Trick or Treat

by Katieb18

Summary

Peter loved Halloween, especially because it was one of the only times in the year that he was allowed sugary things. He couldn't wait to have so much that his tummy ached! Tony and Steve are not as excited as Peter. All they want is to come through this Halloween without having to deal with Peter post sugar rush. But such was the life of overprotective parents.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Peter was beyond excited. Like beyond, beyond excited! He was so excited that he couldn’t stop his frantically shaking legs or his tapping hands. He’d been told off twice already for disturbing the class but he didn’t care because today was Halloween. Which meant he was going trick or treating and getting so much sweets that he be on a sugar high for a month! It was one of the rare occasions that his Dad and Papa let him have sugary food and he was super happy about it. Of course there were a few stipulations as always. They had to go through the bag and if anything was deemed ‘pure sugar’ then he wasn’t allowed to have it, no matter how much he begged. Papa said he’d collect him today instead of Happy so they could go straight to the tower and get ready while they waited on Dad to be finished in his meeting. Nothing could get him down today! Not even Flash and his snide comments could make him lose the buzz he was on. He looked at the clock impatiently, why did time seem to be moving extra slow today? Didn’t anyone know he had some sugary goodness to get to.

“Mr Parker, if you don’t calm down, I’ll be forced to make a call.” He professor said finally, sick of Peter’s jitters. Peter calmed down straight away, trying his best not to glare at the man. Papa rang one day and told the school that Peter’s final warning was that they were going to make a call. It was a sure fire way of getting him to focus because if he didn’t heed the last warning and continued on then they would actually make the call and Peter would have a red bottom by the end of the day. Sometimes it was worth it. Not today though, today he could very likely get the privilege of sweets taken off him which would be devastating.

He caught Flash’s smirk from across the room and barely withheld rolling his eyes. “Yes sir.” He said meekly, making an effort to relax his body. No point in letting Flash rile him when he was on his last warning. It was a bit embarrassing that the professors in school were giving him a last warning for spankings but as both his Dad and Papa had pointed out, they weren’t aware of that. All they knew was Peter got three warnings per class and on the third warning he’d be told about the phone call. If the phone call was made, then Peter knew he’d be in a lot of trouble. Surprisingly though, it was worse if they rang Papa rather than Dad and Peter always prayed it was his Dad they got.

The final bell rang and Peter jumped from his seat, and packing up his bag as quick as he could to get out. He heard the professor sigh at his antics but he just shot him a grin. All of his professors loved him and let him get away with a lot more than he should have. He’d been warned way more than the three times his parents said to before he got the final warning. Gathering up his things he called out a quick goodbye to Ned and took off as quickly as he could down the hall. He didn’t want to run in case he was stopped by a teacher on the way out. Just as he opened the front doors Flash had to make his inevitable appearance.

“Yo Penis! Where are you off to in such a hurry? It’s not like anyone is waiting at home for you.” He said, standing directly in front of Peter.

Peter rolled his eyes. Flash said this at least twice a week to him and it was getting old. His Papa and Dad agreed that school would be easier for him if they didn’t know he was their son. Peter could see where they were coming from of course, because if it was open knowledge within the school then it wouldn’t be long before the press got a hold of it, and if they knew that he was their son then he would be hounded all the time, which didn’t sound one bit fun. It was because of that, that the school knew who he was and his proper name but they used his aunt’s last name for everyone else. He also just went with the story that he lived with his aunt and his parents died when he was young, which was true but when his mom and stepdad died in the plane crash he was
actually with his Dad and not his aunt. It was a handy story to tell but at the same time, it led to situations like this where Flash liked to taunt him for being an orphan which just wasn’t true. Today though, he didn’t have time to give a snarky response. One was, he could see his Papa watching from across the road and two, he really, really wanted sweets.

“Sorry Flash, maybe another time.” He skipped around him and ran over to the land rover that Papa used to pick him up in. It was kind of funny to see Flash’s anger filled face as he ran by him and across the road to the car, narrowly being missed by another car he as ran. Whoops, he gave a little wave when the car's horn beeped aggressively and kept running, not wanting to anger the driver any more. His face broke out into a grin when he opened the door and saw his Papa behind the wheel, throwing himself at the man as if he hadn’t seen him that morning for breakfast. “Papa I missed you!” He squeezed him happily, giving a yelp when he felt his Papa’s hand come down on his vulnerable bottom, twice.

“Peter! You nearly got hit by that car!” He exclaimed, before pulling him into a tighter hug.

“Sorry Papa, I was just so excited to go home so we could get ready!” Peter’s voice was muffled in his Papa’s chest but he didn’t care. He loved hugs off the man.

“Don’t do it again. Buckle in and we’ll get going.” Peter went to do as told and then groaned when he saw it.

“Papa no. Why do you have a booster? I’m in high school if anyone saw me on it would be social suicide.” He complained.

Steve rolled his eyes at his son. “I know, I’m just the worst making sure you don’t die in a car accident. You’re weight and height go against you unfortunately and until Dad and I are happy that you’re big enough to sit without on the booster it is. Count yourself lucky, I could have collected you in Dad’s car.”

Peter supposed he was quite lucky. His Dad still had a freaking car seat in his. He said it wasn’t but Peter wasn’t stupid. It had a five-point harness that no matter what he tried he couldn’t figure out. He was just lucky that the Land Rover had high seats so the booster would do the job easily. Not wanting to complain anymore in case he got in trouble Peter quickly buckled himself in. If he didn’t Papa would just sit and wait until he did. Or worse, go around to his side and buckle him in.

“So who’s the boy that was annoying you at the front door?” Steve asked, manoeuvring the car out the busy car park. Peter wanted to groan. Of course, Papa would see that.

“It’s nothing. Just that kid flash again, teasing me about being an orphan.” He said dismissively, looking out the window. As much as he disliked the booster seat it did help him watch the scenery, which he loved.

Steve’s brow creased at his son’s blasé words. He hated that Peter just accepted that he’d be teased in school over not having parents. Maybe it wasn’t the best idea to hide that Peter was their son? He’d have to talk to Tony about it later when Peter was asleep. Right now though, he changed the subject and made small talk until they got back to the tower. When it came into view Peter was practically vibrating on his booster. His endless questions beginning.

“When will Dad be home? Will he be ready to go on time? I don’t want to miss trick or treating. Are our costumes ready?” He asked, not waiting for an answer before asking his next question. In the end, Steve had to raise his voice to be heard over him.

“PETER!” Peter quietened down straight away, looking at Steve with wide eyes, “Thank you. Dad
said he’s trying his best to make it home on time.” He eyed his son suspiciously. “You seem very
hyper, are you sure you haven’t had sugary foods today?”

Peter shook his head wildly, holding up his school bag in defence. “No, I haven’t! I ate the lunch
you packed me today. So unless you packed me sugar then I haven’t had a single bit, besides if I
had it you might not have let me out trick or treating and I wasn’t about to risk that!” He waved his
hands wildly as he made his point making Steve laugh.

“Oh okay sweetheart, I believe you.” Peter poked his tongue out at his Papa and undid his belt before
hopping out of the now parked car. He waited where he was, knowing his Papa would be annoyed
if he moved from where he was until he was beside him.

Steve walked around the Land Rover and took Peter’s hand, he knew his son was old enough to
cross through the parking garage by himself but just four months ago he was very nearly hit by
Clint when he decided to run ahead of his parents. Since then he had to hold one of his parent's
hands where cars were involved. Today was another example of just how unaware Peter was of the
cars surrounding him. He knew it embarrassed him but he’d rather have him embarrassed than
dead.

He didn’t seem to mind holding Steve’s hand today though, even swinging it as he skipped along
beside him, talking about all the sweets he was going to get trick or treating. It was times like these
that Steve thought maybe they were a bit too strict on Peter. The no sugar rule was one the stuck to
after they realised the effect it had on Peter and Steve would always stand by it, but the holding
hands and car seats were just a few of the overprotective measures the two of them had for him.
Tony still read him a bedtime story at night for crying out loud. Peter was such a good kid though
and he was rarely bold on purpose. He wasn’t even like the other spoilt rich kids in his school.

Tony basically had to lock him out of his room so he could get rid of some of Peter’s older, more
worn clothes. It was an ongoing argument. Peter loved to wear something to death before moving
onto the next item. This method wasn’t really ideal for Tony and Steve who liked him to be
dressed neatly every day. Steve preferred him to be in a shirt tucked into jeans but Tony and Peter
had compromised with him so that he was allowed to wear at shirt open with a funny t-shirt under it
with a pair of jeans.

Peter hummed as they waited on the elevator, “Papa, do you think I’ll get loads of sweets?”

Steve wanted to cringe even thinking about the amount of sugar Peter would consume. “I’m sure
you will.”

Peter pulled Steve into the elevator. “Hi, Friday!” He said happily.

“Hello, Peter. Good day in school?” Friday asked.

“Yeah, but it was way too long! It’s trick or treating tonight!”

“Yes, Karen told me how excited you were.” Karen was Peter’s personal AI that Tony made for
him for his rooms in the tower and complex.

Peter grinned, Karen was awesome. He’d figure out a way to go as an AI for Halloween and go as
her next year. Right now though he needed to get upstairs and get things together! He’d have to be
smart about it if he wanted to get out of his after-school ‘eye rest’, maybe Papa would let it go this
once so he’d be able to spend his time getting ready! Who cared if he was ‘grouchy’ without the
nap. He was sure he’d be okay today. The sugar would keep him going.

The elevator door opened and Peter gasped. He could hear his Dad’s voice! That meant he was
already here! He let go of his Papa’s hand and took off into the living room where he could hear his Dad. He could hear his Papa telling him not to run but Dad was home! He was never home when Peter was. He had to see him right this minute! He barged into the living room, “Dad! You’re home!” He shouted, not realising his Dad had company until he was fully in the room. “Oops. Hey everyone.” He murmured, embarrassed at being caught acting so childish.

The Avengers and SI board of directors all looked back at him. The board with hard eyes that were not happy he was interrupting. The Avengers seemed more amused than anything else.

“Pete, you really have to look before you run into rooms.” Tony rolled his eyes but opened his arms for the hug he knew Peter came for. Peter gladly went into his arms, squeezing his father tightly.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Tony said quietly to the boy, not caring that a room of people was watching them. “Excited for this evening?” He felt Peter squeeze him a bit harder and nod. Tony gave him one last squeeze back and kissed his forehead before letting go. Peter then looked around the room, eyes lighting up when they land on Bucky.

“Uncle Bucky!” He cried, leaving his father’s side to go over to his favourite uncle. Tony watched with the rest of the room as Peter settled himself on Bucky’s lap and gave him a hug.

Steve slid into the room as they were all watching Peter and Bucky interact. Tony glanced at him, “Wait to keep him settled.” He murmured with a smirk.

Steve glared at him, “There was literally no way I would have been able to keep him settled. I even gave him two swats for being careless and it didn’t stop his enthusiasm one bit. Getting him down for a nap is going to be torture.” Steve was well aware that Peter should be considered too old for a nap but they had learned that hard way that if Peter didn’t have his after-school rest they were all going to be in for a rough evening. It didn’t stop Peter from trying everything to get out of it regardless.

Tony cleared his throat to bring the room back into focus. Once everyone (Peter) had quietened down he spoke. “Peter, why don’t you go with Papa and get settled while I finish here?” He said in such a way that Peter would know what he meant instantly but the rest of the room would be oblivious unless they knew him.

Peter scowled at his Dad. He wanted to stay with uncle Bucky, not go with Papa. Before he could argue his case though, Bucky was standing up and placing an arm under his butt so that he was in his arms. He let out a yelp and clung to Bucky’s neck, afraid of falling.

“It’s alright, I’ll take mini Stark with me. I haven’t seen him in a few weeks,” Bucky said.

“Bucky,” Tony warned. He knew how Bucky and Peter could get when they were together. Bucky had a tendency to rile him up more than anything.

Bucky just waved his free hand in response. “Relax mother hen. He’ll be settled by the time you’re done. I have Stevie watchin’ over me anyway so I won’t be able to get away with anything.” Peter waved at his Dad as he was carried out of the room, squirming to get down so he could get away but Bucky wouldn’t let him until they were in his room. He pouted up at the man as his Papa closed the door. Bucky was supposed to be on his side.

Bucky just huffed a laugh in response. “Sorry darlin’ but if you want some sweets later you need to be well rested.” He said, throwing himself onto Peter’s king size bed. “Thanks for giving me an excuse to get out of the most boring meeting in history though.”

Peter rolled his eyes at his uncle and took the pyjamas his Papa handed him. Tossing his shirt and
t-shirt on the ground and slipping into the Ironman pyjama set instead.

“Okay, into bed you go. Bucky off the bed, please. Pick a book for Peter.” Steve said, shooing Bucky from the bed to get Peter snuggled in.

Peter lay down and relaxed, delighted that his uncle Bucky was here as well. There was one thing bothering him though. “Papa, am I not too old for all of this?” He asked. No one else in school seemed to have schedules as he did, or naps got spankings still.

Steve eyebrows creased at his son’s insecure words. “Peter, there’s no point in going by what society says you have to. If that were the case Dad would not be the eccentric billionaire that he is. All that matters is that you’re happy and you have a life that suits you. A lot of adults take naps as well. They just don’t have it at a set time. Uncle Bruce is always napping.”

Peter let out a little giggle at that. It was true, uncle Bruce could be found sleeping anywhere around the tower. They even had a bet going to see who found him in the weirdest place. Clint was currently winning after finding him in the vents once.

“Okay. If you’re sure Papa.” He said, yawning. He was too tired for this conversation at the moment. He was glad when Bucky started reading his favourite Harry Potter book. He fell asleep just as Harry and his friends saw the dark mark in the sky at the tri-wizard tournament.
Chapter 2

Peter was shaken awake and couldn’t help but groan, he just fell asleep. Why did he have to get up so soon? “Mama no.”

“C’mon kid. If you don’t get up all the good stuff will be gone.” Peter shot up, quickly realising that he still had trick or treating to do.

“Yes! Trick or treating!” He jumped out of the bed and took off down the hallway. “Mama c’mon!” He called as he ran, making Tony chuckle. For some reason Peter went between calling him Dad and Mama. He’d say it was a fifty, fifty divide on it but Tony found himself not caring too much about it. He had asked Peter about it once and the boy blushed a bright shade of red and shrugged.

“I dunno, I see you as more of a mother figure sometimes and it just slips out. Is that okay? I’ll try and stop if you hate it. Do you really hate it?” Tony felt panic at the slightly teary-eyed boy in front of him. No way was he going to get Peter to stop. It was like his own unique nickname for him.

“It’s okay. I like it, you can call me whatever you feel comfortable with baby.” Tony grinned as the boy blushed harder at his own nickname but made note that he didn’t make any protests about it.

Tony followed his son at a leisurely pace and walked in in time to see him jumping into Steve’s open arms, Steve catching him as if he weighed nothing. “Papa! It’s time to get ready for trick or treating!” He laughed as Steve swung him around, Peter throwing his head back in delight.

“Okay sweetheart. How about a little snack and then we’ll get dressed and go trick or treating. Go say hello to your aunt and uncles.” He put Peter down and turned him toward where the rest of the Avengers were sitting.

Peter all but skipped over to where they were sitting, making sure to say hello to everyone individually. It was something he always did, not wanting any of them to be upset. “Hi aunt Tasha, hi Uncle Clint, hi Uncle Thor, hi Uncle Bruce, hi Uncle Bucky!” He said, sitting beside Bucky.

Clint snorted at the boy. “Oh, we get a hello now do we? Earlier on you only had eyes for Bucky. You could have gotten me out of that meeting too but no, you left me to listen to your Dad.”

“Sorry, Clint but I was really tired after school and I can only save one person each time. I promise next time it’ll be you okay?”

Clint reached over and ruffled the boy's hair. “I’ll hold you to that.” He said.

“Hey!” Tony said indignantly, “You should be grateful to listen to me speak I have you know! Isn’t that right Petey?”

Peter looked up from playing with Bucky’s metal arm, it was one of his most favourite things to do. “Eh yeah, sure Mama.” He giggled, turning his attention back to Bucky.

“Betrayed by my own son. You’re all lucky to be in my presence really. I’m probably the coolest person you’ll ever meet, besides Peter.” He declared, sitting on the other side of Peter.
Steve rolled his eyes at his partner's antics as he put a toasted ham and cheese sandwich along with a cup of fruit in front of Peter.

“I think you’ll find that I am the coolest person there is. I was the one that spent a few years in the ice.”

The room went silent for a second as if collectively trying to process Steve’s attempt at a joke before Bucky let out a snort.

“Good one Stevie.”

“Yeah Papa, that was a good try at being funny! Well done!” Peter’s support was probably worse than the teasing he would receive off his teammates for his bad sense of humour. Mostly because he was genuine in his support of his Papa.

Steve thought the best course of action would be to change the subject. “You eat all of that sweetheart and then we’ll go get ready for trick or treating, okay?”

“Yes, Papa,” Peter said dutifully, biting into his sandwich.

“I thought you were in your costume baby Stark?” Clint asked, eyeing up Peter’s iron man pyjamas. Peter was going to roll his eyes at his uncle but caught a look off of his Papa. Rolling his eyes was a big no-no and a sure way to earn him a swat and corner time.

“No uncle Clint, Mama got me these as a joke but they’re really cosy so I like wearing them for my after school sleep. My costume is so much better.”

“Your Mama is very thoughtful, isn’t he?” Clint said, the teasing glint in his tone flying completely over Peter’s head. It didn’t go over Tony’s though, Clint ignored the glare that was sent his way.

Peter threw the last grape into the air and caught it, grinning at Bucky’s whoop of celebration. It was touch and go whether he got it into his mouth or not, today was obviously a good day since he caught it on the first go.

“Peter, how many times have I told you? No playing with your food. You could choke on it!” Tony scolded the boy.

“Sorry Mama, but I got it the first time!” He grinned proudly up at Tony. Tony just rolled his eyes at the teen, jerking his head towards the door.

“Well done baby, now let’s go get ready for trick or treating. Steve, c’mon.” Peter jumped up and ran into his parent’s room, he couldn’t wait until everyone saw their costumes. He thought they were hilarious, Papa thought it was cute and Mama thought it was ridiculous. He was still dressing up though. That was why he gave him the title Mama. Only Mama’s would find it ridiculous and still do it anyway.

“Where’re my pants?” Peter asked, looking around the room. Papa and Dad wouldn’t let him see his costume after trying it on the one time because he most likely would have spent the whole month wearing it.

“Calm down. I have them right here.” Steve said, picking up a bag with Peter’s name on it.

There were similar bags with Tony and Steve’s on it at Steve’s feet. Peter bounded over to the bag, jumping up and down in excitement.
He stripped as he waited for his Papa to empty the bag. Ignoring the laugh he got from both of his parents.

He pulled brown skinny jeans on and caught the brown long sleeved top that had a lighter brown circle in the middle, his Papa threw him and tugged it on, only needing the slightest bit of help when his hair got caught.

“Boo.” He Papa said when his head was finally free, and tapped him on the nose.

“Papa!” He groaned and flopped down onto the bed so he could put his Ugg boots on. Now all he needed was the ears and a black nose and he’d be done!

He waited patiently until his Dad came over with the face paint and did his nose before placing the ears on his head. After he finished he stood back to judge his work, squinting his eyes at him.

“Hmm, you make a cute bear. I don’t think Papa or I will look half as good.” Peter grinned up at his Dad and made a growling noise, making Tony laugh.

Peter swung his legs back and forth as he waited for his parents to get ready, laughing when Papa gave out about wearing Ugg boots.

“I don’t see why we have to wear them. They look cute on Peter but a bit ridiculous on me.” He complained, trying to pull them on.

Tony rolled his eyes, “It’s all about uniformity. We’re supposed to be the three bears and if we didn’t look all the same then how would people know?”

“And Uggs are like super comfy Papa.”

“Peter what have we said about using the word like?” Tony sighed. He hated that word.

“Not to when it’s not necessary.” He mumbled. “Sorry, Mama.”

“It’s alright baby. Come over here and tie this for me?” He asked, holding the ties of an apron out to him. Of course, he had to be Mama bear, Peter made sure of it. Peter made quick work of tying the apron for Tony and came around so he could look at Tony in the same way Tony looked at him, squinting his eyes right back.

“You need a black nose as well.” He declared, handing the face paint to his Papa who was struggling with the tie around his neck. “You do it, Papa. You’re the artist. Mama can do your tie while you do his nose.”

“When did our son get so bossy Mama?” Steve teased, taking the face paint off of him.

“He gets that from you.” Tony was quick to respond, doing Steve’s tie in a few quick movements.

“Oh sure. Definitely me and not you. You’d never boss anyone around, Mr CEO.”

“I think both of you are pretty bossy,” Peter commented.

“Only with you sweetheart. And only because we love you so much.”

“I know Papa, love you too. Can we go out and show everyone our costumes now? They’re going to love them!” He bounced excitedly, taking Tony’s hand when he offered it.

“I’m sure they will. Let’s go show them how amazing we all are.”
Peter was all but dragging Tony out to the living room where the rest were waiting. Peter threw his arms out when they were in front of everyone.

“Well, what do you think?” He asked them all, trying to look at everyone to see their reactions.

The rest of the team weren’t sure how to respond. Of course, Peter looked extremely cute, the brown ears matching the colour of his hair and sticking out from the top of his head while his top, jeans and boots were all the same shade of brown. Coupling that with his black nose it gave an adorable sight. Steve and Tony though, they looked as grouchy as the bears in the stories, clearly just dressing up because Peter wanted them to.

Bruce was the first one to respond. “Wow, you look amazing Peter. I thought you were a real bear for a second.”

Peter looked at his uncle with pure joy, laughing. “It’s only me uncle Bruce! I’m baby bear, Dad is Mama bear and Papa is Papa bear!” He jumped around the room. “What do you think of Mama and Papa?” He asked, ignoring his Papa’s groan.

Sam bit his lip at the excitable child. Tony and Steve looked a mix between resigned and embarrassed. “I think that they look very real as well. You’re going to clean up in trick or treating tonight. All of you.” He laughed. “Where’s your bucket, Pete? I think Nat has a surprise for you.”

Peter’s eyes widened as he looked around wildly. “Where is it? Papa? Where is it?” He cried, looking around.

Tony rolled his eyes at his overdramatic child. “It’s right here baby. Relax.” He said, handing Peter a deep bucket. They’d tried to get a smaller one so he wouldn’t get too many sweets but Peter saw right through them. It happened every year and everywhere Peter made Tony make him one in his lab with Peter overseeing him.

“Thanks, Mama.” He grinned, walking over to Natasha and holding his bucket out shyly.

“Trick or treat.”

Natasha stared at him for a long time, long enough that Peter glanced back at his parents who gave him a nod of encouragement.

“Aunt Nat. Trick or treat.” He said again, putting his bucket out more forcefully, staring back at her with determination in his doe eyes.

Finally, Natasha smirked, “Good staredown kid. The cute factor does it for you. Here I got this for you when I was visiting Ireland a few weeks ago.” She threw four different types of chocolate bars into his bucket and Peter gasped when he saw what they were. Dairy milk had to be the best chocolate in the world and she got him four! The plain chocolate, mint crisp, golden crisp and Turkish delight.

He looked back at his parents, delighted. “Dairy Milk! Four of them for me!” He all but shouted.

Tony winced and Steve glared over Peter’s head at Natasha who didn’t seem to care one bit. Out of everyone, Natasha was the one that broke the no sweets rule with Peter the most. Four was excessive though. Peter would be bouncing off the walls, even more than he usually did.

Peter moved on to Bruce who gave him chocolate covered raisins. Not too bad, at least there was a
bit of health in them even though raisins weren’t the healthiest of foods that they liked to give Peter. Peter seemed to realise what Bruce did though.

“Awh uncle Bruce, did Mama and Papa put you up to that?” Peter asked, before realising what he said. “Not- Not that I don’t like them, because I love chocolate covered raisins. They’re the best kind of raisins, not that I’m allowed them because you know Dad and Papa are health nuts but that’s fine as well but I really love sweets so thanks uncle Bruce for trying. You’re the best though.” Peter babbled nervously.

Bruce had to hide his grin. Peter was such a sensitive boy, he knew that Peter thought he’d insulted him or hurt his feelings and that would devastate him. Bruce stopped him before he could wind himself up too much.

“Peter, it’s okay. You didn’t hurt my feelings. I know you didn’t mean it and I’m sorry if you’re disappointed by the raisins but your Mama warned me to get you something a small bit healthy because he knew that Natasha was going to go overboard. So if you want to blame anyone, blame Tony.” Bruce said, giving Tony up without an ounce of regret.

Tony looked at his science bro, appalled that he threw him under the bus without the blink of an eye.

“Dad! How could you! You promised!” Peter pouted up at him. Tony glanced at Steve and saw him shaking his head as if he didn’t ask Tony to say it to Bruce while he said it to Bucky.

“Sorry, bambino. Had to do some damage control, we both know that your favourite uncle Bucky is going to fill half of that bucket for you.”

“I have to keep being the favourite some way. It just so happens this is an easy way. C’mere champ. I have a few things for you.” He ignored the pointed look that Steve sent him and opened his arms to let Peter jump into them.

“What’cha get me, uncle Bucky?” He asked, searching his pockets, making Bucky laugh as he hit tickly spots on him.

“Not going to find them there and I think we both know you need to say the magic words.” Bucky teased.

Peter rolled his eyes safe knowing his parents couldn’t see him and Bucky didn’t care.

“You’re the best avenger, even better than Mama and Papa.” He said, ignoring his parent’s outrage, cheering when Bucky took out a bag of sweets that he knew Peter loved. He poured the ranchero’s he made Nat pick him up along with Maom bars and Meanies into the bucket. Peter might as well get all of his favourite foreign sweets since he was going to have a lot of the American ones that were filled with sugar.

“Okay, no. That’s more than enough off everyone here. Let’s get going or all the sweets are going to be gone.” Peter scrambled up off of Bucky and ran over to his parents, the long way through so that Sam, Clint and Thor could throw their sweets in as he went.

“Let’s go, sweetheart,” Steve said, taking Peter’s hand and walking to the elevator.

“Bye guys! Can’t wait to show you how many sweets I get.” Peter called over his shoulder. Tony who was following behind them stopped and looked at the rest of the team. “You should all be ashamed of yourselves. Peter is having a sleepover with each of you until that bucket is empty, just FYI.”
Tony threw up the peace sign and continued to follow his family ignoring the pleas of his teammates.

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Papa look! Look at how much I have! I’m going to be eating this for months! I won’t ever need to eat sweets ever- ever” A yawn cut through the middle of his sentence. “again!” he finally finished.

Tony and Steve shared a look over Peter’s head. They’d been out around three hours and it was coming close to Peter’s bedtime. Apparently, Peter’s body could tell because with the excitement of the whole day and evening he was exhausted.

“I think it’s time to go home sweetheart. Your bucket is about to overflow. Let Mama take it for you. He can carry it.” Before Peter could protest Tony took the bucket off of him.

“Happy is going to meet us at the end of the street. Let’s go before you have to carry him.” Tony lead the way to where he could see the Rolls Royce waiting at the end of the road. Steve took Peter’s hand again and followed more slowly behind Tony.

“Today was awesome. I got so many sweets, I’d say I’ll have a tummy ache for the next month solid. I love Halloween Papa. Do you think Mama will let me eat all of them without making me have some fruit to go with it? Cause Ned said that it’s not half as good when you have to eat healthy stuff with it and as a scientist, I feel that we need to be aware of the negative effects that fruit has on sweets. Don’t you agree Papa?”

Steve looked down at his son, who was so clearly trying to be convincing even though his argument was extremely flawed.

“You know well Pete that we have rules around this. You get the first two days to go wild and then after that, you only get a few pieces throughout the day.” Peter wanted to complain but he knew last time that he tried that his parents took away the first two days. He promised to never again do that.

“Let’s go, bambino. I think it’s time for you to go to bed and then tomorrow you can eat as much as you like.” Tony said, giving Peter a pointed look when he took one of the seats instead of the car seat that was specially designed for Peter.

“Mama you know that I’m old enough to sit without one of these?” He asked, slightly embarrassed over the who car seat situation.

“Yeah, we’ll argue that another day. Right now though in you go. If nothing else it makes for a good bed.” Peter grumbled but did as was asked, sighing in comfort when he sank into it. Between the excitement of the day, the comfort of the car seat and the motion of the car, Peter was asleep within seconds. Tony waited until Peter’s small snores filled the car. “Do you think we baby him too much?” He asked.

Steve shrugged, seeing the how comfortable Peter was in his skinny jeans and Ugg boots. Peter was happy, healthy and one of the kindest boys he’d ever met. Steve knew that he was being biased but as Captain America, he had met many kids.

“Maybe but Peter isn’t lacking anything in life. He’s well balanced, happy, well adjusted. Peter is aware we baby him and doesn’t mind it because that’s the kind of boy he is. He actually enjoys it because he loves the attention and loves seeing us happy. He’s not being held back and that’s all that matters. He had a great day today and that’s all that matters.” Steve said, running a hand
through Peter’s hair.


Steve and Tony shared another, more intimate look before Tony turned back to Peter. “We love you too, bambino. More than anything.” And if they both saw Peter smiling a bit, neither one said it. All just enjoying the silence of each other’s company at the end of a successful Halloween.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! So yeah it's like 11 days before Christmas but look, the Halloween story is done so yay! Sorry about the delay but it got done! Let me know what you think. Comments and kudos are always welcome :)

End Notes

Hey! So this just came to me at Halloween. A few days let but sure look. I've decided to split it into 2 chapters because I am very aware I said it'd be out days ago and it wasn't that's my bad! Hope you all like and please let me know what you think of this!

Comments and Kudos are much appreciated!

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