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**Drabbles for May's new boyfriend**

by [iHadAnightmare2](http://archiveofourown.org/users/iHadAnightmare2)

**Summary**

Drabbles for May's new boyfriend that I couldn't get out of my head.

**Notes**

These drabbles won't really make any sense if you haven't read May's new boyfriend, and they will probably be all over the place when it comes to the timeline, but I'll make sure to explain where they fit into the story before each chapter so it's not too confusing. :)

The first chapter is how Tony got the scratches that lead to him and May breaking up, so between chapters 5 and 6.
Peter was straddling Tony's lap, riding his daddy's cock like the good boy he was taught to be. This was easily one of Tony's favorite things to have Peter do. He loved how close their bodies were, close enough that he could feel Peter's breath hitting his face. But what he loved the most was how Peter's cock bounced between their stomachs with every move the boy made.

"Fuck, you're doing such a good job, aren't you, baby? Fucking yourself on daddy's cock like you're made for it," Tony moaned, bucking his hips up to meet Peter's body as he came down, and he didn't miss the way the boy shivered at his shamelessly spoken words.

Tony knew he was getting too greedy, but he wanted it faster, harder, so he slipped his hands around Peter's waist and started pushing him up and down, forcing him to go faster.

Peter tried his best to keep up with Tony's demands, however, he was finding it difficult to get his trembling body to comply. He tried to ignore it because he didn't want to get in trouble, but Tony just kept on pushing him to go faster and he couldn't keep up.

"Daddy, please, it's too much," Peter managed to get out. It almost felt like the wind was being knocked out of him each time their bodies met, so he tried to slow down, but the strong hands around his waist wouldn't let him.

"It's okay, you're doing great."

Peter whined as Tony got faster, but instead of trying to get him to slow down again, he just shut his eyes and put his chin on the older man's shoulder then his hands around his back, waiting for it to be over, though still making sure to move his hips up and down the best he could.

Tony found it beyond cute whenever Peter would cling to him and try and hide his face, and even though he couldn't see him from this angle he could still hear those beautiful noises the boy couldn't hold back.

Tony didn't even feel himself starting to slip, he was too lost in how good Peter felt around his cock to notice what he was doing, and soon he was bucking his hips up too quickly and pushing down on Peter's waist to harshly, which all lead to Peter letting out a cry that was filled with pain as it got to rough.

Being desperate to try and relieve the pain, Peter's body acted on its own, resulting in him digging his nails into the only thing he could he reach, Tony's back.

Tony hissed and arched his back as Peter's nails scratched over his skin, but his own pain meant nothing, he was more worried about Peter's.

"Shit, Peter, I'm sorry. Are you okay, baby?" Tony asked as he carefully began lifting the sobbing boy off his cock, all the while silently cursing himself for being so greedy and letting himself slip up so badly.

Peter could hear Tony talking but he was too deep in shock from the unexpected pain to understand a word he was saying, all he could register was that he was being laid down on the bed, he definitely didn't notice that Tony had started going soft, even though he hadn't cum yet.
As Peter slowly started coming back to himself, he realized what had just happened, and what he had just done to Tony. He had scratched him hard enough that he actually winced in pain, and that terrified Peter.

"I'm sorry, daddy, I'm really sorry. I swear I didn't mean to scratch you, I'm sorry," Peter panicked as tears streamed down his face, scared he was about to get spanked for hurting him.

"Shh, I know, baby, calm down. It's not your fault," Tony cooed, moving to kneel over the trembling boy so he could kiss his damp cheek.

Tony's never hurt him like that in bed before, so Peter figured he must've done something wrong for Tony to act like that. But nothing came to mind, he thought he had been good and done everything Tony asked of him. The only thing he could think of is that he's done something wrong without realizing it.

"I'm sorry for whatever I did, daddy. I didn't mean to be naughty," Peter spoke quietly, making Tony stop the soft kisses he had been placing across his face and lean back.

"Naughty? Baby, what do you mean?" Tony had no idea what Peter was talking about, he had been a good boy since his spanking, he hadn't talked back, he hadn't tried to fight or run away, he simply listened and did what he was told without argument. He had been perfect.

"I-I don't know, b-but wherever I did I'm sorry. Just- please don't hurt me again," Peter whispered the last part, quiet enough that Tony almost didn't hear it.

Guilt quickly swelled in Tony's chest when he realized what Peter meant. He thought he hurt him on purpose as a punishment.

"Peter, daddy wasn't punishing you. You've been a good boy, you did nothing wrong," Tony tried to reassure, but Peter didn't look convinced. "It was an accident, I promise I never meant to hurt you."

"Okay," Peter mumbled, letting himself relax slightly, though he wasn't really sure if he believed Tony when he said it was an accident.

Tony smiled down at his baby before going back to kissing his face, hoping it would show him how sorry he was for what he had done. He pressed one last kiss to Peter's lip before putting a hand under his back so he could turn him over, because he needed to make sure Peter was okay and that he hadn't torn his baby up. He'll never forgive himself if he has.

"Daddy, no, please, I'm sorry," Peter pleaded when Tony rolled him onto his stomach, fearing that he was about to be spanked, and it was only made worse when Tony put a hand over his ass. "You said I was a good boy," he sobbed as he fisted the sheets, getting himself ready for more pain.

"Shh, you are. I'm just going to make sure you're okay."

Peter gave him a dubious look over his shoulder before nodding his head and burying his face into the pillow below him, and Tony couldn't help but smile at the cute act.

He ran his hand over the curve of Peter's ass before gently pulling his cheeks apart, and Tony's whole body loosened as relief washed over him when he saw that there was no damage, Peter's little hole looked as perfect as always, tight and prettiest shade of pink. He pressed a finger against the ring of muscle that was still glistening wet with lube before carefully pushing in, causing the smaller boy to squirm slightly.

"Does that hurt?" Tony spoke gently as he massaged his finger against Peter's inner walls, and Peter
simply shook his head at the question. "Are you sure? Don't lie to daddy."

Peter nodded in response. It didn't really hurt anymore, it mostly just felt sensitive.

"I'm so sorry for being too rough, baby." Tony pulled his finger from Peter's tight heat and laid down beside him. "I won't let it happen again," he promised as he rolled the smaller boy back over and pulled him into his arms.

He never wanted to hear Peter cry out like that again, the way he had cried while getting spanked in the car was enough for a lifetime, and he had hoped he'd never hear anything like that coming from him again, so he couldn't believe he'd been so careless and let himself slip like that.

He wanted to get Peter's cry of pain out of his head, and he knew just the way to do it.

"How about daddy makes it up to you?" Tony suggested as he pushed his hand between their bodies, eventually wrapping it around Peter's now soft cock. "Would you like that? Would you like daddy to make it up to you by making you feel good?" He asked, giving the boy's cock slow strokes, knowing Peter wasn't going to refuse him anyway.

Peter was hoping that Tony was done for the day, but he should've known better. "Yes, daddy, please make me feel good."

Tony's cock twitched at the boy's forced beg, but he pushed his own desires aside and focus on Peter. He was never one to disappoint his baby, especially when he asked so nicely.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, I had this on my mind for ages and I just really wanted to write it so I could get it out of my head. I hope you liked it!

I've also got a few other ideas so far that I'm hoping to write.

1. Peter tries to run away after Tony kidnaps him, but Tony reacts in a way that Peter didn't expect.

2. Them meeting for the first time and Tony being a creep to poor unexpecting Peter.

3. After a few years of being kidnapped Peter has Stockholm syndrome and freaks out when Tony leaves him home alone for the first time. (He thinks that Tony's left him)

Let me know what you think! :)
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Peter tries to run away. Set right after the last chapter of May's new boyfriend.

Chapter Notes

I don't know how I managed to get this over 8K, it kinda just happened... Oops?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's been two months since Tony had taken him, two months since he'd heard from any of his loved ones. Understanding that this was his life now was easier for Peter then he had expected. Maybe it's because he was already so used to being Tony's that his mind just accepted it with next to no fight. But that didn't stop him from missing home. He missed getting woken up by his aunt knocking on his door in the morning, because now he got woken up by Tony's kisses, or sometimes even with the older man's mouth around his cock. But that was just another thing he quickly got used to.

After the first week of being here, Peter saw his face on the news. It happened when he was sitting in the lounge room watching Tv while Tony cooked dinner in the kitchen.

He sat up straight the second he saw his name and face show up on the Tv screen. He didn't even know how to act or what to do. They were saying that it was an abduction and that the police have a suspect in mind that may be the cause of his disappearance.

His heart was going crazy, he wasn't even taking in half of the information that they were giving out about him, everything was just a blur, it felt like he was dreaming. But Peter almost stopped breathing when the news reporter said the victim's aunt had made a voice with them, pleading for his safe return.

Peter was at the edge of his seat now, eyes wide and filled with tears, waiting for them to show the video. Unfortunately though, May's face was only on the screen for a maximum of two seconds before it went black.

Peter quickly turned around to see Tony behind him with the remote in his hand.

"Dinner's ready," the older man announced, acting as if nothing had happened.

"Turn it back on," Peter said quickly, wanting to hear his aunt's voice with his own ears before it was too late.

"Come on, I've made your favorite," Tony ignored him and walked over to the dining table, taking the remote with him.

"Daddy, please, turn it back on," he tried again, hoping this time his sweet voice mixed with the words 'daddy' and 'please' would get him somewhere. It didn't.
"Peter, you don't need to see it. Now come and have dinner," Tony spoke firmly as he pulled a chair out for Peter to come and sit down on.

Peter looked at the blank TV screen one last time before slowly getting up and joining Tony at the dining table, where they then eat and ignored the fact that they had just seen him on the news.

He knew Tony was right though, he didn't need to see it. If he saw May pleading for his safe return he would most likely break down and go into a panic attack, it would only make him miss her even more, and there was no point in putting himself through that. Seeing her face alone had been enough to make his gut twist. He hated to think it, but she looked horrible, she was pale and had bags under her like she hadn't slept at all since he'd been taken, which he didn't doubt was the case.

Peter wasn't allowed to watch the news anymore after that, which left him feeling more cut off from the world than ever before.

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Peter had originally thought that this house was where Tony was going to keep him forever, but it turns out he was wrong, Tony had other plans that he had kept hidden from him, up until now that is.

"You can't just do that! You can't just take me to another country!" Peter got up from the lounge, panic quickly taking over him.

They had just finished watching a movie when Tony turned the TV off and told him they needed to talk. He had looked so serious which of course put Peter on edge straight away, but never could he of imagined that Tony would've told him he was planning on taking them to another country. Apparently taking him away from his home wasn't enough, he had to take him away from the very place he was born in as well.

"It will be safer for us there," Tony explained, staying calm and seated on the lounge.

"Safer for you!" Peter snapped, but he quickly shut himself up when he remembered what happened the last time he let himself snap.

Tony gave him a look and a slight tilt of the head that told him to calm down, so Peter mumbled an apologie and sat back down, trying to ignore the panic attack that was creeping its way up his chest.

"I understand that you're upset, and I know it's going to be hard for a while, but we'll make this work." Tony rubbed along Peter's shoulder, and Peter leaned into it, because Tony's soothing words and touches were the only things that helped him with his anxiety now.

Peter remembered Tony saying almost the exact same thing when he took him, and so far he'd been right, Tony did make it work and things did get easier, in a way. But this was different, he was talking about illegally taking him to a whole other country.

Peter had accepted the fact that the police weren't going to find him the first night that Tony brought him here, but of course he never wanted to accept that he would never see May again, he always kept hope in the back of mind that he would, but if Tony did this then he would never have that opportunity.

He couldn't just let this happen, not if he had the chance to get away. Well, he'd always had the
chance to get away because it wasn't like Tony chained him to the bed every night. However there were many different reasons why Peter never tried leaving, one being that he had no idea how to get out of here and he was scared of getting lost in the woods, but the most important reason was that he had promised his daddy that he wouldn't, and deep down he hated the idea of disappointing Tony. But he had to get over that because May was clearly hurting, and she was more important than Tony's feelings.

"Everything's going to be alright," Tony promised as he pulled him into a hug, and Peter just simply nodded his head and downplayed his panic.

He needed to come up with a plan to get out of here or he'll never see his loved ones again. But how? He knew Tony hid his phone and the car keys, though even if he did have the keys he wouldn't get far, he didn't even know how to turn a car on let alone drive one.

So he was left with one other choice, and that was to just run and hope he'd find his way out of here. Surely that would be better then what Tony had planned.

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Both men were lying in bed, Tony was asleep whereas Peter was wide awake. He knew the only time the older man let his guard down was when he was sleeping, so he had spent hours pretending to sleep, waiting for the right time, and he didn't open his eyes until Tony's breathing had evened out.

"Daddy?" Peter quietly called, but he received no answer, Tony's breathing remained the same, letting him know that he was really asleep and that he could make his move.

It had taken him a week to work up the courage to go through with this, and now that he was actually doing it, it was terrifying. He couldn't hold it off any longer though, he had no idea when Tony was thinking about moving them, it could be tomorrow for all he knew, so he couldn't waste any more days.

Pretending to be asleep had been easy enough, but now came the hard part, getting himself out of Tony's embrace. Peter carefully lifted the older man's arm off his body and slowly placed it on Tony's side, then, holding his breath, he slowly lifted himself off the man's other arm that was beneath him.

Never before had Peter been so delicate with the way he moved, everything small shift he made was calculated, there was no room for error as one small bump could mess everything up.

Peter tried to keep himself calm as the bed dipped with his weight, reminding himself that even if Tony did wake up he could just say he was going to the bathroom and try again tomorrow night.

Thankfully he didn't have to do that though, because he finally got himself off the bed without disturbing the older man, and the first thing he did was gather up his clothes that had been thrown across the floor thanks to Tony. He then quickly and silently put them on before tiptoeing to the door, making each step as light as possible so the wooden floorboards wouldn't make a noise.

The door creaked as he opened it, but not loud enough to rouse the other man. As he went through it, he didn't look behind him, he was too worried that if he were to look at Tony he'd stop, because he had no doubt that Tony would still be able to manipulate him even when he was sleeping.

When the door clicked shut, Peter let go of the breath he'd been holding. He did it, he managed to get
himself out of the bedroom without as much as stirring Tony. Now all he had to do was get out of here, which of course was easier said than done. His mind was already all over the place, going crazy, telling him not to disobey his daddy. It had taken everything in him just to get out of that bed, but the fear of being taken to another country gave him the strength to push on.

Eventually, he found himself downstairs, looking everywhere for a torch or something he could use as a light source as it was still dark out, and would be for a few more hours. He finally found one under the sink in the kitchen. It was a weird place to keep a torch but it wasn't like they had many other places to put things considering their lack of furniture. Now that he thought about it, the lack of things in this house made sense now, Tony never planned on keeping him here like he thought, so he never bothered buying anything to fill the empty space.

Peter managed to make it to the front door without hearing a single thing from upstairs, and there he put on his jacket that was hanging on the coat rack, followed by one of the new pairs of shoes Tony had gotten him.

He tried his best not to think about what he was doing, and what this would mean for him and Tony, yet his hand still paused just before it got to the door handle. He couldn't help but think about it. If he did this it would be beyond naughty, beyond any kind of disobeying he'd done in the past, he would be betraying Tony's trust completely.

He looked back up the stairs, wondering if he would ever see Tony again if he successfully got away.

Peter shifted in his spot, he wasn't really sure why but the idea of never seeing him again didn't feel right. He was his daddy's after all, Peter belonged to him, just like Tony always said.

Peter dropped his hand and took a step back from the door. He couldn't do this to him, could he? Tony cared about him, even loved him, he reminded Peter of that every night by whispering it in his ear before he fell asleep.

He could always go back upstairs right now and get back into bed and pretend like this never happened, and he could just continue to be the good boy Tony made him into.

Peter shook his head, getting angry himself because he knew this shouldn't be this hard, he should already be out that door and running for safety, not standing here contemplating whether or not he should leave his kidnapper, the same man who broke him to the point of submission.

Peter took a deep breath and closed his eyes, telling himself that he could do this, and as he did he thought about May, and how much he wanted to see her again, to see her smile and to be held in her arms. He'd never have that again if he didn't leave now.

Peter wiped the tears off his cheeks and opened the door, all while fighting against that familiar voice inside his head that was telling him to be a good boy and go back upstairs.

He didn't take another second to think about it, he just shut the door and hurried off the verandah, and when his shoes touched the grass at the bottom of the stairs, he started to run. He ran because he was scared he'd change his mind if he stayed any longer, and running meant he was also forced to stay focused on where he was going.

Getting to a main road was his best chance, so he headed towards the dirt track that he assumed was the way out as there wasn't any other track around, at least not ones big enough for a car to drive on.

He almost tripped on some loose rocks, but he didn't let himself falter, he just kept on running until it
felt like his lungs were going to give out.

Eventually, he slowed down and came to a stop. He put his hands on his knees as he tried to catch his breath, though it was no easy thing to do while crying.

Peter was ashamed, he always cried, and it was always because of Tony, but he wasn’t crying now because Tony had done something to him, he was crying because he felt like he was the one in the wrong this time, and he hated himself for it.

Peter still told himself to push on though, reminding himself that this was the only way to see May again.

Once he could breathe again, he began walking. The road wasn’t really what he had imagined, it was narrow with thick bush either side and it had a lot more hills and bends then what he had expected. He’d be lying if he said he wasn’t scared about walking around in the pitch black with nothing but a torch to see with, and having Tony’s warning about it not being safe out here in the back of his mind didn’t help either.

Peter remembered Tony saying how easy it was to get lost in these woods, so Peter did what he thought the smartest thing was which was to stay on the track, and it seemed to be working great for him, right up until he came to a fork in the road.

Peter ran his torch between the two tracks. Both seemed almost identical, neither one looked more used than the other, giving him no indication of which one got driven on more regularly.

He knew he couldn’t stay here all night thinking about it, the longer he took to make a decision the more likely Tony was to wake up and come looking for him. So he decided to go with the left track, there was no reason behind it at all, only that he knew he needed to make a decision quick. For all he knew both tracks could lead to the main road, or one might even go to a neighboring house where he could ask for help.

As he walked he thought about what he would do if he got home. Would he be able to get himself to tell the police where Tony is? If he didn’t then it would run the risk of Tony coming back for him again, but even if he did tell the police where he was taken that didn’t mean they would find him, Tony wouldn’t be stupid enough to hang around.

Time seemed to be going too quickly, and before he knew it the sun was coming up and he no longer had a use for his torch. As the sun rose so did his anxiety. Tony would surely be waking up soon, if he hadn’t already, and there still hadn’t been a single sign of any other road, nor had he come across any houses.

Peter kicked a rock in a stupid attempt to get out some frustrations. He hoped he’d be out of here by now, but the road just seemed to keep on going and his legs were starting to get sore. He felt like an idiot for thinking running away would’ve been easier than this. Of course it wasn’t going to be simple, Tony wouldn’t have taken him somewhere he could easily find help.

Out of nowhere, Peter heard a strange noise that made him stop in his tracks. He tried to listen in to what it was, and closer it got the more clear it became.

His body froze when he realized what he was hearing was the sound of a car driving towards him. He didn’t know what to do. He thought about running, but what if it wasn’t Tony? What if it was some who lived up this road? He could stop them and ask for help. So he decided to stay on the side of the road, not wanting to pass that opportunity up, however, his stomach dropped when he saw the car coming around the corner, it was definitely Tony's car, there was no mistaking it.
Peter panicked and did the first thing he thought of which was run into the bush beside him and hide, but it was too late, Tony saw him, and as soon as Peter heard the car stop he dropped the torch and ran deeper into the forest.

There was no way Tony was going to just let him get away with this without punishment, and he had no doubt that it was going to be severe, the spanking he received months ago wouldn't compare, so he wasn't just going to let that man take him back. At least that's what Peter told himself, however it seemed that his mind had other ideas because when he heard the older man calling out for him, he froze as guilt quickly took over his body.

"Peter, baby, please come back, you'll get yourself lost." There was no angry in Tony's voice, instead, he sounded hurt and worried, and it was all because of him, he was making his daddy feel this way, he had run away after promising he wouldn't.

"Peter? Come on, come back to daddy." Tony's soft voice was closer now, but Peter wasn't running away from it, but he wasn't moving either. "Please."

The second he heard how much desperation there was in Tony's plead he turned around and starting walking towards the voice. He couldn't stop himself, his submissive side had taken over and he didn't want to disobey his daddy any further, or hurt him any more than he already had.

Peter came out from behind a bush, eyes down, one arm hugging himself and breathing unevenly. He just stood there, waiting for Tony to react, all while feeling betrayed by his own mind yet again. He'd lost count of how many times he'd done this, fallen for Tony's manipulation.

Leaves crunched as the older man walked towards him, and Peter prepared himself for the worst, to be yelled at, to be roughly grabbed and thrown in the car, or maybe to even be hit. But none of that came, Tony simply put his arms around him and pulled him in.

"Jesus, Peter, you're freezing." Tony let him go and swiftly shrugged off his jacket then draped it over Peter's shoulders, but he was back in the older man's arms within a second.

Peter let his body go loose and he leaned into Tony's chest, trying to gain some body heat that he hadn't noticed he'd lost, and as he did so he took in the other man's scent. He didn't even realize until now just how much his scent helped him relax.

"What were you thinking? I told you it's not safe out here." Again, Tony's voice wasn't angry, it was still surprisingly soft and filled with hurt.

Peter didn't answer, he didn't even know where he would begin. Should he apologize? Beg for forgiveness?

"Let's get you back before you get sick," Tony broken the silence after what felt like hours.

Peter nodded, and instead of fighting or trying to run again, he simply let himself be led back to the car and buckled in.

Things stayed quiet as they drove, and they continued to stay quiet as they pulled up to the house. When they got inside Peter was certain he was going to be spanked, or worse, but it didn't come, instead Tony led them upstairs to the bathroom where they showered so Peter could get warm. The whole time Tony didn't let him go, he just held onto him like he was afraid of losing him.

Peter never said a word, he was too lost in his own thoughts, trying to figure out why he didn't keep running, and why he felt so ashamed for trying to leave, because trying to run from your kidnapper should never make anyone feel this way, yet it did, and he didn't understand why.
After their shower, Peter got himself ready to be punished, because it had to be coming sooner or later, but once again, he was wrong. Tony simply took them to their bed where he held him. He wasn't spanked, he wasn't roughly fucked, he was just cradled tightly in Tony's arms as they sat against the headboard.

"Do you have any idea how worried I was when I woke up and you weren't here?" Tony's voice shook, he sounded so unlike himself, unlike anything Peter had ever heard from him before. "You could've been hurt for all I knew, you could've gotten lost, you could've d-" Tony cut himself off and tightened his arms around Peter's body, but he soon let go and pulled Peter back and cupped the sides of his face, forcing him to meet his eyes, and when they did meet Peter was that shocked with what he saw he almost gasped, because Tony, his daddy, had tears in his eyes that were rolling down his cheeks as he blinked them away.

"Never do that to me again. I don't know what I'd do if I ever lost you." His voice was so quiet and filled with fear. Tony was showing Peter a side of him he'd never seen before, one that Peter didn't even know existed until now.

He was speechless, he couldn't believe he had done this to his daddy. Tony was a strong man, yet it was reduced to tears all because of him? Because he was scared for his safety? He really did care about him like he said he did.

Peter's chest tightened in the worst way as these feelings of guilt and shame intensified. He hated these feelings, and he hated that he was making his daddy cry. He wanted it to stop, he wanted to fix it, but above all he wanted Tony to stop crying, and he was pretty sure he knew how to do that. So Peter did something he never thought he'd do, he leaned in and brought their lips together, and without being told to, he gently started kissing the other man, because he knew kissing his daddy would make him happy, and it felt like the right thing to do.

Tony seemed a bit taken aback at first that Peter was the one to make the first move, but it didn't take long for him to put one of his hand on the back of Peter's neck and deepen the kiss. Peter just clung on to Tony's shirt and let the man take control like always.

Peter was the first to pull away from the kiss, lips swollen and red, and when he did he immediately pressed his face against Tony's neck, knowing that his daddy liked it when he did that.

"I'm sorry for making you upset, daddy, I just got scared and I wasn't thinking straight. It was stupid and I'm so sorry. I won't ever do it again." Peter couldn't stop himself from speaking. He should be planning his next escape, not making these promises to the man that took him away from his family and friends. Yet here he was doing it anyway, and the most messed up part about it was that he actually meant it.

He left like he was betraying May by making these promises, though somehow the idea of betraying Tony hurt more. He couldn't make my sense of it.

"The first day we were here you promised me you wouldn't run, and you did anyway," Tony spoke with a steady voice now, but it did nothing to help Peter feel any better.

"I know, I know I'm sorry, I messed up. Please forgive me, daddy." Peter didn't even sound like himself right now, all he was focused on was saying what he thought would make Tony happy. "Please don't be angry with me."

Tony dropped his shoulders and sighed. "I'm not angry with you."

"You aren't?" Peter was more than surprised by hearing that. How could Tony not be angry with
him after what he'd done?

Tony shook his head at Peter's question. "I understand why you're scared. Us moving is no little thing and I didn't expect you to just be okay with it." Tony paused, breathing out heavily as he ran his hand down Peter's arm slowly. "But I also didn't expect you to run away. I trusted you to be good, baby, and you were doing so well."

Peter could feel his eyes watering, it hurt to know how much of a disappointment he's been.

"You can still trust me, I just made a mistake," Peter tried, but Tony shook his head.

"It was a pretty big mistake, Peter, one that could've gotten you hurt, or worse."

"Daddy, please, I'm sorry for what I did." Peter broke down and started sobbing into Tony's shirt, regretting everything. He wished he'd never even left their bed last night, he felt stupid for letting his fear push him far enough that he disobeyed this badly.

What could he possibly do to make Tony see how sorry he was? Was there even anything? Or would Tony never trust him again?

Then Peter got an idea, one that was sure to please the older man.

"Can- can I make it up to you?" He couldn't believe he was asking that, but whenever Tony did something he felt bad about he always made it up to Peter, so Peter thought him doing it would be a good place to start.

There was a long pause, as if Tony was thinking, and the longer the silence stretched on the more Peter worried that he'd messed up. Tony had just been crying, so maybe he wasn't in the right mood for this, then again this was Tony he was thinking about, Peter's seen this man's emotions change in a blink of an eye many times before.

"Is that what you want? You want to make it up to me?" Tony's tone got a little deeper, a hint of lust slipping through, sounding a lot more like himself, which let Peter know he had said the right thing.

"Would that make you happy?" Peter bent his neck to look up at the older man's face.

"I think you know the answer to that." The corner of Tony's lips tugged up into a smile, and Peter came close to smiling himself when he saw it. He couldn't explain it but seeing that made him feel so much better, like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders, all because his daddy was happy again.

"What would you like me to do?" Peter hesitantly asked, bitting his lip out of a nervous habit, being well aware of what he was getting himself into by asking.

"You know daddy likes to watch you cum," the older man hinted, and Peter knew right away what he wanted.

Peter nodded, then turned around in Tony's lap and nestled himself against the bigger man's chest. It wouldn't be the first time he'd touched himself while Tony watched, though this would be the first time he'd done it under his own suggestion, and it scared him, scared him because he didn't understand why he was doing it, and scared him because the only thing he could think about was pleasing his kidnapper, to make up for doing something he knew deep down wasn't wrong, even though it somehow felt wrong.

Once he got himself settled, and he knew Tony had a good view, Peter timidly ran his hand over his hip, then hesitantly cupped himself through his pants. His hand was badly shaking, but he didn't let
that disturb him as he began rubbing himself with the palm of his hand, though obviously it was little
too quickly for Tony's liking.

"Baby, there's no need to rush." Tony stopped Peter's hand by cupped it with his own. "Go nice and
slow for daddy," he purred, moving Peter's hand against his cock, showing him how slowly he
wanted him to go.

Peter nodded, and when the pressure of Tony's hand lifted off his own, he followed his daddy's
instructions and began gently caressing himself, being sure to take his time by making each stroke
nice and slow.

Peter almost let out a sigh of relief when he started to harden. The last time he was made to do this he
could barely get hard and Tony had to take over, so he had been hoping he could do it himself this
time with no troubles, as he really didn't want to disappoint Tony any further.

Not wanting Tony to get impatient or bored of him just rubbing himself, Peter rolled his hips
forward, rocking himself against his hand, and in doing so he unintentionally rubbed his ass and
lower back against Tony's crotch, making the older man groan behind him.

"Are you trying to tease me, baby?"

Peter paused. Had he been teasing him? He definitely didn't mean to.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to tease you," he apologized, hoping he wasn't going to get in trouble for it.

"Don't be sorry. It feels good," Tony chuckled before kissing the side of Peter's face. "Do it again,"
he murmured against the boy's temple.

Peter was surprised by Tony's request, he thought teasing was a bad thing, Tony always did it to him
to the point where he would be squirming and begging to cum so it would stop, but maybe Tony
enjoyed that. So Peter hesitantly rolled his hips back and forth, making his ass once again grind
against the older man's crotch.

"That's it, baby, just like that," Tony breathed out, which was followed by a pleased moan.

Peter was quick to get himself into a steady rhythm, palming himself through his pants while rocking
into his own touch, and he couldn't help but notice how Tony's cock almost grew in time with his
own.

Tony's hands started roaming over his body, down his arm, across his stomach, over his hips and
thighs and eventually, stopping at the waistband of Peter's pants, which he then pull on, revealing the
boy's hard length that was hidden away. The older man hummed happily at the sight before letting
the elastic of the pants snap back against Peter's stomach.

"Give me a show, baby," Tony whispered into his ear, sending goosebumps across Peter's body.

A show? Peter thought he was already doing that, but he soon understood what Tony meant. He
wanted to see more of him. Obviously, this was to be expected, there was no way Tony would've
been happy with him cumming in his pants while his cock was hidden away.

"Turn around first, I want to see your pretty face," Tony requested when Peter went to pull down his
pants.

"Okay, daddy." Peter complied by getting up and turned around like he was told, he then moved
forward so he was kneeling between Tony's legs.
The older man clearly wasn't happy with how far apart they were, so he dragged Peter forward until there was next to no space was left between them, and Peter tried not to let himself wobble too much on his shaking limbs.

Tony wasted no time in pulling Peter's pants down so the elastic stretched around his thighs, freeing the boy's cock to the open air. Peter quickly grabbed himself to stop his cock from embarrassingly bouncing up and down, which Tony smiled at, probably finding it cute. Then, while keeping eye contact, Tony leaned in and gave Peter's cock a quick kiss before going back to resting against the headboard.

When the older man nodded at him to continue, Peter loosened his tense body and began stroking himself, making sure to keep it slow, just like Tony wanted. He tried not to squirm too much under the man's intense gaze, but it was difficult because all he could imagine was what Tony wanted to do with him, things that he'd already done to him before.

"C-Can I have some lube please, daddy?" Peter asked because his hand wasn't moving along his cock as well as he'd like, and it was starting to get a little uncomfortable.

Peter could clearly see the lube on the bedside table, it was always in reaching distance of the bed, but instead of getting it for him, Tony did something else. He sat up and bent forward, placing his left hand on Peter's hip then his right around the base of his cock. Peter was confused at first, but he caught on when Tony suddenly swallowed him with ease, wetting his cock with the inside of his mouth.

Peter gasped as Tony sucked him down, his tongue slowly working on the underside of his shaft, but Peter remanded still, letting his cock be slicked up for him. Peter expected Tony to stop after his cock was well coated with spit, but he didn't, instead, he kept on going, bobbing his head up and down Peter's length, clearly enjoying himself. If he kept on going Peter wasn't going to be able to stop himself from cumming, and he wasn't sure if that's what Tony wanted or not.

"D-Daddy?" Peter tried tapping on his shoulder, not knowing how else to stop him before it was too late. Thankfully Tony got the hint though and pulled off, leaving Peter glistening wet.

"Sorry, baby, I got carried away. Is that better?" Tony asked, pressing a finger to the head of Peter's cock before dragging his down his shaft, mixing saliva with the precum that was now leaking from his slit.

Peter gasped quietly as the older man played with him but still managed to take himself in hand again, giving his cock a few test strokes.

"Yes, thank you," he said softly, hand now gliding across his skin with ease.

Tony licked his lips before leaning back on the headboard once again, waiting for Peter to continue. Peter rubbed his palm over the head of his cock, gathering up as precum as he could before bring his hand down his shaft, getting himself into a new rhythm.

Tony tugged on the corner of Peter's shirt, silently telling him to get rid of it, so Peter let go of himself and pulled it over his head and threw it on the bed beside them, and hands wandered all over him the second his body was exposed.

Peter went back to working himself as Tony slid his hands up his torso. He couldn't help but flinch when Tony suddenly pulled him forward and placed his mouth over one of his nipples, sucking lightly, but he swiftly recovered and leaned into the touch. Peter shivered as the tip of Tony's tongue dragged along his sensitive skin, putting pressure against his nipple, causing it to go a deeper shade
of red as well as harden.

Peter held onto Tony's shoulder, fisting his hand in his shirt, whining quietly. He was getting close already, Tony had definitely sped things up when he had used his mouth.

"Does it feel good?" Tony asked, breath hitting the boy's chest as he nodded down to Peter's hand around his cock.

"Yes, daddy. Do- do you like it? A-Am I doing a good job of playing with myself for you?" Peter stammered, not even recognizing the words that were leaving his mouth as his own, but he knew how much Tony liked it when he spoke dirty, and it was all about being a good boy right now.

"Fuckin perfect, baby. Daddy's beautiful boy."

"Yours, only yours," Peter managed to get out without stuttering, even though every inch of him was trembling at this point.

"Only mine," Tony agreed, voice heavy with desire and a wide smile spreading across his face. "So pretty." The older man hummed in delight as he cupped Peter's balls, playing with them in the palm of his hand. "You're close, aren't you, baby?"

Peter nodded as he met Tony's eyes. "Can I cum please, daddy?" He asked nicely, trying not to break eye contact as the other man grinned up at him.

"No," Tony said simply as he grabbed Peter's hand to stop him from moving.

"N-No?" Peter repeated, quite obviously confused. Had he done something wrong? Did he not ask good enough? Maybe he needed to try again. "Please, daddy? I need it," he begged, acting as needy as he could.

"Not yet. First I want you to finger your pretty little hole for me," Tony spoke as he put his hands on the waistband of Peter's pants again, pulling them the rest of the way off, and the boy shifted his weight around to make the process easier.

Once he was kneeling between Tony's legs again, Peter nervously licked his lips as he dug his fingers into his thighs, thinking about what Tony wanted him to do. The first and last time he fingered himself was when Tony made him do it over a Skype call, and it wasn't an easy thing to get himself to do, especially while Tony was watching, though this time it would be even worse because the man was right in front of him.

"You want to make it up to daddy, don't you?" Tony questioned, clearly picking up on Peter's hesitation.

Peter quickly nodded his head. He did want to make it up to his daddy, that was the whole point of this. There was no way he could just stop now, he'd already come this far, he had to keep on pushing through.

"How would you like me to do it?" Peter spoke quietly with his eyes cast down.

"Just how you are."

"O-Okay," Peter murmured, mostly as an attempt to reassure himself that he could do this. He figured if he was facing Tony it would make it easier, a lot easier then if he were made to turn around and stick his ass up in the air for Tony to see. He was thankful he wasn't getting made to do that.

"Am I allowed some lube?"
Instead of replying, Tony simply took Peter's hand and smiled at him as he brought it to his lips. Peter gave him a confused look, but he soon replaced it with one of shock when Tony's tongue left his mouth to lick over his middle and index fingers. He tried not to snatch his hand back at the strange feeling of the warm and wet muscle gliding over his skin, and it only got harder to resist when Tony took the digits into his mouth. He didn't know what he was meant to do, was he meant to move them around? Or just let Tony move them with his tongue?

Peter decided to just keep himself still, not wanting to accidentally scratch the inside of Tony's mouth. Eventually, the older man moved Peter's hand back and let the fingers fall from his lips, leaving behind a thick coating of saliva.

Before Peter even had a chance to thank him, he was being moved. Tony had grab Peter's hips and shifted them along the bed so that they were now positioned more in the center. Peter didn't really understand why Tony had done it, until he remembered there was a mirror attached to the small set of drawers that was pushed against the wall opposite the bed, meaning Tony go a perfectly good view of the back of Peter in it from where he was sitting.

Tony grabbed Peter's ass with both hands and spread his cheeks apart for him. Peter tried not to think about the humiliating position he was in as he bent his arm behind himself, getting ready to do what Tony's asked of him.

"Remember to be gentle with yourself." Tony pressed his lips to the smaller boy's chest, then moved his head so he could look around Peter's body to watch what was going on in the mirror.

Peter nodded as he circled his wet fingertip around his rim, just how Tony would do it. He then took a deep breath before carefully pushing in, ignoring the anxiety that was making his hand shake. He could instantly feel that the angle was wrong, so he spread his legs a little wider and stuck his ass out a little more. He had no doubt that Tony would appreciate the better view.

He went about sinking his finger in, finding it surprisingly easy compared to the first time he did it all those months ago. Though the feeling of his own finger inside himself still felt as foreign as it did before. Once his finger was fully encased in his heat, he waited a few seconds before pulling out. He rubbed over his entrance, almost teasingly because that's what Tony would do, and he was trying his best to mimic his actions, hoping it would impress the other man, and going by the pleased noise Tony made, it was.

He didn't wait for Tony to tell him when to add another one, he just did it when he felt like the time was right. He was used to Tony's fingers stretching open him by now, and the size of his fingers was nothing in comparison to Tony's, so it wasn't difficult getting both of them in, there was only a slight stretch, nothing that would make him falter.

"Good job, baby," Tony praised as both of Peter's fingers disappeared inside him. "Are you going to fuck yourself while daddy watches now?"

Peter answered by bring his fingers out and pushing them right back in, stretching his ring of muscle, wetting it with what little saliva was left on his fingers.

"Don't forget to give your cock some attention too," Tony reminded him, prompting Peter to continue gently pumping his cock that had been forgotten in his hand. "There you go."

Multitasking while kneeling in this position was proving to be tough, and he hadn't been able to find a rhythm that helped yet, but he didn't complain about it, instead, he just kept trying to do his best.

"Look at how perfect you are." Tony gestured towards the mirror with his head.
Peter knew he wanted him to look, so he turned his neck to glance over his shoulder, and what he saw made his face go red. It was a clear view of him, fucking himself with his own fingers, and of course, Tony spreading his cheeks apart for him and smiling as he watched.

Peter turned back around as the tips of his ears burned red with embarrassment. He wanted to hide away, to cover himself so Tony couldn't see him, but he knew that wasn't an option, so he tried to go for the next best thing, which was pressing his face into the other man's neck like he always did, but Tony wasn't having it.

"None of that." The older man let go of one of Peter's cheeks so he could push at the smaller boy's chest, making him kneel straight once more. "No hiding your face from me this time."

Peter squirmed slightly, trying to hide the discomfort he felt from not being allowed to hide away. But he still continued on, moving his fingers around, twist them one way as he pushed them in and the other as he pulled out, reminding himself that this was making his daddy happy and that he was making up for what he had done.

"Daddy, It's hard," Peter mumbled as his arm started getting tired due to the way it was bent.

"I know, baby, but your doing such a good job. Have you found that little spot that daddy likes to play with yet? Or are your little fingers to small to reach it?" Tony spoke in a lightly teasing manner, before bringing himself closer to the smaller boy's face so he could kiss along his jawline.

Peter shook his head, knowing Tony was talking about his prostate which he hadn't found, not that he'd really been looking for it. "There to little."

"Would you like my help?" The other man purred between kisses as he trailed his lips down Peter's neck, eventually stopping to nibble and suck at his shoulder, adding yet another mark to his collection.

It was no surprise that Tony wanted to take over, he'd never been good at keeping his hands off Peter's body.

"Yes please, daddy, I-I need you to help me," Peter begged, going along with what Tony wanted.

"I couldn't say no to that, could I?" Tony smirked, reaching over to the bedside table to pump some lube into his hand, which Peter was thankful for, knowing that the spit that Tony provided wouldn't be enough for the man's thick fingers to enter him comfortably.

The older man then wrapped his arm around Peter's hip and nudged the boy's hand away. Peter's fingers left his hole, only to be replaced with Tony's much larger ones. Of course Tony found his prostate within seconds, he knew his body better then Peter did himself, but instead of teasing him like normal, he stayed still, looking up at the smaller boy as if waiting for something. Peter understood pretty quickly what was expected of him.

"Please, daddy, make me feel good." Peter pushed his hips down against the fingers in a way that would hopefully encourage Tony to start moving, and it did, the fingers inside him swiftly started stroking that sensitive spot, and Peter couldn't help but whimper as his body jerked forward.

"You gonna cum all over me, baby? Make a mess of my shirt?" Tony asked, fucking his fingers in and out of him while simultaneously scissoring them apart, stretching Peter's hole more than the boy ever could himself.

"Y-Yes, daddy. C-Can I? Can I please cum?" Peter breathed out, hand still jerking his leaking cock,
getting closer to release with each second, but he made sure to keep himself ready to let go, just in case Tony said no again.

"Go for it, baby. Make a mess all over your daddy."

Peter's breathing suddenly picked up, and he latched on to Tony's shirt for support as his orgasm hit, uncontrollably tightening his fist as he pulled at the fabric. He didn't even try biting his lip to hold his moans back this time, he just let whatever noises he made fall from his open mouth.

"Fuck," Tony groaned, fucking Peter with his fingers faster, causing the boy to jolt forward at the assault, high pitched whines now mixing in with his moans, and Tony didn't stop his fingers from moving until Peter's moans had died and he was squirming from overstimulation.

"Thank you for helping me feel good, daddy," Peter managed to get out as he let go of his cock, but as he did so, Tony replaced it with his own and gave it a few gentle strokes before moving forward to lick over his tip, greedily lapping up the last few drops of cum that were dripping from his slit. Peter tried not to get too embarrassed at how his cock twitched against the man's tongue.

When Tony took his hands away from Peter's body, Peter practically fell into his lap, not caring at all that he was pressing himself against his own cooling cum that he had gotten all over his daddy's shirt.

"Do you forgive me, daddy?" Peter panted, still coming down from his orgasm. "I swear I meant when I said I'll never do it again."

"It's going to take some time before I can fully trust you again, Peter," Tony started, making the smaller boy drop his shoulders, thinking that Tony was still upset with him. "But yes, I forgive you," he continued, voice sounding a lot lighter.

"Really?" Peter lifted his head as a small smile pulled across his lips. He didn't know why, but he was just so glad to have his daddy's forgiveness.

"Yes, but you need to understand that you belong to me and you're not going anywhere. You understand that, don't you, Peter?" Tony questioned, chillingly calm for such a serious and messed up conversation.

"Yes, daddy, I belong to you, always," he quickly replied.

Peter didn't even want to think about what he just said, because he pretty much just willing agreed to stay with his kidnapper forever, all for the sake of keeping him happy. But, it was okay, right? Because Tony loved him, and Peter knew he would keep on taking good care of him.

"Always," Tony repeated firmly as he possessively tightened his arms around the boy.

Peter shifted in his daddy's lap, trying to get more comfortable, but all it did was draw out a groan from the other man. Only now that Peter could feel Tony's cock pressing into him did he realize that he hadn't cum, which made him feel strangely guilty, he hadn't even made his daddy cum yet.

"Can I help you out with that, daddy?" Peter offered, gesturing down to the older man's crotch, trying to keep his voice steady and eyes free from tears. Months ago he would've never said something like that, would've never offered himself up like that, he would have fought against Tony with everything he had before doing it. But that seemed like a lifetime ago, he was a different person now, now he was his daddy's good little submissive boy.

Tony smiled before placing his hand under Peter's chin, gently tilting his head back so he could capture his lips with his own. A tongue slipped past his lips, and Peter opened his mouth a fraction
wider to let it in before pushing his own against it. He'd definitely gotten noticeably better at kissing over the mouths, it came so naturally to him now, and he knew exactly how Tony liked it.

"How about you warm daddy's cock with your pretty hole while we watch a movie?" The older man purred as he pulled away, placing one last kiss on the corner of the boy's mouth.

Warming Tony's cock was never easy, he'd ever only done it a hand full of time, and each time it left him aching due to being in the same uncomfortable position for hours, and of course, having a hard cock up his ass for that long always left him feeling tender. But despite all that and being completely exhausted after having no sleep, Peter agreed to it.

"Good boy," the older man praised as he scooped Peter in his arms, effortlessly lifting him off the bed as he stood up.

Peter simply held on as Tony walked them towards the lounge room, trying to get rid of that hope of seeing May again that he had kept in the back of his mind, because he didn't want it to lead him into disobeying again. It was useless to dwell to on those kinds of thoughts anyway because he belonged to his daddy and he wasn't going anywhere.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all the lovely comments on the last chapter! Means so much! <3

I hoped you liked this chapter :)

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Two different times where Peter freaks out because he thinks Tony's left him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"But I've already got heaps of clothes," Peter quietly protested as both him and Tony stood in the men's section of a relatively pricey clothing store.

"I know, but daddy likes to spoil you," Tony whispered, gently pushing Peter towards the rack of clothes in front of them. "Go on, pick as many as you'd like."

Peter sighed as he started going through his chooses of shirts, trying not to feel guilty about Tony spending money on him again.

It's been just over six months since Peter had attempted to run away, and in that time he had stuck to his promise and stayed with his daddy, even when he had them smuggled out of the country and given new identities. It was a terrifying night getting on that private plane Tony had gotten them, he had clung to the man pretty much the entire flight, keeping his eyes closed for as long as he could, hoping he'd open them again and they'd be back home by some miracle. But that never happened, instead, after hours upon hours of flying and driving, they arrived at their new home, in Australia of all places, the complete opposite side of the world. The farther away the better as Tony put it.

Their new last names were now Smith, purely because it was one of the most common ones which would make it easier for them to blend in. Tony had insisted on their names being the same, he said he liked the idea of sharing a surname, but Peter didn't really know how he felt about it. To him, he'd always be a Parker, but somehow he didn't completely hate sharing a last name with Tony, he may be even found a little comfort in it. But that was just another thing he added to the list of feelings he couldn't explain.

He was ashamed to admit it, but those feelings he knew he shouldn't be having for Tony only grew over the months. He started feeling safe around him like Tony was protecting him or something, he even started trusting him more. Though worst of all, he'd actually began craving the comfort Tony would give him. Every now and then he'd find himself voluntarily crawling into the man's lap when he needed help relaxing, mostly because he'd been thinking about May or his friends. Tony would never disappoint, he would always make him feel better, which Peter still couldn't figure out why, but he purposely avoided thinking about it now.

"Is this one okay?" Peter asked, holding out a dark red T-shirt for Tony to see and give his approval on, but when he turned around, he froze. Tony wasn't there.

Suddenly feeling vulnerable and unsafe, Peter stepped back until he hit the clothing rack. His wide eyes searched the area around him for his daddy, but he was nowhere to be seen. Did he annoy Tony by taking to long? But if so then why would Tony leave him here? He wouldn't go anywhere without telling him.
Peter fisted the T-shirt in his hands as panic started setting in. What was he meant to do? He couldn't just start calling out for daddy in the middle of the shops, he wasn't a kid, people would start looking at him weird, and he sure as hell wasn't going to call out for him by his first name, or Mr Stark, and Stark technically wasn't even his last name anymore.

Amidst his panic, Peter hadn't even realized that someone had come up beside him, however, when he did finally notice, he saw them reaching their arm out, causing him to flinch away from them.

"Sorry, was just grabbing a shirt," a man with a thick accent apologized, motioning to the rack behind them. "You alright?"

Peter took a step back from him, trying to keep himself calm. "Y-Yeah, good, fine. Sorry," Peter mumbled awkwardly, forcing himself to smile at the stranger, though his voice was that quiet the man probably didn't even hear most of it, but Peter didn't care about that, he just wanted his daddy, so when the man nodded at him, Peter dropped his smile and turned away from him and went back to concentrating on looking around.

He took half a step forward, eyes frantically searching the area, still being unsure of what to do. He didn't know if he should stay where he was or walk around until he found him. He just didn't understand why Tony would leave him here.

Thankfully he didn't have to make a decision, because only a few seconds later Tony came around the corner. When Peter saw him, his body loosened as he let out a heavy sigh.

He wasted no time in hurrying over to him.

"W-Where'd you go?" Peter stammered, quickly grabbing the hem of Tony's shirts, trying to get close enough to smell his cologne without drawing unwanted attention from people around them.

"I thought you heard me when I said I'll be right back. I wanted to see if there was anything else you'd like around the corner," Tony explained as he put an arm around Peter's back, pulling him a little closer so that their sides were touching. "I didn't scare you did I?"

"No," he lied, feeling pathetic for acting like a child does when they lose their parents at the shops. It really made him realize how much he depended on Tony, how lost he'd be without him.

"You're shaking," Tony pointed out, taking one of Peter's hands in his own.

"Just please don't do that again," Peter said as he looked to the floor, being too embarrassed to meet the man's eyes.

"Sorry, baby, I won't." Tony squeezed the boy's hand before kissing his forehead.

Peter went stiff, suddenly feeling like all eyes were on them, but when he glanced around he saw that no one had stopped to look. Tony had never shown that kind of affection towards him in public before, and it definitely made Peter nervous. He knew that since they were no longer in America they didn't need to worry about being recognized, but he still didn't want people judging them on the very clear age gap between them. That wasn't the only reason though, it felt weird having other people seeing them like this, the only other person who's seen them together was May, and he really didn't like being reminded of that time.

"Did you find something you like?" Tony asked, still holding Peter's hand, not seeming to care if anyone else was judging them, and for the first time in ages the older man's touch wasn't helping Peter with his anxiety, but it wasn't like he could just tell his daddy to stop, he knew better than that by now.
For a second Peter had no idea what Tony was talking about, then he remembered what he'd been doing before the incident happened.

Peter nodded in answer to Tony's question, hesitantly holding out what he had found for the older man to see, hoping he would like it.

"Red's definitely your color, that and blue," Tony smiled as took the shirt from Peter so he could check the tag, and Peter gave a little smile back, being glad that his daddy was happy with what he picked. "This isn't your size though."

"Oh," Peter said sheepishly, he hadn't even thought to check the sizing.

"What would you do without me?" Tony teased as he led them back to the shirt rack to get the right size.

Peter gave a little shrug. He had no idea, but he didn't want to find out any time soon.

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A few weeks had gone by since the incident at the shops, and since then Peter had unconsciously clung to Tony's side, following him pretty much anywhere he went, as if he was scared of being left alone again. When he finally realized what he had been doing, he tried stopping it, being ashamed of himself. But he found it next to impossible to stop doing. Whenever Tony left the room for more than ten minutes, Peter's anxiety would always get the worst of him and he'd go looking for him.

He knew there must be something wrong with him for craving the company and comfort of his kidnapper, but when he was in his arms, any of those mixed feelings he was having went away, he was able to go to a place in his mind where he didn't have to think, he could just focus on being held.

But he'd soon find out just how far he'd fallen into Tony's trap, and how much he truly relied on the older man to take care of him.

Peter was cocooned in a thick blanket on the lounge. He had woken up about an hour ago feeling like hell. He had a horrible headache and what felt like a cold coming on. All the lights around him were too bright and every little noise seemed to be ten times louder than they actually were. So when he told Tony this, the older man carried him to the lounge and wrapped him up in the softest blanket they had.

"How are you feeling?" Tony asked as he walked into the room with a plate of breakfast he'd made for Peter.

"Feels like it's getting worse," Peter murmured, taking in the smell of bacon and egg which instantly made him hungry, but he wasn't sure if he could even eat right now.

Tony put the plate on the coffee table as he sat down beside him. He ran his fingers through Peter's hair as he gave him a look of sympathy, relishing the way the boy leaned into his touch. He really hated seeing his baby hurting like this.

"I think I'm going to need to get you some medicine."

Peter shook his head. "You don't have to do that for me, daddy. I'll be okay," he tired. It took to long to get in town, and he didn't want Tony driving all that way just for him, plus he really didn't want to get in a car right now, especially if it meant driving on that road, it was too windy which was sure to only make him feel worse.
"Peter, you almost passed out on me this morning," Tony pointed out, reliving the memory in his head of how he had to jump out of bed because Peter had been swaying all over the place when he stood up.

"I just got up to quick," he tried to explain, even though he knew it was a lie, and going by the way Tony was looking at him, it wasn't a good one. He really hated lying to him. "I don't want to be a bother," he admitted quietly.

"Baby, we've talked about this, you're never a bother to me." Tony sounded genuine, just like he always did when he spoke about this subject. "I want you to feel better."

Peter did want to feel better, but if Tony wanted to go then he was going to have to come as well. Peter knew there was no point in trying to get out of it, because if Tony wanted to do something then they were going to do it.

"Okay," Peter groaned as he tried to sit up.

"Hey, steady. Lie back down." Tony pushed on the boy's shoulder's, and Peter easily dropped back to the lounge.

"But I thought we were going to get some medicine." Peter gave Tony a confused look as the blanket was wrapped back around his body, a little tighter than before.

Tony sighed. He knew if Peter pushed himself too much then this cold or whatever it was could turn into something much worse. But his baby looked so pale and in pain. He needed something to help him, painkillers at very least. So it looked as though he was only left with one other option, one that he really didn't like.

"You can stay here while I go in and get it."

Tony trusted Peter not to take off while he was gone. It had taken some time for him to let his guard down around the boy again, but he hadn't shown any interest in running since the first time he tried doing it. Tony had tested him a few times of course, like letting him wander outside on his own while he secretly watched from a window, or pretending to be asleep when he knew Peter was still awake. He even stopped hiding the car keys at one point. Peter had only glanced at them once, most likely being surprised to see them out in the open, but other than that he didn't go near them. One of the more risky things Tony had done to test Peter only happened the other week, he walked away from him in the shops while his back was turned, and instead of running to someone for help, the boy freaked out and stayed where he was. Tony couldn't deny that it was cute seeing Peter react like that, all because he didn't know where his daddy had gone, but he still felt guilty about almost putting him into a panic attack.

"You want me to stay here? By myself?" Peter frowned, not liking the sound of that for some reason, and to his surprise, he quickly changed his mind about not wanting to go. "Why can't I just come with you?"

"I think it'll be for the best if you stay home. You can watch a movie, or have a nap if you'd like. How does that sound?"

Peter dropped his eyes to the lounge, thinking about Tony's question. There was a part of him that was proud of himself, proud because this meant he'd been that much of a good boy that Tony completely trusted him, but at the same time, the thought of being left here alone scared him. They've barely spent any time separated since Tony took him, the longest time being when Peter tried running away, so he had no idea how he was going to cope with being alone.
Neither one of these feelings made sense to him, he should be happy that his kidnapper was finally giving him some space, not being anxious like he was.

Peter just decided to agree. It was clear that he wasn't going to be given any other options anyway.

"You'll be alright by yourself, it's only for a little while," Tony tried to reassure, sensing Peter's discomfort. Of course he didn't like seeing him upset, but Tony couldn't help but be content with the knowledge of Peter being uncomfortable with him not being here. "But, baby, daddy's putting a lot of trust into you to be a good boy while I'm gone. So you are going to be good for me, aren't you?"

Peter quickly nodded his head. "You can trust me, daddy. I'm not going to do anything stupid," he spoke honestly. He definitely wanted to prove to Tony that he could be trusted.

"Good boy," Tony smiled, bending forward to give Peter a quick kiss for before he left to get ready, however, he was stopped when the boy pulled his blanket up to cover his mouth. Tony leaned back an inch, raising an eyebrow at Peter's odd behavior.

"I-I don't want to get you sick too," Peter shyly explained, voice being muffled out slightly by the blanket.

Tony chuckled at that, he was too cute for his own good. But that was proven a long time ago though.

"Alright, baby, I'll let that one slide." The older man continued to smile as he kissed the boy's forehead instead. "I'm going to get ready," Tony told him before heading upstairs to do just that, not wanting to waste any time. The quicker he got the medicine the quicker Peter would be feeling better.

Within ten minutes, Tony was back downstairs, putting his shoes on while giving Peter a list of rules he needed to follow while he was gone.

"Just relax and watch a movie, don't do anything strenuous, but try and eat something if you can. Make sure to stay inside, it's cold out and I don't want you getting any sicker, and don't answer the door for anyone, and I mean anyone, even if it's just the neighbor." Tony hated the idea of someone being at their house while Peter was here alone and vulnerable. He didn't trust anyone with his boy. "Got all that, baby?"

"Yes, daddy," Peter confirmed, still lying down on the lounge where we left him, wrapped up in the oversized blanket.

Tony grinned at the boy's cuteness. The blanket looked like it was swallowing him whole.

"I won't be too long, okay?" Tony walked over and gave him another kiss on the forehead, stretching it out a little longer than necessary before pulling away. Though before going for the door, he made sure Peter had a glass of water and the remote in reaching distance so he didn't have to get up for them.

Tony stood in the archway to the lounge room and gave Peter a wave before he stepped out, which the boy then returned along with a little mumbled 'goodbye, daddy'. Tony really hoped he didn't have to hear Peter say that too often, he really didn't like it.

Peter thought his anxiety was bad enough when he heard the front door shut, but it only got worse upon hearing the car turn on. He listened as the car drove away from the house, making the reality of all this set in. He never thought the day would come where Tony would leave him by himself. Months ago that was all he wanted, some time alone without being watched, but now that he had it,
it felt nowhere near as good as he thought it would.

To try and distract himself, Peter turned on the TV, however for a split second he was tempted to turn on the news, just to see what was happening in the world, but he quickly pushed that naughty thought out of his head and turned on Netflix instead.

Peter groaned as he turned onto his side to properly face the screen, being thankful that Tony was going to get him something to make him feel better. His daddy was always good at taking care for him.

He reached out to grab the plate of bacon and eggs that Tony had made for him. He nibbled on his food as he watched, ignoring the fact that it was cold because he wanted to try and eat like Tony asked him to, but his headache was making him feel sick, so he only managed to down half of what was on his plate before having to put it back on the coffee table.

When the movie finished, Peter didn't bother putting another one on, knowing that Tony would be here soon anyway. Where they lived was in a relatively rural area, though it was a lot closer to town and neighboring houses than their old place. Peter liked this house better than their last. It was roughly the same size and style, but the difference with this one was that it had more stuff in it, making it feel a lot more like a home compared to the empty shell of the other house.

It took just over two hours to get to and from town, so when two and a half hours went by after Tony left, Peter went and sat on one of the large bay windows at front of the house that looked out over the front lawn. He brought the blanket with him to keep himself warm and got ready to greet the older man when he got home. He got a little dizzy when he stood up, but he ignored it, he was determined to show his daddy just how good he's been as soon as he opened the door.

Peter was again strangely proud of himself. He hadn't even thought about leaving once, and he knew how happy he was going to make Tony when he walked in to see him still here.

Peter started getting a little worried when thirty minutes when by and there was still no sign of Tony. He wasn't sure why he wasn't here yet, it's been three hours. But he still sat there waiting, staring out the window, expecting to see him any moment now.

Peter shifted uncomfortably in his seat, anxiously tapping his fingers on the cold window pane while biting the inside of his cheek. A full hour had passed now and there was still no sign of him, and he was starting to get sore from sitting on the wooden seat. Tony should definitely be here by now, it wouldn't take him more than an hour to just get medicine at shops, he should've been in and out within ten minutes and on his way home.

Peter got up and started nervously pacing the room, once again ignoring his dizziness, being too busy thinking of all the bad things that could be causing Tony to be so late.

What if he was hurt? What if he was in an accident? He didn't even kiss him goodbye properly.

Peter tried to breathe, telling himself that Tony wasn't hurt and that there must be a more logical reason for him to be taking so long. But amidst all his overthinking, something else came to mind, something that made his stomach knot up. What if Tony left him?

No, his daddy wouldn't do that, not to him. Would he? Surely Tony would never even consider leaving him here alone like that.

Peter wondered if he had done something wrong that could've made Tony angry with him. He
quickly started going over everything that had gone on in past few days, trying to think if he had done something naughty without realizing, but he couldn't think of a single thing, he'd been nothing but good. He thought maybe he could've done something naughty in bed last night, but again, he couldn't think of anything, he had said all his pleases and thank yous like he'd been taught to, and of course, he begged Tony to fuck him like always, just how his daddy liked it.

The more he thought about the possibility the more paranoid he became. He started wondering if Tony had just gotten bored of him and had been waiting for the right moment to leave. Maybe he was going to go find somebody else, someone better than him, someone who didn't cry all the time. Or maybe Tony needed a break from him. Was he being too clingy? Did Tony not like it when he went to him for comfort? It's not like he had anyone else to go to, and Tony always calmed him down so quickly, so it was hard not to go to him when he needed it.

Peter slowly say back down on the bay window, crying quietly, letting the blanket fall from his shoulders. He brought his legs up to his chest and rested his head against his knees as his soft cries turned into sobs. He didn't know why he was acting like this, he should be over the moon that Tony left him, but instead, he was crying his eyes out at the thought of being abandoned and never seeing him again.

What if he never came back? Peter wasn't sure if he'd be able to get himself to leave this house. This was his home now. But he had no idea what he would do, he couldn't support himself, he had no money, nor a way of getting around.

He knew life without Tony would never be normal for him, because this was his normality now, belonging to his daddy and getting loved and fucked by him whenever the older man pleased.

Peter hugged himself in an attempt to simulate comfort, but it was useless, his arms weren't the same. He missed Tony, he actually missed his kidnapper. He wanted to held by him again, to be told he was a good boy, to listen to the man's smoothing word, telling him that it was okay. He wanted to smell him again and feel those hands running down his back, comforting him. He'd even take being fucked by him right now, just so he knew he was still here, looking after him.

Peter knew there was one way he could smell Tony again, it was desperate, but he needed it right now.

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Tony put the bags of shopping on the kitchen counter, but rather than unpacking them straight away, he went looking for Peter, wanting to make sure his baby was okay.

Getting the medicine had taken a lot longer then he had anticipated, which he hated. He had to go to the next town over to get it because the closest one was only small and no shop sold what he needed.

By the time he was finally driving home, he was itching to see his baby again. He was too used to having the boy by his side at all times. He absolutely loved it when Peter followed him around like a lost puppy, though nothing could beat the times when Peter would come over to him and climbed into his lap without even being asked, he just did it on his own accord. He couldn't get over how needy Peter had become, it was a very welcomed bonus to all this he hadn't been expecting.

When he walked into the lounge room, he was surprised to see the lounge unoccupied. The next thing he did was check the bathroom, hoping that his poor baby wasn't throwing up in there.

"Peter?" Tony knocked on the door before opening it, but the room was empty, so he shut the door and walked to the main area of the house, frowning slightly.
"Peter?" He called a little louder but got no answer, the house stayed quiet.

Tony didn't let himself worry, even though all this was closely resembling the morning he had woken up to find Peter gone. He still hadn't checked the bedroom, and he trusted Peter not to have done anything naughty.

He made his way upstairs, maybe a little bit quicker than he normally did, and went straight for their bedroom door. He opened it quietly as he expected to find Peter sleeping, but that was far from what he found.

Peter wasn't sleeping at all, he was curled up on his side, crying with his face buried in the shirt Tony had been wearing yesterday.

"Baby?" Tony spoke gently, and as soon as the word left his mouth, Peter's head lifted up, revealing his red face and bloodshot eyes. His baby looked a wreck.

"Daddy?" Peter's voice was small and strained like he'd been crying for hours.

Tony quickly walked over and sat on the bed, right beside Peter, and the boy swiftly crawled onto his lap and shoved his face into the crook of Tony's neck. He was never going to grow tired of Peter clinging on to him, needing him.

"Baby, what happened?" Tony continued to speak quietly as he protectively put his arms around the smaller boy's body, rubbing his hand over every inch of his back to help soothe him, all while trying to move further onto the bed, making things more comfortable for them.

Peter shook his head, feeling ashamed of how he had behaved, and how he was acting right now. He could hardly describe it, but when he saw Tony standing at that door, he was hit with overwhelming relief. And the happiness he felt went far from unnoticed as well.

"I-I thought you left me," Peter whispered, rubbing his wet face against Tony's neck, wanting to feel more skin on skin contact.

"Left you?" Tony questioned, shocked that Peter could even think that. The idea of leaving Peter here in this foreign county to fend for himself was unfathomable to him. "I could never do that."

"You were gone for so long."

"I-I thought you left me," Peter whispered, rubbing his wet face against Tony's neck, wanting to feel more skin on skin contact.

"Left you?" Tony questioned, shocked that Peter could even think that. The idea of leaving Peter here in this foreign county to fend for himself was unfathomable to him. "I could never do that."

"You were gone for so long."

"I know, Baby, I'm sorry. I had to go to the next town over to get your medicine, they didn't have any at the one we normally go to," Tony explained, feeling guilty that he caused his baby this distress. However, through his guilt, Tony couldn't help but feel content with Peter's behavior. Peter had gotten that upset that he actually started crying into one of his shirts, all because he thought his daddy left him. How could he not be happy with that? It showed just how much Peter needed him, and how much progress he'd made in turning Peter into his perfect submissive boy.

Peter wasn't sure why he didn't think about that. He was too wrapped up in a panic to think that the small shop they go to for food wouldn't sell what he needed. But just because Tony didn't leave him this time didn't mean he wouldn't do it eventually.

"You'll get bored of me one day, and you'll want to leave so you can find somebody else," Peter mumbled against Tony's neck through his cries, tightening his fingers in the older man's shirt at the
thought.

Is that what Peter really thought? That he would just get bored of him? Tony didn't spend thousands upon thousands of dollars to get them out of the country just to get bored of him, he loved him too much for that.

"I would never want anyone else, and I could never get bored of you. I love you, baby, I always will." Tony really meant it. He didn't know what he'd do without Peter, the boy was too precious to him. Those tears he spilled the night Peter took off were real, it terrified him to know how close he almost came to losing his baby. Though those tears did get him a reaction from Peter he hadn't been expecting, and once he realized how it made Peter feel, he couldn't help but play it out a little more, just to see how far the boy would go to make it up to him, and he definitely hadn't been disappointed with what he got.

"Promise?" Peter couldn't stop himself, he needed to hear his daddy say it. Tony had always kept his promises.

"I promise I'll never leave you. You're mine forever," Tony spoke in a possessive tone, meaning every word, and for the first time, Peter wasn't left shaking at the man's proprietorial behavior. "I could never let you go."

Those words 'I could never let you go', they were the same words that terrorized Peter months ago, but now, to his shock, instead of sending shivers down his spine, they actually brought him a sense of comfort and relief. He knew his daddy meant it.

Tony pulled Peter away from him. He wanted to taste his lips, to take him into a slow, tender kiss, just so he could showcase how much he loved him.

Peter whimpered at the loss of Tony's body heat and tried to get closer again, but he soon caught on to what the older man was doing when he leaned in for a kiss.

"Daddy, you'll get sick." Peter tried wiggling of the other man's hold, only now realizing that being this close to each other could definitely spread whatever it was that he had.

"I don't care." Tony pulled him right back, holding on tightly as he locked their lips together, kissing his baby with the love he deserved.

When Tony eventually pulled away, he smiled down at the boy and stroked his red cheek as he spoke, "I think it would be for the best if you didn't stay home alone again. I'll make sure to keep us stocked up on medicine so this won't happen again."

Peter nodded in agreement, very much liking the sound of that. He really didn't want to go through another one of those panic attacks, nor spend another moment thinking Tony had abandoned him.

"Come on, let's get you your medicine, then you can have the chocolate I brought you," Tony spoke up after a long silence of him just holding the smaller boy against him.

"Chocolate?" Peter smiled. He could really go for some chocolate right now. His daddy knew him so well.

"I got your favorite because I knew you were going to be a good boy for me, and you were. I'm so proud of you, baby." Tony kissed him again, and Peter couldn't help but hum happily at the praise he received.

Peter was so happy he made his daddy proud, and he didn't even feel guilty about feeling this way
this time. He honestly thought about just completely giving in to these strange feelings and letting himself fall even further, right where Tony wanted him to be. It would make life so much easier for him if he were to just accept everything, accept that he now liked being held by this man and that he now liked the smell of his cologne and his gentle words.

Tony was going to take extra care of Peter tonight, he was going to make him cum until he was overwhelmed and his pretty cock became too sensitive. He could picture it now, Peter wriggling beneath him, moaning for his daddy to let him cum while his little hole was being fingered open. He couldn't care less if he was going to get sick, he wanted to make Peter feel good, and his baby's pleasure always came first.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took me forever! I hope you enjoyed Poor Peter with his bad case of Stockholm syndrome.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's been two years, Peter's has fallen, and all be can think about is how he can make his
daddy happy.

Chapter Notes

It's been so long! But I come back with some more sin. >:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was the day of their two-year anniversary. It had been two years since Tony had walked in on
Peter in his room that day, two years since he took what he had been desiring for months, despite the
boy's fight against it. That fight was long gone by now though, it was more like a distant memory.
Tony no longer had to overpower Peter and hold him down, and Peter no longer cried and begged
for him to stop. He was somebody else, he was exactly who Tony wanted him to be. A well-
behaved boy who'd do anything his daddy asked of him.

For their anniversary, Tony had planned on waking his baby up with his mouth around his cock, but
upon waking up himself, Tony realized he was too late, someone had beat him to it.

The first thing Tony registered when he opened his eyes was the sun coming through the window,
hitting his face with a near blinding light, but the second thing he noticed quickly took his mind away
from the bother of the light. A familiar, wet heat had itself wrapped around his cock, suckling gently.

Tony groaned as Peter's talented little tongue slid along his already fully grown length, and noticing
the older man stirring from his sleep, Peter pulled off so he could smile up at him. Now that was a
welcoming sight to be greeted to first thing in the morning.

"Happy anniversary, daddy," Peter beamed, nuzzling his cheek against Tony's hard member, tilting
his head to run the corner of his lips along the shaft.

"Happy anniversary, baby." Tony returned the smile as he reached down and brushed his fingers
through Peter's slightly damp hair, fresh out of the shower it seemed. How Peter managed to tiptoe
around without waking him was a mystery. "Looks like someone stole my idea."

"M'Sorry, I just wanted you to wake up feeling good, like you do for me sometimes," the boy shyly
explained, squirming around between Tony's legs as if worried he'd done something wrong.

"Don't apologize for making daddy feel good, sweetheart. It's a nice surprise."

Peter relaxed with those words, smiling once more before taking Tony back in his mouth, almost
completely bottoming out without gagging, something that had taken some time for him to master.
But Tony had been more than happy to help him practice.
"Fuck," Tony moaned as the tip of his cock touched the back of Peter's throat. "You've gotten so good at taking me in that pretty mouth of yours, haven't you, baby?" Tony propped himself up on his elbows, taking in the outright sinful sight of the boy's lips stretching for him as his head bobbed.

Peter hummed around him in agreement, sending chills up Tony's spine. He could watch this show for days, Peter's slim body lying between his legs, his mouth working hard to please his daddy, and god those sounds, the little whimpers he made as he fought strongly not to gag. He could practically feel the way Peter was forcing his throat to relax, just like he was taught.

As much as he hated the idea, Tony needed to stop him, he didn't want to cum like this, not when he had another perfectly good hole he could use instead.

Tony sat up, and Peter's eyes followed him, his mouth still eagerly sucking him down. The kid looked confused, maybe even a little upset when Tony gently pushed on his shoulder, interrupting his hard work.

"But, daddy, I wanna taste," Peter practically begged, licking over the man's slit, cleaning up any drool he had left behind.

"Later, baby, but right now it's my turn," Tony spoke in a deep tone, lust taking him at the thought of giving his baby pleasure. "Up you get, turn around and show me what's mine."

Peter did what he was told, getting himself on his hands and knees with a cute little pout on his lips. There was somewhat of a hesitation in the way the boy's moved though, and Tony knew precisely why. Peter could already tell what was in store for him.

Out of all the things they did together, getting rimmed was something Peter still hadn't gotten used to, even after all this time. It wasn't necessarily something they did a lot, but each time it was obvious that Peter didn't like it. Tony figured it was the shame that did it. Peter had always been shy, so the shame of having his hole fucked out by his daddy's tongue must be too much for him. But god did Tony love watching him squirm.

Tony kneeled behind him as Peter pressed his face into the bed, making his ass stick out so his hole could be presented to the older man. And what a pretty little hole it was. So perfect, just the right fit for his cock.

Peter gasped at the first lick, his hips wiggling around restlessly, and the more Tony explored and the deeper he got, the more he could feel Peter's body trembling beautifully around his tongue.

"Don't you like your hole being played with, baby?" Tony asked just to tease him.

"I-I do," Peter tried to get out as confidently and convincing as he could, but Tony saw right through it.

"Really? It doesn't really seem like it. You're shaking quite a bit there," he pointed out, taking ahold of one of Peter's wobbling thighs to run a soothing hand down it, while his free hand captured the boy's soft prick, where he then began working it to hardness, something that didn't take too much time.

"No, I love it when daddy plays with me, makes me feel good," Peter insisted, pushing his hips back as if trying to prove it, giving Tony an even better view.

"So you like it when I do this then?" Tony dragged the tip of his tongue down the cleft of the youth's ass, stopping at the ring of muscle to suck on it lightly.
"Y-Yes," Peter trembled, his body jolting when Tony pushed in yet again. There was nothing cuter than seeing him all flustered like this. "B-But, daddy, can I please have your cock now?"

Tony smirked, knowing that that was the only way Peter knew how to ask him to stop now, by asking for something else. He wouldn't dare tell him to stop outright. No, he knew better than that by now.

"Give me a second, baby. Let daddy have his fun."

Peter nodded, whining quietly as he fist the sheets tighter and buried his face away, waiting for it to be over with.

Tony was greedy with his time, toying with every part that was easily accessible to him, and enjoying every little cut off and muffled mewl that graced his ears because of it. It took him right back to the first time he had done this. They were in the shower together the morning after Tony had taken Peter's first time, and his poor baby was still sore from the previous night. Tony had wanted to make him feel better considering the pain was caused by him, so he sunk to his knees and took him with his mouth right there, massaging the sore ring with his tongue. One of the reasons Tony had waited so long to go all the way with Peter was because he knew it was going to be painful for him, no matter how much he stretched him. To this day he still hated seeing him in pain, but it was something that had to be done.

"Daddy, please, your cock, I need it," Peter whimpered out after having endured far more then the second Tony had promised.

"Is that right?" Tony grinned, pulling himself away from the boy to kneel straight, though keeping his right thumb over his entrance, petting it. "You want daddy's cock filling up that little hole of yours?"

Peter bent his neck to look over his shoulder, right into Tony's eyes before shaking his head. The older man's eyebrow twitched up at that, shocked to see his baby being naughty by saying no. That wasn't the boy he trained. But just as Tony was about to bring out his stern voice, something that he hated doing unless absolutely necessary, Peter spoke up, making his intentions clearer.

"Need it," Peter told him, almost like he was correcting him. Cheeky.

"Oh you need it, do you?" Tony's grin quickly found its way back to his face, being glad to see the kid wasn't misbehaving. "My greedy little boy."

"Only for you, daddy," Peter promised, not that Tony would ever think otherwise.

"Only for me," Tony agreed darkly, grabbing some lube to slick himself up with to ensure this was as enjoyable for Peter as it was for him.

Tony turned the boy around to lie on his side before gracefully slipping in behind him, cock pressing against the curve of Peter's ass as he pulled him closer, practically spooning him. The older man then further coaxed Peter into the position he wanted, the boy's torso twisting back, yet still lying on his side, allowing Tony to see his baby's face while he fucked him from behind. He wouldn't want to miss out on that view.

Tony took a second to let his eyes roam freely over Peter's body, to touch him in any way he saw fit. He took great pleasure in knowing Peter was his in every way, knowing that this cock was the only one the boy had ever known, he had never felt the touch of anyone but him. Tony had every intention of keeping it that way.
Tony ran his hand down the length of Peter's creamy white thigh, reaching the back of his knee to push it forward, bending it in a way that would allow him better access to where his cock ached to be. He wanted Peter to beg first though and knew just how to get what he wanted without a single word.

He lined himself up between Peter's cheeks before gently pushing in, though going no further than the tip. Peter shifted in his spot, getting himself ready to be taken, but the only thing Tony did was slip back out, denying Peter of his previous beg.

"Daddy," Peter whined, pitched and drawn out, pushing his hips back to try and meet back up with the older man's cock. "Please."

That was a good start to what Tony wanted to hear, and he more than happily complied by sinking into the well-known heat, loving the way the boy hummed quietly as he did so inch by inch. Having Peter's body sucking him in was never going to get old.

But a needy please wasn't going to be enough, he wanted to hear more of that beautiful melody Peter sang for him. So he didn't move, he simply let himself be warmed by Peter's inner body heat.

It didn't last long though, Peter caught on fairly quick. He was so well trained, always giving Tony what he wanted, always saying his please and thank yous.

"Will you fuck me, daddy, please?" Peter looked at him with needy eyes and a pursed bottom lip, adorable if you asked Tony.

"Isn't this enough for you, baby?"

"Need more, need you to fuck me. I wanna feel you more. I-I need-"

"Don't worry, I'll give you what you need." Tony took over, deciding to drop the whole teasing bit. Staying still while buried in Peter's tight ass was becoming impossible, especially while being looked at like that, like Peter would break down and start crying if he didn't get pounded by his daddy right that second.

Sticking true to his promise this time, he gave Peter exactly what he 'needed' by rocking his hips back, almost completely slipping from his warm heat before snapping forward, not enough to hurt his beautiful boy, but enough to draw out a gorgeous little gasp from the back of his throat.

"Are you happy now you got what you wanted?" Tony hissed out, his breathing becoming heavier the faster he fucked into the smaller body.

"Y-Yes, daddy, s-so good, so big, filling me up. T-Thank you," Peter babbled, most of it coming out stuttered and unintelligible like he wasn't even thinking before speaking, he was just pushing out whatever he could manage.

"Look at you, you can barely talk because you love being bounced on daddy's cock so much," Tony teased, trailing his hand away from Peter's bent leg to the kid's chest that was busy at work, keeping up with his breathing.

There was no disagreement from Peter either, he was too caught up in trying not to choke on his own moans, a gorgeous sight to behold.

Tony would normally draw this out for longer, really take his time with each thrust and enjoy the tight drag of Peter's body around his cock, instead of jumping right into fucking him like it would be their last time together, but today was going to be a big day, he didn't want to take too much of it up
straight away, it was a special one after all, and this little session was only going to be the beginning. He had plans to spoil his boy that involved things like making him his favorite foods, taking him on a shopping spree, and seeing a movie. But of course, there will be lots of other things mixed in there as well.

"T-There," Peter squeaked out when Tony snapped his hips in a new direction. His body shuddered as Tony repeated the movement, one of his hands balling up in the bedsheets while the other softly squeezed the older man's side, nails coming close to digging into the skin.

"There, huh?" Tony said with a playful tease in his tone, not slowing his rhythm for a second. "Is daddy hitting your sweet spot?"

Peter nodded frantically while mumbling some incoherent words that Tony didn't catch, but that didn't bother him, he could tell Peter was close. He'd be hearing all the moans he needed to in less than thirty seconds.

"You gonna cum, baby?" The older man asked, even though he already knew the answer. But all he got in return was a choked cry as Peter screwed his eyes shut and jerked his head, nodding yes, and that wasn't nearly enough to suffice. "What do you say? Look at me and use your words."

"Touch me, please. Let me cum," Peter managed, trying his best to keep his face pointing the way Tony wanted it instead of burying it away like he probably wanted to. He always liked hiding.

"Touch you where?" Tony pushed, knowing Peter could do better than that.

"My cock, daddy. W-Wonna cum. Need you, need your hand on my cock, please," Peter begged so pretty between each pant, his eyes again struggling to stay open.

His baby clearly needed him.

Tony's hand left the boy's chest to wrap around his neglected cock, where he then gently gave it a few lazy strokes. It was already leaking for him, already having made a sticky mess on their bed cover, but their silk sheets were the last thing he cared about right now.

"Faster, please?" Peter bucked his hips up in hopes of getting more stimulation, making the plead only that much sweeter.

Tony didn't disappoint, his tightened his grip, just how he knew Peter liked it best, and began pumping, not stopping until Peter's muscles were seizing up and he was spilling over his own stomach with broken moans.

"Thank you, daddy, thank you for letting me cum," Peter panted, sounding weaker and more fucked out than before.

Peter came first every time, Tony wouldn't have it any other way, and one of the plus sides to that was that fucking him after he had orgasmed earned him the sweetest sounds. Peter would be an overstimulated, sensitive mess, and it drove Tony crazy watching him writhe around uncontrollably.

"Shit," Tony groaned, each one of his thrusts starting to get deeper as he picked up the pace, getting lost in the pleasure. "So beautiful for me, sweetheart, so good, taking everything I give you, just like the good boy you are. No one could take care of you the way I do, could they? Only I know how to fuck you properly and give you what you need, isn't that right, baby?"

"Only you." Peter didn't hesitate to agree. "I would never want anyone else. I-I belong to daddy, I'm for daddy to use only."
"That's right. I'd never let anyone else touch you. You're all for me." Tony didn't even want to think about someone else touching Peter, no one else had that right. "So close, baby. Tell me how much you want daddy's cum."

As Peter begged him to cum, Tony couldn't stop wondering how the fuck he'd gotten so lucky to end up with someone so well behaved like Peter. Well, realistically, he already knew how. He had made his own luck, he had taken what he saw as his and sculpted him into exactly what he wanted. A decision that he'd never regret.

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"You did so well for me, baby," Tony cooed as he claimed Peter's neck, littering it with marks that looked just right against the boy's pale skin, and Peter didn't complain about any of it, he simply laid there looking pretty, too fucked out to want to move.

"I guess it would only be fair that I let you give me one too, huh?" Tony thought out loud, because why not? He quite liked the idea of having a love mark created by Peter on him. "Would you like to give daddy one too?" The older man asked, moving their bodies around so that Peter was now on top, straddling his daddy's hips.

"Really?" The boy hesitated on top of him, sitting up a bit and frowning down at him, clearly taken aback. He probably thought he heard him wrong, or that he was misunderstanding what Tony meant. It will never not be cute seeing Peter confused and unsure. "But- w-what if I do it wrong and hurt you?"

"You're not going to hurt me," Tony chuckled. "Just do it how I do and you'll be fine."

Peter only managed to bend forward about an inch before he was glancing back up at Tony, searching for reassurance. Tony nodded and gave the boy's hip a little nudge, helping him break through the wall of uncertainty.

Licking his lips nervously, Peter continued forward until he reached the older man's neck. His lips hovered for a second before they finally planted themselves where they needed to be.

"I little bit harder, don't be scared, use your teeth," Tony encouraged, noticing Peter was sucking just a tad too light. "Good boy," he happily praised when Peter followed his instructions almost perfectly, enjoying the feeling of the kid's teeth on his skin.

Tony smiled at the pleased little hum that vibrated against his neck, coming from Peter of course. Tony hadn't been surprised to find out that Peter loved being praised, it suited him, and Tony was more than happy to see to it that Peter was showered with as much of it as possible. He's earned it.

Peter soon pulled back, leaving behind a nice sized red mark that was sure to start bruising in no time.

"Was- is that okay? D-Did I do good?" Peter met up with the older man's eyes, his expression shy and uncertain, yet ready to lap up some more of Tony's prase.

"Perfect, baby. So good for me," the older man cooed, dragging Peter down to where he belonged, in his arms.

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Peter smiled to himself as he settled down, clinging to Tony's side, knowing he had done a good job at making his daddy happy, and it was only the morning, there were still so many more hours left of
the day to keep up his good work.

Months ago, when Peter finally gave in and accepted that he belonged to his daddy and this was where they lived now, everything became so much easier, nothing was stressful anymore, and slowly, without Peter even realizing it, he molded himself into this perfect boy his daddy now knows. He found out that it made him happy when Tony was happy. He still sometimes had troubles understanding the weird feelings he has for Tony, the ones that he knows he shouldn't be having, but when he's feeling troubled he simply goes to Tony for some comfort, so it isn't really a probably anymore like it used to be.

As time passed, Peter had gotten himself even better at knowing what his daddy did and didn't like. For example, Tony liked being the one who got Peter hard. Peter had done it himself one day, hoping it would please the older man, but it didn't go quite as planned. Tony wasn't angry of course, he only got angry when he was naughty, which was something that never happened anymore because he went out of his way not to be naughty. The older man had smiled and praised him, but Peter still caught a flash of disappointment in his eyes because he wasn't the one who got to feel him getting hard. So Peter didn't do it anymore after that, he only touches himself when his daddy tells him to.

Another thing he figured out was how much Tony loved undressing him, even more so when it was Tony's clothes he was wearing. He'd slowly take one piece of clothing off at a time, watching as it slipped over the boy's smooth skin until he was left with nothing. Tony already knew well enough what was underneath each item of clothing, but that didn't stop a smile from forming on his face every time he saw him naked. So Peter would dress in Tony's clothes often.

"Can I warm daddy's cock later?" Peter asked, knowing how much Tony liked it when they did that.

"Of course you can." Tony's hand traveled down Peter's back with a pleased smile that reached his eyes fixed in place.

Peter knew he had been good today, but he wanted to do better, it was a special day after all, something the older man had reminded him about many times, and warming Tony's cock didn't feel like enough. He needed to do something more, something that would make his daddy smile wider than he already was. But what? He had already given him himself and probably would again later, so that wasn't enough. He needed to think of something he hadn't done before, something big and meaningful.

Then an idea came to him, one that was sure to make the older man happier.

There were three words that he had never spoken to Tony before, three words that Tony was always repeating to him in his softly spoken voice. But even though these three words sounded simply enough to say, it would still take a lot for him to get them out. Asking to be fucked and to cum seemed easy in comparison.

"What's got you all troubled, sweetheart? You seem to be doing a lot of thinking over there," Tony broke the silence, giving Peter an even smaller time frame to figure out whether or not he could go through with his idea.

"N-Nothing's bothering me, I just-" Could he really say it? If he did, he'd most likely get rewarded with his daddy's smile and loving words, and any praise he got from Tony always made him feel warm inside, it told him he was doing the right thing. He'd like to have that feeling again.

Screw it, he was going to do it.
"I love you, daddy," Peter quickly mumbled out, sheepishly hiding his face away in Tony's neck.

The older man paused everything he was doing, even his breathing seemed to have faltered for a second.

Peter chewed on the inside of his cheek as Tony stayed silent, wondering if he had made a mistake. Did he make his daddy upset? Peter's heart dropped at the thought, thinking that he may have just ruined their day. He hated the idea, he had just wanted to be good.

When Tony grabbed him by the arms and sat them both up, Peter became nervous. Was he about to get into trouble? Was Tony going to use that harsh voice on him that he hated so much? God he hoped not, it would make him cry without a doubt. It had been a while since the last time he cried, he'd been getting better at keeping his tears in and he didn't want to be a sobbing mess again, but if his daddy got angry with him, it was over.

"Say it again," the older man whispered, searching the boy's eyes with his own.

Peter's body loosened, he could actually breathe again. Tony didn't sound angry with him, in fact, he sounded far from it. There was heavy questioning in his tone, mixed in with a bit of shock, as if he doubted whether or not he heard right. It wasn't often he saw Tony acting like this, or at all really.

"I love you, dadd-" Tony cut him off with a rough kiss, smashing their mouths together like he was desperate for contact.

Peter bent back under Tony's growing weight that seemed to keep piling on top of him as the man lost himself in the kiss, but Peter didn't mind, he was good at keeping his lips up with Tony's these days.

"Fuck. I love you too, baby, so much. You're daddy's perfectly, perfect boy." Tony barely gave either one of them time to breathe before he went in for another kiss, this time gently locking their lips together for something slightly less demanding.

Peter couldn't stop a moan of content from leaving his mouth between their kiss. His daddy couldn't stop touching him, running his hands over his naked body, really showing him just how good he'd been.

He could tell saying those three words were going to become something of a familiar thing for him now, but that was okay, he knew how much Tony cared about him and how much he did for him, so it was the least he could do, and making Tony happy made things easier for both of them, because when Tony was happy, everything went right, everything was bliss. There was no scary fear of being abandoned or unloved. He belonged to his daddy, and Tony wasn't going anywhere, just like he promised.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Peter is just overtaken with that Stockholm syndrome. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I liked writing it!
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