nodded eagerly. “Close your eyes and tilt your head back,” the woman ordered as she began to apply the creamy shampoo to his hair. The child did as he was told, enjoying the feeling of her fingers massaging the hair cleaner into his scalp and carding through his wet locks. His eyes remained firmly closed until all the shampoo was rinsed out of his hair, and then grabbed the disposable cup she had been using, and began to pour water over his stretched fingers while she applied conditioner. He continued doing pouring games with the cup until Pepper took it back so he could rinse the conditioner out of his hair. At some point a soapy washcloth was handed to him. “Here, use this to wash all the dirt off your body,” Pepper told him before going back to rinsing his hair out.

“Ok!” Peter accepted the cloth eagerly, and started with scrubbing his chest.

The child soon moved to his arms and then down his legs. Pepper smoothed back the boy’s wet hair with her fingers, having finally gotten all the creamy conditioner out of hair brown hair. Just as Peter was scrubbing in between his little toes Pepper pointed something out. “Are you missing somewhere babes?” The question caused the boy to stop what he was doing and look at her in confusion.

“Behind your ears,” she playfully flicked at his lobe causing the child to giggle and then bring to cloth up to his ears to clean behind them. After he was done with his ears, she helped him wash his back and other areas that were hard for him to reach.

Once the little spider was all clean, Pepper told him to stand up and then she wrapped a fluffy clean towel around his wet naked body and lifted him up into her arms. Peter rested his wet head on her shoulder, thumb absentmindedly popping into her mouth, the leftover water from his face and hair soaking into the blouse she was wearing. She didn’t seem to mind though. Peter could feel love radiating off of the woman, and he soaked it in.

Tony went on the phone with Air Traffic Control to try and get his plane to fly them back to New York as soon as possible, while Pepper went to give Peter a bath. Even though the billionaire felt like his relationship with the kid was a lot closer now than it was before any of this happened, he was still grateful to have a small break from taking care of the child. Having to take care of a two year old, even one who is still mentally sixteen, was a lot harder than he thought it would be. There was only one word to describe how it felt right now, and it was tired. But it wasn’t the tired feeling you get after a long work out at the gym, or even staying up too many hours. It was almost a mixture of feeling emotionally tired, and your brain feeling tired. It must have been a tiredness that only came from watching children. He had a new respect for parents and nannies.

He was somewhat surprised to find out that his plane had permission to fly out this afternoon at 4:20.
Apparently the Holiday traveling was beginning to slow down some as Christmas was approaching and most people were already at their destination. He was actually hoping to fly out tomorrow or even Christmas Eve so Peter could have a little more time to recover. He also wasn’t eager to get back on a plane with the kid while he was still sick. Hopefully Pepper had some ideas that would keep the child comfortable during the flight.

Yesterday’s flight was a true indication that if the child isn’t comfortable then no one will be. Tony had just gotten off the phone when he heard Pepper suddenly scream in terror. The billionaire's body instantly went into superhero mode. Something or someone was scaring the love of his life, and whatever it was, was about to get a full dose of Iron Man guns blazing. He didn’t have his miniature arch reactor on him, which made it a little slower in getting in his Ironman suit since he had to go grab the reactor and put it on. He really should just keep it on him at all times, since no one ever knew when they were going to be attacked. After a full forty-five seconds which was entirely too long, Tony burst into the bedroom where he had heard the scream, dressed in his full iron suit, hand held up ready to fire at whoever was threatening Pepper and Peter.

There was no villain or monster about to attack when he entered. Actually all he saw was Pepper with her hands over her mouth, looking up at the ceiling. When the billionaire followed her gaze he saw a stark naked toddler crawling on the ceiling with a huge smile on his face. “Peter get down from there right now!” Pepper ordered in an almost shriek like terrified voice.

Tony powered down his hand gun and allowed the suit to slip off his body and go back into the arch reactor, he felt both relieved and let down at the same time. Either way he wasn’t impressed. “Kid? What do you think your doing?” he asked in a parental tone that reminded him a little too much of his dad. “Get down from there right now,” he attempted to adjust his tone so it sounded less like an angry man and more like a stern parent. Wasn’t sure how well he succeeded however.

At least Peter didn’t seem frightened by the tone. He swung his head backward to look at him, smiling widely and called out with a giggle, “Catch me!” The child then pulled his sticky spider hands away from the ceiling and began to fall to the ground. Pepper screamed again at the sight looking terrified. She reached out to try and catch him, but she was too far away to actually get there in time. Tony was actually close enough to jump forward and catch the kid just in the nick of time. More giggles happily fell from child lips, and he reached his little arms around the man's neck and squeezed him in a hug. “I knew you’d catch me!”

Tony had to admit that the laughing and giggle was a lot nicer to hear then crying and coughing. But he still was not happy about how the kid had scared the life out of Pepper, he knew that the boy knew full well that his healing factor wasn’t working now. Peter could have gotten seriously hurt if he hadn’t caught the spider-brat in time. Tony looked down at the boy and gave him a stern glare. “Peter, that was a very dangerous thing to do. I don’t ever want you to do that again.” The man had tried not to sound too mean, but Peter still gave him a wounded puppy-dog look that made Tony’s heart give a squeeze of guilt. “Now you tell Pepper sorry for scaring her like that.”

He shifted Peter’s body so that he was looking at the woman. “I’m sorry…” Peter apologized in a tiny voice, and his blue eyes filled with tears as the full force of the reprimand hit him. He turned away from Pepper and cried into Tony’s chest. The billionaire’s heart shattered with guilt; he felt like he had committed one of the worst sins anyone could commit, making a child cry.

“Come here Peter, let’s get you dressed,” Pepper coaxed softly and gently took the naked child from Tony’s arms. Peter did not resist at being transferred, but put his face into Peppers shoulder, refusing to look at either one of them. The woman caught sight of Tony’s face, and suddenly she was reprimanding him. “Don’t be feeling guilty Tony. You had every right to tell him that, and he needs to learn that he can’t be making unsafe actions.”
That did help him feel a little better. Maybe he wasn’t some cold heartless bastard that makes little kid’s cry. Though he was starting to think that maybe he just wasn’t cut out for the disciplining part of taking care of kids. “So were you able to get us a flight out of here?” Pepper asked as she laid Peter down on his back on the bed and lifted his legs so she could put the diaper back onto his bottom. The child was still crying slightly, and had suddenly began to cough though his light sobs. Pepper rubbed a soothing hand over his chest in an attempt to comfort him while she gave out more chesty coughs

“Yes, I was able to schedule my plane to leave 4:20 this afternoon,” Tony responded, glancing worriedly at Peter as his coughs continued to get deeper.

Pepper stretched the last tab of the diaper together and lifted Peter up into her arms, patting his back gently until he stopped coughing. “Well that’s great,” she spoke while doing this. “We won’t get back too late, and we’ll be able to put Peter to bed on time.”

Tony blinked at her for a moment. When did they start sounding so much like an old married couple with children. But then he actually thought about what she just said and asked, “Wait, there’s a particular time he needs to go to sleep?”

Pepper rolled her eyes at the billionaire, and grabbed one of Peter’s little shirts to help him slip it on. “I’m surprised you made it as long as you did without my help,” she meant it as a tease but Tony couldn’t help but think that she had a good point. The last few days had been very difficult and he really had no idea what he was doing ninety-five percent of the time. She did not realize how accurate her statement actually was. After another couple of minutes, Pepper had the child dressed. Peter reached up to scrub the last remaining tears from his cheeks. The boy had stopped crying, but he still pouted slightly refusing to look either of the adults in the face. “All right Peter, I want you to go play something quietly for awhile,” she set Peter down to the floor on his feet and ran a hand over his forehead as if checking his temperature. “Do you have any toys for him?”

An uncomfortable look crossed Tony’s face. Why did he have the feeling the answer he was going to give would result in a reprimand from his fiancé. He wasn’t going to lie to her though, “Um… no…”

Pepper raised her eyebrows at him. “Really? You’ve been with a toddler for four days and haven’t given him a single toy to play with?”

“Well a lot has happened in those four days,” the billionaire went on the defense. “And really Pep, have you already forgotten that he’s really sixteen and not interested in toys anymore.”

“Well then just go play a game on Tony’s Starkpad. I should be sitting on the couch out there,” Pepper told the child and carded her fingers one final time through his brown locks. The little spider nodded his head before walking out of the room. “We’ll have to go to the store when we get back to New York and pick up a few things for him.”

“Okay fine, but don’t be surprised if he’s not interested in any kid toys. Maybe a chemistry set… but nothing from Little Tykes.”

The woman just laughed him off with a wave of her hand. “We can start packing up, and then maybe go get something to eat before we fly out.”

“It might be better to order in,” Tony suggested the media fire he currently was drowning in, coming to the forefront of his mind. He had temporarily forgotten about that in all the drama of Peter falling ill. But he was certain that if he looked online right now there would be a tone of new stories and rumors that have started. “The press has probably figured out where I am by now, and there’s
probably a horde of reporters outside just waiting for me.”

“Well don’t you worry your little head over that,” Pepper gave him a kiss on the lips. “I’ve already started your cover story, and my sources have started obtaining the correct documents to back it up. I’ll schedule a press conference for tomorrow, and all this craziness should be died down by Christmas.”

“So what is my cover story?”

It seemed that Pepper had decided to go with the ‘Little Orphan Annie’ angle. Toddler Peter Parker was now going to be Peter Brown, a poor little orphan in foster care. And Tony was a kind thoughtful billionaire that decided to temporarily take in the orphan when he had nowhere else to go. It was better than ‘Tony Stark has a secret love child from a past affair’ but the billionaire couldn’t help but wonder if people were really going to buy it. Pepper was really flooding it up with the both epic and tragic story about how Ironman saved the child from his own house that had burnt to the ground, and how both his parents tragically died in the fire. Peter was going to be put with a foster family that had ten other child, and out of the goodness of his heart, he Tony Stark Genius Billionaire filed to be his temporary guardian because he could not bear to see the child go through anymore suffering.

If the world did buy the story, there would still be a whole new media circus of craziness that he would have to live with. But at least it made him look better. They all spent a couple of hours packing up and relaxing. Peter’s cough seemed to be doing better, and this gave Tony the assumption that tonight would go better then last night. With Pepper now in the picture, things seemed to be going a lot smoother, and they worked well together. Tony called down to the front desk to say that they were checking out early, and made the necessary pick up arrangements. Meanwhile Pepper was on her own phone, making sure that all press and reporters were removed from their premises and they would not be followed from the hotel.

When it finally came to the time to leave, a bellboy had come to grab their bags and take them down to the car that was waiting for them. Pepper was currently fussing over Peter’s jacket that he was wearing. “It’s going to be freezing when we get back to New York, is this really the warmest jacket that you have for him?”

Tony was fronted by her notion. It was a winter coat that he had gotten for the kid. Maybe not a thick poofy one, but still one warm enough. “Yes…” the man replied a little wounded. “It seemed warm enough…”

Pepper buttoned the jacket all the way up to Peter’s chin, then placed the owl beanie on his head. “This jacket is not nearly warm enough for the winter weather of New York, especially for a two year old. And he has no gloves or boots, no wonder he got so sick…” she continued to fuss wrapping one of her own scarves around the child’s neck. Tony noted that that Peter’s cheeks had a slight flush to them which he wasn’t sure was from embarrassment or overheating form being bundled up so tightly in weather that was only 75 degrees out.

“Ok I get it…” Tony responded with a sigh. “But I think what your doing now is a little premature. We’re not even back in New York yet. Is it really necessary to have him wear all that?”

“He’s still getting over being sick. We can’t let him catch a chill…” she responded beginning to sound a little irrational at the moment.

She was clearly frazzled and worried, and Tony gently placed a hand on her trembling shoulder. “Pep, you’re smothering him…” the billionaire gently unwrapped the scarf from around his neck
and then bent down to unbutton the jacket. The boy let out a breath of relief, and pulled the beanie off himself. “It’s 75 degrees out right now with high humidity, the kids going to get heat stroke going out like this. Let’s do this when we’re back in New York.”

A soft sigh was released from Peppers lips, as she accepted how irrational she was being. “You’re right… I’m sorry Tony. I guess you’re not the only one who’s a little lost at this parenting thing…”

Tony wrapped an arm around his waist and gave her a kiss on the cheeks. “You’re doing a lot better than I was.” Hopefully with the two of them, they’d be able to get Peter back to normal without totally traumatizing him.

Pepper had done good in keeping the press away. Compared to when they had checked into the hotel, it was smooth sailing checking out of the hotel. There was a car waiting for them down at the lobby, and Pepper had arranged for them to stop at a restaurant to eat before they would fly out. Just as they were loading their items in the car Peter suddenly spoke up. “I need to go potty,” the boy jumped up and down a bit, both hand’s moving to hold it crotch area.

Hearing this caused Pepper to look at the child sharply. “You know how to use the bathroom by yourself?”

“Well yeah, he used to be sixteen. And he certainly wasn’t in diapers at that age. He just doesn’t have very good bladder or bowel control right now.”

Pepper gave Tony another look that said that he had messed up again. “If that’s the case, having him in diapers is a step backwards. He should at the very least be in Pull Ups…” she shook her head in exasperation then looked down at Peter with a smile and held out her hand to him. “Want me to take you honey?”

Peter shook his head, a blush creeping in onto his cheeks. “I can go by myself…”

“No,” Pepper responded with a firm shake of her head. “Someone should go with you.”

The boy looked up at Tony with a pleading look. It seemed as if teen Peter had returned and was embarrassed at the idea of having Pepper take him to the bathroom. God why did those puppy eyes always get him? He was supposed to be getting a bit of a break from the childcare thing since Pepper was now around to help him out. He felt like he deserved a bit of a break after everything he’s been through the past few days. “Fine…” he eventually gave in and took the spiderlings hand, and grabbed the DC bag with his other hand. He had learned that it was impossible to be too careful when it came to diapering needs. Once he was sure that he had everything needed in case he needed to do ‘damage control’ the two of them headed into the men’s room.

“Is your diaper still clean or do you need a change?” Tony asked once they were in the bathroom. The child just shook his head without saying anything and approached one of the urinals. “Do you need any help?” the billionaire asked starting to feel a bit uncomfortable. Sure he’d changed the kid’s dirty diapers but actually watching him do his business in the bathroom seemed like a bit of a privacy invasion. When Peter shook his head again, Tony gratefully turned around so he could at least give him a bit of privacy. “Ok just let me know if you need help with anything…”

After an awkward thirty seconds, Tony heard the urinal flush and felt like it was ok to turn around again. Peter was just stuffing his little penis back into his diaper when he turned around. His cheeks were a dark red color; obviously the child was just as uncomfortable with this whole ordeal as he was. “Do you need to… do anything else?” Tony asked hoping that he wouldn’t have to use the actually words. Luckily the little spider understood what he meant and shook his head.
Tony held him up to the sink so the boy could wash his hands then they both went back to where Pepper was waiting for them. She still seemed upset at the knowledge that Tony was having him wear diapers when he already knew how to use the toilet. When they all settled into the car and began driving away she looked at her fiancé and asked, “Please tell me that you did not force him to wear a diaper when he didn’t want to.”

Tony shifted in his seat uncomfortably. That was exactly how it went down, but she didn’t have to clean up a huge mess of diarrhea- twice! He looked at the woman with indignation. At least Peter was wise enough to stay silent. The billionaire couldn’t imagine what Pepper would say if the child started talking about how he cried his little eyes out the first time Tony put one on him and how Tony threatened to spank him if he tried to take it off. “Well he was having accidents left right and center!” he almost shouted in defense of himself. “You would have done the same thing if you had cleaned up some of the messes I had to clean up…”

Pepper continued to give him that look you give someone when your just so exasperated that you don’t really know what to feel towards them. “We’re getting him some pull ups tomorrow when we go to the store,” she shook her head in frustration. “We’ll hopefully have him back in underwear in a couple of weeks…”

Tony lifted both hands in the air, in a ‘whatever’ motion, feeling his own exasperation mounting. The woman was once again sounding like they were already married with their own children. He felt like this experience was having negative effects on them both. Peter was even playing up to the part of looking like the was a child watching his parents having a fight. He still felt the need to point out to her, “What’s the point? He’ll probably be changed back before that even happens.”

A simi tense silence fell through the vehicle, only broken by the occasional cough that Peter still sported. The two adults seemed to have come to an unspoken truce, and began to speak normally with each other, neither acknowledging the slight argument they had earlier. The car dropped them off at a restaurant near the airport, and promised to return in time to take them to Tony’s plane. The menu had many gluten free options for Peter to eat, and Tony suspected that this was the main reason Pepper had chosen this restaurant. The kid’s menu had a non-breaded chicken nugget option that came with fries. The billionaire figured that was a good enough meal for the kid, and ordered it for him.

As they waited for the food to come, Peter sat with his chin resting in both palms looking pretty out of it. Tony rubbed a hand over his back, giving him a concerned glance while listening to Pepper as she went over the plan for tomorrow. “The press conference is scheduled tomorrow at 10am at the Avengers Compound. Peter will need to make an appearance, it can be brief, but the press will need to see him. By then I should have all the needed documents from Social Services and Child Protective Services to back up our cover story. Peter’s new birth certificate has been sent to me, and is expected to arrive tomorrow.”

“Does Peter have to make an appearance?” Tony asked with concern and glanced at his fiancé. “I mean the kid’s still sick, and what if he has a backslide of some sorts?”

The woman glanced at Peter with her own concerned smile. “If that’s the case we’ll just tell them the truth. That he’s a bit under the weather and isn’t well enough to make an appearance.”

“Which reminds me,” Tony suddenly remembered the disastrous plane ride over here. He had meant to tell Pepper that they needed to go to a store and get some sort of decongestant for the kid, but since they were so busy today it kind of slipped his mind. Maybe they would have something at the airport they could buy before flying out. “Peter didn’t do very well when we were flying over here. He had some major problems with his ears from being sick, and well… lets just say that it wasn’t an
easy flight for anyone.”

“Aww,” Pepper pouted sympathetically at Peter, and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Poor little thing… don’t worry. I’ll give him another does of Tylenol in a bit, that should help once we’re airborne. I also learned a few tricks from my mother from the times we had to travel with my younger siblings when they were sick. It’s a short flight, and it shouldn’t be too difficult to keep him comfortable for it.”

Tony felt a bit of bitterness by her confidence. He really thought that she was underestimating how bad it was on the way over. He did not voice this though because the food was arriving and they were soon eating. The kid’s appetite seemed to be coming back, which relieved Tony. Seriously, who knew that one kid could cause so much worry and stress in his life. Peter ate his entire plate, which was actually the most he had eaten since he got changed into a toddler. While they were waiting for the check to show up, Pepper measured out another does of the children’s Tylenol she had gotten from the hotel gift shop last night. Apparently cold medicine didn’t help much with croup, and just regular Tylenol was enough. It was even for the right age, as the package said the medicine was for children two years old and up, and even came with a handy dose distributor that was a liquid syringe rather than a cup. As much as it hurt his pride being shown up by his girlfriend, he was still beyond grateful for her expertise in this area of childcare.

“All right, here you go Peter,” Pepper held the syringe up to the child’s mouth, and Peter obediently opened it up and allowed her to squirt the medicine into her mouth, and the child’s face scrunched up in disgust. “That should help you feel better while we’re on the plane.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter. It didn’t totally flow the right way in my opinion. But maybe it’s just me.

Next chapter will be late. We’re leaving today to visit family for Thanksgiving, and I need to actually spend time with the family and not be anti-social on the computer the whole time :P I may not even get to chance to do any writing until after we come back on Sunday, which means I might not have next chapter ready until the the following Friday. I guess this will be a test of patients for all of you. :) I hope you all have a Wonderful Thanksgiving and remember to share something your thankful for to someone close to you. I also can’t end this note without adding how Thankful I am to all of you who have supported, commented and gave me Kudos on this story.
Firstly, I’m so sorry about this chapter taking so long. Once I got back from my trip I got so much busier than I thought I would be. Next chapter shouldn’t take as long. Hope you enjoy.

Peter clung onto Tony’s chest, resting his head against the left side, mindlessly listening to the thump, thump of his heartbeat. He remembered how much of an anchor that had been last night when he got so sick, and could barely breath from all the coughing. He had eventually been told that he did not have whooping cough, but actually croup. He’s heard of it before, in fact May had once told him that he had frequently got croup as a baby, and his mom had always called her in the middle of the night looking for advice. He hadn’t really remembered this information until now. They had just sat down in the seats of Tony’s private airplane that was taking them back to New York. The child really wasn’t looking forward to this flight, as he remembered how much of a miserable experience the last flight was. Pepper did say that the medicine she gave him would help during the flight, however taking the medicine his dad had given him last time didn’t help much. Sure it was different medicine, but it seemed to taste the same, except for the fact that it was a different flavor. How would a different flavor of the same medicine make any difference? A couple of harsh coughs fell from the boy’s lips, and he felt Tony rub a hand over his back in soothing circles. Hopefully that cough wouldn’t linger too long, it was annoying and somewhat scary by how it stopped him from catching his breath. “Do you want me to take him?” Pepper asked.

Peter tensed his muscles up when he felt Tony began to shift his body. Sure Pepper was nice, and he felt very loved when she was taking care of him. But right now, he just wanted his daddy to hold him. So he wrapped his tiny fists around the man’s shirt and clung like a leech when he attempted to hand him off to the woman. Soft whimpers escaped the boy’s mouth when he felt Pepper’s soft hands grab onto his body and attempt to peel him away from the man, and he clung all the more tighter to him.

This only lasted a moment before Tony stopped pushing and switched to pulling the kid closer to his chest. Pepper’s hands quickly left his body as well. “You know what, I think I’m ok actually.” Tony said and a second later the billionaire’s fingers were carding through Peter’s hair. “Maybe if he starts getting too fussy during the flight you can try to take over. But let’s not get him all upset before we even take off.”

Pepper seemed to agree to this without voicing it, and the two adults began talking about what they were going to say in the press conference tomorrow. Peter only half listened to them, as he relished in the comfort of being held in strong arms that you knew would protect you from anything. He did not recall every feeling so safe, not since his Uncle Ben had passed away. Peter remembered the times when he would wake up from a nightmare, or there would be thunder and lightning outside. Whatever it was that scared him, his uncle had always been there to wrap his strong safe arms around him, and whisper into his ear that everything was ok and that he was safe. He had probably gotten the same treatment from his real dad also, but just like his real mom he couldn’t remember him.

They were airborne a few minutes later, and Peter could already feeling the pressure building against
his ear drums just from the take up. There wasn’t any pain this time. The last time there was a searing pain that ran from his eardrum and went to the back of his skull. It was still uncomfortable and the child began to whimper, as everything suddenly sounded like he was underwater. He felt Tony’s arms tense a bit around his little body, “You doing ok?” he whispered softly into his ear. The man’s’ voice was so muffled that Peter almost didn’t understand what he asked.

“Ears…” Peter whimpered softly and one of his little hand moved up to hold against the ear that wasn’t pressed against Tony’s chest.

Tony started to shift his body so he was in more of a laying down position, until Pepper suddenly stopped him. “Keep him elevated, having him lay down won’t help any.” The billionaire quickly stopped what he was doing, and shifted Peter so he was braced against his chest again. Peter let out soft cries of protest as being moved around so much, it only caused his head to feel more strange and heavy against his clogged ears. “Here, give him this,” Pepper spoke and handed something to Tony that he couldn’t see.

It turned out to be his bottle that was filled with more apple juice, as the tete of the bottle was pressed to his lips. Not feeling particularly thirsty, but still knowing that the juice was going to taste good and sweet, Peter opened his mouth and began suckling the liquid out. The kid was surprised that after a few seconds the muscles he had to use to suck the juice out followed by swallowing it caused a popping sound from his ears and a bit of the pressure against his ear drums was released. This continued to happen as he drank the juice, and by the time he was finished with the bottle his ears were completely clear, and he was falling asleep against his dad’s shirt.

Compared to the flight they took yesterday, their flight back to New York was a breeze. Peter slept through most of the flight, snuggled against Tony’s chest. He woke again with a slight whimper when they were beginning to decent, but Pepper had another bottle ready for him to drink, which helped clear his ears again until they had landed. The weather was a crisp chilly fourteen degrees outside, and by the looks of the fresh layer of powder covering everything outside it must have recently snowed. “We need to bundle Peter up before he leave the plane,” Pepper announced to no one in particular. She must have been prepared for this, because she already had a bundle of warm clothes in her hands ready to layer the child up. She started off by pulling a sweater over Peter’s head, and then put the warmest jacket Tony had bought for him over the sweater and buttoned it up all the way to his chin. After that she wrapped her own scarf around his neck, and placed the owl hat on his head. “Peter I want you to keep your hands in your pockets while we’re outside,” Pepper ordered softly grabbing both the spiderlings hands and pushing them into the pockets of the jacket he was wearing.

Tony could not help but crack a smile as he stared at the child. He almost looked like a tiny bulging balloon with arms, legs, and a head stick out of it. “Hun… don’t you think you’re being a little excessive right now. He’s probably only going to be outside for two minutes?” Tony gently asked her. He realized that she was in a mama bear mode, and mama bears were not to be trifled with. It wasn’t until recently that he found out about this mother bear instinct that came out unexpectedly.

Despite how gently and cautiously he asked the question, the glare he got in return for it was enough to tell him not to push it. Once Pepper had finished fussing over the kid’s clothes, Tony picked him up into his arms because his fiancé forbade him from walking to the car himself. Peter pressed his face into his dad’s jacket, both hands still deep in his pocket. Tony and Pepper picked up the rest of their carry on’s just as the door to the plane opened up. A bust of icy wind hit Peter in the face, almost stealing his breath away. Wind always seemed to make any temperature colder, or maybe it was just because he was getting over being sick. Whatever the case was, Peter pushed his little body into Tony’s chest in an attempt to get a little warmer.
Luckily the trip to the car was a short one. Just as the boy’s teeth were beginning to chatter, he was suddenly surrounded by the warmth of a heated car. Peter was plopped into a car seat, and after a moment of chaotic scrambling, Tony and Pepper were in the back seat on either side of him and the car doors closed blocking out the icy wind that assaulted their faces. Tony bucked the straps of the car seat, while Pepper helped him with the seat belt. Both were still shivering from the cold. Peter shifted uncomfortably in the car seat, still not completely happy about having to sit in it. He didn’t really feel much embarrassment by it anymore since toddler Peter had full control of the boy’s mind currently. But he still remembered what it was like to be sixteen and not have to be buckled down with all these straps. Seriously right now he counted 5 different straps holding him in place. That was a lot when your used to just one over your lap and then a second one on your shoulder that was optional… ok maybe not optional but you still didn’t actually have to have the shoulder strap on.

The drive back to the compound was fairly uneventful, and by the time they made back to the compound all three were dead exhausted despite it being only 7:30 at night. “I think we should eat a small dinner and then all go to bed early,” Pepper suggested as they all entered the elevator tracking in dirt and snow. She was now the one holding Peter, who was resting his head on her shoulder. Since he had slept through most of the plane flight, he wasn’t really tired in a way that made him want to fall asleep. But he was certainly tired enough to want to do nothing but sit under a warm blanket with a cup of hot chocolate and do nothing for the next few hours. “I second that!” Tony added with a heavy sigh of exhaustion. “Friday take us to the fourth floor.”

The elevator began moving upwards, and a few moments later they were being led out on the fourth floor of the empty compound. Peter noted how eerie the place seemed when it was empty of everyone. Not that he had been there very often before all this happened, to compare it with. “Where is Peter’s room?” Pepper asked as they walked into Tony’s room and began setting their luggage down. The boy began to squirm in the woman’s arms to indicate that he wanted to be put down as well. All the layers of clothing he was wearing was beginning to get uncomfortable in the heat of the building they were in.

“It’s on a different floor,” Tony replied as Pepper set the child down on the ground. Peter immediately began tugging the scarf off of his neck. “I’m thinking about moving it up to this floor.”

“Don’t think about it, do it.” Pepper pulled the hat off Peter’s head and began unbuttoning the jacket. Peter allowed a sigh a breath to be let out as the constricting clothing that was a blessing while out in the cold but a curse now inside, was eased off of him. “He shouldn’t be sleeping on a completely separate floor when he’s this young, especially when he’s sick. We need to be able to hear him, if he needs anything in the middle of the night.”

“Well I can always have Friday alert us if he needs anything?” Tony was now taking off his own heavy layers of clothing, having just set all the luggage down.

“He’s got coup Tony. If he stops breathing in the middle of the night, the extra minutes it takes up to get on the elevator and run to his room could be the differences between life and death!”

The billionaire held up his hands in surrender. “Ok, ok I get it. As soon as Christmas has passed and we actually have people running around here again, I’ll clear out a room on this floor and move Peter’s room up here. What do you suggest we do in the meantime?”

Pepper tossed her own jacket off to the side before answering with a shake of her head. “He’ll just have to sleep in our bed with us.”

Tony didn’t look particularly happy with this plan, but he didn’t argue. Peter had been listening to the two adults quietly. He pulled off his sweater, which was the last constricting piece of clothing
Pepper had forced onto him. New he stood there in just a t-shirt and jeans. Even though Tony obviously wasn’t fond of the idea of having Peter sleep in their room, the child couldn’t help but feel immensely relieved at the plan. He really didn’t like the idea of sleeping all by himself when the building was so empty of activity. “Well should we head to the kitchen and find something to eat before we call it a night?” Pepper suggested after a few moments of silence.

“Well,” Tony walked over to a drawer by his dresser and opened it up. “But before I forget…” he pulled a device out of the drawer and held it out towards Peter. It was his phone. A large smile burst onto the child’s face, and he eagerly ran towards the man to snatch the device back. It had been weird going so long without looking at his phone, or even having his phone.

“Thanks daddy!” Peter happily replied. Two absorbed into looking at the device that he didn’t see Tony’s startled look at the name the child can called him. The billionaire did not refute it this time though. The boy began pressing buttons on the phone, and the screen remained black. He attempted to turn it on, only to frown when he realized that the phone was dead. Of course it was… and he didn’t have his phone charger with him.

Luckily Tony had a spare charger for him. Peter sat cross legged on the counter next to a plug, waiting for his phone to turn on while the two adults prepared something for them all to eat. There still wasn’t a whole lot of food in the compound that Peter could eat, so their light dinner was going to consist of the same foods Peter ate before they left for the Bahamas, which was eggs, yogurt, and cheese. Pepper was at least a better cook then his dad, and the smell of the cooking eggs were already making his stomach grumble with hunger. “I already ordered some groceries earlier, and they should be delivered tomorrow as long as the weather holds up,” Pepper was telling Tony over the crackle of cooking eggs. Peter was only half listening to their conversation, as the boy was more interested in catching up on the activity he missed out on since he did not have his phone for a couple of days. His Instagram, Twitter, and Facebook accounts were probably overflowing with alerts he hadn’t read yet.

Finally the phone had turned on and the phone alert sounds started to go off one right after another as his phone caught up with everything he had missed. He had three missed calls, five text messages, and one voicemail. He hadn’t even checked his social media apps yet. They were all from the same three people. His Aunt May had tried calling him, texting time, and left a voicemail. M.J. had apparently tried to call him back shortly after he tried to call her back in Queens, and left him a text message. Ned had tried to call him Yesterday and had sent him three text messages.

Peter looked at M.J.‘s text first, who was just asking him why he had called. Her could get back to her later, and looked at Ned’s messages. All of them were questioning him about the media disaster about him and Tony. He obviously didn’t know that Peter was the child, but his friend was smart enough to suspect it. The first messaged asked if he had seen the latest news on Tony Stark, the second message was asking if Peter had anything to do with Tony suddenly having a child, and the third was asking why the kid looked so much like him. This was also something that he could save for later, and finally looked at May’s message. She had texted him saying to call when he had a chance. He listened to her voicemail first: “Hi Peter it’s your aunt… I know you must be having a good time in California and the last thing you want to listen to if your old worried aunt- but I was just wanting to check in with you and see how your doing. So call me when you have time. I love you!”

Peter felt his stomach drop after listening to the message. How was he supposed to call her without giving away that he was now in a child sized body. His voice was much more high pitched and squeaky, having not gone through puberty yet. Even attempting to make his voice deeper probably wouldn’t cut it, she’d still suspect something. But not calling her would cause her to worry and he’d
probably start going through other means to get a hold of him. Like calling Ned’s parents, which would instantly give him away. He was just going to have to attempt calling her and try to sound as much like his teen self as possible. “I need to use the bathroom,” the little spider suddenly spoke up interrupting the conversation Pepper and Tony had been having.

Since listening to the voicemail, Peter’s teenage mentality was back at the controls. There was no mental fight however, so it was almost like his toddler side willingly stepped down so that teen Peter could make the phone call as convincing as possible. “Do you need help?” Pepper asked and the spiderling shook his head. He unplugged the phone from the charging cord, he should have enough battery charge to make the call without it dying again, and jumped off the counter. “Have Friday alert us if you need anything!” Pepper called as he rushed out of the kitchen.

The child ran into the bathroom that was down the hallway, and shut himself inside. He waited until he was sitting on the ground before pressing the dial button on May’s contact. It rang about four times before she picked up, “Hi Peter!” her voice sounded pretty normal, so Peter was relieved that she didn’t seem to worried that he hadn’t called her back right away.

“Hey Aunt May,” Peter spoke trying to make his voice sound as deep as possible.

Luckily she didn’t pick up on anything, because the next thing she asked was. “So how are things in California? How’s Los Angeles?”

“Oh yeah- things are going great!” Peter replied his voice rising slightly at the end of the sentence. He scratched the back of his head trying to remember everything he could about what California was like. He knew that depending on where you were in the state it could be anything from a desert, to a beach town, to a winter wonderland. “It’s a… it’s a lot different from New York…” why was it so hard to keep his voice deep.

“Are you ok Honey?” Darn it she was picking up on something being up, her voice suddenly sounded worried. “You’re voice sounds a little strange?”

“Oh… yeah I- I just came down with a little cold that has my voice a little off.”

Peter knew right away, that was the wrong thing to tell her. There was a sudden chip to her voice that only came when she was going all mama bear on him. “Oh no, sweety. Are you drinking your fluids? You know it’s a lot dryer over there. I knew that maybe this was a mistake. Do you have a fever? Have you been getting enough rest? Maybe you should-”

“May! May! Stop!” Peter quickly interrupted her. This was not going the way he had planned it to. “I’m ok really, it’s just a little cold. I feel fine actually, it’s really only affecting my voice.”

“Still just to be on the safe side, can you put Mrs. Leeds on the phone so I can find out exactly what she’s doing to help you?”

Peter’s heart missed at beat at hearing this. This was bad, he was about to be figured out, all because he made wrong excuse as to why his voice sounded strange. He could have come up with a million different reasons as to why his voice was more high pitched and he had to go with being sick. “Come on May… please don’t embarrass me. I promise I’m fine.”

“Peter I will not ask again, give the phone to Mrs. Leeds,” the firmness in her voice was one that the boy knew was not one to go against.

The child was silent for a moment, racking his brain for something he could say to get him out of this. Coming up with nothing, the spiderling sighed in defeat. He was just going to have to come
clean and tell her the truth. Hopefully she wouldn’t be too mad. “Ok… the truth is… I’m not really sick. I…” a suddenly idea popped into his head, and the boy ran with it without much thought of the consequences that could be reaped from this. “Was smoking a joint…”  

A very long silence followed after this. “…Oh Peter…” the disappointment in his aunt's voice was heavy and the child’s eyes instinctively filled with tears despite what he just said being untrue. It was something about hearing the disappointment in the voice of your parental figure that hurt more than any physical punishment did. Peter sniffled loudly, and struggled to keep his voice deep. “I’m so sorry Aunt May. W-We were walking on the beach, and these guys offered it to us. Ned said that it wasn’t a good idea, but I didn’t listen to him and tried it anyway.” Peter figured that there was no point in having Ned get in trouble with this made up story. “I promise that you can punish me any way you want when I get home, but just please don’t tell Ned’s Mom. No need to ruin their Christmas Vacation from a stupid decision I made…”  

After another long silence May spoke again. “Do you promise not to do anymore smoking or doing drugs?”  

“Yes I promise! It was actually terrible, I threw up and probably won’t ever try it again…” Peter figured that there was no harm in elaborating on some natural consequences to make the woman think he was at least punished in some way. There was sure to be more to come later though. “All right. I won’t say anything. But you and I are having a long discussion about this when you get home young man!”  

Peter struggled not to sigh with relief. He briefly wondered if maybe it would have been less trouble just telling her the truth. But changing the story again probably wouldn’t help his situation much. There was a beeping sound from his phone indicating that it was about to die. “I got to go May. My phone’s about to lose its battery power,” at least he could tell the truth about one thing.”  

“All right sweety, I love you!”  

“I love you too! Have a Merry Christmas!” With that he hung up the phone.  

After they ate a light dinner, it was decided to turn in for the night. Peter yawned widely as he allowed Tony to carry him back to the mans bedroom. Pepper had explained to him at dinner that he was going to share the bed with them tonight. The boy just nodded through her explanation even though he already knew this from his silent eavesdropping earlier. The billionaire set Peter down on the bed, and went over to his dresser to pull out some pajamas. Pepper was rifling through the suitcase that had all of Peter’s clothes in it. “Tony’s where’s Peter’s pajamas?” she asked.  

Tony was hesitated a few moments before saying rather sheepishly. “I… haven’t got any for him… I’ve been kind of letting him sleep in large shirts…”  

The look Pepper gave him was one that clearly said she was not impressed by his answer. “We’re adding that also to the list of things to get tomorrow. I think we got our work cut out for us.” While the two adults were having their hourly spat, at least that’s what it seemed to be, Peter took the time to burrow under the blankets of Tony’s soft bed. He recalled falling asleep in the bed a few nights ago, and it had been a very comfortable experience. “Peter you’re not supposed to get under the covers until you’ve changed out of your clothes,” Pepper rebuked gently and pulled the blankets away from his body. All she was holding was a clean shirt, which meant that once again his sleepwear tonight was going to be just a shirt and diaper.
The boy felt his teen side give a jolt of protest, that he needed to be wearing more clothes if he was going to share the bed with a female. But Toddler Peter had a steady control of his mentality at the moment so no protest was actually vocalized. “Sit up sweetie,” Pepper ordered gently lifting him up by the armpits and undid the button his jeans before pulling them down his legs. Peter stepped out of the jeans and pulled the shirt he was wearing off himself, leaving him in nothing but a diaper. “It looks like your diaper is still dry, great job!” she praised and slipped the new shirt over his bare chest. The little spider could not stop the blush from tinting his cheeks when she shifted his body slightly and pulled the back of the diaper out slightly so she could look down into it. He knew that all she was doing was checking to see if he had pooped in the diaper, but it still felt quite embarrassing to have someone be looking down inside your pants, at least from teen Peter’s perspective. “Do you need to go potty before going to bed?”

After thinking for a moment, the spiderling shook his head. If he had been actually wearing underwear, he’d probably go just to be on the safe side. But he was exhausted right now, and really all he wanted to do was just lay down and go to sleep. Pepper helped him get under the blankets in the center of the bed again, and walked towards the bathroom. Tony had just exited the bathroom, now dressed in his own pajamas, and looking just as exhausted as Peter felt. “I’m going to take a shower before coming to bed,” Pepper mentioned to the man as they passed by.

“All right babe,” Tony replied and the two shared a tender kiss.

Pepper went into the bathroom, shutting the door, while Tony came over to the bed. “Scooch over,” he told the kid. Peter did so, and once he was laying close to the edge of the bed, his dad got in next to him. The child instinctively moved closer the man, and snuggled into his side. This resulted with a fond smile from the billionaire, who reached over to run his fingers through the little spider’s brown hair. “Good night Pete, sleep well.” Tony burrowed deeper down into the bed, pulled his phone out, and began browsing through it.

Peter’s little body was dead with exhaustion despite having slept on the plane not even two hours ago. He snuggled into the man’s chest, “Night daddy…” he mumbled before closing his eyes. He felt Tony’s hand shift from the top of his head, down to rub circles over his back. He felt so loved, protected, and relaxed that sleep should have come within minutes.

It didn’t seem to be that easy though. When the sound of the shower turning off, about ten minutes later sleep still seemed far away. Peter had rolled from one side to the other every minute or so, trying to find the right position that would calm his mind down enough to find dreamland. But he couldn’t stop thinking about everything that happened that day, and analyzing how he could have done things differently. His sore throat and light coughing fits were not helping either. Warm milk would probably help, but he felt bad asking when they had all just come from the kitchen, and he knew that Tony was just as tired as he was, if not more. By the time Pepper opened the bathroom door, dressed in her own pajamas, and hair wrapped in a towel, the boy had given up trying to sleep, and was staring at whatever Tony was looking at on his phone. “What are you still doing awake?” Pepper asked referring to Peter.

Peter blinked at her a moment and before he could stop himself he was asking, “Could I have some warm milk?”

He didn’t feel quite as bad asking her, as she probably wasn’t quite as tired as his dad was. He felt the edges of disappointment creep into his chest as she shook her head with a sad smile. “No… I’m sorry sweetheart. Remember milk isn’t a good thing to give you when you have a cough. How about some water?” Peter nodded in agreement after a moment. You couldn’t really go wrong with water, and any cool liquid sounded pretty good when his throat felt as scorched as it did now. Pepper walked into the bathroom again, and a minute later she was returning with a small cup of water. The
child reached out to grab the cup, and the woman allowed him to take it but kept one hand holding the bottom of the cup as he drank the water.

The cool liquid felt heavenly going down his throat. Once the water was all gone, he gently pushed the cup away. “That better?” Pepper asked setting it aside, and then crawling into the bed on the other side of Tony. At the spiderlings nod, Pepper reached across Tony’s chest, picked the boy up, and hauled him over the man until he was laying in between the two. At Tony’s confused look Pepper said, “It’s best to have him sleep between us, that way he won’t fall off the bed.” The woman pulled the blankets up to the child’s chin and smiled down at him. “How about we tell you a bedtime story?”

Peter’s toddler side took over full force at hearing that. His eyes lit up, and he nodded eagerly. He hadn’t been told a bedtime story in years. “All right, lets see… I can tell you the story of-”

“Could daddy tell it please…” Peter softly interrupted her, looking at Tony with wide puppy eyes, and hoping that he didn’t offend Pepper with the request. Luckily she didn’t seem to be offended, as she just gave the man a knowing smirk.

The billionaire shifted uncomfortably, not meeting either’s eyes. “What’s wrong with Pepper doing it?”

“Oh Tony,” Pepper lightly smacked him on the chest. “Just tell the kid a quick story.”

“I don’t know any stories… at least not any kid stories.” Peter continued to look up at the man with doughy blue, puppy eyes and the billionaire wasn’t able to hold out for long. “Fine…” Tony took a few moments trying to think of a story. The child’s face broke until a huge happy grin and he snuggled down into the covers popping his thumb into his mouth. Soon soft suckling noises were heard. “All right… once upon a time there was a girl called Little Red Riding Hood-”

“Are you sure that one’s not a little dark for his age?” Pepper interrupted with a whisper.

“He used to be sixteen… besides I’ll leave the cannibalism out of it.”

“There is no-”

“Pep… you’d be surprised what the earliest version of that story holds. Now stop interrupting me so I can tell the story.” Tony looked back down at the child who was still waiting with wide bright eyes for his daddy to continue the story. The man cleared his throat before continuing, “So um… her grandmother was sick right? So her mother told her to go bring her a batch of cookies- which actually doesn’t make sense. If the poor woman was that ill, wouldn’t cookies do her in or something?” Pepper just responded to the man with a light glare, but Peter’s eyes were already drooping.

“Any way’s… Little Red Riding Hood filled a picnic basket with everything her mother had told her to take, and sent her off through the woods to her grandmother’s house. But not before warning her that she shouldn’t talk to any strangers- which actually in the story she didn’t talk to any strangers she talked to a wolf which is an animal…” Tony continued to bumble his way through the story, but despite how bad the man was at telling stories, Peter was fast asleep before it was even over.
Do not look up the origins of Little Red Riding Hood, unless you want to ruin your childhood.
Next chapter shouldn’t take as long as this one took, but I’m getting super busy with the holiday season and all that happening. So next chapter could take a week or so to get up.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Mention of Corporal Punishment in this chapter but no actual CP.

Those of you that have been frustrated with my pacing for this story will be happy to know that the pace is starting to speed up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter awoke several hours later, surrounded by pitch black darkness, and the feeling of all the breath being stolen out of your lungs. For a moment he thought he was having that buried alive trapped in a coffin nightmare that plagued his dreams from time to time. But when he reached his hand out, expecting to feel the silky cloth that lined the inside of the coffin, he instead felt fleshy warmth of skin and knew right away that he was not six feet under but in a bed with someone sleeping right next to him. That would have been enough comfort to allow him to get back to sleep, but he still could not get any breath out of his lungs. After a second of opening and closing his mouth like a fish, he managed to force a breath out through a high pitched cough that blistered his already sore throat. Several other coughs followed this, and by the time the fit ended Peter was certain that his throat was bleeding. He also still couldn’t breath very well, it almost felt like his throat was so swollen that barely any air could get through. Tears sprang from his eyes, and the child began to cry, erupting more coughs. The two adults on either side of him began to stir. He heard them both start speaking to each other, but the little spiderling was much too upset to listen to what they were saying. After another moment he was gently lifted up into someone’s arms, and pressed against a soft chest. The smell of peaches and something flowery passed through his nostrils, and adding that to the extra soft lumps on the chest, Peter knew that this had to be Pepper that was holding him. He would have preferred his daddy, but she was suitable considering that she rocked him back and forth gently, whispering soothing words into his ear. Peter wrapped his little fist around a lock of her hair, and cried into her breast. Once again he felt the air get trapped into his lungs, and he pulled his face away from her so he could let out a few bark like coughs to get the air out. More words exchanged between her and Tony, but the boy was still not bothering to listen. He was partially aware of a warm blanket being wrapped around his body, and folded over his head like a hood. “Friday open up the window,” Pepper called out to the A.I.

“Ma’am it’s currently 4 degrees out right now, I would not advise-”

“Friday now!” Pepper’s voice went suddenly harsh. A few seconds later Peter felt a waft of icy air hit his face. This sudden change of temperature shocked the boy out of his crying, and he focused his eyes on what was in front of him. Pepper had him balanced on one arm, held against her side, and she stood at an angle that allowed him to face the now open window of Tony’s bedroom. He could see the bright city lights of New York City off in the distance past the falling snow flakes. He was bundled very tightly in the blanket Pepper had just wrapped him up in so he didn’t feel the chilly air on anything but his face. “You’re all right shh…” Pepper spoke into his ear and began to hum a soft song

Peter had a few more coughing sobs to release but Pepper’s gentle soothing voice helped calm him down enough to stop crying. He stared out at the brilliant lights of New York, breathing in the cold
chilly air, and soon he was breathing normally again. Pepper closed up the window and brought him back over to the bed, still rocking him back and forth in her arms, and humming softly in his ear. It wasn’t long before he fell back into a slightly fitful sleep.

The next time he woke, it was still dark out. The boy couldn’t really tell how much time had passed, but it was obviously still in the sleeping hours. He was back between Pepper and Tony who were both sleeping on either side of him, and his back and head were elevated by several pillows. As much as he appreciated the effort, it wasn’t currently helping as his raw throat once again felt constricted enough to stop air from passing through. A couple coughs forced their way past his throat and he began to once again cry. Both adults let out a groan, “I’ll get him this time…” Tony’s voice spoke up and a moment later he was lifted up by strong arms and the smell of engine oil came into his senses.

Peter cried into his daddy’s embraced, just wanting this night to be over. The billionaire whispered into his ear while patting his back gently. His voice was much less soothing, but he felt so protected by the strong arms that were wrapped around him. He was soon once again wrapped up in the warm blanket and the cool night December air hit his face. He fell back to sleep again before the window was even closed this time. This continued several more times during the night, with Pepper and Tony switching off. By the time Peter woke up to the daylight the next morning, he couldn’t tell how many times he had woken up during the night.

Tony was sitting down in his lab, working on a tiny little device about the size of a grain of rice. Once this little device was implanted into Peter, Tony would always be able to keep track of where Peter was. Sure implanting a tiny micro tacker into Peter without his consent like some dog seemed a bit unethical… but it was for his own good. When he first got involved with the boy he had assumed that putting a tracker in the Spiderman suit was enough. Probably the only reason he’d need to know the kid’s location would be when he was out being Spiderman. But then Saturday happened. Helpless baby Peter ran away without the Spiderman suit and he had no idea where the kid was. He was lucky the kid had his phone otherwise it may have been too late when they finally found him buried under a collapsed building.

Even when they tracked his phone, the device wasn’t even with him and it was by chance that they were directed toward the warehouse he was found in. The combination of all this, was the main reason Tony felt the need to implant a microchip tracker into the kid. He guessed that he could just ask the kid if it was ok for him to implant it, he still had all of his memories and his sixteen year old mentality. He would probably understand what he was agreeing to. “Excuse me sir, but Miss Potts would like me to inform you that Peter is awake, and they are awaiting for your appearance to eat breakfast.” Friday suddenly spoke without warning.

Tony set the tiny device down onto the table he was working out, pushed back the chair he was sitting in and stretched his old cracking limbs. “Thanks Friday, tell her I’ll be up in a couple of minutes,” Tony told the A.I. and began to clean up his work area.

They were going to need to get ready for the press conference after they ate breakfast. It was already almost 8:30am and the conference was scheduled for 10am. Tony was going to need to wear a suit, and they would at least need to get Peter into some nice clean clothing and looking presentable so that it looked like Tony was a good foster dad. Once he was finished putting on all his tools and items he had been working with away, the billionaire stood up and headed out of the lab.

When Tony entered the kitchen he noted that Peter was sitting at the table playing with a Rubik’s Cube while Pepper was dishing up gluten free oatmeal into three bowls. The food that she had ordered yesterday had arrived that morning, so they now had a few gluten free options that they
could give Peter. They had both agreed that Peter had been eating eggs so often lately that he should probably eat something else this morning. “I’ll take brown sugar in mine,” Tony announced as Pepper started adding raisins to the oatmeal, and sat down next to Peter. He looked critically at the toy he was playing with, having forgotten up until this morning that he had the Rubik’s Cube. It had been a present for this thirteenth birthday that he solved in an hour. He had fun with it for about a month trying to find the fasting solution, but was never able to solve it blindfolded.

It eventually got put in a drawer and about forgotten about. How it ended up in the compound he had no idea. Peter seemed to be doing pretty well with the puzzle, as it looked to be halfway solved by now. The child’s eyes were furrowed in concentration, as he used his finger to count different color combinations at each side. “Time to put that down to eat Peter,” Pepper said setting a bowl of oatmeal in front of the boy and Tony before heading back to grab her own bowl.

Peter did not acknowledge the bowl being set in front of him, but continued to play with the Rubik’s Cube. “Peter did you hear what Pepper said?” Tony asked giving the child a look. “Put that down and eat your food.” The billionaire saw the boy’s eye’s glance over at him for the briefest of moments, before looking back at the puzzle in his hands and continuing to play with it. A slight tinge of anger struck through Tony as he realized the little spider was deliberately ignoring them. The single look the boy had given him, no matter how brief, was proof that the kid had heard what they said and was choosing not to listen.

Pepper had returned to the table at this point, setting her own bowl of oatmeal down along with a small bowl of brown sugar. Once her hands were both free, she used one of them to take the Rubik’s Cube out of his hands. She held it out of his reach, as the boy tried to snatch it back. “Hey give that back!” the child yelled angrily, still reaching out towards the toy.

“No!” Pepper told him firmly. “Not until you eat your breakfast.”

“I want the cube!” Peter shouted at the top of his lungs, the boy’s little voice squeaked to a high pitched level. His body bounced on the chair, as his little legs kicked in retaliation at having the cube be snatched from his hands.

Tony did not understand why the kid was acting like this. The only times he had ever seen the child give childish tantrums like this was in early afternoon when it was almost time for him to take a nap, and he was tired. Right now was still pretty early in the morning, not to mention that he had just gotten up, so it didn’t make sense that he was tired. Maybe it was because he was still slightly sick. “Peter!” the billionaire once again attempted to find a stern parental voice that didn’t sound too much like his father’s. “You can get it back after you eat your food,” he passed a spoon over to the spiderling in hopes that would be enough to get the kid to start thinking straight again. Because seriously, a ten dollar Rubik’s Cube isn’t something to be throwing a tantrum over. Now if the kid was working on some type of new invention the was so close to being finished, that would be another story.

“No!” Peter yelled with a distinct whininess to his voice, reaching a hand out to knock the spoon out of Tony’s outstretched hand and pushing the bowl away with his other hand before crossing them over his chest and pouting.

There was for sure a spike in Tony’s blood pressure as his anger was raised to dangerous levels. He had to fight not to just take the little brat over his lap and spank him. Just when he was thinking that the best possible outcome would be a good loud scolding with maybe a couple of threats to the boy’s backside, Pepper spoke and saved him the necessity of giving a response. “You’re not getting it back until that whole bowl is gone.”

“I don’t want it!” Peter pushed the steaming bowl a few inches with the back of his hand, and then
did it again, and again. After three or four pushes the bowl fell off the table and landed only the floor
with a clunk spilling the oatmeal inside all over the floor. “There it’s gone,” he said cheekily.

If Tony’s temper hadn’t been so close to the edge, he might have found that response almost funny.
That was something he would have done, and probably did do in one way or another. Unfortunately
he wasn’t in a very humorous mood, “That’s it!” the man stood up from the table glaring down at the
little spider brat. “Your ass is about to get beat kid.”

The billionaire made a move to grab the glaring child, but Pepper placed a hand on his bicep which
caused him pause long enough to hear what she had to say. “Wait Tony, wait stop,” the urgency in
her voice made the man look back at her. “You can’t just spank him.”

An exasperated sigh fell from the man’s lips. Pepper may know what she’s doing when it comes to
taking care of toddlers, but he wasn’t sure he agreed with her on this one. “So what, you think I
should just sit back and do nothing?”

“No, I didn’t say that,” the woman replied patiently. “You shouldn’t spank a kid every time he does
something bad, it’s not good for them. There are plenty of other way to deal with misbehaving
children. A spanking should be a last resort.”

“Then what should I do?”

Pepper directed her gaze down at the still pouting child, to give him a disapproving look. “Well, have
him sit in a time out,” she suggested directing her eyes back at her fiancé.

Tony could not help but roll his eyes at that suggestion. Seriously, a time out? How is that a suitable
punishment for throwing food around, throwing a tantrum, and deliberately refusing to listen to what
they said. All over a Rubik’s Cube? “Come one Pepper… he used to be sixteen. A time out isn’t
going to do anything for him.”

“I don’t care how old he used to be,” Pepper placed both hand on her hips, making her look like a
fifties housewife. “He’s acting like a toddler right now, so I think he should be giving a toddler
punishment.”

While they had been having their brief discussion, Peter meanwhile had continued to pout and whine
about wanting the Rubik’s Cube back. Even going as far as to climb up on the table in an attempt to
close to the puzzle and be able to reach it. “Fine,” Tony let out another sigh before scooping the
child off the table into his arms. “Peter,” he spoke in a firm voice causing the child to stop whining
for a moment and look at him with angry eyes. “You’re in a time out!” with that said the billionaire
grabbed a chair brought it over to a corner of the kitchen and then set the boy on top of it.

Where Tony had been expecting the child’s reaction to be maybe a scoff, along with a comment of
how silly of a punishment this was. The man was surprised through when the actual reaction was his
blue eyes filling with tears, and after a few seconds the boy was crying into his hands. Who would
have thought a time out would produce such a severe reaction. For a moment Tony wondered if
maybe he had hurt the boy somehow when he plopped him down on the chair. Maybe he had set
him down too hard, or an arm or his back had hit something in the process. Tony looked over at
Pepper to see if she noticed the reason for his sudden crying fit. Though she had a slightly pained
look on her face, like the crying was tugging on her heart strings, she also bore a satisfied look that
told him he did not actually do anything wrong.

After letting out another puff of breath, Tony bent down and began cleaning up the mess of oatmeal
on the ground; starting with putting the bowl in sink and grabbing a rag to clean the floor. The
billionaire couldn’t help but think that since Peter had been changed into a toddler he’d been cleaning
up a lot of messes that he did not make himself. This was certainly saying something considering that before this Tony barely cleaned up his own messes. Toddler Peter was sure turning him into a pushover. Probably because of all the crying. He could barely stand listening to child cry so broken heartedly. “How long should he sit there?” he asked Pepper trying not to look at the snotty crying child giving him puppy eyes on the chair.

“Just a couple more minutes should be good,” Pepper responded starting in on her bowl of oatmeal.

Tony tossed the soiled rag into the sink before sitting down in front of his own bowl. “Should we wait to eat?”

“No…” Pepper responded after a moment’s hesitation. “He chose to throw a tantrum, so he can just eat by himself if we’re all done by the time he’s ready to start behaving.” She glanced over and gave the child a parental glare. It was official. When the two of them starting having their own kids Pepper will be the disciplinarian. He’ll just be the fun parent. The two adults began to eat their breakfast. Tony added a couple of spoonful’s of the brown sugar and stirred it in the warm soggy oats, trying his best to ignore the whimpering cries coming from the child in the corner. His cries had slowly gone from heart breaking sobs to soft whimpers. After what felt like way too long, but really it had only been a couple of minutes Pepper called over to him, “Peter, are you ready to come eat your breakfast?”

The child nodded his head with a sniffle, scrubbing the last remaining tears from his eyes. Pepper motioned for the boy to come over to her, and he complied with his head downcast the whole way. When the little spider brat was in arms reach of Pepper, the woman scooped him up into her arms and held him against her chest. Peter buried his red blotchy face into her shoulder and more soft cries fell from his lips along with the words, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry…”

“Shh…” Pepper soothed rocking back and forth with him, and planting a soft kiss on his wet cheek. “It’s all ok now. Just remember that next time Tony or I tell him to do something you need to listen.”

“O-Ok…” the boy mumbled into her shirt and continued to cry softly. While this interaction was happening, Tony took to the time to get up from the table and refill of a new bowl with oatmeal for the child. He sure hoped that Peter was done with this rebellious thing, because he sure didn’t like the discipline aspect of it. Everything would be so much easier if he would just listen without acting out.

When he set the bowl of oatmeal down in front of the child, Peter gave a soft, “Thanks’ daddy…” before picking up the spoon and beginning to eat. Tony felt his body tense slightly at hearing those words. He was no longer correcting Peter for calling him dad, it was more preferable than Mr. Stark. But he still got an odd feeling every time he heard the word, a feeling that seemed to be less prominent each time it was said. It probably wouldn’t be long before it felt normal; it almost already did.

Once they were all finished eating breakfast, it was time to get ready for the press conference. Tony had both his and Peter’s outfits for the conference set aside in his room, to be put on at the last minute. He had pick out his nicest suit for himself, and a pair of khaki pants with a button up flannel that Pepper had gotten for Peter that morning. They had both had to suddenly change clothes so often since Peter got turned into a toddler, that Tony did not see the point in changing so early. He could get everything else ready through. After taking a shower, he trimmed his beard, and gelled his hair into a nice style. After deeming his appearance worthy of cameras, he went back into his room to take a good look at Peter.

The boy had busied himself with the Rubik’s Cube while Tony had gotten ready. It looked like he
was pretty close to solving it, probably have it down by the end of the day if not sooner. Taking his
eyes away from the toy in his hands, and shifting them up to Peter’s hair. Neither Tony nor Peter
hadn’t actually done a single thing to it since the kid had climbed into his window last Thursday.
Unless you count the various times he washed it. But it was messy and currently sticking out every
which way. But a wet comb and some gel would be able to fix that.

“All right kid…” Tony said approaching the kid with a comb in his hand. Peter looked up at the
Rubik’s Cube to look at him. “Let’s get to tackling that hair of yours.”

The billionaire was surprised by how much harder it was jelling someone else’s hair. He would
have thought that it would be easier, but having gotten used to doing it at a certain angle, having to
do it on someone else obviously made you have to do it in a different angle. He spent a good twenty
minutes getting the child’s hair looking presentable, and then another ten on his own hair. Before he
knew it, it was time for them both to get dressed for the press conference.

The press conference lasted a little less than an hour, and went a lot better than Tony had expected.
Peter was only brought out for the first fifteen minutes of the event, and the billionaire refused to let
any of the reporters ask him questions. Once Peter had left the spotlight Tony had been bombarded
with various versions of the million dollar question of if Tony was going to adopt the kid. He heard
everything from subtle questions like ‘how long will he be staying with you,’ to blunt questions like
“will this lead to adoption?” Tony avoided directly answering any of these questions, but hinted that
this was only temporary. He was surprised though by the jolting feeling in his heart anytime this
came up. Almost like admitting that this was all temporary, was hard to come to terms with. The man
was more than relieved when he bid the reporters good-bye and left the room, leaving their security
to deal with sending the press away.

By the time Tony met back up with Pepper, she was holding a very sleeping Peter in her arms. The
child’s head was resting against the woman’s shoulder, mindlessly sucking his thumb while his other
hand twirled the hair around his ear with his fingers. Pepper had a smile on her face that clearly
stated that she thought the conference went well, and Tony could not help but silently agree. “Well
someone looks tired,” the billionaire stated giving a pointed look at the child.

Peter blinked groggily and held out sleepy arms for Tony to hold him. “Well he did have a rough
night,” Pepper responded allowing Peter to be transferred into the man’s arms. They had all had a
rough night in Tony’s opinion, but didn’t voice this thought. “After lunch we can put him down for a
nap and then go shopping when he wakes up.”

That sounded like a marvelous plan, as Tony felt ravenous right now. While the kid slept, Tony
planned to finish up that microchip, and really get back to work on trying to change him back into a
teenager. It was strange though. Just a couple days ago, getting Peter back to normal was top
priority. Now however… it almost left a bad taste in his mouth… almost. He could still remember all
those dirty diapers he changed, and that left an even worst taste in his mouth. Pepper made up a nice
gluten free pasta for them to eat for lunch, gluten free noodles would never compare to regular
noodles but it was decent. Peter actually had second helpings before he almost fell asleep into his
bowl. It was not at all difficult to put him down for a nap. “I have some stuff I need to get done down
in the lab,” Tony whispered to his fiancé as he tucked another blanket around the sleeping child.

Peter was asleep before they had even left the lunch table. So they just brought him back up into
Tony’s bedroom and laid him down in the bed. Tony hadn’t gotten around to switching Peter’s
room up to their floor yet, that would probably have to wait until after Christmas when everyone was
back from their vacations. He could probably get it done with the iron suits, but that seemed like a
lot of effort when he really didn’t mind letting the boy share the room with them a few more days.
This was actually saying something, considering how against it he was a few days ago. He was
changing. The billionaire was slowly realizing this. Having toddler Peter around to take care of, was changing him. He was a different man now then he was a few days ago. Tony didn’t believe it was possible to change that quickly, but this kid seemed to be something special, and could work miracles. “That’s ok…” Pepper whispered back to him, smoothing the blankets back before running a hand over the child’s forehead. “I have some paperwork I can get done in here while Peter is sleeping. I’ll tell Friday when he wakes up, and she’ll inform you.” The two of them shared a tender kiss. God he loved this woman, she was truly a one of a kind gem that he did not deserve at all. He didn’t want to think about where he would be if she hadn’t showed up to help him.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for the shortness of the chapter. This past week has been crazy, with getting ready for Christmas, and then unexpected car problems happened. Hopefully next chapter will be longer.
While Peter was sleeping, Tony finished up the micro tracker he made up for Peter. He was still hesitant to implant it in the child. It just didn’t seem morally right… but how else would he always know where the kid was? Putting it in something that could be taken off was… well that was the problem, it could be taken off. Any enemy that suspects it’s a tracker would just take it off and destroy it. He could always put it in a necklace or bracelet of some sort… at least until he was a teenager again and could make consenting decision on whether or not he wanted a tracker implanted in him like some dog. With a sigh, Tony set the miniscule device aside, figuring that he could decide this later.

Now it was time to try and figure out how to get Peter back to normal. He once again started searching online for any lead on alien tect that could help turn the child back into his normal self. He even briefly considered contacting one of these black market salesman and asking if that had anything that could progress age. But in the end he decided against it as it seemed a bit risky, they may not trust him considering that he’s an avenger and all.

After an hour of coming up with nothing, Tony finally came to the conclusion that he always knew was the answer but was too afraid to admit it. With the amount of information that they had, there really was no way to change Peter back. The best they could hope for was that they may just happen to come across the bad guys that did this to him, and hope that they had a way of changing him back. Or that he would change back on his own, maybe whatever chemical that got into his body when he was hit with that gun would eventually leave his system. The more likely of those two scenario’s was the latter, and who know how long that would take, if it even happened at all. It was time for them all to come to terms with the possibility that this may not be temporary, and Peter may just have to relive his childhood. The boy would probably be crushed, they would have to tell his aunt. He didn’t feel right keeping this from her anyways.

When to break it to him though… After a couple minutes of debating, Tony decided that he would wait till after Christmas. At least let the kid have a good holiday without the weight of knowing they may possible have to wait another fourteen years before he turns back into a sixteen year old. Tony looked over at the clock on the wall and realized that it had almost been two hours so Peter would probably be waking up soon. “Friday is Peter awake yet?”

“Yes sir… Mr. Parker had been awake for the last twenty minutes.”

The billionaire gave a start at hearing that. Why hadn’t Pepper notified him when he first woke up, she said that she would. Maybe something was wrong, or the woman didn’t know that Peter was awake yet. Shutting everything down, Tony stood up and left the lab a little faster than he normally would. He couldn’t help but think of the worst. It’s the only reason why Pepper wouldn’t let him know that he was awake right? Tony was out of breath by the time he burst through his bedroom door, ready to call his suit to him if need be.

It was true that that Peter was awake right now. Pepper had him in a cradled position, holding a bottle that looked to be filled with juice up to his mouth, and he was slowly drinking the liquid out, looking safe, content and still groggy. “Is everything ok?” he asked after releasing a sigh of relief. “Why didn’t you let me know that Peter was awake?”

“Oh, the croup was flaring up a little bit while he slept, and I didn’t see the point in dragging you
away from your work when he’s still waking up,” Pepper responded softly, glancing at the man for a moment before bringing her loving gaze back down on the child in her arms, and planting a kiss on his forehead.

Hearing about the croup coming back certainly brought worry to the forefront of his mind. He had thought that the kid was starting to get over it. “I haven’t heard him cough all day. Why is it suddenly coming back?”

“It will take a few days for it to completely clear up, and it’s not unusual for the coughing to get worse when the child is asleep.”

Tony sighed at hearing this. That meant they probably would have another sleepless night to look forward to again tonight. If Peter never changed back, would this be what his life would be like from now on. Taking care of him all day, and then staying up with him as she struggles to breath all night? How did parents ever do this without going crazy. Well the kid probably wouldn’t be sick forever, and go back to sleeping the night though like he did the first couple of nights. And he would slowly grow up and get back to being able to take care of himself for the most part. Let’s not forget that he actually belongs to his Aunt. Whether he turns back into a sixteen year old, or stay’s two for another year, Tony would eventually have to give him back.

That knowledge left a bittersweet taste in the man’s mouth. A part of him is longing for a break from taking care of a toddler twenty-four seven, but another part acknowledged that he would miss having the kid around. Sending him back to his aunt as a toddler would mean only seeing the kid when his aunt brought him over, which she had not even once come to visit Tony since he got involved in her nephews life. That meant unless he the time to go out to visit Peter, he may never see that kid again until he’s a teenager again. Having to wait over ten years, Peter might very well forget about him. Why couldn’t things just go back to the way they were before. Why wasn’t there an easy way to change him back. “You all right Tony?” Pepper asked him with a worried look on her face. He must have had some type of pained look on his face as he tried to process what life would be like now, and mourning over what it used to be. Maybe if he had been a better mentor to the kid, none of this would have happened.

“Yeah…” the billionaire shook his head a bit, to clear his thoughts.

Peter finished up the bottle of juice with a satisfied burp. “Oh excuse you!” Pepper told him with a smile, and bopped him lightly on nose causing the child to giggle softly. She set the now empty bottle aside. “Well should we get ready to head out to the store?”

“I’m hungry,” the little spider spoke up in slight protest.

“Again?” Tony asked in slight exasperation. Hadn’t they just fed him lunch? He guessed that he shouldn’t complain, since the spiderling was finally getting an appetite back. It seemed that taking him off gluten had been the trick to all the digestive problems he’d been having.

Pepper just laughed at his response. “We can get him some crackers to eat in the car. I want to get going so we have time for everything before it gets dark.”

Tony and Pepper walked into the local Target in Upstate. The store was a flood of people roaming about with their last minute Christmas shopping. The majority of everyone was too busy with trying to get out of the crazy store as quickly as possible to really notice the two celebrities walk into the store. Tony still detected the occasional stare and point in their directions however. “Can you get a cart babe?” Pepper asked taking Peter from the man’s arms and holding him in her own. The child
was looking around with wide fascinated eyes, of all the bright colors that decorated the store. Considering the fact that he had been asleep the entire time, Peter probably didn’t remember when Tony brought him into the Target back in Queens.

As requested by his fiancé, Tony quickly grabbed one of the few carts that was still available. Seriously, department stores were so crazy the last few days before Christmas. It reminded the billionaire why he avoided going out the week before Christmas. Not only was it busy, but people were often grumpy. Some lady who obviously didn’t recognize him, had the nerve to flip him off when he took the cart that she was going for. Seriously, there were at least ten other carts available, so what he she had to walk an extra ten steps to go get it.

After weaving his way around the mass of people walking about, Tony made it back to where Pepper was Peter were waiting patiently. Pepper placed the boy into the child seat of the cart and buckled the straps around him. “All right we need to get Pull Ups, pajamas, warm outfits, and some toy’s for Peter,” the woman listed up the items she had mentally remembered to get. “That should hold us over at least until after the Holidays have passed.”

Tony just nodded his head with a soft ‘Mmhmm’ sound. He knew from experience that when Pepper was in this type of mood, the best thing to do was silently go along with everything she said. He still doubted that Peter would be interested in any toddler, or even children’s toys. But he humored his fiancé in favor of not getting a harsh scolding again. He felt like he’d been getting a lot of those lately. The group made their ways over to the clothing section since that spot seemed closest to them. It was a slow process as they had to stop to allow people to pass in front of them or slow down to weave around stray carts that had been left behind by someone. Tony sure hoped that they could get this done quickly; this was a madhouse.

After what felt like forever, they finally made it to the section of clothing that seemed to be toddler Peter’s size. Pepper began browsing through the heavy winter jackets; Tony however looked over at the pajama section and immediately made a beeline for it when he spotted a set of Pajamas with Ironman on it. Now Tony was never one to think of himself as a self centered person that collected his own merchandise, and hung up pictures of himself like that character in Harry Potter. But when it came to his kid and what characters he sported on his clothing, he needed to make sure he didn’t go around making people think that he supported Captain America. There were a couple different sets of Pajamas with Ironman on it, as well as the other Avengers. Tony was satisfied to see that there was only one Captain America, though considering the guy was a war criminal now it wasn’t too surprising. Though he couldn’t stop himself from being bitterly resentful at seeing the one who had the most sets was actually Thor with five different sets.

Tony picked up the two sets of Ironman Pajamas and went back to where Peter sat in the cart next to Pepper. “Which one do you want Peter?” he held up both sets in front of the boy who stared in wide eyed admiration.

After several long moments where the boy just looked back and forth between the he said, “I can’t decide…”

“Both it is then,” Tony replied and tossed them both into the cart. Pepper looked down into the cart to see what his fiancé had just thrown in, and rolled her eyes when she realized what it was. She had already put in a couple of heavy jackets, along with some thermal underwear, and was now looking at some thermal lined pants. Seriously did she think that the kid is going to freeze to death or something. He knew better then to say something though, and remained wisely silent.

After getting at least one of every item created to keep you warm, along with some extra regular clothes, they moved onto the nearby aisles that had diapers. Peter had begun to get fidgety in his seat
as they were going down this aisle, “What’s up Pete?” Tony asked giving him a slightly concerned look.

“I want out?” the boy responded with a slight pout and squirmed a little more.

Pepper looked less than thrilled at this request, and took a glance around the hustle and bustle of the store. Tony couldn’t help but agree with her on this hesitation, knowing exactly what her concerns were even though she did not actually voice anything. The store was super busy with dozens of people going every which way. It wouldn’t take much to lose the kid in the crowd. But the little spider gave his puppy dog look, with a slight pout. When he kid has used that look on him a few days ago, it was at least manageable enough to resist it. Now however it seemed impossible to say no to that look. “Do you promise to stay with us and not run off?” Tony asked him.

At the boy’s eager nod of his head, Tony looked over at Pepper with a shrug. The woman still looked hesitant but nodded after another moment. “All right… but you have to hang on to the cart when we’re moving.”

“I promise!” With that Tony unbuckled the straps that where keeping him in the seat, and lifted him out of the cart before setting him down on his feet. As soon as his little feet touched the ground he giggled happily and jumped onto the side of the cart, clinging to it in a way that made Tony know for certain that he was using some of his spider powers to hold him up.

“Peter we need you to look a little less like a spider when your holding onto the cart,” Tony told him with a laugh. Even Pepper smiled with amusement as she stared at the boy. Peter shifted his body down so his feet were resting on the bottom rack of the cart, and laced his fingers through the holes of the carts basket. The kid was so short now that he couldn’t see over the top of the basket, and the only reason that Tony new he was hanging on was because he could see the tips of his untidy brown locks peeking out over the top of the basket, and his little fingers thread through the holes from in the inside of the basket.

The Pull Ups that Pepper wanted to get were towards the end of the aisle, and she reached out to grab a box that had Lightning McQueen on the box. Maybe it was silly to have reacted this way, they were basically disposable underwear that didn’t soak through. But Tony was offended that she didn’t pick the Pull Ups that had the Avengers displayed on the front. Sure Captain America was included but it was still better than some fictional car character. “Pepper you can’t get him that!” The billionaire pulled a box of the Avengers Pulls Ups off the shelf and held them out. “He’d much prefer to have these right Peter?”

The child had to climb the cart a little so he could see over the top to look at what Tony was trying to show him. “Why isn’t Spiderman on it?” he asked with a slight pout.

“Because Spiderman’s not an Avenger. You turned me down remember kid?”

“Of for God’s sakes,” Pepper threw up her hands in exasperation. “Does this really matter?”

“Of course it does,” Tony and Peter said at the same time.

Pepper just rolled her eyes at them. “Seriously Tony, sometimes you act like your the same age as the kid. But fine whatever. Peter which one do you want?”

The little spiderling narrowed his eyes as he stared at the two boxes, and after a couple of moments of contemplating he said. “I want the Avengers!” Tony could not help but give his fiancé a smug look at the boy’s decision. Even without Spiderman being shown with the Avengers it was still better than Lightning McQueen. Pepper tossed the package into the cart with another roll of her eyes,
before moving the cart along. Peter moved back to his previous position on the cart.

They continued along in the store, and as they were passing by the shoes Pepper suddenly remembered something they needed to get that wasn’t on the list. “Oh yeah, we need to get Peter some boots. He can’t very well go walking around in the show in those tennis shoes that he’s wearing.”

Tony just sighed without saying anything else about it. Of course she was right, but he was eager to get out of this store and hoped that there wasn’t any other forgotten items she would suddenly remember that would extend their trip even longer. Luckily, it didn’t take long for her to pick out a couple of snow boots that would fit him. There wasn’t a whole lot left to choose from that had pictures or characters for them to debate on. She just picked up a neutral black and gray pair, and they continued onto the toy section of the store.

This was the area that was completely chaotic in Tony’s opinion. If he thought that the rest of the store was uber busy, it was nothing compared to this area. Children were running around all over the place, pulling toys and boxes off the shelves, only to leave it lying on the floor when their parents told them that they couldn’t have it. Other kids were crying and screaming over this and that, there were even some adults having arguments over who was going to get the last Millennium Falcon Lego set on the shelf. After staring at the chaos for several seconds, Tony almost turned around and walked away saying that they were just buy some stuff online and have it delivered. But figuring that they were already there, and that Pepper probably wouldn’t be happy with that decision he just hoped that they would finish up quick. “All right Peter,” Pepper spoke looking down at the child who was still hanging onto the cart. “We’re not going to go too crazy… but you can pick out a few things.”

The child hopped off the side of the cart and took a few steps forward, looking around. “I’m telling you Pep… he still has a sixteen year old mind. He’s not going to be interested in anything around here,” Tony said looking over at his fiancé for a moment.

The woman just raised her eyebrows at him, in almost a smug way and gave a pointed look at Peter. Tony turned around to look at the kid, as if to he had intentionally wanted to prove the billionaire wrong Peter had a train in one hand going around a display track with it, mimicking the sounds a train. “Choo, choo! Chuga, chuga, chuga, chaga, chuga, chaga- Choo, choo!”

“Fine!” Tony tossed his hands up in the air in defeat. “I’ve been proven wrong.”

They tossed a train track set in the cart, and encouraged Peter to move along and pick out more. It turned out that Tony could not have been more wrong. It seemed that Peter’s toddler side was in full control of the kid now, and he would have gotten every toy off the shelf if he could have. He was the most excited in the Lego set section. They had to limit him to only two sets, and they had to be small sets since he would have picked the two largest Lego Star Wars sets the store had. It wasn’t long before the cart was overflowing with toys, and Tony was secretly putting some things back when he knew that the kid was too distracted and wouldn’t notice it was missing later. Finally Pepper said, “All right Peter, that’s enough. You’re going to have so many toy’s now that you’ll never get bored again.”

Peter gave a slight pout, but complied and put the box of Star Wars action figures back on the shelf. “Great job listening buddy!” Tony praised the child, relieved that he didn’t throw a fit in the middle of the store. That would have been embarrassing. The little spider jumped pack up onto the cart and they moved along again. They had now gotten everything they came for on the list, and it was finally time to leave the store. Tony was relieved and hoped to never walk into a department store two days before Christmas ever again.
They unfortunately had another delay, when they were passing the seasonal section of the store, that was all decorated for Christmas. Peter took one look at all the fake tree displays and jumped from the cart to run over to the tallest one. “Daddy! Look at the tree, it’s so huge and beautiful!”

Honestly Tony didn’t see the big deal. No fake tree could ever compare to a real one, no matter how pretty it was. But the kid’s blue eyes were so side and bright you could almost see the twinkling stars in them. There was no doubt that this kid would be just as happy with a plastic tree as he would be with a real one. But the billionaire wouldn’t be caught dead buying a fake tree so he picked the child up into his arms so he could get a better look and gently said. “These trees are fake Pete. The real ones are so much more prettier than this.”

“We’ve never had a real tree for Christmas before…” the child said still staring in awe at the glorious lights and branches. Tony however was stunned into silence. How could any kid ever go through a full sixteen years of life without ever even once having a real Christmas tree. That just didn’t seem right, it should constitute for child abuse! Every child to have the right to experience at least one year with a real Christmas tree. To experience the smell of pine needles and everything else that came with a real tree.

“Aunt May could never afford a real tree. In fact the only tree we ever had was a little three footer that we set on top of a small table every year,” Peter explained.

Tony decided right then and their that they were going to go and buy a real Christmas tree after this and set it up in the compound somewhere. They should have some decorations in storage somewhere in the compound. He’d probably just have to dig them out. He looked over at Pepper with a determined look on his face. “Pepper… we’re going to the Christmas Tree lot next.”

Pepper didn’t have any problem with going to find a Christmas tree, she was actually enthusiastic about it. They immediately drove over to the nearest tree lot after leaving Target. Peter was ecstatic when they told him where they were going, and by the time they drove into a parking spot outside the lot, he was bouncing up and down in his car seat. “Look at all the trees they’re so big!”

“Hold your horses Peter…” Pepper told the child with a laugh. “It’s really cold out right now, so let’s get some of these warmer clothes on before we get out.” The woman dug through one of the Target bags, and pulled out the black snow boots, along with one of the heavy winter coats, and a pair of gloves.

Peter wiggled impatiently as the two adults helped him get the new boots on his little feet. They took the toddler out of his seat before slipping the coat over his shoulders. Tony buttoned it up to his chin while Pepper put gloves over his hands. Barely ten seconds passed after being released from the car, before Peter was off running towards the nearest tree. “Holy shit! Look how big this one is!” the child squealed out in delight.

Going by the bad language he used, it was best to assume that his teen side was taking over again. But if that was true, why was the kid still jumping around like a giddy toddler with wide bright eyes. Unlessteen Peter was just as excited about getting a real tree as his toddler side. Whatever the reason was, Tony couldn’t help but laugh at the boy’s antics. The parental side of him, however still prodded him enough to gently rebuke the boy’s foul language, “Watch your language Peter.” Yeah it was still a little hypocritical of to say, when his mouth was probably much worse. But still had to show the public that he was trying to raise the kid right, and allowing a small toddler to go around saying swear words didn’t look very good. Not that there was a lot of people around to judge them on the subject.

Considering that it was just two days before Christmas, there wasn’t a whole lot of people around.
In fact, now that Tony actually took a good look around, they were the only people at the lot except for the young man who looked to be in his late teens sitting in the booth they were supposed to go to pay for the tree. It seemed that everyone who wanted to get a tree for Christmas had already gotten one. That left them with pretty slim pickings as far as nice trees go, but there still seemed to be a good amount of decent ones left for them to choose from. Going the by way Peter was still gawking at the first tree he saw, which was nowhere near the nicest in the lot, he had already chosen the one he wanted. “Come on Peter… there are still a lot of other trees to look at,” the billionaire gently nudged the little spider along to look around at everything.

Tony had already decided long before they had arrived that he was going to let Peter pick the tree out. Even if the kid wanted the smallest dinkiest tree in the lot, he would still honor what he wanted. There was something special about picking out your first real Christmas Tree that he wanted the boy to experience. Peter’s excitement grew as he ran around looking at the different trees. Initially deciding that he could just give the spiderling some space, and wait until he came around and told them what tree he wanted; it was later clear that wasn’t the best decision.

The billionaire had gotten caught up in a debate with Pepper on where in the compound the Christmas Decorations were, and after a good five minutes he took a moment to see what the kid was up to and with a jolt he saw that the child had climbed up to the top of one of the trees and was currently jumping from one tree to the next. Tony was very much grateful that no one else was around to witness this, as the kid was obviously using his Spider Powers. He’d probably be swinging from tree to tree if he had his web shooters. “Peter stop!” he called out loudly. Next to him Pepper had slapped both hands over his mouth, looking terrified as Peter acrobated from one tree to the next. “Get your feet back down on the ground right now young man!”

Peter looked over at him with a big smile still plastered on his face. He waved in indication that he had heard, and quickly climbed down the tree. Tony threw a glance over at the booth that the young teen was sitting in, hoping against hope that he didn’t see anything. Luckily that seemed to be the case, as the young man had his head buried in some comic book, obviously bored at the slow business. By the time he looked away from the booth, Peter had made his way back to where they were standing, breathing heavily but with still a huge bright smile on his face. It was clear that the kid was not intentionally trying to do wrong, so Tony did not feel the need to implement any discipline. But he still had to explain to the kid that he couldn’t do stuff like that when other people might see. “Peter, you can’t do that when we’re out in public ok?” the child nodded his head. Tony picked the boy up with a sigh, “Am I going to have to build you a privet jungle gym for you to play on?”

With a giggle, Peter nodded his head. “Where did your gloves go Peter?” Pepper asked, suddenly drawing the man’s attention to the fact that the kid’s hands were bare. Of course he had to ditch the gloves so he could jump around the trees like that. When the boy shrugged his shoulders in response, Pepper walked away with a frustrated sigh. Probably to go hunt down the gloves. “We did not get you those gloves to have you toss them aside whenever you want, when we put them on you keep them on…” Pepper called back sternly.

Aware that she was being a little unreasonable at the moment, even he found gloves annoying sometimes and couldn’t blame the boy from wanting to ditch them. Tony winked at the boy, who smiled sheepishly, “So did you find a tree that you want to get?”

Peter nodded enthusiastically, before wiggling to get down. The billionaire complied and set him down on his feet. The child ran over to a particular tree that stood nearby and pointed up at it. “I want this one!”

It wasn’t the biggest tree there, and certainly not the one Tony would have picked. But it was still a
nice eight foot tree, that was good enough to suit its purpose. And if it made the kid happy, then Tony was happy also. “All right, then this is the one that we’ll get,” Tony looked down at the little spider with a smile. Peter jumped up and down squealing with delight, and in his excitement he jumped up latching onto the man’s back and spider crawled up to hang off of his shoulders. Unfortunately, unknown to everyone. Someone had been watching Peter closely off in the distance, and they noted his inhuman abilities displayed...

Chapter End Notes

It’s almost time for the ending climax, which may not be as big as I was originally hoping it would be. But I’m still very excited with the upcoming ending. The ending of the story was planned before anything else was. I’m thinking there will probably be two or three more chapters left. That’s not set in stone though.
Tony was back in his lab again; the small tracking microchip lay in front of him. It was about dinner time when they returned to the compound after getting the tree. After dinner Tony, with the help of some of his robots set the tree up in the compounds recreation room. It was pretty late by the time that was done, so he had to promise Peter that they would set up the tree in the morning. The kid still didn’t want to go to bed, but Tony was beginning to think that would be a daily struggle. He’ll be happy when Peter was old enough to no longer need a nap, that way there would only be one bedtime battle a day. Fighting to get the kid to go to sleep for nap time and bedtime was exhausting.

The man barely even registered that he was mentally thinking about a future that involved Peter staying the age of a toddler. Like he had already accepted that the kid was going to stay a toddler until he grew up again. That thought no longer left a bitter taste in his mouth. He still needed to tell Peter though. He still had yet told the kid that the chances of figuring out how to change him back to a sixteen year old were getting slim.

With a sigh Tony picked up a package of dog tag necklaces with Avenger symbols on each. The billionaire hadn’t even realized that Peter had thrown it in the cart at Target, until they were back at the compound. During dinner, the kid had dug through the different bags until he pulled the package out and begged to let him wear the Ironman one. The dog tag of that one basically looked like his old Arch Reactor when it was till in his chest. He had told Peter that the kid could wear it tomorrow. Mostly because of the sudden idea that blossomed in his mind when he realized how badly the kid wanted to wear that dog tag. He could just attach the small micro tracker to the tag somehow and tell the boy to not take it off for any reason.

Sure it was still an item that could be taken off, but it wasn’t an obvious tracker and it could easily be concealed under his shirt. Not to mention how doing this was more ethical than implanting it under his skin. He still hadn’t completely ruled that out, but this would work for now. If he got the kid’s Aunt to agree to a micro tracker implant then he’d be ok with doing it. Until he got that permission though, he’d have to stick with the dog tag. Tony managed to attach it to part of the chain, without it sticking out. Anyone that looked at the necklace wouldn’t have noticed it. Even Tony had to actually look for it to see it, he had hidden it so well.

The billionaire set the dog tag down on the table, and glanced over at the clock; it was almost nine-thirty in the evening. Once upon a week ago, it was extremely rare for Tony to go to bed before midnight, and unheard of for him to go to bed earlier then ten. But ever since he started taking care of a toddler, he was getting tired so much earlier. So with a blood pumping yawn, he stood up from his chair and headed off to his room for the evening.

After making his way through the compound, he approached the closed door of his bedroom.
had put Peter to bed hours ago, and since there was still a chance that Pepper had fallen asleep also; Tony listened at the door for a moment to try and hear if she was still awake. She must have been because he could detect a soft humming sound coming from within the room, and this was followed by a couple of familiar bark like coughs. Hearing this caused the man’s heart to sink with pity over the little child. He must have been having a hard time sleeping again. He would sure be glad when the croup fully passed. As quietly as he could, Tony opened up the door to the bedroom, and silently slipped inside. Pepper was pacing around the room, humming softly, with Peter fast sleep in her arms. Despite being sleep, the kid was still belting out that croup cough. “He’s still having a hard time sleeping?” the man asked her with a sigh. He really wasn’t looking forward to another repeat of last night, which really wasn’t as bad as Sunday night. But he was really tired and just wanted a full night’s sleep tonight, though at the kids next round of bark like coughs Tony knew that the chances were low.

“A little bit…” Pepper paused her song to speak to him. “It’s not that bad right now, just a bit of coughing but he’s sleeping through it pretty good.” She started up humming her song again, as she walked over to the bed and gently placed him onto the bed and covering him up with blankets. Once she was sure that the child would continue to sleep, she quietly stepped away from the bed and over to where her fiancé stood. “So when are you going to tell his aunt?”

A soft sigh fell from the billionaires lips. If he just called the kid’s aunt now, and explained everything. That would solve a lot of their problems. She would probably come to get him now, and he’d be guaranteed a full night's sleep without interruption. But no… he was going to stick with his plan. Peter deserved it. “I’m going to wait until after Christmas, and then let the kid know that we probably won’t figure out a way to change him back. Then we’ll let his aunt know…”

Pepper just nodded her head, before letting out her own blood pumping yawn. It had been a long day for everyone. “Well…” she said mid yawn distorting her voice some. “I’m going to go to bed.” She went over to the dresser to pull out a pair of pajamas.

“Yeah me too…” Tony nodded his head in agreement and moved to find his own pajamas. Hopefully they would get more sleep tonight then they did the previous nights.

The night actually went better than Tony could have hoped for. Though Peter pretty much coughed through most of the night, he did not wake up even once to start crying. In fact the sun was already up when Peter began jumping on top of his back begging for him to wake up so they could start decorating the Christmas tree. “Is this what it’s going to be like tomorrow morning?” Tony mumbled sleepily, as he recalled running inside to wake up his parents on Christmas morning because he wanted to open up presents. He really only did that in his early years until his dad one morning threatened to tell Santa to stop bringing him presents if he continued to wake them up at the crack of dawn every Christmas morning.

That certainly took the wind out of his sails, and actually stopped him from every walking into his parents room when they were sleeping again. He even recalled a night of waking up sick as a dog, but just gritting his teeth until morning because he was too afraid to enter his parents room and wake them up. “This is what it’s going to be like every Christmas for the rest of our lives…” Pepper joked with a groggy voice, but still rolled over to give the grinning child a smile.

At breakfast Tony gave Peter the altered dog tag that had the tracking implant attached to it. The child was so excited about it, and wanted to put it on right away. “Listen Pete, I want you to make sure that you never take that thing off for any reason. It’s really important ok pal?” The boy just nodded his head looking distracted as he stared at the tag. Hopefully his love for it would be enough for him to keep it on. They didn’t start decorating the tree until after breakfast. With Friday’s help,
Tony was able to locate the Christmas decorations last night. He had gotten the tree standing up in
the east side recreation room, and all the decoration boxes ready last night for the big decorating
party that was planned for today. Decorating the tree was a lot more fun than Tony had originally
thought it would be.

It had been years since he had put up a Christmas Tree, not really wanting to take the time to do it. It
seemed like a waste of time and money for just one day in the year. But there was something about
having a young child that made it all the more special. Peter was practically vibrating with
excitement as they started putting lights on the tree. “It smells so good! It almost makes you think that
you’re outside!” the child kept commenting on various versions of his sentence while he hopped
around playing with the garland. There was an entire crate full of different colored garland that made
Peter squeal happily as the sight of it. He immediately grabbed armfuls of the sparkly stuff and tossed
it up in the arm to have it fall on top of him.

“Hey Pete!” Tony called over to the boy in an attempt to get his attention. “If you can stop making a
mess over there, I could sure use your help getting the lights up at the top of the tree?” The billionaire
gave the boy a knowing smirk and gave a pointed look at the wall next to the tree obviously hinting
for the spiderling to crawl up the wall. Peter looked speechless as he realized that Tony was actually
giving him permission to climb up on the walls and use his spider powers. Pepper stood off to the
side looking a little disapproving but did not offer any protests. The child instantly tossed the garland
he was holding aside and flung himself at the wall with a running start, and began crawling up closer
to the ceiling. “Go ahead and grab the light strand, and begin wrapping it around the tree. Keep
going until it reaches all the way to the top,” Tony instructed.

Peter compiled without saying anything, and it wasn’t long before the tree was dancing with different
colored lights, that made all three of them ooh and ahh at the sight. Tony had forgotten about the
blast of joy you turn the tree on for first time after decorating it. The tree wasn’t even fully decorated
yet, so he could only imagine the feeling they would all get when they lit it up after all the
decorations were on.

Next was putting on the garland, which Peter was very helpful with that also. It made the decorating
process a lot easier when you had someone that could climb walls. Tony made a note to always
have Peter come over to help with the Christmas Tree decorating, even if they did find a way to
change him back. Something strange came over the billionaire as he watched the giggling child play
around with the garland in his hands, and the world's biggest smile on his face. He suddenly realized
that he would be ok if the kid didn’t change back right away. All the sudden the thought of Peter
changing back into a snarky teenager (ok yeah he’s still snarky even as a toddler) made him almost
sad. Even all the diaper changing didn’t seem so terrible anymore. Could it be possible to really
adopt Peter?

This line of thought suddenly brought dark thoughts and idea’s that included telling May that
something happened to Peter, and telling Peter that something happened to his Aunt. Then just
keeping things as they are. But no! The man mentally shook his head of those nasty thoughts. He
would never be able to do that to Peter and his Aunt. Maybe he and Pepper could just have their own
child. In the midst of his mental thoughts, Peter had finished up with the garland and now it was the
really fun part. Putting the ornaments up. There was was two whole crates full of Christmas Tree
ornaments, way too much to put all on the three. So they would have to pick and choose what they
wanted.

It was still a ton of fun looking through the different ornaments. Many of them Tony hadn’t seen in
ages and he had forgotten they even existed. It turned out that his mother had saved quite a few of
his school made ornaments, and some of them even had past pictures of him. The billionaire opted
not to put those up, since many of those pictures did not have fond memories of that time in his life.
“Daddy look, a snowman!” Peter shouted out as he unwrapped a snowman ornament that had glitter covering it. “Can we go out and build a snowman later?” the boy looked hopefully at the man.

Now how could anyone say no to that face. A glance as Pepper told him that the woman did not approve of this idea. Not that he could blame her. It was very cold out at this time of the year and the kid was already getting over being sick. But God that face, he just couldn’t say no. “If Pepper says that it’s ok, then yes we can do it.” Just have Pepper make the decision.

The woman looked over at Tony with a ‘that’s not fair’ look on her face. Peter had turned his puppy look over to her. Was she strong enough to tell the boy no? “All right… as long as you dress warmly.” No she could not resist the look. If was official, Peter had them both wrapped around his little finger.

By the time they were finished decorating the tree, it was still pretty early. So Tony figured that he could take Peter out to play in the snow for a bit before they ate lunch. Pepper opted out on joining them, using excuses about it being too cold out, and having stuff she needed to do here. But gave him a firm warning to make sure that Peter was dressed warmly and to not allow him to take any of his layers off. It wasn’t even that cold out today, only 29 degrees out, which certainly wasn’t swimming weather but considering that most of the weather they’d experienced this week was below 20 degrees sometimes even below 10, 29 was not that cold.

He still took the time to layer Peter up in his snow boots, jacket, hat and gloves. He couldn’t help but smirk at the child as he looked more like the giant white tire guy Michelin Man, rather then a little boy all bundled up to go out in the snow. The kid didn’t look very comfortable, but didn’t voice any complaints either. By the time they walked out of the compound to see the fresh layer of powder snow on the ground, Peter began jumping with excitement again. He ran forward and jumped into a pile of powder that made him sink all the way up to his chin, and climbed out of the hole his body made, giggling loudly with the biggest smile on his face. Then he grabbed handfuls of snow and tossed it up in the air. “I thought you wanted to build a snowman kid?” Tony asked with a laugh as he stared at the excited child.

“I do!” the little spider laughed and began making a snowball.

Assuming that the child was starting on the base of the snowman, Tony began to explain how to make the ball bigger, getting his own ball ready to add to the demonstration. “Ok so once you have your snowball ready, gently roll it around in the snow to make it bigger.” The man began rolling his snowball around until something very cold and wet suddenly hit him in the side of his head. The billionaire glared over at Peter to see him with a mischievous smile plastered on his face, and instantly recognized the challenge of a snowball fight. “Oh so that’s how you want to play…” with a smirk Tony tossed the ball he had started trying to make into a snowman, at the child who dodged it with a laugh.

This turned into an impromptu snowball fight between the two of them. For only being two years old, Peter was excellent at dodging every snowball that Tony threw at him. He had started off going easy on the kid, but soon figured that even aiming with all that he had, the billionaire still couldn’t hit the kid. He wasn’t very good at throwing them though, and only got Tony about thirty percent of the time. With those two factors in place, they were pretty evenly matched. Tony still surrendered victory to the kid after a little while because he felt the wind start to pick up which meant that it was going to start getting pretty cold. Not to mention that Pepper would soon be calling them back in for lunch pretty soon. “All right kid… you win,” he held his hands up in defeat. “What do you say we do what we actually came out here to do?”

The child nodded eagerly, dropping the snowball he had just made to throw. “No, go ahead and
keep that snowball. We’ll use it as the head,” Tony encouraged and started piling another ball together. “Why don’t you make the head, and I’ll make the base?”

“Ok!” the child began rolling his ball in the snow to make it bigger. It wasn’t long before the head and body of the snowman was made, and Peter was off looking around for rocks to use for the face. Tony had found some decent sized sticks that they could use for the snowman’s arms, and stuck them on either side of the body right as Peter came running up with a handful of small pebbles. The child squealed with delight at their work, “We need a hat and scarf to put on him!”

Tony took his own beanie hat off of his head, and placed it on the snowman's head. “Well have to use your scarf,” he old the child as the man had not brought out a scarf for himself. “Just make sure that Pepper doesn’t find out,” he added with a wink.

Peter started unwrapping the scarf from around his neck, just as a gust of wind passed by and the wooly cloth slipped from the child's fingers, flying over into the trees and out of site. “All get it!” Peter call out already running after it. Tony smiled as he watched the kid. This was probably some of the most fun he’d had in years, and it was doing a bunch of childish games. He hadn’t made a snowman since his primary years. The child had gone out of his line of sight in search of the scarf, and the smile on Tony’s face slowly began to slip off his face when Peter did not return right away.

“Pete!” he called out, trying not to sound to worried. He was probably just having a hard time finding it. The billionaire made it way towards the woods where his little spider had disappeared into, to see if the boy needed any help. It was a bit disconcerting when he saw the scarf lying just inside the trees but no little toddler was insight. When he saw Peter’s hat lying a few yards away, Tony knew that something was terribly wrong. “Peter!” the worried desperation was now evident in his voice. Did someone take him? He quickly reached up to touch the arch reactor on center of his chest, only to swear loudly when he only felt his flesh through the clothes he was wearing. He hadn’t put it on this morning! He hadn’t really been in the habit of wearing it all the time. But now he wished that he had. After this he may never go another single moment without wearing that reactor.

There was only one thing he could do now. Thank God he had given Peter the dog tag with the tracker attached to it because he’s pretty sure that the boy did not have his phone with him, so that was the only way he’d be able to find him. If he only had his armor on now, he’d be able to track him already. But no, he had to leave his room without the arch reactor on him, so he had to waste precious time going back to the compound to get into one of his suits.

He ran into Pepper as he strode through the compound as fast as he could. “There you are, I was just about to call you two in- where’s Peter?” The man halted in his knowing that he had to tell her something. But this was wasting even more time.

“Something happened to Peter,” he said turning to face her.

The look of intense worry shown on her face, “Oh no what happened? Is he hurt?”

“I think someone took him. But I’m going to go find him now.”

“ Took him!” the woman shrieked, with terror. “What do you mean! He was with you; how do you not know if he was taken or not?”

They were wasting time, he really needed to get going. Whoever took him could already be taking anything that may be a tracker off of him. Why didn’t he just implant it, like he originally planned. “I’ll explain later ok. Just wait here, I’m going to go find him, and I will bring him back.”
Peter was sobbing hysterically, he could not remember the last time he felt so miserable. The very first time he met Tony Stark back when he was still fifteen years old, and explained to the man about how his senses were constantly dialed up to eleven. For the majority of the time he was able to adjust to it without much issues. But once in a while he gets some type of sensory overload, that makes everything so unbearable. The clothes on his skin feel like sandpaper, the softest sound is like nails on a chalkboard, and the dimmest light is as blinding as sun right before sunset. He was currently in one of those moments, and his kidnappers were taking full advantage of it. There was blaring loud music playing in the background, and the lights of building they were in kept flashing. The child couldn’t really tell if this was done on purpose or if there was just something wrong with the lights.

Not that he really cared at the moment. He was mainly focusing on the current agony he was in. The spiderlings little body was currently curled up in fetal position, eyes tightly shut, and both hands over his ears. He kept rolling from side to side as if hoping that would escape his suffering, only to find the ground beneath him scrape uncomfortable against his raw skin.

This sensory overload almost came out of nowhere. Normally when it happens, he starts to feel it after he awakes from sleeping, and it slowly gets worse until it hits a peak then slowly goes away. This time it was sudden and expected. He had been taken from outside the compound by a strange creature that almost looked like him in his spiderman suit. But instead of it being a suit, it was like moving organisms that could be morphed to change your appearance, and it had sharp teeth at least ten inches long. Why his spider sense didn’t work when this creatures approached him, he had no idea as this creature was an obvious danger to him.

If Peter only had all of his spider powers right now, he might have been able to fight him off. But without his super strength, he was no match against whatever this creature was. The boy had tried to fight back at first, but the strange red organisms that made up the creature formed him into a cocoon that was impossible to fight his way out of. After an undetermined time of traveling, he was suddenly realized from the cocoon that imprisoned him. Peter only had the briefest moments to look at his surrounds, which seemed to be some type of warehouse, before he was engulfed into a feminine embrace. At this moment his spider sense suddenly went blaring at the danger he was in. This was how he knew that despite the loving embrace the woman was attempting to hold him, this woman was not someone to be trusted. So he struggles to get away from her “There, there little one…” she spoke in sickeningly soothing voice holding him more tightly against her chest. “It’s all right… mama’s here?”

Hearing this caused the child to suddenly freeze in shock. What did she mean by mama? Peter glanced up at the woman’s pasty white face to see if he recognized her. She had dark back hair that stood out against her pale skin, dark brown eyes that were so dark you might mistake it for black, and a diamond shaped tattoo covered her left eye. Definitely not someone he knew… let alone his mother. Sure he didn’t really remember his mother, but he’d seen enough pictures to know that this woman was not her. “You’re not my mother!” Peter squeaked out wishing that his voice didn’t sound so high pitched with childish fear.

“I know sweet darling…” she stroked a gentle hand down his face which was meant to be a loving tender touch, but at the moment Peter just wanted to get away from her. “I will be your new mother and will raise you up as my own…”

This woman had to be delusional if she thought that Peter was going to just allow her to be his mother and raise him. “No way in hell!” the child began to struggle all the more desperately. His little limbs began flailing out to hit and kick her.

The boy felt his body get shifted so the woman had a better grip on him. “Now you stop that right
now!” her voice level rose with anger clearly evident in the pitch. “Or mommy will have to punish you.” Peter could not think of any punishment she could give him that was worse than staying here to be raised by some delusional crazy woman with a strange mother complex. He continued to struggle and flail about. He managed to move his face against her forearm and bite down hard on her skin. The woman let out a cry of pain and then swore loudly with a vicious glare at him. “That’s it! I warned you…” her eye that was surrounded by her tattoo suddenly began to glow.

This is when his senses suddenly went into overdrive. The arms that firmly held him suddenly felt like they were covered with thorns that dug into his skin. The lights of the building they were in were suddenly blinding. The kid was relieved when he felt her lay him down on the ground that was so cold it felt like ice against his skin. It was still better than her scratchy skin. The relief was short lived when the loud music suddenly started playing moments later, and soon the lights were flashing.

Which brought him back to why he was lying on the cold ground screaming and crying with agony. After a full ten minutes of this, he was willing to do anything just to make it all stop. He would even allow this terrible woman to be his mother, as long as she made the pain go away. The crying child attempted to scream out that he would listen, that he was sorry, that he would do anything. But the overstimulating world around him continued to blare at him. It wasn’t until in his desperation that he uttered two single words, “Please mama!” that it all suddenly stopped. The music died down, the lights dimmed, and his skin didn’t seem so sensitive anymore.

The relief he felt at all of this so strong he continued to cry and sob, while lying on the ground. His little body continued to be racked with trembling muscle jolts, while he breathed heavily. “Are you ready to be a good boy now?” the woman asked in sickly sweet voice.

Peter looked over at her, tears still streaming down his pale face. “Y-Yes…” he managed to choke out through the sobs.

“Yes?” she asked him as if she wanted something else added to the single word.

At this moment, Peter had no shame in stooping as low as he needed to, in order for that never to happen again. “Y-Yes m-mam-a…” and as to really show that he was not going to fight this anymore, he reached out his two little arms to be picked up.

The woman approached him without hesitation and lifted the child up into her arms and wrapped her arms around his still trembling form. “Calm down little one… now you know what happens if you disobey mama. So just do as I saw and I’ll never have to do that to you again.”

Peter nodded his head, “Yes mama…” He really hoped that Tony or Pepper, or someone would come and save him soon.

After spending a few hours with the crazy delusional woman, and strange red creature that reminded him too much of his Spiderman identity, it was clear that he was in the presence of two very dangerous psychopaths. They spoke about killing innocent people with no remorse at all, and even made plans to go out and have a skilling spree. It seemed like their plan was to take over the world by turning everyone into mindless killers, and how was he involved in all this. It seemed to come more from the woman then the creature, but they seemed to be wanting to raise him up and train him as a secret weapon to aid them in their killing. The woman would be his mother, and the red creature would be his father, and they would be a serial killing family.

The very idea sent shivers down his spine. He was going to try and escape first chance he got, and hopefully get away before they brainwashed him. Just those few minutes of forced overstimulation, was enough to realize that anyone could be brainwashed if they are tortured long enough.
The anxiety in Tony was very high at the moment. He couldn’t actually remember the last time he felt so helpless, not even when Peter ran away before. At least then he had Peter’s phone to track along with the help of his friends. Right now everyone was so busy with their Christmas plans that no one bothered to answer his phone calls. And for some reason the darn tracker that Peter was supposed to be wearing, wasn’t working. Friday kept saying that something was blocking it’s transmission, and she was unable to find it’s location. The man couldn’t help but think that this was because whoever kidnapped Peter, had already destroyed the device or at least did something to stop it from being tracked. He had to keep trying though. “Friday try locating Peter again.”

“Detected location unsuccessful,” her automated voice spoke after a few moments of silence.

“Just keep trying,” the billionaire’s voice was full of desperation. He had been combing through the woods for almost two hours now, trying to find any sign of Peter or whoever might have taken him. It was just like the last time though, and he was coming up with nothing.

Another twenty minutes passed before Friday said the words that was music to his hears. “Tracker location successful boss, would you like me to bring up the coordinance.”

“Yes!” Tony shouted almost angrily. For an artificial intelligence, sometimes Friday could be incredibly stupid. What did she think, that he just wanted her to find the location to see if she could do it. Of course he wanted it to be brought up. A map showed on his front screen of the ironman mask. The location showed that Peter was somewhere in Washington DC, and upon closer inspection of the location Tony saw that the address that showed up was the same place his company stored the clean up wreckage from the New York alien attack back in 2012, the Damage Control Deep Storage Facility. This information only managed to spike the billionaires only growing anxiety. He could only imagine what the kidnappers were doing there, there was so much dangerous alien technology there. Even using his highest thrusters it would still take him over an hour to get to the facility.

“Location signal lost,” Friday suddenly spoke up and the map that showed Peter’s location was gone. Apparently whatever was blocking the tracker was back at work again. It didn’t matter that much anymore though. He had seen enough to know where to go and find Peter.

Things were not getting much better for Peter, as more time passed. Finding a way to get away from his kidnappers was not going very well. The best that he could hope for at this point would be to escape when they were asleep. That also could be easier said than done, as it was now clear that though these two psychopaths were indeed delusional, but they far from stupid. The boy had managed to pick up their names or at least what they called themselves. The red creatures that sort of resembled his spiderman suit called himself Carnage, though he insisted that Peter call him ‘Father.’ The woman’s name was Shriek, which didn’t hold a whole lot of promises.

Since Peter had started playing along with their evil family dream, the two have since then done everything they could think of to figure out to what extent his powers ranged. They had first started off with interrogating him on what other powers he had. They were both somehow already aware that he could climb walls. The child at first tried to deny having any such powers, which got him into some trouble.

Carnage had quite suddenly picked him up and brought him high up on one of the walls. His little body was pressed against the wall, probably fifty feet off the ground. “We know you can climb walls, and if you don’t do it now- you’ll die,” the creature said in a deep gravelly voice before letting him go. Peter’s little body quickly pelted towards the ground. The creature was right, he would not survive if he hit the ground. He only had one thing he could do to save his life. The spiderling reached his fingers out and latched onto the wall about twenty feet before hitting the ground. He
turned his head around to stare in terror as his two kidnappers. He had been caught in a lie, and neither looked happy.

This resulted in another five minute session of agonizing forced stimulation. Shriek added to the torture by holding him in her arms and reaching a hand under his shirt to scratch his back with her fingernails. He had no idea how hard he was scratching because of the sensory overload, but she might have well be drawing blood with how it felt. Then almost as suddenly as it started, it stopped. The fingernails that seemed to be digging into his skin turned out to only be lightly running over his skin causing goosebumps to form all over. It might have actually felt nice if it wasn’t torturous only seconds before.

But not wanting that to happen again, Peter was clinging onto the woman with his little arms wrapped tightly around her neck, begging for mercy and apologizing over and over again. “There, there… shh…” she soothed in a sickly sweet voice. “Do you promise to be a good boy now?”

Peter nodded, with his little body still trembling from the aftereffects. The three of them were so focused on what was going on in front of them, that none of them realized that someone had walked in. “If you know what’s good for you, then you’ll put that kid down and not ever dare touch him again!” a very angry voice spoke from behind them.

The boy’s heart leapt up into his chest as he recognized the voice. Praying to God that he did not just imagine it, Peter looked around. Sure enough Tony Stark, fully clad in his Ironman Suit stood their, with the face plate opened and one hand blaster ready to shoot at Shriek. “Daddy!” Peter shouted out in a terrified voice and reached out for the man.

“You will not shoot me ironman… for I have your child…” the woman then shifted Peter so his little body was positioned in front of her chest, working as an effective shield. Tony did not seem all that concerned by this notion however. He made eye contact with Peter for the briefest moments and shifted his hand blaster ever so slightly so it was pointed more downward. The boy somehow knew exactly what this meant and lifted his feet up as high as they could go. This seemed to be all that Tony was waiting for before shooting as the woman’s feet.

The woman cried out in pain, before dropping Peter to the ground. The child landed with a thud, but with the adrenaline running through him he barely felt anything. “Peter run!” Tony shouted just as Carnage jumped at the billionaire. Peter did not need to be told twice, and immediately jumped up and ran further into the facility. He could hear Tony and Carnage fighting in the background. It wouldn’t be long before Shriek composed herself and come after him, as she did not seem to be that hurt from the Ironman blasters. Either she was a lot stronger then she appeared or the blaster was on a low setting.

Peter weaved in and out of the large mass of crates and boxes that were filled with Alien Technology leftover from the New York battle back in 2012. He was much deeper into the storage facility, hiding behind a large wall of crates by the time he heard the woman looking for him. He still wasn’t too far away from the fighting as the blasts and crashing sounds still sounded nearby. Oh sweet darling…” the crazy woman called out in a fakely sweet voice. “Come out… come out darling…” Peter could hear her getting closer. “Don’t make mama have to punish you again…”

Hearing that was enough to cause Peter a start, and begin running again. Unfortunately in his attempts to scurry away from her voice, Peter knocked over a crate which caused a ruckus of noise effectively giving away his location. The child barely had a seconds warning before his heightened senses were agitated again. Both of his little hands flew over his eyes as the rooms lights suddenly became all too bright. The music didn’t start playing again, but the sounds of Tony and Carnage battling in the background was suddenly so loud Peter feared his eardrums might explode. The
clothes he was wearing suddenly felt like they were made of sandpaper against already red raw irritated skin. The boy did not know what else to do other then fall to the ground and scream at the top of his lungs.

When Tony heard his kids cries of pain he immediately felt his blood boil in anger. What was that woman doing to make him cry out like that. He sent another blow at the strange red creature he was fighting, disabling him a bit more as he was already pretty injured. The man quickly figured that fire and heat were its weakness so all he had to do was put his blasters on high, and he had the upper hand. Tony kicked his thrusters on and started flying towards the screams of his child. He could already hear the creature was back on its feet and running after him. He found Peter a little deeper into the large room, surrounded by crates, he was lying on the ground writhing in pain, while the woman stood over him. She was not even touching the child, so the billionaire had no idea what she had done to cause him to scream like that. It still angered him all the more. “Get away from him you bitch!” the man yelled and sent a blast at the woman.

She dodged it and ran away, giving Tony the opportunity to check on Peter who had stopped screaming the moment she ran away. He was inches from picking the kid up and flying him to safety when the red creature jumped on him with fresh attacks. Now he was fighting both of them.

As soon as Peter came to himself again he realized that Tony was now fighting both Shriek and Carnage nearby. His spider sense was all wonky when Carnage was nearby, but he had enough sense to start crawling away on shaky limbs. There was sudden blast nearby, and this was followed by another blast seconds later, and then another. The kid was only able to briefly wonder if the whole building was going to explode before there was an explosion so close to him that he could feel the heat of it, then he knew no more…

Tony opened up blurry eyes and looked around at the surrounds, his ears were still ringing from the explosion. His blaster had hit one wrong create that caused everything inside of it to explode which caused a chain reaction of explosions. Now that he looked at his surrounds the man could see that pretty much half the warehouse was gone. He caught a glimpse of Peter’s kidnappers fleeing out of the building, both looked severely injured. They were not on the forefront of his mind though, “Peter!” he called out with anxiety high in his voice. Of those two very powerful enemies were injured as they were in the explosion, he did not want to think of what had happened to Peter. He had to at least be injured as best! “Peter!”

The billionaire started running through the remains of the building, calling out the kid’s name. Just when he was thinking that the child probably didn’t survive, he heard a voice. “M-Mr. Stark?”

The man’s breath hitched at hearing that voice. He recognized the voice… but it wasn’t the one he had been listening for. It was much deeper… and older. “...Peter?” Tony had meant to call out the kid’s name again, but it ended up sounding more like a question.

“I’m right here!” the voice called back and then a head peaked out from behind a pile of wreckage. Tony could not help but suck in his breath as he stared at a fully grown, sixteen year old face of Peter Parker. There was still traces of his chubby toddler face that the man could make out, his hair was the same color brown. The man halted when he stared at the teens eyes… had Peters eyes always been brown? He had gotten so used to the child’s baby blue orbs that Tony had just assumed that teen Peter had the same color. Had he really not paid enough attention to the teen before all this, to not know what color his eyes were.

The relief of seeing Peter alive and uninjured in appearance over road the slight disappointment he felt at the sudden appearance of teenage Peter. Tony quickly strode over to where the kid stood to embrace him but stopped suddenly when he realized that the teen was stark naked. It was one thing
to see the kid naked when he was a toddler and his body still not fully… developed. It was another thing entirely when the kid was almost a full grown man… in fact in Jewish culture you become a man at thirteen. The billionaire looked around for something that could cover the teen up, and was relieved to find a large tarp that had not been burnt to a crisp yet. He picked it up and handed it over to Peter, awkwardly not looking at the kids face. Peter snatched it with a quick thanks, and wrapped his around himself his cheeks flushed bright red with embarrassment. “Mr. Stark… where are we? And what happened to my clothes?”

“Well they probably got ripped up when you grew out of them…” Tony lamely responded winching as the thought of what it must have felt like to suddenly outgrow your clothes to the point they rip off of you.

This response seemed to confuse the teen as his eyes narrowed slightly. “What do you mean outgrew my clothes?”

Tony suddenly made the connection about how the kid was back to calling him Mr. Stark. Maybe he didn’t remember being a toddler. “Do you not remember anything that happened this week?”

“Um… I think I do?” the boy didn’t sound so confident, and neither was Tony.

“What’s the last thing you remember?”

Peter took a few moments to think, before responding. “Well I was out patrolling as Spiderman and I was going after these black market salesman. Something must have happened to have me end up here…”

It suddenly felt like a bucket of ice water had been poured over Tony’s head, as the realization of what was happening came over him. He had to be sure though. “…When was the last time you saw me…?”

“… When I came to the compound for suit upgrades back in August.”

Tony could not help the sinking feeling in his heart. It was true that Peter did not remember anything about being turned into a child. Maybe it was for the better though… if their roles had been reversed he certainly wouldn’t want to remember it. It still hurt his heart though… thinking about all the bonding that the two had gone though and knowing that Peter would not realize that any of it happened. As far as Peter was concerned at this point, he was still the cold barely caring mentor he’d been since he first met the kid. This didn’t mean he couldn’t show the kid that he was a changed man now. The billionaire walked around the pile of rubble that the boy was currently hiding behind, and wrapped the kid in a hug.

Peter seemed a little shocked by this action, but returned the hug all the same. Tony was grateful for this. Even if Peter never remembered anything, they could still develop their relationship into something more like father and son. “Well it’s really a long story kid. I’ll have to explain it all later. But the short version is that you got into some trouble that I had to save you from.” They broke from their embrace, and Tony pushed some buttons on his arms to call for another Iron Suit. They couldn’t both get back to the compound on only one suit. “A suit should be showing up in about an hour, and it will have clothes for you to put on. Then we’ll head back to the compound.”

“I’ll get to ride in an Ironman suit?” the boy’s eyes lit up with excitement. “I guess you’re finally going to keep that promise you made me!”

Tony mentally made a double take at hearing that. He had completely forgotten about making that promise to him. The funny thing about it, was that he had the promise to toddler Peter. This meant
that the memories of this past week were still inside the teens head somewhere, which also meant that maybe he would eventually remember. The billionaire couldn’t help but laugh… of all the things for Peter to remember, of course it was the promise of letting him ride on his Ironman suit. “Yeah kid… I guess I am.”

Chapter End Notes

Most criticism of this chapter will be ignored because I know that there are a lot of problems with the Shriek and Carnage plotline.

Ok, so I feel like I owe you guys an explanation. I’ve made hints in past chapters about having the ending of this story planned from the beginning. Despite the majority of everyone wanting Peter to stay a child, and some of you guys even begged for it. I heard each and every one of your pleas, and Yes it was ok to want it. But all in all, it was always the plan to have Peter get changed back. I confess though that even though it was the plan, I never quite came up with a way for it to happen that I was totally happy with.

I pretty much spent the majority of the story brainstorming on the perfect way for Peter to change back, and basically came up with nothing. When things started getting ready to wrap up, and I was running out of time I desperately searched though spiderman villians for anything that could help aid in the story gap. I read about Shriek and her obsession with being a mother I got this idea. So I read up about the Shriek and Carnage family a little bit and basically made the rest up. I’m sure there are a million inaccuracies with the two characters. So if that part of the story seems out of place, just remember that the whole reason for it was for Peter to get changed back. How Shriek knew about his dialed up senses… I don’t know another unfilled plot hole. I just decided that she had the capability to put Peter senses into overload because it seemed less dark then having her physically torture him.

My big tie up ending that I hinted at in the last chapter will come in the Epilogue which is coming next. So stay tuned guys, next chapter is really what birthed the idea of this whole story. I hope I can do the idea justice.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Well we've finally made it to the end of this story. I also have to point out that Wow! I hope you all enjoy my tie up ending, and have a Merry Christmas!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony walked into the family room of his and Pepper's mansion, carrying a young infant in his arms. Pepper looked up at him when she heard him enter the room. She was currently curled up on the couch, under a warm blanket and a steaming mug in her hands. “How’d it go?” she asked with a mischievous smile on her face.

“I’ll tell you Pep… it doesn’t matter how many dirty diapers I change; I will never get used to it,” the billionaire sat down on the couch next to his wife, and shifted the small child in her arms ever so slightly. The infant boy looked content in the arms of his dad, hazel eyes stared up at him with, full of love and affection.

Pepper giggled slightly as she leaned over and planted a kiss on the child’s forehead. “And hear I thought, all that stuff with Peter would have broken you of that. How many times did you have to change his diarrhea filled diapers?”

“Too many times, and it still wasn’t enough.” Tony joined in on the laughter, and added his own kiss to the child’s forehead. The infant’s lips parted into a smile. “Though I will say this…” Tony began as if he were talking to himself. “If it wasn’t for Peter, I don’t think this little miracle would have ever been born. The kid showed me how great it was to be a father. We owe that little shit a lot of thanks.”

“That we do…” Pepper agreed before scooping the infant out of Tony’s arms and into her own. There was a moment of silence before she changed the subject. “Are you sure you’re happy with the name we gave him?”

“Of course I am!” Tony replied pretending to sound hurt but then added in teasing tone. “Now I’ll always think of your eccentric uncle when we call his name.”

“Shut up!” Pepper laughed and lightly giving the man a smack. Tony joined in on the laughter and gave his wife a kiss. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt so happy, it might not have been since Peter was a deaged toddler.

“Hey Tony?” Pepper asked.

“What is it?”

Tony was suddenly awoken from his dream. At least he thought it was a dream. The man glanced over at the clock on his bedside table to read the time. It was almost five in the morning. Not really time to get up yet, but he should probably get up to check on his son for a moment. Tony glanced around their bedroom, and with a sudden jolt he realized that the child’s crib wasn’t there. There were a few panicked seconds before the billionaire suddenly realized that he had Pepper didn’t have
a kid yet, and that was all dream. It was so real though… The man laid back down on the bed with a soft sigh. It’s been a few months since all that happened with Peter, and to be honest his mind had been somewhat consumed with the idea of having his own child ever since. But Pepper and him weren’t even technically married yet so why would they have a kid… unless?

The man’s hand reached across the bed towards his fiancé and gently rubbed it over her belly. He had been dropping subtle hints about wanting children ever since all that went down with Peter. Though she was open to the idea, he never quite convinced her to stop using protection. Her normal reason was that she wanted to at least wait until after they were married. But accidents still happened…

Later on that morning, the couple was taking a walk through the park. Tony had pretty much spent the entire morning trying to figure out how to approach this subject with Pepper. He couldn’t just flat out ask if she was pregnant, that would be odd. He needed to explain the whole mind set, and he couldn’t leave out the dream. When he finally got the nerve to bring up the subject… it didn’t go as well as he had hoped it would. He probably didn’t start it off very well; attempting to explain how maybe a dream could actually be a vision of the future, and all it did was confuse her. “Slow down, slow down,” Tony quickened his pace so it met up with the woman’s. “I’ll spell it out for you.”

“Your totally rambling,” Pepper told him.

“No I’m not.” She really wasn’t letting him get any words. If she would just stop interrupting him he’d probably already be finished with this.

“You lost me.”

“Look, you know how you’re having a dream, and in the dream you gotta pee.?”

“Yeah,” Pepper responded finally listening to him again.

“Ok, and then you’re like, ‘oh, my God. There’s no bathrooms. What am I going to do? Oh someone’s watching.’”

Pepper nodded in understanding and mumbled, “Right,” while Tony was still talking.

The man continued as if she hadn’t said anything walking a bit quicker so that he could get in front of the woman and face her while he continued his imagery, “Oh, I’m gonna go in my pants.”

“And then you wake up and in real life, you actually have to pee,” Pepper interrupted again finishing up his sentence.

“Yes!” Tony was thrilled that she was catching on, that made it all the much easier to ask the question that all this was all leading up to.

Even though Pepper seemed to be finally following the billionaires ramblings, she still have him a look that told him she still wasn’t getting what that had to do with anything, “Yeah… everybody has that.”

“Okay, right, that’s the point I’m trying to make. Apropos of that, last night I dreampt we had a kid.” The two had stopped walking by this point, and where facing each other. Tony’s heart began to pound as he got closer to asking the question. “It was so real. We named him after your eccentric uncle. Uh, what was his name?,” he lifted his hand up to his face trying to remember the name. It wasn’t actually mentioned in the dream but it was certainly hinted at.
Pepper seemed to be catching on to the point as she gave him patronizing look before giving a slow nod of her head, “Right.”

“Morgan!” the name finally came to the billionaire’s mind. He wasn’t particularly found of the name, and made a mental note to talk Pepper out of naming their kid that if she really was pregnant. “Morgan.” he repeated the name one more time.

Pepper continued to give him that patronizing look, “So you woke up … and thought that we were…”

“Expecting?” the billionaire’s throat was practically in this throat now. It was all out on the table now.

“Yeah…” Pepper replied slowly.

The suspense was almost killing him and Tony could stop himself from saying, “Yes?” hopefully.

Pepper shook her head with a patronizing smile, “No.”

The heartbeat in his throat suddenly dropped into his stomach at that one little word. Disappointment washed over him. He tried not feel the disappointment, as it really was silly to be wanting a child when you’re not even married yet. But he could not help but remember the feeling he got when toddler Peter had hugged him, and called him daddy, and snuggled into his chest when he slept. He managed to hide his disappointment well enough, “I had a dream about it. It was so real.”

“If you want to have a kid,” Pepper undid the sweatshirt that he had wrapped around his shoulders and pointed at the arch reactor on the center of his chest and referred to the surgery he had years before. “You wouldn’t have done that.”

Or maybe she was referring to the fact that he now wears arch reactor suit with him all the time now. “I’m glad you brought this up, cause it’s nothing. It’s just a housing unit for nanoparticles-”

“Your not helping your case, okay?”

So apparently she was referring to the Ironman suit. He had tried explaining it to her before, about what it felt like when Peter had gotten taken and not having his suit their to go after him. He could not stop himself from thinking that if he had not wasted the time to go back and get his suit that day, Peter might not have changed back. And he would still be snuggling with a toddler now. Yes it was a bit of selfish thinking, but God he missed the feeling of little arms wrapped around him in a tight hug. Pepper would never understand this thinking though, so he stopped trying to and worked on getting her to agree to have their own. He still needed to defend his reasoning for always having his suit with him. “No, this is detachable. It’s not a-”

“You don’t need that.” she interrupted him again.

“I know, I had the surgery- I’m just trying to protect us… and the future usses, and that’s it. Just in case there’s a monster in the closet, instead of you know…”

“Shirts…”

Why did she always have to make all of his reasons sound so silly. She was right though… like always. Tony stared into the eyes of his fiancé, and placed both hands on her shoulders. God he loved this woman, she was currently the main reason he always had his iron suit with him. Since Peter was back to being a teenager again, with all his powers intact he wasn’t quite as helpless anymore. Pepper though, needed protecting and he would never forgive himself if something
happened to her. “You know me so well…”

Pepper rolled her eyes with a sigh mumbling, “God,” under her breath. She obviously thought that Tony was trying to change the subject.

Which was what he was trying to do in a way. “You finish all my sentences-”

“You should have shirts in your closet,” Pepper once again interrupted him and Tony figured that it really was time to completely change the subject.

“Yeah… you know what there should be? No more surprises. We’re going to have a nice dinner tonight- show off this Harry Winston,” this caused the woman to let out a laugh, “Right? And we should have no more surprises. Ever. I should promise you…”

“Yes…”

“I will…” the two of them shared a soft kiss and Tony managed to mumble a, “Thank you.”

“Tony Stark?” A new voice suddenly interrupted their intimate moment. Both broke the kiss looked around in the direction of the voice to see a man walk out of some type of fiery portal. “I’m doctor Stephen Strange. I need you to come with me.”

...Cue Infinity War...

Chapter End Notes

Well there you have it guys. That’s the end. I hope you enjoyed the wrap up. Infinity Wars has a deleted scene that is another version of the park scene between Tony and Pepper. I’m sure all of you have seen it by now. In the scene it’s much more prominent that Tony wants to have a child with Pepper. So I started thinking of why Tony suddenly wanted to have children so badly. It’s obvious that Peter had something to do with it, and as I thought of what the reason was, this idea came to life...

I first want to thank everyone that has left encouraging comments to this story, even if it was for just one chapter, you are all the reason I made it to the end. Secondly I know that I lot of you guys were upset at the way I changed Peter back. So what I want you all to remember is that even from the very first chapter of this story, one of the tags was “Pre-Infinity Wars” meaning that this would eventually lead into that. So since he was a teenager and not a child in that movie he had to change back somehow.

For those of you who were disappointed in the ending, I will most likely write up a non Infinity Wars compliant alternate end to this story where Peter stays a child because I know that is what so many of you wanted. That way you can choose the ending you want. It may not happen for a while though because I really need to catch up on things I slacked on. I also have a few other story ideas I might start writing.

I hope you all enjoyed!
I know 'Peter getting turned into a kid' isn't the most original plot idea. But I hope you all give the story a chance, you may be surprised, I'm trying to make it as original as possible. I'm also terrible with grammar, and tend to overlook typos and mistakes. If anyone wants to help me beta-read that would be awesome.

I'll update when I have time.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!