Drabbles
by Anonymous

Summary

These are all my tumblr drabbles/stories in one collection. Aside from the Mafia Boss One.

My tumblr is: @starkerforlife6969 so you know I'm classy and you can come hang out with me.

Each chapter will be tagged! Mostly starker, but there will be winterspider and spidershield and spiderstrange.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Multiple Orgasms- Starker.

Peter’s hands are sweaty as they push feebly at Tony’s broad shoulders. But he’s too wrung out, too utterly exhausted to do any more than weakly urge him away.

Tony pays it no mind, giving one more long, leisurely suck to Peter’s spent dick. It twitches vainly in his mouth like it might try valiantly to get hard again, but it doesn’t. Tony pulls off, and blows lightly over the adorable little cock, as Peter lies limp as a noodle; sunk into the plush, expensive mattress. “That was six,” Tony murmurs, pressing a kiss to Peter’s hip. “Can we try for seven?”

Peter shakes his head, still as docile as a lamb. “C’mhere,” he whines, reaching for Tony’s hair and the older man indulges him because Peter is, quite frankly, too cute for his own good. He lets himself get tugged up and presses a kiss into Peter’s lax mouth. The kid moans, tangling his fingers into Tony’s hair. “Your turn,” he whispers, beginning to slide down Tony’s body, but before he can- the older man stops him.

“Nice try, sweetheart. We’re going for seven.” Tony strokes a hand down his shaking flank, and he scrapes his stubble against Peter’s neck.

Peter whines, but doesn’t resist when Tony pushes him back down. He reaches for the vibrator and places it just under the head of Peter’s dick, before pushing it to full power.

Peter jackknives off the bed at the sensation, and Tony has to hold him down; one arm braced against his chest as Peter cries out. “Too much-” he’s sobbing, “too much- M-Mr Stark-”

Tony’s own dick is fiercely hard, but he’s dining off the beautiful energy radiating off Peter in waves. He watches in amazement as Peter’s dick twitches and then his entire body goes taut as he cums in a silent shout; not a drop spilling from the sensitive head. A dry orgasm. He turns the vibrator off and smirks. “Looks like seven’s the limit.” He grins, giving Peter a fond, approving kiss on the lips. The boy doesn’t move, mumbling incoherently to himself. “But, we should make sure.”

Peter trembles and clutches at the bed sheets and Tony thinks, next time, he’ll have to tie him up.
Teacher/Student Starker

“Maybe you should flunk the test,” Ned whispers, ignoring Peter’s withering glare to continue in a high-pitched voice, “Oh, Mr Stark, is there anyway I could get some extra credit? You know. Wink wink.”

Peter drags his hands through his hair in frustration, “this isn’t some porno!” He hisses back, mindful of the quiet classroom of students all around them. “And shut up! Someone will hear us and-”

“Know that you want Mr Stark to give you some extra-”

“Boys,” Tony calls from the front of the room, and all heads snap up, before turning to look at Peter and Ned. Peter wants to die in his seat, but instead, all he can do is stare at Mr Stark’s perfect facial hair and endlessly deep eyes. Those lovely, broad shoulders- he wonders how they would feel under his fingertips. “Something you’d like to share with the class?”

Ned hurriedly puts his head down and pretends to scribble answers, leaving Peter alone in the dust. He swallows thickly and points to the equation on the board, “I uh- k-know the answer,” he whispers, feeling his face flush red. Flash gives a disbelieving scoff.

“The answer?” Mr Stark repeats curiously, his voice amused. “To what?”

Shit. Had there not been a question? He glances at the board and is relieved to see the chalky equation written there, he didn’t hallucinate it. How long ago had it been written? He should really be paying more attention. “To the equation,” he manages, voice hoarse, as he uses his pencil to point.

Mr Stark gives him a look that Peter can’t decipher, before he’s stepping aside and gesturing to the chalkboard. “Come on then, Mr Parker. Show the class.”

Would it be okay to say ‘no thank you’? Peter doesn’t think it would. Besides, Mr Stark hadn’t even phased it as a question. He’s perched on his desk and watching Peter expectantly, so without his mind’s consent he finds himself slipping out of his seat and making his way to the front of the class.

He can feel the eyes on him, and it’s a wonder he doesn’t trip over. He makes it to the front and picks up the chalk with sweaty fingers. He can feel everyone looking at him, so he shuts his eyes for a second and tries to focus only on the numbers in front of him.

It works. They calm him a little, and he lifts his hand to start working it out, and loses himself in the rhythm of it. By the time he’s done, he has his final answer, x=2.1 and 3.4. He steps back, cocking his head and flickering his eyes over his work looking for any glaring errors, before he hears the slow, non-sarcastic applause of Mr Stark, who pushes himself off his desk to look at Peter with newly appraising eyes.

“Mr Parker,” he nods, plucking the chalk from Peter’s hands, so close that their fingers brush and Peter can only stare at him in awe. “Well done. You should come by decathlon practise. Flash could use some competition.” He pats Peter’s shoulder approvingly and the brunet thinks he could cum just from that and the heady praise sinking into his skin.

He manages to not buckle at the knees, and even throws a smug smirk over at Flash, before taking his seat next to Ned, who is making obscene innuendo gestures with his fingers.
Tony looks up as the doors to the lab slide open and he frowns at the sight of his little boy all sleep-ruffled and wound up, wearing nothing but one of Tony’s shirts. He lowers the wire cutters in his hands and cocks his head. “You alright, baby?” He glances at the clock. Christ, it’s 3am. He should be in bed soon. Can Peter not sleep without him? It wouldn’t be the first time.

Peter brings a fist up to rub at his eye, his voice comes out a broken sob and it’s enough to nearly have Tony jumping out of his seat with concern before he hears: “Daddy, I-I need to cum,” Peter whispers, and Tony suddenly sees the angry, red erection of Peter’s little cock pressed against his stomach.

Tony grins, and returns to his work. “Well, baby,” he sighs, “I told you: no touching yourself. And I’m busy now.”

Peter pouts, and turns those huge puppy dog eyes on him and he does look every inch the desperate little slut Tony knows he can be. He shifts from foot to foot, looking from Tony back to the corridor as if contemplating trying to sleep with his relief unachieved. “Daddy,” he whispers, “please, it’s been ages and…” he sniffs, taking a little step forward, “please, I promise I’ll be good.”

Tony has to be careful not to look at him otherwise he’ll give in. And he does have rather a lot of work to do. He goes back to stripping his wires and shrugs. “I’m busy, baby. Daddy can’t put his work on hold for your little cocklet, can he?”

Peter shakes his head miserably.

Tony sighs. He pats his knee, “come on, then. If you have to. You can get off on my knee like a puppy.”

Peter scramble over desperately, and gracelessly straddles Tony’s thigh. Tony doesn’t look, focusing on the mechanics in front of him as he tries to complete the mini-circuit board. He does his best to ignore Peter’s desperate humping, the way his hips scrape back and forth keenly and how his breath comes in puffs into Tony’s neck as he fists his fingers in Tony’s shirt for grip.

It’s difficult not to get involved, but he manages it, and the power rush is incredible. Peter’s whining and crying and Tony can feel just how hard and wet his cock is against his thigh. “Quiet, Peter.” He snaps off-handedly, “How can I work when you’re making all that noise?” He scolds.

Peter choke off a sob, and bites into his bottom lip to try and stifle his noises but it doesn’t work. His whimpers and mewls scrape through anyway as his pace becomes frantic and he chases his release.

“You really are a nasty little thing, aren’t you?” Tony muses, twisting the wire ends together so they glint gold in the lab light. “I mean, what a dirty, horny little boy. Can’t even let your daddy get some work done without bothering him. What a little slut you are, baby, you can’t go a few hours without begging for sex, hm? You’re a little cock slut. A little attention-craving whore.”
Peter cries out, his teeth finding a spot in Tony’s neck as he pulses in white hot streaks. He’s panting and Tony gives him a moment to regain himself, before sighing.

“Clean that up.” He orders softly, “and apologise.”

Peter gets to his feet, a little shaky, and is flushed pink all over as he gets to his knees to start licking his cum off Tony’s trousers. “Sorry, daddy,” he whispers and Tony pats his head.

“And..?”

Peter bows his head submissively, “thank you,” he adds sincerely.

Tony smiles and decides he won’t punish him now. He’ll save it for tomorrow.

He feels indulgent.
Tony rolled his eyes at the mess of metal and pointed at the door. “Get out, Soldier. There’s no mission for you here.”

The Winter Soldier casts his steely eyes across the lab before they rest on Peter; bound and gagged on the table, covered with cum and rock hard. “Asset.” Bucky frowns, pointing at Peter, “Assets belong to Hydra. He belongs to me.”

Tony lowers his voice to a dangerous octave, and he leans in close. “Listen, buddy, I don’t tell you how to kill people, you don’t tell me how to run my lab. Petey there is my special project. He’s mine.”

Bucky pays him no mind, shoving past Tony and heading over to the table where he picks up the trembling, beautiful mess and swings him over his shoulder. Peter squeaks, his ass in the air as he hangs down Bucky’s back. “The Asset belongs to Hydra. He belongs to me.”

“Oh yeah?” Tony snarls, standing in front of the door and waving his iron bracelet in front of Bucky’s face; threatening to engage his suit. “For what mission?”

Bucky falters for the first time. “A…personal mission.” He decides eventually.

Tony scoffs. “A personal mission? You think I don’t know you’re going to fuck his brains out the second you walk out of here? You’ve got another thing coming.”

Peter squeaks, moaning through the gag but they both ignore him. Bucky narrows his eyes and holds the squirming boy more tightly. “The asset belongs to me.” He says again, more firmly, and before Tony can process what’s happened, everything goes black.

He wakes up hours later with a bruise the size of Texas on his cheek and no sign of Peter or the Winter Soldier anywhere. It takes him about two seconds to engage his suit before he’s on his way to reclaim what’s rightfully his.
It starts off as a simple enough task.

All Tony has to do is smhooze Norman Osborne’s adopted son; the heir to Oscorp Industries, and get the self-entitled little twerp to divulge trade secrets once he’s firmly wrapped around Tony’s figure.

It quickly gets very difficult.

Peter is a lavish, flirty, lithe little thing that has everyone eating out of the palm of his hand. It’s no surprise that Norman uses him to wine clients and contractors, why wouldn’t you? The kid is clearly an asset and he loves getting his way. His older brother- Norman’s genetic offspring, but quite clearly not fit to be the heir to an empire- Harry, is protective and surly. But Peter, precious, precious Peter is decked out in the most expensive, most revealing clothes like a little tart and it’s all Tony can do not to crush his champagne glass in his hands as he watches him flit around the hall.

“Mr Stark,” Peter purrs, seventeen and sinful and appearing out of nowhere with a bottle of scotch that’s no doubt more expensive than most people’s homes. Tony almost jerks back, but manages to hold his own. He towers over the boy and he tries to use his height and greater life experience to his advantage. Unfortunately, or fortunately perhaps, Peter seems to like the display of strength and smirks up at him. He bats his wide chocolate eyes, with those deliciously long eyelashes and he’s so pretty it makes Tony ache. “I thought perhaps this might be more to your taste?” He gestures to the scotch, but Tony knows that’s not what he’s talking about. “We have a very private library. I’d be happy to show you.”

Tony grins, and takes the scotch gamely. “Lead the way,” he drawls, but as he follows Peter out to the scornful glares of Norman and Harry he wonders whether he really does have the upper hand.

Later, blissed out and spent, watching Peter readjust his clothing, he thinks shit.

Oscorp 1- Stark 0
Starker, Nonchalant Brat Peter

Brenda likes her job most of the time, but the pair that she’s been trailing after for the past twenty minutes are making her reconsider. Her fingers burn under the strain of the bags she’s carrying and she’s still wide-eyed and gaping over the amount of money they have to burn. She recognises the older man- barely, he’s handsome (he’s actually the yummier thing she’s ever seen but professionalism) and well-dressed in a dark tailored suit and he’s been snapping at someone on the phone for nearly the entire time they’ve been in the shop.

The guy he’s with- she thought was his son at first, but after witnessing (and quickly averting her eyes to) the sight of them kissing rather filthily in front of the Cartier Rings, she’s changed her mind. The younger boy looks around twenty- maybe even younger, but she doesn’t think about it (professionalism)- all cream skin and he’s dressed more casually, but there’s no denying the cost of his clothes. She’d spent a while trying to figure out what they were. A Sugar daddy type situation? No, while the older guy looks enamoured, the younger one has huge heart eyes. Way too adoring for some casual sugar baby. There are no rings on their fingers- but there’s a very impressive display of hickey’s down the boy’s neck that suggest ownership-


She keeps waiting for them to finish this trip because while it was fun at first seeing the older man not bat an eye to whatever the younger one wanted, this is really starting to get heavy and she can almost feel the older man’s credit card burning. It makes her lament paying that month’s rent.

The boy stops suddenly in front of a leather jacket. He has taste, but Brenda figured that out three Gucci-purchases ago. The man stops too, still totally owning whoever he’s on the phone to, and Brenda stops and sets the bags on the floor to rubs gingerly at her fingers. The boy cocks his head and Brenda admires the display. The jacket is exquisite, it’s by a new designer, already the latest trend and this is their first step into clothing. The leather is supple and black and a thing of beauty, and it seems to shine in the display case. She peaks at the label at the bottom of the protective glass case To be released next year it reads and she internally rolls her eyes. The waiting list is probably at least three years long and money won’t change that. The price isn’t on there and she doesn’t even want to think about how much it is.

“This one.” The boy says casually, and the older man immediately puts the phone call on hold and looks up. He takes in the jacket and smiles.

“How much for this one?”

Brenda has to grit her teeth to stop her jaw from dropping. The boy’s already started looking towards the next display, as if this purchase is a sure thing, and she has to stammer out: “It’s not released till next year, I’m sorry. I can add you to the waiting list-”

The older man, who was about to get back to his phone call, pauses and looks over at the boy. “Peter?”

Peter pouts and Brenda feels a little weak at the knees. Okay. Oh-okay, she can understand this now. He’s got the biggest brown eyes she’s ever seen and she suddenly doesn’t care about rent. She wants to buy this boy anything and everything. “I want it.” He says. It’s not a whine, it’s a statement, tossed casually over his shoulder as he walks towards the sunglasses display.

The older man gestures to the glass and looks at Brenda. “How much for this one?”
“I—it’s a display model,” she stammers, “it’s not for sale—”

“Get me your manager,” he orders, not like a douchebag, but definitely with some level of impatience.

Later, Brenda stands by the window and watches a large, exasperated man hauling everything into a limo as the older man and the younger man practically hump each other in public. It’s hot, she can admit that.

Especially when the older man grabs the lapels of that fucking jacket and hauls Peter in for a dirty kiss.

Peter practically swoons and Brenda finds herself desperately wishing they come back next weekend.

And that’s before she finds out that she’s been left a $1000 tip.
Starker, Stucky double date- high school AU

Peter laughs, sucking on the straw of his milkshake and whacking Tony when he wiggles his eyebrows. “Stop!” He scolds lightly, setting his milkshake down and licking the chocolate off his lips.

Tony shrugs, leaning back in the booth. “Is it my fault that every thing you do drives me crazy? Let’s go have sex in my car.”

“Tony,” Peter laughs, tipping his head back as he looks over at Steve and Bucky playing air hockey. He looks between his two closest friends, and turns to his boyfriend curiously. “Who do you think tops?” He asks, dropping his voice into a whisper even though they’re on the other end of the diner.

Tony looks over and grins. “Bucky. For sure.”

Peter cocks his head and tries to picture it. “I don’t know. I can see both of them doing it.” He bites his lip, before turning to Tony. “Do you think people wonder that about us?”

His boyfriend pauses for a moment, before he bursts out laughing.

Peter flushes, but giggles, and nestles into his side.

“Probably not, baby, sorry,” he laughs, wrapping his arm around Peter and Peter beams as Steve and Bucky come back to the table and slide in opposite them. “Did Bucky give you an ass-whooping, Steve?” Tony teases and Bucky grins as Steve playfully rolls his eyes.

Bucky reaches forward and steals one of Peter’s fries and Peter flips him the bird before Steve clears his throat. “So, Pete, you wanna come by mine tomorrow to prepare for debate?”

Peter nods and Tony groans aloud.

“You guys are nerds,” he laments, dragging his fingers through his dark hair. “Me and Bucky are gonna go test-drive cars.”

Bucky whoops around another stolen fry and Steve and Peter roll their eyes in unison. “No way are they gonna let you do that,” Steve sighs, “we’re only sixteen.”

“I’m a Stark.” Tony informs him primly, and Bucky snorts; pecking Steve’s cheek consolingly. “Besides,” the lean teen shuffles forward, opening up his beige, cotton coat to show them the plush inner lining. A few white tubes protrude and the three friends frown curiously. “I’ve got something so we can have a bit of fun tonight.” He wiggles his eyebrows.


Tony gives him a look. “What kind of a football player, are you? I thought you were supposed to be steroid loving airheads.”

The blond jock sighs. “Your boyfriend is literally on my team.”

Peter stifles another giggle, as Tony glares. “Pete is the one exception.”

“I’m up for some drugs,” Bucky says gamely, and Tony flashes him a winning smile. Steve whacks Bucky’s arm admonishingly.
“No, Buck! Peter, come on, you’re with me, right?”

Peter gives Tony a sympathetic glance. “Sorry, T. Maybe next time?”

Tony sighs the sigh of the long-weared soldier and closes his jacket.

Steve reaches over to shove him playfully. “Hey!” He says, “maybe instead we could pick litter at the beach?”

Peter jumps in his seat. “Yeah!”

“Oh my god,” Tony groans in dismay, “no. No way. Bucky, save me.”

Bucky looks swayed by Steve’s bright-eyed enthusiasm. “Sorry, Tony.” He murmurs, love-struck, “It might be fun?”

Tony spends the evening picking litter off the beach, but then Peter kisses him and says that maybe he could come over tomorrow when May’s out and suddenly, being a good person has it’s perks.
Tony pinches the bridge of his nose the second he walks into his penthouse apartment. All the lights are off but there’s a warm golden glow of a thousand candles all lit and shimmering on every visible surface, and then there’s Peter; strewn dramatically across the couch and looking like something out of a painting, with his arm folded over his eyes and a look of torment on his face, clad in lace ruffles that Tony doesn’t think have been made in years.

“Peter,” Tony sighs, hanging his coat up by the door and reaching for the light switch, before thinking better of it. “What are you doing?”

“Oh, Tony, darling, thank goodness you’re back.” Peter breathes in his honey-suckle voice that Tony has been trying desperately to date but the more accurate he gets, the older Peter seems to be, lifting his arm to look at Tony with his amber-eyes. “It’s just time for my mid-evening existential crisis. Please, come and join me.” He pats the space beside him lovingly.

Tony sighs and heads into the kitchen, and suddenly, Peter is right in front of him, looking sad and far too wise. “Peter, I’m hungry-”

Peter leans forward, and inhales deeply, before he staggers back: eyes wide and accusing. “You had something to eat.” He whispers, coming forward and right up in Tony’s business. “What was it?”

Tony doesn’t want to explain for the hundredth time that humans have to eat more than once a day. Peter seems to have forgotten this. “I had Italian, I had-”

“Garlic!” Peter gasps, clutching a hand over his heart and falling to his knees. Tony rolls his eyes as Peter begins to lament with an impassioned voice of agony: “Oh, my beloved, do you no longer love me? Do you wish to poison me with poison? Oh, your rejection to my love is poison enough! Mark my wearied soul and-”

“Jeez, Pete, come on,” Tony grumbles, yanking him up and towards the kitchen. “It was pizza. I’ll brush my teeth and you have some of your…sustenance. Rhodey brought some batches over from the hospital.”

Peter clings to him, cupping Tony’s face in his ice-cold hands and stares up at him adoringly: “So you do love me, then?” He whispers hopefully, a small smile on his face as his eyes sparkle, “always and forever?”

Tony sighs again, and against his will feels a rush of fondness flood through him. “Yes, Peter. I love you.”

Peter smiles- with just a few too many teeth that are just a little too sharp, and presses a gentle kiss to Tony’s lips, before spinning excitedly over to the fridge.

Existential crisis over then, it seems.
“Stark,” Thor booms, striding into the kitchen and gesturing for Peter. “I must return to Asgard presently- relieve the boy so that I may seek pleasure from him.”

Tony ignores the God, lifting Peter’s hips and then snapping them back down onto his cock as Peter cries out in mindless pleasure. He’s so hot, and tight and wet and so strung out from all his orgasms that he’s the perfect little doll for Tony to use as a cock sleeve. He bites down on Peter’s shoulder and the boy yelps. Fuck, Tony’s close-

“Stark.” Thor growls again; little crackles of thunder appearing across his width of his broad shoulders. “Heimdall is waiting for me.”

“Yeah, alright,” Tony snaps, panting a little as he fucks brutally hard up into the warm hole. “I’m almost there.”

Peter can’t balance on his own, not with his hands fastened around his back, so he keeps falling into Tony’s torso; burying his face in his neck as his hole is wrecked. He feels sore and aching and exhausted all over and he could sleep for an age- he lets out a feeble mewl when he feels Tony’s release spill out inside him, but he doesn’t get a second to relax before he’s being yanked off of Tony’s dick by strong, course hands, and flung onto the kitchen counter.

The granite is freezing against his chest and stomach and he hisses, jerking away, but there’s nowhere to go and he is nothing compared to Thor’s strength and before long, the God’s cock is just sliding right into him and he’s bigger than Tony and it hurtssogood he lets out little huffs and squeaks as he takes it. “Ah, he feels good, Stark.” Thor rumbles, pleased, as he strokes a hand down Peter’s back before gripping the back of his neck and pressing down. There’s no preamble, he’s clearly in a rush and his strokes are long and deep as Peter struggles to accommodate his girth.

Tony tucks himself away, reaching for some coffee, but not taking his eyes off the sight of Peter getting fucked. “Well, yeah, I did all the work. How do you think he got so wet?”

Thor’s cock brushes his prostate and Peter screams. “T-too much!” He gasps, trying desperately to scrabble away and Tony reaches over to lift up his chin. There are tears streaming down his cheeks and he’s bitten his lip so hard he’s drawn blood. His face is red and splotchy and ah- there it is, he’s cum dry. He’s oversensitive and wrecked and Tony feels his cock twitch despite his recent orgasm. “It’s t-too much, T-Thor, M-Mr S-Stark, pl-please no, I c-can’t-”

They ignore him, and Tony sticks his thumb into Peter’s mouth to quiet him down a little so all they can hear are the moans, Peter’s hiccups, and the wet, slapping sound of Thor’s balls hitting Peter’s plump, round cheeks.

Tony takes a sip of his coffee and eyes the clock. “You better hurry up. And plug him up, alright? I didn’t spend all morning stretching him out just for him to close up before we get to use him again.”

“He must be stretched often.” Thor notes between thrusts; sweat’s staring to break out across his forehead as he nears climax.

Tony nods, heading towards the lab. “Spider healing or something, he’ll go back to virgin-tight if we’re not careful.” It’s one of the things he loves about Peter. Breaking him in from virgin-tight is
one of his favourite actives, but it’s time consuming.

Thor slaps Peter’s ass cheek hard and feels that delicious hole squeeze and contract viciously all around him and he groans in pleasure. “Would that be a bad thing?”

Later, as the Avengers relax in front of the television, Bucky cranes his head to look around the living room and frowns as he rubs his slowly chubbing erection through his pants. “Where’s the toy?”

Tony looks around before remembering, “Steve has him. Should be done soon.”

Bucky shrugs and they return to their show before a few minutes later, Steve walks in; satisfied and sated, with a dirty, cum soaked Peter over his shoulder. Steve tosses him onto the couch, and the boy lets out a small, adorable oof and Steve ruffles his hair fondly before taking a seat beside Tony. “What are we watching?” He asks, kicking his feet up.

“Some sci-fi film, riddled with inaccuracies.” Tony answers flippantly, handing Steve the remote in favour of watching Bucky reach for Peter’s body and dragging him onto his lap.

The boy looks half-asleep. There’s splatters of cum on his face, his lips have been rubbed raw and his body is covered with hickies and bite marks. His hole is puffy and Tony’s given the best view of it as Peter’s thighs spread to be on either side of Bucky’s muscular legs. It’s pink and abused still leaking and Bucky slides three fingers in; testing the waters, as Peter sniffles and cries out at the sudden invasion. His wrists have been freed- Steve, no doubt- Tony thinks, the man has a soft spot for the kid, so Peter’s arms wrap around Bucky’s neck obediently, just like he’s been taught. His hips arch away from the touch, far too sensitive, but Bucky pays it no mind as he unzips himself and forces his enormous cock right up into Peter’s hole with no warning.

The boy arches his back and lets out a choked off plea, but Bucky just wraps his metal arm around him and starts fucking up into him furiously. “Fuck yeah,” he hisses, “god, I never get tired of this cunt, Stark. Seriously. Where’d you find this kid?”

“He’s one of a kind,” Tony says proudly, watching as Peter starts crying again; his cock neglected but rock hard and trapped between him and the soldier. Nobody pays it any attention.

“Move your head and shut up,” Bucky snaps, and Peter bites his tongue, still sobbing, as he burrows his head into Bucky’s neck so the older man can see the television.

Tony’s hard too, now and he sets down his drink and saunters over. “Room for one more?” He asks Bucky, who smirks at him.

“No-” Peter stammers, feeling the head of Tony’s dick pressed at the entrance of his already filled-hole, but Tony just slaps him lightly.

“I’ll get the gag if you don’t remember your place.” He reminds, before forcing the head inside. By the time he’s completely buried in that incredibly tight wet heat and goddamn- Thor must’ve forgotten the plug again, - Peter passes out.

That doesn’t matter though, Bucky and Tony ruin him together, and it just means there’s on more pesky distractions as they all settle in to watch Steve’s wild life documentary.
"Do you know Tony Stark and this biker gang?"

Peter sighs. “One time, one goddamn time by accident I told them the cops were around the corner and apparently they decided they owed me one and Tony Stark is-

“Trying to get in your pants?” MJ finishes, with all the wisdom of a sage.

Peter flushes but doesn’t correct her. “I won’t lose my virginity over a favour.”

“I don’t know,” she muses, admiring the way Tony is smirking at Peter from across the street. “I think this feels more than a simple debt repayment.”

Peter peaks out from under the threshold of the library and pouts a little at the heavy rain. It’s a torrent, in August, what did he do to deserve this? He wishes he’d brought an umbrella, or maybe even money for the bus, but he didn’t, and he clutches his laptop to his chest protectively.

This laptop is his baby. He fixed her up himself from a scrap battery he’d found in the dumpster behind his dorm and-

There’s a telltale rev of an engine and Peter freezes. It’s almost dark; a late evening dusk streaks an unusual lavender across the sky and suddenly pulling up to the front entrance is Tony Stark. Of course. Peter doesn’t know how, but Tony’s been able to magically appear everywhere in the last two weeks. Ever since Peter accidentally gave him a heads up about cops in the area, and now he can’t seem to shake him. He wonders briefly whether Tony has some of his gang members watching him and the thought is conflicting. It’s disturbing but undeniably thrilling.

And Tony looks good. As per usual. Annoyingly attractive. In his black leather jacket and ridiculously well-groomed facial hair and those bulging biceps and those thighs as they straddle the bike. Peter might like to straddle those thighs someday and-

No. He cuts himself off. Biker gangs are dangerous, Tony Stark is infamously dangerous, and Peter just wants to get through college and find himself a nice, vanilla boyfriend and lose his virginity on a bed of rose petals.

Tony lifts his sunglasses, because of course, and smirks. “Peter Parker,” he grins, “how did I know where to find you?”

Tony Stark knows his name. Good god. Peter glowers and bites the inside of his cheek. “Because you’re stalking me?” He snaps.

The biker just seems amused; perfectly at ease in the rain that’s pouring down over him. His dark brown hair looks black with wet and is stuck to his forehead and his jacket glints. Peter wants to touch it. “You need a ride, sweetheart? Wouldn’t wanna get that…” his smile turns positively devilish, “…sweater vest all messed up. You can wear my jacket, tuck your laptop under your shirt.”

It’s tempting. An easy answer to his problem and Peter looks away, contemplating the long walk back. He can make it, he decides. If he leans forward, keeps his laptop sheltered- he’ll be drenched, but he’ll get home, and-
“Darling, you can’t walk back in this. You’ll get blown away.” He calls over the rain.

Peter glares at him. “I’m not that delicate.”

Tony tips his head back and laughs. “Oh? My mistake. Hop on.”

Peter bites his bottom lip in distress, glancing from the bike to the street. *Tempting, tempting.* “There’s no helmet!” He says eventually.

He gets a long, disbelieving look, that slowly turns into a smirk. “Oh, sweetheart. You are…” he shakes his head, “you are precious. I’m not gonna crash. Have you ever heard of me crashing?”

No. Technically, Peter hasn’t. Still… “That’s a power cruiser,” he says loudly, because the rain is getting heavier, turning into a dull roar. “Low ground clearance doesn’t mean safety!”

Tony’s eyes go dark with desire and Peter feels something inside him flicker brightly in response. “You know about bikes, doll?” Tony purrs.

*Doll. Sweetheart.* Should he like those as much as he does? Probably not. “Don’t call me that.” He mutters, ignoring Tony’s knowing eyes. “And no, I don’t know a lot, but I know engines- a little.”

“You a Cruiser man?” He asks, patting his bike lovingly.

Peter grins, rocking on his heels. “Chopper till I die. Raked forks and chrome.”

Tony looks like he’s considering getting off his bike and shoving Peter up against the wall, which honestly? Peter might be game for. God, what is wrong with him? He shakes his head, and sighs apologetically. “Thank you for the offer, but I can’t get on without a helmet. My Aunt would kill me.”

Tony looks unhappy, but lets it slide. “You’re playing hard to get,” he says, “I respect it. Nothing I like better than a good chase.”

“I’m not playing hard to- this isn’t a chase!” Peter snaps, red crawling up his cheeks. He watches, confused for a second, as Tony starts pulling off his jacket. Before he can even open his mouth to protest, Tony is getting off his bike and holding out the piece of leather.

Peter’s mouth goes dry. *Tony is tall.* The man towers over him, Peter has to crane his neck back to look up at him, and he’s broad and without his jacket he’s wearing a black tank and -isn’t he cold? But Peter’s not about complain because *jesus.* He takes the jacket a little dumbly. It’s heavy with water, but he slides it on and the inside is warm and it smells like cigarettes and engine oil. He wants to snuggle into it. He looks up to say thank you, and Tony’s face is a lot closer than before. Peter could stretch onto his tiptoes and maybe kiss him-

“I’ll see you soon, doll,” Tony murmurs, and his cool breath fans over Peter’s face and Peter thinks he might faint, because when he re-focuses, Tony is gone.

He runs home in the rain and gets back with his laptop still in tact, and his sweater vest dry, and he dries Tony’s jacket too.

He should hang it up on his wardrobe, ready to give back the next time he sees him but- but-

He finds himself sleeping in it, wrapped in the smell of the man, and snuggled in with dreams of
wrapping his arms around him and feeling the wind in his air as they ride to anywhere and everywhere under a purple sky.
Is there a fine line between stalking and intel gathering? Yes. Has Tony crossed that line? Yes.

Either way, he doesn’t care, he can’t get the kid out of his head.

He feels damn near infatuated and it isn’t fair. He’s the one who leaves people in the dust, he’s the one with the lines of people, guys and girls, desperate for a chance to sleep with him and now- now after one sordid encounter at a party with Peter fucking Osborn, everything’s flipped around.

The shoe is on the other foot and Tony fucking hates this shoe.

He watches them now- Peter and Harry, as they jostle playfully in front of the limo they’ve just gotten out of. Harry’s a lot taller than Peter- a lot closer to Norman’s height, and there are the Osborn genes for you. Adopted Peter is smaller, a lot more slight, but beautiful. They’re all attractive. Norman in his faintly creepy, but undeniably cocky way, Harry with his misplaced anger and long, lean limbs, but none of them capture him the way Peter does. Peter with his cream skin and his big brown eyes and his skimpy little outfits, it’s not fair. Who makes suits that tight? His tailor must love him. Inappropriately.

Not that Tony minds.

He watches from the tinted windows of his own limo as Norman snaps at both of them to behave themselves, before they all head into a building- Peter and Harry still grinning at each other.

Tony wants. Once at a party wasn’t enough. He needs him. Sure, he was supposed to be one getting the boy wrapped around his thumb so that he could get trade secrets, but instead, he’d do anything for a second chance with the boy. Hell, he’d tell them Stark secrets if that’s what he wanted and-

“Should I drive you home, Sir?” Happy asks, his voice carefully free of judgement. Tony nods.

“Did you send the invitations?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Invitations. He can’t believe how low he’s sunk. He’s sent out invitations to the annual Stark Gala to the three biggest faces of his competition.

He doesn’t drink anything as the guests begin to filter in. There’s a live band and smiling faces and champagne flowing. The women are in stunning, glittering dresses and the men are dazzling in a mix of colourful and traditional suits, but none of them hold his attention for a single second, until, finally-

The Osborns walk in.

Tony hates them. Oscorp have been nothing but a thorn in SI’s side for the longest time, but that hate quickly dissipates into lust at the sight of Peter. The boy should be illegal. While his brother and dad are in formal, slate-grey suits, Peter is a vision of sin. He’s wearing a sheer black shirt- so Tony can see the flat planes of his chest and his taught stomach and his dusky nipples- and the buttons are undone at the collar so that gorgeous neck is a visible temptation for all the world to see. His trousers are grey, but they’re so tight that it’s all Tony can do not to have his tongue lolling out as he tries in vain to pull his eyes away from his legs. How does Norman let him out of the house like that? Actually, Norman probably encourages it. There’s no better way to win clients, after all, then a little
persuasion.

He musters his best smile and comes to greet them. Norman steps forward, smirking and evil looking. “Tony,” he grins, “a new low to stoop to? You’re not trying to win us over with kindness now, are you?”

Tony bares as many teeth as he can without looking manic. “Just thought I’d let you see how the other half lives, Norman.” He pats his back like they’re old friends.

“The other half,” Norman muses idly, “what half would that be? The- what do you call yourself these days- a philanthropist?”

“I’m too many things,” Tony sighs, “it’s far too difficult to put a label on it.”

Norman sneers at him, but steps back and guides Harry forward. “As I’m sure you know, these are my boys. This is Harold.”

Tony winces sympathetically as Harry makes a face of disgust at the name, but when he takes Tony’s hand, his grip is crushing. Tony doesn’t let it show, just smiles gamely and wonders if Harry knows just how hard he gave it to his little brother all those weeks ago. “Nice to meet you formerly, Mr Stark.” Harry manages, because he has a few more manners than his father.

“And this is Peter, who I believe you’ve met already.” Norman continues, his voice like steel.

Ah. Okay. They definitely know then. They know about the sordid encounter. How? Did Peter tell them? Tony watches as Peter steps forward, a glint in his eyes and a smug tilt to his pink lips. “Mr Stark,” he purrs, ignoring the outstretched hand in favour of a hug that is—that is definitely not appropriate because Tony can feel that erection pressing into his hip and Peter has his arms around him and he can feel the boy’s skin through that ridiculously thin shirt and Tony knows for sure now, that he’s completely gone for the boy.

Anything and everything the boy wants will be his. Tony will make sure of it.

He’s wrecked. He craves him so badly. He manages to pry his hands away, though not quickly enough if the matching glare he gets from Harry and Norman is saying anything, but Peter just rocks on his heels happily and smiles.

“Would you like to continue our very interesting chat, Mr Stark?” He asks, eyes dropping to Tony’s lips meaningfully.

Tony takes his arm immediately, and waves goodbye to the other two.

He wakes up alone in the morning, with not even a note, and his muscles ache from the best sex of his life. He’s hooked, like an addict. He wants more, he needs more. He’ll do anything for one more taste of that boy. He stumbles into the kitchen to see Happy standing there, looking displeased. “He left a message,” he says, and Tony nearly trips in his haste to make his way over.

“What? What did he say?” Is that desperation in his voice? It sure sounds like it.

“He said he’d give you a time and a place if you told him the figures for your biotech sales last year.”

Tony stares at Happy for a long moment, before shoving him towards the door. “Well go and give him the figures!”

Happy turns in disbelief, “Tony, you’re not serious—”
A week later, Peter is deep throating him as a reward for Tony giving him the latest drone-prototype and Tony fists his hands in that soft hair and thinks, *fuck it*, he’ll just leave the whole company to the boy.
When Peter wakes up, it’s to silk and soft hands.

He blinks, trying to sit up only for a warm, but firm hand to push his shoulder back down. “Shh, baby, no, lie back, okay?”

Peter groans. His hole feels raw. The thought of more sex is a little off-putting but he doesn’t want to let anyone down. “Can you be gentle?” He whispers, eyes adjusting to see Tony’s face above him, fingers carding through his hair.

Tony looks down at him fondly. “You’re done for the weekend, baby, you did so good,” he beams proudly, leaning down to kiss Peter’s forehead.

Peter sinks boneless into the mattress at the words, before beginning to register the other sensations on his body. That’s Tony’s fingers scratching his scalp lovingly, but he looks down to see Steve gently massaging cream onto all the bruises dotted down his arms and chest. It aches in such a good way. Steve notices him looking and smiles, his touch gentle and feather-soft. Peter sighs happily and then his hips jerk as he realises that someone is-

“Bucky’s just showing you how much he loves you, baby, it’s okay,” Tony soothes, and Peter just moans and spreads his legs a little more as Bucky’s tongue plays with his hole.

It feels so good.

Tony, his boyfriend, is proud of him and whispering words of praise, and Steve is tickling his ribs the way he knows gets Peter to giggle, and Bucky is oh god Bucky is making him feel so good.

He feels so pleased and warm and loved all over that he basks in the glow of it and drifts back to sleep, leaning into Tony’s touch and wondering how he got such a perfect life.
Spidershield - Highschool AU

Steve glances at the clock; knee bouncing under the desk as he counts down how long it is until gym. He groans, there’s still another fifty minutes and this class is going so slowly. The grainy television that’s been wheeled out to the front of the class is playing a video on natural coast lines and Steve wants to be focused, but he feels like there’s energy bursting up inside him and he knows that some exercise would help burn it off.

When his phone buzzes, he almost doesn’t pull it out of his pocket, because he’s not that guy. But this is so boring and honestly- he’s in dire need of a distraction. His fishes his phone out of his hoodie pocket and swipes to unlock it. He beams when he sees a text from Peter. Messages from his boyfriend never fail to make him happy. He taps to open the text and immediately drops the phone with a clatter.

All heads turn to him, but he shoves his arms over the top of it and coughs loudly, smiling sheepishly. “Sorry,” he whispers, wincing at the way the teacher frowns at him, before everyone’s attention slowly returns to the screen.

He takes a breath because he’s pretty sure that the video that was about to start playing was-was of Peter- Peter with his fingers-

He tries to calm himself down, shielding the phone from view as he turns down the volume and the screen brightness, before opening it again.

It is Peter. It’s his boyfriend balanced on the closed-lid of a toilet, with his legs spread to each wall of the cubicle and he has two fingers pushing in and out of his hole. Steve watches without blinking because it looks so fucking good. He wishes he could turn the volume up- he wants to hear the breathy little hitches Peter makes. He wants to finger him instead. He can feel himself getting erect under the desk as he swallows and watches Peter’s fingers disappear in and out of his hole. His hole is shiny with lube, and fuck, when did he take this? The camera shakes as Peter starts thrusting more passionately.

After watching the twenty second video twice, he sees that there’s a message attached, and he frowns. Third floor bathroom. Meet me? x it reads.

It was sent three minutes ago.

Steve gets to his feet so quickly that his chair topples back and everyone stares at him again like he’s gone mad. “C-can I go to the bathroom?” He manages, and he must look desperate because the teacher just nods and ushers him out almost eagerly.

It takes him less than a minute to sprint to the correct bathroom and he nearly kicks the door to the closed cubicle in, before he’s grabbing Peter by the thighs and hooking his legs around his waist as he backs him into the wall. “You came!” Peter yelps delightedly, still flushed red.

“You brought fucking lube to school?” Steve groans, grinding his jean-clad erection into Peter’s bare one. He presses their forehead’s together. “Fuck, Pete. This is so reckless.” Peter was stretching himself out here. At school. All that energy is brimming to the surface and he knows that gym is not the outlet for it.

Peter grins, tugging at the zipper of Steve’s trousers. “You love it. C’mon, I’m prepped for you, give it to me- I need it. It was all I could think about in math, you fill me up so good-”
“Shit, shit,” Steve hisses, fumbling to get his cock out while maintaining his hold on Peter.

When he sinks inside that tight heat they both groan loud enough to deter anyone wandering the halls from coming inside. Peter tangles his fingers in his boyfriend’s thick blond hair and gasps. “You feel so good,” he cries, and Steve has to grit his teeth to stop from coming too soon.

Fuck, this is so hot. They’re in school, anyone could just walk in and- fuck-

He can just tell his grades are about to take a nosedive.

But as he thrusts hard enough to hear his balls slap into Peter’s asscheeks, he finds he doesn’t give a single fuck.
Starker, Biker Tony Part 2

It’s dark and Peter wishes he hadn’t stayed behind after the study group had left to finish up his notes because it’s a long walk and even though it’s not raining, he swears he can hear footsteps behind him, and his phone battery is dead and really, this is the beginning of a horror movie.

The moon is shining in the sky, way above the distant city lights, but where Peter is, it’s cloaked in shadows of ebony and he keeps peeking over his shoulder because he’s sure he can hear footsteps and-

He collides into something hard and ends up falling, sprawled on his back on the cold street, staring up in fear at an enormous man with a red bandana. Peter pushes himself backwards, shaking with fear, when the man just leans down and-

offers him a hand.

“You okay?” The man asks, with a deep, gruff voice, and Peter looks past the bulging muscles and immense frame to the kind smile and soft eyes behind it. He takes the man’s hand and is hauled up as if he weighs no more than a paper plane.

“I’m fine, thanks,” he grins, wiping the stray leaves and twigs off his trousers. “I was just getting a little spooked.” He rubs the back of his neck sheepishly. “Over-active imagination, I guess.”

The man nods. “Get home safe.” He offers kindly, before disappearing into the darkness.

Peter stares after him with mild disbelief, before sighing, and rucking bag higher on his shoulders as he continues on his way. It’s slightly less frightening now that he knows that there are nice, normal people out there in the darkness too, so he breathes a sigh of relief and turns the corner onto the next street.

Only to pause because the figure with the motorbike parked under the streetlamp is-

“You look really good in my jacket, sweetheart,” Tony purrs, flicking his cigarette onto the ground and crushing it under the heel of his boot, and Peter flushes as he realises that okay, yes, he is wearing Tony’s jacket, but only because it keeps him warm and it smells good- no, no it was so he could give it back to him the next time he saw him. Peter heads towards him, stepping into the warm amber circle of light. Tony looks so handsome. He has a new leather jacket, and ripped jeans and a cocky glint in his sparkling eyes. “You shouldn’t be walking home alone so late,” He tuts, and Peter frowns before realising.

“Oh my god, that guy I ran into- he’s in your gang! Do you have people following me?”

Tony shrugs, stil smiling and looking serenely nonchalant about all of this. “To make sure you’re safe. For someone who’s coming top of his class in everything, you’re a little…” he searches for the right word and Peter crosses his arms in a huff: unimpressed. Tony falters, “…a little incredibly intelligent.” He decides carefully.

Peter rolls his eyes, but pauses as he spots the helmet perched on the seat beside Tony. Something very warm and precious burns bright in his heart. “Is that…”

Tony shrugs again, but there’s something equally warm in his smile. “You said you wouldn’t ride without one. Let me give you a lift home.” He tips his head towards the bike, and Peter steps forward, before pausing.
“I only live a ten minute walk away, Tony, it’s fine-”

“No, come on, we’ll take the scenic route.”

Peter thinks about it.

“Come on, gorgeous, you know you want to.”

Peter nods. He’s not sure why. One: because he really wants to and Tony is absurdly attractive and ridiculously dangerous, and also because all these pet names are doing something to him, but also- *matching leather jackets*. It’s couples goals. Somewhere, Ned is swooning. He walks over to the bike and Tony stands up and holds the helmet. He looks beyond smug at Peter’s acceptance.

He puts the helmet on for him, and then his hands trail down to Peter’s shoulders, leaving a trail of desire, and pluck amusedly at the straps of Peter’s backpack, before nodding approvingly. “There you go. Totally safe now.”

Peter blinks up at him, and grins. “Can I drive?”

Tony whacks the helmet fondly, before popping down Peter’s visor. “You’re sassy. I like it.”

Ah validation, it pours through Peter like hot syrup, and soon enough he has his arms wrapped tight around Tony’s waist and he can feel the well-defined muscles of his abs and he presses them together as much as he can as the wind whips all around them.

Tony does take the scenic route, and soon the darkness has given way to the mosaic-type beauty of the city lights and Peter gapes at them as they whirl past in a blur. He’s pretty sure Tony’s breaking some speed limits, but actually-

he doesn’t care.
Starker, Singer Peter, Record Dealer Tony

Tony doesn’t know where in New York he is, but suddenly through the car windows he’s no longer seeing men in suits and women in blindingly stunning outfits, he’s seeing urban, bohemian types in flowing garments with long hair, he’s seeing people decked out in black, all the way down to the grates on their teeth, and vibrant pink hair and splashes of neon everywhere. He’s entered the alt-cool area, and it’s been a few years.

He asks Happy to pull over and as soon as he gets out everything feels a bit better. The ground under his feet isn’t pretentious and he can almost forget that he spent the day rejecting artist after artist, and listening to the same variation of the same song a thousand times. When did New York get so fake? He’s not sure. But this right here? The amber lights and the old brickwork- this is a New York he loves.

“You wanna stay here?” Happy asks curiously from the driver’s seat, having rolled down the window. Tony nods, wishing he had something else to change into, but not caring much either way.

“Circle back in about two hours, okay?”

“You’re the boss.”

The bar finds him more than the other way around. It’s a small, but nice place. Decorated with dark mahogany and furnished with deep green, eccentric pieces. He heads over to the bar and is about to order something, when a young man cuts just in front of him.

“Shot please,” he asks politely, before noticing Tony. “Sorry! I didn’t see you!”

Tony stares at him. Jesus. He may have found the answers for today’s irritation. This kid would be absolutely delicious. He’s small, compact looking, on the lean side with messy brown hair that’s crimped as it falls into his forehead. He’s wearing a simple black tee with a black hoodie and some ripped jeans, and his eyes linger on Tony’s lips just for a second too long, and yes, Tony is down for this tonight-

“Next up…The Spiders!” A voice calls from the stage, and the boy jerks his head up, and smiles apologetically at Tony, pressing a crumpled bill onto the bar and downing his shot before practically skipping over to the stage.

Tony takes a seat at the bar and orders a scotch, watching curiously as the boy and two other figures make their way onto the stage. There’s a larger kid, with a spider drawn on his cheek that sits at the drum kit, and a tall, dark skinned girl decked out in white, with a white hood pulled over her head and spiders glittering across her skirt like little specks of silver. She has a guitar and crimped hair too, and she looks effortlessly cool.

And then the boy.

The boy tugs off his hoodie and reveals long, leanly toned pale arms, and that the black tee is not, in fact, plain, but is covered in thin white stripes like a spiderweb. Tony smiles a little, sipping his scotch. They’ve got a brand, that’s something. Tick.

They take a second to tune, before the boy clears his throat and addresses the bar. There’s not much of a crowd, but there’s enough people for it not to be pointless or embarrassing. They’re an attractive bunch on stage and the ensemble works well together. “Hi, um, I’m Peter,” he begins nervously, and Tony sighs. Being shy is not a good quality in the industry. “This is MJ and Ned. And we’re The
Spiders, and we’re gonna be performing a song we wrote called ‘The Boys of Summer’ and we hope you like it.”

Tony relaxes into his stool and watches, admiring the boy’s lean figure. Maybe he can still have him tonight.

“Nobody on the road. Nobody on the beach. I feel it in the air, the summer’s out of reach.” Comes Peter’s voice and Tony’s grip on his drink tightens and he sits up straight. The drums tap out a soft beat and MJ plays an enchanting riff on the guitar and Peter’s voice is…Peter’s voice is…”But I can see you, your brown skin shining in the sun. You got your hair combed back and your sunglasses on, baby.” He begins the chorus and it’s like he’s shed the shy, stumbling boy that fell onto the stage.

This boy is someone else. Someone whose hands close around the microphone and whose eyes flutter shut as he sings. He’s confident and gorgeous. He moves his body hypnotisingly with the music and the music is- it’s good. It’s the best thing Tony has heard in a long time, and he watches as Ned and MJ harmonise lightly as Ned starts drumming out his beat more enthusiastically with a contagious smile and MJ starts skidding along the stage as she plays. Peter opens his eyes and grins, laughter framing his words, “I can tell you my love for you will still be strong, after the boys of summer have gone. I never will forget those nights…”

Tony pulls his phone out and starts an audio recording as he gets out of his seat and comes closer, taking them in more critically. He’s in his CEO mindset now, scanning them for pros and cons while the music serenades him. They’re effortlessly likeable and everyone in the bar is thrumming along happily. Peter and MJ are now dancing together, perfectly in sync, and yes- three best friends humble origins, alternate, rock and roll, clearly talented- original music- dance moves- this is- this is ticking every single box and Tony can hardly believe it.

This is the answer to his problem.

Peter meets his eyes and smiles, “you got your hair slicked back and those wayfarers on, baby,” he croons excitedly, bending his knees and doubling over as he gives everything he has to the words, and his voice is so good. None of that audio-enhanced bullshit. His hair flops enticingly back and forth and Tony can see his silhouette on a poster.

By the time they’re finished, Tony is sold, and the band members are sweaty and pleased and the bar erupts into applause.

There’s a big part of him that wants to ask Peter for a drink and get him into bed, but the smarter part of him instead approaches the three of them and holds out his hand-ready to make the deal of a life time.
Starker, Masseuse Tony Naive Peter

Trigger warning for dub con because super naive peter/abuse of authority

Everything here is designed to relax and it’s doing an amazing job. Peter can hardly string a coherent thought together as his nose is filled with the scent of lavender and honey. The oil being rubbed into his arms and shoulders tingles, leaving warm heat in its wake and the bed he’s on is so soft and his body melts into it. He’s clad in only an eye mask and a towel over his lower half, but he’s so warm and comfortable he thinks no wonder people do this all the time.

The masseuse’s hands are so good. It’s a heady, addictive feeling and it works into his muscles so firm, so tough, until he’s a limp noodle, a puddle of contentment as he drifts. He’s only eighteen, and he thinks maybe he shouldn’t have all this pent up stress, but it honestly feels like the weight of all his problems is being stripped away as this man kneads into his muscles just so, untangling knot after knot that Peter didn’t even know was there. He feels weightless and drunk off the feeling.

Tony, the masseuse, his hands drift down Peter’s shoulders over his chest and down to his stomach, before sweeping back up again. “This pressure good, kid?” He asks, in that lovely deep baritone.

Peter nods, too blissed out to speak.

And then those wet, coarse palms are sweeping up to his pecs and swiping over his nipples and he stiffens just a little. Twin sparks of pleasure- a different pleasure to the type he’s been experiencing already, a dirtier pleasure, rockets down him. His nipples have always been a little sensitive, but now, in this room with this atmosphere and this guy’s hands, it’s like his senses have been heightened. He can’t see anything, he can just smell and feel.

Tony’s hands drag over them again, his thumbs pressing down hard and Peter has to grit his teeth because he can feel a familiar stirring in his lower regions and oh god, Tony’s going to think he’s some kind of freak. Maybe he should say something, maybe he should-

His brain short-circuits, and blots of white appear behind his closed eyes as Tony’s fingers pinch his nipples simultaneously, just so, and Peter feels his hips raise off the table instinctively.

He wants to die. “S-sorry,” he mutters, swallowing hard, feeling his face heat up.

Tony chuckles, reassuring and kind. “No worries, kid. Perfectly natural.”

Is it? Peter hopes so. He just didn’t realise that a massage would include rubbing and pinching his-well, maybe he should have done some research. But it makes sense- everywhere else on his body is being rubbed and pressed, so why would his nipples be any different? There’s nothing wrong with it, he just needs to calm down.

Tony’s hands seem to be focused on his nipples now, but maybe Peter’s just hyperaware because those magic fingers are tugging and squeezing and flicking his nipples so much it feels like the best kind of torment. He can barely keep still on the table, he’s writhing and gasping just a little and yes-yup, he’s definitely getting hard now, the blood is rushing to his dick. Tony’s hands don’t let up though, his nipples feel like they’re on fire and suddenly something a lot sharper is nipping at them and something wet is swiping over them and Peter frowns and wants to ask what it is but he just feels so good and-

“Turn over, buddy,” comes Tony’s voice and Peter has to take a second to catch his breath. Turn
over that’s a- that’s a good thing, right? No more nipple-touching, nothing to be worried about, and yet a small part of him is disappointed.

He squashes it down and flips over, Tony readjusts the towel and he cringes as his erection presses down onto the table. He wonders if Tony noticed-

“That’s normal too,” Tony chuckles, and Peter’s face burns red.

But soon he falls back into the lovely lull of the massage, the masseuse’s hands on the back of his neck, working the knots of out of back and the drizzle of oil as it pours onto his skin. His feet are a little ticklish but as his calves and ankles are worked he thinks he’s entered heaven.

Eventually, Tony’s hands make their way up to his thighs, and the towel is folded up and out of the way. Peter can suddenly feel the slightly cooler air against his skin, but before he can question it, Tony’s hands are massaging the muscles of his thigh and it feels so good, it’s like his body’s turned to jelly.

He doesn’t realise pressure’s being exerted onto his thighs until his legs rather suddenly, slip over the edges of the table, so he’s spread obscenely wide. He can feel his ass cheeks spread at the lewd position and he can feel the cool air against his hole and fuck he must be completely exposed but-

Tony doesn’t say a thing. Just keeps working his thighs and sweeping down to Peter’s knees.

Well, maybe this is- this must be normal. And the towel is probably covering him more than he thinks, because if he was really- he swallows- exposed down there, Tony would say something. And Tony’s acting completely normal, so this is- this is normal. His thighs don’t burn from the obscene stretch, because he’s pretty flexible and even if he wasn’t, Tony’s done an amazing job of easing all his muscles from tense to relaxed. His feet dangle over each side of the bed and he can just about feel the heat from the candles all over the floor on his toes. It’s nice, it’s relaxing.

He sighs and tries not to worry so much.

Slowly, so slowly that Peter doesn’t even realise it, Tony’s hands have worked higher and higher up his thigh until they sweep over his ass cheeks and back down. Peter twitches just a little, but doesn’t say anything. His brain feels all fuzzy and he tries to feel the towel on him, but he can’t anymore. Where did it go? Is it still there? He’s like putty, and he feels so good, it probably doesn’t matter.

He jerks again when Tony’s hands slide across his crease, but Tony’s movements are strong and precise and firm, so the man knows what he’s doing.

He outright leaps a little off the table when Tony’s thumb swipes down over his hole. “Whaaa…” Peter manages to slur out, lifting his head a little and realising with embarrassment that there’s actually drool collecting on his lips. “Is that…”

“Perfectly natural.” Tony says again, “try to relax, Peter. Be a good boy for me.”

Well, okay, fuck, Peter likes the tingles those words give him, and he does want to be a good boy, so he sets his face back into the partition and bites his tongue when Tony’s thumb presses firmly against his quivering hole again and again as he strokes up and down the crease.

It does feel good, and Tony said it was natural (natural? Does that make sense? His brain is too clouded with pleasure to care) and everything’s been taken out of his hands which is nice and non-stressful. His legs are spread, his body is liquified and Tony’s hands are so strong and so nice-

His thumb presses again, more insistently this time onto Peter’s hole. “Just a quick massage inside,
okay, Pete?” Tony says, and though it seems like a question, it’s not really, and soon that slippery thumb is pushing inside and

Oh. Oh that feels-

“That feels nice,” Peter mumbles, canting his hips towards it a little. An inside massage, he’s never heard of that. It feels amazing.

Tony chuckles, something dark in his voice. “Yeah? Yeah, it does, doesn’t it, baby? How about this?” His thumb pulls out and suddenly there are two fingers pressing inside and Peter hisses a little at the burn but god, it does feel good. Tony’s fingers press deeper and suddenly they rub against something and-

and violent sparks of pleasure shoot up his spine and he keens, gasping for breath. “That’s- oh- yes.” He manages, and Tony chuckles again, his fingers rubbing relentlessly against that spot.

Peter’s glad that there’s no small talk being made because he doesn’t think he could string a sentence together. The stretch of his hole is maddening and he thinks- it might be three fingers now, he isn’t sure, but he does know that he’s leaking profusely onto the table and that being hard has never felt so good. He humps the table, alternating between rubbing his dick against the bed and gyrating back onto Tony’s fingers just a little because everything’s cloudy with arousal and then there’s a creak and another weight on the table and he frowns a little, whimpering when the fingers are removed.

His hole flutters needily and he whines.

“Don’t worry, baby,” Tony breathes and Peter frowns again, baby he’s said before, is that normal- “You need something a little bigger, okay? Be good for me.”

They’re like magic words, and Peter just waits, completing trusting as something bigger knocks against his hole. He gasps, god he wants it, he shoves his hips back a little and Tony’s chuckles, his hands firm on Peter’s waist. But wait, if those are his hands then what’s-

Peter’s thoughts go blank as something deliciously long and thick slides into him and it’s all he can do not to cum right there. It’s never ending, it goes so deep and it rubs against that spot in him that Tony was touching and he sobs a little with want. He doesn’t understand but he wants more he wants-

The object retreats a little before slamming in and god yes that’s what he wants. He can just lie there and take it as Tony forces his hips down and for some reason Peter can hear the older man’s breath coming out in harsher pants near his ear and then Tony starts muttering under his breath and Peter must be mishearing because the words sound an awful lot like:

“Fuck yeah, what a good little cock-slut you are. You didn’t even know how hungry you were for it, did you, sweetheart? Yeah, take it, take it, you’re being such a good boy. Fuck, you feel so good. Bet you never knew you could feel this good. I’m the first person you’ve ever had, aren’t I, baby? But you’ve opened up for me so well...”

Peter’s fairly certain he’s just imagining it, and then suddenly the hands on his waist are gone and his nipples are being pinched and he lets out a cry as that, doubled with the object ramming into him-

He cums, long hot streaks against the table and onto his chest, seeing stars as Tony twists his nipples and tugs on them and- oh god, he lets out a choked off sob, he’s never cum this hard for this long and then suddenly there’s something warm and sticky being released deep inside him and he doesn’t even know whether to jerk into or away from the sensation.
Tony pets his nipples softly and Peter whimpers as he’s set back down. “You squeezed around me so good, baby, I couldn’t help myself.” He whispers, before the object is pulled out and then, out of nowhere-

His calves start being massaged. Like that was just a part of the massage. Maybe it was.

Peter drifts off, exhausted and sated and when he wakes up, it’s to Tony smiling at him and saying that their time is up. Peter gets up and blinks. There’s…there’s no mess on the sheet under him, the towel is perfectly arranged and everything seems…normal. He smiles sheepishly at Tony, who’s watching him closely, before he gets up. “Thank you,” he grins, “that was- it was really good.” He blushes a little, holding the towel around his hips.

Tony nods, smirking a little. “You were a great client.”

The praise sends tingles down him, and Peter goes to shower and change. His muscles ache in the best way and he stops at the reception to make another appointment.
Harry frowns as he watches his brother smile at his phone.

Peter’s been acting different recently. Not bad different, just…different. He hasn’t been able to put his finger on it, but watching Peter now- shimmying into a tight tee and some very short shorts, he jerks with realisation.

“Holy shit.” He whispers, pushing off the couch and stalking towards his little brother. “You’re in love with him.” He accuses.

Peter fumbles with his phone, looking up with wide eyes. “W-What?” He laughs, glancing away.

“You’re a bad actor, Petey. You always have been.” Harry states, shaking his head in disbelief. “I can’t believe this. I knew this would happen one day. Tony Stark? Really? Did it have to be him?” He can just picture the headlines. “Dad is not going to be happy.”

Peter bites his bottom lip and looks torn. “Dad’s not going to find out, right, Harry?”

“Peter…” This is his brother, and he loves him, but… “Tony Stark?”

The smaller boy sits on the edge of the bed and looks up at him with a small smile. His voice becomes soft. “He’s…different.” He says, and yes, there’s a love-struck note in his voice like when he’s talking about his favourite character on a tv show. It’s his smitten voice. Fuck. There’s no going back. “It started off just as a way to get intel but now…I don’t want to ask for his plans anymore, even though he’d probably just give them to me, I…I love him, Harry. And I think he loves me too.” Rose blossoms across his cheeks.

Harry sits beside him, sighing. “Fuck.” He says eventually.

Peter half smiles in commiseration, and leans into his side. “What do we do?”

Harry’s not sure. “Well first I’m going to have to give Tony Stark the talk. So after that fucking humiliation we can decide.”

“The talk?” Peter giggles, “and how does that go?”

“Oh, you know, the usual. Don’t hurt my brother spiel.”

Peter laughs, before pulling Harry in for a hug. Jesus, he’s wearing his most expensive perfume, how had Harry not realised this earlier? “Thank you, Harry. He’s really sweet once you get to know him, I know he comes across like this douchebag but—”

“He’s sweet as sugar around you, I get it,” Harry nods, rubbing his hand over his face. “Dad is gonna freak, and we are gonna have to tell him sometime.”

“Sometime.” Peter declares.

Their dad finds out two months later, and Harry cringes because it’s not exactly ideal. But hey, seeing Tony Stark proposing to Peter Osborn in the middle of Times Square is quite the front page picture.

Norman smashes a mirror and Harry texts Peter a picture, and decides that this is going to be quite the best man’s story.
“You’re so small, baby,” Tony croons, hoisting Peter up and hooking his legs around his waist as he pushes him into the nearest wall. “Made for me, weren’t you?”

Peter clings to Tony’s leather clad shoulders and whimpers, grinding his hips forward. “Are you gonna talk or fuck me?” He whines impatiently, coiling his arms around Tony’s neck and wrapping his fingers in the dark hair as Tony’s scruff drags across his neck. “You were gone for so long.” He pouts accusingly.

Tony pulls back at that, and presses a soft peck to Peter’s mouth apologetically. “Business, baby, I’m sorry,” he murmurs earnestly, peppering kisses into Peter’s cheeks and eyebrows.

He thrums with curiosity. “Biker business? What does that even mean? Can I come next time?”

Tony’s eyes go dark, and he shakes his head. “Never,” he hisses protectively, and Peter shudders all over at the gravel in his tone. Tony hooks his hands under Peter’s thighs and hoists him a little higher, so he can pull his cock out.

Peter tries to level out his breathing, but it’s so fucking exciting when Tony manhandles him like this. Like he weighs absolutely nothing, like Tony could support him forever. He lets out a little yelp when Tony’s cock nudges against his hole. He misses and swears under his breath and Peter giggles, twirling some of Tony’s hair around his fingers. “Lost some of your game, huh?” He whispers into Tony’s ear teasingly.

Tony smirks, “you wish, sweetheart,” he snarks back, before pushing his way in in one long movement. Peter gasps, throwing his head back into the wall as he’s filled. They get into their rhythm immediately, rough and a little sloppy and a little drunk with arousal.

“Missed you so much,” Peter stutters, teeth nipping at Tony’s ear as he’s pounded into the wall. “I kept having this dream where- w- we’re ah we’re riding on your bike and I just- I slip my hands into your jeans and-”

“Fuck, Peter,” Tony hisses, losing his rhythm for a second. Peter pulls back to gaze at him. God, Tony is so strong, so rough looking, he looks tough and dangerous, but he’s so sweet, so caring- ah brushes up against his prostate so good-

“I love you,” he chokes out, eyes a little wide with disbelief because he’s only just realising it.

Tony pauses, staring at him with those dark eyes, before he’s leaning in for a bruising kiss. “I love you too, baby. You’re all mine.”

Nothing’s ever sounded better.
“Tony?” Peter gasped desperately, as hands hoisted him up out of the cabin and onto deck. He could smell the briney salt of the sea and the heat of the sun on his face and he looks around blindly- the blindfold tight around his face. “Tony? Tony?”

“It’s me, Peter,” Tony soothed, reaching up to tug the blindfold off. Peter blinked against the sudden influx of light, as Tony ran his thumb across his lips. “You alright? Those were some rough storms last night.”

Peter glared at him. “I may have been of more use if you had let me help rather than locking me under deck all night like a common peasant.”

“And risk losing you? Never.”

Peter yelped as he was spun around, before his wrists were unbound and he yanked them away from Tony quickly, rubbing at his hands before looking up.

The ocean spun out around them for miles, and the horizon was streaked pink with light. Seagulls flew past and the sunrise was a huge ball of fire in the distance. Peter’s lips parted in awe, and he felt Tony’s coarse hand drag across the smooth silk of his back. “It’s beautiful, isn’t it, princess?”

Peter glared, but didn’t move and didn’t lift his gaze from the view. “It is.” He agreed, voice hoarse. “Which ocean are we in?”

“Adriatic.”

He gasped. “I’ve never been so far from home.”

Tony nosed at his neck and Peter shivered slightly. “There’s a whole world outside those palace walls they kept you locked up in-”

“I was not locked up-”

“There were treating you like a caged bird-”

Peter scoffed, pulling away. “Like this is any different.”

“You’re not caged here,” Tony grinned, pulling his sword out to gesture at the ocean. “The open seas. There’s nothing like it. The whole world is our oyster and I’ll let you pick where we go next.”

He headed over to the mast and the map wound to it. “Anywhere you like.”

Peter bit his lip, and watched Tony dubiously, before stepping towards the map. His eyes drifted South; unchartered territory and distant islands. They were the stuff of stories. “Here.” He says, pointing at a cluster of islands.

Tony gives the order and Peter knows he should be scared, and-and he is- but there’s something else there too. Excitement, maybe, buried deep within.

And he knows his father’s fleets are going to come looking for him. Knows if they find him that Tony will be beheaded. He leans over the side and watches the waves splash against the ship. He’s going to see more of the world than he ever dreamt possible.

He might, begrudgingly, owe his kidnapper a word of gratitude.
Starker, Mafia Boss Tony, hurt Peter

tw violence

“You know, I’m going to have to get a lot stricter over who I employ.” Tony drawls, tugging mildly against his bonds.

Richard laughs, shaking his head and polishing the edge of his gun against his sleeve. “Oh Tony, I forgot how blasé you could be in the face of danger. It really has been too long since our paths have crossed.”

He watches as Tony shrugs noncommittally. “Not long enough in my mind, but hey, I’m flattered.”

He’s not scared. Richard can see that, but he also knows that it takes a lot more than imminent death to scare a man like Tony Stark. And he has a lot more. He places his gun on the desk and takes out his laptop. As he gets up the feed, he watches Tony try to take in the room.

They’re in Richard’s study, a room of hard-oak and dark leather, and Tony is bound opposite him, and there’s only one door- right behind him, that Richard is facing, that has two of his men, armed, flanking either side. It’s a small operation, but smaller is better. Just look at Tony- it had been so easy to infiltrate his inner circle. That’s what happens as a result of poor management.

Richard smirks as he finds the feed, before clearing his throat. Tony glares at him, but still looks fairly unconcerned. “I have a little something you might find interesting.”

“Hey, buddy, don’t put yourself down like that. A lot of men are below average- not me, but it’s nothing to be ashamed of-” his words cut off as Richard spins the screen around and this is brilliant.

“The great Tony Stark,” Richard breathes in awe, taking in his face, “lost for words. I never thought I’d see the day.”

There’s no clever response. No witty remark. Tony’s eyes are fixed on the screen and Richard gets up and walks around the desk so they can watch it together.

There is Peter Parker.

He’s sitting on his bed, one knee tucked under him and the other leg hanging off the side as he’s scribbles notes onto the edges of a thick text book. The lens watches him through the window- quite clearly on the fire escape as Peter continues to write, unaware. He’s dressed in an oversized hoodie that almost hide the shorts he has on underneath and he has lovely, long legs for such a tiny boy. “Peter Parker,” Richard sighs.

Tony flinches hard.

This is fantastic. In all his years, in all his years of trying he’s never been able to evoke a reaction from the great Tony Stark, but now- he’s going to savour it. “It was hard to track him down,” he muses, “you sure did a good job hiding him, but…well,” he chuckles, “not good enough. What is he- a college student?”

Tony doesn’t say anything, but Richard can see a muscle in his jaw twitch.
“He’s cute. I can see the appeal. I wouldn’t have guessed that he was your type.” He pats Tony’s shoulder in faux-comraderie, “you’re still keeping me on my toes.”

But it’s true. Peter Parker is…he’s cute. With floppy brown hair and big black glasses and from following him the last few weeks, Richard has discerned that the boy is…innocent. He spends his time being studious, or seeing movies with his friends, or on the phone to his aunt. He’s precious and innocent and not corrupted. It must be refreshing in a life full of Mafia-riddled darkness.

Richard had thought maybe he’d gotten it wrong before he’d realised that- Peter works two jobs, and there’s no way he should have such a nice laptop, or phone, or afford VIP movie tickets every other day, or be able to go to such a good college with such high tuition fees. Even now, looking at his bedroom- the bed spread is silk, and the textbooks look new and there are gifts everywhere, evidence that Tony Stark is very much in love. It’s adorable. “My guy’s on the fire escape,” he says, just to fill the silence and Tony lets out what sounds like a choked-off sob, “we got this new tech- in his contact lenses. We see everything he sees. He’s got an earpiece in so I can talk to him. Tell him to go inside and…” he hums, watching as Peter flops down onto his bed, seemingly confused by a question. “How does your boy hold up in a fight, Tony?” Probably terribly. The boy doesn’t look like he has the heart to swat a fly.

Tony takes a deep, shuddering breath. “You don’t have to do this, Richard.” He says, and his voice is wrecked. “He doesn’t have anything to do with-”

Richard laughs, because obviously. “You’ve given yourself a rather big achilles heel, Tony. I mean-”

“We can negotiate.” Tony spits, more desperately now, really pulling against his binds. “We can-”

“The great Tony Stark negotiating. I never thought I’d see the day.”

“Dicky, please-”

“How did you meet?” Richard asks curiously, eyes falling back to the screen as Peter smiles to himself- apparently figuring out the solution to the problem. He really is adorable.

“Richard…Richard, there are lines we don’t cross, okay? This is…this is a line. This is a red line.” He’s forcing the words out, he sounds like he’s about to have a panic attack. Richard remembers a time when Tony threatened. When he was confident and frightening. This Tony is a man trapped.

He wants to push it a little. “Marcus,” he murmurs, and the footage suddenly straightens up. “Go inside.”

“No!” Tony screams at a volume that makes Richard wince a little. “No! No!”

They both stare at the screen as the window shatters and Peter looks up with a jolt, only to scramble away in terror as Marcus closes in on him. He turns to try and make it for the door but Marcus catches him and backhands him brutally across the face.

Tony is screaming like a man in agony, and when Peter’s face turns back to look right into the contact-camera, there’s blood streaming from his nose and his cheek is red and one of his glasses lens is cracked. He quite clearly yells ‘please’ but there’s no audio, which Richard thinks is a shame. Next time.

“Choke him.” Richard murmurs, “the boy hurts very prettily, doesn’t he?”

On screen, Marcus’s hands wrap around that lean pale throat and Peter is lifted clear off the ground, fingernails scratching across Marcus’s arms as he starts to cry.
“I’m going to kill you.” Tony hisses, a new darkness in his voice. Richard’s smart enough to know that the tone is not one to be taken lightly. “I’m going to kill you and every single person your twisted heart lets you love-”

“Then you’ll only be killing me.” Richard corrects, he watches as the colour in Peter’s face starts to drain, “don’t kill him, Marcus.” He warns, because having Tony broken is nice. The boy should experience a little more torture.

Immediately, the choking stops and Peter is flung onto his bed, panting for breath and lying weakly.

“Should we have some fun, Tony? How about we see what’s underneath that sweater? I bet you mark him up real good-”

The doors burst open and Richard barely has time to look around before shots fire and his two bodyguards fall to the ground. A group of men- Tony’s men- rush in and Richard is being shot in the leg. He hollers in pain, falling to the ground as Tony is cut free.

In no time at all, the cold metal of the gun is pressed against his head. Tony glares down at him like a basilisk. “Tell Marcus to leave.” He orders, his finger on the trigger.

Richard isn’t stupid. “Get out, Marcus. Don’t touch him. Get out now.”

Tony’s eyes are on the feed, but the gun doesn’t move. Richard can’t see, but he has to assume that Marcus does as he’s told, before Tony brings the gun down hard on his face and he blacks out.

When he wakes up, what could be hours or days later, he isn’t sure, he’s bound to a chair and his jaw aches- he’s been gagged. His thigh burns like fire and his brain is a hazy muddle. He looks around and freezes. Tony is sitting in plush, back letter chair and Peter is curled on his lap in that same oversized sweater. Tony is pressing an ice-pack onto Peter’s cheek where a blue bruise is blooming and his other hand is tight on Peter’s thigh.

The boy cringes at the cold and tries to nuzzle into Tony’s neck. “I was so scared,” he whispers, and Richard realises that he’s crying.

Tony kisses the top of his head and closes his eyes. “I know, baby, I’m so sorry. Nothing like that will ever, ever happen to you again, okay?”

Peter sniffles. “Am I a weak spot?” He asks, sounding miserable, “do I make you vulnerable?”

“No,” Tony hisses immediately, vehemently, holding him tighter. “You make me strong. Okay?” He tilts Peter’s chin up to kiss him and Richard looks away.

He’s fucked up. He’s doing to die.

Marcus is probably already dead.

The pain in his leg is almost unbearable and he doesn’t want to make a sound, but he whimpers and both Tony and Peter turn to look at him immediately.

Shit.
Peter looks around, before taking a deep breath, and muttering the spell under his breath. The door creaks open and he slips inside, the tip of his wand illuminated as he heads towards the restricted section.

Darkness is encroaching all around him, and the books give off an angry aura at being disturbed. As he eases through the gate, now nestled within books of true evil, he swallows thickly and wonders if this was a good idea after all.

He bites his lip and looks around the small space. He’s all alone. The shelves creak ominously and he knows he’s just a few seconds away from getting busted when-

Tony appears in front of him out of nowhere. His tall, broad shoulders and dark, thick hair are revealed- his cocky smirk and his glinting eyes and his green robes but not his arms.

Peter stares in confusion, before gaping. “Do you have an invisibility cloak?” He whispers in awe, reaching out and sure enough, his fingers come into contact with the impossibly soft material.

Tony grins down at him and shrugs. “No big deal. I just come from one of the oldest wizarding families in existence. I’ve got loads of cool stuff like that. if you ever came back to my room sometime…” he wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

Peter huffs and glares at him. “I am not going down to the Slytherin dungeons so you can hump me.”

Tony rolls up the fabric and sets it down on the little wooden mantle. The fabric has a purple tint when it’s not shielding anything. “Oh?” He asks, stalking forward. Peter stumbles back until his shoulders hit the old books and Tony is towering in front of him, looking impossibly smug and unfairly attractive. “I forgot, the precious Hufflepuff can’t be seen with the Slytherin Prince.”

Peter scoffs, shoving ineffectually at Tony’s chest. “Nobody calls you that.”

“Oh they do,” Tony smirks, leaning down to drag his lips across Peter’s jaw. Peter can’t help leaning into the touch. “And do you know what they call you?” Tony purrs. “They call you the Hufflepuff Darling. Darling. Can you imagine? They think you’re so sweet and innocent but they have no idea how much you love it when I bottom out inside you. Or how loud you scream when I fuck you good-”

“I do not.” Peter hisses, his cheeks dark red and shoving Tony away a little harder.

Tony is undeterred. “You’re here, aren’t you? You come whenever I call. Do you know how many people would love to trade places with you? Hm? Everyone wishes they could be with me and-” he slots his large thigh suddenly right between Peter’s legs and the smaller boy cries out as his hard-on drags against Tony’s trouser-clad thigh. Tony smirks brilliantly. “You’re the lucky one. You love this.”

Fuck. Fuck, Peter does love it. He whimpers a little as he grinds his hips so his cock- which is tenting his robes obscenely- can get some friction. “You’re such a jerk,” he pants, gasping when Tony’s hands fist in his hair and yank his head back so he can suck a hickey onto his neck.

“You’re not keeping me your dirty little secret forever, darling,” he promises between bites. “I want the whole wizarding world to know.”
Well, what the Prince wants, the Prince gets.
Starker, Mafia Boss Tony Hurt Peter Part 2

Tony is never going to let anything like that happen again.

It’s shaken him more than he’ll admit to, but he doesn’t break when he’s shaken, he works harder. He institutes more security protocols, more thorough background checks into every one of his men. He gets blackmail on all of them too, because sometimes you need a little fear to get the most loyalty. When he goes to sleep, he can still see the way Peter jumped in fear, can still see the way his eyes brimmed with tears and how he’d bled.

He has three of his best trailing Peter at all times now.

It’s his own fault. He was stupid, he was careless. He thought he’d hidden Peter well enough, but it hadn’t been enough-

“Boss,” Happy frowns, one of Tony’s closest, “you couldn’t have done anything. Don’t blame yourself.”

He can feel Richard’s blood as it flows hot across his fingers and he wishes there had been a way to prolong the torture.

That was this morning. Now, he leans against his car as Happy smokes a cigar through the window of the driver’s seat and he faces the entrance of the building where he knows Peter’s having his three o’clock English class. Right on cue, he smiles as he sees his boy come stumbling out of the building with a few of his friends (all of whom have now been thoroughly back-checked). He’s wearing one of Tony’s old sweaters and it’s way too big for him, and some dark jeans with his backpack slung over one shoulder. As soon as he sees Tony he waves, beaming, and comes running across the street.

Tony wraps him up in a hug and breathes him in. This morning: blood. Now: Peter’s goofy smile. “I got an A on my Wuthering Heights essay!” He exclaims, ever the studious college student and Tony strokes his fingers through that soft brown hair fondly.

“Congratulations, baby.” He murmurs, before leaning down and tipping Peter’s chin up. The boy has to stretch onto his tiptoes to reach the kiss and Tony growls possessively, one hand firm on Peter’s waist. “C’mon.”

In the car, Peter babbles a mile-a-minute about the themes of Wuthering Heights, and Tony indulges him, while simultaneously encouraging him to eat from the mini fridge because he knows that Peter can work through lunch time and forget to eat.

With his mouth full of some carrot slices, he looks at Tony with his big wide eyes. “What did you do today?”

_Murdered a man after weeks of torturing him. Did a background check on your new professor._ “Just business. Boring stuff. Tell me more about this Heathcliff. He sounds a dick.”

Peter smiles, but gives him a curious look. “Are you okay, Tony?” He asks softly, reaching to touch Tony’s knee.

He’s so sweet. So soft. So vulnerable and Tony has to make sure nothing like that ever happens again. “I have something for you.” He ends up blurring, and Peter blinks in surprise. Tony reaches for the small black box tucked under the leather seats and hands it to him.
Peter rests it on his lap, and gives Tony a smile. “You don’t have to keep buying me things, daddy,” he whispers in a purr, like the little minx he is.

“Oh open it.” Tony urges.

Peter does, and then everything’s silent for a long moment. The gun is only about the side of Peter’s palm; a small, precious little thing just like his boy. It’s custom made, a very dark pink color, and powerful. It rests on the satin lining of the box and Peter stares at it.

Tony swallows thickly, “it’s to keep you safe.” He mutters, “I’m gonna teach you how to use it and-”

“No, Tony,” the boy whispers, shaking his head. A look of understanding crosses his face and he sets the box to the side. “I’m not going to use a gun. Ever. Okay?”

Tony doesn’t like that. He doesn’t like that even though he knew that’s what Peter would say. What happens when he can’t be there- when he fucks up again and Peter’s in danger and-

“I know you blame yourself for what happened, Tony,” Peter murmurs, sliding over to him. “But it’s not your fault. If you blame yourself for this, then I’m going to blame myself for the fact that you were put in that position in the first place.” He cups Tony’s face in his warm hands, “and you promised it wasn’t my fault and I believed you-”

“It wasn’t your fault,” he hisses, and Peter smiles.

“Then trust me. Trust me. What happened wasn’t yours. Do you think I don’t know there’s going to be danger? I know that. How scared do you think I am? All the time? Whenever you do business I’m petrified something will happen to you. It’s scary, but…but I love you, you know?” He presses a kiss onto Tony’s lips, “I love you and I trust you, and I know if you ever got hurt, I’d be putting on a nurse’s outfit and making you soup.”

Tony laughs a little, and wonders when he started crying. He nods, slowly. “I love you, baby.”

Peter grins, leaning into kiss him slowly, before falling to his knees and crawling between Tony’s legs. “Lie back, daddy,” he grins, “you’re stressed.”

Tony fists his fingers in Peter’s hair and does as he’s told. “Thank you nurse, you always know what’s best.”
Tony can’t stop thinking about that goddamn Hufflepuff.

He mulls over it broodingly over dinner in the Great Hall and barely touches his chicken in favour of staring over at the sunshine table. He can see Peter now, laughing and talking to some boy that Tony doesn’t know the name of. Peter’s decked out in a fucking atrocious yellow sweater (that he still manages to make look good) and his robes, his black glasses perched on his delicate nose and the fucking prefect badge shines on his lapel.

Only nerds are prefects. Fucking prefects.

“You could have literally anyone,” Nat sighs from beside him, her focus on the hand mirror she’s using as she fixes up her curls. Tony thinks she might have a date with some Ravenclaw, but he can’t remember. “Why are you obsessing?”

He can still feel Peter’s lips against his, the way his hands had scrabbled for purchase across Tony’s shoulders, clutching at his robes. One second arguing, the next…his cock twitches at the memory. “Look at him,” he says, gesturing with his fork and Natasha leans over and peers in the right direction. She takes a moment before grinning.

“Holy shit!” She exclaims, leaning back on the bench and laughing. Tony glares at her. “Do you know who that is?”

He frowns. “Peter Parker, he’s in my Defence against-

“That’s the Hufflepuff Darling.” She snorts, shaking her head and shutting her mirror with a click. “Oh, this is too good. You are having a sordid secret affair with the Hufflepuff Darling and you’re only just telling me now?”

“I told you about him last week-”

“Yeah, but you never said it was-”

“I get it. I know he’s the Hufflepuff Darling. It’s just a nickname. Why the fuck is it so important? I’m-”

“The Slytherin Prince, yeah I know,” Natasha rolls her eyes, and Tony huffs: affronted. He’s one of the most popular, attractive and intelligent students in this school. His family line is pureblood and revered and he knows he’s gonna be something great some day. His best friend is right- he could have anyone he wanted, and now this- this bumblebee loving, badger-clad nerd has come along and-

“C’mon,” Tony purrs, nosing at Peter’s neck. “There’s gotta be a reason that you seem to hate me so much-”

Peter shoves him away, glaring viciously. “There is a reason, you cocky idiot. You go around like you own the place, and you never even try to take part in school life! You think everyone here adores you? We hate you! And-and-”

Tony grins, arching an eyebrow, “And?”

Peter growls, shoving Tony back into the bookshelves hard enough to hurt, but before Tony can put up a fight, Peter’s lips are on his in an angry- no, a furious kiss, and Peter’s hands are in his hair
and Tony smirks brilliantly into the contact.

“I knew it,” he breathes, when Peter pulls away for air, so he can suck bruises into the Hufflepuff’s neck. “You’re hot for me just like everyone else.”

The boy groans, one of his hands slipping down into Tony’s robes to get ahold of his aching cock before he’s slipping to his knees. Tony hisses, his hands fisting into Peter’s hair as he knocks his head back against the spines of old books.

“Bet you’ve dreamt about this, huh? About sucking me off.”

“I hate you,” Peter spits, but the effect is lessened by the way he licks his lips before taking Tony’s rock-hard cock into his mouth. Tony’s never been harder. There’s something about this infuriating speck of yellow that’s driving him mad and he cums quicker than ever with a loud cry. Peter grins up at him; lips red and eyes smug. “You didn’t last very long, Prince.”

Tony bends him over the table and-

“He’s Hepzibah’s great nephew.” Natasha says, pulling him out of his memory.

Tony frowns. “Who?”

She swats him. “Don’t you pay any attention in History? Hepzibah Smith- Helga Hufflepuff’s direct descendant. There are legends about him, Tony. They say that one day he’ll find the missing cup of Hufflepuff. Restore it to its rightful place.” She shrugs, “it depends how much you read into legends like that, but we can’t forget that there was that legend over Gryffindor’s chosen one- Steve Rogers, remember? They said he’d end up in possession of the elder wand and…” she tips her head, “the Hufflepuffs are insanely protective over him.” She laughs, “he’s their darling. Oh my god- I bet that’s why he’s not telling anyone about the two of you! He’s making you keep it a secret, isn’t he?” She whistles approvingly, “I never thought I’d see you bow before anyone, let alone-”

“I am not bowing before a goddamn Hufflepuff, no matter who his ancestors are.” Tony snaps, getting up angrily and gritting his teeth. “I’m the Slytherin Prince. There are legends about me too-”

“That you’ll open the chamber of secrets, yeah,” Natasha rolls her eyes again, “I know.”

Tony whirls away from her.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to tell everyone.” He calls back over his shoulder, heading for the stage where Dumbledore and Obadiah are eating among the other teachers.

He hears the clacking of Nat’s heels before she catches up to him, and yanks a hold of his shoulder. Her eyes are wide and she’s not kidding around anymore. “Tony,” she hisses, staring at him, “you’re not serious.”

He shrugs her off, “I am. Like you said, I don’t bow to anyone-”

“Tony, I was-I was kidding, Tony, come on-”

He gets up onto the stage and everyone in the hall looks up at him. The professors stare in confusion and the students frown. A few Slytherin’s start cheering and Tony grins down at all of them. “Um, attention fellow students,” he drawls, eyes gliding over the crowd. He does love addressing a crowd. He feeds off the attention. “I have a small announcement to make. Promise it won’t take up too much
of your time.”

“Anthony, what do you think you are doing?” Obadiah snaps from somewhere behind him.

Tony pays him no mind. “I just thought I’d share a special message. It’s about one Hufflepuff Darling.”

All eyes swivel to Peter, and Tony grins as he watches the boy stare up at him; eyes wide with horror. He’s got him. He opens his mouth to finish the big reveal before he—before he sees the humiliation and betrayal shining in those brown irises. It makes the words falter on his tongue as he watches red crawl across Peter’s face and he seems to sink into the bench like he wants it to swallow him whole.

“I know why you don’t want people to know,” Tony pants, thrusting lazily into Peter. They’ve both cum already, but Tony’s just enjoying the hot, wet feeling of that clenching hole. “You don’t want them to know how much you love my cock.”

Peter lets out a breathless laugh from underneath him, as Tony’s hands slide up his chest to tweak his nipples. Peter moans. “It’s not that, you jerk.”

“Then why? Why can’t we tell people?”

He hates how needy it comes out. Peter gives him a look, still a little dazed from his orgasm. “Tony…you…come on, we’re not…we’re not anything serious. We don’t need people to know we have sex. Right? I mean- I know you, this is what you do. You have sex with everyone, I’m just…the latest, right?”

It hurts more than it should. “Right.” Tony agrees, thrusting again.

It occurs to him for the first time that maybe—maybe Peter doesn’t know that Tony likes him more than as a fuck buddy—enemy? It occurs to Tony for the first time that maybe Peter had been asking whether they were something more. It occurs to him because he’s realising it for himself. He does want something more, he wants—he wants to kiss the butter beer off Peter’s lips at Hogmead, and he wants—he wants to be partners in Herbology and he wants to be able to cheer his Hufflepuff Seeker in big games.

He wants to hold hands as they walk down the corridors.

He turns to see Nat. She’s staring at him with horror on her face.

He wants his friends to meet Peter. He wants to meet Peter’s friends.

He wants Peter to help him open the chamber of secrets, he wants to help Peter find the Hufflepuff cup.

Maybe…maybe Peter wants all those things too. Maybe scribbling times and places on scrunched up pieces of paper and slipping them to Peter at random times wasn’t the…the best way to show that.

Everyone’s still looking at him, still waiting, and Tony swallows. “I just found out who you were.” He says, “about your legend—guess I really should start paying attention in History. And I just wanted to say—Here’s to the hufflepuff cup!” He reaches around to grab Dumbledore’s goblet and he holds it in the air.

Everyone erupts into cheers, and he locks eyes with Peter who has something indecipherable on his face.
Tony winks at him.

Peter smiles.
Tony doesn’t know how he got here.

He knew when he hired his secretary— the brunet twink with big chocolate eyes, that he was skirting the lines a little, but hey, Pepper knows who he is. He likes a bit of eye-candy around the office, it doesn’t mean he was planning on doing anything.

Peter, it seems, has other ideas. Or the way he’s mouthing at Tony’s crotch seems to suggest that.

Tony, for his part, can’t move. He’s sitting in his desk chair, and Peter is kneeling under his desk and—how he got here, once again, he doesn’t know, but it feels good and it feels wrong.

“Mr Stark,” Peter breathes, his voice desperate, “please, please, let me suck you off—you’re so— you’re amazing,” he rests his cheek on Tony’s thigh and stares up at him with those impossible doe eyes all flushed and lovely. “I’ve dreamt about you cock, Sir, I want to— I want it so bad, Mr Stark, please.” He whines.

Tony’s not a fucking saint, okay?

He nods dumbly and watches as Peter pulls out his cock and presses a pouty wet kiss to the head. Alright, okay, he’s hard. He’s aching. Maybe his wife should be the only person who gets him hard but that’s not real life. He gets hard from when very pretty boys fucking beg for a chance to give him a blow job.

Peter laves at Tony’s cock like he was made for it, peppering kisses and licking along the underside before taking it into his mouth and sucking just so— it’s so tight and hot and wet and fuck.

It’s fucking hero worship gone wrong, Tony knows it. The kid’s been following him around like a puppy since he got here. Eyes wide with admiration, lips always parted in awe, always ready with some compliment over how fantastic, amazing, just— just brilliant, Mr Stark ready to tumble off his lips. Tony’s not gonna lie, he likes it. It’s a head rush, a power trip but he never thought—

Maybe he should have. Peter had always made it clear that he’d do anything for Tony and… Tony likes that.

He loves Pepper, but— but— well fuck, maybe he doesn’t love her the right way if he’s letting the boy do this.

Peter is moaning around his cock like he’s hungry for it. A desperate little slut and desire burns hot in Tony’s blood as he watches. He has to grab the edge of the desk when Peter deep throats him, takes him all the way to the base and his throat convulses around Tony’s dick and fuck-fuck-

Peter pulls off right before Tony cums and he groans in frustration, but Peter just pumps him loosely before pushing Tony’s chair back and standing up. Tony’s eyes flit worriedly to the glass walls, but nobody’s outside and nobody’s looking. “I want you inside me, Mr Stark,” Peter whispers, his voice wrecked and his lips swollen as he unbuttons his trousers and kicks off his shoes.

Tony can’t look away from that lovely smooth skin but— but—
“I’m married,” he manages, trying to keep his tone firm. “I’m married, Peter-”

“I know,” Peter breathes, looking unconcerned as he straddles Tony’s thighs and hooks his arms over his shoulders. Tony’s hands are clenched tight to the arms of his chair and he curses as Peter rubs his hole over Tony’s dick. “That’s why you’re not going to do anything but sit tight. I’m going to do all the work, I’m going to show you how much I admire you. You’re not doing anything wrong, you’re just sitting there, right?”

What a brilliant, terrible, ingenious, flimsy excuse.

Tony nods eagerly and his eyes roll back into his head as Peter impales himself on him. Yeah- yeah, as white hot pleasure sparks through him- it’s not really cheating- Peter’s right, he hasn’t done anything, he’s just been sitting in his chair. Things have been done to him, but he hasn’t- he hasn’t done anything.

He squeezes his nails into the arms of the chair to stop from grabbing hold of the boy as he rides Tony. And he’s so fucking tight, he feels so good and he’s babbling right into Tony’s ear:

“You feel so good, Mr Stark, ah, ah- your cock is perfect, you’re so smart, so powerful, I feel so full with you inside me-”

Tony’s ego purrs loudly and Peter slams down onto him viciously and his hole convulses tightly and Tony spills into him with a grunt; eyes slipping shut as he rides out the waves of pleasure- Peter’s hole milking his dick, greedy for it.

When he opens his eyes, it’s to Peter’s face, adoring and wonderful as he presses the lightest kiss to Tony’s cheek. “You’re good at everything, aren’t you, Mr Stark?” Peter whispers, fingers tangling in Tony’s hair, and Tony’s dick twitches a little as Peter leans forward to whisper: “Whenever I like, I’m going to come in here and ride you. You’re going to sit right there and not do a thing and I’m gonna show you how fucking hot you are.”

Tony’s throat is dry.

All he can do is nod.
Starker, Exhibitionism on a Coach

Tony likes travelling.

He likes seeing new exotic places and trying new exotic food and immersing himself in different cultures. When he was a kid he dreamt about it, when he was a younger man he spent a lot of his time partying his way around the world and doesn’t remember all of it, and now he can savour it the way he should have.

It’s even better with Peter. It’s enhanced. His lover (because Tony will not call him his boyfriend because he is not thirteen years old) bounds around every new location like a puppy discovering water for the first time. His smile is unfailing and his energy never-ending and he drags Tony to places that Tony never would have found- little pockets of sunshine in places of gold. And in turn, Tony uses his experience to guide Peter to the places that the tourist guides don’t tell you about.

And now, three weeks into their trip around the world, three weeks into Peter’s summer vacation from college, in the middle of a cramped bus through Italy after the trains had been shut down- he’s experiencing the downside to travelling. It’s 40 degrees celsius and the air is so humid and the bus is crowded and he’s dripping with sweat. He’s grown accustomed luxury travel- first class in planes, private jets, limousines-

He smiles as he remembers the slack-jawed awe on Peter’s face as they’d flown here on Tony’s private jet.

Mile high club? Tick.

They’re standing, all shoved together like sardines. Tony’s holding onto the bar above, looking out the window at the ocean that rolls past, and Peter is nestled just in front of him, hands on the bar between Tony’s, and head lollled forward.

The boy’s exhausted. The heat and the fact they’d stayed up very late into the night at a club means he’s drowsy now and he doses a little as he stands, occasionally drifting off and leaning his back into Tony’s chest to stay standing up. Peter is fine with this mode of transport, hadn’t even batted an eye at the bus and Tony will change that with time.

Get the boy more used to the glamour he deserves.

Even though the heat is sweltering and the crowd is irritating, the low level chatter is kind of nice. And Peter’s head only comes up to just below his chin and that’s nice too. He presses a kiss to the back of that soft brown hair and Peter turns a little to shoot him a sleepy smile.

When the bus goes over a bump, Tony realises that Peter’s ass is pressed quite firmly against his crotch and he grinds a little lazily, because it’s pretty much a reflex at this point, and it feels nice.

He doesn’t think anything of it until he realises that the rhythm of the bus means actually, through his shorts, his dick is getting some pretty good friction right in Peter’s crease. He grinds forward a little harder, eyes fluttering shut at the feeling, and looks down to see Peter with his eyes semi-closed, watching the scenery fluttering shut at the feeling.

Fuck. Probably not a good idea. It feels good but it’s a slippery slope.

He’s about to move away when the bus shifts again and fuck it’s like Peter is canting his hips it feels so good. He doesn’t move but the movements of the bus keep jolting Peter back into his dick and
god the boy can probably feel it and-

“Hey baby, move forward a bit?” Tony murmurs into the shell of Peter’s ear, angling his hips away so he doesn’t cum in his pants.

Peter turns to look at him and smirks devilishly, “why would I do that?” He asks, his eyes a little too wide, a little too innocent, as he purposely grinds his hips in a tantalisingly drag down Tony’s cock. “I wanna feel you cum, daddy,” he purrs, and Peter grips onto the bar for dear life.
Peter swings idly around the vault, crawling over the ceiling and poking at little indentations in the metal. He sighs when, just like all the other indents, it doesn’t budge at all. “Okay, guy,” he sighs, peering at the guard standing firmly by the door. “Can’t you just- I don’t know, be cool?”

“Be cool?” The guard huffs, “I just caught Spiderman trying to steal millions of dollars.”

Peter rolls his eyes. “I wasn’t gonna *steal* it, I told you, this isn’t the real money, an alien with a transformation device took the real money and—”

“I don’t wanna hear it.” The guard yells, putting his hands over his ears. “We’re gonna stay right here ‘till the police come.”

“I have alerted Tony Stark of our predicament. He is en route.”

“What? Karen!” Peter squawks, losing balance and collapsing into the pile of fake money with an oomf. “Why did you do that?! Oh god.” He closes his eyes in mortification and hears Karen clucking sympathetically.

“Who are you talking to?” The guard asks, frowning dubiously like he’s reassessing Peter’s sanity.

Peter groans. “Dude, you’ve locked us in this vault and I am not evil. If I was evil, wouldn’t I have like- killed you or something? Or webbed you up? I haven’t even webbed you up.” A thought occurs to him. “Should I web you up?”

“Webbing me up wouldn’t do anything.” The guard says primly, “I’ve activated emergency lockdown. No one’s getting in or out until the police come.”

Peter sighs and folds his hands on his stomach, twiddling his thumbs idly atop the money.

A while later, the door to the vault suddenly opens with a loud, grating clang and Peter and the guard sit up in shock, before Iron Man steps in.

Tony immediately steps out of a metal, looking impeccable in a three-piece suit and Peter fights his flood of desire.

“Peter, your heart rate has elevated, are you alright?”

“Quiet, Karen.” Peter hisses, watching with wide eyes as Tony saunters in; effortlessly suave.

“He’s mine, that one,” Tony says, and the guard cocks his head in confusion, before Tony chuckles. “Sorry, I’ve just always wanted to say that. This kid belongs to me. I apologise on his behalf. I take full responsibility for his actions.” He doesn’t sound concerned at all. He’s cocky and perfect as usual.

Another lick of desire shoots through Peter.

The guard looks a little star-struck at the sight of the Iron Man suit and real life Tony Stark- Peter knows the feeling- but he doesn’t budge. “Sorry, buddy. The police are on their way.”

“Yeah, sure, and you tell them that a couple of aliens came in- you hit the alarm, but they teleported away.” Tony shrugs, reaching into his pocket and Peter can feel his suit’s eyes go wide with his, as Tony pulls out a wad of crash. “If you like.”
The guard looks at the money, and then over at Peter, who offers a little wave.

The next thing Peter knows, he’s in Tony’s car and his mask is pooling down to his neck as he stares at Tony in amazement. “Mr Stark!” He beams, “that was amazing! You just- it was like out of that old movie the Godfather and-”

“Peter,” Tony cuts him off, sternly, but Peter swears there’s a hint of fondness there. “Didn’t I tell you to forget the wizard?”

Peter falters. “Well, yeah…bu-but I was just doing patrol and out of nowhere this huge beam of light comes and-”

“Ah, ah,” Tony shakes his head, and with a wave of his hand, Peter’s suit does something it’s never done before. The red tech creeps up his neck and over his mouth- gagging him, but leaving the rest of his face visible. He jerks a little in disbelief, but his hands don’t budge either- the suit material around his wrists has melded his hands together; binding him. Is there anything this suit can’t do? “My turn to talk.” Tony continues in a deep voice, “You’ve been a bad boy, Peter. We’re going to have to do something about that.”

Peter tries to apologise through the gag, but nothing comes out bar a few wet muffles.

Tony smirks, and nods approvingly. “Oh yes. I think I like that a lot. Something else I’ve always wanted to try.”

Peter doesn’t need Karen to tell him his heart rate’s just shot up, he already knows.

And he can’t fucking wait.
Tony doesn’t know what it is. Maybe it’s the fact that Peter’s eighteen and a male with a lot of hormones. Maybe it’s the fact that Peter has enhanced senses so the littlest thing can do a lot, or maybe it’s because Peter just finds him that attractive.

The last one’s not implausible, really. Tony looks in the mirror. He knows what he looks like.

Whatever it is has made Peter the most insatiable little minx. He goes from the adorable goofball who keeps silently creeping along the ceiling and webbing cookies secretly, to the cock-hungry little slut who whispers the most depraved things into Tony’s ear.

The whiplash is unsettling. And arousing.

They’ve only just started having sex but Peter can’t seem to get enough of it, and one night, as Tony is working down in the lab, he looks up as the door opens and Peter is standing there; clad in only one of Tony’s old tees. It hangs just past his hips and he’s not wearing any underwear and he looks sleep ruffled and flushed.

“Daddy,” he pouts, padding inside, and immediately straddling Tony’s lap, cuddling into his chest like he’s cold after having come out of bed.

“Baby,” Tony sighs, kissing Peter’s cheek and setting down his equipment. “Why aren’t you sleeping?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” Peter insists, pawing at the buttons of Tony’s shirt, “wanted you.” He leans back, to look at Tony and bites his lip just so. “Wanted your fingers, daddy,” he purrs, “like you showed me last week. You made me feel so good and I can’t- I can’t reach it by myself.”

He’s talking about his prostate. It was the first thing (after mutual dick-sucking) that Tony had introduced Peter to, and Peter has a lovely, deliciously responsive prostate that Tony had spent hours relentlessly massaging last week because he makes the most gorgeous cries of pleasure. He wants to say- why don’t you use some of the toys I got you? But he doesn’t, because he knows that the only thing Peter likes having inside of him, is Tony. The thought makes something deeply primal and possessive, rumble happily inside him. Peter’s legs are already framing his thighs, and Tony runs his hands up his legs, over Peter’s smooth cheeks before dipping into his hole.

He’s still a little wet and loose from their earlier fun.

Peter keens, whimpering into Tony’s neck. “Please, daddy,” he pants, rocking his hips back onto Tony’s wandering finger tips. “I need you. Want you to make me feel good.”

Well, is Tony suppose to be able to resist that? He’s a human man. He slides two of his fingers in without any prep, and Peter’s hole clenches nice and tight around him. He searches for a moment, before crooking his fingers and Peter’s back is arching as he cries out in bliss. His hands are tight in Tony’s hair; tugging at the strands and whispering encouragement as Tony rubs over his prostate again and again.

He really could do this all day. Peter is gorgeous and voracious, but the thing is- he has essentially been fucking Peter all day. The kid never seems to run out of energy, never seems to run out of desire, and Tony’s dick just can’t get hard again. Maybe if he were a younger man, but even then, he has a feeling Peter would still be able to run him ragged. So for now, he just uses his fingers the best he can and gazes up at Peter’s face as he pants; grinding desperately onto Tony’s fingers.
He cums with a blissed out sigh rather than a shout, and wow, how many orgasms can the kid have in one day? Tony’s going to have to test it out. Peter gets to his feet, a little wobbly like a newborn colt, and takes Tony’s hand. “Come to bed,” he murmurs, flashing him a loopy, dazed smile.

Tony kisses his knuckles. “I just gotta finish up some work, baby.”

“No,” Peter frowns, tugging more insistently, “bed.”

He sighs, but how can he deny those eyes? He just hopes Peter isn’t hinting at another round of sex because Tony really, really doesn’t think he can. But he doesn’t wanna deny Peter anything and- his hopes of a good nights sleep diminish as soon as they’re under the silk sheets, Peter’s hand is around his cock.

“Baby,” Tony whispers, torn between wanting to give his boy anything, and his aching muscles.

“Not sex,” Peter grins impishly, pecking the corner of Tony’s mouth, “I just want you inside me. Wanna fall asleep like that. It feels so good.”

Well, fuck, okay then. It’s not that hard a task to get hard, and Peter does most of the work and before he knows it, he’s drifting off, cock slowly getting soft but staying tucked inside Peter’s warm, ever-craving hole.

…

He wakes up to lips around his dick.
Tony’s scanning through a very tedious contract at the kitchen counter when Peter stumbles into the tower; home from college. His hair’s a fluffy mess on his head and his large glasses are perched a little off-centred on his nose. He comes racing in and beams at the sight of Tony, whose heart softens a little at the sight of him.

“Look what Ned got me, Mr Stark!” Peter exclaims, because he’s a walking exclamation point, and everything he says is exuberant and happy. He rifles through his backpack and fishes out a tee that says *geology rocks!!!*

Tony stares at it, then at Peter’s rosy face, and then back at the tee. “Whatever makes you happy, kid,” he snorts.

Peter nods enthusiastically, “it’s so cool. And he got me this writing pen knife! It’s not really a penknife, but it’s a pen and you can pull a pencil out of it, and a ruler, and a stencil set and-”

The older man startles suddenly because *wait* is it Peter’s birthday? Has he forgotten? He’s about to pull up a calendar and fire someone when Peter continues:

“I got him this new LEGO set, and we’re gonna build it together and-”

“What were you getting each other presents?”

Peter blinks and looks up from where he’s currently pulling what looks like a protractor out of a bulky pen as he leans over the counter. “Oh, it’s the anniversary of the day we became friends! Ten years ago!”

Tony hums fondly. Of course. He’s grateful Peter has such good friends. “No parole tonight?”

Peter shakes his head. “No,” he sighs, but then his voice brightens, “because I have the best assignment for english okay, we have to make a…”

Slowly, something dawns on Tony.

Peter is a….he’s a nerd.

He stares as Peter heads to his bedroom to change, tripping over the coffee table like he does every day despite his spider senses and he resists the urge to gawk, cuz Christ the kid *is* a nerd.

He has those big glasses, and loves science puns, and plays with lego and *loves* work. He laughs at the weirdest things and-

Oh god, how did Tony not put it together sooner?

In his defence, his first impression of Peter had been as an undercover, albeit smalltime, superhero. Web slinging and people-saving with a heart of gold. The second impression had been that Peter was wicked intelligent, and could design web shooters and understand high-level physics.

Tony had seen a mini-Tony. Young, fit, intelligent- but no, Peter isn’t hiding coolness under his mask, he doesn’t have any because Peter is a-

He laughs. Fuck. Peter’s a nerd.
It’s adorable.

And a little arousing.

He tries not to dwell on that latter one.

And later, when they’re in the lab, he looks over amusedly to see Peter eagerly putting wires together as he completes his circuit board for the iPod he’s fixing up. Tony’s tinkering around on Rhodey’s suit, and Peter is humming to himself, and they make a nice little team.

A thought occurs to him. “Hey, you don’t need glasses, do you? Didn’t the spider bite…” he waves his hand to encompass ‘fix everything up’.

Peter nods, pushing his glasses further up his face with an impish little grin. He has fucking dimples. “Yeah, but I don’t know- they’re kind of a comfort thing, I guess? MJ thinks I do it for fashion but I really don’t.”

Tony can believe it, especially when the next day, the kid wears a fucking sweater vest like it’s normal.

It should be cute and that’s that. He should leave it at that.

Except Tony kind of likes it. When he was Peter’s age, he’d been working on his Masters, but he’d still been at college. Where he was popular, charismatic and well-liked, and all he can think about is pinning Peter to the wall and watching that shy little blush creep across his skin and-

Fuck. No. He shouldn’t be thinking stuff like that.

The two of them are spending another companionable evening in the lab, and Peter is buried in a book except his phone keeps buzzing and he keeps getting this little grin on his face and Tony can’t hold his curiosity. “What’s going on, kid?” He murmurs teasingly, setting down his tools.

Peter looks up with a start, like he forgot anyone else was in the room with him. “Oh! Sorry, M-Mr Stark,” he says, his voice nervous and stammering- more so than usual. “MJ’s giving me advice.”

“Oh? Over what?” He can’t really imagine the spunky, slightly scary, girl offering advice.

“Well,” Peter dips his head a little; biting his bottom lip and Tony has to curl his hands into a fist under the table. “This guy in our class- Harry, he asked me out for a date!”

_Fury_, quick as a flash, comes and goes and Tony manages a small smile. “That’s great, Pete.”

“It’s my first date!” Peter exclaims, sighing dreamily, “and MJ’s telling me what to wear and how I should act, you know?”

His first date. The kid’s a virgin- probably only ever kissed before, and not properly at that. Tony wants it. He wants all of it so hard it hurts. “I didn’t realise you liked Harry,” he says lightly, and Peter pauses.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you’re going on a date with him. Do you like him?”

Peter looks confused like the words don’t all make sense. “I-he- he asked me out, Mr Stark.”

The kid’s so sweet. So naive and precious. What would he do if Tony wasn’t around? “I get that, but
do you like him in that way? Do you think he’s attractive?”

“I-” Peter pauses again, as if really thinking about it for the first time. “He is handsome,” he says slowly, and Tony grits his teeth, “but I don’t know if he’s my- Mr Stark, it doesn’t matter! He’s asked me out and I’ve never been asked out before and-”

“Peter,” Tony murmurs, “you don’t have to say yes to the first guy who asks you out. You’re clever, kind and attractive. You’ll be beating them away with a stick- just trust me.”

Peter’s cheeks turn the most delicious shade of red and his eyes seem to look anywhere but Tony. “Really?” He whispers, and Tony nods.

“Absolutely.” He says, and he watches the boy flush with pleasure.

Peter ends up saying no to Harry, and Tony tries not to feel smug about it all week. He’s also been having dreams. Troubling dreams about his protege which involve a lot of moaning and dirty uses of the Iron Man suit.

One Saturday morning, Peter limps out of his bedroom after a particularly gruelling encounter on patrol last night. Tony immediately pours him some orange juice and Peter eases onto the stools of the breakfast bar. “You doing alright, kid?” He asks sympathetically, trying not to ogle all the smooth skin on display as Peter’s night shirt practically swamps him.

“Yeah,” Peter grins after a large gulpful- his lips all shiny and wet- “I’m healing super fast, but hey, Mr Stark, can I ask you a question?”

“The floor is yours.”

“Do any of the Avengers ever wish that- like, I don’t know- maybe their super healing could be slowed down sometimes? Or that they could control it?”

Tony frowns, trying to understand the uses of that. “I don’t think so, why?”

Peter bites his lip but tilts his head to the side to show off the long line of his neck. Tony can see little purple bruises- almost gone now, dotted along the side. Peter was covered with them last night, and the thought makes him feel protective and possessive all at once. “You see these?” Tony nods, “well, when I-” Peter uses two of his fingers to press hard over one of the bruises and lets out a long, deep moan that has Tony frozen in place. “Sometimes,” Peter continues, his voice low and his fingers still pressing against the bruises, “sometimes that ache feels really good, right? Or is that just me?’

Shit. Fuck. Shit. Tony finds himself reaching forward against his will and knocking Peter’s fingers out of the way so he can use his own. He presses just like Peter did, but a little harder and watches as the boy’s eyes flutter shut and he lets out a sigh of contentment and Tony has to yank his hand away like he’s been scalded. “Happens to all of us,” he manages faux-lightly, “maybe your spider thing makes you a bit more sensitive.”

Peter doesn’t know what he’s doing. He’s way too innocent, way too inexperienced about the world to know that he’s- fuck Tony wants to fuck him till he’s sore. Till the bruises cover that marble skin and then when they heal, he can do it all over again.

He thinks it’s a one off.

He’s wrong.

The following month sees him rescuing Peter from a weird octopus man who has him shackled to the
wall. Peter was never in any real danger, but Tony shoots some lasers into the man just to prove a point, and as he goes to free Spiderman from the wall, Peter tugs against them.

“Leave them on, for a sec, Mr Stark?” He pants, and Tony swallows hard when he sees the swell of an erection through Peter’s suit. The boy pulls harder at the chains around his wrists and lets out a moan like he can’t help himself. “It—it f- feels so good,” he whimpers, sounding so confused and lost, like he can’t help but buck his hips a little and strain against the binds. “Why does it feel good, Mr Stark?”

Because you’re perfect and you were made for me Tony wants to say. Instead he says: “He must’ve put something in the metal.” He thanks god that his erection is hidden.

Tony’s starting to have a really hard time controlling himself now. If the image of Peter as a nerd turns him on, then the image of a nerdy Peter completely engulfed in kinks he didn’t even know he had- is driving him mad. He watches the boy like a hawk, the way that he bites his lip hard whenever the smart-tech of his suit creeps up his torso and over his nipples- like he likes the cold, hard little plates rubbing against his dusky peaks.

Tony watches as Peter tugs his fingers through his hair over a tough assignment question- the way he pulls at the strands, harder and harder until he’s panting a little and his eyes have slipped shut and he’s forgotten about the question altogether.

It comes to a head when they’re about to leave for a gala.

Peter comes out of his bedroom in the suit that Tony had made for him (it’s complimentary to Tony’s in every way, just like Peter) except his bowtie is undone around his neck. “I can’t do it- woah! Mr Stark, you look incredible!”

Tony knows, but still, he feels good when the kid says it. He rolls his eyes and beckons Peter over, taking the black ends in his fingers and tugging the boy close.

He realises that this is a mistake. Because he’s not- he’s not the paternal, mentor figure he should be. He’s not- he’s- he’s someone who likes the way his cologne smells on Peter. Who likes the look of Peter in a suit purposely just a little too tight.

Peter’s looking up at him, his sweet breath fanning over Tony’s face and Tony doesn’t look at him- focuses on the bow.

It’s all too intimate, and in his haste to finish the job and get away before he does something stupid, he ends up fastening the bow just a little too tight.

“Shit, sorry, buddy, let me just-”

Peter’s hands are suddenly on his wrists, and Tony meets those big, brown eyes. “A little tighter,” Peter murmurs, wetting his lips, “please,”

Tony can hear his heart thundering in his ears and does fasten it just a little tighter, and is rewarded with a lovely little gasp and he’s going to have to go the bathroom before they leave, when Peter takes Tony’s right hand and guides it down his body.

Tony stares in awe as Peter places Tony’s palm over his crotch and bucks into him slightly. “Mr Stark,” he whispers, voice a whine, “sometimes I get really hard right here-” he grinds his dick into Tony’s hand and fuck, yes it is hard- he can feel the wetness seeping through- “and I don’t know why.”
Tony’s eyes snap to Peter’s face immediately and those eyes are wide but they’re not innocent at all. They’re fucking knowing. There’s a smirk on his lips and a teasing little grin. This has all been- this whole thing has been a fucking play. The boy’s a tease and Tony’s fallen right into his trap and-and-

“That happens sometimes, baby,” Tony growls, right into the shell of Peter’s ear, as he grabs the boy’s dick more firmly and Peter mewls without restraint. “I can show you how to take care of it though. If you trust me.”

Peter nods desperately, but his eyes are still so fucking smug and triumphant and Tony doesn’t even care that he’s lost this round.

Loser or not, he still got the prize
Some nights are dark and worse than others.

Some nights, like tonight, he pads out onto the balcony of Stark Tower and looks out on a world he doesn’t recognise. Dizzingly high, with views and lights that Steve never would have dreamt of. God, he’s standing in a building famous for something…something Steve’s not sure he’ll ever be able to truly comprehend.

He aches.

Everyone else is asleep, but he knows that if he needed it- Tony would come out and join him for a drink. Be a little snarky and witty and distracting, but it won’t heal him forever. Just until the next time he looks out and realises that Loki was right. He’s a man out of time. Maybe he should leave for a while, get back to nature. It’s an idea Bucky’s been floating around and having Bucky is good because it’s someone else who understands. But the thought of leaving the others, his family is-

“Captain?” Comes a voice, and Steve turns to see Peter, decked out in his Spiderman suit, climb up onto the balcony from somewhere down below. He must’ve scaled the side of the building. He balances easily on the thin glass wall of the balcony, content to perch there even though it makes Steve wince a little. He knows the kid has balance and web shooters, but still…Peter tugs off his mask and Steve has to smile at the grin and the big brown eyes. “Hey! What are you still doing up?”

He gestures to his pyjamas and shrugs wryly. “Couldn’t sleep.”

Peter nods like he understands. Steve wonders if he does. He knows the kid has heart, knows he’s been through more than someone his age should have been through. Maybe he does understand.

“What about you? Tony let you patrol this late?”

Peter laughs. “We talked about it. He said as long as I’m back by one am, we’re fine.”

Steve doesn’t have to look inside to know it’s almost two. He gives Peter a look, and the boy laughs. “Don’t worry,” he nods, “this can be our little secret.”

He gets a grateful half-smile in return, but there’s something deeper in Peter’s eyes. Something soft and delicate and fragile and it makes Steve think of Peggy all of a sudden. He swallows and pushes the thought down. “Captain…do you wanna tell me why you’re really up?”

He doesn’t. Not really. He wants to bury it way deep down inside and pretend it doesn’t exist, except he can’t. Not when Peter’s looking at him like that. So sweet, so accepting, so understanding. He ends up spilling it out in the garbled mess that it is. The way he aches for a different time, how he wants so bad to go back to his hometown but he’s petrified because what if he does and it’s changed the way the rest of the world has? What if the streets he once walked down are gone? What if the memories he holds so dear hold no place in this time? By the time he’s done, his throat is hoarse, and Peter’s gone from sitting on the ledge, to standing right in front of him.

“Captain,” Peter murmurs, there’s a twinkle in his eyes but not one drop of pity. He’s the first. Steve’s more grateful than he’ll ever know. “Can I try something?”

He nods, not trusting his voice.

Peter shoots his web into a dark corner of the balcony, and it comes back with a backpack. He...
shuffles through it, before pulling out a pair of headphones. He offers them to Steve, who puts them in diligently while Peter scrolls through his phone.

“This is an old radio show. You probably never listened to it but the voices are nice,” Peter murmurs, his voice already sounds muffled. “I’m going to play it and then I’m going to put my hands over your eyes, okay?”

Steve arches an eyebrow sceptically, “Kid…”

“Please.” He insists, and Steve realises the kid is kind of beautiful. He thinks maybe he’s always known that.

He nods, and soon his headphones are playing, and Peter’s gloved hands are fastening firmly over his eyes.

He knows why he hasn’t just closed them. There’s so much damn light these days, it’s never really dark anywhere in the city. Peter’s hands block it all out so all he sees is darkness. He takes a breath and tries to relax.

The person on the radio is chatting after a quick sponsor announcement. “Autolight Spark Plugs! The only Spark plug for you! And next, the Lone Ranger heads into his next deadly caper later this evening, but for now- the President wants to talk to you, that’s right you, us. The American people. In our weekly, fireside chat. Settle in everybody.”

The wind blows and suddenly Steve is at home. His heart is at home. A voice lost to the decades, so familiar, so ingrained, is chattering away into his ears, he can see the woods at the back of his garden, he can smell the distant wet oak as the wind blows it towards him. He’s there right now, he’s standing there, the radio is playing inside and he’s on the back porch and tomorrow he and Bucky are gonna watch girls in pretty dresses sing as they skip down the streets to the milkshake parlour.

He draws in a ragged breath, and Peter’s hands slip from his eyes to cup his face. Steve opens his own and Peter’s right there in front of him, stretched onto his tiptoes and perfectly balanced. Steve’s crying. He wonders when he started. “Are you okay?” Peter whispers and his eyes are on Steve’s lips.

Steve never thought he’d want to kiss anyone ever again, but he does. He pulls out the headphones and his arms go right around Peter’s tiny waist as he hauls him close. He has the absurd idea of dipping him, but no- but then- yes. Why not? Why not bring something from the past into this perfect moment right now?

He dips him and Peter lets out a little shriek of amazement as Steve’s lips touch his own.

Home is a different time. Another time. A lost time.

But home is also right here- in this kiss.
Starker, Bad Tony helps Naive Peter get ready for a date

TW: noncon, abuse of authority

Tony shakes his head and Peter pouts, discarding yet another shirt. “Can’t I just wear my favourite sweater?” The boy asks, standing lovely and shirtless in front of the mirror as he tries to pick a suitable outfit for his date tomorrow.

His first date. With fucking Harry Osborn and sorry, but no. Harry’s not good enough for Peter. No one’s fucking good enough for Peter. Tony’s always known that. He’s perched on the edge of Peter’s bed, here under the guise of helping, and really- Tony is going to help. “No, you need something tighter.” He says and Peter frowns as he looks through his wardrobe.

“I don’t know that I have anything-”

“Don’t worry,” Tony grins, lifting up the box that he brought in with him. He holds it out for Peter. “I got you this because I thought that might be the case. You’re not the most stylish person, are you, sweetheart?” It’s just this side of patronising and Tony eyes the delectable shame that rolls off Peter.

Peter flushes, but takes the box and sits beside Tony. Tony lets his eyes roam over that lovely, lean chest and the gorgeous smooth skin. “Thank you, Mr Stark, you’re so good to me.”

“I really am.” Tony teases, his eyes dark. Kid, you have no idea.

Peter cocks his head at the items inside- confused. Tony tries not to grin too hard. He lifts them out and lays them on the bed one by one- a black, sheer, long sleeved top, some booty shorts, a thong, and a pair of black kitten heels. “I don’t-”

“Don’t you trust me, Peter?” He asks, trying his best to sound hurt. “I went to all this trouble and-”

“Oh, no! Mr Stark, no!” Peter cries immediately, eyes wide and earnest, “no, it’s amazing, really! I’ve just never worn anything like this before, I don’t-”

“I’ll help you,” Tony waves him off dismissively, “take off the rest of your clothes and I’ll help you into it.”

He can see out of the corner of his eye that Peter hesitates, but like the good, good boy he is, he tugs off his trousers and his underwear, and covers himself bashfully. Tony gets up, standing in front of him, as he picks up the thong. It’s got a lacy black front, and he holds it out for him, bending down. “Just step into it.”

Peter swallows thickly, but does as he’s told and Tony gets to drag his fingers along the outside of Peter’s lovely long legs, up to his taught thighs and then his skinny waist.

He grabs a hold of Peter’s soft cock and Peter lets out a yelp as Tony arranges it to sit nicely. He tries not to react but the boy’s little dick feels so good in his hands. He lingers for far too long, just feeling the shape of it against his palm. He gropes at it until Peter starts to squirm. Then the older man reaches for the shorts, and they do the same thing.

Fuck, the shorts look good. He gets back to his feet, spinning Peter around and dusting imaginary lint off the denim so he can feel that lovely ass. “They fit well, don’t they?” He asks, when in actuality, they’re two sizes too small. He slaps Peter’s ass playfully, before grabbing his cheeks in two
handfuls. “Comfy, right?”

Peter’s trembling, out of his depth and completely confused as to what’s happening. “Y-yes,” he stammers out, breath hitching as Tony spins him back around to face him.

The boy’s so easy to control- so light and pliable. Like a little doll. Peter’s crotch is pressed tight against the denim and Tony struggles to keep his eyes up. “Now the shirt,” he grins, “arms up.”

Soon he’s got it on, and he groans at the sight. He might make it a thing to choose all of Peter’s outfits from now on. The material is completely sheer and see through, a black fabric as tight as a second skin that goes down Peter’s arms and torso. His nipples are starkly visible and he looks like the perfect little whore. Tony orders him into the shoes, and Peter stumbles a little; as graceful as a newborn colt but as fucking sexy as a cockslut.

“Look in the mirror, baby,” Tony instructs, his voice gravelly with desire as Peter steps obediently towards the mirror.

The boy gasps at what he sees. Tony’s not surprised. He’s worked wonders, really. He looks like a fucktoy. If Harry ever saw him like this- and no one but Tony ever will- the Osborn would cream his pants immediately. “Mr Stark,” Peter breathes, biting his bottom lip as he twists and turns in the mirror. “Is this really what people wear on a date?” His voice is so innocent, so afraid, so wary, he needs validation and Tony nods; happily to give it.

“Absolutely. I’ve been on lots of dates. I know this stuff.”

That seems to be everything Peter needs, because he suddenly relaxes and turns back to Tony with a smile. “It’s perfect, Mr Stark. Thank you so much-”

“Not quite perfect,” Tony frowns, pretending to look concerned as he drags his eyes over Peter’s chest. “Your nipples are supposed to be hard, Peter. They’re meant to strain against the material.”

Peter looks down worriedly, “Oh, what should I-”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got you.” Tony grins, stepping forward and reaching out to pinch both of Peter’s nipples at the same time.

The boy’s knees buckle and he nearly falls, but he manages to brace himself on Tony’s arms. Which is fine by the older man really, as he twists those dusky nubs, flicking them and pinching them, rubbing his coarse palms over them until they’re hard and standing to attention. They strain against the shirt and fuck, fuck, the kid looks good.

He pulls back, and Peter is a gasping, withering mess in his arms. “Not quite,” he sighs, “the things I have to do for you, Pete,” and then he leans down and takes the nipple into his mouth through the shirt and bites.

Peter cries out, his fingers tangling in Tony’s hair and Tony holds his hips to keep him steady, as he laves at that nipple, before turning his attentions to the other one.

Peter’s panting by the time he pulls away, and there are two wet spots over his nipples as they poke against the material.

“Good,” Tony grins, pulling away and Peter sways a little on his feet; dazed from the sensation. “Now some pictures. I wanna remember when my protege went on his first date.”

Peter’s pink all over and looks fucking obscene. “P-pictures?” he murmurs, letting Tony guide him
over to the bed and toppling backwards as Tony shoves him.

He ends up splayed on his back, staring up at Tony who stands at the foot of the bed with his phone out. “Yeah, baby, some pictures. Spread your legs. Now.”

Peter does as he’s told, looking a fucking vision, and Tony switches to record.

“Put one of your hands in your shorts.”

Peter makes a noise of confusion, “is that what-”

“Yes.” Tony growls, a little impatient now, “do it.”

He seems to hear the order because he scrambles to obey and Tony has very lovely footage of Peter shoving his hand down his shorts and palming himself. Of Peter putting sucking his thumb on his other hand- making himself gag on it as spit runs down his chin.

There’s a growing wet patch on the denim that the camera picks up perfectly. Poor, sweet boy. He doesn’t even know what he wants. Lucky Tony’s here.

Tony puts his phone away. There are people who would pay a lot of good money for that video, and he’s the only one who’s ever going to see it.

“Now,” Tony murmurs, hauling Peter by the ankle until he’s positioned the way he wants. “What are you going to do when Harry does this?” He crawls onto the bed, between Peter’s legs and braces himself above him, and then grinds down hard.

Peter lets out a mewl, a gasp, then a whimper, overwhelmed from the sensation, head tossing from side to side. “H-h-he’s going to do that?” He asks, eyes wide and lips swollen, “I don’t know, Mr Stark! What do I do?” He sounds near tears and Tony kisses his forehead. He’s so precious. So inexperienced.

“I’ll tell you exactly what to do, baby, don’t worry. You kick those shorts off- the thong too, do it as fast as you can.”

Peter hastens to obey, and Tony watches, pulling his cock out of his suit so he’s still fully clothed and Peter’s wearing only that sheer, sinfully tight top. “Now what?” He asks, eager and back in position.

“Now,” Tony grins, “you wrap your legs around Harry’s waist as tight as you can.”

Peter does as he’s told, and his legs wrap around Tony’s waist and Tony’s cock drags against Peter’s deliciously tight virgin hole. “Was that good?” Peter gasps, hips rocking up a little.

“Very, very good,” Tony hisses, reaching for the lube in his pocket. “And then, you’re going to beg for his cock, okay? You’re going to say you need it, that you’ve always been desperate for it, okay?”

He nods, the flush crawling down his neck now. “Harry,” he whispers, gasping as Tony pushes a finger inside him. Fuck, the heat is incredible. “I need you, Harry, I-I want your c-cock, I’m desperate for it, I’m-”

“A greedy little cockslut.”

“I-I’m a greedy little cockslut and I-” Peter lets out a cry as two fingers are pushed inside and Tony
bites down into Peter’s shoulder. “I-I’ve always wanted your cock inside me, Harry-” he manages to stammer out, the words a little clunky, but undeniably hot on his tongue.

Tony lubes up his cock, and nudges the engorged head against Peter’s hole. He hasn’t stretched the boy as much as he should have, but he’s impatient and he wants him now. “Okay, that was good, baby,” Tony breathes, a little out of breath. “Then he’s gonna start fucking you, alright? And all you do is lie back and beg for it. But it’s not about you- you don’t touch yourself. You cum on his cock or not at all. You can play with your nipples, but you tell him how good he is- how good he makes you feel and how this-” he presses his dick a little harder against Peter’s hole, “-being his little hole to use, is all you’re good for, okay?”

“Mr Stark,” Peter pants, staring up at Tony with big, adoring eyes, “I just- thank you so much for helping me and-”

His words trail off into a scream as Tony thrusts inside him. Tony has to pause for a second, because shit that is tight and fantastic and fucking good. He pulls out slowly, memorising that delicious drag, before thrusting in, harder than before, hands on Peter’s waist to get even deeper.

Peter’s sobbing, tears streaming from his eyes, but he’s rock hard so Tony pays it no mind. “What did i tell you to do? Tony growls and Peter’s eyes snap open and he stumbles to remember.

“I love your cock, Harry,” he gasps, hole convulsing erratically around Tony’s dick. And fuck, it’s so fucking delicious to hear those obscenities come out of such an innocent mouth. “You fill me up so good- ah- ah ah ah you’re so good, you’re amazing- you make me feel so good, so full, ah- you’re so big, I…” his words trail into incomprehensible babbling as Tony rams against his prostate. Peter’s hands are scrabbling desperately against the silk sheets. “I-I was made to be your little h-hole, and i-it’s all I’m good for and-”

“Call him daddy. Call me daddy.” Tony growls viciously, and Peter arches his back against a particularly deep thrust.

“Daddy!” He yells at the top of his voice, “god- Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, it feels so good, daddy’s cock feels so good inside me, feels so good-”

He’s leaking profusely onto his stomach and Tony doesn’t know how much longer he can hold out as he thrusts brutally into this gorgeous, pliant little body. It’s all his. He grins devilishly as Peter cums suddenly- long and hard, cum splattering against his chin as he sinks into the mattress. He’s gone limp everywhere, boneless in the face of such a strong orgasm- his hole milking Tony’s cock like it can’t get enough, and Tony gets to use him like the doll that he is and drag him onto his cock over and over and over again, he leans back to watch the way that rosy pink flesh draws him in- fucking hungry for it.

“Feels so good,” Peter slurs, eyes half-lidded from the bed, and Tony doesn’t know how he got so fucking lucky.

He cums with a grunt deep inside and wipes his hand across his sweat-slicked forehead. “Well done, Pete,” he grins, ruffling the boy’s hair, “But a little bit more practise before I think you’re ready to go on that date. Don’t you think that’s for the best?”

“Yes, daddy,” Peter sighs, already half asleep.
There’s a part of him that thinks that because this whole thing was a blessing in disguise, he should just leave Flash alone.

He squats that part like a fly.

It splatters very nicely.

Prom had been a ringing success- a few quick phone calls here and there to Alexis and her friends that he wouldn’t be taking her, but he definitely owed her one- correcting his mother with a faux-bashful- your son is bi surprise.

And then there’s Peter. Tony’s surprised he’s never noticed the boy before. He’s pretty and smart and certainly smitten. Why, is obvious, but how is something else.

Tony’s not very use to demure. He’s had more sex than most grownups three times his age, but Peter doesn’t want to come up to his bedroom (it’s a very impressive bedroom, he assures him, but still Peter declines), Peter gets flustered and giddy with a goodnight kiss at the door.

He also gives Tony a carnation which is…well...

Tony thinks about it all night. He thinks about that kiss and the carnation more than he’s ever thought about sex with someone.

What he also thinks about is who was on the other side of those messages. He’s a tech whiz and a bit of a genius, so it’s pretty easy to hack the dating app- find the account and oh-

Oh. Flash Thompson.

Now, Tony’s heard of him.

He goes to school the next day, surveillance in mind, when he sees Peter waiting by his locker, wide bambi eyes, nervous smile, his books folded into his chest. “Morning, beautiful,” Tony winks, and drinks in the sight of Peter swooning. “You haven’t been waiting for me, have you?”

“No! N-no, I just saw you, and we have chemistry together and…”

“You wanted to walk me to class,” Tony surmises, pleased, and he mentally frowns at the fact that he hadn’t known this lovely creature was in his AP Chemistry to start with.

He expects Peter to trail after him the rest of the day- but he doesn’t. He doesn’t dare cross the invisible line of the cafeteria that marks the ‘cool’ from the ‘uncool’ and Tony ends up staring at him from across the canteen as Peter and some other kid Tony’s never seen, talk excitedly about something.

He’s about to get up and head over because hey, Peter Parker is smart and funny and pretty damn attractive, when he sees Flash head over.

He can’t hear what they’re saying, but he can see the body language and he can read it like a pro. Peter and his friend both stiffen and duck their heads as Flash stands proudly above them. At one point, Peter looks up; defiant, and says a single word.

Tony’s not sure what it is, but it gets Flash angry enough to storm off.
Let’s add *snarky little shit* to the list of Peter’s good qualities.

But it’s enough for Tony to decide that revenge is probably the way to go. He’s gone through the conversation- and god, it had gone on for months, what is Flash’s problem? Peter had been awed-sweet, disbelieving and complimentary all through messages, and Tony grits his teeth as he reads Flash’s obviously fake ones.

What a colossal dick.

Still, it helps him. He learns that Peter’s favourite food is mac and cheese and that he loves strawberry ice cream and that he thinks Tony looks so handsome when **you sit with your legs kicked up on your desk. i always lose focus on my work**

Tony makes a mental note to do it more in all the classes they share- which he knows now. He’s got Peter’s schedule memorised, the school really is too easy to hack. But something else he learns from the damn app is that Flash never once paid Peter a damn compliment. Not even a sleazy one liner.

Tony gets his phone out and changes that immediately. He’s given Peter his phone number now, made him delete the app and Peter had looked at him with wide eyes and blushed. “But what about our memories-”

“We’ll make new ones, baby,” Tony had promised.

**I was just thinking about how beautiful you are** Tony writes and rolls his eyes when Peter’s read notification comes up instantly.

The boy is too cute for his own good. The dot dot dot appears, then disappears, then reappears, then disappears and Tony laughs. God, he wants to wrap the kid up. His irritation and anger at Flash is dissipating like it’s nothing. **You’re the beautiful one. My favourite colour changed to blue because of your shirt today.**

He doesn’t know how to take a compliment. Tony’s going to change that. He’s going to change that and buy a lot of new blue shirts. God, Peter is so *sweet.* Tony looks over at the carnation on his desk. Peter had worn a matching one. His hand had been slicked with sweat when Tony took it, he’d been so *nervous.* He’s too trusting, he’s not corroded and Tony hates Flash. **Flash is a jerk** he writes.

Peter responds faster to that one **did he say something to you? Should I talk to him???? >:(**

Fucking hell, Tony laughs again, shaking his head fondly. **To you, sweetheart. He’s a jerk to you and I don’t like it.**

**I like it when you call me sweetheart**

Okay, so Peter is not the person to turn to for revenge help. Noted. Tony smiles anyway. **Get used to it** he writes back, before turning to his laptop and tapping the keys musingly. What to do, what to do, obliterate Flash completely? Hack into his laptop and find something deeply personal and embarrassing and splash it all over Facebook? Maybe even catfish *him* and see how he likes it and-

**I know Flash seems like a dick, but home is tough for him right now. He needs a friend, he just won’t let anyone in.**

Tony stares at his phone, fingers poised for a nuclear launch, and pauses.

Peter doesn’t know, though. Peter doesn’t know what Flash did, and if he did-
If he did, he probably wouldn’t advocate revenge. That doesn’t seem Parker’s style. It’s one of the reasons Tony seems to like him so much.

So, instead of the many other things he could do, he messages Flash. You ever try something like that again, I will destroy you. Peter’s protected you this time, but next time I will see to it personally that you’re humiliated beyond anything your tiny brain can comprehend, capiche? You even look at him the wrong way and I will eviscerate you.

Flash’s icon comes online. It’s the first time Tony’s ever messaged him. There’s a long moment when he reads the message, and then a while where he types.

**Understood, Tony. Sorry. Tell Peter I’m sorry too. And tell him thanks.**

It’s remarkably undickish but Tony will reserve judgement. A lot of people seem nice when under threat. He’s gonna wait for Flash to mess up again, and then he’ll wreak his vengeance.

His phone buzzes, and he looks down to see if Flash has maybe added more, but it’s Peter. **How do you feel about phone calls?**

He answers on the first ring, and Tony lies back on his bed and smiles up at the ceiling. “I feel pretty good about them, sweetheart,”

He can hear Peter swoon over the phone.
Tony gets home to loud moaning from the kitchen, and the wet slap of skin on skin.

He smiles to himself and sheds his jacket as he walks through his penthouse. Everything is spick and span, the entire floor no doubt spotless because Peter really is a very good Omega, and sure enough, once he’s in the kitchen- the floor is gleaming as are the countertops and-

Yup, there’s Peter bent over the kitchen island, moaning as Harley thrusts into him brutally, grunting every time he bottoms out.

Peter’s naked- Tony keeps him that way, and Harley’s fully dressed but with his dick out- his coat’s still on. He probably came straight home from college, saw Peter and bent him right over. “Well,” Tony sighs, leaning against the wall as Harley looks up, face sweaty. “Not even a ‘hello, dad’ before you go straight to fucking my Omega.”

Harley grins, panting as he yanks Peter’s hips back onto him so they’re pressed flush together, grinding in a way that makes Peter whimper and wail. “Hi dad,” he laughs, blowing his dark blond hair out of his face. “And I couldn’t help it, he was on his fucking hands and knees cleaning the floor. Such a good fucking boy, aren’t you, Petey?” He reaches a hand forward to fist in Peter’s hair to pull his head up.

Peter’s drooling, face blissed out. “A-alpha,” he manages to mumble.

Tony chuckles, and pours himself some coffee. “I told you, you’re twenty two now. You need to start looking for your own Omega. This pent up stress isn’t good for you, and it’s what they’re made for.”

Harley cums with a cry, and dumps his load deep into the eighteen year old Omega’s greedy hole. “None of them are as good as Peter,” he sighs, rubbing his hand up and down Peter’s back soothingly. “You know, most dad’s give their son’s their omegas. It could be my next birthday present?”

“Nice try.”

“What if Peter chose me?” Harley challenges, pulling out and spreading Peter’s cheeks so he can watch the dripping hole convulse around nothing.

“Chose you?” Tony teases, passing his son some coffee. Harley takes it and tucks himself back into his jeans, heading to the couch where he flops down on it. Tony comes to join him, watching as Peter gingerly gets up, cleans himself, and then starts cleaning the wet spots on the counter. “And how would that go?”

“We ask him.” Harley laughs wickedly, turning over the couch to whistle. Peter turns around obediently. “Hey, Peter, if you had to have one of us as your Alpha for life, which one would you pick?”

Peter’s eyes go wide, and he looks between Tony and Harley in adorable confusion; his nose all scrunched up. “Alpha?” He repeats, in his soft, sweet voice.

“You have to pick.” Harley says again, and Peter starts wringing the cloth in his hands nervously.
“Harley-” Tony warns

“No, come on, me or dad?”

Peter starts trembling. He shakes his head and sniffs, eyes getting wet with tears as he looks between Tony and Harley frantically. “Alpha,” he says again, more pleadingly.

As soon as Harley sees his anguish, he shoots up. “Hey, Petey, no,” Harley cries, setting down his coffee and leaping over the couch to engulf Peter in a hug. The boy’s about half his size and nuzzles into the young Alpha’s throat for comfort.

Tony sighs. “You shouldn’t antagonise Omegas like that, Harley. Especially sensitive ones like little Peter.”

Harley kisses Peter’s forehead. “Sorry, Petey,”

Peter pulls back, smiling a little, and licks Harley’s neck lovingly.

Harley grins. “I think he’d pick me.”

Tony rolls his eyes. “You’re away at college. He’s always desperate for my dick these days. Aren’t you, sweetheart?”

Peter nods eagerly from where he’s still wiping down the counters.

“I keep saying you should let me take him down to college for a few days. I want my friends to have a go on him- they don’t believe me when I say I have the best Omega in the city.”

“Peter gets shy in a crowd.”

Harley gives his dad a look. “You take him down to the compound at least once a week to let the other avengers have a go.”

“Yeah well…I’m the parent, so you do what I say.”

“He’s sleeping in my room tonight, dad. I’ve missed having a cock warmer, you know? I get so jealous when I see people in my lectures with their omegas under the desk.”

“You need to get your own-”

“I want Peter.” Harley whines petulantly.

Tony sighs. “Maybe we can work out some kind of schedule, where he’s with you half the year and me the other half.”

Peter comes into the living room and sets down their dinner. Harley licks his lips at the sight of the spaghetti and Tony moans in relief as Peter sinks down to the floor and crawls between Tony’s knees and gets his cock out to start suckling on it.

“No fair!” Harley protests with his mouthful and Tony flicks his son’s head at the lack of manners.

“Don’t worry. I got a new floor-mounted dildo for him, we can watch him ride it and put a movie on later, okay?”

Harley seems appeased by this. “Fine. But I’m choosing the movie.”
“Fine by me.”
Starker, Bamf Secretary peter

Tony’s the best goddamn salesman in the office. Hell, in Wallstreet. He can move stocks, he can sell stocks, he can throw a life raft to the drowning man or sink the ship himself.

He’s charismatic, handsome, and about as in style as his tailored three piece suits, which is to say—very and always in style. He’d graduated from desk jockey to cubicle drone to glass corner office in three short years and he has a floor full of people desperately in awe of him, vying for scraps of attention or pieces of wisdom.

And Tony loves his job. He loves talking to people, he loves working his charm, he loves winning and he loves money and he loves not having to answer to anyone.

And he doesn’t answer to anyone, except from- aside from that one pesky exception- in Nick Fury.

He owns the whole company, so technically Tony reports to him, but Nick’s practically never here so Tony’s the one in charge.

Apart from this week, apparently, because when he walks in on Monday morning it’s to see Nick in his office, that trademark furious glare that’s really poorly concealed behind what Tony supposes is meant to be a welcoming smile. He doesn’t break stride though, just saunters into his desk and grins. “I see you helped yourself into my office.” He says cheerily.

“It’s not your office, Tony.” Nick growls, closing the door and standing in front of it like he thinks Tony might run out. “They’re all my offices. Every thing in this building is mine, do you understand that? Even those ugly ass lion statues in the lobby, they’re mine.”

Tony sighs and eases into his leather desk chair. “That’s unfortunate. Maybe give ‘em to charity or something.”

“Stark.” Nick’s tone is flat, unamused, and Tony looks up at him with his best ‘I’m listening’ face. “I was able to just waltz into your office because I notice- you don’t have a PA.”

Tony’s eyes flicker to the desk just outside his office. Sure enough, it’s empty. “I wondered why I wasn’t getting any messages.”

Nick is, again, unimpressed.

“Pepper’s off on maternity leave,” Tony shrugs, tossing his stress ball into the air and catching it again. “I can go without a PA for a year, Nicky.”

“Don’t you ever call me that again, and no, you can’t. Do you know why I’m here-”

“-I’m sure you’re about to enlighten me-”

“I’m here because none of your sales have been recorded and stored, none of your hours, none of your billables. I haven’t had a hard copy receipt of any of your transactions and that makes you liable, Tony. And you may be one of my best workers, but I do not give a shit about you. But you being liable, makes me liable, which makes my company liable. And we wanna work as a team, don’t we?”

“That seems like a rhetorical question.”
“You are so backed up and you don’t even have a clue.” Nick growls, massaging his temples like he’d very much like to annihilate Tony right on the spot.

Tony feels a little bit bad. He may have forgotten about those pesky little paper trails. “It’s not like I’m breaking the law, Fury, c’mon-”

“Oh, I’ll just tell the bank that you’re not breaking the law and send them on their merry fucking way, shall i? Or, should you get a secretary?”

“Hire me one, then,” Tony rolls his eyes, bored with the conversation and reaching forward to grab a random sheet of paper off his desk. He peruses it idly. It’s a shopping list, and scanning the items, he’s not entirely sure what for. A baby shower? There’s too much alcohol for that- someone’s birthday? Whose list even is this? Is it in here by mistake?

“Do you know how many secretaries you went through before Pepper, Tony? Over a hundred. You have to hire one yourself. I do not want to be sued for abusive language again-”

Tony looks up sharply. “She was being an imbecile, Fury, and I stand by what I said-”

Nick lifts a hand to cut him off. “Hire a secretary before the week is out, Stark, or it won’t be such a friendly visit next time."

He leaves in a whirlwind of leather and disapproval and Tony stares bemusedly.

He doesn’t even have to touch his phone before it buzzes and he sees the text from Pepper. **Heard someone got a nasty visit. I'll have someone for you before Friday.**

Tony smiles softly. He misses her, he should buy her something- suddenly, he remembers what the shopping list is for.

When Tony gets into the office on Friday morning, he’s riding on a bit of a high. Everything’s been going so well recently. He’s signed more clients than ever in a three day span, one of his biggest competitors missed a big meeting and Fury hasn’t left any menacing phone calls. Pepper had liked her presents, people still stare after him, and- life all around is good.

He’s in his office, just taking a moment to savour how triumphant and successful he is, when he reaches out for a sip of his coffee.

It’s a fucking delicious blend. Expensive and Italian and the stuff that you can only get from a very pretentious cafe on the other side of New York and-

He pauses in his drinking.

He never got himself coffee.

He looks at the cup in his hand and lowers it marginally. It’s hot and just the way he likes it. He looks around his office then too, and suddenly all the differences appear and slap him in the face. His desk is clear- not just clear, clean, and his laptop keys are shiny and polished like new. His papers are organised and there are highlights and annotations and his certificates are hanging on the wall and not crammed into a box in the bottom drawer of his filing cabinet where he left them. In fact, his whole fucking office looks professional and goddamn nice.

His dry cleaning is hanging neatly in the corner too. He gets up, and looks at the desk outside his office.
Sure enough, there’s someone sitting there.

A male from what Tony can see, with short brown hair and a headset on. He’s typing into the computer and diligently scribbling onto a notepad. He looks like he knows what he’s doing.

Who the hell is he?

Tony’s laptop pings and he looks down to see a new email from Fury.

**Well done, Stark. Everything looks to be in order. I knew you could be reasonable.**

He clicks on the attachments, already knowing what he’s going to see. All his backlogs, all his logged hours, all his receipts, ordered and neatly filed and chronologically placed and there are even little notes underneath each one with extra details and- how the fuck does his new secretary know that yes, actually, the Milton case had required an extra emergency meeting when they’d discovered a conflict- Tony hadn’t made a note of it anywhere.

Curiosity truly peaked now, he takes his perfect coffee and saunters out, walking around the front of the desk.

His new secretary looks up and Tony’s penis twitches a little. Okay, yes, Tony Jr approves. He’s young, maybe twenty, with brown hair and big brown eyes, cream skin and a delicate nose. He’s slender, but in shape, in a white shirt with the top few buttons undone, giving a lovely view of those sharp collarbones. He’s wearing black trousers and the the microphone wire against his cheek and in his hair contrasts nicely with his pale skin.

He looks up at Tony and smiles pleasantly. “Mr Stark, is there something I can help you with?”

Tony spots a calendar on the corner of the desk. He picks it up and flips through it. His meetings and deadlines for the next six months are all neatly pencilled in. The most important ones are starred with a red pen. He sets it down carelessly and watches as the young man straightens it without a word. “So, how long have you been here, Mr…”

“Peter Potts, Sir.” Peter says, and ah, this makes sense. The only way Peter could be so clever was if he had the Potts gene. “I started on Tuesday.”

Tuesday, fuck. No wonder things have been going so well. “Pepper’s little brother?”

“Half brother,” Peter corrects, “and soon to be uncle.”

Tony can see the resemblance. The soft skin, the sweet eyes. “Well, Peter and Pepper. That’s cute.”

Peter doesn’t say anything to that, but his pretty pink lips twitch in amusement.

But Tony doesn’t have any qualms. Peter is quite clearly capable, he’s related to Pepper, he’s eye-candy, and he’s gotten Tony his favourite coffee. So, the older man simply tips his head and goes back into his office. But as soon as he’s sitting down, his curiosity flares up again. He presses the button on his intercom and clears his throat. “You go to college, Peter?”

He watches through the glass as Peter’s chair swivels around, and the boy talks into the microphone with an intrigued smile. “Yes, Mr Stark. Top of my class at Harvard.”

“What did you study?”

“I majored in Engineering with a minor in Journalism. Graduated last year.”
An early bird then, Tony can relate. That Potts gene really is something else. “And what have you been doing for the past year?”

“Odd jobs,” Peter says evasively. “But when Pepper said she needed my help, I was all too happy to oblige. I’m a very big fan of yours, Mr Stark. There’s no bigger name in Wallstreet.” The phone rings and Peter shoots Tony an apologetic, but polite smile, as he picks up the phone. “Tony Stark’s office.” He nods, turning to the computer as the person talks. “Yes, I can see that here. No problem. Thank you. Yes, yes, Mr Butler, I will let him know.” Peter chuckles and Tony stares: amazed. “Alright. Thank you, goodbye.”

“Mr Butler?” Tony shakes his head, “That was Jerry on the phone?”

“Yes, Mr Stark. Would you like me to get him back on the line for you?”

Jerry Butler is the coldest man in the world. He doesn’t laugh with secretaries. He’s no reason for any smile ever. But Peter had chuckled like he was talking to an old friend. Not even Pepper had achieved that. “No, no.” Tony frowns, “you carry on.” He clicks off the intercom and strums his fingers against his desk thoughtfully. Something doesn’t feel quite right— if something seems too good to be true… his mind warns.

Maybe the catch is that he can’t sleep with Peter and the more he talks to the boy, the more he wants to.

He does his best to ignore it for now.

Things continue to go brilliantly. Life is even more effortlessly amazing than it was before. Nick even drops the hints of a promotion in the future if things keep going like this. When Tony gets to work, his favourite coffee is waiting, sometimes even a bagel or a croissant like Peter magically knows when Tony hasn’t had breakfast. He eats or drinks in his office as he checks emails, before Peter comes in with a notebook and a rundown of the days events, and then Tony gets to work. Peter comes in throughout the day, silent and unobtrusive and sets down water or coffee or occasionally—an apple— and sets it by Tony’s elbow and leaves again.

When Tony steps out to meet a client for lunch, he sees Peter taking his lunch break at his desk— his headset is still on, and he’s still scribbling away, but it’s into an old worn science textbook. In his other hand is a sandwich he’s nibbling on.

Tony prods at the book as he pulls on his coat. Peter had it dry cleaned specially and waiting in his office before Tony even knew he’d be out for lunch. There’s probably already a cab waiting downstairs. “What’s this?” Tony asks, trying to peek at the cover.

Peter lets him easily. “It’s a bio-chemistry textbook. I’m thinking about taking some night classes. Work towards a masters, or if I don’t qualify- a second degree.”

Tony may not have much pull in the science world, but his father sure did. He knows that name and money can go a long way, and Peter’s been exceptional. “I can get you in for a Masters anywhere you wanna go.” He assures, and Peter looks up at him with wide eyes.

“Mr Stark—”

“It’s not a problem. Now, who am I meeting?”

“Mrs Aberelle. She loves shrimp and it was her granddaughter’s birthday last week.”

Tony’s not sure whether he wants to ruffle Peter’s hair or give him a filthy kiss on the mouth. He
settles for neither.

Mrs Aberelle practically gushes and swoons in her seat when Tony orders her the shrimp platter and asks how her granddaughter’s birthday was. She makes a higher bid than Tony even asked for. Peter’s a godsend.

The next day, the CEO of of another major competitor comes down with the flu, and Tony’s pitch goes down brilliantly.

He’s on cloud nine.

*Careful, a voice warns, when you’re this high, there’s only one way to go.*

It sounds suspiciously like his father, but he listens to it. “Hey, Peter,” he greets one morning as he strolls in. Peter’s in his office, just setting down his coffee and a- fuck, a danish pastry. He might be in love. “I got you a little something.”

Peter blinks in surprise, but smiles sweetly, and crosses his hands in front of him as he waits. Tony sets his briefcase down and clips open the gold clasps and lifts out a brand new, just released biochemistry textbook. Peter takes it with wide, disbelieving eyes. “Mr Stark…” he whispers, shaking his head, “this was- I know for a fact that this was over a $100. I can’t accept this-”

“Kid,” Tony chuckles, shaking his head. “It’s pocket change. Besides, I’m not giving it to you for nothing.”

Peter’s eyes flash to his and Tony’s a little surprised by what he sees. Peter looks almost-fuck, almost dangerous- but it’s gone in a flash, replaced with that sweetness and hardworking, subtle smugness that’s usually there.

“I want you to attend the meeting with Lawson tomorrow. As a sit in, alright?”

Peter nods immediately, but frowns. “Is there any particular reason why, Mr Stark?” He’s clutching the book to his chest almost reverently.

“No really,” Tony admits, rubbing his chin, “just wary. You up for it?”

“Always.” Peter murmurs, and Tony thinks he must be imagining the demure little almost-wink he gets.

It doesn’t stop him from thinking about it again that night.

He shakes Lawson’s hand in the morning as the man and his associates sit opposite him at the large oakwood table. Tony and Peter on one side, Lawson and his men on the other. Peter has his notebook out and is writing away- he always seems to be writing, Tony has no idea what- and then they start talking.

Tony’s not sure what he was worried about. The contract is brilliant, more lenient than expected and has nothing but benefits for both sides. He’s giving Lawson a hard time, but that’s just part of the game, and he’s about to seal the deal when-

Peter slides a piece of paper over to him without looking up. Tony frowns at him, but Peter doesn’t make eye-contact, continuing to write, and Tony looks down.

*He’s lying. Don’t sign.*
Well fuck, that’s a fucking thing to write. What is Tony supposed to do with that? He sets it down and tries to look unaffected as they keep talking but when Lawson’s side slide over the contract, Tony pauses with the pen in his hand. Peter isn’t making a sound.

“Let me just talk to my secretary real quick,” Tony grins, wearing his best winning smile, “why don’t you fine gentlemen wait outside, take five, catch a breather, and then we can come back and sort this out.”

They look a little confused, but they leave and then Peter and Tony are alone.

“What the hell is this, Peter?”

Peter looks up bravely, his jaw locked. “I don’t trust him, Mr Stark. There’s something not right-”

“I’m gonna need a little more than your hunch, kid. No offence, but I’ve been in this game a lot longer than you. You don’t know the contract, it’s a good deal-”

“It’s too good a deal,” Peter insists, lifting the thick contract up. “I’ve read through it, Mr Stark. I read through all the contracts you’re about to sign and there’s something about this that doesn’t add up. Why would they offer such a beneficial claim with us? Why not one of your competitors?”

Tony shrugs a little smugly. “My competitors haven’t been stepping up to bat, lately.”

Peter shakes his head. “I’m serious, Mr Stark. When things or people are too good to be true, they usually are.”

There’s something in his tone. Something…something Tony’s unsure of.

“Did you see anything in the small print that can back up- what is at the moment- just a feeling?”

Peter’s shoulders slump in defeat, and he shakes his head. “No, Sir.” He whispers.

The older man sighs, rubbing at his eyes. Only Pepper or Peter could ever make him feel like this- torn between the rational, sensible option, and listening to their fucking hunches-

“He knows!” A voice outside the door hisses, and both Peter and Tony look up sharply.

“He doesn’t know, Lawson-”

“He must know! Why would he tell us to leave like that? He knows about our deal with Oscorp! I knew Norman couldn’t make this go away, the dirty son-of-a-bitch-”

“There’s no way Stark knows, just calm down-”

The voices disappear again, down the hall, and Tony stares in amazement. Peter just looks earnest. “Do you believe me now, Mr Stark?”

“How the hell did you know?” He whispers, collapsing into one of the chairs.

Peter bites his bottom lip. “Sometimes i just get these feelings,” he says, as he scribbles on the paper in front of him.

Unfortunately, knowing that Lawson has a back door deal with Oscorp is not something that can be easily proven, and when Fury finds out that Tony blew would could be one of the biggest contracts of the year, he reacts with, what is understandably, a lot of anger.
Tony does his best to get Peter to screen all his calls as the two of them work all night to try and find a way to prove what they heard. Tony wants to think that maybe his word will be enough, but Nick’s always been a stickler for the rules and Tony…has not.

Even as absorbed in papers and numbers as he is, Tony can still appreciate Peter here beside him. The kid’s saved him a huge one here. And he’s still here, when he should probably be at home sleeping or watching Netflix, helping Tony try to prove the unprovable. He’s smart and quick and for someone who’s never worked with stocks like this before, he sure knows his way around it.

“Hey,” Peter whispers when it hits three am. “I bet they keep a hard copy of all their emails in a data storage room.”

Tony looks up and rubs the bleariness from his eyes. “Really?”

“Yeah,” Peter breathes, getting to his feet, more energetic now, “a lot of stock companies do it. It’s an automatically backlog, it can stop you getting into a lot of trouble. All we have to go is get in.”

Tony shakes his head, but gets to his feet, knees groaning. “How? I’m the most recognisable face in Wallstreet.”

“But I’m not.” Peter insists, already heading for the door. Tony’s hot on his heels. “I can talk my way in.”

“Not that I doubt your ability, because you’re a Potts, but do you really think you can just waltz in and-”

Yes, as it turns out. Tony just stares in awe as Peter plays the apologetic, desperate intern who just has to get this work done for his brutal boss Norman Osborn. Tony’s hiding behind a potted plant as he watches Peter’s performance. “I’m so sorry,” Peter weeps, eyes shining with tears as the large, female security guard clutches at her heart through her shirt. “I’m such an idiot, and it’s only my first week and I forgot my keycard and- I’m gonna get fired and I deserve it and-”

“Oh, no, honey,” the security guard croons, already unlocking the barrier for him. “No, baby, it is not your fault, okay?”

Peter sniffs, eyes red and smile grateful. “Thank you so much, I-you have no idea what this means to me and-”

She blows him a kiss. “Go, honey. Go.” Peter waves at her, and jogs around the corner.

They have to wait about fifteen minutes till she goes to the bathroom, before Tony runs out and Peter lets him through. “How did you- wait- how did you even unlock the door-”

“I pickpocketed her,” Peter whispers, as they get into the elevator. Tony stares at Peter in shock.

“Shit, kid. Where’d you learn to do that?”

Peter gives him a look. “We’re breaking into one of the most famous companies in the world, Mr Stark. I don’t think now’s the time.”

“Sure- I guess-” Peter grabs his hand and tugs him out of the metal doors as soon as they get to the right floor and shit- how did Peter even know what floor- before Tony knows it, Peter is picking the lock of a storage room and- seriously, what the hell-

and then he’s hacking into a computer and downloading a memory stick onto it.
Tony is staring in slack-jawed awe. “Seriously, Peter.” He whispers, as Peter scans through emails. “What the fuck?”

“Tony,” Peter murmurs, a little irritated, as his eyes flicker across the screen as he scrolls rapidly. “Not the time.”

“Not the time? You- you cried on cue. You knew all this stuff about me, you pick-pocketed her- you got into that locked room, you just hacked into a computer and a memory stick, are you- were you a criminal or something? Like a tech-whiz kid? You can tell me, I won’t judge-”

“I know you won’t,” Peter says softly, and suddenly there’s that doe-eyed, cocky secretary who smirks whenever Tony ends up liking whatever weird type of sushi Peter brings him when he’d insisted he wouldn’t. “But not right now. Later, I promise- ah! Look!”

There’s the email. It’s not explicit, but it’s interaction between Norman and Lawson which can’t easily be dismissed. Peter sends it to the printer and the two of them are waiting for the damn thing to connect, when footsteps sound along the carpeted floor around the corner.

Peter shoves Tony into a stationary closet and Tony watches through the crack as a middle-aged man comes around with a stack of papers to photocopy. The man blinks at the sight of Peter, surprised, and Peter half smiles. “Hey,” he greets casually, and Tony is seriously in awe of this kid’s acting. “All nighter for you too, huh? Osborn’s a real dick.”

The man chuckles, nodding, and comes to join Peter by the printer. “Yeah, I know. I’m Barney,” Peter takes his hand. “Lucas,” he says easily, “It’s nice to meet you. You couldn’t help, could you? The damn thing’s not working.”

Lucas peers at the printer, and smiles good-naturedly. “You have to enter your user access code.”

Tony pales and if Peter panics at all, he doesn’t show it. “Fuck,” he sighs, smacking his forehead, “I forgot mine. I keep it written down on this post it- shit, I’ll have to run downstairs, unless-” he looks up at Barney hopefully, “I could use yours? Save me the run.”

Barney looks torn. “We’re not supposed to…”

For a second, Tony thinks Peter might pull the same crying act he used with the security guard, but he doesn’t.

Instead, Peter steps forward, lifts his chin and catches his plush bottom lip between his teeth.

Shit. Shit. Tony and Barney are both hypnotised. “Maybe we could forget the printer altogether,” Peter murmurs, his hands drifting to Barney’s belt as he fiddles with the loop. “Working for Norman gets me so stressed, you know? Sometimes you just want some-” he sighs a little, and the sound goes straight to Tony’s dick. “-some stress relief. You ever feel like that, Barney?”

Barney looks utterly besotted, and he doesn’t seem to know what to do with his hands.

Peter pushes impossibly closer, tilting his head up more. “You can touch me, if you want,” he says, barely above a whisper, “I want you to. Right here.” He grabs one of Barney’s hands and places it on his perfect ass.

Tony’s leaking in his pants.

Barney grunts with desire, grabbing at Peter’s ass gracelessly, his other hand coming to do the same
as Peter presses their groins together. “What’s your access code?” He whispers into Barney’s ear, palming at his crotch.

Barney looks like he might cum any second. He’s probably a virgin, Tony thinks. Or maybe Peter is just that hot. Either one is plausible. “A-ah, it—it’s 4598-”

Tony lets out a cry of surprise when Barney falls heavily to the floor.

Peter turns and taps in the code to the printer as Tony bursts out of the closet. “Holy shit,” he whispers, staring at the man. There’s no blood which is…a relief? “Is he dead?”

Peter rolls his eyes as the printer starts chugging out paper. He grins victoriously. “No, Tony, he’s not dead. I don’t kill people. He’s just unconscious.” He gives Tony a look like the older man is acting a bit slow.

There’s a wet spot on Barney’s pants, Tony feels for the guy, but there’s more pressing matters. “Peter, what the fuck, seriously-”

“Oh, come on, Tony.” Peter snaps, whirling on him with righteous indignation. His pupils are blown wide and Tony wants him so bad it hurts, but he’s also- he’s also confused out of his mind. “You’ve known this whole time. What- you think it’s coincidence that all your competitors have been missing meetings? Falling sick? You think these new clients are just falling into your lap? I’ve been doing all of this for you. You know that.”

Jesus Christ. Tony stares. “I-I don’t- how-”

“I like seeing you succeed. It gets me even hotter for you than I already am.”

Tony can’t form words.

“I know you like me too. I’d have to be blind not to- aha!” He lifts the papers happily, all printed and sorted. “As much as I’d love to have you fuck me right here on this printer, we need to leave.”

Tony’s pretty sure he’s forgotten how to form words, but fucking Peter is something he’d very much like to do.

“We’re gonna go back to your office, and you can do me right up against the glass, okay?”

Tony has to pinch his arm to not cum right then and there. Peter notices, and smirks, tiptoeing to kiss him lightly.

“Come on, Mr Stark,” he grins, his eyes twinkling with a satisfying mixture of innocence and mischief, as he guides them towards the door. “You have work to do.”
Life without Tony is a dull, painful ache. He doesn’t wanna be overly dramatic, but his heart hurts.

It’s been three months. Three long, never-ending months, and nothing. Radio silence. A press statement, that the pair had separated, and then….nothing. Peter’s watched the statement once- not even the whole way through, because hearing the words aloud is a type of torture.

“You look like that girl from Twilight.” Ned sighs, walking into Peter’s apartment and shaking his head as he looks around. Peter knows what he’s seeing: old take out boxes, dirty clothes and piled up dishes. He’s curled up by the window, blanket draped over his shoulders as he looks out onto the city.

“You’ve seen Twilight?” Peter murmurs, pressing his forehead against the cold glass as Ned starts picking up clothes and tossing them into the hamper in the corner.

“Bella- you look like Bella in the first Twilight movie.”

Peter gives him a look. “You mean the second movie. Edward leaves her in the second movie.”

“So, you’ve seen the movies too.” Ned teases, before seeing the look on Peter’s face and sighing. “Listen, I know breakups are hard but I’ve given you your mourning time. You gotta get back out there, Peter. This sort of stuff happens.”

He shakes his head, tearing up. “But we love each other. It’s different when two people love each other.”

Ned doesn’t let it lie. He practically bullies Peter in showering and getting dressed and together they clean up his apartment and make a decent meal: chicken with steamed vegetables and they sit next to each other on the couch and watch action movies. After the fourth film, Peter knocks his shoulder into Ned’s and sighs. “I keep thinking he’s going to change his mind.” He confesses raggedly.

“You can’t put your life on hold waiting for something that might not happen.” Ned says gently, “if he’s as smart as you say he is- he’ll come to his senses eventually, but if he doesn’t…you can do better.”

Peter gives him a look. “Better than Tony Stark?”

“Yeah. I’ll date you or something.”

Peter laughs, the first real laugh since it’s happened, and things start to get a bit brighter.

The next few weeks are hard, but not as hard, and he sees his friends and doesn’t curl in on himself and he stops obsessively googling Tony’s name. He joins a bookclub and starting writing articles again for the blog he abandoned years ago.

He might like to be a journalist someday. The thought gives him aspirations, which gives him passion, which gives him something to do. He takes up jogging in the mornings, and then he spends his time reading and writing and going to the movies or building Lego structures with MJ and Ned and for the first time in a while- it’s like everything’s going to be alright. He still aches sometimes but it’s bearable.

It’s one rainy Wednesday in December, as he’s sipping coffee and lost in a book, when a deep voice
clears their throat. He looks up, startled, before his eyes widen at the sight of Stephen Strange. He knows the man- barely- he’s met him once or twice at one of Tony’s black-tie events, and the man is dressed in a burgundy blazer with a white shirt and Peter assumes that’s casual for him. “Peter Parker.” Stephen chuckles, “I thought that was you.”

Peter smiles warmly, trying to push thoughts of Tony from his mind as he gestures to the chair opposite him. “Hi, Mr Strange! It’s been a long time,”

“Too long,” Stephen nods, clucking his tongue sympathetically and Peter’s cheeks burn a little as he folds down the corner of his page and closes the book. “I was so sorry to hear about you and Tony. I think all of us were, really.”

Peter fiddles with the sugar packets and bites his lip. “Yeah, I guess.” He manages, “stuff happens, though.”

“He was a fool.” Stephen insists, “I mean: look how utterly captivating you are.”

Peter blinks and looks down at himself. He’s in black leggings and an oversized woollen grey sweater he threw on. He thinks he must look a mess and Stephen’s being polite.

“I’m quite serious, Peter.”

“Oh. That’s…t-thank you, Mr Strange.”

Stephen looks at him for a long time; eyes calculating and gaze intense, before he sighs and pulls out his phone. “There’s something about you, Peter, that invokes in the common man, the sense of goodness.” He starts typing something and Peter frowns in confusion. “When I saw you sitting here, I have to admit, a rather large part of me wanted to to take you out to dinner.”

Peter swallows hard, and he flushes. “O-oh.” He murmurs, because while Stephen is attractive certainly, with a sharp jaw and piercing eyes, Peter’s not sure that…”I’m really flattered, Mr Strange. But…but I think Tony’s my one, you know? And that might sound really stupid but…” he shrugs, rubbing his neck sheepishly, “it’s how I feel.” He can’t date anyone that isn’t Tony. doesn’t want to date anyone that isn’t Tony.

There’s something soft in Stephen’s smile. “I understand, Peter,” he whispers gently, “perhaps in a different lifetime.”

Peter can picture it, and he nods shyly.

“So, instead of embarrassing myself and asking you to dinner, I thought I’d show you this,” he turns his phone around and Peter peers at the screen. It’s an article dated a few days ago, and his eyes skim over it quickly. It’s about Tony- it’s a- it’s a rather scathing review of SI’s latest product launch. He frowns, eyebrows knitting together in displeasure.

“That sucks.” Peter mutters, shaking his head. “Poor Tony.”

“Poor T-” Stephen cuts himself off, chuckling. “My dear sweet boy, that buffoon truly doesn’t deserve you.”

“Hey,” Peter pouts, “don’t say that about him.”

“I’m sorry,” he murmurs, eyes still sparkling with amusement. “My point is, if I’m right, and I usually am, Tony and you went separate ways so that he could improve SI, but the fact is…he is lost without you. Untethered. His work and his standards never slipped because of you, Peter, they
slipped because Tony was scared. Scared of how you were a part of his every thought, when he should have embraced it. Love is very powerful inspiration.”

Peter half smiles, a little sadly. He wants to believe it. “I understand, but…this was Tony’s choice.”

“You still love him.”

Unashamed: “I do.”

“And he still loves you, Peter. I’m certain of it.”

Peter laughs, trying to nudge the conversation somewhere else because that familiar ache is back. They talk about Stephen’s work and Peter’s articles, and then they hug and part ways.

The next day, the front page of the Daily Bugle is a picture of Stephen and Peter hugging, clearly taken across the street from the cafe. *A Strange New Romance??* It reads and Peter stares at the paper in disbelief, caught off guard.

The wind whips at him, and he stares at the news agent stand in amazement, interrupted in his morning jog. How come people seem to love rumours so much? He’s about to message Ned because he really needs pizza and Netflix after this, when a familiar car pulls up.

Peter stares; his heart in his throat, and then… Tony comes out.

He’s fuming, radiating anger at first, but after a second- there’s something else- something distraught coming off him in waves. A broken sadness, a deep hurt- like the ache that Peter feels. They stand there, just facing each other as the wind howls. It’s like Tony’s drinking in the sight of him and Peter feels the same way.

Peter kicks at the ground. “I see you’ve…seen the paper.”

He’s not sure what he’s expecting. Maybe to get yelled at, maybe jealousy, maybe coldness, but instead, what he gets is Tony stepping forward with red rimmed eyes. “I made a mistake, baby.” He whispers, his voice a croak. Like the weight of the world is on his shoulders and only Peter can give him strength.

Peter stares in awe, before leaping into Tony’s arms and holding him tight.

The relief that courses through him is visceral. Like everything is suddenly right in the world. He wraps his arms around Tony and nuzzles into his neck and he’s home. He can feel wetness against his head. Tony is crying. “I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry-”

“No,” Peter whispers, “no, I love you, I love you, it’s okay-”

“You should hate me. You should hate me. I hate myself, I-”

“Tony,” Peter leans back to kiss his tears away. “You have my heart. It’s yours forever.”

Tony holds Peter so tight it almost hurts. He’s never going to let him go. “You are my heart.” He chokes out and Peter laughs wetly.

The ache begins to fade.
There’s something fragrant in the air when Tony gets home. It’s sweet and floral and he sniffs, pleasantly surprised. It’s like someone’s brought in a huge vase of recently cut orchids, or scattered rose petals across the floor. There’s a tinge of samphire and greenery and lavender and for some reason, it makes his mouth salivate.

He’s never had such a reaction to flowers before.

He tugs off his suit jacket and heads for the kitchen. “Peter, baby?” He calls, surprised that his little omega isn’t strewn somewhere in this part of the penthouse. He pours himself some scotch. Maybe Peter’s somewhere else in Stark Tower, bothering Bruce down in biotech maybe.

He heads into the sunken living room, loosening his tie and frowns when he sees Peter’s college textbooks splayed out across the floor. Pencil lying next to what looks like a half-finished sentence. He looks around the penthouse a little more critically, looking for anything out of place. He spots a glass of water knocked over on the coffee table and gets a little more agitated.

“Peter?” He calls again, louder this time, and heads to their bedroom. Maybe he’s fallen asleep or something- yeah, that’s probably it, it’s nothing to worry about, but still, he walks with purpose to the bedroom and pushes open the door and-

There’s Peter.

Oh, there’s Peter.

The fragrance is all-consuming. Honeysuckle and violets and hydrangeas swim around his senses as he stares; awed, at the sight of Peter writhing on their bed. He’s- god, he’s presenting- his ass up in the air and his face pressed to the side in a silk pillow, hair a fluffy mess of dissarray, a few strands sticking with sweat to his forehead.

He’s got two fingers buried inside himself, and he’s slick and shiny and ready and he’s whimpering and Peter growls deep and dangerous and Alpha.

“Daddy?” Peter chokes at the sound, craning his neck a little and arching his back further into a perfect bow, “Daddy, daddy please…” he babbles a little deliriously, breath hitching, “I need you- I need you, daddy, please, I’m so empty-”

Tony’s already unbuckling his belt. He can’t take his eyes off the sight before him; he’s enraptured at that tiny little hole clenching greedily around Peter’s tiny omega fingers. “It’s your heat, baby,” he whispers, “it’s early. Why didn’t you call, I would have-”

“I didn’t wanna disturb you,” he pants.

Tony pulls off his shirt and joins his deliciously naked omega on the bed, kneeling behind him and grinding once against that slick hole. The smell is unbelievable and he leans down, covering his tiny, quivering boy’s back with his broad, muscular chest and breathing him in at the neck. Peter shudders with the contact; prickled and oversensitive and keening for more. “What a fucking perfect little omega you are,” Tony growls, scraping his teeth along the mating bite and Peter tosses his head back to give him better access.

“Yours- yours-” he chokes and Tony nods, kissing his boy and crooning sweet words as he pushes Peter’s fingers away from his hole.
“Hold yourself open for me, baby yeah, your tiny little fingers aren’t enough for that greedy hole.”

Peter scrambles to obey, and then he’s holding his cheeks as wide apart as he can, canting his hips up and spreading his legs even further because that’s how fucking precious he is. Tony grits his teeth at the sight and he drags the scruff of his beard down Peter’s spine as he goes to take a better look. Peter’s ass is higher up into the air now, his arms unable to support him and his face smooshes into the bed as he gasps with want. “Daddy,” he whines desperately when Tony doesn’t do anything but look.

The alpha chuckles, dragging one of his large, thick fingers across Peter’s hole and watching as the boy pushes back to try and get it to penetrate him. Tony keeps it light and teasing. “Such a perfect boy for me, aren’t you? So good for daddy.”

The praise seems to soak into Peter’s skin and he nods his head as tears prick in his eyes. “Your boy.” He whimpers and Tony presses a kiss to his hip, rewarding him by sliding in one thick finger.

Jesus, the heat is incredible. He’s so tight and he’s so- “You’re so fucking wet for me, baby. You’re all wet for daddy, just soaked back here,”

Peter sobs a little, squeezing around Tony’s finger and begging for more. “Is that- is that good for you, daddy?” He gasps and Tony chuckles again.

“It’s perfect for me, baby. You’re always perfect for me, perfect little omega for your Alpha, cunt all wet and ready for my cock, is that what you want? Does your little cunt need me?”

“Yes, yes, I want it- I want it,” Peter keens, rocking back onto Tony’s finger, fucking himself on it in sinuous rolling movements of his hips like a perfect cockslut. “I want daddy’s big cock, please, I need it. I need it, I want it, I want,”

“Greedy boy,” Tony murmurs lovingly, pushing in another finger and stretching a little as Peter wails in bliss. Tony is rock hard but he’s going to fucking treasure this because Peter’s heat only comes once every three months and his heat is the only time he can take the girth of Tony’s cock; the only time that tight little hole will open enough- just enough- for Tony to pop his knot in and lock deep inside his boy for hours. There’s nothing like the feeling. Nothing in the world. “You want your alpha’s big cock, huh? His knot?” He teases his thumb along the rim as Peter takes his two fingers beautifully.

He’s still holding his cheeks apart, because he’s such a good boy, and he nods as best he can. “Need it. Love daddy’s big cock. Want my alpha’s big cock inside me, please, I’m yours, your omega, I’m a good boy,” he pleads, voice sweet and high pitches and he is, he really is.

Tony can’t resist, pulling his fingers out he leans down and licks a flat, wide stripe across Peter’s hole.

He screams with desire, body jerking at the sensation and openly weeping as Tony working on loosening that little rose bud with this tongue. He tastes like nectar and freshness and Tony rumbles happily that this ripe boy is his.

When he can’t wait any longer, and Peter’s taking three fingers and falling apart like a darling, he gets back on his knees and bats Peter’s hands out of the way. They fall onto the bed limply, strained from holding the position so long. “Okay, baby, you ready for daddy?”

Peter sniffles, pushing back feebly but unable to break Tony’s strong hold around his waist.

He presses his head to Peter’s hole, just kissing it lightly and it’s fucking obscene. His dick is dark
and angry and enormous and Peter’s hole is flushed the lightest pink, so small and innocent looking.

He starts to push in.

Peter wails, clawing at the bed sheets and begging Tony for more. Tony can’t look away. He strokes a hand down Peter’s trembling, sweat-slicked flank but can’t look away from how that tiny little hole stretches to hold his enormous cock. He has to push hard, nudging his hips forward before the head pops in and he ends up biting his lip so hard he can taste blood at the sensation. Peter is so fucking tight, his head is so sensitive to the heat of those slick soaked walls and Peter is regaining use of his arms, propping himself up and rocking back right onto Tony’s dick desperate for more-

Tony only just manages to stop him before he succeeds, catching Peter’s hips in his huge hands as he stills the boy.

“No,” Peter cries, “more. Need more, so big. So good.”

“Wait, baby.” Tony admonishes gently, trying to catch his breath. “Give me a second.”

“Need it,” Peter hiccups, trying in vain to impale himself further. “Need it, need it-”

Tony can’t deny him, and with a slow, gorgeous drag, he pushes in the rest of the way, unrelenting and steady until his balls are flush with Peter’s plump, round cheeks.

The boy looks like the cat who got the cream, he’s drooling a little and wiggling his hips like a minx as he feels Tony inside him. “So good, daddy,” he slurs, eyes almost rolling into the back of his head, “feel so full. You’re so big, so good, feel all stretched out, it hurts so good.”

The alpha in Tony growls happily, pleased at its prowess and the sight of such a beautiful, contented mate. He pulls out a little, that glorious hole contracting viciously around him like it doesn’t want him to go and Peter whimpers in displeasure as his alpha retreats, but Tony has to- he has to see the way that hole swallows him up as he pushes back in.

Fucking greedy and desperate for him. It’s stretched obscenely, the rim all red and wet and fuck, he slams in roughly, and Peter yelps, elbows buckling as he sinks into the mattress.

Tony fucks him like a bull, brutal and merciless and he’s enchanted with Peter’s docile pliancy and as he reaches a hand underneath the boy to feel that he’s already cum, leaving a sticky wetness against his stomach. He fondles the tiny, omega cock and balls. They fit neatly, cutely, into his palm. “You already cum, baby?” He pants harshly, slamming in and out as Peter fucking purrs, preening below him- satisfied beyond belief at his virile, raging, strong alpha. “You cum on your alpha’s cock?”

He’s lazily grinding into Tony’s every thrust and he nods. “Always cum on daddy’s cock.” He sighs happily.

Tony pulls out, flipping the boy over so he can see that gorgeous chest and those hazy brown eyes. Peter smiles up at him, looking fucking adorable and fucked out. The sight of his hairless little omega, at the sticky residue glistening on his stomach, and his tiny little cock compared to Tony’s huge one, the pale cream skin next to the dark tanned muscle of Tony is enough to send him into overdrive.

He ploughs in harder and harder until he feels his knot start forming- catching on the rim of Peter’s hole every time.

The omega feels it too, and his little cock gets hard as he mews pathetically, clawing at Tony’s
shoulders as his legs tie around his waist. “Your knot,” Peter gasps, tossing his head from side to side as he’s overcome with fresh desire, “your knot, I need it- I need your knot, alpha, fill me up, please, please-”

It’s a real thing of beauty, to watch that abused hole finally stretch enough for Tony’s knot to sink the whole way in. Peter cums the second it does, perfect and untouched and mouth open in a soundless scream, and they’re locked together and he starts crying again as their bond sings between them.

Tony cums too- burying his head into Peter’s neck and biting hard as that perfect little hole milks his knot viciously; clenching down around it almost bruisingly tight as it sucks every last drop of cum out of him. He’s so fucking hot, so fucking turned on as he erupts deep inside his boy. It goes on for what feels like forever, and he grunts and moans with oversensitivity because Peter’s hole is still slurping him up like it won’t ever get enough.

It’ll be a long while yet before they can separate though.

He manoeuvres them as gently as he can so they’re both lying down, Peter whimpering at how his hole twitches and aches but Tony just holds him close and peppers kisses all over his lax face. “My perfect, perfect, boy,” he whispers approvingly.

Peter nuzzles into him, and his hole squeezes Tony’s knot again- almost lovingly.
Steve ducks into the classroom, eyeing flickering over the already seated students. He keeps his head down, shuffling towards the back when he hears an incredulous:

“Steve?” from the front.

He turns to see Bruce, his roommate, staring at him with a bewildered expression. Steve hurries over to him and collapses into the seat, tugging his stuff out of his bag. “Hey, Bruce,” he greets distractedly, turning to glance at the door as more students shuffle in.

“Uh…hey?” He frowns, “are you…are you in this class?”

“Yeah, I just transferred.” He watches as another group of students filter in, chattering animatedly.

“You transferred to…to History of Math…”

Steve shoots his beta friend a mildly irritated glare. “Yes, Bruce. I did. Is that a problem?”

Bruce continues in the same bemused voice. “It’s just….History of Math. You’re a political science major…Here on a sports scholarship. And I’m pretty sure you once said that math was the most boring thing in the wor-“

“You know, maybe I just wanted to broaden my interests.” Steve grumbles in a clipped voice. “We’re seniors in college, Bruce. It’s the perfect time to try and widen your horizons and discover new opportunities.”

“…did you buy any of what you just said? Because I sure didn’t.” Bruce laughs.

Steve doesn’t reply.

His eyes are stuck on Peter.

The gorgeous omega who’s just in. He’s beautiful, oh god, he’s so beautiful. Steve watches as he makes his way to a seat at the back. He’s so dainty, with perfect cream skin and eyes that Steve could write sonnets about. Brown, but not just brown. The colour of Steve’s favourite chocolate, the colour of the mossy bark behind his house back home that trails into the forest. With specks of honeyed amber and glints of whiskey like fractures of sunlight. Those eyes are endlessly deep and a man could drown in the depths of them and die happy.

And his hair- his hair, always a little mussed and out of place; always wind swept with some lock falling, curled, into his face and a little tuft defying gravity. He’s wearing an oversized pink pastel sweater that drops down his shoulders, baring slivers of that lovely cream skin, and some denim shorts that should be illegal. Steve watches as he gracefully scoots into one of the seats and sets his leather satchel on the desk- looking for his laptop.

God, he’s the most gorgeous thing in the whole world and-

“Oh my god. You swapped for some omega?”

Steve whips around immediately and glares at Bruce who looks world-weary and judgemental at his discovery. “No! N-no! And he is not just some omega, he’s-“

“I know who he is,” Bruce sighs, pulling off his glasses and wiping them like he can’t bare looking
at Steve. “He’s Peter Stark. As in, son of Tony Stark. Do you know who Tony Stark is, Steve? He’s the reason that Peter doesn’t have a boyfriend or a girlfriend. He’s the Tony Stark. That’s why I’m beginning to question your sanity.”

Steve pouts at that, and sets his head in his hands miserably as the class starts. He spends most of it completely confused as to anything that the professor is saying, and the other part gazing at Peter as discreetly as he can manage. The boy is so beautiful, he aches. And he’s typing into an expensive laptop quickly, looking like he understands everything.

He probably does. He’s a genius, after all. He’s a Stark. He finds jokes about physics equations funny just by looking at them and Steve has to google them just to get the gist. He knows this because he- not stalks, but follows Peter on Instagram- why wouldn’t he? Why wouldn’t he want to see candid selfies of the boy bashfully half hidden behind his hands? Of him lying in bed half asleep and hugging his kitten Ojai? The tiny little thing almost as cute as Peter that the boy had rescued from an animal shelter? Of sunsets and views and shots of him and his omega friends? Peter comments laughing emojis on science puns and math symbols and Steve is in love, double tapping every photo.

But Peter has millions of Instagram followers. Steve’s just a nameless face.

It’s a disheartening thought. But probably a necessary one- Peter is a freshman, a tiny, doe-eyed freshman who looks much younger. Who even let him into a place as brutal as college? He’s so small.

He’s so soft and amazing and-

Steve falls into a daydream where maybe one day he and Peter post a picture of the two of them on his Instagram account and-

When he comes to, Bruce is standing in front of him, looking remarkably unimpressed. Everyone else is gone, the classroom is empty and Steve smiles sheepishly. “You are going to fail this module.” Bruce declares unsympathetically. “And I am not going to tutor you.”

So much for friendship.

He tries to push thoughts of Peter out of his head and he even manages a little. He manages not to think of those chestnut curls or that milky skin or his perfect smile and tight, plump ass. He tries not to think about that when the headline broke that Tony Stark’s only son would be going to the same college as Steve- he nearly lost his mind.

It’s two days later, in the middle of the afternoon after a gruelling practise in the summer heat, that he’s scanning the squad for some refreshments when, of course, of course, he sees Peter with a lemonade stand. Like something out of a wet dream.

He’s awed at the sight of him. White tennis shoes, his long legs bare, and white shorts that are so flowy and flimsy it almost looks like a skirt- with a cream crop top that is tantalisingly tempting as it flutters around the lean, taught stomach. God, Steve wants. Peter’s all flushed and red from the heat. He wants to cover that delicate skin in suncream and kiss him and adore him. He’s so distracted by the sight of Peter, that he jumps a foot in the air when the sound of a megaphone goes off in his ear.

“Football should not just be for Alphas!” A dark skinned omega yells at him, and shoves a flyer into his chest. He grunts a little at the force of it and stares at her in shock, as Peter heads over with a glass of lemonade.

“MJ,” he calls disapprovingly, “we’re not going to sell much lemonade if you keep yelling that at people.”
“And we’re not going to fight injustice by you handing out lemonade.” She grumbles, but heads off dutifully back to the stand. Steve watches her go warily, a little afraid. But now he’s left with Peter, Peter who’s so close and a little shiny with sweat so that Steve can smell him. God, he smells good. He smells like lavender and his favourite chocolate chip cookies and the barest hint of strawberries and-

“Sorry about MJ. She seems a little grumpy, but she’s just passionate. Would you like to buy some lemonade?” Peter asks adorably, rocking on his heels and beaming up at Steve and practically radiating sunshine and rainbows. “We’re collecting for the local animal shelter!”

Steve is already reaching for his bag to get his wallet, and doesn’t see the way Peter’s eyes linger on the places his shirt has stuck to his abs with sweat. He’s trying not to stumble in the face of the effortless beauty and the smell of sure a pure, sweet omega. He wants to think of something cool to say. Something suave and interesting. What comes out is: “Sure, I love animals.”

_Fucking idiot. Who doesn’t love animals?_

“Same!” Peter exclaims excitedly, “I have a kitten that I rescued from a shelter!”

“Really?” Steve asks, playing dumb, “what type is he?” He hands over the money- actually, he hands over all the money in his wallet, and Peter hands over the lemonade with eager hands. Like he just can’t wait for Steve to try it. He’s never been this physically close to Peter before and the size difference is amazing. Peter is tiny- obviously, all omegas are, but Peter truly is the smallest thing ever. Steve thinks that at the smallest point of Peter’s waist, he could wrap his hands right around it. He’s like a little fairy, a dainty elfin omega.

“He’s the most adorable little cream and ivory tabby! Oh, and he has the most stunning bright blue eyes, look, I have a picture!” He reaches for his phone, and Steve is so completely fucking endeared, when Peter seems to notice the money in his hand.

He stares at it in confusion for a second, before looking up at Steve (and he really does have to look up), then back down to the money, then back at Steve. “You’re…you’re donating thirty dollars?” He whispers, eyes wide and he looks like he might cry with joy.

There goes dinner for tonight. And breakfast tomorrow. Steve nods, rubbing the back of his neck. “It’s for a good cause,” he murmurs. Peter really is an angel, and he looks like one too, all decked out in white. Because Steve knows. Steve’s seen the pictures. He’s seen the photos of Peter’s home growing up- Stark Mansion, the stunning, enormous house in acres of green that Peter will go home to every Thanksgiving, Christmas and Summer for the rest of his degree. But he’s still acting like this is a lot of money, and god, he’s precious-

“MJ!” Peter calls, gesturing his scary friend over from the stand. “Come look! He’s-” he cuts himself off, staring at Steve with his bambi eyes as MJ reluctantly comes over. “I’m so sorry! I don’t even know your name!”

“Steve Rogers,” he greets, trying to keep his voice level, and Peter smiles at him with his fucking dimples and rosy pink lips. Steve holds out his hand without trembling by some miracle.

Peter takes it in his tiny, dainty ones. It’s completely engulfed in Steve’s. “Peter,” he murmurs, like everyone on campus doesn’t know who he is. How could they not? Tony is famous, and everyone is utterly besotted by his gorgeous, perfect omega. MJ arrives, and Steve is momentarily distracted by her.

She’s a pretty omega, slim and delicate, and although a little taller than Peter, she has something
unique about her. She has dark eyes and dark hair and she looks at him with narrowed eyes.

“Steve just donated thirty dollars!” Peter exclaims, waving the money at her. “Isn’t that amazing? Mrs Denver is going to be so happy! We’re so close to our goal! Do you think she’ll let us help repaint the sign?”

MJ’s cool veneer seems to waver a little, and she looks reluctantly amused by Peter’s bright eyed enthusiasm. “Maybe.” She answers noncommittally, “So, Steve. You like helping out?”

Steve swallows hard, and nods. “Yeah, uh- it’s a good cause.” She stares at him like she can see through to his soul. “And uh- I- I mean, I’m all for omega rights and omegas in sports, but- mixed Alpha and Omega football might be- dangerous. The size difference alone, there’s a lot of risk.”

She doesn’t look like she believes him at all about the lemonade, but she does look a little impressed by his views. He feels good about the interaction, overall. “Cool.” She says eventually, before towing Peter away.

He lets out a little yelp, but turns to wave gleefully at Steve.

The blond smiles, taking a sip of the lemonade and groaning. Fuck. It’s fantastic. It’s almost worth all the money he’s given away. It’s cool and refreshing and obviously homemade and it’s sweet- just like Peter.

That night, Peter posts a picture of him and MJ. He’s kissing her cheek and she’s smiling and relaxed in a way Steve didn’t know she was capable of. It’s cute. He double taps it and scrolls through the comments. Most of them are sweet and complimentary, but there are a few more lewd suggestions. Steve scowls but he’s not surprised. Though omega-omega relationships are taboo, the porn is hot.

He goes to sleep with the smell of lavender and cookies in his head, and the lingering taste of lemonade on his lips.

A week goes by without contact, with devastates Steve but it’s for the best. He’s a senior, and Peter is a wide-eyed, innocent first year, and he deserves someone as clever as he is. Steve should- he should focus on the pretty omegas in his own year. He should try to get thoughts of those lovely brown eyes out of his head.

And he does have things to be worried about.

As it stands, he is failing History of Math. He looks down at his most recent assignment grade and shudders. He’s going to have to beg Bruce to tutor him.

He steps into the classroom and looks for his friend for some humble grovelling when he hears-

“Steve?”

He turns slowly, but of course, it’s Peter. The only person with a voice as sweet and melodic and attached to Steve’s heart. He’s sitting in the front row, wearing a large purple sweater that swamps him deliciously, and a black ribbon choker that draws all the attention right to his delicious neck. Steve’s mouth waters with the need to claim. He’s already got his stuff set out and he beams, waving at Steve in amazement and gesturing to the empty seat beside him.

Steve takes a step forward instinctively, before he hears someone else call his name.
He turns to the hiss to see Bruce, nearer the back, a warning look on his face.

Fuck. Bruce is right. Peter is- Peter is too young, way too out of his league, he deserves someone better than Steve. He takes a step back from Peter towards Bruce and he sees it.

Hurt.

Hurt flashes across Peter’s face. It’s quick, almost impossible to catch, but his eyes widen and his lips part with impossible sadness, before that supportive smile and friendly beam comes back.

Steve feels like he’s been punched right in the gut.

He can’t bear the thought, not even for a second, that he’s hurt Peter’s feelings. Not the sweetest omega in the world, so he heads over and takes the seat almost viciously. Peter twists towards him, radiating happiness. “Steve!” He exclaims joyously, “I didn’t know you took this class.”

God, he smells amazing. He looks amazing. He’s so tiny and brilliant and- “Yeah, I uh- swapped in late. It was a mistake to be honest, I completely failed the last assignment. I was actually just gonna ask one of my friends for help.” He turns to point at Bruce, and Peter turns too.

Bruce waves at Peter and glares daggers at Steve.

“Oh!” Peter beams, “I know Bruce! We’re in science club together. He’s a senior isn’t he-“ Peter stops short, his eyes go wide and he seems to realise something. Suddenly, he’s scanning the classroom, eyes flickering from person to person and Steve frowns. “Everyone in here is a senior.” He whispers.

Steve looks around, and sure enough, Peter is right. He hums in surprise.

“Oh my god,” Peter closes his eyes (and oh god, his lovely eyelashes are so long and they curl against the cusp of his cheek) and he looks sad. Steve sits up in concern. “Dad,” Peter whispers to himself angrily.

Dad- oh. Oh.

“I can’t believe this,” the omega whispers, shaking his head in anguish. “He always does this! I can never just achieve something for myself! And-and I actually thought that I was meant to be in this class-“ he laughs humourlessly, sounding on the brink of tears, and Steve shakes his head.

“Hey,” he murmurs, collecting Peter’s tiny hands in his own. God, his skin is so soft. Softer than Steve ever imagined. “Don’t- don’t do that. C’mon. Your dad…he was only trying to help, you know?” He croons in a soft, soothing voice because omegas are so delicate and sensitive. “And you do. You do deserve to be here, you’re so smart. You’re brilliant-I mean, what did you get on that assignment? I just bet it was an A.”

Peter looks up at him shyly, his eyes wide and glittering like diamonds. Red crawls across his cheeks in affirmation.

“I knew it,” he squeezes his hands gently, “your dad just…he wants people to see how brilliant you are. Maybe he opened the door, but you deserve to be in this room. Sometimes professors need to…need to be shown how amazing students can be. I mean, god, Peter, you’re…” he trails off, because he wants to bury his head in Peter’s neck and declare his love for him and Peter is staring up at him in awe. Like he’s taken aback by the adoration in his voice. He clears his throat and shakes his head. “I mean- I had to flirt with the admissions woman to let me swap.”
Peter giggles, sniffing. “I bet that went down well. A tall handsome alpha flirting with her, she must’ve been a mess.”

Steve’s inner Alpha preens, and the rest of the lesson flies by in a flash.

They don’t become friends exactly, because alphas and omegas aren’t usually friends, but they form something of a kinship. They become partners whenever they’re in class together, and they kid and joke around. Peter follows him back on Instagram and for the first time- Steve comments on a photo.

It’s a picture of Peter and one of his friends at ballet practise and Steve writes one word. **Beautiful**.

They don’t text or message, but it feels like something…tentative and precious. Steve wants to hold it close and treasure it even though he knows it’s wrong. They see each other a few times, not often, but a few times outside of class. Always quite by accident, and they talk and gaze at each other. Once, outside of the science building, they’d bumped into each other and eaten lunch together on a bench in the sunlight, and Peter had said he’d quite like to come and see Steve play one day.

Steve had said he’d like that quite a bit.

Of course, that doesn’t mean he’d actually thought it would happen.

But then one night, as the cold air whips at them as they stand at the edge of the pitch, Steve looks up to see Peter in the stands. It takes his breath away. Surely not. It must be a mirage. He’s there with MJ, wrapped up in a fluffy coat and cheering, with the college’s colours painted onto his cheeks. It’s the most beautiful, wholesome thing Steve has ever seen. He thinks he could do absolutely anything if Peter was cheering him on.

“Fuck, who’s that next to your omega?” Bucky asks eagerly, looking up at the stands.


“Is she attached?” Bucky asks, lacing up his boots.

“Is she- no, I don’t think so, but she’s- they’re freshman.”

Bucky laughs, shoving Steve a little. “They’re eighteen, Steve. I mean- Tony Stark would probably hunt you down and kill you, but they’re not children.”

It stays with Steve. There’s still stigma though, especially around older alphas and younger omegas. Omegas are naive and innocent and soft, they’re easily led astray and Alphas shouldn’t manipulate them and-and Steve just wants Peter to be happy. If Peter got an eighteen year old Alpha boyfriend Steve would **kill him** be happy for him.

Or he’d try.

Probably.

At the end of the game, he wants to run to the stands and scoop Peter into his arms and kiss him- but he doesn’t. He restrains himself, and sips at his water, trying to catch his breath as sweat pours down him. They’ve won. They’ve won and his inner-alpha feels so good at knowing they’ve impressed and proved triumph in front of their omega.

Shit- not his, not-
“Steve! You were amazing!” Peter gushes, and Steve whips around to see Peter right in front of him, tiny and adorable and flushed with exhilaration, nose red from the cold. “You were so fast!!” He jumps into Steve’s arms and Steve holds him tight. It feels right to have him in his arms. Peter squeals, and nuzzles into his neck and holy shit he smells so good-

“Yeah, alright, I don’t wanna puke.” MJ rolls her eyes, though there’s a teasing lilt to her voice. Steve reluctantly sets Peter down and feels colour rush to his cheeks. He sighs at the sight of Bucky, having appeared out of nowhere and eager to be introduced.

“Dangerous, dangerous game,” Bruce mutters, brushing his hair as they get ready for Peter’s arrival. They’re all heading to some campus club, and Bucky and MJ are meeting them there. “I swear to god, if Tony Stark finds out I know you and ruins my chances of getting a job-”

“We’re not dating,” Steve insists.

Though he wishes they were. They’re so close now. He knows Peter’s scent by heart, his little smile, and sometimes before Peter posts a selfie, he sends it to Steve first. It’s always gorgeous: a pastel sweater and a glittry necklace and sometimes even ones with his bottom lip caught between his teeth.

One second it’s a photo of Peter with Ojai on his head smiling like the most adorable thing on the planet, the next it’s Peter with his hand balled in his sweater and pulling it down over his bare thighs in a gif that shows his chest and Steve watches it on repeat. Peter had confided in him that the day after he’d turned eighteen, modelling agencies and fashion designers had contacted him, eager for their chance to be features on his instagram, eager for some image or sensation to be promoted, and Peter had shied away from the attention- feeling no prettier than any other omega.

“It’s so fucking great being a beta,” Bruce says to himself, neating his collar one last time. “I can be above to all this bullshit.”

Steve scoffs. “You don’t think he’s gorgeous?”

“I said above, not blind.”

And then there’s a knock at the door.

They look at each other nervously, before Steve wipes his sweaty palms on his jean-clad thighs and opens it.

Peter is a vision of pink. His lips are dusky rose and he has fuschia eyeshadow and his pink meshtop is as snug as a second skin as it dips into his highwaisted pale pink denim shorts. It’s the sexiest thing on the face of the planet.

Steve gapes; at a loss for words.

Luckily, Bruce isn’t.

“Holy shit.”
Starker Ballerina Peter

Warnings: mild dub con (super mild, Peter turns out to be a mega-slut and we love it), innocent peter, feminisation, multiple orgasms, rimming, mild cock warming, mild cock-slapping

There are construction men outside the ballet studio.

This is odd.

Peter stares at them from across the street as he waits for the light to change and hops from foot to foot as the cold starts to creep in. He tugs on his bright pink leg warmers as they slip down his legging-clad ankles and wonders if his pastel sweater is long enough to hide the fact that he’s wearing a leotard underneath.

He’s not ashamed of being a ballerina, at all. He’s proud of it, but Flash and some of the guys at the local college always give him weird looks that make him feel shy.

Back to the construction men. There are four. All of them doing something to the brick work. It’s odd to see them there because the ballet studio is in an old Victorian building that looks it was dropped straight out of nineteenth century England and landed in the middle of New York. It’s yellow brick work is crumbling and ancient and beautiful. Peter hopes they’re not planning on renovate it.

He’ll ask Director Loki once he gets inside.

For now, he hitches his backpack up a little and lets his gaze roam over the four workers. Two of them are near what looks like some sort of cement mixer. They’re both bulky with muscle, one with blond hair and the other with long, dark brown hair that hangs around his chin. Peter licks his lips absentmindedly as he watches them work.

The other guy who’s talking into a radio is smaller; compactly made with silvery brown hair. Peter finds his eyes stutter a little over his thighs.

But it’s the fourth one that he can’t look away from. He’s tall, with firm abs that can be seen clearly through his tank top. He’s got dark hair and a beard that for some reason, Peter wants to reach out and touch.

He shakes his head and pushes such thoughts away. He shouldn’t think like that about men. He should be thinking about Mona. Mona is nice and there’s a rumour going around their class that she likes him.

Why? He’s not sure. But still, he should take her somewhere. To the movies or something.

May’s always saying that he’s eighteen now and she wants to see him happy.

The light changes after what feels like a lifetime (and oddly enough, no time at all, what with the view) and he crosses the road onto the sidewalk. He shivers against the wind and hurries towards the studio when he hears it.

It’s a wolf whistle, and it startles him into stopping and turning to look. It’s the man with the goatee, his arms folded over his jackhammer and looking at Peter with dark eyes. Peter can feel the weight of that gaze as it drags down him and he shivers all over for an entirely different reason.
“Well, hello,” the one talking into the radio drawls, noticing Peter too and winking. “What a pretty ballerina.”

Peter flushes a deep pink, casting his eyes to the ground as his cheeks burn furiously. “Hello,” he mumbles politely, bottom lip caught between his teeth.

“Bet you’re real flexible, aren’t you, gorgeous?” The one with long brown hair calls and Peter clears his throat shyly.

“Uh- I guess?”

That earns laughs, before the blond elbows his friend. “Bucky,” he scolds, but his eyes drag along Peter just like the rest of them. Peter waves goodbye and practically sprints into the building.

He can’t resist glancing back to see if the man who whistled is still looking.

He is.

—

He talks to Director Loki about it, who assures him that it’s just a problem with the water line and *no Peter for heaven’s sake, we’re not renovating the building*, and practise goes on as normal.

Mona smiles at him during their leg stretches and Peter wishes his heart would flutter the way it did when those construction workers had looked at him.

“Peter,” Loki calls after class, as Peter’s pulling his sweater on over his leotard. “Make sure you get the practise in, okay? I know you’re a technically perfect dancer, but I want to see passion in the role of Giselle. She’s a sensual being, she’s confident, she’s not just spot-on in the way she lands.”

“Yes, Mr Loki.” Peter promises, unable to stop his smile from the reminder that he’s been cast as the lead. Loki sees it anyway and rolls his eyes with a fond smile.

“Get home before it gets dark, Peter. And in bright and early tomorrow.”

He does come by bright and early. So bright and early that there aren’t many cars on the street and he can hop across the roads without any worry at all. He even manages to catch a sliver of sunrise. He’s fiddling with the ends of his hair and going through the moves of Giselle in Act 3 in his head when he bumps into a very firm chest of solid muscle.

He scrambles back in mortification when he realises it’s the man with the goatee from yesterday. The man grabs his arms and steadies him, with a cocky smirk and he smells like sweat and coffee and Peter’s leotard starts feeling a little bit tight. The man is so tall, so broad, and Peter feels so small as he stands before him. He lets out a squeak when the man chuckles. “Sweetheart, you should watch where you’re going instead of playing with your pretty hair.”

“Sorry, Sir, I-no, I-”

“I like your sweater,” the man rumbles, his fingers tugging at the stretched collar of Peter’s oversized lavender sweater and revealing more of the black leotard beneath. Peter can feel heat crawl down his throat. “Very pretty. Just like you.”

Peter simultaneously preens at the praise and also wants the ground to swallow him whole. “T-thank you.” He whispers, throat dry.

The man lets him go, much to Peter’s disappointment, relief. “Tony.” He says.
It takes Peter a second to get what he means. “Oh! Oh, hi, I’m Peter.” He stammers.

Tony looks down at him like he thinks he’s cute which is—honestly, Peter feels warm all over. He likes the words like sweetheart, and being called pretty and—and other girly, feminine words he shouldn’t like. There’s something wrong with him.

“I have to go,” he squeaks, darting neatly around the man and scurrying into the studio as timid as a doormouse.

That timid creature disappears in the studio.

It takes a while, but eventually he gets into the character of Giselle. He can feel her energy, her beauty, her confidence flow in him as he performs the moves. He spins and leaps and lets himself fall into her as he practises until Loki and the rest of his class are applauding him and he realises he’s been performing for all of them and that practise officially ended ten minutes ago.

He comes to a sudden stop at their amazed eyes and he wrings his hands nervously.

“Amazing, Peter.” Loki beams, “you really connected with her character. Finish the piece.”

Peter’s happy to finish it. He feels in the groove, he feels sensual and he feels like he is Giselle and he can woo the prince and become the queen. The other students file out, until it’s just him and Loki and Peter lets his eyes slip shut as he pirouettes and gets up onto point before falling into the splits. He tosses his head back with abandon, keeping his arms up in their perfect arc—tense up to the fingers in the pose, before Loki erupts into thunderous clapping.

“Peter, I am a genius. I knew I was right to cast you. Wasn’t I, Tony?”

Peter’s head snaps around and sure enough, there’s Tony, dirt marks and dust over his bare, muscular arms and tanned skin. He’s leaning against the wall with a wrench in his hand and Peter wonders when the hell he came in.

“He’s a natural,” Tony nods and Peter scrambles to his feet, wrapping his arms around himself as Tony takes him in.

For the first time, he laments the tightness of the leotard. He feels exposed under the man’s gaze, he feels…he peeks up to see Tony’s expression. He wants the man to like what he sees, he wants— he wants things he shouldn’t want and—

Tony’s eyes are wondrously dark.

The Giselle inside him whispers stay longer

He blurts it out before he can think better of it. “Mr Loki,” he says, “I really feel like I’ve got a handle on her today, like-like I understand the role. Would it be okay if I stay a little longer?”

Loki looks sympathetic. “Peter, I’d love that. But I have a dinner, I have to go to, I’m sorry—“

“I could stay with him.” Tony offers, and they both look at him. Peter feels his mouth water. “I have the master keys, I could lock up, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Loki looks pleasantly surprised. “That sounds good. How does it sound to you, Peter?”

Like the best worst kind of torture. “That’s fine with me.” He says instead, turning to Tony and adding on a gentle: “Thank you,”
Tony smirks but his eyes get darker.

Loki leaves and Peter starts up the dance again as Tony pulls a panel behind one of the mirrors and starts working. Peter relaxes knowing the man isn’t staring at him, and he can ease into it without fear or nerves. Giselle is so powerful. She knows what she wants and she takes it and Peter- Peter wants things that he shouldn’t want- but he wants them anyway. Why shouldn’t he be like Giselle? Why shouldn’t he take them?

He catches himself on the bar after a high jump, and his thighs are starting to burn a little. “I like it when you call me sweetheart,” he gasps out, panting with exertion and he looks into the mirror, where he sees that Tony is sitting back; watching him with no subtlety whatsoever.

The construction worker smirks. “Do you now, princess?”

Peter feels his body flush with pleasure. “That too,” he says into the reflection. “I like that too.” He has to choke it out, like an admission, but it’s Giselle- it’s not his confidence, it’s Giselle’s and as her movements ebb away from him- he so too feels her confidence leave him.

He can’t believe he just said that.

He just said that out loud.

Tony gets to his feet and makes his way over and Peter spins around to face him, eyes wide. “I didn’t- I didn’t mean that!”

Tony looks thoroughly amused and he comes ever closer, until he’s a hair’s breath away and Peter can smell him. He smells so good. He smells like a man, like a big, strong man and- “You like it when I see you for the little princess you are,” Tony surmises, his hands trailing up Peter’s hips, to his waist and then over his chest. They skirt over his nipples and Peter whimpers as electricity fires through him through the thin, stretched fabric. “Do you like it when I play with your titties, baby? With your nipples?” His thumps swipe over them firmly.

Peter’s knees buckle and Tony catches him before he can collapse.

He can feel the older man chuckle. “Your sensitive nipples.”

Peter is hoisted up like he weighs nothing which- looking at this man’s muscles- he probably does, and he’s lifted up and set on the mounted bar. Tony starts peeling away his leotard, tugging it down his shoulders and Peter sits there and gasps for breath as Tony stands between his spread legs. “I don’t- I didn’t-“

“Me and the boys have been talking about you, baby girl,” Tony murmurs and Peter’s head is swimming with the scent of the man.

“You- you have?” He whispers.

“Bucky knew the second he saw you. He knew that you were just begging for it. Poor thing, you don’t even know what you want, do you? Lift yourself up for me, doll,”

Peter has to brace his hands on Tony’s shoulders and lifts his hips so Tony can wiggle down his leotard and his leggings too.

He flushes with shame once he sees the lace panties he’s wearing. He’s so bad. “I’m sorry,” he splutters when Tony stares at them. “I shouldn’t- I’m sorry.”
He’s hard. He’s painfully hard. His dick strains against the soft lacy material and he shouldn’t wear them, he knows that, but he keeps a hidden set under his bed and they just-

“They just feel so good,” he sobs.

Tony’s large hand cups his face and Peter nuzzles into it for comfort. The man’s fingers are huge and strong and suddenly those lips are on his. Tony’s beard is scratchy and his tongue is dominant and Peter moans as desire courses through him. He spurs precum and whimpers when Tony pulls away, taking that delicious scratch of his beard away and- “Oh, sweetheart,” Tony murmurs, his hand trailing to cup Peter’s rock hard cock. The first touch of his hand is enough to have Peter’s eyes rolling into the back of his head. “Don’t be sorry. Not when you’re so fucking perfect.”

The praise soaks into him like an aphrodisiac.

Tony’s hand is cupping his cock and balls through the lace, fondling it lovingly. “I swear, we knew your hungry little clit was craving us. Steve would love to go down on your someday, honey, you just say the word. But today, you’re all mine, aren’t you? Your hungry little clit is so wet, isn’t it? Isn’t it, baby?”

Peter nods, mad with desire as his hips buck into Tony’s hands. “M-my clit is all wet,” he whimpers and he’s rewarded by another bruising kiss.

“Did you think about me, darling?” Tony murmurs, unbuckling his belt and dropping his jeans and his underwear. Peter stares in awe at that huge, throbbing cock. It’s so much bigger than his. Tony pulls down his lace panties and presses their cocks together and- fuck, fuck, his is so small and hairless and Tony’s is veiny and dark red and monstrous in size. Peter’s cock spurts a little more and Tony grins. “Your little clit seems to like my cock, baby. What about your pussy, does your lovely little pussy like me too?” His finger finds Peter’s hole easily and circles the rim.

Peter launches forward, burying his face into Tony’s neck and clinging onto him as he inhales the man. Tony’s so strong and sturdy and Peter- Peter wants- “I wanna be your good little girl,” he chokes in desperation, weeping a little and Tony clucks his tongue soothingly, rubbing up and down his back with his free hand.

“Oh, my gorgeous girl,” he chuckles, finger still circling relentlessly. It’s maddening and Peter pulls back to find Tony’s mouth. He wants another kiss and Tony laughs. “Oh, you are adorable. I might just have to keep you all to myself.” And Peter mewls, toes curling in his pumps as he’s rewarded with a deep, dirty kiss. “But,” Tony sighs, pulling back and shaking his head in disappointment. “Your tight little pussy isn’t wet for me, baby.”

Peter trembles, clinging onto Tony tighter. “Sorry,” he cries.

Tony grins, getting to his knees and hooking Peter’s legs over his shoulders. The bar isn’t particularly comfortable but Peter doesn’t give a damn because suddenly Tony’s tongue is- it’s- he screams, head knocking back into the glass lightly and writhing in bliss. It feels so good- it feels so much better than his fingers do late at night. Tony’s tongue is big just like the rest of him, and strong as it licks the way inside. “Good girl,” Tony whispers, his beard scratching against Peter’s thighs deliciously. “Good, good girl, getting all wet for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes, yes,” Peter gasps, hands tangling in Tony’s hair and urging him back down.

The older man laughs. “Greedy little slut,” he says fondly, but spends the next few minutes tongue-fucking Peter until he cums with a deafening cry; staining his stomach with sticky whiteness.
Tony gets back to his feet, and grins at the sight of Peter.

“Did your squirt, baby?” he murmurs, hooking Peter’s legs around his waist and nudging the head of his dick against Peter’s hole. The second Peter feels it, he wants it, and he cant’s his hips forward. Tony kisses him like he can’t bear not to, and lifts Peter off the bar. “That can’t be comfortable, sweetheart,” he murmurs, moving them to the floor, where he sits down and cradles Peter into his chest. Peter still has his legs wrapped around him, and Tony is the only thing holding him up.

Peter nuzzles him desperately. “Please,” he pleads, “please, I…I…”

“What do you need, baby?”

“I- I need your-“ he swallows hard, trying to find the courage, “I need your big cock in my p-pussy,” he confesses and Tony growls, and rewards him by pushing the delicious head of that thick, fat cock into his hole. Peter cries out in bliss, feeling his cock- his clit get wet again.

“You’re a virgin, aren’t you, darlin’? Watching you dance like a little minx, I knew you were made for cock. Perfect little pussy, god, your perfect pussy is just dragging me in. You want some more, don’t you?” He doesn’t wait for an answer, which Peter is grateful for, just slides in another aching inch. It stretches him so good, he feels so good he wants- he wants-

He gets a decent grip on Tony’s shoulders and relaxes, feeling himself slide right down onto the throbbing cock- impaling himself completely using his body weight.

Tony swears loudly, cursing viciously as Peter’s hole convulses rapidly around the sudden intrusion.

Fuck. Fucckkk, it feels so good. So deep, so full, he feels stretched to the point of breaking and he loves it. He gasps, tossing his head back and grinding just a little when Tony’s hands grab his waist: hard.

“You fucking little slut,” he hisses, but it’s an endearment, a praise, as he lifts Peter up and slams him back down. “Couldn’t fucking wait for my cock in your pussy, could you? Needed it didn’t you? Does your needy little clit need to squirt again too, huh?” He’s panting, using Peter like a doll, like a fuck toy, as he’s lifting up and down, impaled over and over and Peter can hardly string a coherent thought together- his special spot is being pounded and he’s seeing blinding white spots of pleasure every thrust.

“Feels- feels-“ he moans, breath hitching in bliss and Tony smirks; slicked with sweat as he fucks into Peter’s hole.

“Feels so good, doesn’t it, baby? You can’t go without this. You need this every day, don’t you?”

“Yeah, y-yeah,”

“You’re gonna come back tomorrow and beg me for it. Aren’t you?”

“Ye-ah! Yes!” He cums with a sudden cry, against Tony’s rock hard abs and the older man grins and reaches between them to toy with Peter’s oversensitive clit. It burns so good he’s not sure whether to arch and get away or move into the touch.

“What a naughty little clit you have, sweetheart,” Tony murmurs, “so greedy.” His palm smacks it lightly and Peter jumps as sparks fire behind his eyes. Oh, oh he likes that. “Oh, baby,” Tony growls, “you are perfect.”

Peter preens, and Tony’s pace builds to a brutal level until he’s cumming deep, deep inside Peter,
burying his load and it feels so good. Tony grunts with the force of it, and Peter squeezes his hole, 
desperate to milk the orgasm from him- Tony’s right. He needs this. He wants this all the time.

After a second as they both catch their breaths and come down from the high, Tony goes to lift him 
off and Peter mewls in distress. “No, no,” he insists weakly, eyes slipping shut as he rests in the 
crook of Tony’s shoulder. “My pussy wants it.”

Tony’s hands card through his hair, and he smiles against Peter’s temple. “Oh baby,” he murmurs, 
“anything your pussy wants, it’s going to get.”
Tony doesn’t need the coupons to the Chinese restaurant on the edge of town.

He doesn’t need them because he’s Tony Stark. He’s one of the best CIA agents (albeit, a bit of a maverick, but Fury must love it really), a genius, and has enough money to bid on antique cars in his spare time. He’s not some struggling college student doing surveys online to earn a few bucks.

He doesn’t need the coupons

But that’s not the point.

The point is, he’s always won them. Every month. Every month since the birth of this stupid game.

It’s just a bet between the field agents- who gets the most cases completed within each month wins. It’s fun. It’s fun because Tony always wins. He’s always way out in front because, quite frankly, he’s brilliant and he can always sweet talk Pepper into writing up his case files for him so he doesn’t have to bother about any of the actual boring stuff.

“Better watch out,” Rhodey grins, shovelling noodles into his mouth as he sits at his desk on their lunch break. “The new guy is catching up to you and fast.”

Tony glares but doesn’t say anything. The new guy in question is the newest agent- he’s only joined formally four days ago but already, he’s solved 3 cases. Tony’s sitting fairly comfortably on six, Rhodey’s on 2 and Steve is on 3. But Steve’s had a whole week to get three- this new guy has had four days.

Peter fucking Parker. Tony had hated him the very second he’d laid eyes on him. The man- no, no the boy, because he looks obscenely young. He’s all fresh faced and wide eyed in a way that suggests he’s just stumbled out of a forest full of fairies into the blinking sunlight and he is not fit to be an agent.

Not physically, obviously. Physically, Agent Parker is quite the specimen. He’s all lean muscle and compactness despite his smaller stature and he has quick, clever eyes and a half smile that Tony absolutely refuses to even think about.

“Are you talking about Peter?” Steve chirps cheerfully, looking up from his stack of paperwork (because of course he’s working at lunch). “I was on watch duty with him last night. He’s a great guy, we should invite him to our Saturday poker games.”

“No.” Tony snaps immediately, “We are not doing that.”

Steve sighs. “What imagined slight is it now?”

Rhodey chuckles. “Tony’s scared the new guy-“

“His name is Peter.”

“-is gonna beat his case record this month.”

“I am not worried about that.” He grumbles, getting up and refusing to give them the satisfaction of watching him squirm. “I have six. He has three. That’s double. I have double what he has and I am not worried at all. Okay?”
The door to the bullpen opens and Peter walks in; all vested up and clearly about to leave to- to what? Close another fucking case? He’s a vision in black combat boots and the bullet proof vest and and he looks slightly trepidatious but happy to see them. “Hey guys, is Fury in his office?”

“Yeah, I think he’s waiting for you.” Steve says because he’s a friendly traitorous bastard and Tony might just have to uninvite him from their weekly poker nights.

“Cool, thanks! Woah- are those noodles? They smell amazing.”
Rhodey grins, holding up the box. “Best in town.”
Peter turns to wink at Tony, voice dropping to a whisper. “I’ll have to try them. I love Chinese.”

Tony stares after him; gaping. “Did you hear that?” He hisses, turning to Steve and Rhodey as they stare up at him in confusion. “He just- he just threatened me!”

“What?” The blond scoffs, “you need more sleep.”

“No, he just- he insinuated that he was going to win this month. I heard him. That little bastard thinks he can outdo me his first month here. Well,” he laughs, shaking his head determinedly, “he’s got another thing coming. I’m the best agent in the whole goddamn CIA.”

“That’s debatable.” Rhodey interjects, but Tony does what he usually does and ignores him.

“And some bambi-eyed little fucker is not better than me. No one is.”

Steve mouths ‘bambi-eyed’ to himself and Rhodey shoves another load of noodles into his mouth.

Tony works hard because he likes to succeed. He works harder knowing that there’s some competition. He buys Pepper a new handbag and employs another task team and cracks down on two drug lords in the top 100 list and Fury gives him a, well, not quite a smile, but an almost smile and Tony is feeling pretty damn good.

Until he walks into the bullpen to see the board.

Peter’s on 12.

He stares at it, and then someone is clapping his shoulder and it’s the little shit himself. He’s clearly on desk duty today, in a smart white button down and he looks surprisingly soft. “Sorry, buddy,” he says cheerfully, but he doesn’t sound sorry at all. “I know you’ve been working really hard.”

“Okay, little boy blue, first off, I’m not your buddy.” Tony begins, shaking Peter’s hand off him and turning to stare down at him. The boy looks up with a cocky grin; eyes alight with glee at Tony’s tone like he enjoys this. Like seeing Tony all riled up and angry is part of his, no doubt, evil plan. “And second, you’re experiencing what’s commonly known as beginners luck. It will inevitably fade, as will you, in the face of my far superior intellect.”

“Oh, wow,” Peter breathes with mock-awe. “I can’t wait to see that, Agent Stark. Is your superior intellect the amazing-” he squints at the board, “five cases you’ve sold? Five is- wow. It’s a prime number, you know. But you probably already knew that. What with being a genius and all. Is 12 a prime number? I don’t think it is but,” he shrugs faux-bashfully, sliding his hands into his pockets and smirking with his ridiculously pink mouth, “you’re the one with the superior intellect so I wouldn’t wanna intrude.”

Tony wants to punch him.
He always wants to kiss him. Just a little.

“You’re like a young me.” He says instead, “think you’ve got it all, and you know what, you almost do. But there’s only one thing better than a young me, and that’s an older me.”

“I am completely lost.”

“You will lose.” Tony snarls, storming out of the room and feeling the amused weight of Peter’s gaze on his back the whole way.

Unfortunately, he’s underestimated his competitor.

Pepper’s gone.

“What do you mean you’re gone?” He nearly wails into the phone, and she laughs.

“Tony, really, it’s only for the next two weeks. Peter was so sweet giving me his spot on the Bahamas mission. Really, it’s lovely here. Oh, we’re staying at the most gorgeous resort.”

“That little shit.”

“What?”

“He’s played you, Peps! He’s playing us!”

“Tony, please. He’s such a sweetheart. Oh! You should invite him to one of our poker nights and-“

“I’m not going to invite him! He purposely drove you away so you wouldn’t be here before the month ends! Don’t you see? It’s all a plan. He doesn’t want me getting any more cases closed because then he’ll lose the coupons.” He rests his head against the wall and wonders when his life got so hard.

He can hear the ocean behind Pepper’s exasperated voice. “Let me get this straight. You think Peter Parker is manipulating you and everyone around you so that he can get coupons to that Chinese place?”

It sounds ever-so-slightly ridiculous when she says it like that. “That’s about the gist of it.”

“The food there isn’t even that good.”

“It’s not about the food, it’s about the principle! Long story short, I need you on the next flight back home.”

She sounds fond, but firm. “Goodbye, Tony.”

“Pepper, I am being serious-“

“I will buy you Chinese.” She insists, before he’s left with the dialling tone.

Two weeks. He has two weeks.

And he really goes for it. He ends up writing out a lot of his own cases himself, pulling all nighters and burying his head in the rhythm of it all. Steve even feels a little bad and takes a few papers off his hands to help him while Rhodey watches and makes jokes. He manages to talk Fury into giving him a third task team and though managing three separates ones is like juggling with swords and snakes, he manages to do it.
He’s spread thin, but as the month draws to a close he’s broken his own personal record. 21 Cases Solved.

Actually- he follows Pierce out onto the balcony, he should be able to make that 22.

Pierce is in no mood for games, but Tony’s got backup on the way and a gun in his hand, even though he really doesn’t want to use it. It’s a cold night and the other man is clearly petrified and Tony fucking has him when-

Pierce drops to the ground solidly and behind him, is a very smug, annoyingly pretty, Peter Parker.

“Hiya, Tony,” Peter grins breathlessly, kneeling down to cuff Pierce’s limp form. Peter looks a little flushed, his nose red from the chilly air, but triumph is radiating off him in proud waves. “You looked like you needed a little help.”

Tony shrugs, trying to look casual and not like he’s shocked that Peter is here. “Whatever. It’s still my case.”

“I don’t think so, actually,” Peter says, with the falsest sympathy Tony has ever heard. “See, I actually already had my inquest into being the chief lead on Pierce’s tail, and because I filed it before you did- Fury approved me and not you.” He presses his lips together, looking like he’s desperately trying not to laugh. “I’ll tell him how much help you were, though.”

Disbelief and anger is coursing through Tony’s veins. But still, there’s no way that-

Peter gets to his feet, hauling Pierce up with him. “I think this makes 22.” He says happily, winking at Tony. “We were neck and neck, but I guess, in the end, the better man.”

Tony’s had enough. He swings wildly but Peter neatly ducks the punch and drops Pierce’s body on the floor.

“You’re a sore loser,” Peter points out, positively beaming. “See, Agent Stark, if you ever wanna make a good impression somewhere, you have to beat whoever’s at the top. I gotta say, I thought it’d be harder.”

Tony is so fucking attracted to this little shit. “Harder?” he spits, “You just said we were neck and neck.”

“Yeah,” Peter hums, rocking back on his heels, “but I wasn’t really trying. You’re very nice to watch when you’re working. Such intensity. I like your hands.”

Tony manages to resist the urge to look down at his own hands. “I hate you.”

Peter throws his head back with a carefree laugh. “That’s too bad. It’s gonna make dinner awkward.”

Pepper’s right about the Chinese place. The food isn’t very good.

But somehow, eating it with Peter and watching him pay with the coupons he definitely cheated to win, makes everything taste just a little bit better.
Starker, Norman x Peter- Tony's jealous of Norman's new bf

Tony isn’t exactly surprised when Norman gets a much younger boyfriend.

The man isn’t hideous, and he’s rich, so really- there are lines of eager young men desperate to find a man like him.

Obviously, Tony is rich too. And much more handsome than Norman, but that’s all really besides the point.

The point is, even though Tony isn’t surprised by the fact Norman has a new young boy, he is surprised by the sight of him.

Peter Parker.

He’s almost obscenely pretty. Too pretty for his own good, really. With those fluffy chestnut curls and bright eyes. He’s small and slender and moves like a dancer and with the way he’s always clutching books to his chest and has a fucking backpack, Tony guesses he’s still in college.

Makes sense. College students are majorly in debt- they need rich men like Norman to help them out.

Except- it’s infuriating.

Norman and Tony are…not friends, exactly. But not enemies either. Cordial and beneficial to one another when the gain is mutual, and dismissive when there’s nothing of interest. It’s a relationship Tony likes a lot. They both live in one of New York’s tallest, most expensive, most luxurious apartment buildings. Tony has has the top floor penthouse, because of course, and it’s ten thousand square feet right on top of the world. Norman lives just below him. It’s a fact that gives him endless pleasure.

This all means that he’s had the pleasure of meeting Peter Parker.

He’d expected another snotty little brat because, why wouldn’t he? Everyone else Norman has ever fucked has been one, and how could someone so pretty and so young not be a little bitch?

Turns out, Norman’s struck gold. When he’s introduced to Peter, the boy waves happily, and babbles about how he’s read about Tony’s research into gene-technology and how he thinks that’s amazing. Norman grits his teeth, but Tony doesn’t notice because he’s too busy being drowned in earnest compliments from the young man.

And what’s worse is- Peter seems to genuinely like Norman. In a way that suggests that maybe he’d be with Norman without the money which is…mind boggling, really.

Tony’s string of lovers starts to pale in comparison to young Peter Parker.

“Mr Stark!” Peter greets, hurrying to the elevator where Tony’s holding the door. He’s starry eyed and breathless and flushed lovely and pink. He’s dressed in jeans that look like they’ve been painted on and a mesh top that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination. He smells faintly of tequila and Tony tries not to laugh at how he has to squint at the buttons carefully before pressing floor 98. Once he’s accomplished it, he turns to face Tony with a little twirl. “Hi!”

“Peter,” Tony grins, already amused. “You had a good night, kid?”
“Oh, it was the best!” Peter sighs, leaning against the wall for support. “It was MJ’s birthday, you know? She’s the best.” He sniffs and rubs at his nose, trying to warm up and it’s the cutest thing Tony has ever seen. “But Norman says always be back by midnight, you know? Like Cinderella!”

Fucking Norman. He had to get to the princess first. Tony glances at his wrist. “You’re cutting it close.” He points out and Peter pouts.

“You don’t think he’ll be mad?” He asks, words slurring a little.

He looks like he’s been fucked nice and slow, a little dizzy and pliant and ripe for the taking. “No,” Tony says thoughtfully, taking him all in in that delicious picture that he makes. “I don’t think he’ll be mad.” *Not as soon as he sees you.*

“Good!” Peter beams, before hiccuping. “What about you, Mr Stark? Did-did you have a good night?”

“I spent most of it working.”

The boy nods, like this is what he thought. “You work so hard. You’re amazing.”

Tony’s cock twitches. “I am pretty fantastic.”

“The best,” Peter agrees whole-heartedly. “I wanna be just like you when I’m older,”

Tony wants to press up against him and *take.*

The elevator doors open and Peter stumbles in surprise, before realising this is his floor. He waves to Tony and hops off like a bunny into the woods.

Still. Tony is a man who does work hard, and he doesn’t have the time to spend lusting after his not-quite-friend’s lover. So, a few weeks pass and everything’s fine. Tony has sex with a few young, eager brunets but none of them smell as sweet as Peter and he ends most nights unsatisfied.

The first inkling that there might be trouble in paradise comes on a weekend.

It’s a Saturday, and he’s sitting in the lobby waiting for Happy to pick him up when Peter comes in from the bright afternoon sunshine.

Tony’s taken immediately by the sight of him. He’s in black leggings and white boots, with an oversized white sweater. He’s gorgeous. Everything’s expensive and very clearly a gift from Norman, but- but Peter’s crying. He’s got his phone pressed to his ear and he keeps rubbing harshly at his face like he’s ashamed anyone might see him sobbing. “You- you said you’d be there, though,” he insists, voice hitching and Tony wants to get to his feet and come over.

Peter listens to the other person on the phone, and it has to be Norman, doesn’t it?

“I know, I know you’re busy b-but you promised.” He says, crying earnestly now, as he gets to the elevator and presses the button. He hasn’t noticed Tony and his shoulders shake with silent tears. But Tony’s noticed him. “But Norman…you…I waited for you, and this is the third time and…and…”

It is Norman then. Fucking Norman. Whatever he says on the other side of the line makes Peter quieten down, and then the elevator opens and Tony watches as he disappears from view.

He knows then that he’s in a bit of trouble. Because he may be a busy man, but he’s also a smart man, and he knows the way he felt seeing Peter cry…it’s a little more than lust he’s feeling then. He
must like the boy, at least a little.

Fuck.

It seems that fate likes to torment him a little though, because he runs into Peter in the elevator more and more often. Each time, Peter showers him with compliments and talks about his classes and Tony falls a little harder with every conversation.

It’s one such day when Tony’s been riding the elevator a few times- for no reason at all, you can quote him on that- when Peter gets in. He’s leaving floor 98 and he looks surprised to see Tony, hurriedly wiping the tears from his eyes.

“Oh-oh! H-hi, Mr Stark,” he says quietly, shuffling inside and clutching a heavy rucksack.

Oh. “Hey, Peter,” he murmurs, equally gentle. “Did you and Norman have a fight?”

Peter swallows hard and nods once. “I think maybe- maybe we should just have some time apart.”

Tony shouldn’t ask. He knows he shouldn’t ask, but it slips out in desperate hope anyway. “What happened?” He prods.

Peter looks like he’s gonna burst into tears and he hides his face behind his hands. “He-I- I must’ve been doing something wrong. I tried- I tried so hard, but I guess I wasn’t-I just-“ he cries, tears streaming down his red cheeks that Tony can see through his fingers. “He- there was someone else and-“

Tony sees red. Norman fucking cheated? Cheated on- on Peter? That’s the most moronic thing Tony’s ever heard. He says as much, with such ferocity that Peter blinks up at him in bewilderment but Tony barrels on. “That son-of-a-bitch won’t ever find anyone as beautiful, as loving and as sweet as you, kid. He’s made the biggest mistake of his life.”

Peter wipes his tears, torn between flushing with the praise and crying again. “No, I just- I wasn’t good enough and-“

Tony pushes the emergency stop and the gears crank to a sudden stop. Peter squeaks in alarm and watches as Tony comes forward and crowds him into the corner of the elevator. He towers over the boy and his voice is a low, sincere timbre. “He doesn’t deserve you.” He says, in a low husky voice, and Peter shivers. It’s enough to make Tony duck his head a little, and let his ears ghost over the shell of Peter’s ears. “You deserve someone better for you. Better than Norman. Someone like… someone like me.”

Goosebumps fly along his neck and Peter blinks up at him owlishly, eyes dark with lust but hesitation. “Mr Stark,” he breathes, “I…I’d be lying if I said I didn’t…t-think about you sometimes, but…- Norman and I- we haven’t even really properly broken up, Mr Stark, I don’t…I don’t know if…”

Tony shuts him up. It’s a rough, passionate kiss and the kid melts into him like he’s wanted this for years. Tony wouldn’t be surprised. Peter’s been awe-struck since the second he saw Tony in the flesh, and Tony’s been the same way. How do you resist such beauty and kindness in the body of someone who utterly adores you? The kid tastes like chocolate and tea and Tony nips hard at his bottom lip and Peter mewls submissively.

When they pull away for air, a voice is asking them questions from the panel and Tony ignores them for Peter. “Mr Stark,” Peter gulps, sucking on his bottom lip like he can’t get enough of Tony, and that makes him so fucking hard, “Norman can’t-he can’t know, and-“
“Send us back up, Jerry,” Tony says to the intercom. “Floor 99.” After a moment the elevator starts moving again, and Peter’s staring up at him in wonder and Tony smirks. “Don’t worry, sweetheart.” He growls, “he never has to know we started before the two of you broke up officially.” Christ, the kid is cute. Like he’s still in high school. Tony’s more than prepared to burn the bridge.

But Peter is a goody-two-shoes right down to his soul and he insists on at least calling Norman to say that their little break should be more permanent. Tony lets him, handing him the phone on the condition that Peter does it while stuffed full of his cock.

Really, it’s an offer the kid can’t refuse.
It starts the way a lot of stories start.

On a dark and rainy night.

It’s cold, even in his patrol car with the heat blasting. Steve peers out through the windscreen wipers which are manically swinging too and fro in a futile attempt to clear away the torrent as it beats down onto the glass. Brooklyn looks especially dark tonight, and the city lights are a distant, amber blur. He’s about to call it a day, clock out for the night and head home. For the NYPD it’s been pretty slow, all in all, but Steve’s still tired. Maybe it’s the dark.

“Hey, Steve? Where are you?” Comes Bucky’s voice on the radio. Steve reaches forward to bring the speaker to his mouth.

“Just on 45th, Buck. Why? What’s up?”

“Disturbance on 52nd. Alley way near the end of the block. Probably gone now but if you’re there…”

“I’ll check it out.” Steve says, and Bucky makes a noise like he knew that’s what Steve would say. “Last call of the night.”

“Sounds good, man,” Bucky answers around a yawn, “been slow as shit today.”

Steve laughs. It’s a quick drive to 52nd, and traffic isn’t that heavy. Steve’s not surprised. Anyone who wants to drive in this clearly can’t have their head screwed on straight. Still, because he loves his job and he loves the taste of hard work, he gets his torch and badge, and leaves the dryness of his car to step out into the murky, wet abyss. The shops along the street are open, but empty, and Steve hurries along the sidewalk as the rain beats down on him, scanning the people he sees.

Mostly people are in a rush, heads down from the rain or skipping a little in their haste.

He reaches the alley Bucky was talking about and shines his torch down it. It’s about as effective as shining a torch up at the sky. He can see a large green dumpster near the mouth, but nothing beyond. “NYPD,” Steve calls, shaking the water out of his eyes. His uniform is already soaked to the skin and he’s going to have to dry out his shoes. “Anyone there? Show yourself!” He strains to hear over the rain, but he there’s nothing.

He takes another step, shining his torch in further, but if there is anyone down there- they’ll be submerged in darkness and hit with rain. He waits a beat, but there’s nothing, so he turns.

He almost misses it.

But he doesn’t.

A cough. A small, quiet cough from someone who was clearly trying very hard not to cough. Steve
turns back immediately, and follows the noise down the alley with his torch out. It’s deeper than he thought, and then his torch lands on a splash of movement. He follows the beam to see a...a...

A boy.

A tiny, shivering thing curled up against a graffiti-strewn brick wall. He’s trembling, soaking wet and staring up at Steve with the biggest, brownest eyes in the world.

It’s an Omega.

A...a poor homeless Omega, which...which just doesn’t...that doesn’t make any sense. Who would abandon such a little thing? Steve immediately lowers his torch, and squats just before him. “Hey,” he murmurs, “are you okay? Are you hurt?”

The omega just quivers and sneezes.

“I’m Steve,” he continues, “I’m with the NYPD- the police. The good guys.” He corrects, trying to keep his language simple so the poor thing can understand. “Are you lost?” Still, the omega doesn’t answer. Steve takes him in; he’s covered in dirt and muck and his clothes are old and ratty and though thick: sodden. Omegas are...Omegas are precious. Delicate. They’re not...they’re not meant to be just abandoned and he’s so angry. Who buys an omega just to abandon them? He reaches for his radio and the omega flinches. “Hey, hey,” he reassures, “I’m just gonna talk to my friend, alright?”

Big brown eyes nods once, which makes Steve sigh in relief.

“You speak english, huh?”

Another nod.

“Would you like to tell me your name?”

The omega leans forward just an inch, and his voice is a ragged sigh when it comes out. “He didn’t...he never came home.” He croaks, and then his eyes are swimming in tears that promptly get lost in the rain as they spill out onto his filthy cheeks.

“Who never came home, baby?” Steve prompts, the endearment softening the omega.

“U-Uncle Ben n-never came home.”

Oh. Not abandoned, then. Steve’s starting to get the idea. Young omega, under the care of a relative alpha presumably who’s...passed away? Missing? And left alone. He should’ve been put on the register and taken in but...but if Uncle Ben was his only family, then...he’s all alone.

He doesn’t radio Bucky. Instead, he takes a breath and holds out his hand. “Can I take you home? A shower, some food, a nice clean bed? Get out of this rain?”

It’s wildly inappropriate, there are proper channels for this kind of thing. Omegas are expensive and if you find one, you’re certainly not supposed to just take it. But this omega clearly doesn’t know that because he just blinks his huge doe-eyes and nods. He’s so innocent. It’s a good thing Steve got to him first. There are some bad people in the world.

“Can you stand?” He asks, relief coursing through him, knowing this boy is gonna be okay.

The omega shakes his head. So, Steve leans forward and gently scoops him into his arms. He’s so
light. He weighs as much as a wet pillow and Steve clutches him tighter to his chest. As they head out onto the street, light spills onto them and he can see the boy a little better now. He can’t be any older than seventeen. Sympathy and obligation and something alpha swirls up inside him as he takes the kid and buckles him into the car.

He really hates his car’s heating system on the way home. The poor thing shivers like a leaf and hiccups every couple of minutes. “This is a police car,” the boy says eventually, breaking the silence and Steve looks over in surprise, before nodding.

“Yeah, yeah it is.”

“I didn’t…I didn’t know if you were a real one.”

His heart hurts a little. “If you didn’t know, honey, then why did you come with me?”

The little omega shrugs and looks out the window. “Smelled good. Aunt May said you can smell the people who are bad.”

It’s an old wives tale, and there isn’t much science behind it, but Steve appreciates the sentiment. He’s also pleasantly surprised by the omega’s eloquence. His Aunt and Uncle must’ve taken care with his education, which is rare. It would’ve fetched a higher price. Everyone pays more for an omega who can be taught to say certain things.

He lives on a nice street on the nice part of town in a perfect white-picket fence house. He pulls up and shuts off the engine and unbuckles his seatbelt. The boy does the same and then Steve gets out, and carries him inside.

He manoeuvres through the darkness to set the boy on the couch, before flipping on the lights. The omega blinks up at the sudden brightness and Steve looks at him. He’s still shaking. “A bath.” He says, nodding, “you need a bath, I’ll run it and you have something to eat. Here, you…” he heads into his kitchen and yanks open the fridge. He has bacon. “Do you like bacon?” He asks, turning back to the boy, only to see the omega turn to him immediately with wide, hungry eyes.

He nods ferociously.

Steve laughs.

As he fries it up he jogs upstairs and starts the tap, as well as collecting some towels that he throws on the radiator and some of his clothes. They’ll swamp the boy, but at least they’ll be clean.

When he gets back down, The omega is perched on the kitchen counter, staring at the frying pan and practically salivating. Steve wonders worriedly when the last time he had a proper meal was. He plates it up, and considers putting it in some bread when the boy takes the plate and starts shovelling it down and moaning in bliss.

Steve feels arousal flood through him and he looks away from the omega practically inhaling the food, disgusted with himself. The little thing is clearly hurt and-and underage, and-and it’s so far from appropriate that he can hardly believe himself. Omegas don’t go up for sale till they’re eighteenth birthday and this boy is certainly not 18.

He makes some tea instead, and encourages the omega to drink it. He seems put out in having to pause his ravenous bacon-eating, but does so dutifully. When the cup is empty and the plate is clean, he watches as the boy smacks his lips together and tries to suck all the grease off them as he looks around as if for more. He chuckles. “I’ll make you something else after your bath.”
“Something else?” The boy asks, and after some tea and food, his voice sounds better than before. It’s sweet and omega and soft. His eyes are disappointed.

“Not bacon,” Steve insists, doing his best to resist the puppy dog gaze, “but I have some apple pie in the freezer.”

The boy’s gaze is practically adoring. “I’m Peter,” he says, and the cop smiles.

Steve looks away when Peter strips down (not out of any respect for the little thing’s privacy, but in an effort to restrain himself), but he doesn’t have any bubbles so he can still see when the omega lowers himself into the hot water. As soon as Peter’s skin makes contact with the water, he hurries into it. It’s a little too hot, in Steve’s opinion, but Peter loves it, engulfed by the steam and sinking blissfully into it. Even though Steve can see his body, he can’t see his body. It’s hidden behind layers of dirt and he kneels beside the tub with his sleeves rolled up and holds up the wash cloth. “Are you okay for me to do this?” He asks, watching Peter hum in pleasure at the heat as he splashes around playfully.

He doesn’t get an answer beyond that and he shakes his head fondly. The Omega’s certainly an easily pleased little thing. He works Peter’s arms, until that lovely, milky skin is revealed. The more and more he works, the dirtier the water gets and the more beautiful Peter is discovered to be. Steve starts draining the tub and lets new, fresh hot water pour in and uncovers that face. It has to be the sweetest face he’s ever seen. In fact- sweeter than, he’s easily the most beautiful omega in New York. He’s too skinny at the moment, malnourished (and Steve will fix that), but he’s still small and gorgeous, with long legs and rosy nipples and-

Inappropriate. Steve hisses to himself, using the nozzle to wash down any remaining dirt before he gets a towel and lifts Peter out. He’s unharmed apart from a small cut on the knee. Steve applies some cream to it with his finger before bandaging it up as Peter perches on the sink, looking down at him curiously. He’s unabashed in his nudity, but all omegas are. They don’t really have the capacity for shame. Steve hates loves- tries not to think about it.

He dries Peter thoroughly, a primal satisfaction prowling through him at the sight of the omega looking so much better. Peter’s hair is made of the softest, lightest brown curls that Steve has ever seen now it’s dry, and he has to bite the inside of his mouth hard at the sight of Peter in one of his old pyjama shirts and pants.

Peter though, looks very pleased by all of this. He makes a small sound of contentment before wriggling his fingers towards Steve in a ‘carry me’ motion. Steve obliges because he would do anything to hold this hypnotising boy. He’s so cute. He understands why people pay so much money to have one of their own. “Apple pie?” Peter reminds dutifully and Steve nods. Watching a tiny omega eat an entire apple pie in one sitting is not how Steve thought his night would end, but that is how it goes. By his final bite, Peter is yawning and blinking heavily and looking around as if wondering where to nest. Steve just picks him up and carries him to the guest bedroom. He lays Peter in the middle, before tucking him in nice and tight. He’s puts so many blankets on him that by the time he’s done the little head sticking out is flushed red and warm. “Snug as a bug,” Steve murmurs happily, taking a step back.

Peter is absolutely tiny in the middle of the huge bed and it’s ludicrously adorable. “Stay,” the boy pouts, and Steve doesn’t need to be asked twice.

He knows it’s wrong, and he knows he’s too eager, but he slides in anyway and sighs in complete contentment when Peter snuggles into his arms and chest. He holds him tight, and is fast asleep in seconds.
Steve wakes up to the glorious scent of an Omega. And when he opens his eyes, Peter is nose to nose with him, those gorgeous eyes staring at him expectantly. Steve groans. “How long have you been up?” He asks, rubbing his face and Peter keeps staring.

“Bacon?” He asks, and Steve laughs incredulously.

“You’re welcome to anything in the kitchen, Peter. You don’t ever have to wait for me or ask permission.”

These are words to regret.

Within a week, Peter has staked his claim on the kitchen. He’s always nibbling on something or eating entire chocolate cakes, or doing something complicated with the stove.

Steve’s not worried. Cooking is…instinctive, with Omegas. It’s the whole point of the; to be the home makers. Omegas are made, in every sense of the word, to stay at home, look pretty, produce babies and keep their alpha’s happy. Peter flourishes in the kitchen, and everyday Steve comes home to a gourmet meal even more fantastic than the day before’s.

He thinks he should have qualms about this. It’s illegal, probably…isn’t it? Peter’s definitely underage and he should be handed to the registry but they’d just sell him to some random Alpha. Besides, it’s not like Steve is sleeping with him. Well, he is sleeping with him, but they’re not having sex no matter how much Steve wants to. He knows Peter would never deny him, Omegas never do, but he has principles. He’s a police officer.

They have a routine.

Every morning, Peter makes breakfast for the two of them and then Steve goes to work. When he comes back, the house is spotless and Peter is just laying the table for dinner. After dinner, Steve works at the table, or watches tv and Peter sits cuddled up on the couch in one of Steve’s shirts (Steve has bought him his own clothes, but Peter refuses to wear them) with his head buried in a fairytale. Then they’ll sleep and repeat in the morning.

Everything is good. He has an omega.

Of course, he’d felt bad when Peter had started doing chores but when he’d tried to talk to him about it, Peter had blubbered in confusion and looked very sad indeed. Steve couldn’t stand it, and besides, it’s in their nature. It’s instinctive. Just like Steve’s inner-alpha yearns to go to work everyday and to come back with food and money to provide.

Lately, his inner-alpha’s been much louder than normal. It makes Steve wants to work out more, because little Peter’s eyes linger on his muscular after a shower. It makes him want to brag about solving a case and buy more expensive food to show that he can give Peter a good life and- and it also very much wants him to bury his cock as deep as he can into that perfect little hole and take.

He does all but that last one.

Until he comes home one Thursday.

As usual, dinner is ready. There’s a huge bouquet of flowers in the middle which means Peter’s been brave enough to venture into the garden. It’s some sort of steak, seasoned spectacularly, and Peter eats quickly, but his eyes are stuck on Steve the whole time.

“Alpha,” he asks innocently, the second Steve’s swallowed his last bite. “Why don’t you knot me?”
Steve has to hit his chest a few times to dislodge the food. “E-excuse me?”

“Am I not a good omega?”

“What? No, no Peter, you’re the best omega ever, you know that.”

Peter preens and goes a pretty pink, but still looks curious. “In all the fairytales, the Alpha knots the Omega and they live happily ever after…”

Steve sighs and pushes his plate away. “I know that, baby, but in all those stories the omegas are eighteen, okay?”

Peter nods. “I’m not eighteen?”

“Well, I…” Steve pauses and frowns, “I…I don’t know, baby, how old are you?”

Peter shrugs.

Steve is an idiot. All this time and he’s never looked the boy up. “What’s your full name?”

“Peter Benjamin Parker.” He recites immediately.

Steve logs into the NYPD database and has a look. He finds the birth certificate and-

“You’re nineteen, Peter.” He says, cursing himself. God, but Peter looks so young, he looks like he should still be in highschool-

“Nineteen is bigger than eighteen!” Peter yells gleefully, jumping up and grabbing at Steve’s hand. “Time to knot, Alpha!”

Well, fucking hell, how is he supposed to resist that?
warnings: noncon, tentacle fucking, monster fucking, dirty talk, multiple orgasms, over stimulation

like sorry fuck me up but i can’t get this out of my head

- tony’s working in the lab trying to get this alien symbiote to fucking bond to a host without killing them already

- then his boyfriend, lil Peter, walks in and through a series of i don’t give a fuck how it happens events accidentally ends up trapped in the glass cage with this thing.

- tony immediately reaches for the button to unlock the door but then just…stops.

- Peter’s screaming to be let out because tony! what the fuck is this thing???

- but tony just watches because Venom has never quite acted like this before. He’s not just leaping onto the victim, he’s slow, he’s watching Peter. it’s different to all the other times. he starts crawling up his ankles slowly, and peter’s banging on the class but tony’s just watching because of course. peter’s spiderman, he’s perfect- he’s the perfect host.

- he tells peter not to worry, that it’s gonna be okay, but as this black gooey thing starts tearing off all his clothes, wrapping around his wrists and ankles and just holding him, spread eagle in the air, peter’s not so sure.

- and tony just watches as this thing slithers inside peter’s hole and plays with his nipples and wraps around his little cock and brings him off again and again and again

- and obviously tony is touching himself as he watches his boy get violated in the best worst way

- he starts calling degrading things, like when Venom is tongue-fucking the shit out of Peter, who’s sobbing and cumming dry, Tony just pumps himself harder and hisses “you fucking slut, guess you’ll give it up for anyone, won’t you? Your greedy hole just wants to be full, doesn’t care who by.”

- And peter’s dripping with sweat, flushed with shame and humiliation and choking out; “no, tony i s- swear, it’s not- i’m not-” before he cums again.

- after venom’s done wringing peter over and over, he seems to disappear- sinking into peter’s skin and tony watches- still erect and awed because has this worked? has it bonded successfully? he checks his monitors and yes.

- peter’s pleading to be let out, and tony hits the button and peter comes out but tony realises his mistake

- because this might look like peter and sound like peter, but it’s venom and peter just shoves tony to the ground and starts riding him and tony doesn’t know why venom’s decided to make his boyfriend a massive mega, cock-craving slut, but he doesn’t give a single damn because it’s the best.

- from then on peter is peter, but venom cranks up his hormones to an insatiable level, making him a whore who’s always begging shamelessly to be filled no matter where they are no matter who by
and tony is so fucking thrilled

- because now he can use this boy to keep the avengers calm, to negotiate deals, as a plaything, as fucking anything he wants.

- obviously, once or twice he has to toss peter a human to eat but all in all it’s okay
Starker, Tony puts Peter in the AI

Steve keeps giving him worried looks.

Tony doesn’t care though. Tony can’t even bear to look at Steve. He just keeps his head down and works on his latest piece of tech. It’s going to be the best damn AI ever. It’s going to be the last thing he ever makes. Of course Steve is fucking alive. Of course he and Steve had survived. It’s not like there were other more deserving people who hadn’t seen nearly as many years as-

When it’s done, he puts on his suit and soars over New York and waits.

“Hey Pete,” he says eventually, building his courage by looking up at the stars. Somewhere, up there, in the deep endless dark blue of the night sky, he lost everything that mattered.

“Hi, Mr Stark!” Chirps the AI excitedly.

Tony’s heart simultaneously breaks and heals. It’s him. It’s Peter. He’s cracked it. It’s his voice and his energy and if Tony closes his eyes and lets the tears fall he can picture those warm brown eyes and those chestnut curls and that look of ever-present wonder.

“Am I an AI? This is amazing! You are so smart.”

He can’t even wipe away his tears and a tiny little part of him says (in a voice that sounds a lot like Steve, the dick) this probably wasn’t a very good idea. “Yeah, I made you.” He says softly and Peter whoops.

“This is so awesome! I’m inside the Iron Man suit, this is insane!”

It hurts so bad that he flies straight home, puts the suit away and doesn’t think he’ll ever put it back on.

It’s his fault Peter’s dead. It’s his fault that he turned to dust and ashes right in his hands.

But of course, it never really is the end. Not with attacks from planets nobody even knew existed, and before too long, the shield and the man of metal are back on the scene. People act like nothing’s changed, that the avenger’s isn’t half the size it was, but Tony knows.

He knows.

So, he fights harder than he did before, he’s more reckless because really, at this point- what is there to lose? Why is he even fighting? Because there’s nothing else.

“On your right, Mr Stark!” Peter cries, and Tony jerks at the last second to avoid a flaming missile.

“Thanks, kid,” he breathes, and then he freezes. It’s all instinct and muscle memory but for one, non-aching second, it had been like…like Peter was here. Was with him. For one second there was no pain, no hollowness in his chest.

He swiftly becomes addicted.

Sometimes it’s just like it was before, and Tony can quip at some alien while Peter laughs in his ear, or Peter will reference some old outdated movie and give Tony the idea that he needs and everything in the world for half a second seems okay.
Of course, he has to keep updating it. It has to be perfect. He spends hours going through every piece of footage of Peter he has (which is to say: a lot) until he gets every single thing right. The occasional stutter, the nerves, the excitement, the joy, the concern. The friendly neighbourhood Spiderman and something else, something entirely Peter that he just can’t quite seem to pin down.

Fury is starting to give him looks now. Almost like he cares.

“Maybe he does care, Mr Stark,” Peter hums curiously as Tony eats a hamburger over the brooklyn bridge.

“Nah, kid. He wouldn’t know how.”

“I care about you, Mr Stark.”

Tony closes his eyes, and the gooey cheese doesn’t make anything better. “Tell me, Peter,” he whispers, like he does on nights when he feels like he’ll break. “Tell me.”

The AI doesn’t hesitate. “I do love you, Mr Stark. I really do. You didn’t program me to feel this, I always did.”

Of course, Tony’s programmed him to say all that. It hurts like a knife cut, and it heals like a salve.

“You don’t.”

“I do, so so much.”

God it hurts. Should it hurt this much? Should anything have any right to cut this deep? “I programmed you,” he spits, more to himself than to the AI. “You always just say the right thing.”

“Oh,” The AI sounds surprised, “why did you program that?”

Because the real Peter always said just the right thing.

He should probably delete it, but he can’t.

Every day is harder and everyday he leans on it just a little bit more. He’s driving himself mad trying to fix it up to be perfect, but of course it can never be. Only Peter, the real one, the one who faded away so far from home it isn’t fair.

“Mr Stark?” Peter, the AI, asks one day as he stands on a building and looks out over a setting sun. Is Thanos doing the same somewhere?

“Yeah, Pete?” He croaks, voice hoarse.

“I didn’t say anything, Mr Stark.”

“Mr Stark?”

Slowly, churning metal and disbelief, Tony turns around.

There’s Peter.

His Peter. And he’s…smiling and cherub faced and rosy cheeked and in his suit and he looks…fine. There’s not a cut on him. He looks like he’s just come out of school and put on his suit and is ready for an adventure.

Tony steps out of his suit and stares. Is he going mad? Is this a hallucination? has he finally tipped
over the edge?

Peter runs up to him and hugs him and no, no his memory isn’t this good. He can smell him. Smell him and feel him and he holds him so tight because he is never going to let this go, and he can hardly see, hardly breathe, he can just feel Peter here in his arms again. “Mr Stark!” Peter cries, beaming with joy, “I’ve missed you so much! Oh, I have so much to tell you! I fell into something called the multi-verse! And look- look I met like other me! You have to meet them, come on…” he’s tugging on Tony’s hand and Tony looks up and in the distance there are other figures, other shapes.

Other Spidermen who all look different is that a pig?, but he has only eyes for Peter.

“Pete,” he whispers, pulling the boy back to him and back into a hug. “I thought you…I was…”

“Oh,” Peter pulls back, eyes wide and he seems to understand. “Oh, you thought I…Mr Stark,” he whispers softly. He hugs him, and Tony can’t- he can’t another second without saying:

“I love you, Peter. I…I always have and…” It’s not as scary as he thought it would be now it’s out there. In fact, it feels kinda good.

Peter’s face spreads into the most beautiful thing Tony’s ever seen: a smile, so awed and pleased and disbeliefing and- “I love you too, Tony,” he confesses, breath sweet as anything. “I- I’ve always loved you.” And then he’s straining onto his tiptoes and kissing Tony and everything in the world is perfect.

This moment is eternal and Tony wants for nothing and for the first time in his life, he knows contentment.

The next time he puts on the suit, the AI is gone. Self-deleted. Smart enough to know. Tony programmed it that way.

He doesn’t miss it at all.
Steve shouldn’t let him wear them. The shorts are so short, so sinful, but really no one is complaining. The other wardens don’t say a word- well, they’re talking with their eyes. They’re saying, dirty, dirty things with their gaze as they take in Peter in the dark denim.

They have glittery sequins around the waist that sparkle even in the dim, clinical lighting of the prison.

But his legs. God, they’re gorgeous. For a small boy, his legs are so long. So delicate and sexy and-

“What’s for breakfast today?” Peter asks, swinging from some sort of web that’s hanging from the middle of his cell. He’s upside down, and the other prisoners are watching him. It’s like a slow, intoxicating pole dance. His hair flops down and his legs are wound around the webs and Steve eyes them. He knows the cells are build to withstand their powers, but still…

He sets down the indeterminable mulch and slides it through the slot. Peter looks at it and pouts. He flips so he’s right way up and he gives Steve his biggest doe eyes. “Sorry, Pete,” Steve sighs, shaking his head.

Peter doesn’t give up. He sniffs and nimbly hooks his legs into the webs, stretching them obscenely and Steve can’t look away from the little bulge in the crotch of those damn shorts. “There’s nothing you could do?” He asks quietly, whining just a little.

“Give him his fucking pancakes!” Another prisoner yells, he sounds a little breathless and Steve pinches the bridge of his nose. Fantastic. More masturbating criminals telling him to give Peter pancakes. That’s what he needs.

“Eat your…” he winces, “porridge?”

Peter drops gracefully to the ground and pads over to the bowl. His pink sweater hangs off one shoulder, and is muddied here and there with dirt and dust. He crouches before it and taps it, before recoiling in distaste. “I’m not eating that.”

“You have to eat it, Peter.” Steve says firmly, “or you have to have another session with Doctor Strange.”

A hush falls over all the cells. Peter stands slowly, his eyes dark. “You don’t threaten me with Strange. When my man gets me out of here, we’re going to rip him apart-“

“Peter-“

“He has no idea what pain is.” Peter hisses venomously.

Steve turns away. He knows- he knows that Strange’s methods are akin to torture, but-there’s no other way. When you have insane, evil criminals with superhuman abilities- sometimes you need a little magic. And pain.

That doesn’t mean he likes it. He definitely doesn’t like carrying Peter’s limp, sweaty body back into the cell. He doesn’t like how the usual spark of mischief is gone- dimmed like the lights- and how Peter just rolls over and sobs into the pillow.

On those nights- after long, long sessions with Strange, Peter always calls out one name in his sleep.
It’s the same name.

The only name that really matters.

Steve knows that SHIELD would trade everyone they have in holding for Tony Stark. It’s the reason Peter’s being kept here, really, on display like this. In a cell right in the middle. He’s bait. He’s the only thing Tony Stark might risk everything on-

might.

Steve’s not so sure. Peter sure talks like they’re in love, but…the boy is young, impressionable. And Steve’s sure he’s not evil all the way through. Just been pushed onto the wrong track. He’s only 18. Steve can bring him back, he could- he could-

He curses his own wilfulness. Yeah, like he’s going to turn Peter Parker into a hero through love.

Maybe, his heart chirps, maybe you could.

“I’m gonna…I’m gonna try and get you something else. Not waffles, but I think I saw Poptarts in the back.” He murmurs softly.

Peter’s head whips up so fast, his eyes alight with hope. “Really?” He asks, coming right up to the bars and Steve wants to push closer but he also wants to step back. He’s got almost a foot on the boy, but still there’s something…dark. “Steve, you’re the best!” Peter reaches through the bars and kisses him right on the cheek.

Steve can feel his face flush red before he realises that-that- Peter just leant right through the force field of Stephen’s magic and-

One of the far walls caves in. Alarms start blaring, stones fall and dust rises and out of the rubble and the carnage is Iron Man: alight with fury and triumph. Steve reaches for his radio but before he can move he’s being blasted across the room and all he can do is stare as Tony lifts his arm and shooters fly out and detonate the hinges of Peter’s cell and then the boy is racing to him and Tony’s stepping out of his suit and-

They’re kissing. They’re kissing like they’ve been starved of each other. Tony’s mouth is rough and possessive and Peter melts into it, clutching at his hair desperately and it’s depraved and sick and-

erotic.

“Daddy,” Peter chokes, wrapping his arms tight around Tony’s neck.

“Baby,” Tony sighs, breathing him in. His hand trails down to Peter’s ass and squeezes appreciatively. “New shorts, baby? Skimpy. I like it. You know I was coming?”

Peter grins, “always,”

And then red nanotech is spilling off of Tony’s suit and onto Peter and Steve is seeing his worst nightmare.

It’s Ironman and Spiderman: free, strong, together.

“This one ever hurt you?” Tony asks, pointing his laser gun right at Steve from where he’s crushed under rubble.

“No. Leave him. Strange is the one who hurt me.”
Tony lets out an anguished howl of fury at that, and he’s blasting off, and Peter is thwipping a web onto him, and being carried off too.

Wherever Stephen is-

He hopes to god they kill him.
“Peter!” Tony yelps as soon as he sees his mate padding out of the bedroom. “What are you doing? Go back to bed!”

Peter waves him off, one hand cradling his belly and the other rubbing the sleep out of his eyes as he looks around. The afternoon sun streams into the tower and Steve and Bruce wave at him cheerily. He grins back, bashful at still being in his pyjamas. “Hey guys,” he says sleepily. “When did you get here?”

“A few hours ago,” Bruce says.

Steve nods concurrently, but his eyes are warm. “You smell incredible, Peter.”

The omega flushes with delight at the Alpha’s praise and Tony growls petulantly. “Get your own.” He snarls, and Steve laughs. “Baby, please, go back to bed—"

“I can’t stay in bed all day,” Peter sighs, “I’m hungry.”

“I’ll get you something,” Tony says immediately, “anything you want. Just name it.”

The omega sinks into the cushiest armchair and Tony immediately drapes a blanket over him, but Peter’s too sleepy to do more than bat him away lightly as he snuggles in. “Do you remember when we had…on our honey moon…d’you remember…” he starts around a yawn.

Tony leans down and drops a kiss onto his mate’s forehead, stroking his hair back. “The lamb?”

“Yeah. Yummy.” He sighs softly.

Bruce stares as an Iron Man suit flies off the balcony. He splutters and Steve pats him on the back. “Did you just- did you just send a suit to India to get lamb?”

Tony snorts. “I’m sorry, was he busy?”

Steve just beams. “I think it’s nice. Providing for your Omega’s cravings. Have you guys decided on a name?”

“Well,” Tony drawls, perching dramatically on the arm of Peter’s chair and the Omega curls into his thigh automatically. Tony lays his hand on the back of Peter’s slender neck and squeezes softly. “Has to be a boy’s name. A name fit for a strapping young alpha.”

Bruce chews thoughtfully on his mouthful of sandwich. “It might not be an alpha. Or a boy.” He points out and Tony scoffs at him.

“Of course it will. Peter’s perfect, and perfect omegas always give their Alpha’s alpha males, don’t they, baby?”

Peter half-heartedly smacks Tony’s leg. “We would love a little girl omega too.” Peter insists.

“He’ll go to MIT, of course. Just like me and Pete, inherit the family business…”

Steve laughs.

Peter whines, snuffling sadly. “Alpha,” he pouts, “I’m sleepy.”
Tony looks like he very much wants to say *I told you so*, but instead he immediately scoops his boy up and carries him off back to the bedroom.

Bruce stares at the space where they were for a second before speaking. “Is it just me or has pregnancy changed…absolutely nothing?”

Steve chuckles, relaxing into the couch. “I know what you mean. They really love each other.”

“I’m not talking about that, doofus. I’m saying- he was always getting Peter everything *before*, and now it’s just- god,” he shakes his head, “they really are the perfect couple. I just bet Pete’s going to give birth to a male Alpha.”

“Do you think they’ll name him Steve?” Steve asks eagerly.

Bruce sighs.

They don’t name him Steve. They name him Harley, and Tony hosts a press conference just to brag about him and Peter holds the baby proudly and rumbles happily at his Alpha’s praise.

Bruce watches it online and smiles softly to himself.

It’s kinda nice.
Starker Collar

The supple leather of the collar is so soft. It glides through his fingertips like butter and it’s a dusky, rosy pink and the little clasp is brilliantly gold and engraved in the buckle is T.S.

“Peter-“

“Yes,” he chokes out, looking up at Tony with desperate, desiring eyes. “God, I- yes, yes, yes.”

The older man smiles, soft and slow and earnest. He crouches before Peter so they’re staring into each other’s eyes. Tony, impeccable, in his grey slate suit, and Peter, beautiful, naked on his knees. “You don’t have to say yes right now, baby,” he whispers, pushing forward so their foreheads touch. Peter can breath him in. Cologne and coffee and machine oil. Intoxicating. “I just wanted you to know that it was there. Waiting for you, if you ever decided to make it official and-“

“So, I can’t have it now?” Peter asks, voice breaking and bottom lip quivering as he stares down at the pink strap in his hand like it’s a holy relic about to be snatched back.

Tony’s chuckle pulls him from the brink of sadness, and he’s being kissed hard, the bristles of Tony’s beard scratching at his chin in the best way and- “You can have it now, gorgeous.” Tony promises against him, “If it were up to me, you’d have been wearing my collar the day I first saw you.”

Peter sniffs, and Tony wipes his tears for him. “Really?” He whispers, blinking hopefully.

Tony nods, and Peter hands over the collar and tips his neck up in offering.

Tony’s fingers, those thick, strong, nimble, powerful fingers drag across his slender neck as the collar is fastened. His hands linger there, brushing over Peter’s collar before taking a step back to look at him. Peter realises his eyes have slipped shut and he opens them to see something dark and possessive and sexy in the older man’s gaze. Peter reaches up to touch it gingerly, it feels so good, it feels right- just this side of tight, like a reminder that he’s Tony’s. Peter is his. Finally his. “It feels so good,” he whimpers, and Tony’s eyes darken even more, and his voice is barely more than a husk when he says:

“Fuck, baby. You’re mine.”

“All yours,” Peter agrees desperately, keening forward to nuzzle into knees.

The older man scoops him up and tosses him over his shoulder so Peter squeals. “I’m never letting you take it off.” Tony growls, stalking towards the bedroom.

Peter beams. “Good.”
“Tony,” Happy sighs through the phone and Tony grins around his cheeseburger as he walks down the street. It’s a hot, sunny day and the city is bustling with morning life.

“How’s he doing?” Tony asks gleefully, taking another bite, “is he sweatin’ yet?”

“No, he is not ‘sweating yet.” Happy sighs again, he sure does sigh a lot, Tony thinks. “Because he isn’t here yet.”

“He isn’t- what?” He stops short, shaking his head. “What do you mean he isn’t there?”

“I mean he hasn’t showed up for the interview.”

“That little shit.”

“Really? Really? You’re not here yet.”

“Yeah, because I wanted him to squirm and- it’s my company! I can be late if I want to be late!” He can’t believe the audacity of some people. To be privileged enough to be offered a position as Tony Stark’s personal assistant and then not to bother showing up? Oh what sure- has he found some better offer? He scoffs. As if.

He hangs up on Happy, grumbling to himself and finishing his burger angrily when he gets to his street. The Stark Building is a gleaming beacon of glass in the middle of the high risers, and he tosses his wrapper into a trash can as he heads towards the doors.

“Hey, hey there, c’mon, it’s okay…” a voice croons lovingly, out of place for the bustling New York working day. Tony frowns, turning around to see a very lovely ass hugged by flattering, if cheap, pants. God, it’s a good ass. Two nice handfuls. They must do cycling or something. On closer inspection, it’s a young man, bent over and peering under a car parked on the street, his hand reaching as if he’s trying to get something out.

Tony’s bemused, but it’s a very, very nice ass and the dipshit that was supposed to come for an interview isn’t here so, why not? He saunters over, clearing his throat, just as the young man sits up- with a white, furry bundle in his arms. But that’s not what has Tony’s attention- it’s the face. He knows that face.

It’s the face from the picture attached to the application. It’s the guy who’s supposed to be here for an interview and-

“Oh my god,” Tony groans, as the boy (because really, how does anyone look that young? The kitten probably isn’t helping) “how long have you been here?”

The boy looks star-struck by the sight of him (which yes, good, that’s the reaction Tony typically expects and wants, especially from pretty boys with cream skin and nice asses) and still a little pleased by having freed the kitten, but he obediently glances at his wrist before his jaw drops and panic wells up in his eyes. “Oh my god- oh my god- I’m late! I’m late for-“ he cuts himself off, and dread and dismay take over and jesus this kid has a seriously expressive face. Tony kinda likes it. “I’m late for an interview with you.” He chokes out. “Mr Stark, I’m so- I’m so sorry, I- oh my god- I-“ his face goes a deep pink and he looks like he wants the ground to bury him whole.

Yeah. Tony likes him. “I just got here.” He says, lifting his eyebrows in offering and the boy stares
up at him in awe.

Before he pauses. “But what about Trotsky?” He asks wonderingly.

“What about- have you already named that goddamn cat?”

“Mr Stark, look at him,” he pouts, lifting the kitten and really, the kitten has nothing on how adorable the boy holding him is. He has the biggest, brownest eyes.

Nice eyes, nice ass. Check. Check.

Tony’s impressed. “You’ve got the job.”

He gasps, jumping into the air with glee. It’s like he radiates sunshine. “Mr Stark, thank you, thank you so much, I promise I will not let you down! I’m gonna be the best PA ever, and- it’s such an honour working for you, Sir, really-“

“Yeah, save the flattery for Monday.” Tony teases. “What’s your name, kid?”

“Peter!” He chirps eagerly, stumbling his haste, “Peter Stark- I mean- shit not that- no I-“ he flushes again, and Tony really wants to see how far down that blush goes, and he grins watching the boy stutter. “I just- Parker. My name is… it’s Parker.” He swallows thickly and looks up through this long, girly lashes.

Tony drapes an arm over him, and likes the way he feels tucked into his side. He walks them into the building and another check, Peter just follows him all docile, like a little lamb. “Easy mistake to make.” He consoles, and Peter nods: humiliation and excitement obviously at war with each other. “C’mon, I’ll show you around.”

Mmm, wouldn’t he look nice bent over your desk? A part of Tony chimes, and he hums thoughtfully. Yeah, yeah he would.

“I have this huge Iron Man poster above my bed.” Peter is gushing, and Tony growls approvingly at that. “And I’ve seen- I’ve seen all your interviews ever, Mr Stark…”

Hero worship. It’s good. It’s great. Tony can work with that. “You attached, kid?” He asks, pushing the button for the elevator and catching Peter by the scruff of the neck so he doesn’t keep walking.

The boy falls into line naturally (not questioning the firm hand at his nape at all, another check) and looks surprised. “A-attached?”


“Oh! Oh, no- no, I’m not-“

“Good,” Tony growls, pushing him into the elevator.

The blush goes all the way down, and to add to the checklist- he makes the prettiest, prettiest noises. Except that now, Tony has to buy a fucking litterbox.
Starker, Howard buys Tony an Omega

When Tony gets home to his mom and dad in the kitchen, he knows something’s about to go down.

He eyes them suspiciously and drops his backpack by the door, warily edging into the kitchen. God, what is this about? Do they know about what he did to Jameson’s car?

“Anthony,” his father greets, but he doesn’t sound angry so Tony offers a charming smile.

“Dad.”

“Your mother and I have been talking.”

“Oh, Howard,” his mother beams, rocking on her heels excitedly, “just tell him!”

Howard sighs, but nods. “Well, we decided that since you’re going to be off to college this summer, that we might…get you an Omega.”

Tony lips part in a soundless gasp of awe. His eyes flicker between his parents as he looks for some sign that this is a cruel, horrible joke, but no- no his dad doesn’t tell jokes and he looks serious and expectant and Tony gapes. “My own…my own Omega?” he whispers, voice rough with desire.

“Really?”

“He’s in your room now.” Howard boasts, “the most expensive one. I dare say the boy’s at the club will be jealous.”

“Oh, he’s the sweetest thing, honey,” Maria exclaims, “you’ve never seen skin so lily white, and such a darling, wasn’t he a darling, Howard?”

Howard tips his head in agreement. “I have to admit, I could understand the pricing. Perfect breeding, perfect health-“

“And the most spectacular eyes.” She gushes.

Howard pauses and sighs. “Yes,” he admits, “he did have rather lovely eyes. And lips.”

Tony has never been more eager to go to his room in his entire life. He grits his teeth to resist just running there now because this is the best present he’s ever been given and he wants to be polite.

“Can I go and see him?” He asks, trying to keep his voice level. An omega. He’ll be one of the only people in college to have an Omega, and he’ll have the best one.

“In a moment,” Howard drawls, sounding like they have all the time in the world. “As I said, he’s in your room, but first things first. I know you’ve been taught the basics in school, but just to reiterate: Omegas are sensitive creatures, Anthony. Happy to obey and wondrously sweet and innocent so long as you treat them right. Coax them, and treat them will, you’ll reap the rewards all your life.”

Tony has heard this lecture a million times. He looks to his mom desperately.

She laughs. “Oh Howard, enough. Go on, Tony, dear. I do hope you like him.”

He sprints to his room.

Fuck. Fuck. Does he look okay? What is he saying, he always looks amazing. But still- he hesitates with his hand right above the handle. Fuck. His own Omega. He’s so excited, he’s- this is- a horrible
thought rears its ugly head: what if he doesn’t like him? What if he just doesn’t… does he trust his
dad’s taste? Not so much- but he does trust his mom’s and- he’s overthinking it.

With a flash of Alpha bravery, he pushes the door open.

There, on his king sized bed, is the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

The omega is… is… perfect. Angelic. With fluffy hair and big brown eyes. He looks like he was
crafted by the Greeks, he’s sculpted with long, delicate lines. He’s strewn across Tony’s bed, clad in
a white lace nightgown that cuts off temptingly just below his hips with a peignoir over the top.

He wants to fall to his knees in reverence.

The Omega is rolled up in the bedsheets, and Tony realises- realises with a pang right to his dick-
that he’s basking in the scent of Alpha. His new Alpha. He closes the door and locks it and the
Omega looks up suddenly, a flush crawling up his cheeks as he stares. “Oh!” He exclaims, in a voice
as soft and melodic as wind chimes. Tony’s mouth waters with desire. A pink tongue darts out to lick
at those delicious lips, and the Omega smiles radiantly. “Alpha?” He asks hopefully.

Tony growls; instinctive and loud.

The Omega beams, struggling to sit up from how he’s all tangled up in the blankets, but he manages
it, simultaneously endearingly clumsy and astoundingly graceful. “Alpha!” He exclaims happily,
“I’m Peter! And you smell so good. All the sisters at the Green said Alphas smelt good but I didn’t
know how good!”

Yup. It’s happened. Tony’s in love. He walks forward slowly, drawn to the bed and Peter sits on his
knees, surrounded by blankets and he waves. “The Green?” Tony repeats, voice low, “that’s the…”
he trails off. It’s the most exclusive Omega Centre in the world. It houses the best, the most
expensive, and wow, he really owes his dad for this. “Peter.” He says instead, “that’s a pretty name.”

The Omega purrs with the praise and looks up once Tony reaches the bed. Tony’s- fuck, he’s still in
his uniform, still in the burgundy prep clothes of his private school and oh fuck he can’t wait to see
the look on everyone’s face on Monday when he tells them- he reaches a hand out but isn’t sure
quite where to touch first.

Peter smiles breathtakingly. “Alpha?”

“Tony,” he grits out, eventually deciding to card his fingers through those fluffy Chestnut curls. They
feel amazing. Softer than anything he’s ever felt. “I like Alpha, but sometimes- sometimes call me
Tony.”

“Okay, Tony,” Peter giggles, like it’s naughty, like a kid being given permission to swear, and his
skin flushes red again, and he’s the hottest thing Tony has ever seen in his whole entire life. Lace and
pink and ripe and in his bed. “I like your mom and dad. But I like you more.” He chirps like a little
bird.

Tony can’t form words. He just lets his hands trail down that hair to Peter’s cheeks. Christ, the skin.
The skin is so soft. It doesn’t even seem real. He cups Peter’s jaw in his hands and the Omega sits
docilely, pleased that his Alpha seems pleased. And Tony is, oh he is, so so pleased. He drags his
hands slowly down that slender neck, squeezing once just to feel and groaning when Peter’s eyes
fluter shut. He’s got long eyelashes.

He’s beautiful.
“Mmm, you feel good, Alpha,” Peter murmurs, leaning in to each caress.

“I’m gonna knot you,” Tony chokes out, because he knew it was true the second he walked in.

And Peter, like the perfect, perfect Omega he is, claps his hands excitedly, before flopping stomach-down onto the bed, and canting his hips up invitingly. “Is your cock as beautiful as you?” He inquires innocently, voice muffled slightly from the blankets. Tony palms himself, staring at the open invitation and swallowing hard. Peter’s thighs and his perfect ass and that little hole- untouched and already glistening. He reaches forward to move the lace out of the way and fuck, fuck, it’s all wet, all wet for him.

“You think I’m beautiful, baby?” He asks breathlessly, unbuttoning his pants.

Peter nods, wiggling his hips impatiently and Tony chuckles. Fuck, he’s hit the jackpot. An insatiable, gorgeous Omega. No wonder- no wonder- he was worth every penny. “Very. Like the princes in our story books.”

Tony clambers onto the bed, dick out and aching. Fuck yeah, he knows he’s handsome. He’s fucking handsome as shit, but hearing his Omega say it, the innocent, earnest lilt-

He doesn’t last very long. The impossibly hot, wet clenching hole, Peter’s cries of bliss and the sight of it all- he knots early, but as they both come down from the high, it doesn’t really matter, he’s got the rest of his life to perfect his game. Besides, from where Peter is drooling, sleeping in a pool of his own cum, Tony doesn’t think his Omega minds too much.

The weekend comes before Monday, unfortunately, which means Tony can’t show off his new Omega to everyone at school.

What it does mean, is that he can take Peter out to dinner.

It’s the same with all Omega Centres, but Green in particular. To be raised modestly and simply, to be obedient and at one with nature. Peter certainly is obedient, and he’s humble and sweet as anything. He plays with and sings to the flowers around the house, and wanders behind Tony in wide-eyed awe at the luxury of everything.

The Stark’s live luxurious lives. That’s the way it’s always been.

He’s had to stand in his dad’s study and get lectured about omegas again, while his mom helped Peter create his little nest in the corner of Tony’s room. He’s used all of Tony’s best shirts and Maria had ordered silks and satins and other soft cushions that he cuddles into. The nest is almost as soft as Peter, and Tony feels something very warm and fond lick like a fire in his heart whenever he looks over to see Peter nuzzling there.

But back to being raised simply. Peter’s doe eyes widen, his rose lips part in awe and he offers countless praises to everything he’s shown. It’s addictive. It makes Tony know he’s going to spend the rest of his life spoiling his Omega rotten. It’s clear Howard likes it too, if the way he’s been puffing out his chest and showing Peter their old portrait collection is anything to go by.

Peter is a vision. Maria buys him jewellery and Howard: clothes, and Tony just watches as Peter twirls in his newest silks and embroidered collection from the best designers in the world and kisses Tony’s cheek with each new gift.

Tony takes him out to dinner because spending time with Peter makes him happy (and horny) but also because he loves his Omega and he wants to give him everything.
The restaurant is stunning, like everything in his life, and the owners know him and he and Peter are shown a highly exclusive table with views looking out over the city. Peter sits down, dressed in the soft pink lace that Tony picked, and he gasps at the glinting cutlery, the painted ceiling, the white table cloths and the view. “So pretty!” He exclaims, leaning forward to peer at the candlestick between them. “Tony, look!”

Tony is looking. And so is everyone else in the restaurant. They’re all staring at his, gorgeous Omega and wishing he were theirs. Tony smirks at every single one of them, cockier than he ever. The waiter comes over, eyes carefully on Tony. “Would you like to order, Master Stark?”

Tony glances at the menu, before turning to Peter. “Order something, beautiful. As much as you like.”

Peter blushes, and he demurely glances away. “You order for me, Alpha.”

What a perfect Omega. Tony wants to give him everything. He turns to the waiter. “We’ll have some caviar, some lobster, get me some lamb, steak- some of the pork, all on small dishes, okay? I want him to try everything.”

“Right away, Sir.” The waiter murmurs, disappearing.

“Oh look, Tony!” Peter beams, pointing at the distant lights. “Everything is so amazing!”

“You’re amazing,” Tony whispers, his dick is a little sore from how often he’s been fucking Peter. He picks up his champagne and Peter watches him rapturously. “To us.”

Peter doesn’t drink, but claps like Tony is the best thing in the world. “You look so handsome, Alpha,” he says sincerely, shaking his head as if in awe. His voice drops into a whisper. “I have dreams about you at night.” He confides quietly and Tony stifles his moan into his glass. “I like your suit. You look so smart. Like-”

“You like me in anything as long as it has a blazer,” Tony teases, and Peter flushes pink with agreement.

“You look just like a prince, then,” he points out and Tony chuckles.

Tony picks at his own food, far too distracted by listening to Peter give his verdict on the many, many dishes he’s ordered for him. He wants to know. He wants to know everything about this perfect omega, he wants to know because he loves him and he cherishes him and he wants to know all the things Peter likes and dislikes, all the music he listens to and wouldn’t listen to-

“Oh,” Peter murmurs, when he swallows a biteful of- Tony looks down- the steak. “Oh that’s… that’s so yummy.” He breathes, almost disbelieving, before tugging off another piece.

He eats with his hands, in the delicate, adorable way all Omegas do, and he sucks on his fingers so well and Tony makes a note of it. His perfect little baby likes steak, and he likes it blue. What good taste he has.

Peter breaks off another piece and holds it out across the table, and Tony takes it- sucking on his Omegas fingers until the couple at the table across cough awkwardly.

Tony doesn’t give a fuck.

The steak is good.
Peter is more and more amazed by every dish, mesmerised by the plenty of the world. It’s intoxicating watching him. Tony will teach him, get him accustomed to the finer things in life. He’ll shower him in gold and crystals.

Tony has them bring the whole dessert tray over.

Peter stares excitedly at the sweet treats, and Tony grins. Omegas are suckers for sugar.

“Alpha…” Peter murmurs as Tony gestures to the whole tray. “Alpha, I…you’re so…you’re amazing. You’re such a good alpha and-“ tears spring to those beautiful eyes suddenly and Tony wants to aww and laugh at the same time. “I love you so much, you’re the best alpha ever and-“

“I love you more, baby. Shhh, it’s okay. I know, I’m amazing.” He winks and Peter giggles, sniffling as Tony loads desserts in front of him.

It turns out to be a little bit of torture. Watching Peter open his mouth wide to get every single bit of chocolate cake in, seeing the white whipped cream catch on his lips- the way he licks them, chasing every last drop. Tony’s rock hard under the table.

Peter, predictably, gives everything five stars and 10/10. It’s so fucking endearing. He’s eating a creme brûlée topped with strawberry mouse when he moans like the perfect picture of lust. A waitress sighs longingly, and a few other guests look over to catch a glimpse as Peter tips his head back and sighs like he’s orgasming from the taste of the dessert.

Jesus fuck, Tony’s friends are going to be so fucking jealous. Should he put whipped cream on his dick and wait for nature to take it’s course? Peter wouldn’t be able to resist.

“Tony.” Peter gasps, holding a little square of creme brûlée topped with mouse and stumbling over his words in his hastened excitement. “You have to try these! They’re so sweet- it’s like- almond? And and they’re s-soft and they melt and it’s got chocolate right in the middle!”

The Alpha grins, amused, and rests his chin on his hand. “I’ve have it before, baby. You enjoy them.”

Peter pouts, devastated and longing. “But…but…but I’d enjoy them more if I shared them with you. The sisters always said sweets are for sharing.” He offers it again, eyes sparkling hopefully.

Tony is so gone for him, it’s ridiculous. “Will I be able to deny you anything?”

The Omega grins, apparently taking this as a yes as he leans forward a little more. He giggles, and mimes opening his mouth. Tony resists for a moment, just because those facial expressions are adorable. “Say Ah, Alpha,” he whines, a little petulant and fuck, yes, Tony loves him. “I wanna feed my big, strong, Alpha.” An idea occurs to him suddenly, and he lights up. “Can I write to my friends back at Green, Alpha? Pleeeassssse? Can I tell them about you? I want everyone to know you’re the best Alpha ever and-“

Tony leans forward and takes the creme brûlée.

For some reason, here, with Peter, it tastes better than it ever did before.
The Alpha Kappa Sigma Fraternity is one of the most prestigious in the world. And, of course, every Stark man has joined.

Tony’s not a big believer in following in other people’s footsteps, he likes to pave his own way out into the world, but at the same time- he recognises the doors that this can open, and he wants to be a part of it.

Except, there’s a hitch.

And that’s the one month college retreat, the test to see if you’re good enough, to see if you’re Alpha enough. Tony is, obviously, but they won’t just take his word for it. A month up in the mountains: hunting, rowing, training, camping and all the other testosterone fuelled Alpha-activities.

It’s situated in a gorgeous mountain lodge, and honestly, Tony is excited. His father has always talked about it fondly, and so did his Grandfather. And so do all his father’s friends. Tony wants to say that he did it. His inner-Alpha yearns for the chance to shrug off society and bare his teeth in the ferocious wilderness of mother nature.

It doesn’t sound like a hitch so far, does it?

But there is, and it’s at the very bottom of the application form in bold script.

**No omegas allowed. If you are an Alpha in possession of an Omega, please ensure you have arranged a suitable arrangement as your omega will not be able to, under any circumstances, join you.**

At that, Tony pauses with the pen in his hand. He’s sat at his desk in his dorm room- it’s a gorgeous dorm room, obviously, he has one all to himself with high ceilings and a double bed. He has a view out onto the campus grounds and in the mornings, the sunlight streams on to him and Peter and suffuses the room with a warm, auburn gold.

He looks over to Peter now, who’s cuddled peacefully on his bed with a big book in his hand. It’s another collection of fairy stories, though sometimes- more and more lately- he’s taken to stealing Tony’s bio-physics books and reading those. He doesn’t understand a lot of it, but he’s smart and quick, and learns just enough to be able to help Tony revise for his exams. Which Tony doesn’t do often- he’s more of a *rely on your natural talent* kind of guy, but it’s hard to resist Peter’s earnest offers.

Everyone loves his little Omega. Peter comes with him everywhere, beautiful and delicate and awed. He sits nestled up to Tony in his lectures, or on the seat next to him in classes and the Professors always murmur over how cute he is, and how surprised they are that Tony has an Omega already. He’s one of three Alphas here to have one, and Peter is the most beautiful by far.

He sets down the paper and swallows hard. How is he going to do this? He can hardly imagine being without Peter. He stands up, picking up his phone and Peter looks up with his big brown eyes. He’s wearing nothing but one of Tony’s tees, designed for broader, more muscular shoulders, so it slips down his little ones and bares that lovely slender neck. “Alpha?” Peter asks, peeking over his book with a smile. “Are you going somewhere? Can I come?”

Tony laughs, but his chest tightens. They *do* go everywhere together. Even if it’s just down to the
vending machine in the study area downstairs. When Tony wants to go on his early morning jogs, Peter wraps up warm in Tony’s coat and pulls on a pair of roller skates and glides just behind him. The lecturers all say what an adorable pair they make, and Tony’s pretty sure he’s being marked pretty leniently. He crosses the room and presses a loving kiss onto Peter’s head, “I’m just going to make a call, baby, sit tight.”

Peter looks slightly confused as to why Tony isn’t making the call in here, but like a good Omega, he nods and returns to his story.

Tony has to smirk when he spots the illustration on the page. His boy is reading *The Princess and the Pea*, again. It’s his favourite, and Tony’s pretty sure it’s because the prince looks a lot like him. The dark, scruffy hair and the strong jaw- yeah, it’s him alright. All the stories in the collection teach Omegas to be good and perfect and delicate and soft, and Peter is all of those things without trying.

How can Tony bear to be to be apart from him?

His mom answers the home phone, which is a bit of relief. “Stark Residence.”

“Mom?”

“Tony, sweetheart! How are you, darling? Is everything going well? How’s Peter? Are my two boys happy?”

He rolls his eyes, leaning against the wall with an exasperated chuckle. “Yeah, mom, we’re fine. I just- I was looking at the fraternity retreat and- it says no omegas?” His voice shakes a little and he closes his eyes. He just loves Peter so much.

“Oh, yes, of course! Oh, we’re happy to take him for a month. I’ve missed him! Your father will be happy, he’s just bought a new antique collection of glass wear. We’ll send the car for him.”

“Yeah, mom, that’s great, but- but-“ he’s eighteen years old, and he’s a little unsteady and he needs, he wants-

“Oh, Tony, darling,” his mother murmurs, her voice gentle and knowing. “The time will fly, I promise you. You’ll miss him, of course, and he’ll miss you, but you can call him. We’ll take care of him. Oh, my baby,” she clucks her tongue sympathetically, “my poor boy, let me get your father. He’ll be able to explain it better than me.”

Tony feels small, and he sniffles. “Thanks, mom.”

He hears rustling about, before the phone is taken and his dad’s voice comes through. His mom’s already explained the situation. “Absence makes the heart grow fonder, Anthony.” His father begins and Tony pinches the bridge of his nose. “I know it may seem difficult, but there’s nothing better for a young Alpha then the fresh mountain air. You know, when I was your age, it was the first time I’d ever caught a trout by myself- I tell you, you remember the weight of your first catch- the thrill, it’s exhilarating. It speaks to something very primal in ourselves and-“

“Dad,” Tony sighs, soft but firm, “I haven’t even left yet, and- I already miss him.”

His dad coughs a little awkwardly, as if uncertain how to navigate the murkier waters of emotion. “Well, son, that’s- that’s natural. Let me pass you to your mother-“

“Howard.” His mother’s voice warns.

Howard sighs. “It’s best to cope with it now, Anthony. You can’t never be apart from your Omega
your whole life. There will be times when separation is necessary. But you’re young, you’re in love—be it a few miles or the other side of the world—distance won’t dampen your affections.”

“Oh, Howard,” Maria murmurs softly, and Tony half-smiles.

“Thanks, dad.”

He knows that. He knows that, but he needed to hear it. He tucks his phone back into his pocket and takes a deep breath, before heading back into his room. He stands at the foot of the bed and Peter looks up; pleased at the sight of him (as always) and sets his book down, perching on his knees as he stares up at his Alpha: aware that something is about to happen. “Baby,” Tony murmurs, trying to keep his voice level, “I’m gonna- I’m gonna have to go away for a little while.”

Peter cocks his head, hair a little rumpled still from sleep, those curls are intoxicating and adorable. Tony reaches a hand out to caress them and Peter shuffles forward obediently, leaning into the caress. “Away?” He repeats curiously, “to where?”

“The Rocky Mountains,” he says softly, still carding his fingers through those impossible soft strands. How is he going to go without this? “It’s for an Alpha retreat- so I can get into the fraternity that all the men in my family went to. It’s good for me.”

Peter smiles, pleased by this. “When are we going?”

“Ow.” “Well, see, baby,” Tony murmurs, swallowing hard, “it’s…that’s a tough one,” he lets out a humourless laugh, but Peter is still staring at him with those clever, loving, whisky coloured eyes. “You can’t come, Peter.” He grits out, as gently as he can, “you’re going to stay with my mom and dad. They’ve missed you, they can’t wait to see you-“

“What?” Peter asks, leaning back and out of Tony’s reach. His eyes get impossibly bigger and his lips part in a soundless gasp of pain. “Why- did I- did I do something bad? Was I- was I a bad omega?” Tears well up in his eyes, and a look of utter self-loathing spreads over his face and Tony blinks back his own tears and hauls his boy in for a hug. It hurts because he feels so right, so good in his arms.

“No, no, baby,” he hisses venomously, “you are perfect. You’ve never done anything bad. I love you more than anything.”

“I love you,” Peter weeps, his hands tight on Tony’s shoulders, nuzzling desperately into the crook of his neck. “I can be- I can come, I’ll be good and quiet, and-and-I won’t disturb anyone. I promise, I just- I just wanna be with you, Alpha, please…” his pleading breaks off into little hitching sobs, and Tony’s eyes sting fiercely.

Fuck it. Maybe he should just break the rules- He’s Tony fucking Stark. If he wants his Omega to come, then his Omega is going to come and- and- his dad’s words ring in his ears. It isn’t feasible to think that he and Peter will never have to be apart from each other. And he doesn’t…he doesn’t want to start off his life in this fraternity as the douchebag who feels that nothing ever applies to him. “No, baby,” he says, more firmly, pulling back and cradling Peter’s hands in his own as he looks into his eyes. “I’m going to miss you so much, but this is good for me. Don’t you want that for me?”

Peter’s nose is red and his cheeks are wet, and his bottom lip quivers. He looks like someone’s ripped his heart out and crushed it right in front of him. Every fibre of Tony’s being aches. But his omega, his perfect, perfect boy, just nods slowly. “I want- I want that for you.” He whispers, and he pulls their combined hands to his chest and holds it there, his eyes slipping shut, his eyelashes all clumped together, “it hurts, Alpha,” he weeps, “here.” He presses Tony’s hands into his heart.
A tear slips out before Tony can help it, and he tips Peter’s chin up to kiss him softly.

His omega leans into it for a second, before pulling back. “How long?” He asks, barely above a whisper, “how long will you be gone?”

“A month-”

“A *month*?” Peter wails, throwing his arms around Tony desperately and hugging him so tightly that Tony’s impressed that it actually hurts a little, he hugs him back, more mindful because that Omega skin can bruise so easily and that’s not fun unless it’s after a particularly satisfying session of sex. “I’m gunna miss you. Nobody’s as good as you, you’re my favourite person in the world,” Peter confesses into his chest and Tony loves him so much it hurts.

His mom and dad were right.

The plane ride had been akin to hell, knowing that every minute that passed he was further and further from his boy, but then the view had given way from clouds to peaks, and Tony and all the other Alphas had stared out in awe.

The cabin is rustic and magnificent, somehow even better than his father had described. The air is cleaner, purer, fills up his lungs in a way he didn’t know his lungs could be filled up.

He still aches, but- but the ache is distracted by how *right* it feels to be here. How good his inner-Alpha feels when they shoot deer and catch fish and roast the spoils over an open fire. He meets another Alpha too- wiry but clever and funny in a snide kind of way- named Stephen. They partner up for the exercises, because they work well together. Stephen’s all about pre-planned game plans, and Tony’s about winging it, but together, they make it work.

“Do you miss your Omega?” Stephen asks, as the two of them help one another scale an impossibly difficult glacier of ice.

Tony kicks the dagger in his boot into the wall and pushes up a little more. His legs burn and strain and he’s never felt so pushed to the limit, so good before. “How did-*“ he has to catch his breath, “how did you know I had one?”

Stephen snorts, reaching down to help Tony onto the jutting shelf of ice. “We may not have been introduced, but you’re infamous. Also, I sit behind you in Engineering.”

“Oh,” Tony grins, and Stephen laughs. They work their hooks out of the wall to replant them. Puffs of ice hover in the air after each word they speak, before dissipating into nothing. “Yeah, I- I miss him.” A *lot*. He’s trying not to think about it really. Trying not to think about the fact that every time he sees a flower peaking up in the snow, or a beautiful animal run across his peripheral- he tries not to think about calling Peter’s name so he can come and see it too. How excited his boy would get, how he’d try to follow some dangerous animal into the woods just to offer it some food.

“First phone calls allowed tomorrow,” Stephen reminds gently, “are you gonna call him?”

In truth, Tony doesn’t know. Just talking about Peter like this hurts. It’s easier if he doesn’t think about it. What if hearing his voice just makes the pain unbearable? And Tony has to go home?

When the first Sunday comes, and the first phone calls are allowed, he watches the other Alpha’s line up. A few of them don’t bother, and decide to go and try their luck skating on the frozen lake before they all have to hammer it out tomorrow for rowing.
Tony thinks Peter would love iceskating. His boy is a natural on roller blades, he’d be just as elegant on ice.

As the hours pass and the line goes down, his palms itch. He wants to- he wants to know how Peter’s doing, he wants to-he has to know.

He calls home.

He’s not expecting Peter to pick up the phone.

But it is, the lovely sweet lilt of his Omega. “Stark Residence,” he chirps, and he sounds- he sounds okay, he sounds- he sounds happy and normal, and not teary and anguished like Tony feared and- and he doesn’t know what to say. “Hello, Stark Residence?” Peter says again, and his voice drops into a little whisper. “Are you shy?”

Tony laughs, he can’t help it, and then he hears the gasp.

“Tony!” Peter practically screams, so loud he thinks his eardrum might burst. “Alpha! It’s me! It’s Peter.”

“I know, baby,” Tony grins, shaking his head fondly, he can sense Peter’s excitement through the phone. “I was just calling to see how you were doing. You okay?”

“Yeah!” Peter exclaims, “Mrs Stark took me shopping with her and and- she brought a pretty new bag, and she got me some pretty shoes and and- we got to have cake for dinner and I got two whole slices! And- and I wanted to save you a slice, but Mr Stark said no because he said it would go bad, but I don’t think chocolate does go bad, but I had to eat it, I’m sorry,” he must be pouting, Tony thinks, thoroughly entertained. “And- and I wrote to Green just like you said and- I told MJ and Ned all about you and they didn’t believe me, so I’m gunna send them a picture of you so they can see how handsome you are and- oh! I miss you! I miss you and I love you and- are you having fun?”

It’s an energetic blur and Tony’s can’t believe he even considered not calling. He feels stronger for it, his heart beats harder and he feels like he could do anything. “I am having fun,” he says, “there’s so much snow, and I feel good. I feel like my inner-Alpha needed this. I’m also going to take you iceskating when I get back.”

“You feel good?” Peter chirps, and Tony smiles.

“Yeah, baby, I do.”

A little more doubtfully, “will I like iceskating?”

Tony laughs that time. “I think you will.”

That’s all Peter needs, and he sighs happily. “When you come back,” he whispers, and Tony knows this tone of voice and he smirks expectantly, “can we- I miss your knot. I- my fingers aren’t your fingers, and-and your bed smells like you but you’re not here and my hole- it wants you and I want you and-“

Fuck, fuck. “Yeah, baby,” Tony murmurs, a little breathless and a little hard in his pants, “you’ll get my knot. First thing I’ll do is knot you good, because you’re such a good omega, aren’t you?”

“Your good omega,” Peter gasps wantonly, and Tony’s jerked out of his lust-filled craze by Stephen’s unimpressed look.
“As lovely as listening to your phone sex is, Stark, you only have five minutes.” He informs him dryly and Tony gives him the finger, cradling the phone to his ear.

“So, baby, I only have five minutes before I have to go, anything you wanna tell me? It’ll be a week before I can call again.”

Peter thinks about it for a second, before his sweet voice drifts back. “Will you talk, Alpha? I’ve missed your voice.”

Tony’s normally one to let Peter chatter away, but who is he to deny his Omega anything? He tells him about how beautiful it is, and how one day he’ll bring Peter up here and they’ll have their own cabin. He tells him about Stephen, and the fish he caught and by the time his time is up, Peter’s voice is sleepy on the other end. “How was that, baby?”

“S’good,” Peter murmurs, “‘m gonna dream of you.”

Tony smiles, silly with love, and he chuckles. “I’m gonna dream of you, sweetheart.”

And he does.
“Dad,” Harley warns, eyes wide and pleading. “Promise- can you just be cool? Please? For once in your life?”

Tony snorts, rolling his eyes as he reaches for an apple. He tosses it up into the air and catches it with his opposite hand. “I’ll have you know, kiddo, that when I was your age, I was considered very groovy.”

Harley looks like he wants to die. He keeps shooting nervous glances out into the hallway. Tony’s not sure why he’s worried. Well, actually, he is sure. Harley has a boyfriend. It’s serious, which is unusual for his boy, to put it kindly. He’s a lot like his old man: a player.

Still, Stark’s have been known to settle down when someone amazing enough wanders into their lives.

Not Tony- but- others.

So, whoever it is, he must be something special. Especially to have his son this worried about it. Harley is popular, obviously. Football captain, tall, with his hair in dark brown surfer-waves and an easy-going smile. He has an infinite number of friends and hosts hundreds of parties. Tony knows because he’s asked to stay downstairs and not stray to the penthouse on those nights.

Really, the nerve of kids these days.

But Tony can’t help take pity on him. Harley’s nervous, and he’s wearing all his most expensive clothes. His dark jeans and a glossy, clean black tee with with some forest green plaid over the top. His hands keep slipping into his pockets, and then back out, and then back in and Tony takes a bite of his apple and sighs.

“Relax, buddy. I’m serious, it’s gonna be okay-“

The doorbell rings.

Harley jumps, and shoots his dad another warning glare, before disappearing around the corner.

Tony thinks about how to stand. Is he gonna be reading this kid the riot act? That might be kinda fun, he can cross his arms and furrow his eyebrows and say if you ever hurt my son, I will hunt you down and kill you.

He looks up when his son comes back, holding hands with a- with a-

With the most beautiful boy Tony has ever seen in his whole life.

He’s a fair bit smaller than Harley, daintier too, with little arms and legs and such delicate features. He’s smiling, a blush on his cheeks and he’s- well, goddamn, he’s the cutest, sexiest thing he’s ever seen. He’s wearing shorts, and an oversized pink pastel sweater that slips down one of his shoulders, and what look like ballet pumps on his feet, the ribbons lacing up around his ankles. He’s shy, and a little behind Harley, who also looks nervous, but calmer now, with his boyfriend here.

Right- fuck, right his son’s boyfriend. Not the boy with the loveliest lips Tony’s ever seen. How
good would they look wrapped nice and tight around his big fat coc-

“Dad,” Harley beams, nudging the boy forward gently, “this is Peter.”

Peter, what a perfect name for a perfect beauty. “Mr Stark,” Peter breathes, holding his hand out and Tony takes it. God, the boy’s skin is so soft. It’s like a caress as it gets engulfed in Tony’s larger, calloused one. He lingers for a second too long, but Peter doesn’t notice. “I’m such a huge fan of yours.” He gushes.

Tony blinks in surprise but Harley just laughs. “He’s a real nerd.”

“I am,” Peter says eagerly, still staring up at Tony in awe. “I’ve read-I’ve read your concept on fusion in space at least eight hundred times, Mr Stark, the way you circumnavigate the issues of mass is- it’s a work of art, really.”

Is Tony in love? If it were anyone else, there’d be red flags. Someone who knows that about him, so keen to meet him, must just be using Harley to get access to Stark tech. But no, there’s energetic, embarrassed earnestness to Peter’s compliments, he’s babbling like he’s meeting a celebrity and he’s still staring with those hero-worship laden eyes and Tony is very glad he’s standing behind the counter, because his dry throat he could explain, but his erection? Probably not.

“I wish he was lying,” Harley sighs, smiling as Peter falls back to his side, they share a little smile and fuck, they are cute together. “But he actually has. He talks about you all the time.”

Feelings are warring inside him. He’s not sure how to deal with it. He nods, and takes another bite of his apple. “So, how’d you two meet?” He manages to grit out. Harley gives him a strange look, but Peter giggles and he’s distracted.

Harley’s arm wraps naturally around Peter’s tiny shoulders, and the smaller boy cuddles into him. “It’s a nice story, actually, isn’t it, Pete?”

Peter nods, a blush on his cheeks. “You tell it, Harley,” he whispers endearingly, and Tony doesn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He holds his apple so tight he’s afraid he might puncture it with his fingertips.

“Peter’s a cheerleader on the squad, and during one of the games he…”

Tony doesn’t hear the rest of the story. All he hears is cheerleader, and all he can do is stare at Peter and picture him in a cheerleading uniform. Does he wear a skirt? Fuck. Fuck, he has to- he’s starting to get really hard. He realises that they’re both looking at him, so he smiles and nods. What should he say to a story he hasn’t heard? “Cute.” He manages.

Harley sighs, like somehow, even by hardly saying anything at all, Tony’s still managed to be uncool. “C’mon, Pete, let’s go to my room.” He takes his hand and tugs him away. As easy as a baby lamb, Peter follows happily, turning back to wave with a gorgeous smile at Tony.

“Bye, Mr Stark! It was nice meeting you!”

Tony barely needs two strokes before he’s spilling his release into his hands.

It doesn’t get easier. It gets much, much harder.

Peter’s over all the time now. Harley invites him to stay for dinner because how could Tony object? He can’t make up some imagined slight against the boy. Peter is the perfect picture of politeness and kindness and he always insists on doing the dishes even though Tony has a cleaner for that.
So, Tony has to sit there, nodding and pretending he isn’t hard as a rock under the table, as Peter moans after every piece of food like it’s the best thing he’s ever tasted. He has to sit there and watch as Harley and Peter tell him about their days and he has to act like this is normal, like he doesn’t dream about his son’s boyfriend riding him each night.

They come home after school one day, when Tony’s just making himself a quick coffee, and he double takes.

His son’s all trussed up in his football uniform, mucky with mud and dirt and victory, and Peter is glued to his side, eyes adoring, in a blue pleated dress and pompoms spilling out of his backpack. Tony can’t look away from those long, gorgeous legs and barely hears Harley when he says that he scored the winning point.

How would they feel wrapped around his waist? As he pounded him into his bed- what noises would he make-

“Can Peter stay over, dad?” Harley asks, and Tony’s dragged back to the present.

“Uh-“ a semblance of good parenting comes back to him. Crap, should Peter be allowed to stay over? Well, it’s not like either of them can get pregnant- and they’ve probably already had sex and- he should not think about Peter and sex together because it makes him a little hazy and- “Sure, buddy, why not?”

Harley smiles, and Peter blushes, burying his face into Harley’s shoulder.

And now Peter’s over all the time. Tony sees him in the mornings, sleep rumpled and adorable and clumsy and he lets himself reach out to steady the boy, lets his hands linger and stray just a little too long, just a little too slow on that warm skin.

He gets home to Peter in Harley’s sweaters, half asleep on the couch with a textbook under his face and half-asleep, as Harley plays a video game right beside him. Tony does his best to be a good dad, he ruffles his son’s hair, greets Peter with a tight smile, and heads down into the lab to thrust into his fist work on some tech.

And then one day he comes home to Peter sitting on the couch, wearing one of Harley’s plaid shirts and some very short shorts, and he’s typing away on his laptop. Harley is nowhere to be seen. Tony swallows hard and hangs up his coat. “Hey, Pete,” he greets as casually as he can, strolling in.

“Where’s Harley?”

Peter looks up, smiling. “He had to go help Harry- flat tyre.”

Tony nods. “You didn’t go with him?” You stayed here to torture me?

“I had homework,” Peter murmurs apologetically, his eyes are so sweet and so kind and Tony collapses into the armchair, loosening his tie and nodding.

“Wish my boy was as conscientious as you.”

Peter sets down his laptop on the coffee table and crosses his legs, giving Tony his full attention. It’s hard not to preen under the adoring weight of that gaze. “Harley is super smart,” Peter fawns, “he’s the smartest person ever. Aside from you, Mr Stark.”

Fuck, he’s gonna get hard again. “That’s- that’s kind of you, Pete-“
"Are you stressed, Mr Stark?"

The question surprises him, and he blinks, frowning a little. "No, no," he sighs, worrying what kind of picture he makes. "I'm okay-"

"I give really good massages. My aunt says so." He lifts up his little hands, wiggling his fingers and grinning. "I could help?"

God, he’s so fucking endearing. So sweet and eager to help. Tony should say no.

He obviously doesn’t say no.

How they end up there, he’ll never know, but he won’t ever complain about. Lying face down on his bed as Peter straddles him and rubs his hands just right into all the knots in his back- Tony feels tensions he didn’t even know were there ease away. He grunts appreciatively and tries to memorise the warm weight of Peter on top of him so he can use it when he gets himself off.

"I really love Harley, Mr Stark,” Peter whispers, and Tony feels happiness well up inside him.

That makes him feel good. Knowing his boy is loved by someone as good as Peter Parker. “That makes me very happy, Peter. Harley loves you too.”

“I really want things to work out between us.” Peter continues and Tony arches an eyebrow into the blankets, a little confused.

“I’m uh…I’m sure they will, Peter.”

“That’s why what happens between us- Harley can’t ever know.”

Tony’s eyebrows furrow together in confusion, and he tries to sit up. Peter gets off him obediently, but as soon as Tony’s sitting the right way up, he straddles him and Tony jerks. “Peter- Peter what the hell are you doing-“

Peter cocks his head curiously, his arms wrapped around Tony’s head and he grinds forward, just a little.

Their dicks rub together and Tony grits his teeth so hard it hurts.

“You do, don’t you?” Peter asks, reaching down to unbutton his shorts. His eyes are warm and brown and still so sweet and Tony just stares as the denim is pushed down to reveal pink lace panties- *jesus fuck*. “Want this? Did I read it wrong? I thought you were sending me signals?”

Tony can hardly breathe. He can smell the dizzying, intoxicating smell of Peter and fuck, those lacey fucking panties and Peter’s beautiful, tiny little cock, so hard already. Hard from massaging *Tony*. “Peter, we- we can’t.”

“Tell Harley,” Peter finishes, nodding, “I know,” he’s a little breathless now, and he pushes Tony’s shoulders so he collapses onto the bed and unbuttons Tony’s pants, he doesn’t pull them off all the way, just far down enough that he can grab Tony’s cock.

Tony curses, Peter’s soft hand feels better than he thought, and he grasps his dick firmly, twisting his wrist just fucking right-

“I’m still a little wet from Harley,” Peter confesses and fuck, *fuck*, should that make Tony even
“Such a pretty cock, Mr Stark,” he praises, and Tony lifts his head just in time to see Peter lean down and press a fucking kiss onto the leaking tip and jesus christ, was this kid made in a lab? Made for them precisely? “Just as pretty as Harley’s,” another kiss, and a little kitten lick and Tony’s trying to keep his hips pinned down but fuck, he wants, he wants so bad.

“The beautiful boy nods, and then he sinks down.

Tony thinks he might pass out from the pleasure, because everything burns into white and he’s never known a tight, wet heat like this before. It’s bliss. It’s bliss-

“Ohh,” Peter moans, tossing his head back as he rocks his hips, a pretty pink flush crawling down his throat. “You’re- you’re bigger than Harley,” he admits and Tony has to bite his tongue from cumming right then. “Feel so good, Mr Stark. I-I kept thinking about you. A-ah, I knew you wanted me but- I-I thought maybe I could resist, but I can’t, oh-ah-ah-” he pulls off just a little, only to slam back down and Tony’s trying to not spill over now- not this early, he’s staving off his orgasm, but it’s so hard when all he wants to do is bury his seed deep, as deep as he can- “Oh god, daddy,” he cries out, bouncing with a little more gusto, his hands steady on Tony’s chest, “will you fuck me, daddy?”

Holy shit, it’s so fucking wrong, and yet it’s all the ammunition Tony needs. He flips them over, animal strength pouring into him as he pushes the boy onto his hands and knees and grasps a hold of his hips. This- this is better, this is better, he can see it now, that greedy little hole, it just needs to be full of Stark seed-

He hammers into him, and Peter mewls deliriously, slamming his hips back into every thrust, their cries filling the room, the penthouse- the strayed line of tension between them finally snapping and it feels so fucking good and-

Tony makes spaghetti when Harley gets home, and the three of them eat it like a family.

Peter shifts a few times in his seat.

Harley and Tony try not to smile.
Tony wakes up slowly, to sharp pain in his throat and an inability to breathe through his nose.

He groans when he realises he’s sick.

That’s great, that’s just what he needs. First week home for summer from college, and he’s contracted some delayed flu-virus that makes swallowing feel like his throat’s swollen to a degree that should make breathing completely impossible.

He goes to sit up when something brilliantly ice-cold presses against his forehead and he sinks back into the pillows with a moan of relief. He opens his eyes to see Peter, of course, his little angel, with a gentle smile, holding the icy wet flannel over his Alpha’s forehead. “Don’t get up, Alpha,” Peter says gently, “you’re sick.”

Tony sighs. “I think you’re right,” he manages, his throat convulsing painfully with every word. “God, Peter can I have something to dri-”

There’s fine china gently nudging at his lips and he would roll his eyes if he didn’t think it would make him dizzy, and he holds his head as steady as he can as Peter tips the cup. It’s tea, Tony thinks, with an unusual taste and it soothes momentarily as it goes down- just a little too hot, which makes him feel like the germs in his throat are getting a good kicking. “It’s ginger and leaf tea,” Peter informs him, pulling the cup away once Tony’s drained half of it, and picking up a napkin to dab at his mouth.

Tony pulls away from the pampering, struggling to piece it all together. How does Peter have everything all ready?- how did he- he sits up, the icy flannel slipping down his face while Peter’s dainty hands fret to push him back down, but Tony doesn’t stop until he’s propped up by the headboard and he can see his room.

The windows are all open, and the warm summer sunshine seeps in through the early morning. There’s- he blinks, there’s medicine and nasal drops and lozenges and fresh sheets all folded on his desk. And on the bedside table- there’s tea and soup and sparsely buttered toast- little warm bread rolls too, tucked into the side and almost bursting with meat filling. “Did you- baby, when did you get this all ready?” Every word hurts to choke out.

Peter shushes him. “I woke up a few hours ago,” he admits, “you were really hot, and I knew you were gunna be sick and I wanted to be ready.” Peter winks at him cheekily, “be a good little Alpha and lemmie take care of you.”

Tony swats at him but misses by a mile.

Peter coos at him delightedly, before lifting up the tea. “Drink.” He insists lovingly, and Tony does.

Omegas are made to care, and it’s clear Peter’s in his element. Luckily, Omegas can’t catch the same viruses as Alphas, so Peter’s happy enough to come in and out of his room, and snuggle right up to him, while Howard calls good morning from the safety of the hallway. Tony drifts in and out of deep sleeps, but every time he wakes up, be it dark outside, or the heat of the afternoon, Peter is there with some new delicacy, and there’s a freshly cut bouquet of flowers on his desk (he’ll find out, when he’s better, that Peter would roam the Stark gardens picking out flowers he thought were even a hundredth as beautiful as Tony).

He wakes up and it’s pitch black outside, but the lamp in his bedroom is on and casts a warm golden
glow over them. He snuffles a little, and sees Peter put down his book and smile, carding his finger’s through Tony’s hair. He leans into the caress. “I made you some warm, nutmeg cookies,” he murmurs, and Tony’s mouth waters, “you can’t have chocolate, but these are sweet and yummy, just like you.”

Tony feels lips kiss his cheek, and then in a haze of wonderment he’s fed bitesize pieces of cookie that melts on his tongue- flavours like chestnut and oak bursting across his mouth, and he notices with some small relief that it hurts to swallow just a little bit less.

After the cookies, Peter gives him a spoonful of medicine that’s sharp like lemons but it numbs him, and then through muffled ears, he hears his boy reading to him.

Old Omega fairytales, about omegas lost in the woods, tempted by evil, only to be saved by an Alpha. Of Alpha’s crooning to fair omegas trapped in towers- he dreams of spires and dense forests and Peter in a crown.

Everything aches, and he feels remarkably feeble considering he’s been lying in bed and sleeping for the past three days, as he shuffles to the bathroom. Peter keeps licking his neck apologetically, calling him big and strong and brave and it should be patronising, but it’s not. It’s just lovely. He feels like he’s in a nice warm embrace.

There’s already a hot bath run for him. The water is pink and Peter’s obviously put something in it. It smells like strawberries.

As his omega helps him strip, he manages to give him a little wink and Peter nuzzles him and says coyly: When you’re better.

He’s left alone for a while, to sink into the bliss of the liquid. It soothes him, and he’s almost back to sleep when Peter comes back, deliciously naked though Tony realises sadly that he can’t even get an erection in this state-

The boy climbs into the bath with him, and bathes his Alpha.

His hands are like magic, they work into every muscle, they run through his hair, tangling and untangling in tantalising strokes. The steam helps him breathe better, and Peter rinses him off, doing all of the work, before towelling him dry. Peter looks in his element like this, his face happy and pleased at getting to care for his alpha, at helping him get better.

It’s the same look that Peter gets whenever Tony comes top of the class, or punches another Alpha in the face for murmuring suggestive things to his boy. It’s pleased, and proud, and completely in love.

When he gets back to his bedroom, the sheets have been changed, and they’re crisp and cool underneath him. Peter snuggles up to him and feeds him sourdough and chicken soaked in gravy, and then steamed carrots all with his dainty little fingers, and Tony hopes his boy knows how much he loves him. He loves him so much and-

“I know, Alpha,” Peter giggles, a little shy, as he lifts some fruit cake he make to Tony’s lips.

Ah, he’s been talking out loud.

He sucks on a lozenge and falls asleep, and knows that whatever happens, Peter will be right there beside him when he wakes up.
Starker, possessive/jealous Tony

“Everybody there wanted you.” Tony hisses, tugging Peter back onto his cock as the boy yelps, breath leaving his body with every forceful thrust. “Did you see the way they were looking at you? At my boy? Could you feel them- their eyes practically undressing you right there in front of me-“

“I didn’t-“ Peter chokes, face pressed into the cold panes of the window as the brilliant New York lights shine way below. “I didn’t-“ he lets out a high-pitched whine, a little moan as Tony grinds his cock purposely right into his prostate. Peter sobs a little, wantonly, trying to press back but unable to do anything because Tony’s fingertips are clutching his hips tight enough to leave bruises. He’s in control. “Didn’t see anyone but you,” he manages to get out, breath misting against the glass and shivering as that gets him a bristly, approving kiss on the back of his neck.

“Of course you didn’t,” Tony growls, more fondly and less jealous now, his thrusts ease a little, but they’re still so deep, trying to brand him, because- “You’re mine and they all know it. Don’t they, baby?” He grunts, Peter’s hole contracting around him viciously tight, like it’s trying to suck the orgasm right out of him and he has to bite the inside of his cheek, pulling out almost all the way of that sweet, delicious heat, before pulling Peter back onto him. The boy moves easily with every thrust, hands braced against the window and head hanging as he lets out the cutest little hitches and cries.

“Y-Yes- th-they, they know it,” Peter gasps, cumming with a yell, his release splattering against the glass and Tony spills inside of him at the sight. Of knowing he can make his boy come undone like this, of knowing that Peter’s probably been loud enough that everyone out in the hall knows what they were doing.

He plugs him up, and fixes himself up- but grabs Peter’s wrists when the boy goes to do the same. “No, baby.” Tony says firmly, “you’ll go out there like that.”

His boy gets even more looks now. Fucked out and limping and flushed red with shame and desire, and Tony feels jealousy and possessiveness well up inside him at the attention turned Peter’s way and thinks- fuck, now he’s going to have to do it again.
Starker, highschool au first time

It’s just so different from every other time.

It’s like there’s a weight on his shoulders, a pressure itching under his fingernails. It’s different, it matters. It’s not a drunken fumble in the back of the club, or the cheerleader lifting her skirt under the bleachers. It isn’t a quickie in the bathroom between classes or a hunched over and steamy session in the back of a car.

Tony’s had a lot of sex. He’s a high school senior who’s popular, rich and handsome, of course he has. He’s had it with girls and guys and whoever caught his eye at a party. He remembers his first time- with some indeterminable blonde and he hadn’t lasted very long but she’d been too drunk to remember.

This is different.

He almost jumps to his feet when there’s a knock at the door. He wipes his palms on his jeans and opens it to see his boyfriend, Peter, standing there with a duffel bag under his arm and a nervous smile on his face.

The sight of him is at once calming and nerve-wracking. “Hey, baby,” Tony murmurs, because Peter’s obviously a lot more nervous than him, and he wants him to feel better.

“Hi, Tony,” Peter stammers back, a blush already staining his cheeks as he ducks his head. Tony has to tug him over the threshold into the house, pressing a kiss onto his forehead but avoiding his lips. He’s too hyped for that- he guesses Peter is too. “I brought um- my sleep things,” Peter continues, shifting from foot to foot in the corridor, “but I- I didn’t know if I was staying? Should I- should I text my Aunt to come and pick me up after…” he trails off, going even pinker and Tony just wants to wrap him up in a blanket and keep the whole world away. His boy is too precious.

“You’re staying the night, Pete,” he assures, because there’s no way he wouldn’t. Peter nods quickly, one short bob, and then they’re both standing there again.

Peter Parker. Tony knows that it doesn’t matter how many people he pummels in the school hallway, the other students still make jokes. How charismatic, charming, suave Tony Stark, ended up with Penis Parker.

A lot of Tony’s friends think he’s doing it as a joke, and Tony despises them for it.

They can’t see what Tony can see. Sure, Peter’s small, a little gangly with his long limbs and his clumsy eagerness, but he’s beautiful. With his big eyes and his fluffy hair and his tiny little nose. He’s so kind, and funny and sweet and Tony could honestly kiss Mrs Crare for pairing them up in history. He could kiss Ned who texted Peter in that class, he could kiss whatveer act of fate deemed it so that he could peak over Peter’s shoulder and read the messages on the screen.

Ned: dream come tru 4 u rite?

Peter: what do i do????!!? he’s so hot D:<

The stumbling and blushing and inability to make eye contact had suddenly made sense.

That was then, and this is now.
They walk in silence to his bedroom. His parents are gone for the weekend, so it’s perfect really, and Peter had said- Peter had said, because Tony had resolved to never ever push him, that maybe they could have their first time.

It had been sweet and sincere and shy and utterly Peter.

“Oh,” Peter gasps a little as he steps into Tony’s bedroom, taking in the rose petals scattered across the bed sheet. Tony swallows hard, nodding.

“Is it-“ he winces, “too much?” Fuck, is he doing this all wrong? He feels like he’s doing this all wrong. But romance- Peter’s so much better at it than him. Peter’s the one who sends the random texts that make Tony smile, Peter’s the one who always knows when he’s upset- who comes to his house in the middle of the night with chocolate and a shoulder to cry on whenever Howard gets to be too much.

Tony- Tony never does it right. He invites Peter along to the parties he goes to, but it’s clear Peter’s uncomfortable there. He offers to drive Peter to school whenever he can, but is it- is it enough?

“It’s nice,” Peter whispers, and there’s a little smile on his face so Tony relaxes just a bit.

They both stare at the bed.

This matters, here with Peter. It’s the first time either of them have had a relationship- Tony can still remember their third date with a grimace, when he’d slid his hand into Peter’s jeans and the boy had jerked so hard he’d bashed his head into the window of the car and they’d had to go to hospital.

Peter’s a virgin, his brain had whispered eagerly, and the desire had mounted and he’d promptly squashed it. It wasn’t some niche, horny kink- it was his boyfriend, and-and Tony’s first time hadn’t really meant anything to him, but he- he wants it to mean something to Peter.

“Can I go to the bathroom?” Peter asks, voice high and Tony drags his hands through his hair.

“You don’t have to ask, baby, sure.”

Peter sets his bag down neatly, and disappears around the corner.

Tony groans. The weight of this is practically crippling him. He wants to go and see if maybe he could steal some of his dad’s scotch, but he knows Peter won’t want any and-and Tony can’t bear the thought of being even slightly inebriated when it matters this much. He wants it to- it has to be perfect. But how can it be? How can it possibly be?

When Peter comes back, he looks a little calmer and Tony offers a smile. “I’m thinking there’s a lot of pressure? I’m experiencing performance anxiety. You’ll have to forgive me if I don’t last as long as-“

Peter giggles, shaking his head fondly. “Maybe we should watch a movie,” he suggests, “you know- let it be a bit more…” he glances at the bed, “natural?”

It’s a good idea.

It’s a perfect idea. They end up spooning on the petal-strewn bed as they watch an old Friends episode on Netflix. Peter laughs at the jokes he always laughs at and Tony rolls his eyes fondly, and tries his best not to lean down and kiss, or let his hand curl over Peter’s waist the way he wants it to because he doesn’t want to push this. He wants Peter to-
He’s a little surprised when Peter turns his face a little, eyes wide and gorgeous. “You smell good,” he admits and Tony thanks god he put cologne on. Peter’s lips touch his and Tony leans into him immediately, and the two of them are making out and it’s normal and natural and good, just like it is every time they do it.

Tony reaches out with one hand to shut his laptop and nudge it off the bed, as his tongue dips into Peter’s mouth. Peter’s pulling on his hair the way he likes and he flips them over so he can hover above him, and start kissing a wet trail down his neck.

It’s intoxicating- exciting, knowing that they don’t have to stop. Every other time Tony’s had to catch himself, or Peter’s hand will reach out and nudge him back up to PG and Tony has a long, cold shower.

He doesn’t have to do that now.

Peter tugs on the edge of Tony’s shirt with clumsy, impatient fingers, and Tony sits up to pull it off. As soon as he does, Peter’s hands are on him, tracing down his abs and over his shoulders the way he always does. It’s so fucking sexy, the way his nails catch here and there and Tony just shudders with the sensation.

“So handsome,” Peter whispers reverently, and Tony claims him in another, vicious kiss.

“You’re beautiful, beautiful,” he whispers, working his deft hands on Peter’s top until he can see that lovely, pale skin. Peter flushes shyly, but Tony kisses down his chest and then back up to show him that there is nothing, nothing to be ashamed of.

Time doesn’t exist, only Peter does, and that soft skin and those sweet sighs, and then fuck- this is happening-and Tony’s sitting with Peter on top of him, thighs spread on each side of Tony’s thighs and Tony’s hands are shaking as they unbutton Peter’s jeans. He keeps waiting-waiting for the boy to say he’s not ready yet- but Peter just grinds down a little and fuck- he’s hard, he’s hard just like Tony is and he hurries to unbutton them and-

His brain short circuits.

“Are they okay?” Peter whispers anxiously, his fingers tangled in Tony’s thick hair. “I went online and people said their boyfriends liked it when-“

“Fuck. Fuck.” Tony hisses, biting his tongue to stop from cumming right there because his boyfriend is wearing some white lace panties and it’s the hottest fucking thing he’s ever seen. Peter should be the most popular boy in school. He should be worshipped. If people could see him- see him like this, half naked with his gorgeous little cock straining against white lace panties- he’d have no end of dates and party invites.

It’s with a realisation of love so hard that Tony realises Peter doesn’t want that. Peter would never want that. He likes books and science puns and Tony. Not alcohol and parties and football.

“You’re beautiful- you’re- fuck, baby, are you trying to kill me?”

A bright smile spreads pleased across Peter’s face, and he ducks his head into the safety of Tony’s shoulder. “I just- I wanted to make sure you had a good time.”

Tony’s brain is still a little dizzy as he works Peter’s jeans off. “Huh?”

“Cuz I’m not… I know you’ve… I wanted to make sure it was good. For you.” Peter says, muffled against Tony’s shoulder.
Tony tosses Peter’s jeans away and frowns, pushing his boy back slightly so he can look up at him. “What are you talking about, doll?” He cups Peter’s face, as the boy squirms.

Their rock hard cocks are pressed together and wants wants wants. “Just cuz I know I’m not-“ Peter licks his lips and Tony watches the movement like a hawk. “I’m not as sexy as Cindy or one of the others I know you’ve…done it with.”

“Who?”

Peter gives him a look. “Cindy, Tony.”

Tony stares back blankly. “I have no idea who that is, baby.”

Peter whacks him. “You had sex with her!” He exclaims, but his lips are twitching with a smile, and Tony can’t help but kiss him.

“You’re the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.” He promises, and with trembling hands he reaches for Peter’s panties.

Peter catches his wrist.

Tony bites back his groan of disappointment. That’s okay. They did really well today, they came so far- he can- his cock cries- he can wait until he’s ready.

“It’s gunna hurt, isn’t it?” Peter whispers, so quiet Tony’s not even sure he heard it.

Tony looks up immediately, eyebrows furrowing together. “What?” He asks gently, because Peter didn’t do that to stop him, only to stall him for a second. He runs his knuckles softly down his cheek.

Peter swallows hard, like he’s gearing himself up. “It’s gunna hurt, isn’t it? And it’s gunna hurt after- I heard some people talking about it. They said it- they said it really hurts.”

“Baby,” Tony breathes in disbelief, wrapping his arms fully around the boy because he’s the most delicate thing in the world and Tony has to protect him. “No, baby, this is not gonna hurt you. It might be uncomfortable, but I’m gonna try really, really hard to make sure it isn’t, okay? Whatever you heard- that’s not us, okay?”

Peter nods shakily, eyes trusting.

“Wait- did you- did you always think it was going to hurt? And you still…”

Peter blushes again, his hands flat on Tony’s chest. “I wanted to be with you.” He insists, and Tony almost wells up with love for the boy.

This matters, he thinks distantly, as he tugs Peter’s panties over the perfect swell of his ass. As he reaches for the lube and eases in one finger as gently as he can. Peter matters, he vows, as he whispers reassurances and soft phrases of love into his boy’s ear as he fucks him gently with just one finger.

It’s slow and painstakingly arousing, but after he’s got him to three fingers, Tony growls and flips them over and slides down the bed.

Peter cries out so loudly when Tony’s tongue touches him that the more experienced boy has to bite back a smirk. He also has to hold the base of his erection really, really tight because Peter is making the most delicious sounds he’s ever heard in his whole life; little mewls and stuttered cries of his
name- and it’s a power trip, a head rush, and it’s only after losing himself in tongue-fucking him that he realises that Peter is begging, begging for-


Tony moans, but instead of just sliding his thick, aching cock into that gorgeous little hole, he stops, and turns Peter over instead, kissing him softly. “I’m gonna do it now, beautiful, okay?”

Peter nods, spreading his legs eagerly, and canting his hips up.

He’s stunning. But still, Tony waits. “If it hurts you, or you want me to stop or go slow, you tell me, okay? We’re in it together, baby.”

Peter reaches up to peck Tony’s nose teasingly, but there’s nerves in his eyes. He reaches for Tony’s hand and twines their fingers together, squeezing once and nodding, like that’s all the strength he needs.

It’s the purest thing Tony has ever witnessed.

Slowly, slowly, he pushes into that tight, wet heat. Peter is dripping with lube, but he’s still- fuck, he’s so tight, and Tony manages to get his head in, and chokes out a desperate yell because fuck, fuck, he could cum right now. The urge to ram in the rest of the way is overwhelming but Peter’s lips are parted in a wordless plea-

“It’s okay, baby,” Tony promises, rubbing his thumb over Peter’s hip, “I won’t move, I won’t move.” I won’t move.

Peter nods, hole convulsing so fucking tightly it almost hurts, “not yet,” he whimpers, and Tony knows nothing in the world could ever make him hurt his boy.

It feels like forever, being stopped on the precipice there, before Peter’s wiggling a little, and nodding, and squeezing Tony’s hand, and he can slide in another glorious inch. He pauses, but Peter’s panting, breath hitching, and leaking onto his stomach.

He pushes in more and Peter’s legs curl around Tony’s hips. “More,” he whines, tossing his head back and fuck, fuck, Tony does- he slides in as slowly as he can, all the way, buried right to the hilt and groaning loudly into the soft skin of Peter’s neck as his dick is massaged by those delicious walls.

“Is it okay?” He asks breathlessly, “you’re doing so good, baby, you’re doing so good-“

“Feel so full,” Peter gasps, but he’s rocking his hips a little, cock hard and leaking, and Tony holds him gently but firmly, and flips them over so Peter can set the pace. He holds his boy up so as not to impale him too fast, or any deeper, but Peter takes to it brilliantly, bracing himself and grinding his hips a little more vigorously. “Feels- feels so good, Tony, does it- do you-” Peter lets out a little whimper as one angle hits a spot inside him. “Does it- do you- feel good?”

“Baby,” Tony growls, pulling his boyfriend down for a kiss. “It’s the best thing I’ve ever felt in my life.”

Peter’s smile is shy, and a little coy, and he rides Tony so slowly it’s like the most intoxicating form of torture.

Peter doesn’t last very long, but that’s okay, because just the sight of him, and the rapid, desperate clenching of his hole has Tony spilling into him with a grunt.
They collapse, sweaty and exhausted onto a bed of rose petals. Tony basks in the warm afterglow and stares up at the ceiling with pride and love soaring through him. He’s done it, it feels- romantic. He helped his boyfriend have a good first time, and-and he feels something warm and kind curl in his heart. Maybe he can be soft and romantic too, maybe he could buy Peter a bouquet of roses and maybe even write him a sonnet and-

“That was amazing,” Peter exclaims, nuzzling right into Tony’s neck, “can we do it again?”

-Or they could do it again.

Tony can buy flowers and become the new Shakespeare tomorrow.
Starker, fairy peter

So Thor comes to Earth, to the compound where all the avenger’s are living and he’s like “meet my new friend! He’s from the planet Glirigard and he’s their heir to the throne! And he totally wants to join our gang!”

And everyone just looks and it’s Peter, and he’s a little smaller than life size (let’s say 5’0) super dainty, beautiful, with elfin ears and a pixy smile and mischief in his perfect eyes and beauty in his dimpled cheeks. He’s wearing skimpy little angelic white robes. And he has these gorgeous wings and he just flutters a little way off the ground so he can be the same height as everyone else and he just sheds this gold and silver glitter everywhere and all the avengers are staring and Steve’s like:

“That’s a fairy.”

And Thor freaks out and covers Peter’s ears as the little fairy looks around bewildered. “He is not a fairy!” Thor booms. “He is the fae prince of Gilrigard! He is stronger than he looks!”

And Bucky’s like. ._. “dude that’s a fairy”

“He will rain his mighty wrath upon you!”

And Tony is just slack-jawed because ho-ho holy shit that’s the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen and he just wants to see this not-fairy split in half by his cock and-

Peter flits over to Tony and plucks the chocolate chip cookie out of his hand and starts nibbling at it, all rosy and flushed and happy and inadvertently sprinkling glitter all over Tony who honestly doesn’t care because up close the boy is like glowing and ethereal and goddamn gorgeous and Thor chuckles like:

“He will eat every sweet thing in sight. This is common with fae folk, is it not, Peter?”

And Peter smiles impishly, and uses both dainty hands to hold the cookie and-

Tony totally starts leaving sugary treats just lying around so he can watch Peter eat them. He even finds some candy canes because watching the boy’s lips purse while he sucks is- well, it’s fun/torture. Even Steve and Bucky have to watch.

When the sun glints off Bucky’s arm one afternoon, Peter flits over with wide-eyed wonderment and just stares at it adoringly and Bucky’s all happy-

Cue Tony coming in in the full Iron Man suit and Peter just amazed. And then finding out Tony can fly-

“He can’t really fly.” Bucky grumbles, “it’s cheating.”

Tony just flashes him the finger as he and Peter go flying over New York, and Peter just swooping down and being a beautiful fairy to little kids (because he doesn’t seem to mind when a child calls him a fairy)

And Tony’s like, hey I might be falling in love but I don’t think he can join the avengers because eating everything in the snack drawer and getting glitter all over the floor aren’t the most amazing fighting qualities-
When during a big fight, Peter’s trying to achieve speech through words, but even his melodic voice isn’t enough, and the bad guys aren’t listening. Suddenly, Tony gets hurt and Peter just gets so angry and he starts spinning really fast and his wings cut the guy who hurt Tony like the sharpest blades, right through all the weaponry, and his glitter goes red and burns on those he pours it onto-and then Thor tosses him his hammer and Peter catches it and uses it to destroy the bad guys with a bolt of thunder that for some reason is pink and then he just flits down to Tony with his huge worried eyes and Tony is so insanely awed so he kisses Peter right on the mouth (the kid tastes like cupcakes) and says-

“Have you ever had candy floss?”
Starker, Howard buys tony an omega part 4

Tony watches with a bemused smile as Peter ambles over, barefoot through the grass, to present him with another flower crown. This one’s composed of dandelions and foxgloves and honestly, Tony swears that those flowers don’t grow here, but trust them to come out of hiding for Peter. He sets it on Tony’s head, arranging it with the other two and examining his work, before beaming, and kissing Tony’s nose before turning to head back out into the forest that surrounds the park.

Tony catches the hem of his shirt before he can, and tugs him back towards the picnic blanket. “C’mon, baby, I’ve got enough crowns.” He teases, patting the spot beside him, “come and sit with me.”

Peter coos, as if Tony’s the adorable one, and sits neatly beside Tony on the picnic blanket, folds his hands in his lap and stares at him expectantly.

The nineteen year old Alpha rolls his eyes and sits up, stretching out his limbs in the sunshine. The college grounds come to life in the summer months, and in the distance he can hear Alphas playing football, or see people walking their dogs, and a little further off a group of people playing playing frisbee. He reaches for the hamper and opens it, shuffling through the food.

There’s a lot. It was, in hindsight, a mistake to ask Peter to prepare the lunch for the picnic. His omega always gets excited at the prospect of cooking- he doesn’t get to do it very much when Tony’s at college- and he’s made countless delicacies. Tony’s going to gain a lot of weight if he’s not careful. There are jam tarts and bacon sandwiches and seasoned pasta, and little cupcakes and muffins and cookies- there’s a fruit bowl with dragonberries and pineapple and a small cake practically dripping with chocolate.

“Baby,” Tony sighs fondly, reaching for the cake because he knows how Peter like his sugar, “what did I tell you?”

Peter blinks at him innocently. “You tell me lots of things, Alpha.” He says sweetly, “you’re very smart.”

“Smart ass.” Tony mutters, swiping his finger through the icing and holding it out for Peter who suckles on it instantly. Tony lets his gaze linger on those sweet, sweet lips.

“So yummy,” Peter gushes, breaking some of the cake off and holding it to Tony’s lips. “Have some!”

It is yummy. Everything Peter makes is yummy.

His boy is decked out for sunshine, in a pair of tight fitted denim shorts that hug his ass so fucking well, honestly, Tony’s not surprised that they’ve been getting passer’s-by drooling all afternoon, and one of Tony’s faded tees that hangs a bit loose around the collar in a way that makes Peter look younger than thought possible. His chestnut curls tousle in the gentle breeze and his nose is slightly red from the sun. He looks flushed and happy and Tony is glad he made the decision to take a break from revising to enjoy the day.

He reaches for another bit of cake and watches as Peter stares at a grasshopper, crawling after it until Tony grabs his ankle and tugs him back yet again. “Stay,” Tony laughs, pausing when his teeth crunch against almonds. “Is there-“ he frowns at the cake, “Are there almonds in this?”

“Almonds are your favourite!” Peter chirps, and Tony groans. Fuck. He’s going to devour this entire
cake.

“Well, well, well. If it isn’t Tony Stark and his little omega.” Comes a voice as a dark shadow falls over them.

Tony looks up at the sight of Alex: a douchebag Alpha from his BioEngineering Class. “Alex.” Tony greets, watching as Peter shrinks back from the newcomer and edges closer to Tony on the blanket. “You’ve become a cartoon villain since last week. That’s new. Good for you. I think you can make it work- you’ve got the look. Sort of, clownish vibe going on. It’s nice.”

Peter giggles.

Alex glares sharply, before giving a wane smile. His eyes turn to Peter, and Tony sits up straighter in warning. Alex doesn’t heed it. “You’re Peter, huh?” He says, “Oh, everyone just seems to fawn all over you, don’t they?” His voice is sickly sweet.

Peter doesn’t say anything, cuddling into Tony who wraps an arm around his waist and pulls him into his side protectively. His Omega is uncertain and Tony fucking hates this guy for ruining their afternoon. “Sorry, bud,” Tony sighs, “I don’t think he likes you. Whaddya gonna do?”

Alex, the jealous bitch that he is, isn’t deterred. “You’re from Green, aren’t you, Peter?”

Tony watches as Peter shifts, lowering his gaze in confusion. He doesn’t understand, as most Omegas don’t, when someone is mean to them. Why would you ever be mean to an Omega? The precious gems that they are- they’re built for praise and love, and they’ll dedicate their entire lives to you.

“You know, I hear that Green can’t sell off their remaining Omegas. They’re killing the whole lot off. I sure hope you don’t have any friends there.”

Peter’s head whips up, eyes wide and lips parting as a sound of pain escapes. He turns to Tony desperately, tears already welling in his eyes as his hands grab Tony’s shirt; anguish across his face. “Alpha?” He whispers, wrecked. And then, more urgently: “Alpha!”

“You little shit.” Tony growls, getting up. Alex takes a step back, immediately retreating like the coward he is at the sight of a superior Alpha. “You’re gonna tell him you’re lying and you’re gonna apologise or I’ll beat you bloody right here.”

Alex pales, still staggering backwards. “You won’t- you won’t do that. You’ll get- expelled and-“


The bravado-stripped Alpha turns to Peter, who’s teary eyed and concerned, and swallows hard. “I’m sorry, Peter.” He spits out.

Peter ignores him, looking at Tony with his huge brown eyes. “My friends- MJ, and Liz, and Ned- are they-“ his voice hitches, “-are they okay? Is everyone- is it- is it what he said?”

Alex looks contrite now. Weak, as all are, to an Omegas tears. “I was kidding, man.” He offers more softly, “it was a joke, okay? Your friends are fine.”

Peter sniffles, and looks at Tony.
Tony arches an eyebrow at him.

Peter shakes his head.

Tony grins. “It’s my lucky day, Alex.” He beams, “my omega doesn’t accept your apology. And now I get to show him what a fan-fucking-tastic Alpha I am, by beating you to the ground anyway.”

“The best Alpha ever,” Peter cheers, completely brightened now that he knows his friends are fine.

Tony breaks Alex’s nose and one of his fingers while Peter watches and eats a jam tart.

As a reward, he gets a kiss and some cake.

He wants to get Alex expelled but Peter insists that they don’t, that he has one more chance, and Tony sighs. In addiction to putting on weight, he’s definitely going to become a total softie.

Well, there is blood on his fingers, so- maybe not total.
The town is his.

He owns it. He owns every part of it. The sidewalk, the road, the fire hydrants, the trade, the commerce, even the sign that reads *Welcome to Summervale* on the fourth exit off the highway.

The police are in his pocket and the mayor is under his thumb and there isn’t anywhere in this town that isn’t ruled under him, the pseudo-King who smells of cigars, gunpowder and affluence.

“Where too, boss?” Happy asks.

Tony rolls down the window and lets the cigar smoke slip from his mouth out into the dusky, fall air. Summer is here in *Summervale*. Everything is hot and oaky and there’s no one out and about, even in the relatively cool shadows under shop fronts. The parks are deserted and the sweltering heat sends little waves through his vision. Sweat buds just beneath his skin; prickling at the humidity. He feels soothed this way.

At peace.

It’s the perfect time for someone to get a bullet in their kneecap.

“Who’s the genius that tried to go to the FBI last week? Julian something.” Tony drawls, inhaling his cigar again. The taste hovers delightfully in the back of his throat, and the embers burn a burnished gold at the end of the roll.

Happy answers immediately: “Julian Reder. There are some locals who might know, boss. Shall I head to the bar?”

Tony hums thoughtfully. Yes, that might be a nice idea. He’s yet to see his bar. Relatively new, up and running and bringing in a lot of money. He’s filled it with his allies as a place for him to unwind when he’s bored of his lofty mansion on the hill that looks over the whole town. He likes to stare at it some nights, at the lights and the lives and know that he owns all of them and their fates in the palm of his hand.

They get there quickly, and Happy parks right on the side of the road and the two of them head inside.

A small hush falls over the place once Tony steps in, and he smirks, adjusting his charcoal suit and plucking the cigar out of his mouth. “I’ll take a scotch,” he murmurs; pleased by this reception.

The bar is nice. Relatively dark, but blissfully cool and though it’s not full, it’s far from sparse. He recognises most everyone in here- of course he does, he recognises practically everyone in this town, he owns the people- and it’s decked out with burgundy leather and mahogany and low booths. He’s found a perfect spot, and someone puts a scotch on the rocks in front of him, and his coat is taken and he sits down, almost content to purr at how the place runs.

They respect their leader. Good, it’s how it should be. This bar should be a model for the whole town.

Happy goes to find information on Reder from the bar, and Tony contents himself with his scotch, content to peruse the other patrons before there’s a little tapping sound echoing around the room.
He turns, and pauses with his glass on his lips.

There’s a…a boy on the stage. A very, very, very pretty boy and Tony’s gaze darkens. Oh, he likes his pretty things.

The boy stands, relatively small but made of long, slim lines and pearly skin. He’s got the biggest, shiny walnut eyes and these delectable pink lips. He’s clad in an oversized red sweater that slips down over both shoulders to show even more of that pinked alabaster and that gorgeous neck. His shorts, are so short he can hardly see them. Tony’s going to devour him.

He’s about to open his mouth and demand that this boy get brought to him when-

He starts to sing.

“Another bride…another tune…another suuunnny honey moon. Another reason…another season…to make whoopee.”

Tony sets his glass back down in a haze, spilling a lot of his scotch over his fingers but he hardly feels it. All the amber he needs are glinting in this boy’s doe-eyes, all the inebriation is in that voice-an elfin enchantress- angelic- sultry- it’s a melody that strikes a resonance deep in the core of his being.

Oh- oh this boy should not be here. This boy should be in Tony’s bed. Chained there by one ankle and gold cuffs with just enough slack to roam to an open window where he can croon and croon and croon. He should be there for Tony to gaze at, the touch, to listen to whenever he wants. His gorgeous, gorgeous little song bird.

“Boss, word is Reder’s camped out behind the old lib-“

Tony shoves the barrel of his gun hard under Happy’s chin and doesn’t look away from the sexy swaying slip of a thing on the stage. “Don’t. Talk.” Tony hisses, and Happy nods, swallowing hard.

The boy has his eyes half-lidded, not looking out onto the crowd (most of which aren’t looking at him either which must mean that he’s there frequently because you would look at a boy this gorgeous) but into a mist just before him. It’s like he’s on a different plane, existing adrift from all of them. His hips sway and one hand is curled around the microphone but the other one is hovered beside his face, loosely drawing abstract shapes in the smokey air as he loses himself in the song. “A lot of shoes…a lot of rice…the groom is neeervooows he answers twice. It’s really killin’… that he’s so willin’… to make whoopee…” he sings, slow and languid and utterly, utterly perfect.

“Him.” Tony mutters, voice hoarse, once the boy is finished. “I want him. Now.”

Happy scrambles to obey.

Tony watches as Happy approaches the boy on the stage and starts talking to him. The boy looks confused, but not reluctant (good, good boy) as he’s led over.

Soon, he’s hovering by the table, trembling like a leaf in a strong wind and Tony smiles at him, flashing his dangerous white teeth.

“Mr-Mr Stark,” the boy breathes, reverence heavy in his tone, his big eyes have crystals in them even in the dim lighting. He’s too precious.

And he knows who Tony is, of course, but there’s the respect in his voice. The adoration. Everyone should talk to Tony like that. “Come sit down,” Tony suggests, taking hold of the boy’s wrist and
tugging him easily onto his lap.

The boy squeaks, but goes willingly, and soon he’s straddling Tony’s lap, caught between Tony’s chest and the table and up close he’s even smaller than Tony realised. Light and delicate and he rests his large, calloused hands over those long, gorgeous legs as they stretch over his thighs. Tony breathes him in. He smells like dandelions. *Intoxicating.*

“What’s your name, baby?” Tony murmurs softly, nosing at the boy’s neck.

The boy is still shaking, wringing his hands nervously in the front of his sweater. Red is a very good look on him. Nothing might look better, though. “P-Peter P-Parker, Sir.”

“Peter Parker,” Tony repeats in a low voice, his hands sliding up from Peter’s legs to his arms, then to tug at that sweater- pulling it even lower than it already is. Peter flushes but makes absolutely no move to stop him. Clever boy. “Do you like diamonds, baby?” He asks gruffly.

“D-diamonds?” Peter whispers, and his eyes get even wider, “y-yes, they’re- they’re beautiful, Mr Stark, but I’ve- I’ve never seen a diamond in the flesh.”

“You will, sweetheart,” Tony promises, dragging the scruff of his beard along Peter’s collarbones. “I’m going to shower you with diamonds, my little song bird. Do you want that, baby?”

There’s no real choice, but still, like the perfect little thing he is, Peter nods and looks up at him through his long, girly lashes. His hands are still fist ed in his sweater, and Tony wants them on his shoulders, wrapped around his head, tangled in his hair while he screams Tony’s name- but maybe Peter needs to be eased into that.

“The second I saw you, the moment I heard you,” Tony growls, grinding up once just to hear Peter mewl in surprise, “I knew you were mine. Why haven’t I seen you before? Why don’t I know you?” His tone is almost accusatory.

“He’s Mary’s son, Sir.” Happy whispers.

Mary’s son. Dimly, Tony can remember his now dead friend with a small boy. Who knew little Peter would grow up to be so perfect?

Everything in this town is his.

“You’re mine, aren’t you, Peter?” He asks, relishing the satin softness of the boy’s skin under his hands.

“Yes please, Mr Stark,” Peter says quietly, like he’s begging for it, and god, Tony is never going to let this boy leave his sight. He’s going to have this boy split wide open on his cock and then he’s going to get him to sing- all hitched and fucked out and perfect and- it’ll drive him insane in the best way. The boy ducks his head and leans forward, and Tony’s confused for a second before he gets the sweetest, softest, shyest little kiss he’s ever received right on his cheek.

Peter pulls back, scarlet, still adoring and amazed and- god, this boy is going to worship him. And in turn, Tony will lavish him with more than he could ever have imagined. “You’re perfect, baby,” Tony praises, carding his fingers through that soft hair. “Take us home, Happy. I’ll get Reder tomorrow. Give the bastard another day to live.”

“Very generous of you, Sir.” Happy murmurs.

No one in the bar bats an eyelash- apart from one. The piano player: slightly forlorn over losing the
best voice in his performance.
“Master,” Clint the candlestick murmurs softly, “the boy- he’s downstairs.”

Tony looks up sharply, moving away from the moonlit window into the shadows of the room towards his tiny, shining friend. “He’s come out of his room?” He asks gruffly, and Clint nods.

“But maybe you shouldn’t go down- maybe you should wait till morning-“

Tony steps over him, prowling down the long and dusty hallways of the castle quickly. He can hear the faint clip clop of the candlestick’s metal base as Clint hurries after him.

“Master! He’s had a long few days already-“

“A long few days?” Tony snarls, whirling menacingly, his shredded red cloak catching on his furred, deformed shoulders. He rises to full height, nearly touching the hallway’s arched ceiling, casting blackness over the candle’s flames. Clint shrinks away. “He’s had a long two days? I’ve had nine long years, Clint. He’s the one. We know that. He’ll break the spell-“

“Love’s spell!” Clint insists, albeit more meekly than before, “how are you going to make him fall in love with you by charging down like that?”

Like that. Like a- like a monster. Tony falters, lifting a hand- a sharpened claw- to his face. He can feel the tusks; sharp protruding teeth that curl over his lips. He almost- almost longs for a mirror. Is he truly as hideous as he remembers? No, best not to think about it. Of course he is. Hopes should shatter, just like every mirror in the castle.

“He is the one, Master,” Clint adds softly, “we’re all sure of it. But he’s trapped here. He’s a hostage-“

“He is not a hostage!” Tony roars, anger welling up inside him at the thought of kidnapping someone so sweet, so delicate and precious-

“Master,” Clint repeats, endlessly patient, “you let his Aunt go in exchange for his presence. He’s bound here for three months because that’s the deal you struck, the bargain you made. He is a hostage. You may not have meant it that way, but that’s how it is. If you go down there, acting like his captor then…then we’ll never be able to undo the curse.”

We. Guilt bleeds through his animal-blood. His selfishness, his vanity, has done more than curse just him. Everyone here is cursed within these fading, blue stone walls that once contained opulence and nobility.

Except Peter.

“I’ll be…” He swallows hard, the word clunky on his tongue: “gentle.”

Clint looks dubious.

Tony glares at him.

Clint waves a candlestick. “This is what I mean. You look like you want to maul me to death. Gentle is gonna take time-“
“No,” Tony growls, “I have to see him. Now.”

He doesn’t wait to listen to anymore objections, and with three powerful strides he’s bounding down the stairs and landing in a perfect crouch below. He cocks his head; listening, and can hear ruffling in the kitchen. He prowls towards it intently, hiding in the shadows as he peers through the slit in the door.

There he is. Just the sight of him eases the ache in his monstrous heart. Peter Parker. His eyes are rimmed-red and there are black smudges underneath. He hasn’t been sleeping, Tony laments mournfully. He’s given the boy the best bedroom he could find, but- but he hasn’t been sleeping. He’s been holed up in his bedroom for the past two days, not eating or drinking and if it weren’t for Natasha (the dresser) giving him updates at night, Tony would have long since broken the door down.

His hair’s a mess, and he’s still in the worn, ragged brown cloak he was wearing before, despite the fine linens and silks Tony’s provided. He’s dressed the same as when he came. Came here to save his Aunt. Tony regrets his treatment of the woman fiercely. If he’d known she was related to the one, he-

Oh. Has he changed at all? Has this curse done anything to him? Has he learnt any lessons? Is he the same man that turned the old woman from his door? Is he worse now?

“I’m happy to see you, Peter,” Wanda chirps brightly, “I was worried about you.”

Peter shuffles from foot to foot uncertainly, still enchanted by the sight of talking objects. “Sorry to have worried you,” he whispers.

He’s apologising. His heart must be made of gold. He is the one.

“Don’t be sorry,” Wanda croons, “let me fix you something- Cook will be happy to-“

“No, no,” Peter hurries to say, “I’m just- thirsty. Can I just have some water, please?”

Tony pushes the door open and they turn to him. Wanda smiles, but Peter shrinks away in fear. Not disgust though, Tony notes. No disgust.

“Forget the water,” Peter spits through the fear, puffing out his chest even though Tony’s pretty certain he’d tower over the boy even in human form. “I’m going back to my room-“

“You’re not going anywhere!” Tony practically yells, distraught at the thought of the boy not eating anything, claws elongating and Peter stumbles back: petrified.

“Master,” Clint whispers chidingly from behind him.

Right. Fuck. Gentle. Peter looks so scared…Tony buries his face in his hands, as a softer, growling animal noise that escapes his throat sometimes slips out. It’s mournful, sorrowful, an expression of helplessness. He hates himself.

“It’s okay,” Clint says, his hand patting Tony’s muscular arm and crisping the fur a little. Tony doesn’t mind. He deserves the pain. “It’ll take time.”

Tony looks up, nodding slowly, looking for consolation, when he notices Peter has crept forward a little; eyebrows furrowed in curiosity. Tony stares at him, and Peter wets his lips, gathering the courage.
Tony knows he has it. There aren’t many in the world who’d break into this castle and threaten a **beast** to save their Aunt. “You weren’t…you weren’t trying to yell?” Peter asks, searching for clarification.

“His anger gets the better of him sometimes,” Wanda answers for him, “it does that to all of us sometimes, does it not?”

Peter nods faintly.

“Please don’t go back to your room,” Tony begs, and his voice sounds broken in his own ears. “Let them- let them make you a meal. A feast.” He wants to give this boy **everything**, “Please eat, and drink and—“

Peter looks a little softer, the fear in his eyes changes into hesitancy and uncertainty, but he’s nodding a little. “Okay.” He exhales slowly, “I’ll…stay and um…eat and drink. But then I’m- then I’m going back to my room.”

Tony nods eagerly, and Clint cheers.

Wanda clinks happily against the counter. “What’s your favourite meal, sweet child?” She asks, and Peter ducks his head.

“Bread, and water is perfect,” he says sincerely, “if you- if you had any cheese-“

Tony waves him off, clapping his hands and almost slipping back into his courtly days when doing this was no big deal and part of everyday. Now the kitchens haven’t been used properly in almost a decade, now the dishes are thick with dust. But for a second- for a moment, he’s King Tony, about to host a fabulous party. “Prepare a magnificent feast. Duck and chicken and lay the table in the banquet hall- and a three tier cake for dessert!” He orders, and his once-human servants hurry to it, pleased to have purpose once more. He turns to Peter conspiratorially and winks, “there is nothing like Cook’s three tier cake.” He says, almost like sharing a secret. “I once ate two in one sitting.”

For the first time since he got here, Tony gets to see Peter’s smile.

It’s beautiful.
Starker beauty and the beast AU part 2

He’s always been tempted by negatives. Words like don’t and no and out of bounds. Phrases like you’re not allowed.

Don’t go to the East Wing. No one is allowed there but me. Do you understand?

He’d basically offered it up to Peter on a silver platter.

The castle is rich in ruins and secret hallways, passages into corridors that seem to have no end with oil paintings that get dustier and dustier the farther into history you walk. Peter doesn’t recognise a single person in a single frame. There are spiralling turrets with views out onto the wintry, brown gardens that span into the horizon on some edges- and until the fecundity of the forest in others. It’s so weird, so unusual that the gardens are brown but the forest is lush and green and full of life.

Then again, it’s not as weird as befriending a teapot and a talking candlestick and a dresser, so…

His new friends, by the way, are remarkably difficult to shake off. He won’t be able to escape this place so easily. The objects, they talk to the beast. Peter’s sure of it. They tell the monster his whereabouts, tell him when he’s eaten.

So far, Peter’s playing along.

He wears the clothes the beast provides. They’re the softest materials he’s ever had on his skin. Wanda keeps giving him tips on how to match them all together. He’ll join them for dinner- at first fearful that the food was poisoned but now a week’s gone by and he’s felt fine, so he’s relaxed into the delicacies piled high on a plate in front of him. It’s by far the best food he’s ever eaten (more the mystery. A castle in the middle of the forest. A castle for a King, surely? But what King? From when? From where? How come the history books in the village school never taught him about any of this? Castles don’t appear out of nowhere). For the first time, he feel properly nourished.

He’d rather go hungry if that meant he could be with May.

There’s no escaping for now, though. The beast hasn’t hurt him (yet, his mind supplies), not with everything watching his every move.

But still, he might not be able to shake them off enough to go and make a run for the locked front gates, but maybe he can shake them off long enough to go and explore whatever mysteries lie within the East Wing-

“Where are you going?” Asks the candlestick, appearing from behind the statue on the bannister, and Peter sighs, trying to remember his name. Clint, he thinks.

“I was just…exploring…” he murmurs, unable to keep his eyes from trailing past the stationary armour and beyond into the tempting darkness that will lead to where he’s definitely not allowed to go.

“Well,” Clint clears his throat, “I would be happy to give you the tour-“

“Oh no, that’s alright,” Peter hums, still enchanted, and he steps easily over the candlestick. “I’ll just…have a look myself-“

“We have a library!” Comes a rushed, desperate, eager voice.
It’s Wanda’s voice, but-

Peter turns, fingers itching for a book. “A library?” He repeats, and the fine china teapot nods with a pleased smile at having hooked him.

She goes on excitedly: “With the most books you’ve ever seen, gorgeous books, from all over the world. Legends and stories and there are more than one person could ever read in a lifetime.”

Clint nudges at his ankle and Peter follows them back down the stairs. A library. “That sounds amazing,” he whispers honestly, and the two inanimate objects share victorious smiles and hurry ahead to get the library prepared-

But the second they’re around the corner, Peter pauses. Books are great- he wants them, but…

_Don’t go to the East Wing. No one is allowed there but me. Do you understand?

He turns to looks back up the stairs. The shadows seem to beckon to him.

He swallows thickly, and tiptoes hurriedly back up. He lifts a torch from the wall and heads further and further into forbidden, unchartered territory.

At first, he’s disappointed. It’s more of the same. More paintings, more finery, more silver pieces of armour. It’s all pretty enough, but no more fascinating than any other aspect of the Castle he’s seen. That is until-

Until he reaches a grand set of huge, oak double doors. The handles are gold clasped in the image of a lion with his jaws open and he reaches out to touch them. They’re warm and inviting, and actually- actually, this part of the castle does feel different. It’s warmer, it’s…it’s almost magical.

He turns to look behind him, but there’s nothing but shadow.

He pushes down on the clasp, and the door creaks open. His eyes are wide with amazement, as he slides inside and closes the door behind him.

The magic builds to a crest in this room. It’s dusty and irritates his throat a little, but he’s entranced. The room is cramped full of stuff, furniture and old portraits and chests covered with blankets that were once white. How long has all this been here?

Peter edges inward, stepping over shattered glass carefully. The room is enormous, though it feels smaller due to all the stuff in it. It’s the most cramped, messy room, but it also…it seems the most lived in? A few blankets tossed into one dark corner aren’t as dusty as everything else. Is this where the beast sleeps?

His eyes catch on a painting.

It’s lopsided but on the wall, and has been shredded by huge claws- the beast’s no doubt, and the shredded fabric hangs still attached.

It’s another painting in a long line of paintings, but this one is…different. It’s the eyes. The unshredded eyes are still there. They’re gorgeous brown eyes, and they’re- _familiar_, somehow, but Peter’s not sure why. He sets his torch down into a holder on the wall and reaches out towards it. Above the eyes are dark, brown curls and those are- those look familiar too. He frowns, intrigued by the beauty of those eyes as he lifts the fabric to reattach the face.

The fabric is so soft in his hands, textured like an oil painting as he delicately lifts it back again. All
the pieces are still there and the face becomes whole and-

He gasps a little.

It’s a beautiful face. The man is gorgeous, maybe a few years older than him, with a jewelled crown and his smile is a little cocky, and he’s dressed in a gorgeous red cloak and- was this the King? What…what happened to him? Did the beast-

Hundreds of thoughts are rushing through his head, and he lets the fabric fall back down the painting, turning away. Did the beast kill this King? And then become trapped in this castle as punishment? Is that why Peter’s here- to keep him company?

Why did- his heart hurts a little for the fallen, cocky prince.

But then a gust of wind, a cool winter breeze blows and Peter realises with a start that there’s a balcony, with two long pale white sheets framing it and just before that- is-

There’s something on a table. It’s the only part of the room relatively clean, the space around it is cleared and Peter is drawn towards it against his own will. It’s emanating a soft pink light, and it sparkles like glitter.

Peter… the wind seems to whisper.

This is- this rose is for him- he’s sure of it…

A magic rose. He gets to the table and can’t take his eyes off it. It hovers in the air, a few of its petals lying uselessly beneath but still in the prime of life. He feels different near it. He feels intoxicated.

“You’re beautiful,” he whispers to the flower, lifting the safe crystal glass off the top so he can touch it.

The glass clinks lightly against the table.

The wind calls his name again.

He reaches out slowly, enchanted when-

He’s shoved hard away from the rose and he collapses into the pile of mess and his ears burn from the Beast’s angry roar.

Peter’s heart is pounding, and he stares up in fear at the Beast. The monster, he’s at full height, rippling hair and muscle and fury as he slams the glass case back over the rose and roars again, the stone walls seem to shake and Peter cringes and presses back into whatever objects he’s on to get away because when the beast turns to him, it’s- cold runs through his bloods, he’s gonna die. This thing is going to rip him apart piece by piece-

“Do you know what you could have done?” The beast cries, growling and seething and huffing like a creature of pure evil and Peter’s never been so scared in his life-

“I-I-“

“I warned you never to come here!” He roars and screams, and there’s icy breath coming out of his mouth. Did he- did he come in from the outside? Did he leap onto the balcony-

“I’m sorry,” Peter whispers, tears forming in his eyes. He can feel it. He’s done something wrong, he’s-he’s over stepped a line. This isn’t just anger, this is- this is a rage when something awful has
happened. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean- I didn’t-“

The beast arches his back and howls in despair, swiping out with his claws to destroy a wardrobe lying in the dust. It cracks and splinters horribly, but he doesn’t stop, he keeps swiping and destroying and Peter is almost frozen with fear.

Almost.

He manages to sprint to the door, the sounds of destruction still behind him and once he starts running- he doesn’t stop.

He manages to get down the front steps of the castle, and he doesn’t dare look behind to see if the Beast is following him.

He pulls open the front doors and the winter wind whips harshly at him. It’s so cold it burns as it hits his skin.

There’s no time to get a coat or shoes or anything- he runs out onto the hard, frozen earth.

The sky is dark but the moon lights a path for him even as the wind pushes him back. He rushes to the front gate and tugs futilely on the rusted lock.

Tears start slipping down his face and he turns fearfully back to look across the garden at the front door of the castle. No sign of the beast- not yet, but he can still hear mournful, angry roaring from somewhere within. He tugs harder, more despairingly, cutting his hands against the metal when-

There’s a soft huffing sound, and Peter wipes his eyes to see-

“Flash?” He whispers, and it is- his trusty steed is on the other side. “You- you stayed?” Love wells up in his heart as the horse whinnies for him desperately.

Peter takes a few steps back, eyeing the gate.

Maybe he can get over the top.

There’s no time to think. He takes a few more steps back before running at full speed and he manages to catch the top bar near the ornate figure head and pull himself up.

The soft satin of his shirt gets caught in a hook, but he doesn’t care, and he hears the fabric rip as he reaches the top when-

“Peter,” Clint begs, his lights are out in the wind, and Peter stares down at him, chest heaving with adrenaline as his body is racked with cold. “Peter, don’t go-“

“Don’t go?” Peter repeats in disbelief, “he’s-he’s crazy! He’s going to kill me-“

“No, he’s not.” Clint whispers, “Peter there’s more here going on then you understand. Please, please don’t leave.”

Peter wavers at the top of the gate despite how the metal digs into his skin. Clint is right, of course. There is more going on here. He looks up at the immense, black castle that’s falling to ruin. There’s so much he doesn’t understand, there’s a monster and a magic rose- and he’s talking to a candlestick! “Then tell me!” He demands, his tears freezing on his cheeks. “Tell me, Clint!”

The Candlestick looks small under the silver light of the moon. “I can’t, Peter,” he whispers gently, “you have to stay.”
Flash clops at the ground worriedly.

He shakes his head. “I have to go.” Peter whispers, letting himself drop on the other end.

His ankle twinges on the landing, but he manages to clamber onto his horse and away into the forest-

It gets colder and colder, the further he goes.

“You have to go after him,” Wanda says, nudging at some broken wood with her spout.

Tony growls at her, pacing agitatedly, not taking his eyes off the fragile flower that floats above the table. “Forget him. Let him go. That boy nearly destroyed us all!”

“Master,” Wanda tuts, shaking her head. “The magic called to him. He is the one-”

“There is no cure to this curse!” Tony roars, his throat aching from the volume. Wanda doesn’t look impressed. “Don’t you see? We are trapped like this! He could never love me- no one could ever love me! I’m a monster.” He spits, and his voice tapers away into a teary sadness, and he collapses into a old, dusty chair too small for his frame, and tucks his head mournfully into his chest as dry sobs wrack his body.

“You don’t believe that,” Wanda says, hopping up onto a small box to be closer to him. “If you did, you’d have destroyed that rose yourself.”

There’s silence for a few long moments.

“He’s gone now,” Tony spits softly, “even if I- he won’t come back.”

“He might,” Wanda points out, “Clint tells me he wavered.”

Tony looks up suddenly, his beautiful, princely brown eyes skeptical, but just a little hopeful. “He wavered?” He asks dubiously.

She nods as much as a teapot can. “He wavered.”

Tony gets up from the chair and prowls over to the magic mirror tucked safely away in a bronze drawer. He pulls it out and steels himself. “Peter Parker.” He says into the glass, bracing himself for what he’ll see.

It shines a brilliant, fading pink, before the image clears.

Tony drops the mirror with a ferocious roar and lunges out onto the balcony and then down into the garden. He’s gone in an instant. Wanda stares after him in confusion, looking into the mirror herself and gasping.

There’s Peter in the reflection. Peter and his horse and- wolves.
Starker, Step brothers Imagine

I’m talking Howard and May finally wanna move in together and have their kids meet. Tony is this super confident ultra popular high schooler- full of surly anger at not being the only son anymore. Howard’s been gushing over how sweet this Peter Parker is and he’s Tony’s age and all straight a’s and fuck this guy, Tony’s gonna show him who the better kid is

- but then at the restaurant, the boy tucked into May’s side isn’t- well, he isn’t- he’s sweet. He gets to his feet eagerly and waves at Tony in his oversized sweater and dorky glasses with a big smile over how much he’s always wanted a brother! And shit he’s so small and delicate anyone could just knock him over.

- And Tony’s a little blindsided by it, and whenever Howard mentions one of Peter’s achievements over the meal, Tony cuts in about how he also placed first in the science contest, peter just whirls to him excitedly and exclaims: “You did?! What was your project on? That’s so cool! Will you show me? That sounds so much better than mine!” and shit you know, no one’s ever been this nice it’s disarming and…and…and lovely.

- So he doesn’t mind that much when he and peter have to room together. peter is adoring and tidy and shy when he has to transfer schools but Tony says he’ll look out for him. He’s his brother, after all.

- And then-well, it gets a little tricky. Because Peter’s manages to get pretty popular with Tony by his side and then Peter let’s slip that he likes guys and- guys start coming up to him. Handsome guys, some of Tony’s friends and Tony has to bite back the feeling he gets whenever Peter blushes or stutters around them.

-He withdraws a little, and Peter tries to hang out with him and Tony pulls away. “I’m going out,” Tony snaps, tugging on his leather jacket. “Allison’s throwing a party.” And Peter just looks sad. “I know, Tony,” he whispers, “I was invited too. But i thought-” he swallows hard, “I thought we were gunna watch some movies and order take out? Just the two of us?” And Tony’s heart burns because he wants to- but this is- he’s feeling all wrong and- “We can even get those gross onion rings you like.” Peter offers teasingly, eyes hopeful, and fuck, Tony can’t deny him.

- And then- and then he finds the diary under Peter’s pillow. It’s an accident, it really is, who still keeps a diary?! And- and-

I dreamt about Tony again last night. His hands around my wrists, his hands are so sexy-

“Tony!” Peter gasps, and Tony drops the book like it’s scalded him, and then they’re looking at each other and then-

And then they’re kissing and

Fuck, Tony thinks, as they topple onto the bed, Peter tastes like coffee and sugar, and they’ve taken brotherly bonding to a whole new level.
There’s a new boy on the golf course today.

Stephen can’t take his eyes off him.

He’s dressed in a way that definitely says he’s a member of the country club, or at least- his parents must be. And he looks young enough that it’s definitely under his parent’s name. Unless he’s one of those new millennial billionaires. It doesn’t matter which really, they’re all spoilt and entitled and-

He can’t take his eyes off the way the boy’s hips swivel as he swings the putt and the silver collides with the ball with a crack. The ball shoots off into the hilly distance. It’s a brilliant shot, Stephen can tell that, even if his view is a little eclipsed by the burning sun.

The boy is lithe and delicate in stature, but painted with tightly toned light muscle. He’s gorgeous. He’s in chequered chinos that hug his ass and a neat white polo. The putts he’s using are all the most expensive brand- and more than that, they look custom made. When he’s done with that hole, he tosses the putter carelessly onto the grass, and his attendant hurries to pick it up and place it carefully in his bag.

Oh yeah, a spoilt brat all right. But you can get away with it when you have a body like that. Even the pitching fork glints bronze in the radiant afternoon sunlight. His skin looks soft like cream, Stephen wonders what it would feel like under his hands-

“So...” Tony asks cheekily, raising an eyebrow and Stephen yanks his gaze back to their summer lunch from their position on the patio.

He absolutely refuses to blush and battles back with a stern stare. Tony doesn’t look like he buys it. Stephen sighs and nudges his head slightly towards the course. “The new kid. He’s...something.”

Tony doesn’t turn around, but he nods with amusement in his eyes. “Something good or something bad?”

He lets out a breath and pierces some of his salmon with his fork. “A spoilt brat. Pretty, though.”

Tony’s lips twitch like he’s trying very hard not to smirk.

Stephen frowns, before realising that the boy is coming over. He presses his lips together and gives Tony a warning look.

“Is he coming over?” Tony asks, a little too loudly, taking a sip of his champagne (because according to Stark, there’s always a reason to celebrate). “How’s his face?”

Stephen looks despite his better instincts. Fuck. It’s a good face. Big eyes and pretty pink lips and there’s something- weirdly familiar about him-

His brain ceases to work as the boy stops at their table.

“What?” The boy asks, and what- what- wait what-

“I didn’t get to see it, baby,” Tony drawls, and what, and his hand wraps possessively around the boy’s tiny waist, familiar and not at all paternal and- oh. “But Stephen saw it, didn’t you, Stephen?”

The boy sits on Tony’s lap, his arm wrapping over the older man’s shoulders and fingers playing
with his hair. Tony’s hand slides just under the boy’s polo, revealing a lovely sliver of skin, and what- was he asked a question- “Yes, I saw it.” He manages to answer levelly, nodding. Trying hard to keep his eyes on their faces. “It was…very impressive.”

The boy lifts his head in a haughty ‘obviously’ kinda way. “Thank you.” He says with a carefree shrug, reaching forward to pluck a grape from the fruit bowl. His lips purse around it and Stephen’s throat feels dry.

“Stephen, this is Peter. Peter, this is Stephen Strange.” Tony says, the smirk he was trying to hide before coming out to play. Stephen is so going to get him back for this. “My fiancé. I’ve been waiting for you two to finally meet.” Stephen glares at Tony but Tony looks like he’s having the best time of his life. His pretty boy perched on his knees, his thumb stroking up and down his waist, and Peter’s fingers in his hair- “Unfortunately, baby, Stephen had some choice things to say about you.”

At this, Peter looks up and Stephen pales. “What did he say, daddy?” Peter asks, his voice sweet as anything. Innocent as a lamb.

“He thought you were a- what was it, Stephen? ‘A spoilt little brat’?”

Scratch revenge, Stephen’s going to kill him. Peter looks at him, his eyes as wide as saucers and glinting hazel in the sunlight, his lips in a pout and-and fuck, words- what even are words- Stephen wants to lavish this boy- “Do you really think that, Mr Strange?” Peter asks, voice wobbly and-

“No, god no,” Stephen spits earnestly, “You’re not- no, you’re- y-you’re perfect.”

Peter smirks triumphantly and Stephen knows now why he looks familiar. That damn smirk. That’s a Stark smirk. He must’ve learnt it from-

Yep. Tony has the same one on right now.

“He is handsome, daddy,” Peter murmurs, loud enough to be heard as he whispers into Tony’s ear. “I approve.”

Tony rumbles, low and pleased in response. “I’m glad, baby. Stephen approves too, I think, right, bud? You thought my boy was- pretty, wasn’t it?”

Stephen has no idea what he’s walked into by agreeing to this meeting, but he has a feeling it’s for damn sure a lot more than just lunch.
His little fairy cries so prettily when he’s impaled on Tony’s cock.

He’s so small and delicate and deliciously tight-stretched obscenely around his aching member that Tony’s vision nearly goes white every time he bottoms out. His wings look like thin plates of crystal behind him; framing him with ethereal light and his little pixie features are all red and screwed up as tears stream down his cheeks.

Tony tries to catch his breath, his hands tight around those tiny hips. “Feel good, little fairy?” He asks, dragging the scruff of his beard down Peter’s sensitive neck.

He doesn’t get a verbal answer, but he can feel Peter nodding his head and wiggling just a little. It is his way of asking for more. His hole is clenching viciously around him and Tony has to grit his teeth against the onslaught of sensation, burying his face into Peter’s neck and just breathing him in.

He can feel glitter trickling down his back and smiles into Peter’s collarbone, nipping lightly. “Are you close, baby?” He asks, slightly disbelieving, pulling back to look down at Peter’s tiny little cock-rock hard and leaking everywhere.

Peter lets out a sob, his hands tangling into Tony’s hair hard enough to hurt, “close,” he repeats pitifully, sparkly brown eyes pleading. “Close, Tony, close,” he sniffles, nuzzling the older man desperately.

Jesus, how is Tony supposed to be able to deny him anything? He lifts Peter off just a little, before letting him slide back down inch by glorious inch. “Close just from being speared on my cock? Is your little hole that greedy for me?” He grunts breathlessly and Peter nods deliriously, grinding back and forth; chasing release. “You look so good like this,” Tony hisses, bucking his hips up and letting Peter set a slow, tantalising pace. “All stretched out. Your little hole’s gonna be so sore, won’t it, baby?”

Peter nods, lips parted and eyes glazed over as his nails dig in hard to Tony’s shoulders and he’s mewling so high pitched and loud that Tony just knows with a feeling of visceral pride that everyone in the compound knows what he’s doing. Who he’s doing.

He cums and his toes curl and he’s so fucking pretty that Tony just wants to stare at him. Drink in the sight of him. His whole body goes taught and he tosses his head back in artless grace, nails breaking skin as they dig into Tony and he’ll wear the scars with fucking honour and a smirk to match. His hole flutters divinely and Tony almost lets himself cum right then and there- but he doesn’t. Because his favourite part is coming. Peter sinks boneless into Tony’s embrace, trying to catch his breath, a limpet for him to pet.

“What was that good, little fairy?” Tony murmurs into the shell of Peter’s ear, feeling the boy shiver and nod.

“S’good,” Peter slurs, and Tony grins, lifting him up and tossing him onto the bed.

Peter immediately draws his knees up, spreads his legs, arches his back and presents his puffy, used hole for Tony. God, he’s so fucking precious. Tony runs his hands over that pert little ass, and drags a thumb over that pink hole, admiring the way it tries to suck him in. “Greedy little thing,” he murmurs, mostly to himself, giving Peter’s hole a little smack (the fairy keens and presses back for more) before he takes himself in his hand and sinks in slowly.
Peter doesn’t do much more than moan and claw his fingers into the silk bedsheets, but that’s just how Tony likes it. He thrusts at a pace that’s almost brutal, till he can feel the pressure building in that delicious, tight heat and Peter’s just there, his pretty wings all shiny and lying there to be fucking used-

Later, when Tony goes to get coffee, Steve gives him a look.

“What?” He asks innocently, taking a sip of his espresso.

Steve sighs. “You know what, Tony. There’s glitter in your hair.”

Tony grins. “I can’t help it that he wanted me over you, Cap. That’s the way the cookie crumbles. Speaking of which.” He turns to the cupboard and pulls out the new pack of chocolate chip cookies he bought.

On cue, Peter flutters into the room. Even though you can’t see his limp, because he’s flying a little way off the ground, it’s easy to tell he’s been thoroughly fucked out and Tony preens at the sight. That fluffy brown hair is a mess, and his lips are all swollen and there’s an impressive trail of blue down his neck. Plus, he’s wearing one of Tony’s faded tees.

Steve sighs again.

Peter immediately flits over to Tony, his eyes wide and awed by the sight of sugary food (like it always is) and Tony grins. “You hungry, baby? Did I tire you out?”

Peter pouts, big doe-eyes soft. “Please?” He whispers, reaching over to peck Tony on the cheek. So fucking endearing and innocent like he wasn’t getting fucked so hard the springs on the bed had squeaked thirty minutes ago.

“What do you say?”

Peter beams, raising a little higher in the air with enthusiasm. “You’re my favourite Avenger!” He chirps, and Tony rewards him with a cookie which Peter takes reverently; immediately nibbling on it.

Steve splutters. “What? You can’t make him say that!”

Tony shrugs, eyes on the way the crumbs stick to Peter’s lips. “Maybe if you started bribing him with confectionary-“

“Maybe I will.”

Tony turns sharply, and Steve breaks into a fit of laughter. “Oh my god, you two are- god, it’s cute, Tony, really.”

Tony flips him the bird but it’s hard to care, when Peter looks at him beseechingly for another cookie and then rewards him with a kiss.

“Friends!” Thor beams, striding into the room brightly. “What are we rejoicing?”

“Tony and Peter,” Steve chuckles, stretching out on the couch. “They’ve decided to go steady.”

Thor blinks. “I am not familiar with this term.”

“They’re dating,” Bucky grumbles, shuffling in and heading straight for the kitchen. “Tony cheated and wooed Peter behind all of our backs.”
Tony scoffs. “Okay, ‘wooed’? It’s like you were frozen for fifty years- and secondly, I didn’t cheat. It’s called knowing how to play the game.”

“Sure,” Bucky snarks, pouring himself a cup, “you just wanted bragging rights over getting a boyfriend so much younger than you.”

Peter and Thor laugh.

Tony looks between them curiously. “What?”

“Peter is older than you, Stark. Fae folk live for many thousands of years. Like us Asgardians.” Thor informs him, and Peter nods in agreement, his mouth full of cookie and looking for another. Tony puts them back in the cupboard and Peter looks like he might cry, so Tony just hands over the pack with a sigh. “Why, do you remember, young prince, when we travelled to Jotunheim for your 319th?”

Peter giggles, nodding, hand full of cookies, “that was such a fun day!” He exclaims.

Tony’s struggling to wrap his head around this. But Peter looks about nineteen. “Wait, so I’m-“

“You’re actually my boytoy,” Peter teases, kissing Tony’s nose sweetly, and Tony is…well, he doesn’t hate the idea…

“Oh my god,” Steve rolls his eyes, piecing it together, “you ego-maniac.”

“What?” Tony bristles, affronted at being caught out, “I can’t help it if Peter wants me as his arm candy.”

“Loki was with us on Jotunheim that day!” Peter remembers happily, he sighs longingly, licking the cookie obscenely. “Thor, when can I see him again? I miss him so much.”

Steve splutters. “You know Loki?” He asks disbelievingly.

Peter nods. “He’s my best friend! Is he still on Asgard?”

Thor sighs, “for now. He tried to take over Earth again.”

The fairy rolls his eyes fondly. “That’s so like him. Remember that time on the Glirigard Mountains-” he bursts out laughing.

The Asgardian chuckles heartily, and the two of them highfive and continue reminiscing and Tony’s left with a bemused Steve and a bleary-eyed Bucky.

“What the fuck was that?” Bucky mutters, draining his coffee.

Tony stares in amazement as the two other-worlders laugh and he shakes his head. “I don’t know. But I’ve got a bad feeling that I might end up with Loki as a brother-in-law.”

Steve claps his hands eagerly. “Now that, I would pay to see.”
Spending the slow, languid rolling heat of the summer months cooped up in a basement and covered with blood is so wrong it should be criminal.

But still, what’s a man to do?

Tony closes the basement door behind him and relishes the heat as it streams in through the windows. The decrepit coolness of the dank basement has been denying him the bliss of summer. And that’s not the only thing it’s been denying him. Picking up the sleek, velvet black box resting on the side, he heads upstairs.

The door to his bedroom is open, as are all the windows, and the white curtains blow gently as the breeze rolls in. All is silent bar the chirping birds and lying; still dozing on the satin bed, is his own songbird. Tony takes a moment to admire him. He likes admiring his things. Especially his prettiest things. Peter’s almost swallowed up by the pillows and the thick, silk covered blankets as he lies above them, but he’s still as elegant and delicate as anything. He’s in one of Tony’s white dress shirts, and that’s all—no underwear, Tony knows this from fucking him hard this last night—he’s sprawled out, face down; skin flushed pink all over, warm in the heat.

The tension leaves him, and he heads to the bed and strokes his fingers through chestnut curls. “Wake up, baby,” he murmurs, and Peter’s brown eyes blink to awareness.

He smiles as soon as he sees Tony, his softest, most pleased little curve, and he reaches out a clumsy hand to take Tony’s where it rests in his hair, and twine their fingers together.

Far, far too sweet and soft for this world. That’s why he’s with Tony. Ruling over the darkness is the only way to keep Peter safe from it all. Toe the lines, as it were. The eye of the hurricane. Tony’s always liked life on the edge. “Morning,” Peter whispers, snuggling back into the pillows like he might go back to sleep.

Tony chuckles. “Oh no you don’t, song bird, I have something for you. Sit up for me now.”

Peter obeys. He always does. He sits up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and immediately blushing when he spots the velvet box in Tony’s hand.

He’s so shy. “I have a present for you, little sparrow.”

Peter ducks his head and swallows. “You didn’t have to—“

“Peter.” Tony cuts in warningly, and the boy reaches out to take the box with grateful fingers.

“Thank you,” he says instead, peeping up at Tony through his hair; likely gauging if Tony is upset with him like the last time Peter tried to deny a gift. Peter can’t stand it when Tony’s upset with him; he cries like the world’s ending, but Tony isn’t mad. He leans down to kiss Peter’s forehead lovingly.

“Open it,” he urges.

Peter does. His fingers undo the gold clasp and he pulls open the lid.

There, on the black satin, is a string of white south sea pearls. Peter stares, his lips parting in a soundless gasp of awe, and he looks up at Tony in disbelief. “These can’t…these can’t be for me.”
He whispers, but Tony doesn’t scold him because that’s not a decline in Peter’s voice, it’s disbelief.

“Oh, they’re all for you.” Tony smiles, pulling the pearls from the box and gesturing for Peter to tip his head back. The boy does; eyes still blown wide and pupils huge. Tony lets his thumb trace over the boy’s pulse point, before doing the clasp around that slender neck. He pulls back to admire it.

In the sunlight, the pearls glisten with a radiant lustre. Peter’s pink skin shimmers with it. Luxury suits the boy almost as well as Tony’s teeth marks do.

“I thought you were getting tired of diamonds,” Tony teases, “thought you might like some of the rarest pearls in the entire world.”

Peter faints.

Tony is immediately alarmed until he realises what’s happened, and then he laughs, and sits on the bed and waits for Peter to wake up. It doesn’t take very long, and when he does, his hands fly to his neck and he lets out a gasp. “It did happen,” he whispers to himself, and Tony rolls his eyes. Peter turns to him, one hand still lying reverently over the pearls around his neck. “These are- oh, Mr Stark,” he sobs, and wraps his arms around Tony and engulfs him in a hug.

Tony smiles, and holds his boy close. “They aren’t as precious as you.” He murmurs, and Peter nuzzles into his neck. “But I think I deserve a little something in return, don’t you?”

Peter nods eagerly, pulling back and waiting for instruction.

Tony would like to warm his cock down that tight little throat until Peter was squirming with discomfort. He’d like to lie there and have the boy ride him; just watching until he fell apart above him- but the morning’s been too bloody, and the work has been too hard, and all he wants is to lie in bed and listen. “Sing for me, songbird.”

Peter goes crimson (he would have, no matter what Tony’d asked him to do. It’s endearing). “What shall I sing, Sir?”

“My favourite.”

Peter does.

No body is purely good or purely bad. Everyone is mixed together. Tony has a lot of good, he also has a lot of bad, but most importantly, he likes living right on the cusp. Right on the edge of it all. Now, he’d never put Peter in danger, but there’s something to be said for having the boy tucked in under his coat, shaking as Tony puts a bullet through somebody’s head.

Peter sobs at the sound, and buries his face into Tony’s chest, trembling, and Tony grins, holding him tight.

“There, there, baby,” he clucks, motioning for his guys to clear the body away as he guides his boy back to the car. “It’s over now. Nothing to be scared of anymore.”

Peter still quakes, but his sniffles are less pronounced. Still, he’s glued to Tony’s side for the rest of day; glittering in his diamonds and his pearls. It’s nice, to have someone rely on him for protection.
Protection from the evil, protection from the dark, protection from the thunder storms that roll too close on summer nights.

He likes having something to protect.

He likes it that Peter *needs* him.

He’s not sure whether that’s good or bad, but as the boy starts kissing down his neck-he decides he doesn’t much care either way.
Starker, mild Spiderstrange FBI Agent Tony Criminal Hacker Peter

Chapter Summary

* cough* do you know a better way to get out of a murder charge?

**cut Tony some slack in his slacks**

This is a fucking trap.

But it’s very, very hard to remember that when Strange’s pretty boy is pawing at him; all doe eyes and pink lips.

“Surely, Agent Stark,” Strange drawls, a cocky glint in his eyes, “we can come to some sort of arrangement.”

“Arrangement?” Tony spits derisively. He’s seen enough today to put an arrest in. He knows enough of the operation, he’s figured it out, and it had been- been surprisingly easy. But it was never going to be the hard part. The hard part is this. “I have your ass nailed to the wall-“ The boy clambers onto Tony’s lap, nosing at his neck with his satin skin, so soft that Tony curls his hands into fists and digs his nails into his palm just to stop from groping at it. He should say get your boy off me, he should stop breathing in the intoxicating scent of Peter Parker. (For a criminal, why does he smell like sea salt and fresh pine? Why does he smell so good?)

Tony’s better than this. He knows. He knows that this is the strategy Strange and Parker have used for months now to evade arrest, but it’s still so hard to- to resist the way Peter grinds his hips down, dragging their crotches together in an elegant, lustfilled move.

Tony hisses and Peter presses a delicate kiss to his jaw. Like a real lover. Like all he wants to do is pepper Tony with these butterfly kisses and scratch his nails through his beard. Tony wonders when acting became such a big part of hacking. He wonders how long he’s wanted Peter like this. Ever since the first black and white photo he stuck up on the case wall?

“I can very amiable, Agent,” Strange sighs, taking a sip of his bourbon. The man is in his element when he should be drowning. Except Tony’s the one who can’t get enough air. Peter is in ever sense. “Peter can too. We’d rather friends in the FBI then enemies. Isn’t that right, pet?”

Peter’s hand is rubbing at Tony’s dick that’s rapidly hardening in his slacks. “Yeah,” the boy chirps, silky sweet, “friends.” There’s a triumphant grin on his face as Tony starts getting harder, and he leans in slowly to kiss him right on the mouth.

Tony can’t help but groan into it, his eyes fluttering shut. The boy tastes so good, he yields so pretty- there’s the allusion that Tony’s the one in control, that this is all out for him to take- but- but it’s not-

“You don’t get friends in the FBI.” He manages harshly, but Strange looks unimpressed, and when Peter drops down elegantly to sit between Tony’s knees- he knows why.

He’s not going to be able to resist. The boy leans forward and mouths at his dick through his pants
and fuck- fuck- He stares down with hooded eyes and he \textit{wants}. He wants so bad it aches, and there’s a rush of humiliation in knowing that the two of them have played him. Just like they’ve played everyone else.

“Should I leave you to it, Agent?” Strange draws, standing up. “You’re in very good hands. I assure you.”

Peter’s nimble fingers are unbuttoning his trousers, pulling Tony’s cock out and \textit{christ}, it feels so good-

When Tony looks back up- Strange is gone.

This is his chance.

“Peter wait,” he breathes, just before the boy can wrap those tempting, delicious lips around his dick. This is obscene. It’s obscene to be having a conversation like this. With the prettiest boy he’s ever seen- a known hacker- kneeling at his feet, his dick inches from his mouth and Tony is dark red and leaking and- “You don’t have to do this. If you roll on Strange, I can- I can work out a deal for you, okay?” His voice cracks in desperation. He’s on the precipice of the rabbit hole. The only way out is mercy.

...But Peter doesn’t have any. “Oh, Agent Stark,” he whispers, a soft smile playing on his lips. “I don’t think you realise quite how much I \textit{like} it.”

And then he’s taking Tony in his mouth- all of him, right to the base, that tight throat and clever tongue and Tony-

Tony falls.
Flash x Peter fluffy fluff fluff

Chapter Summary

I mean it's just real wholesome fluff okay

It’s so fucking cold.

It has to be a spider thing, but he can’t stop shivering and all he wants to do is bury himself in blankets and sleep for a whole month. He can’t even focus on what Mr Jenkins is saying because he’s too busy dreaming about unpacking that electric heater May bought him for Christmas last year when-

Thick, woollen heat is draped over his shoulders and he curls into it immediately with a grateful sigh of bliss, before blinking up and seeing Flash, a little awkwardly, standing above him.

Without a coat on.

He frowns, struggling to put it together as the snowflakes settle on his eyelashes and melt down his face. Why are they having an outside class in the snow? “Huh?” He asks in confusion, scrunching his nose up, and Flash just grits his teeth like this is paining him, and readjusts the coat so it tucks neatly under Peter’s chin.

He lets out a little moan at that. It’s so warm.

Flash clears his throat, stepping back and his eyes keep skirting away like he’s not sure where to look. If Peter didn’t know better, he’d say Flash looked…nervous? Uncomfortable? “It’s my coat, dipshit,” Flash sighs, stuffing his hand in his pocket and breathing out so the icy air hovers in front of his face for a second. “You look about three seconds away from freezing to death and I don’t need that shit on my conscience.”

Peter burrows into it and smiles, sniffling a little. “Thanks, Flash,” he says softly, “it’s so warm.”

Flash pinches the bridge of his nose. “That’s the point, moron,” he sighs, muttering to himself as he heads over to join the front of the group. Peter’s not sure if this is all some sort of snow-driven hallucination, but he likes it.

Maybe he and Flash can actually be friends.

He makes sure to smile brightly the next day in school, as he heads over to Flash’s locker, coat in tow, and offers it out to him. “Hey man,” he beams, “thanks so much for-“

“Don’t mention it.” Flash scowls, yanking the coat back and shoving it into his locker. “I’m serious.”

“Oh.” Peter falters, wincing a little, “Sorry, I thought-“

“I don’t know what you thought,” Flash snapped, “but you were wrong. As usual, Penis Parker,” and then he shoves Peter’s shoulder as he pushes past.

Peter sighs. It seems that encounter in the snow was a one time thing.
Things go back to normal, until he catches the mother of all colds.

He shuffles his way into school anyway, because he loves school, and bundles up in as many sweaters as he can, sucking on lozenges and sneezing into tissues every five minutes. The other students give him a wider berth than usual, and he sits in the corner of the cafeteria, balefully pushing around the pizza on his plate. It looks good, but he doesn’t think his throat can take it and-

“Jesus, Parker. Seriously. Damn.” Flash groans, appearing out of nowhere, before he’s slamming a red flask down in front of Peter.

It’s a Spiderman flask.

Peter coos at the hero sticker, and in his sick-haze almost exclaims: “Look, it’s me!”

He doesn’t though. He just reaches out and traces the edge of the sticker and marvels at how someone is making merchandise and-

“Stop, Christ.” Flash sighs, slapping his hand away. “You’re supposed to drink it.” And then he opens the flask, and pours some of the content into the upturned lid.

Peter peeks forward curiously, before the aroma of chicken soup fills his nose. His mouth salivates and he inhales despite himself. It smells delicious. He looks up at Flash, and thinks his eyes water a little. “Can I have some?” He pleads, definitely not above begging, because his throat would do anything for that soup-

“Can you- yes. That’s why I brought it over.” Flash grumbles in disbelief and Peter takes a sip and tips his head back and moans. It’s so good, it tastes amazing, it feels amazing- he would give his life for this soup-

When he looks back up at Flash, the other boy’s eyes dart away almost guiltily. Like they were stuck on Peter’s neck for some reason. Peter doesn’t understand. He smiles gratefully, and gestures to the seat opposite him. “Wanna sit with me?” He asks hopefully.

Flash pauses, and for a second, Peter thinks he’ll say yes, but then- “I have to get back.” The dark skinned boy sighs, rubbing the back of his neck. “Just- finish the soup. And don’t give me back that flask. Burn it. I don’t need whatever you’ve got.” And then he’s marching away.

Sigh. Either way, Peter still has the soup.

And everything goes back to normal. Two little blips on the radar, that’s all. But still, now, whenever Flash makes a snarky comment, Peter can’t help smile just a little. He thinks Flash notices, but neither of them do anything about it.

Before Liza’s Christmas party comes.

He’s pretty sure she invited him out of pity, but he was allowed to bring Ned so it’s a win in his books. The two of them spend most of the party listening to Flash DJing and hiding in the kitchen trying to make the longest words out of the fridge magnets.

And that’s when Ned finds the bottle of vodka.

“Can you even get drunk?” His friend asks dubiously, eyeing the bottle. “With the enhanced healing and stuff?”

Peter frowns. “I don’t know,” he admits, but now he’s really curious and-
Fast forward an hour- it turns out spiders don’t have a particular tolerance to alcohol.

The whole world is fuzzy and pretty and Peter doesn’t know how he ended up in the garden, but everything is so beautiful- he tries hooting at an owl, but the fluffy creature doesn’t seem that impressed and the world tilts for some reason- physics, or something and the grass isn’t as soft as it looked and-

“Peter!” Comes a voice, tight with alarm.

Warm, strong arms are suddenly rightening the world and Peter can smell cologne and spots black curls. “Flash!” He exclaims brightly, stumbling as he attempts to stand on his own. He fails, and Flash steadies him. “Look at that owl!” He does his best to point in the direction of the tree. “I don’t think he likes me.” He pouts sadly.

Flash’s face looks this weird mix of fond and exasperated, but Peter’s probably too drunk to be reading it right. “That’s a birdhouse, dipshit,” he says softly, “c’mon, I’m taking you home.”

“Can’t drive when you’re drunk!” Peter gasps scandalously, squeaking when he’s lifted straight off the ground- “Am I flying?” He cries, twisting a little.

Flash holds him tighter to his chest. “I’m carrying you. You weigh like nothing- and what? No, I’m not drunk. What, did you think I’d let you drive my car? As if, Parker.”

Peter giggles. “I’ve driven your car,” he confesses in an exaggerated whisper.

“What?”

Oops, that might be a bad one. He’d quite like some chocolate.

He’s set down as Flash starts doing something and he realises that they’re now in front of Liza’s house. “You realise you’re making no sense.” Flash grumbles, opening the passenger side and then guiding Peter in. It’s warm and the seats are plush leather, and he can smell Flash’s cologne again as he fiddles with the seatbelt. Peter tries to help, but Flash pins him to the seat with a firm look. His hand firm against Peter’s chest. Peter likes that. Should he? “Just stay still. I think I might have some chocolate.”

Peter happily obeys, before leaning forward to nuzzle Flash’s neck. “I like you when you’re nice,” he sighs, pressing a kiss to the boy’s cheek. “Makes your eyes go sparkly- s’pretty,”

He suddenly feels very sleepy, and for a long time, there’s no movement and no noise.

Before Flash clears his throat and buckles his seatbelt successfully, before coming around the car and heading in. He turns the engine on and blasts the heater and Peter’s eyes drift shut in contentment, before something’s being pressed into his hand.

He looks down.

It’s a candy bar.

He could cry he’s so happy, he claws at the wrapping before it’s taken away- and the it’s back, bare, and he immediately starts nibbling at it. He glances out the window and watches as the world starts to roll by.

“If anyone’s the pretty one,” Flash says gruffly, clearing his throat, “it’s you.”
Peter turns to look at him and sucks on the chocolate so it melts soft enough for him to bite into. “I’m pretty?” He asks, happy at the compliment. He feels pretty. “Am I the prettiest?” He asks honestly, peering at Flash. Are there two Flashes?

The Flash nearer the front scoffs, before half-smiling. “Yeah,” he admits softly, “you are. The prettiest.”

That makes him feel warm and nice. “I liked it when you um- pinned me to the seat,” he admits, nodding so Flash knows he’s being honest. “Made me feel good.”

Flash looks away from the road- dangerous!- and his fists go tight. “Fuck.” He hisses, but he doesn’t sound angry. That’s good, Peter thinks and as soon as he finishes the chocolate, he starts to drift off to the gentle thrum of the motor. He thinks he hears Flash say something; gentle and trembling, but he can’t hear it, he’s dreaming of owls.

School is a bitch the next day.

Peter groans, keeping his head down as he shuffles from class to class, but every student is doing the same thing. He doesn’t remember anything from last night but May had told him over breakfast that Flash had driven him home and been- a real gentleman, according to her.

Peter wants to say thank you.

He’d also really like it if he and Flash could become friends. Proper friends. Not just ones who tease each other and compete whenever they can.

He searches for him over lunch, and spots him outside on the bleachers watching football. He shivers in the cold, but manages to clamber over to his bench and sit a little way off from him. “Hey,” he calls over the wind. Flash looks up, his eyes widen a little, and he quickly looks away: nodding.

“Parker.”

“My Aunt told me what you- I just wanted to say thanks.”

“Not a big deal.” Flash nods, and Peter sighs.

He slides along the bench until they’re pressed shoulder to shoulder. He can feel Flash stiffen, but he stays persistent. “I’m serious, man,” Peter starts softly, “you keep doing these things for me and it’s awesome, and we should- we should be- I don’t know,” he ducks his head, feeling shy and a little stupid, “friends or somet-“

“Do you even remember last night?” Flash asks, less snappish than before.

Peter blushes. “Not really, but I mean- of course it was you. You have my back when it matters and I just want you to know that I really appreciate-”

Warm, soft lips press against his own.

And then just as quickly, pull away. Peter freezes. He stares, uncomprehendingly at Flash, eyebrows furrowing together. “I…” What- wait what-

Flash swallows hard, and half looks like he wants to run away, but he doesn’t. He turns to face Peter head on and says through gritted teeth: “I like you, alright…dipshit.”

Oh. Oh. Well that’s…unexpected. Peter licks his lips. Flash tastes like tea. “I’ve never been kissed
before,” Peter muses, replaying it in his head. It was kinda nice.

Flash looks disturbed by this. “Fuck, Peter, I’m sorry—”

A little tingle runs through him when Flash says his first name. And then, because it’s cold, because Flash tastes like tea, and because it felt good- Peter leans in to kiss him. It’s clumsier than when Flash did it, a little eager and messy, but then Flash’s hands come and cradle his jaw- they guide him, and he finds a rhythm, slow and sweet.

When they pull away, Peter’s a little short of breath. “I liked that,” he whispers, leaning forward for another kiss—

Flash looks at him with eyes typically reserved for Spiderman youtube clips. Adoringly. “You can have as many as you want,” he promises, before tacking on with a grin: “moron.”

Peter almost wants to say your moron, but he thinks that might be too much for today.

Maybe tomorrow instead.
Chapter Summary

Underoos! I mean- Underworld!

**TW uh...it's a bit dark? Just watch out cuties. Mild Dubcon. Abuse of authority.**

“Stark?” Comes a voice.

Tony doesn’t turn around just yet. He lets the voice delight the fire in his bones as it sinks down through his body. Oh how delightful, a voice. For once, no meaningless screaming from the demons, no tortured groans of agony from the dead- no, this is something different. This is- a *voice*.

He turns, smirk changing in a look of disbelief.

That’s a mortal.

It’s a- a *mortal*, in- in Hell, in his country, but- how-

Tony drinks in the sight of him. His eyes flash crimson as he takes him in. “A human,” he breathes, and the boy trembles in the face of his immensity. “Not even a demigod, not even half…” he crosses the stone hall in a flash and the boy lets out a shriek but he doesn’t move. Tony leans down and presses his nose against the boy’s throat, breathing in the scent of his blood. Not even an enchanted mortal. This boy is pure. “Oh,” Tony purrs, tracing a clawed fingernail over the boy’s cheek. “I think you have quite the story to share, don’t you?”

The boy swallows hard, but stands his ground. “If you’ll hear me, Hades.” He offers, sweet as anything.


He lifts his chin and looks almost brave when he says: “Enough.”

“Well, you have my attention and my ears,” he sighs, trying not to betray how thrilled he is. It’s not Steve, or Zeus, or whatever he’s going by these days, coming down and lecturing him again. It’s not a goddess from Olympus demanding leniency from the fates, it’s not another boatful of writhing corpses, no this is a *human*. A very, very pretty human. Tony never gets to see them for very long in this state. Alive. He wants to treasure it. “But here is not the place.”

He transports them, in a whirl of fire and flame, into his palace.

The walls glitter with crystals, the floor is studded with gems, and Tony glides to his throne, and waves a hand, lighting a path of the floor on either side of the mortal with ashy, whisping smoke. “Begin.” He orders.

The trembling mortal nods. “My name is Peter Parker,” he begins, and he has very lovely brown eyes. Tony marvels at them. “My Uncle- my Uncle Ben, he- he-“ his voice shakes and Tony raps his fingernails against the throne’s arms. This is boring. Oh, he’s heard this plea before- Peter seems to notice and tries to hurry through. “He died.” He spits out, “and I- I heard that you- that you
sometimes show mercy—"

Tony wants to laugh. “Darling boy,” Tony purrs, “you’ve been cruelly misinformed, I’m afraid.”

Peter barrels on. His skin is milky white, his hair is silken and wavy and Tony could study him for centuries. Have mortals always been so beautiful? He thought that was reserved for gods like him and the other Olympians. “I also heard that you make deals against formidable beings. Was that wrong too?”

Tony eyes him with a grin. “Are you a formidable being, Peter Parker?”

Peter doesn’t smile. “I made it here, didn’t I?” He hisses, and Tony lifts his eyebrows and waves him on. He has to give the human that. “I found the entrance in the mountains- I came down into hell, and I found your river. I tricked the man with the boat with fake gold, I jumped off half way and swam through the Styx, I navigated the realms and I’m here. I found you, with no one’s help. I am formidable.”

This is…true. Tony tips his head consideringly. The boy has made it here. He snaps his fingers, and the smoke disappears. The crystals twinkle iridescently. He likes this boy. He likes the supple, human form. They can be so pretty when they last. “And what would you like to make a deal on? Sweet Uncle Ben, I assume.”

Fierce brown eyes glitter up at him for taking the name in vain, before Peter gets down onto his knees very slowly. Purposely. And Tony leans forward to drink it in. God, he loves it when they beg. Peter must know this. “You made a deal with Orpheus.” Peter whispers, “When he played the harp for you, you let his wife come back from the dead.”

Tony licks his lips in anticipation. That one act of kindness seems to make everyone think he has a soft spot. Oh, they’re wrong. “Don’t you remember what happens next?” He whispers eagerly. Orpheus and his wife are down here too. In agony somewhere. He should pay them a visit.

“You had a condition. You always have a condition.”

“You humans,” he purrs approvingly, leaning back, “you get smarter every time I see you.”

Peter doesn’t blink at the compliment which is graceless. Tony will train that out of him. “I want my Uncle Ben to be allowed back to Earth. Happy, alive, well. Return him unharmed and do not harm him once he’s free. Do you understand that? Can you…” a little more hesitantly, “…can you do that?”

Such things are child’s play. “Without lifting a finger, little one. Be assured. But what do I get for such an act of kindness?”

“It must be lonely,” Peter muses with faux-idleness, looking around the glittering palace. If he’s impressed by the millions of diamonds, he doesn’t show it. He looks clever and calculating. “All alone down here. No one to talk to.”

Tony bites. “You’re offering to stay?” He asks, just a little impressed. It’s not the first time someone has made the trade, but it’s been a long time.

“I am.”

Peter looks assured, like this is a deal he’s sure Tony will take and Tony- well, like he said. It’s not the first time. “This has been fun, little human,” he sighs, whistling, so two of his most deformed monsters, with too many bones at awkward angles appear and grab hold of Peter’s arms. “But I’m
afraid I’ll pass. My friends here will see you out. And you’d best not come back if you know what’s good for you. Tell your friends about me.”

Peter yelps, struggling against the hold determinedly, his eyes wide as saucers. “What would you accept?” He screams in desperation.

Tony flies across the room and stops just before his face. Nose to nose, he looks deep into the whirlpool of the boy’s eyes, and sees his own face reflected back at him. “Letting me set the terms?” He growls, using a clawed nail to slice open the mortal garment that covers Peter’s chest. His torso is pretty just like his face. For now. The boy nods. So young. Barely a man. Tony’s lived for eons. “Human life is…far too short.” He says thoughtfully, “I’d have a…companion in you for barely a blink of an eye.”

Peter frowns, “how can that be helped?”

“Oh, it can be helped.” Tony murmurs, and he lifts up his hand. In it, he conjures the glass vial full of ambrosia, and Peter stares at it in awe. “This is ambrosia, sweet boy.” He strokes his free hand through Peter’s hair and the two demons gibber excitedly like goblins. “One sip, you’re a god.” His fingers tickle down the boy’s throat, over to his chest and resting over his heart. “Mine not just for your life, but for eternity.”

The vial gleams and Tony presses it into Peter’s hand, stepping back and gesturing for the demons to release him. Peter slumps once he’s released, staggering to find his footing and staring at the vial in shock. “Eternity?” He breathes, “you want me for-“ he rapidly changes tactic. “One million years.” He offers.

Tony laughs, a full booming laugh, it’s been so long since he’s had one of those. “Very clever boy. I know how much you humans love an end in sight, but this is not that story. If you want your precious Uncle Ben to rejoin- your darling Aunt May, is it?” Peter’s eyes widen, and Tony smirks. “There’s nothing I don’t know,” he whispers. “When I want to know it. If I’d wanted to- I would have known when you found the door and how you made it through, but when you get to my age…” he chuckles, “a little surprise is a good thing, right guys?”

The demons chort and sniff.

*Imbeciles.*

“What happens if I drink the whole vial?” Peter asks, lifting it up curiously. He doesn’t sound upset. He’s considering it. The possibility of a companion- of a companion in his bounds- so beautiful, and only enhanced in beauty by the ambrosia has Tony desperately keen. His fingers seem to thrum with hope. What a human emotion.

“The more you drink, the faster it happens, that’s all.” *The more painful it will be.* “It’ll hurt less,” he whispers enticingly, because he wants to see the boy cry in pain.

Peter licks his lips and looks him right in the eye. “You’ll free Uncle Ben?”

Tony grins and draws a silver cross in the air. It twinkles and dissipates. “He’s already free.”

Peter pulls the cork, and downs the whole vial.

Tony and the beasts howl with glee.
Starker, Tony gets turned into a cat.

Chapter Summary

Yeah...he's a cat. Everybody wants to be a cat. Because a cat's the only cat who knows where it's at.

If Tony’s being honest, this is really rather long over due.

Still, being transformed into a kitten by, as it turns out, not the newest member of the Avengers, is not quite how he wanted to spend the next month.

The streets of New York look very mean from this tiny little height, and he rests his little face on his paws and laments how brilliant and intimidating he looked in a three piece suit. Four weeks. Four weeks of being this tiny and unable to speak and- when he’s back to human form, he’s definitely going to design some tech immune to this sort of bullshit-

“Oh my gosh! A kitten!” Someone exclaims and Tony cringes back into the shadows of the alley, but it’s too late. He’s been spotted. He looks up to see a- oh good lord- a college student, equipped with high tops and a backpack and a wide grin on his face. “Oh, he’s so cute, c’mhere kitty,” the boy coos, reaching out and lifting Tony easily.

Tony tries to swat at him with a claw, but the boy just clucks his tongue and cuddles him into his chest and- okay, this is kinda warm and kinda comfy compared to the blisteringly cold ground, so maybe just for a second he’ll nuzzle in. But only for a second. Just because it’s warm.

“Peter, you’re not allowed pets in the dorms,” another boy points out, and Tony can hear Peter’s heartbeat through his shirt.

“What am I supposed to do? Leave him here?” Peter scoffs, curling up his shirt to wrap Tony up even warmer. “You’re telling me you don’t think he’s adorable?”

Tony glares at Peter’s friend prissily, and the companion sighs and rolls his eyes. “You’re the one who’ll get in trouble, I guess.”

That’s how Tony finds himself reminiscing fondly through his own college days. He’s pleasantly surprised to peak out of Peter’s arms and see the MIT campus, and when he’s set on a bed in a small, neat dorm room, he stretches and purrs and decides that while it’s not his penthouse, it’s much better than the streets for a month.

He lies on the bed, and watches as Peter potters around his bedroom. It’s a perfectly ordinary bedroom, aside from the numerous papers that look like they exploded all over his desk. Tony can’t see what they are, but he’s curious. Peter disappears into the bathroom, and comes back out in fucking hello kitty pyjamas and Tony buries his head into his paws. “You’re probably hungry, aren’t you cutie-pie?” Peter coos, and that baby-voice is definitely going to get irritating but right now, Tony is hungry. He watches as Peter opens the tiny cabinets over his tiny little kitchen area (that’s
really just a stove) and tips out what looks like some canned tuna.

It smells... kinda good, actually. Ugh, Tony hopes that’s not a side effect that lingers.

Peter sets the tuna out for him on the bed, along with a little bowl of water and Tony contents himself to eat and drink, hearing his tail swish along the top of the blankets. Peter meanwhile, sits at his desk and busies himself with homework for the next few hours.

For some reason, despite just lying there for hours on end, Tony feels no sense of boredom or the desire to stretch his legs. Fucking cats. But when it gets very dark outside, Peter stands and stretches and closes his laptop around a wide yawn. “Alright, no patrol tonight, little kitten, just bed, I think, right?”

Tony has... no idea what that means. But Peter puts all the dishes away and clambers into the bed. Tony’s surprised once more when he’s not settled on the floor, and instead, Peter cradles him to his chest and falls asleep almost instantly.

Peter is warm and smells like laundry detergent and his heart beat is a little fast, but it’s steady and soothing and soon, Tony falls asleep too.

He’s woken by far too much activity and he wants to groan but it comes out as a pathetic meow. Peter is racing around the bedroom, cramming books into his bag and tugging on some mismatched shoes. Tony watches bemusedly. He glances at the time. It’s 8:54. The kid’s gonna be late. “Oh my god, oh my god,” Peter’s chanting, pulling off his shirt as he hops with one leg into his jeans towards the wardrobe and Tony blinks in surprise.

There’s a nice, leanly muscled, supple chest there. It looks soft and tempting and okay, yeah, he approves. Why is the kid hiding that underneath disgusting sweaters?

He wants to sigh when he sees Peter yank on a ‘I heart science’ tee, and then a bulky, mustard formless sweater over that. He doesn’t do anything to the mess on his head, but it... kinda suits him, just a little.

“I’m sorry,” Peter winces, zipping up his jeans and tugging open the mini-fridge. He pulls out a container of ham and yanks it open, setting it on the bed along with another dish of water. “Can you heat ham?” He peers at the packaging dubiously, before spotting the clock again. “If not, don’t eat it! I’ll get you something on the way home! Bye!” And in a whirlwind of chaos, he’s gone.

Tony wrinkles his nose and wonders how healthy it is for a college student to be talking to a cat like it can actually understand him.

Ah well. He does eat the ham, and it’s nicer than the tuna, but then comes the unfortunate issue of having to go to the bathroom.

For an MIT student, Peter certainly leaves a lot to be desired. The arduous journey to the bathroom and balancing with very little dignity over the toilet seat, Tony manages and resists the urge to lick himself all over. Instead, he keeps pouncing onto things because he’s good at that. He manages to pounce up onto Peter’s desk and have a look at the papers.

There’s hundreds of hand drawn, pencilled diagrams and equations. He peers at them in confusion, nosing along the different pieces. What class is this for? The equations are advanced, almost too advanced, and there’s a recurring theme of a strong textile. A fibre, maybe? Manufacturing material? He’s not sure. He tries to piece it all together but he has limited range and shuffling through them is pretty futile.
Still. This Peter doesn’t seem quite as…generic, as he thought.

It’s a long, lonely day without the boy and Tony contents himself by dozing and scratching up Peter’s mattress cover.

When the boy comes back in, he’s smiling tiredly and holding a bag full of delicious smelling take out. “Employee discount!” He chirps happily, collapsing onto the bed and unpacking the Chinese take out containers. “Don’t worry, I also got some for you, bud.” He pulls out what looks like sushi and Tony’s mouth salivates as the boy sets it before him. “We should probably give you a name,” he murmurs, snapping the chopsticks as he crosses his legs and loads up his laptop. “I like Mr Fuzzy.” Peter beams, scratching just behind Tony’s ear with his little finger. It feels very good, but Tony nips at him in retaliation for such a god awful name. Peter, though, is stupid. “You like it!” He deduces, very very wrongly, and then he’s loading up Netflix and devouring his ramen.

It’s nice actually, and he thinks that he probably needed a vacation because he feels relaxed in a way he hasn’t for a very long time. Peter laughs at weird jokes that Tony doesn’t quite understand. Millennials. But he appreciates the entertainment all the same. Peter stretches out after a while, lying on his back and munching away on the spring rolls as Tony chews up the last of his salmon. “No class tomorrow, Mr Fuzzy. We can tune into the frequency.”

Again, Tony has no idea what he’s saying but he watches as Peter licks the grease off his fingers and he tries not to picture what else those lips would like nice wrapped around.

He wakes up before Peter the next day, and he curls up on the pillow watching the boy. He is actually very attractive. It’s a little hard to see through the exuberant clumsiness but he’s got sweet features and milky skin and soft hair. The room smells of Chinese food but Tony doesn’t mind. He licks up some of the sauce that’s left and snuggles back into Peter’s chest for some extra sleep.

When Peter does wake up, he eats poptarts for breakfast and gives Tony some actual cat food he’s purchased. It reeks, but it tastes pretty good, and besides, no one ever has to know that he actually ate cat food. Then Peter does his homework and types out an essay and Tony’s left wandering as to the boy’s social life.

He’s handsome, and nice, and apart from the one friend Tony’s seen, Peter’s too…pretty to be spending his evenings alone in his dorm room with a cat.

He gets that the kid works a job, and that MIT is hard, but still- it’s important to carve out time to be-a kid.

Ugh, he sounds old.

And then it hits mid-afternoon and Peter grins, moving his desk chair and Tony watches in fascination as he pushes one of the ceiling tiles away and out of the panel falls-a weird, red onesie?

He frowns, but watches as Peter pulls it on. It’s crude and messy and Tony is really very confused, and then Peter does something to his laptop and a radio starts playing. Or wait, not a radio.

The A24 is clear, we got someone working on the Stanton blockage? Good? Yeah, great thanks, Bill. We have a disturbance down in Central by the…
A police frequency. It’s a police frequency.

Peter’s pacing the room, fiddling with these black gizmos on his wrists when his heard perks up sharply.

_We have an assailant on 4th street, shoulder length blond hair and-_

“That’s my cue,” Peter breathes, pulling down a tacky red mask with some heinous black goggles and then he’s jumping out of the window and Tony screams (it comes out as a garbled _yowl_) but then the boy isn’t falling, he’s soaring, this weird silver thread enabling him to glide towards the city.

Tony stares in awe.

Well, shit.

Luckily for him, Peter’s left his laptop open, and through some very, very, very impressive displays of patience and navigation, he manages to do some preliminary searches on vigilantes in the area.

Spiderman is the overwhelming result and one youtube clip later- yup, that’s Peter stopping a fucking car decked only in his grandma’s spare fabric.

This is unbelievable. He spends the rest of the evening gleaning as much information as he can, before it slots together. It’s webbing. The papers are for the web shooters the boy is using and by the looks of these equations- it’s strong. Strong enough to hold a double decker bus full of children over the side of a bridge. Is the kid manufacturing this himself? From the looks of things he’s been operating for about two months and Tony curses himself. He’s been too preoccupied. This should have been on his radar.

Peter gets back late at night, face flushed with exhilaration but unharmed. He pats Tony’s head and strips out of his suit and Tony drinks in the sight of him. Fuck. This is getting all different levels of inappropriate. He’s a cat, Peter’s a secret superhero and that’s just the top layer.

“Didn’t get him, buddy,” Peter sighs, opening his drawers and looking for food.

The cupboards are all bare.

Tony frowns worriedly.

“But we’ll get him next time, alright? No way am I letting the guy who hurt Uncle Ben just- just keep walking around out there.”

_Ut-oh_, Tony thinks, this sounds a lot like a revenge arc. But the boy is so- so sweet and kind, and the clips he’s watched are all good guy stuff- very Captain America, but Uncle Ben is clearly a trigger and the boy isn’t getting the guidance to avoid falling down a path that Tony’s all too familiar with. Peter eventually gives up searching for food that he isn’t gonna find, and Tony watches sadly as he rifles through yesterday’s take out. He makes a triumphant sound at finding two spring rolls and some cold noodles, but he eats them gratefully and Tony thinks-

_I want to help you._

More and more as the time passes, Tony sees that the kid is something special. Smart as a whip, he reads his assignments aloud before he submits them and he’s really clever. He runs late to class but
that’s because he’s perpetually exhausted. When he’s not working for Mr Chen or doing extra work, he’s out there, being Spiderman and also searching for this elusive blond haired criminal. Sometimes (and it really is a very lovely bit of ego-scratching) he’ll gush over one of Tony’s research papers and talk about how he has an Iron Man doll and a Tony Stark poster that he’s saving up to buy. Tony’s going to give him one for free. Signed. He talks about how handsome he thinks Tony Stark is, and how he’s definitely his celebrity crush and Tony approves. A lot.

He never goes out with friends, he’s scrounging by in terms of food and sometimes he has bad dreams.

Tony licks his cheek and promises that once he’s back to normal, he’s going to help this kid. New tech, guidance-

He wishes he could say as a father figure, but it’s not very fatherly watching Peter masturbate late at night. The boy is so sensitive it’s almost unreal, and he doesn’t even manage to get a hand on himself, he sort of thrusts into the bed, grinding against his pants before he’s cumming with a muffled cry and Tony thinks, a lot more sexually:

*Let me help you.*

The boy needs a firm hand. Tony could be that hand.

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It’s impossible to dislike Peter Parker. He makes science jokes to himself and on lonely Friday nights he eats ice cream and cries at whatever trashy romcom he’s put on. He always buys Tony the best food he can find, and he sings in the shower. He bites his bottom lip when he concentrates and he goes all pink when he gets an A.

Maybe it’s stronger than ‘it’s impossible to dislike Peter Parker’. Maybe Tony would go as far as saying ‘it’s impossible to not be in love with Peter Parker’.

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There’s only a week until he’s back to human form and his tiny body is itching with excitement.

On Monday, Peter comes home from class earlier than usual, a hard set line on his face and he’s pulling out his costume and he opens not one, not two, but three cans of dry food and a huge bowl of water.

Tony meows worriedly, and Peter leans down to kiss his furry head.

“I’ll come back,” he whispers, before leaping out the window.

This is not good.

Tony paces worriedly, glancing at the clock and checking the laptop for updates as much as he can.

Night rolls by, and Peter’s not back. His mobile rings and rings from inside a jacket pocket but Tony can’t manoeuvre well enough to see who’s calling let alone send some sort of text.

Tony eats his food and drinks his water and thinks about composing an email to- to someone. Who? Steve? Fury? Nat? Someone who could do something. But he doesn’t know what he’d say. He
doesn’t know what’s happening- but he decides, if Peter’s still not back by tomorrow night, he has to email someone.

The next night comes.

The city lights twinkle in the distance and Tony stares at them balefully, before pushing his nose against the laptop’s mouse. The screen lights up and he takes a breath. Okay. He has to do this.

And then the window opens and Peter’s flying in and landing harshly on the floor.

Tony looks down at him with wide eyes. The boy’s suit is ripped everywhere- sharp slashes, and the skin he can see is mottled blue and black. There’s blood dripping down his side. He meows as loudly as he can, and Peter looks up at him, tugging off his mask.

His face is a pale, clammy sheen of sweat and he manages a smile that looks more like a grimace. “Mr Fuzzy,” he pants, clutching at his side, “hey bud, it’s good to see you.” Tony stares at him, body fraught with concern as Peter just lies on the ground. He’s breathing though, his hand tight on his side and slowly, slowly, slowly, the blood stops. Maybe he has enhanced healing, maybe this is going to be okay—

After two hours of lying on the floor, Peter gingerly gets to his feet. He makes pitiful, wounded sounds and Tony just wants to- to wrap him up, take care of him, give him the best of everything.

He limps to the bathroom, and Tony follows just in case something happens. He’s not sure what he’d do, but still.

Peter peels off his clothes and the sight is- it’s tough to see. Tony wonders what the hell happened. He’s seen Peter take on full speed trains without a scratch. What could do that kind of damage on him? What’s out there?

He steps into the shower, and stands under the spray. “Okay,” he whispers to himself, voice echoing off the walls as the water runs dark brown into the drain. “So Liz’s dad is gonna go to prison, and everything’s fine now. Everything’s fine. You got rid of the tech, you did great, Liz is gonna have to- she’ll transfer, probably, but that’s cool- and um- you did it, Peter, you did it- and Uncle Ben would be—” he lets out a loud sob, and then he just starts to cry.

Tony mewls pathetically, but Peter just cries under the hot spray. His body shakes and trembles and the water washes away his tears.

He looks like he’s going to have a panic attack, but he coaches himself through it. He’s all alone. “You did it,” he keeps whispering, in desperate need of praise and approval. “You did it, you did it.” He chants it over and over and when he steps out of the shower, he does look better.

The bruises are lighter than before. So, he is an enhanced healer, but it’s much, much slower than Steve’s. The wound that was bleeding along his side is a deep slice, still raw and tender and gruesome but not as life-threatening as it seemed before. Peter wraps himself in a towel, and limps back out into his room. Tony follows just behind his ankles, as Peter eases himself onto the bed, and Tony clambers up beside him, licking his cheek in the only comfort he can offer.

“I’m glad you’re here,” Peter whispers, and the boy is so lonely. “It’s nice to know someone’s waiting on me to get back.” He kisses Tony’s nose, and Tony bows his head in admiration.

Peter’s got his phone in his hand, and he’s steeling himself.

Tony watches as he calls ‘Aunt May’.
It rings twice, before she picks up.

Peter puts it on speaker and sits up, pulling a wad of bandaging out of his bedside table. Tony winces. Peter getting hurt is more common than he’d like to think.

“Peter?” Comes a worried voice, and Peter tries to keep his own voice steady.

“Hi, May,” he murmurs, and the voice on the other side of the phone yells hysterically.

“Where were you, Peter?! I was so worried about you! I called you- why didn’t you answer me?”

Peter winces, pulling the bandage tight around his wound. “I’m sorry,” he says, “I was having a sleep over at Ned’s and- I forgot my phone, that’s all. I’m really sorry.”

“Mr Chen said you didn’t show up for your shift, and I called the college and Doctor Octavius said you didn’t hand in your project on time- he was worried about you, Peter! Where were you? And don’t lie to me, I know you weren’t with Ned, you’d-“ it sounds like she’s crying, and Tony looks up at Peter’s face. The boy is crying too, silently. “-it’s not like you. You’re hiding something from me, and we- we don’t hide things from each other, do we? You can tell me.”

Peter chokes a little, forcing a cheery voice on. “I just- I just forgot my phone, May. I promise.” He says falsely, voice hitching and cracking.

May lets out a humourless laugh on the other end. “Peter,” she whispers, “I’m… I’m lost. I’m disappointed. I don’t know what to do.”

Peter has to cover his mouth as a sob jerks out.

May sniffs and tries to compose herself. “Fine,” she says, her voice clipped. “You’ll call Mr Chen and apologise and- and you’ll hand in your project. Doctor Octavius said it’s a ten percent deduction for late submissions.”

The boy rests his head against the headboard with a thump. His eyes flutter shut. He looks so tired. He’s too young. He’s too young for this. “I know.”

“Good, well,” her voice is still teary, “I have to go.”

“I love you, May.”

“…Peter,” she sighs, “I love you too.”

Silence reigns for a long time after she hangs up, before Peter shuffles back down the bed and covers himself with a blanket. He lifts Tony up and places him on his chest, petting him softly. Tony is… awed. He nuzzles into Peter’s neck and knows he won’t ever let the boy suffer ever again.

By the end of the week, Peter’s proved to be a resilient little spider. His wounds heal in about two days to scabbed scars, and his bruises are gone entirely. He hands in his essays with profuse email apologies and sends May a bouquet of flowers instead of buying some much needed food. He picks up a double shift for Mr Chen and he takes out a needle and threat and sits with Tony in his lap as he fixes up his suit and they watch Storage Wars.

Tony thinks a little bit of it is a facade, but he thinks mostly- the kid is just tougher than he seems.
He doesn’t have to be.

On Sunday morning, Tony wakes up with a groan. His muscles hurt for some reason, and when he
blinks awake he’s greeted to the sight he’s become quite familiar with. Peter, sound asleep, all
smooth skin and tempting. Imagine if he could just lean in and kiss him-

He does.

And he realises with a jerk that- fuck, he’s human again! He looks down at himself in relief and
Peter’s lips are so soft and-

“Oh my god!” Peter screams, falling off the bed and knocking everything off the bedside table with a
clatter. “You’re- you’re Tony Stark! You’re Tony Stark!” His eyes are wide with hero worship
before they flicker down to Tony’s navel and- yup, Tony is naked. He grins and winks, not an inch
of shame.

Peter goes bright pink and Tony gets up and helps him off the floor. “And you’re Spiderman.”

Peter blanches, shaking his head. “What? No! I’m not- I mean, n-no, I’m not-“

“Christ, kid,” Tony chuckles, and he does the one thing he’s wanted to do most of all-
He pulls Peter in for a hug. “You’re not alone,” he whispers, nuzzling his curls and Peter...

Peter hugs back.
Starker, 5 +1 things Peter's changed about Tony

This is the staple fic for every OTP. *tips hat* I’m just doin’ my duty officer.

1. Smoothies v Coffee

When Tony gets up in the morning, the first thing he does is stumble into the kitchen, bleary-eyed and a little irritated (he is not a morning person) and wait for his extra-strong espresso to come out drip by infuriatingly slow drip. Then he’ll drink it, and slowly his senses will come to him and he’ll be ready to start the day.

Yeah, that all changes when Peter Parker enters his life.

His new boyfriend is bright eyed and enthusiastic and the best thing in Tony’s life, so it had been a bit of a no-brainer asking the college student to move in, and Peter had squealed so loudly when he had that he’d thought his eardrums had burst.

Now, when he gets up, Peter is already in the kitchen- already dressed and beaming (goddamn, he’s with a morning person. How did that happen?) and slicing up bananas. “Morning, Tony!” Peter smiles, skipping over to him in sprightly bounds like a little bunny and pressing a sweet peck to Tony’s lips.

The older man grumbles unintelligibly and staggers towards the coffee machine. It lights up with a little whir, before it stops suddenly.

He blinks, eyebrows knitting together and a swear on his lips. Fuck, is it broken- his eyes catch on the smooth, pale skin of Peter’s arm and up to his boyfriend’s face. “No coffee,” Peter says, waggling the power cord, “I’m making you a smoothie.”

Tony pinches the bridge of his nose and sighs. “That’s nice, baby, but I need my caffeine-“

“Apples have naturally occurring caffeine,” Peter chirps, sliding in a chopping board full of strawberry segments and Tony frowns at the open fridge. It’s almost overflowing with fruit instead of its usual filling: nothing. He rubs the sleep from his eyes and dubiously watches the blender that’s currently half full of a variety of different fruits. Greens and healthy looking vibrant oranges and hues of pink and yellow assault him and he shudders; plugging the espresso machine back in.

Peter makes a little hurt sound that has Tony on red alert.

“Don’t you want a smoothie?” He asks, and Tony turns to see those huge doe-eyes, wide with disappointment. His boy is wearing a grey sweater with a plaid shirt underneath that peaks out under the hems. It’s from his old wardrobe, and not the new set of clothes Tony has bought him, but the jeans are new. Dark washed and hugging his legs brilliantly, and he looks so preppy and adorable-

“Okay,” he sighs, unplugging the coffee maker mournfully. “I’ll try it.”

“You’ll love it!” Peter squeals, rocking on his heels. “I’ll add a dash of cinnamon and a spoonful of honey just for you!”

Tony tries to smile, though he’s not sure how enthusiastic it comes off.

He winces at the loud whir of the blender, and then recoils at the fantastically pink, thick liquid as
Peter pours it into two glasses. Tony watches in amazement as Peter grabs his glass and downs it almost instantly, the long lines of his throat all exposed and tempting, and he sets down an empty glass, lips stained pink and he blows Tony a kiss, jogging for the door. “I’m gonna be late! Have a good day! Love you!”

“Love you too,” Tony calls, waiting until he hears the door click shut before he lifts his glass and heads over to the sink to drain it and make some coffee instead.

He’s just about to, when JARVIS’s, irritatingly self-righteous voice chimes out through the walls. “Is that wise, Sir?” He asks.

Did Tony mistakenly program a conscience or what? He groans, but resists the urge to tip Peter’s hard work away, and he brings it to his lips and tentatively takes a sip.

Fruit, sweet and sharp and brilliant bursts along his tongue and his lips part in awe as he reexamines the glass. What the hell? He drinks the rest of it, smacking his lips together and humming in appreciation. And he feels better for it too, he feels awake and full and-

The first thing he asks Peter for the next morning is another smoothie.

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**Yoga v Boxing**

Sometimes life is hard and Tony gets stressed. Contracts are boring and they’re not his thing but Pepper is insistent that when it comes to the ones that really matter, he should take a look over them. It’s all people politics and Tony grits his teeth and powers through it, thinking of the moment when he can get in the ring.

Happy’s busy all day, so Tony’s going to have to make do with the punching bag. He’s just laced up his sneakers and is about to head down into his gym, when Peter bustles in through the front door. He’s got his glasses sliding down his nose, and his head is buried in the armful of papers he’s looking through and Tony manages to catch his elbow before he walks right into the wall.

Peter looks up in surprise, cheeks going pink, all adorable and soft, and Tony feels some of the tension leave him as he leans down to press a kiss onto his lips. Peter tiptoes up into it eagerly, deepening the contact, his papers getting crushed between them.

“Mmm,” Peter sighs, eyes fluttering the way they always do after a good kiss, and Tony preens just a little. Before Peter spots his attire. “Oh! I’ll come! Gimme a sec to get changed?” He asks excitedly.

Tony chuckles and shakes his head ruefully, dragging a thumb down Peter’s cheek and tracing his eyebrows. “I’m not sparring with you, baby, sorry.” Even the thought of it is off-putting. Peter is strong, he knows that, he knows his boy can hold his own, but he’s also soft and delicate and likes to curl up in big blankets and Tony would have to restrain himself way too much to lessen the guilt.

Peter looks disheartened by that, and he nods meekly. “Ok-ay. I’ll just um- do some of my assignments, then,” he says quietly, shuffling towards the couch in the sunken living room.

Tony tips his head back and and smiles. “You can still come, just no sparring with me that’s all.”

Peter cheers and hurries away to get changed. He’s back in a few minutes, in a leotard and leggings and Tony winks. Peter swats him and they go downstairs.

Tony gets to vent, and Peter does a series of nimble twists and turns in the air from the still rings that Tony had installed. His boy looks so graceful, but he knows it’s damn harder than it seems. Peter’s
already slicked with sweat and his arms shake as he moves into the splits and twists upside down.

It takes about two hours for the frustration to leave him, and he wipes the sweat from his eyes with his arm, and pulls off his gloves as he tries to catch his breath. He leans against the ropes and watches as Peter does his cool down stretches on the bar. Peter glances at him and smiles, but he cocks his head curiously. “Do you feel better?” He asks, deftly finding his balance and leaning forward on one foot to touch his forehead to the bar. His tight little ass looks very appealing, but Tony tries to focus on the conversation.

“Yeah,” he says honestly, drinking from his water bottle.

Peter makes a little hum of consideration and hops off the bar, doing a little hand flourish that’s instinctive, before he picks up up the cereal bar he brought down with him. He nibbles on it, but his gaze is still calculating.

Tony ducks out of the ring and takes the bar for himself; hungry after his work out. Peter knocks their hips together and snuggles into him. They’re both exuding heat as they head back upstairs, and Tony chews on the little nuggets of chocolate. “Whatcha thinking?”

“Next time you’re stressed will you come with me?” Peter asks suddenly and Tony blinks.

“Go with you where?”

“To my yoga class. Please?”

Tony rubs the back of his neck and they slide into the elevator. “Yoga’s not really my thing, Pete-“

Peter smiles at him, soft and caring and lovely. “Please?” He whispers, nuzzling Tony’s beard. “Just once?”

The temptation to beat the punching bag into a pulp is overwhelming, but instead Tony finds himself following Peter to a yoga class run across the block. He feels a little uncomfortable, but to his relief, it’s not all women. There are a few, very muscular men here and they smile and wave at Peter, a little too friendly for Tony’s comfort.

“Who are those fuckers?” He grumbles as he and Peter set up their mats.

Peter gasps, and pouts at him. “Tony! They’re football players, they’re super nice.”

Tony glares at them until they stop looking over.

But then Peter pecks his cheek and his eyes are shiny when he whispers: “Thank you for coming,” and Tony’s heart beats with love.

It’s a weird number of poses in different orders. It’s all a bit slow and oddly sensual and his muscles kind of ache due to the pull and the stretch but then- an odd sense of harmony seems to settle over him. As his tauter muscles go a little lax, he feels a heavy tension leave him and he loses himself in it a little. This is- oh, this is much better than bruised knuckles.

Plus, Peter makes the most intoxicating view.

After they’re done, it’s like…he feels settled, and sated and good. He still has energy, he’s not beat down, but it’s- it’s good, and he and Peter go to get ice cream, their yoga mats tucked under their arms and Peter giggles. “I knew you’d like it,” he beams, “come again next week?”
The boxing ring gets a much needed break.

(Happy is very happy)

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**Cold Water v Face Masks**

Tony’s lying in bed, unable to sleep. With all the smoothies and the yoga, he just has more energy and he’s got his ipad propped up on his knees as he maps out some new design features for some nano-tech. Peter’s in the ensuite, singing under his breath and the tv is playing some movie for the 90s that Peter keeps calling old, but Tony swears he saw it at the cinema, so it can’t be old.

When Peter comes out of the bathroom, he’s got a wet white sheet on his face and hair still damp, wearing only one of Tony’s old tees that cuts enticingly around his hips.

Tony laughs. “That’s a good look on you, baby,” he teases and Peter huffs at him.

“Don’t make me laugh!” He yelps, jumping onto the bed, “you’ll ruin it!”

Tony reaches out to poke it. It’s slimy and he frowns. “What is it?”

Peter rolls his eyes. “It’s a face mask, old man. What’s your face routine?”

“My what?”

Peter looks like he’s trying very, very hard not to laugh but his shoulders keep shaking anyway. “What do you do to your face? To keep it looking oh-so-handsome,” he reaches out and squeezes Tony’s cheek and Tony bats him away.

“I wash it?”

“With…”

“Water?”

“Oh my god,” Peter groans, shaking his head in dismay.

And then Tony’s subjected to a twenty minute lecture about skin routines that he had no idea existed. He tolerates it though, because Peter gives said lecture whilst straddling him, and massaging nice smelling things into his face. Some of them tingle, and some of them are rough and grainy like wet sand, but he has his boy in his lap, and Peter’s complete attention so really- it’s a win.

It feels really nice, and Peter leans down to kiss him every so often, and Tony gets to trail his hands down the curve of Peter’s ass as some weird cold gel is then slathered onto him.

But eventually, he gets a face mask too, and Peter takes his own one off. His boyfriend giggles, eyes twinkling. “That’s a good look on you,” he mimics and Tony snorts. They watch the movie (Kevin James ends up marrying the stunning actress) and then Peter gets a wet flannel and takes off the mask and wipes Tony’s face.

His skin feels so soft and so smooth that he almost double takes. He spends a very long time looking in the mirror and admiring his own beauty before he hears Peter groan from the bedroom:

“My god, what have I done?”
Goodbye Routine v Aftercare

Tony was…a bit of a player in his day. He’s famous, he’s rich, he’s incredibly handsome, so sue him, he could have anyone he wanted and…he did.

It’s different now, with Peter. It’s like he doesn’t even see anyone else, or he does, but they don’t hold even a candle to the fiery sun of attraction he holds for his boyfriend.

Back in the day, with Pepper, they had a well-rehearsed routine in getting rid of whoever had ended up in Tony’s bed the night before. Money for a cab ride (sometimes a plane ticket) back home, some delicious breakfast and a smile. It was a well-oiled machine of a plan and though Pepper rolled her eyes at him, it worked almost every time.

He doesn’t have that anymore, obviously. It stopped when he took Peter out on their second date and he’d gotten there early- and seen the boy pacing nervously in front of the restaurant and he’d known somewhere deep in his heart that this one was the one for him.

Everything with Peter is incredible. Every moment they’re together, but a highlight has to be the sex.

All the time, indescribably hot, Tony doesn’t think he can ever get enough and Peter is so insatiable it’s incredible-

the first time they have sex, he collapses back onto the bed sheets and pants up at the ceiling; dripping with release and exertion. “That was incredible,” he gasps, and Peter cuddles up to him and peppers his face with kisses.

“I liked it too,” he adds, more shyly, but pink all over and completely strung out. Tony just wants to spoon him and sleep forever, but Peter’s kind of propped up, and he’s carding his fingers through Tony’s hair lovingly.

He arches an eyebrow and lets out a chuckle. “I don’t think I can go again, baby, you’ve drained me for tonight.”

Peter’s smile is soft and fond. “Shh,” he shushes gently, “just relax.”

Tony has…no idea what’s happening, and then he’s on his chest and Peter’s massaging his back and-

“Seriously, baby,” he pants, “I can’t go again.”

Peter lets out a laugh, and presses a neat kiss to Tony’s ear. “That’s good, because otherwise I wouldn’t be able to walk tomorrow,” he teases, “but this isn’t- this is aftercare, Tony. You were so rough- don’t get me wrong, it was fucking hot- but it was a different headspace. I’m just easing you back down, it’s okay.”

Tony has no idea what Peter’s talking about, but he humours him. And then Peter starts whispering things, about how good Tony was, how amazing it had felt, and how Tony had taken care of him so well- and it’s nice. Like drifting on a fuzzy cloud of contentment and his muscles are all seen to, till he feels like putty and he realises-

He’s being taken care of.

It’s an overwhelming feeling, but it has him twisting and dragging Peter in for a hug as he presses a grateful kiss to the boy’s curls.
“I love you,” he whispers, which is something he’s never, ever said before. Shit, is it too early? It’s their first time and-

Peter bites his lip and smiles with glee. “I love you too, Tony,” he whispers back, pressing their noses together and Tony-

Tony wouldn’t trade anything for this right here.

5. Receiving v Giving

Tony loves giving presents.

It’s one of his favourite things to do. He likes looking out for people, impressing them, he likes gratitude and awe and all the things that being rich and clever and impressive brings along with it. He likes showering Peter with new clothes and gym equipment and course books. He just likes the way peoples eyes light up when they’re presented with a spontaneous gift.

He also likes going out and buying stuff. Or scouring the internet and seeing something and thinking *I bet they’d like this.*

Receiving presents? That’s a little different. He doesn’t want people to waste their money on him—especially not when he could get himself anything he wanted in the entire world. He’s a hard man to shop for and he likes it that way. He tells everyone as earnestly as he can to ‘just get me a card’ because that’s all he’ll feel comfortable receiving.

There are rare times when someone even richer than him comes along (very, very rare) and they’ll give him a car with their pocket change and that, Tony will accept. But still, he’d rather buy the cars than get them.

And then he comes home to a candle-lit dinner and the smell of spaghetti.

The penthouse is dimmed and the city lights flicker beautifully outside and Peter comes out and startles a little at the sight of him. He’s dressed to the nines, in soft pinks and lace and he beams. “You’re early!” He exclaims, but rushes over to give Tony a big hug and a kiss.

Tony hangs up his coat and looks around in amazement. “What’s all this, baby?”

“Well,” Peter grins, tugging Tony over to the table and pulling his chair out for him. Tony sits down hesitantly and Peter pecks his cheek, flouncing over to the other side. “It’s your birthday tomorrow and it’ll be so busy, I just wanted to- you know, make you the only meal I can make and show you how much I love you.”

Tony reaches for a fork because it smells goddamn delicious, but his stomach’s in knots. “Why’s tomorrow busy?”

Peter blinks at him as if Tony’s a little slow. “It’s your birthday! I have a whole day of activities planned and I’ve invited everyone.”

“Baby,” Tony groans around a delicious meatball, “really, don’t do anything big.”

Peter slurps up a string of spaghetti endearingly and frowns. “Why?”

“How about instead, I fly us to Italy, huh? You said you wanted to go there.”
Peter gets a knowing glint in his eye and grins. Fuck, the boy is too smart for his own good. “Oh no, Siree. You are going to have the best damn birthday in the world. I am going to bake you a cake and shower you with presents and-“

The older man chuckles and sighs, “Peter, really-“

“Tony, really,” Peter insists, gaze loving, “all I want to do is show my soulmate how much I love him on his birthday. Nothing will stop me. There are going to be balloons and gift wrap and your favourite sushi that you can eat off me.”

Tony’s cock twitches at the image. “Well, that doesn’t sound so bad,” he concedes.

Peter beams.

He likes to be the centre of attention, he likes being celebrated and bestowed with compliments, but getting gifts is still- just a touch wrong, but then the next day, there is cake and there are his friends, and the gifts are- they’re different. They’re handmade. Photo collages and a macaroni necklace from an obscenely proud looking Bucky. Thor makes it thunder under the sun and Nat graces him with her company and she steals one of his cigars.

It’s different, it’s… it’s good. And he knows Peter had something to do with it.

Later, as he’s licking soy sauce up Peter’s nape, he arches an eyebrow. “Where’s the catch?” He whispers, because handmade gifts mean the world to him, but there’s no way Peter didn’t actually buy him something.

The boy squirms and giggles, swallowing some rice before he runs his fingers through Tony’s hair. “Fine, you got me. I did get you something.”

Tony groans. “I knew it.”

“You have to take really good care of it,” Peter warns and Tony gives him a look-

“Peter, it better not be a puppy.”

Peter pauses, and sighs. “That would have been a great idea.” He brightens, “Next year! But no, this is-“ and then he sits up a little, and shimmies away a crispi ebi from where it resides just above his heart.

There, in black script, is Tony’s name.

It’s a tattoo, it’s a-

“Is it okay?” Peter whispers, licking his lips worriedly, “is it too much? Is it-“

“It’s the best birthday present ever.” Tony growls, devouring him.

+1 Netflix v Lab Time

After a long day of college, Peter likes to veg out on the couch and turn his brain off and zone out to whatever’s been released on Netflix. Most of the time he ends up re-watching stuff he’s already seen, but that’s chill and he stuffs his face full of popcorn.

“Hey,” Tony murmurs, leaning down to kiss his forehead and Peter smiles up at him. “Wanna join me in the lab?”
Peter sniffs and shakes his head. “Long day,” he says quietly. He feels a little drained. The work is never ending and the assignments just keep flooding in-

“Join me in the lab,” Tony encourages softly, and Peter sluggishly pads after him.

Tony gives him a stool and a work bench and a bunch of tools Peter can’t even name, and then heads off to do his own thing so Peter’s left there. At first, he just twists around and watches as his boyfriend works on whatever brilliant new innovation it is. Tony is so handsome, with his thick muscular arms and toned skin.

But after a while, seeing Tony create something out of nothing, his own fingers itch to do a little tinkering.

At first, he just slots pieces of metal together, playing around in seeing what looks good. Then he strips a few wires and hums as he idly fuses a circuit board. It’s nowhere near as good as Tony’s are, but it works- and then he gets the idea to make a speaker- and he ends up reaching for paper and a pencil, sketching out a rough idea and he doesn’t see Tony’s proud little glance from the corner.

He loses himself in the rhythm of it, it’s like a different part of his brain is being stretched and exercised, and when he’s done, he has a speaker. It’s a little crude, it’s very late, but it works and he feels good when he looks down at it. It’s like a creative thrill has zipped down his spine and he kinda wants to do it again.

“Time for bed,” Tony murmurs, kissing his neck and guiding Peter out. Peter yawns widely and nods in agreement.

“Can we work in your lab tomorrow too?” He asks, as he snuggles into Tony’s chest under the blankets and Tony kisses his forehead happily.

“And everyday after.” He promises.

That sounds a lot like forever, and Peter hopes it is.
Starker, CEO Tony Pizza Boy Peter

Tony realises about three seconds too late that the pizza guy in his office is not just a pizza guy.

But by then, he’s waved him through and was busy being amused by his employees audacity to order in a pizza in the middle of the day. He knows he’s a rather lax CEO in terms of how much he expects from his employees when it comes to dress code and vacation days, but this really takes the biscuit.

And then the kid waltzes in with a little too much gait, a little too happy, and that pizza box is a little too light and then-

“You’ve just been served,” the pizza boy chirps, setting the subpoena down on Tony’s glass desk and he glares at him.

“You little shit.”

“Sorry, dude,” the pizza boy sighs, and his face does a little half smile-grimace, and he does sound apologetic. “In my defence, I totally never thought you’d actually wave me in.”

Yeah, the egg is on his face, really. He lifts up the summons and glances over it in irritation before raking over the boy’s outfit. “You buy that whole get up just to get in here?”

“Is that real?” the pizza boy exclaims instead, and Tony lifts his eyes to see what he’s gawking at. It’s the fabergè egg on the crystal shelf just below his many, many certificates. He puffs his chest out a little and shrugs casually.

“Of course.” He drawls, with ample nonchalance as he reappraises the boy. Young, handsome, even though the top of his head is hidden under an awful red cap. Nice ass, Tony thinks before he hears Pepper clear her throat from the doorway. He turns, trying not to look guilty, and the pizza boy turns too.

Pepper frowns, and puts it together a lot faster than he did. “Did you wave in a subpoena-holding teenager dressed like a pizza boy when I was away from my desk?”

“When you put it like that…”

“I’m twenty!” The pizza boy yelps woundedly, and Tony hums at that. Well, legal is legal-

“Get out,” Pepper sighs, and the pizza boy throws one last look at the glittery diamond egg before he’s hurrying for the door.

Just before he disappears, he turns to wave at Tony and Tony-

he smiles.

He defends himself against Pepper’s wishes, but he has the public behind him and the judge clearly has a soft spot- along with the oh so important fact that he’s innocent (in this case, anyway) means
that he’s very happy by the next week.

He’s also craving pizza.

Who knows why?

He dials up and twenty minutes later JARVIS informs him that there’s a young man standing outside the door. Tony pads over, mouth already salivating, when he pulls open the door to see-

the pizza man. Not just a pizza man, the same pizza man and he takes a step back before the boy realises and his eyes go wide.

“It’s pizza!” He scrambles to say, opening the box to show Tony the delicious, cheesy beauty, “not a- it’s uh-“ his cheeks have gone red, and Tony is really rather hungry for something else now. This attraction is not one-sided. “It’s pizza.”

“I can see that,” he grins, taking the pizza box and letting his gaze rake over the boy’s form. Gone is the atrocious hat, and there are lovely chestnut curls tumbling down the boy’s forehead. His skin is creamy and his lips are pink and the red polo shirt with the pizza brand stitched onto the chest suits him in a way it really shouldn’t. “So, you really didn’t buy a costume.”

The boy ducks his head and blushes again. “I’m really sorry.”

Tony waves it off, setting the pizza on the stand beside the door and bracing his arm against the wall in a way he knows makes his arm muscles bulge.

The boy’s eyes linger there for a second and Tony tries not to smirk.

Gotcha.

“What’s your name then, Mr two jobs?”

“Three jobs,” he corrects automatically and Tony’s eyebrows lift in surprise. He’s not bragging though, he’s got this type of sincerity that couldn’t be faked. He’s a little cutely scrambled and endearingly clumsy, but he’s not bragging. “Uh- bike messenger, pizza delivery guy and waiter at the Bar and Bistro on 52nd.”

That is a lot of jobs. “Are you saving for a car or something?”

Another flush, it crawls down his neck. Tony wants to trace it with his tongue. “Just uh- trying to pay for my degree as I go, y’know? I mean, I got a scholarship but that doesn’t cover rent and books and stuff...” he trails off lamely, before shooting Tony a small smile. “Sorry, that was- anyway, that’s um $15.99?” His eyes are sneakily trying to stare at Tony’s chest through his tank top.

Tony reaches for his wallet automatically but his mind is racing. Firstly: respect, he’s self-sufficient and hard working juggling a degree along with three jobs, secondly: sympathy. The kid’s young-twenty- and he should be out there, going to parties and appreciating New York. “You go to NYU?” He asks, handing over a wad of cash and the kid reaches for it and starts counting.

“Yeah, Major in Engineering and minor in Journalism,” he says, and his voice goes soft like he really loves it and Tony- Tony re-appraises him. Smart and pretty and dedicated...this could be a problem. “Um- this is-“ the boy is frowning at the cash in his hand. “This is- this is a-“

“A thousand dollar tip,” Tony quips smugly, “I guess those Engineering majors aren’t quite what they used to be.”
The boy doesn’t laugh, his eyes are wide and coltish, and he hands most of the money back, pressing it into Tony’s chest when the older man doesn’t actually reach out to take it. “I can’t- I c-can’t accept this, really, it’s so nice of you but I—"

“Kid,” he teases gently, “it’s pocket change.”

The boy’s hands tremble as he holds the money, looking up at Tony like he’s a goddamn God which (okay, he’s a little bit into), and his voice is wrecked when he whispers: “thank you so much,”

He wanders away in a bit of a daze and Tony watches him go fondly, before realising that he never got the kid’s name.

“What are you doing?” Pepper asks the next week, glancing over Tony’s shoulder onto his laptop screen as he scrolls through all the students currently enrolled in Engineering classes at NYU. “Is that- Tony, did you hack into a college data base? You’re gonna get another court case on your hands,” she smacks him upside the head.

Tony pouts at her, but doesn’t stop scrolling. “I’m trying to find that pizza boy.”

She blinks, straightening. “The one who gave you the subpoena?”

“He’s also a real life pizza boy. He works three jobs and-“

One of which is at a Bar and Bistro on 52nd-

He grabs his coat and whistles for a cab.

It’s a hot New York afternoon and Tony’s greeted at the sleek black glass doors by a well-dressed maitre-de and escorted to a table. It’s refreshingly cool inside, and dim with authentic brick walls and impressive decorative pieces hanging from the ceiling. It screams exclusivity and he’s pleasantly surprised by the classy set up as he takes his seat.

The menu is clad in a leather jacket and there are no prices on it, and the meals look…superb. Still, they’re not quite why he came. He looks around. One waiter per guest it seems, and the waiters and waitresses are lined neatly against one of the walls, dressed in black waistcoats and white collars, eyes on their charge as they wait.

His waiter comes up to him, and Tony shakes his head. “You got a guy- about twenty years old, big brown eyes, kinda looks like a human bambi?”

The waiter frowns. “Do you mean Peter?”

“Ah, of course, yes, Peter. Is he in?”

The waiter nods, still suspicious. “I think so, Sir. I’ll check for you. Would you like him to be your server this afternoon?”

Tony beams. “That’d be swell.”

A few moments later, Peter is gliding in, stunning and a little bewildered, before he spots Tony and hurries over. “You asked for me?” He whispers, bottom lip caught in his teeth and Tony would really very much like to eat him up. “Is everything okay? Do you need the money back? I spent it on rent, but I can- I can definitely give it back to you- plus interest! Just- um, can I have a few months-”
“My name is Tony Stark,” he says, and he holds out his hand. This kid is too fucking cute. His eyes were glittering as he’d tried to figure out a way to probably get another job to pay Tony back. Tony is going to shower him with more than he could ever want.

Peter stares at it, before slowly taking it. Peter’s hand is soft and tiny, and Tony squeezes warmly.

“Now this is the part where you say your name.”

Peter blushes beet red (and if this is a recurring thing, Tony likes it a lot) “I’m Peter Parker, Mr Stark,”

Now that, he likes the sound of. Mr Stark, in the kid’s soft lilt, yeah, he wants that- louder, screaming- hitched on a breath as the boy makes a mess all over his stomach and- “I’ll have the lobster,” he says, winking and handing the menu over. “What would you recommend for dessert?”

Peter looks completely baffled, and he flounders for a second, before visibly composing himself.

“The um-“ he ducks his head, so shy and delightful, “the chocolate brownie is really good, but they put whisky in it,” he scrunches up his nose in distaste, and Tony falls hard. The kid is adorable. He wants him. “But you can ask to not have any?”

“I’ll take five non-alcoholic brownies too,” Tony adds and Peter splutters a little but does it.

The lobster is good, and the brownie is fucking delicious that he eats a second one, and having Peter waiting over by the wall, eyes on Tony’s every move and trying to anticipate his every need is intoxicating.

He leaves the three remaining brownies with the maitre-de to give Peter after his shift for being an exceptional waiter, and then leaves a ten thousand dollar tip.

He only has to sit in the cafe opposite for about five hours until Peter comes out, the dusky evening shining purple onto him. His lips are stained with chocolate and he’s holding his wallet in disbelief.

Is he a sugar daddy? He’s not sure. But he watches Peter take another bite of the brownie and his eyes almost roll into the back of his head and Tony digs his nails into his palm and just- wants.

He’s planning his next move in the office the following day, when the door opens and Peter flutters in; cautious and over-excitable. “Mr Stark!” He pants, and Tony frowns before realising delightedly that Peter’s sprinted past his security team downstairs. “I just! I’m sorry, but I can’t! I can’t accept this, really-”

This kid is good. Down to his bones, down to the twinkle in his eyes and his earnest, fucking gorgeous lips and Tony fucking wants him. Peter sets the wad of cash on the table but Tony-

He rounds the desk and cups Peter’s face in his large hands and takes.

Peter’s eyes close automatically and he leans in with an enthusiastic moan. He’s not got much in the way of technique but Tony likes it, and he guides firmly but gently, and Peter tastes like hot chocolate and marshmallows and he nips at his bottom lip and Peter shudders, gasping a little and Tony-

He’s never letting this one go.
“False alarm, Jerry, sorry,” he hears Pepper sigh to the security guard, but he doesn’t care, because his hand has just slipped up Peter’s shirt and the boy is straining up onto his tiptoes to kiss him again and Tony-

he’s gonna have to get rid of the glass walls unless he wants to put on a show.

Which honestly? Doesn’t sound like such a bad idea.

When they finally pull apart, Tony has to drag a thumb over those raw red lips and Peter’s eyes are stuck on Tony’s mouth, his hands tangled in Tony’s hair. Their chests heave and Peter looks up at him in amazement. “Mr Stark…”

“Fuck, kid,” he hisses, hand possessive on his waist, “the things you do to me,”

Peter mews deliciously, but his hands are insistent on Tony’s chest. “I just- I want you to know this isn’t about the money for me, honest. As soon as I came here and saw you, I-you don’t need to pay me, and-“

Tony kisses him again.

Peter wanders dazed out of the building, Tony’s number in his phone and promises for a date on Friday. He’s left the money on Tony’s desk because he couldn’t possibly take it, despite how Tony had tried to get him to. Instead, he walks home on cloud nine, lips still tingling, and when he gets to his cramped apartment, he slides his hand into his jacket pocket to get his keys-

Only to pull out the fabergè egg.
Tony arches an amused eyebrow as two of his men hold the bleeding man down. He jerks on his horse’s reigns to keep it from running off and tuts at Stephen. “They said you were the greatest King in all the realms;” he bellows, and the wind whips his words of victory higher and higher into the grey, rainy sky. His soldiers cheer behind him. “They said you could not be beaten. There were legends about you, King Stephen.” Tony laughs, yanking on the reigns again. He takes in the man below him: this is the mightiest King of all? He is no mightier than Tony. “I’m disappointed.”

Stephen spits blood onto the damp grass, and his breath comes out as ragged morning mist. The siege is over and fire spreads in the distant village, bellowing ashy clouds towards the gods. But he says nothing.

Tony withdraws his sword, in no mood for games, and he presses the fine point under the King’s chin, forcing his head up. “Speak.” He demands fiercely.

Stephen glares at him with cold fury. “Your english tongue is grotesque.” He hisses, “I barely understand you creatures-” he cuts off when Tony pushes the sword forward. His accent is heavy and Tony sneers in disgust. “Kill me. Why haven’t you already?” He gasps.

Tony cocks his head and hums. King Stephen has accepted his fate respectably. Tony admires that. The drizzle sticks against his heated skin and he tips his face towards the sky. “Your realm was said to hold the most magnificent treasure.” He muses aloud. “I was not sure what was myth and what was real, but seeing you now, you’re no great King. The treasure must be real. Where is it?”

Stephen’s smile is bloody and triumphant.

Tony snarls with anger. “My men have raided your castle. Where is he?”

“Do you know what you seek?” Stephen asks, voice hysterical with laughter. “Do you creatures know what you seek? You could not handle the power of an oracle. This boy has visions, King Stark. You ask him anything: how to attack, where to attack, he’ll tell you the outcome. That is why I am the most powerful King, that is why mine is the greatest realm of all-“

“I’ve conquered you,” Tony growls, steadying his horse again as the dark beast rears with his anger. “I’m King of this realm now. It’s all mine. Where is he?”

“He knew you were coming,” Stephen gasps, coughing more blood, “I asked him and he told me. I had time to hide him. You’ll never get him, I’ll never tell you-“

Tony cries his battle cry and flashes his sword in one smooth movement.

Stephen’s head topples to the ground.

His soldiers cheer.

“Quiet!” Tony roars, as he turns to his men. “This is no time for celebration. Find the oracle. None of us leave this realm until we find him.”
The men cheer his name and disperse. Some into the distant flames of the village, some into the fallen castle. Others out into the eerie, encroaching forest.

Tony looks down at Stephen’s smug, severed face, and spits on it.

It’s four days of searching before one of his men come to him. They’ve set up camp in the grassy planes, and Tony steps out of his tent with eager, hungry eyes.

“A door, hidden beneath the stone walls,” his soldier whispers, as they mount their horses and charge towards the castle under the curious eye of the moon. “We did not enter, your majesty. We waited for your instruction.”

“You did well,” Tony whispers, before their words give way to the desperate hooves.

The door is well hidden, and reeks of magic, but Tony has the fiercest, loyalest knights, the most powerful and talented mages, and soon he is stepping down into the darkness. It’s a long, gloomy stone corridor lit by the occasional fire torch, and his men follow a little way back. Tony has a hand on his sword, ready for this to be some sort of trap that Stephen has lain in wait for him, before he reaches another door.

He pushes it open warily and stops.

A small, circular room filled with silver moonlight and the floor covered thickly with crushed petals greets him. It is garnished with crystal and old books. There lies a cotton strewn bed and on the bed-

“The oracle,” Tony whispers, knees swaying for a moment: unsteady. And his men fall into hushed silence behind him. Tony knew he was real, knew he was more than a legend, but this...to have him here, before him. The power coursing through his veins makes him heady. All victory is within reach. He knows how to wield power, unlike Stephen did, Tony knows the questions to be asked and the ruthlessness needed.

The boy is as beautiful as all the legends said. Fairer than all the maidens Tony’s ever seen. He sleeps as if an angel, and there are crushed berries in a large bowl in the corner- almost depleted. Any longer and this gift might have died.

He’s adorned all in white, and there’s an ugly, heavy metal manacle attached around his ankle and tethered to the wall. Tony snarls at that, baring his teeth. Stephen would rather the boy had died than anyone else get the chance to conquer and succeed.

He rises his sword, enchanted and warded, and brings it down onto the chain. It splinters apart with a crash and the boy startles like a colt, awakening and eyes widening in terror as he presses back against the stone walls. There’s recognition on his face.

His eyes are beautiful, like the distant stars, and his hair is long and curling.

Tony steps towards him, covered in dried blood, and lifts Stephen’s crown up on his finger. The significance hangs heavy in the air, before he tosses it to the ground where it rolls, clinks, and falls. The boy swallows hard, shaking, and Tony kneels, one hand out like he’s trying to steady a wild animal.

“Your King is dead.” He says softly, but firmly, and he can feel his men pressing forward for a closer look. “I am your King now. Do you understand?”
The boy doesn’t speak, instead tears roll down his face, and Tony presses:

“Do you understand my language?”

The boy nods slowly, cheeks going red with fear.

Tony smiles approvingly at that, the smile of a wolf, and the boy does not looked soothed by it.

“You read and write and speak my language?”

Again, the boy nods.

“I am your King.” He says again, straightening up. “You are mine."

The boy nods a third time.

“What is your name, fair treasure?”

“Peter,” he whispers, wrecked. “I am Peter, your...your majesty.” He bows his head in respect. “My King.”

Tony’s smile is slow and evil. “You shall deny me nothing, Peter. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sire,” he whispers, a touch of an accent, looking up through his eyelashes. He trembles with the cold. Tony reaches out for him, and lifts him into his arms. The boy clings to him and Tony presents him to his men.

They cheer.

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One Year Later

Slick with the sweat of victory, Tony unfastens his britches and marches into his bedchamber. Peter is painting by the window, bathed in afternoon sunlight, clad in the finest silks and his hair strewn with flowers, his curves plump and soft.

Tony grabs him from the easel and throws him onto the bed, spreading his thighs as far as he can, and forcing himself in with a bruising grip.

Peter cries out in pain, but knows better by now than to scramble away, and instead, grinds back. “My King,” He gasps out, and Tony clamps a hand down onto the back of his neck, thrusting viciously into that inexplicably tight heat, keeping Peter’s head pressed to the bed.

“You did well for me, treasure. As always,” He growls, feeling Peter convulse around his thick girth. He looks over at the window and grins breathlessly. “You are painting again? What did you see?”

Peter mews, scratching at the bedsheets as Tony wrecks his hole. “You, My King.-“ He gasps out, “I saw, y-you, I-“

Tony leans down to bite hard on Peter’s shoulder, branding him as heat cools in his gut. “My good, good, boy,” he hisses, “I’ll let you have some pleasure today, since you have served me so well.”

The oracle lets out a desperate plea at that, trembling with anticipation and Tony chuckles, using one hand to unfasten the chastity device that keeps Peter locked away. He wraps one hand around the tiny, perfect length and milks Peter quickly, as the boy sobs into his arms and keens for more, body
shaking.

He cums with a scream, and Tony keeps pumping him despite the futile protestations. Peter tries to squirm away but Tony plays with his length mercilessly, because it makes the boy squeeze like a vice around him, walls fluttering sporadically over Tony’s dick in a way that’s just delicious-

After Peter’s made a mess of himself three more times, he faints and Tony gets to finish brutally hard, just the way he likes, into that pliant body.

When he’s done, he pulls out and spreads Peter’s cheeks to admire that puffy, wrecked hole. He beckons in the attendant, to have Peter’s ankles fastened to the bed posts. Tony’s in a hungry, insatiable mood. She does so without word, and lays a pot of oil beside the bed.

He’s pleased. Today has been a glorious day, as all days have been since he acquired his treasure, and he heads over to the window, twisting Peter’s painting around and-

He sees himself in beautifully rendered oils, standing over all seven realms with victory on his banner and the world in worship of him.

Peter is at his feet.

Tony smiles: slow, and evil.

Chapter End Notes

Your comments are so sweet honestly, I just wanna marry all of you.
“I have the prettiest little boy in all the world,” Tony croons, nosing at Peter’s soft throat and the boy makes a sweet little pleased sound at the praise and cuddles into Tony happily. Tony strokes his hands down Peter’s back to the swell of his ass, and Peter giggles; ticklish, and squirms.

It grinds their crotches together and Tony growls with want, teeth nipping at that slender nape.

Peter mewls and grinds down, pulling back so his big brown eyes sparkle like he’s a real life fairy. “I love you,” he says proudly, like it’s the best thing in the whole world to love Tony and Tony could just eat him up. His boy leans down to press a sugary kiss to his lips before Tony can reply-

And then the door is being pushed open and Tony glares at one of his men.

His eyes sting like a basilisk’s and the man trembles in the doorway. “M-Marco here to see you, S-S-Sir.” He stutters out.

Tony grits his teeth, and Peter pouts leaning down to press another kiss to Tony’s cheek. “Hurry back, daddy,” he whispers pleadingly, and Tony’s gonna fucking put a bullet in someone’s head if they ever interrupt him and his boy again.

“I will, baby,” he promises softly, scooping Peter up and setting him in the chair. Peter looks tiny, swamped in the big black leather, and Tony cards his fingers through his hair before sauntering out to see whatever shit Marco is bringing in with him now.

The man is a pacing, agitated mess by the time Tony reaches the section of the warehouse. It’s worse than he thought. Marco spins on his heel when he sees him and his eyes are frantic. ‘They know Tony, Calla’s people know, they know where my family live and-’

“Marco,” Tony pinches the bridge of his nose, “for the hundredth time, I’ve got your back. Calla doesn’t know anything, he’s a two bit hack.”

“No, no, this wasn’t like before,” Marco insists: wrecked, “this was different! They want you, Tony, they want you on a platter or I swear everything’s gonna go to shit.”

Tony nods, frowning. “Fine. I’ll get rid of Calla tomorrow. Problem solved.” It’s not ideal, he doesn’t want to kill Calla, because that means a lot more enemies, but needs must. The woman has been a thorn in his side for years now.

“No, Tony!” Marco screams, loud enough that everyone in the warehouse must be able to hear. “This isn’t like that! I told you, they want you on a platter!”

Tony scoffs, wondering just how sane Marco is. “What? You want me to offer myself up to them?”

When Marco’s shaky hand reaches into his waistband for the gleaming gun, Tony’s pauses. That he hadn’t expected. His own gun is back in the office, no one’s around, but what the-

“What are you going to do here, Marco?” He asks quietly, soothingly, “you’re thinking about killing me? I’m the only person out here looking out for you and your family. Haven’t I always done right by you?”

Marco is sobbing, distress rolling off him in waves. “I don’t want to do this, Tony, don’t you understand?” He screeches, “but they-they-“ he starts blubberyng and Tony wonders if maybe he
could toss that crowbar over in time-

There is no time.

Whatever wavering resolution is in Marco’s head, he hardens up and aims and fires.

Tony hits the floor but the pain isn’t- it’s not-

He looks down at himself. Nothing hurts, he feels fine, and the impact- it was like it came from the side and not-

Time seems to stop.

Peter stands, unmoving, and Marco stands unmoving, but a shot has rung out and for one long, timeless moment, nothing makes any sense at all.

And then Peter falls to his knees and red starts seeping into the baby pink of his sweater. Just above his heart.

Marco lets out a scream but Tony can’t hear it over the roaring in his ears as he scrambles over. His bodyguards run in at the commotion, but he has eyes for no one but Peter.

He gets one hand under the boy’s head and the other- the other he presses hard down onto the wound. Hot, pulsing blood presses up through his fingers, spilling down his hand.

“Tony,” Peter breathes, voice weak. Tony bites his tongue so hard he’s surprised his teeth don’t go through it, and he presses down harder on Peter’s chest. Fuck. Fuck. He can’t think, he can’t-

“Tony,” Peter whispers again.

His eyes snap up to Peter’s face. Clammy, sickly pale and shiny with sweat his beautiful boy looks up at him. “Peter,” Tony chokes out, tears blurring his vision. “Peter, you- so stupid, why did you-“ something tight is clawing at his heart, something thick is causing a lump in his throat, he can’t breathe-

A diamond teardrop rolls from Peter’s eye down to his temple.

Tony roars like an animal and he doesn’t know what he says but he can feel all his men staring at him: frozen.

Marco has stopped screaming. Marco is deadly silent.

“Baby,” Tony gasps, leaning down to press their foreheads together. Peter is burning hot but at the same time- sickly cool. “Baby, don’t- don’t. You can’t.”

Peter tries to laugh, but it comes out like a gurgled retch. He reaches one hand up, soft as anything as he cups Tony’s cheek. “I love you,” he says, like he’s proud of it.

Tony’s whole body aches with an unbearable pain. It burns brilliantly bright and he wants to kill every single person in this room. He wants to buy a machine gun and not stop until the building is more bullet holes than substance. He wants to set fire to the city and watch it burn and choke on the smoke. “Don’t leave me,” he wheezes, the thought is paralysing. “Don’t leave me, baby, please;” he begs, clutching Peter tighter than what’s probably safe. “You can’t leave me.”

There’s so much blood, it’s everywhere. His fingers are slippery and it’s hard to keep purchase. There’s more sound now, in the distance, but Tony doesn’t care about any of it.
Everything he cares about is slipping like blood through his fingers.

Peter’s hand drops.

“A core reactor,” Peter repeats, nose all scrunched up, as he pokes at the hard pink rock on the desk just like the one in his chest. The skin around the intrusion is itchy and he looks up at Tony for reassurance.

“A core reactor,” Tony nods gently, “I designed it, baby, it’s gonna keep you strong.”

Peter sniffles. Everything’s achey and he wants to sleep, and then Tony’s scooping him up and carrying him to bed. Tony’s been a constant presence since he woke up. He thinks he was out for a few weeks, but everything’s different now. It’s a new house and all the men he’s seen are different from Tony’s old men. Peter wonders what happened to the old ones.

He decides he probably doesn’t want to know.

He curls into Tony’s chest, feeling small and safe, and he yawns before noticing the pretty pink light emanating from his chest between him and Tony. He pulls back, a little delighted by it. “Look,” he whispers, even though Tony is already looking. Tony hasn’t stopped looking at him. “Like a nightlight!”

Tony’s eyes are wet and loving and he kisses Peter hard. “I love you, baby,” he murmurs, voice guttural and Peter smiles sleepily.

“Love you, Tony,” he whispers.

The soft pink light glows proudly, a little beacon, keeping the monsters at bay.
Venom Tony x Peter noncon

Please mind the TW babies: explicit noncon, dark Tony, forced orgasms. Essentially Tony is obsessed with Peter and wants to make his boy feel as good as possible (no matter what Peter thinks) and Venom is the perfect tool.

“The spider,” Venom growls, as Tony tries to wash the taste of blood out of his mouth with the blackest coffee he’s ever made. “We want the spider.”

“Join the club, buddy,” Tony drawls, swilling the gritty grinds against his molars and spitting the tar out of his mouth. He does glance over though, to the television that’s showing grainy news footage of the red-clad Spiderman nimbly swinging from building to building: saving the day, no doubt.

The black swell of tentacles is ebbing out of his right side, leaning towards the tv and Venom’s protruding head is glued to the movements. Tony hums thoughtfully. He supposes that in costume, the Spider-boy does look a little like Venom. But that surely can’t be the reason for interest.

Tony’s reason for interest, on the other hand, is far better. He’s known about Peter Parker for quite some time now, and he’d just been about to unleash the full force of his seedy underworld team to grab the boy so Tony could have him all for himself.

Getting bonded with some creepy Alien parasite after he’d put a bullet in the head of a scientist who was getting really weird for 2am in a New York alley way is just a moment of good luck really.

“Not a parasite.” Venom hisses woundedly and Tony absentmindedly reaches out to pat the writhing mass of ink. Like the way you’d pet a dog if you’d accidentally stepped on his tail.

He pours himself a fresh brew, and this one tastes a lot better. He’s not going to lie to himself and pretend that he doesn’t taste a faint lingering of blood as it swills down his throat, but it’s bearable. he turns to face the tv, sipping thoughtfully. “What do you want with the Spiderboy anyway?” He asks, and Venom turns its beady little head to look at him eagerly.

“We are you, Tony. We know what you want, and we want it too.”

Tony chuckles. “I’m not sure you want him for quite the same reasons I do,”

The head lifts, looking Tony right in the eyes and it smiles; toothy and a little terrifying. “The same reasons.” He purrs, and Tony swallows thickly at that.

Well…well, then.

It turns out additionally healing and eating the heads of his enemies isn’t the only benefit he’s getting from bonding to this parasite- symbiote he corrects mentally and Venom sinks into his skin happily, settling under his sense of self warmly, like he belongs there. Like he was always meant to be bonded to Tony.

Leaving a trail of destruction in his wake, it’s obscenely easy to corner the spider onto the top of an abandoned ferry in the endless expanse of water that surrounds them.
Peter is staring at Venom, who Tony has let engulf him completely, and he pulls off his mask and Tony feels his mouth salivate at the sight of such a gorgeous little face. Or rather, he hopes that’s why he’s salivating. *We are never going to eat him* he hisses insistently, and he can feel Venom bristle with annoyance (and just a little bit of guilt). “Look, man, hey,” Peter tries, with his brown curls with little strands of butterscotch, and his stunning, youthful face and big eyes. “I’m Peter, and-and I don’t know what you are, but we can figure this out, okay?” He’s got his arms up; peaceful, desperate, and he knows that shooting his webs does absolutely nothing. “You don’t have to do anything.”

There’s nowhere to run. “We are Venom,” Venom purrs, crouching forward, eyes hungry. “You belong to us.”

Peter laughs nervously, edging onto the back of the ferry load, his heels over the edge; above the water. “Yeah, buddy, I’m not sure how well that’s going to work out.”

In two huge, beast-like steps, Venom launches forward and wraps a gigantic hand around Peter’s body, and lifts him clean into the air. Tony, safe inside Venom, and almost restricted to merely watching the action, appreciates the size difference. Peter struggles, but the effects are minimal, and Venom reaches out with his obscene tongue to lick a fond stripe up Peter’s cheek. The boy makes a face of disgust, but Tony can taste it. A large part of him is intoxicated, another part of him is very, very hungry. “Pretty. Little. Spider.” Venom croons, the black mass swirling down; down Peter’s chest, over his arms, coiling and bundling as Peter stares in horror.

Okay, attention-hog, Tony grumbles, elbowing his way to the front (metaphorically speaking) *my turn now.*

Venom reluctantly withdraws, and Tony feels the cool wind on his face.

Peter’s jaw drops as he stares at him.

“Y-you’re a- you’re a person!” Peter cries, struggling anew, “help me! Please, the-the thing is-“

“Pretty baby,” Tony coos, and Peter’s eyes sparkle with tears, “I’m never ever going to hurt you. No one is. Don’t be scared,” he reaches out a hand, yes a hand and not a tentacle covered mass, and strokes it soothingly through Peter’s hair. The soft touch seems to startle the boy more than anything that’s happened so far. “I’m going to take care of you, Peter. Okay?” His heart bleeds with love, and he leans forward, Venom helps him, and he presses a kiss to Peter’s cheek.

The boy is panting with exertion. “You’re insane!” He yells, “you’re crazy! Help! Help!”

“There’s no one to here you, sweet thing,” Tony clucks sympathetically. “You’re mine now- ours. Let me take a good look at you,”

He doesn’t really want to hear Peter scream because the sounds of distress don’t really turn him on. He wants Peter to want this and some day, his perfect boy will. Venom knows exactly what he wants, it’s so handy: the two of them being so intuned like this, and black tentacles form a gag around Peter’s mouth, lift him clean into the air, arms pinned high above his head and legs spread.

Tony leers at him eagerly. He and Venom are barely connected now. A few mere strands here and there; just enough, so Tony is almost entirely human when he runs his large, firm hands up and down Peter’s tiny waist. The boy’s suit is skintight but Tony would really rather-

With his knife, he cuts the fabric away, careful, ever-so-careful, not to hurt his precious boy.
Peter lets out something like a sob as his gorgeous, creamy skin is revealed and Tony’s hands grope at it, sliding over Peter’s nipples and rubbing lightly as the boy jerks.

Tony chuckles softly, “is my baby sensitive?” He whispers, and Peter sniffs. “My perfect, perfect boy,” he praises, before giving Venom a little nod.

Peter lets out a cry when he starts getting hard. His white underwear tenting as Venom floods his system with arousal.

“It’s okay,” Tony soothes, kissing Peter’s delicate little neck, “don’t worry, baby, we’re just trying to take care of you.”

He cups Peter’s leaking cock in his hand through his underwear and growls. “Your little baby cock is all wet for me,”

Venom makes a noise of displeasure.

“For us,” Tony amends, winking at Peter, as he swipes his thumb over the tip. Peter lets out a sound between a broken moan and a plea. “But baby has to learn better. You don’t get your pleasure from here,” he gives Peter’s aching cock a little smack and Peter’s body leaps forward in surprise pain and he grunts. “You get your pleasure from here,” and his thick fingers find that perfect, untouched little hole. He presses hard through Peter’s underwear as the boy scrambles desperately.

Venom spreads the boy’s legs wider, and his Spider is so flexible, and those thin, whispy strands of tentacle flutter to his hole, and one pushes in and burrows its way inside.

Peter is clenching desperately, dripping with sweat as Tony watches in fascination as Venom squirms inside; one tiny strand at a time. He looks up to see Peter gasping through his gag, eyes squeezing shut now and then. The inky black of the gag suits his ivory skin so well. His eyes are so stunning. God, he’s beautiful. Tony says as much, but Peter doesn’t seem to appreciate it.

He will, in time.

The boy chokes suddenly and Tony grins wolfishly.

“You found his special spot, V,” he informs the symbiote, who gleefully presses against it again.

They toy with Peter right there above the water until he’s a trembling, aching mess. Tony makes him spill into his underwear without a touch to his little cock, and Venom’s tendrils hold Peter’s cheeks apart so Tony can thrust his aching dick deep inside.

Peter barely fights. Exhausted and oversensitive.

He’s perfect.

Tight and exquisite. Better than Tony ever imagined. Tony is thrusting brutally deep when Venom slithers up to him.

“I know it is against the rules,” Venom growls, “but we want to taste him.”

Tony slams balls deep as Peter’s velvet walls clench down all around him; squeezing masterfully. It takes a lot of effort not to cum. “No eating him,” he snaps breathlessly and Peter makes a noise of fear. Tony glares at Venom, stroking a soothing hand down Peter’s shaking flank. “Don’t worry, baby, shhh,”
“Not eat.” Venom snarls, “he is wet. We want to taste. But you said he is not to get pleasure from there.”

Oh. Tony looks down and sure enough, Peter’s little cock is hard again.

“I’m such a softie for you,” Tony sighs, nipping lovingly at the lobe of Peter’s ear, before giving Venom the go ahead.

Peter’s howl is worth it when Venom gets his long, monstrous tongue around his over-sensitive dick and Tony doesn’t even know when the gag disappeared but he’s grateful because hearing Peter whine pitifully, hips not knowing whether to buck into the sensation or away from the grotesque sight of a monster between his thighs-

Tony spills into him, unable to hold back as the boy flutters in fear all around him, and he feels Peter’s hole clench- swallowing him up greedily like a good little boy.

“Plug him up,” Tony pants, zipping himself back up and one of Venom’s thicker tentacles slide right into the boy.

Peter is babbling nonsense as his dick is engulfed by Venom’s tongue and he stares at Tony with glistening eyes. The poor thing doesn’t even know what he wants. He is so cute.

Tony reaches forward to pinch at one of his nipples and crystal tears drip down the boy’s face. “Don’t worry, sweetheart,” he says again, a satisfied smirk spreading across his face as Peter cums with another; shattering cry. “We’ll take care of you.”

Venom sinks back into Tony’s skin before enveloping him and reaching down to lift the limp Spider into his arms. “Tasty,” Venom says; proud and pleased, Peter’s cum in the back of his throat.

Tony can taste it too and he grins.
“We’re at a club with Peter Stark,” Bruce whispers for the umpteenth time right into Steve’s ear. His voice is a mixture of excitement and incredulity and Steve doesn’t even have the heart to ask him to stop stating the obvious because in all honesty, it’s the same phrase that keeps playing on repeat in his head. He’s in a fucking club with Peter Stark.

The club isn’t the typical student club that you can get in for a few dollars and a stamp on your hand. It’s not a club where you go to celebrate after finishing finals and you’re desperate to forget everything you’ve learnt the second the test is over. This club is high-end, and there’s a line a mile long and of course, Peter floats right past it. A few people in the line recognise him and call his name and Peter smiles and waves but doesn’t let himself get too swayed as the stars twinkle above them and the city lights bathe him in a glittery glow. On the way, they’ve picked up Bucky and MJ. Bucky’s gone all out, by which Steve means: a pair of jeans that actually look ironed, and a new shirt. MJ is a vision in a tight, black dress, classic but with a sharp edged insignia dotted up the straps. They were together before the others arrived and Steve wonders how far along the two of them are.

He tries not to be jealous.

When they reach the front of the line, the bouncer- an Alpha with a glare that could kill on the spot-softens and reaches for a silver box resting on the table beside him. “Peter,” he sighs softly, a chuckle in his voice, as he removes shiny, metallic bracelets. Peter holds his hand out and the Alpha clips it on. “I haven’t seen you out in a while. College got you stressed?” Croons the deep baritone.

Peter laughs, gorgeous and in his element: a Stark to his core. Tony Stark exudes class and natural confidence, and while Peter’s confidence isn’t as extraverted, it’s there with an understated subtlety that draws people in. “Just a little, I’m managing, though. Can I have some wristbands for my friends, please?” He barely has to bat his eyelashes.

The bouncer nods easily, and fastens a wristband onto Steve, Bruce, Bucky and MJ. They get jealous glares from the people in the line. The bouncer compliments MJ’s dress and makes a little joke about Bruce’s glasses and how they’ll get steamed up by the end of the night, but to the two broader Alphas, he doesn’t say anything and his eyes are hard.

Steve swallows thickly and glances at Bucky who’s pretending to be unaffected, but still holding MJ’s hand rather tightly.

Inside, it’s almost like a typical club only elevated. There are people dancing and music blasting and lights flashing, but the dancing is sensual in a way that Steve’s never seen, the music quality is almost surreal surround sound and the lights are shades of the rainbow that he’s never even seen before. He’s engulfed by the heat and the lust in the air, before someone takes his hand.

It’s Peter, and Steve smiles helplessly as he’s led through the writhing masses towards the sleek, purple bar.

Suddenly, Peter’s body is pressed flushed against his and Steve loses any semblance of coherent thought. He can just feel the gorgeous Omega, that tiny, tight little body and he smells so fucking delicious, and he’s so warm, as Peter stretches up onto his tiptoes and says into his ear: “Just show your wristbands! Free drinks!” He’s yelling, Steve can barely hear him, but he can feel Peter’s breath against the shell of his ear and his whole body shudders.
It’s natural for his hand to fall to Peter’s waist, steadying more than possessive though definitely
toeing the line. Bucky’s got his arm slung around MJ’s waist, a casual gesture like the two have been
dating for years, and Bruce is describing the exact amount of vodka he’d like in his drink to the
bartender in a waistcoat.

“Wait-“ a thought occurs to Steve suddenly, “you’re not- you’re not old enough to drink.”

“Oh my god,” MJ groans, laughing as she reaches for the martini she’s ordered. “What are you- his
dad?”

Bucky laughs too, and Steve cringes red but Peter leans into him and smiles softly. “You can order
me something non-alcoholic, if you like,” he purrs, one of his hands trailing up Steve’s chest and
how is Steve supposed to do that if Peter keeps short-circuiting his brain?

“This is really good,” Bruce comments, sipping his drink and turning to lean against the bar,
surveying the crowd. “Thanks for inviting me, Peter.” He grimaces just a little, “even though I make
a bit of a fifth wheel.”

Peter immediately flits away from Steve (who mourns the loss deeply) and over to Bruce. “I can
totally set you up!” He declares, bouncing on his heels. Bruce looks reluctant.

“I don’t know…”

“I’m serious!” Peter giggles, “what’s your type? Alpha? Beta? Omega?” Peter wiggles his eyebrows,
“Girls? Guys? I have a lot of friends who would be lucky to snatch up a catch like you!”

Bruce is slowly swayed and he mumbles his preferences into Peter’s ear as Bucky whines about not
being able to hear his type and Peter snaps his fingers. “I have the perfect- MJ- do you know if Nat is
here?”

MJ looks over from where she’s tugging on Bucky’s hair, “Nat?” She asks, eyes already a little
glazed over.

“The Alpha- she’s a year ahead? Red hair?”

“Oh, yeah, Nat said she’d come by,” MJ nods, and Peter cheers, hooking his arm through Bruce’s
and steering him away.

“She’s probably upstairs, I’ll introduce you,” he chats merrily, before turning to Steve and his eyes
glitter. They’re so fucking gorgeous. The gleam of silver in the brown, like the shining stars above
the ferny forest just behind Steve’s house back home. The bark and the night sky, brimming with
effusive beauty. “Order me something? I’ll be right back!”

Steve nods, trying to gather his bearings as he shows the bartender his wrist band and orders
something. He orders a beer for himself, something simple, and rolls his eyes as he hears Bucky and
MJ start arguing over the benefits of the army. For Peter, he peruses the list until he finds something
he thinks the boy will like, and then he finds a little booth in the corner (in the VIP area, Jesus, the
excess) and settles in.

Peter comes back without Bruce, so Steve assumes it went well. He smiles, already feeling the
nerves come back at the sight of the boy. His palms start to slick with sweat and he thinks maybe he
should have ordered something stronger for himself because Peter is a little mussed, the skin tight
pink outfit, the display of skin and his hair all slightly in disarray and instead of sitting on the plush
leather next to Steve, he sits right on Steve’s lap.
“What did you order me?” Peter asks sweetly, a teasing grin on his pink lips and Steve has to take a second just to stop staring at him. His eyelashes are so long, their faces are so close together, Peter is so small and light on his lap and- “You smell nice,” Peter blinks, leaning in a little to sniff at Steve’s neck. Steve immediately splays a hand across Peter’s hip to steady him, and his other one lands more carefully on Peter’s knee. Not too high, not too presumptions, but there and it makes something primal in him growl happily because if anyone were to look over, Peter looks like he’s his.

Not that Peter is, of course-

“Like pine and dragon berries,” Peter sighs, his nose dragging across the tendons of Steve’s neck in the faintest tickle of contact and Steve is so tense he feels like he might burst. Peter’s skin is so soft, like the finest fabric in the whole world and his presence is intoxicating- “What do I smell like?”

Steve holds him a little tighter without meaning too. “Amazing,” he chokes out, “like-like chocolate chip cookies and cream and strawberries-“

Peter laughs, like twinkling music and harmonic melodies. “Maybe you’re just hungry,” he giggles and Steve chuckles, relaxing just a little. Peter’s hand is on the back of Steve’s neck, idly toying with the short strands of blond and-why is he so nervous? Peter is so sweet and so calming and Steve just- he takes a deep, deep breath and lets it out equally slowly. When he looks back up, Peter is smiling down at him, eyes crinkled like he thinks Steve is the cute one. (Which is absolutely ludicrous because Peter is cuter than bunnies and kittens and-)

“I got you- this,” he manages, reaching for the bright pink drink. It came in a very fancy glass but he doesn’t know exactly what it is, but he’d taken a cursory sip. It’s very, very sugary and he thinks Peter will like it. He hopes desperately he does.

“Ooh,” Peter murmurs, not taking it from Steve’s hand but simply leaning forward and sucking the straw into his mouth. Steve lifts the glass to give him a better angle, his eyes firmly stuck on the way Peter’s lips wrap around the glittery straw. His cheeks hollow as he sucks and Steve viciously wills his erection away because Peter is on his fucking lap and- “that’s so yummy,” Peter beams, taking another sip, before holding the straw towards Steve. “Try some!”

He doesn’t know what makes him do it. Some deep sense of bravery that only makes itself known once or twice? Maybe the beer? Maybe just the heady presence of Peter fucking Stark on his knee, his hand in his hair, but instead of reaching for the straw, he leans forward and kisses Peter instead.

There’s no moment of coursing fear and shame, because the second their lips meet, he can feel Peter’s smile, and the omega is kissing back.

This is heaven. This is bliss. Peter tastes like sugar and apple lipgloss and he smells like home, and he’s so soft, like a piece of silk that could get taken in a strong breeze and Steve knows that he’ll give this boy everything, anything in the whole world and that he might never really be worthy, but he’d never ever stop trying-

Bucky whoops somewhere over on his left, but Steve can barely hear it because Peter’s tongue is in his mouth and-

He’s in heaven.

Life is a series of peaks and troughs.

Steve was on a peak last night, and now he’s in a trough. The troughiest of troughs. He rubs his eyes blearily and stumbles into the kitchen. He’s not sure how he ended up here. He remembers kissing
Peter, and he remembers the taste of him, and the feel of him- and then he remembers dancing and music and copious amounts of alcohol and he remembers Peter getting a phone call and stepping out and then Bucky was saying he saw a sleek black car pull up and Peter was gone.

Steve had immediately freaked out before MJ reassured him that that car meant it was probably someone Peter’s dad had sent to take him home. It had happened before, apparently.

Still, Steve hadn’t liked it. He’d messaged Peter worrily in the early hours of the morning, only to get a text message back almost immediately:

Happy took me back to my dorm :( ill see you in class

That was it.

See you in class? Steve had fallen into a fitful sleep and had dreamed of those words chasing him.

And now it’s 4pm and he’s managed to dredge himself up from the lumpy, chip stained couch in Bruce’s dorm and waddle into the kitchen only to see a stunning red-head in dark jeans and a dark grey rock band tee sitting at the counter, sipping coffee and typing at her laptop. She looks up and grins at him.

Steve has no idea who she is.

“So,” she drawls, perfectly manicured fingers curling around the mug. Her scarcely intimidating impact is a little diminished by the fact that it’s Bruce’s mug she’s using and it reads: Square Way to Heaven with a little x being squared. “You’re the one dating the Peter Stark.”

Peter is a the. Peter has a determiner. Steve drags himself onto the stool opposite her and buries his head in his hands. “We’re not dating,” he mumbles, and it comes out like a very pitiful whine.

“Sure didn’t look that way last night,” she drawls, taking a long sip of her coffee. “You guys couldn’t keep your hands off each other.”

Steve feels heat rise to his cheeks, but he just has to look back down to his phone and look at that message to feel drained. “I’m not sure how- I don’t think he-“ Peter could have anyone in the whole world, and maybe- maybe he’s the type of omega who just kisses Alphas for fun and Steve wants to cry-

The red-head reaches over and snatches his phone away. She reads the message and frowns. “It leaves a little to be desired,” she admits and Steve’s shoulders slump despondently. Who was he kidding? An omega that pretty, an omega who tastes like that, who feels like that, the best omega in the whole entire world would never want- “Stop feeling sorry for yourself.” The red-head snaps, rolling her eyes. “You don’t know what’s happened yet. When do you have class with him?”

“Wednesday,” Steve sniffles, sitting up. “Do you think-how should I-“

“Yikes, kid,” she laughs even though she looks younger than him, handing him back his phone. “You have got to relax. It’s Peter fucking Stark. He could have anyone in the whole world.”

Steve groans miserably, “I know.”

“No, dipshit, it’s not an insult,” she continues, “he could have anyone but he chose to take you to a club with him. That’s the wristband you’ve got on, right?”

The silver twinkles like the stars in Peter’s eyes. Steve nods, feeling just a little hopeful as he fiddles
with the metal band.

“Besides, you’re not a hideous looking Alpha. Not my type. A little too wholesome-righteous-
America’s-homespun-golden-boy type, but,” she shrugs, like this is all rather inconsequential. “I’m
not Peter Stark.”

Steve takes the opportunity. “Uhm, who are you?”

She laughs, setting down her coffee to shake his hand. Her grip is strong. “Natasha Romanov. I’m in
one of Peter’s English classes. He introduced me to your friend Bruce last night.” She winks at him,
“I don’t wanna brag, but I definitely rocked his world.”

“Are you sure he didn’t rock yours?” Steve teases, heading over to the fridge, “I mean, you’re still
here.”

Natasha doesn’t say anything to that, but she doesn’t leave either, and Steve decides that he rather
likes her.

He manages to freshen up and feel less like a zombie by the time it comes to practise that night, and
he’s just lacing up his boots when Bucky runs up to him and looks pretty much zombified too. That
makes Steve feel a little better. “Holy shit,” Bucky wheezes, out of breath and Steve realises he
probably sprinted to make it on time. “Who knew Omegas partied so hard?”

Steve laughs and watches as Bucky collapses onto the bench. “Did you and your girlfriend spend the
whole day together?” He asks curiously.

Bucky glares up at him without much heat. “We spent the whole day arguing about the best hang
over cure, if that’s what you mean. I swear, I’ve never met an Omega with so many views about so
many things. She asked me what I thought about GMOs and I thought it was a video game and she
got so mad at me—“

Steve doesn’t hear the rest of Bucky’s complaints, because he’s too busy clutching his ribs as he
howls with laughter. He gets an angry kick to the stomach for his amusement, but then he and Bucky
pair up for training and everything is okay.

In all honesty, Steve’s jealous. Bucky and MJ are…different, and surly and they sure do seem to
spend a lot of time… debating (Steve keeps getting flashbacks to last night in the cab on their way
home when Bucky and MJ had practically assaulted the driver as to the best route back to campus)
but they get on. And despite Bucky’s complaining, he’s going back to MJ’s after practise and
Steve…he wishes he and Peter had been able to spend the day together.

He wishes he’d been able to make Peter breakfast, though in all honesty, he surmises that Peter
probably would have been the one to wake up first and maybe make a hangover remedy. Maybe
they could have watched Netflix together, or he could have watched Peter feed his cat. Maybe he
wouldn’t be obsessing over a text message.

Maybe he could have kissed Peter again.

But he’s survived Monday, and as he wakes up in his own dorm on Tuesday he thinks maybe he can
survive the second day of the week too. That is, until, he checks his Instagram.
Who ever thought social media and the internet was a good idea can be on Steve’s hate list as far as he’s concerned. Who designed these things to torture him so? It’s a picture of Peter at the top of his feed. Stunning and gorgeous and completely swamped in a coat far, far too big. His hair is a fluffy mess and the furry coat is shiny and black but that’s not what has Steve’s attention.

It’s the guy with his arm slung over Peter’s shoulder, the one taking the picture, a guy with a wide, toothy smile and Gucci sunglasses nestled in his dark hair.

The caption reads: *Old friends and Gucci~ (should I buy this jacket?)*

Steve feels his heart constrict like barbed wire has wrapped all around it. The fetters crawl and scratch along his chest cavity and his heart has trouble beating. It was posted three minutes ago. Peter is in a Gucci store somewhere right now, with-with- a *friend*, his mind supplies earnestly, *don’t freak out.*

He is freaked out, though. He is very freaked out. He immediately starts scrolling through the comments (a number of them are in Spanish, what time is it over there? And a lot of them tell Peter to buy the jacket. He should, he looks fantastic in it even though it’s clearly too big) and he soon sees a recurring name. Unassuming but present and looking like a foreboding shadow to an apocalyptic sun: Harry. Steve shudders, Harry. It seems so normal. Such a normal name. As normal as Steve.

King Harold was evil.

It’s very easy to type in Peter Stark and Harry into google and it’s even easier (and soul destroying) to learn everything. Seriously: fuck whoever made the internet.

Harry fucking Osborne: Alpha, heir, and Peter’s ex-boyfriend.

The guy is handsome. Lean, for an Alpha, and not that tall but with perfect features and green eyes and-and-

Despair courses through his blood; crushing him, and the chains around his beating soul ache and screech across the prison of his heart. He scrolls through the images on google with increasing franticness. There are so many. Of a younger Peter Stark and a younger Harry Osborn; sometimes in matching shirts, one at Disney Land, one on a private jet, one in a school classroom, lots of silly ones, and they look so happy and all the images are flowing into his eyes and imprinting like a firebrand right onto his brain—

He should really put it out of his mind. The sensible thing would be to just talk to Peter like the senior he’s supposed to be and handle this like an adult. He should close the tab on his phone, and get some work done and try to be grown up.

Instead, he clicks on a site called *Peter Stark’s Dating History* and decides to torture himself for the rest of the day.

The further back through the pages of google he goes, the more he finds. Old front page covers of gossip magazines and couple goals, until he stumbles onto an old article that reads:

*Heir to SI and Heir to Oscorp- match made in tech heaven?*

*That’s right! Our dreams have come true as Peter Stark and Harry Osborn finally confirm rumours of their dating life! These two cuties are the cutest high school sweethearts to ever have existed and we think that they are absolutely gorgeous together! Peter Stark, son of billionaire philanthropist Tony Stark, is the sweetest Omega you will ever lay eyes on (he volunteers at animal shelters, click here to see pictures of him and some puppies that are guaranteed to make you melt) and Harry*
Osborn, son of billionaire tech-genius Norman Osborn, is the most stylish Alpha you will ever see (check out these pictures of him with actress-Aunt: Wanda, at a red carpet ceremony from last year). These two are certainly the most enviable young couple in the world right now. What do you think? Let us know, down below! And as always, remember to sign up to get weekly updates-

Steve wants to cry.

Instead, he bundles himself up into his jogging clothes and takes to the streets. It’s a cold day, but the blistering chill doesn’t stop him as he beats his frustrations into every step he takes as he sprints around the campus. His breath comes in harsh, uneven pants and his lack of foresight leads to a painful stitch but still he doesn’t stop. Of course Peter would end up with an Alpha like Harry- his own age, rich, handsome and they’ve clearly rekindled their flame and high school sweethearts, gorgeous together and Steve is just- he’s just someone who’s failing History of Math.

He wants to be angry but instead he’s just sad.

Peter’s dark chocolate eyes with their whiskeyed amber flecks are just another distant dream. One that came close enough to touch. Those honey irises and vanilla scent were just a wild, impossible aspiration.

But Peter is a star and Steve is left to baleful gazing and-

“Woah there, trooper, you were really going at it,” comes a slightly breathless voice, and Steve looks up from where he’s trying to ease the burn of lactic acid out of his calves, to see Natasha. It’s funny, college, how you go from never seeing anyone at all to seeing them all the time. She’s geared up in jogging gear too, a water bottle in her hand and her red hair pulled back tight. “Woah, why do you look like so down?”

Steve glares at his shoes. “No reason,” he pants only to feel the bench shift as she takes a seat beside him.

He’s burning up now in the cold, but he doesn’t move to peel his sweatshirt off. He just sits there and stews and feels somewhere deep in his core like all he really wants is some ice cream and one of his favourite movies (and maybe even one of Peter’s hugs)-

“Peter posted on instagram.” He splutters out, not quite certain of why but unable to help it. He stares at Natasha for a reaction. She pauses with her bottle halfway to her lips, before she lowers her arm slowly and nods in understanding.

Her hand reaches for her phone and Steve watches her face as she checks the instagram post.

Her face doesn’t betray much.

“Well?” He says after a beat, when she remains silent.

She shoots him a soft look, gentle in a way her snowy mask doesn’t make seem possible. “You know better than to speculate, Steve. And I hate to be the one to break this to you, but if you and Peter do ever have a thing, you’re basically dating a celebrity. People’ll say stuff about you, about him, and there’s pressure that comes with that. If you can’t handle him hanging out with a friend, how do you expect to handle that?”

“I’m not- I’m not upset he’s hanging out with a friend!” Steve gapes, dragging his hands through his hair. “That’s Harry Osborn- they- they dated and- he’s an Alpha and-“

“Peter’s going to hang out with lots of Alphas.” She offers sagely, sounding mature beyond her
years. She marries with Bruce in that way, he thinks. “Have you seen him? But that doesn’t matter because he’ll also be loyal to you. The caption said ‘friend’, and I guess…” she shrugs, “do you trust him?”

“Of course I do,” Steve vows with his whole heart, “but this isn’t about that. We’re not even- we’re not even dating.”

“Then you need to talk to him.” She grunts, pushing herself up and gesturing for him to do the same. “I’ll race you back to the quad. If I win, you buy me lunch?”

She doesn’t win, but he still buys her lunch.

With the help of Natasha, and some ice cream he buys from the on-campus shop, he manages to make it through the torture of Tuesday. Natasha says goodbye mid-afternoon because she has class, and he messages Bruce to let him know that she’s a catch and he better hang on to her, to which Bruce scoffs and says he knows.

He messages Bucky and gets an unintelligible reply that means Bucky’s in a lecture and no doubt half asleep, so he scoops out the chocolate chips in his ice cream and watches three men try to raise a baby on Netflix.

He thinks about what his and Peter’s baby (babies, Steve’s always wanted maybe four?) might look like.

An Alpha? A beta? An omega? A girl? A boy? Hopefully with Peter’s eyes and Peter’s hair and Peter’s smile. His inner-alpha howls sadly at the thought of that not ever happening. Steve tries to soothe it with ice cream but to little avail, until he finally falls into a restless sleep.

Steve gets to class early.

So early that the door isn’t even open yet and he lingers in the hallway, wiping his sweaty palms onto his jeans and trying not to think about the amount of effort he put into his outfit. He looks good, he thinks. In a tight grey tee and dark wash jeans. He feels tall and strong and Alpha, and a number of students had looked him over appreciatively on the walk over.

Still, there’s only one person he really cares about eyeing him.

And that person rounds the corner and Steve’s heart fills with joy until-

He sees who’s beside him.

It’s Harry fucking Osborn.

Peter is a vision of loveliness in a baby blue tee and dark denim pull ups that match his converse, he has dainty white socks with blue fringes and his backpack straps are sliding off his shoulders a little as he bounds along, gesturing with his hands as he’s engrossed in conversation with the handsome Alpha who’s dressed- fuck, it puts Steve to shame. Harry has on a dark green sweater that looks so expensive and is probably an obscenely pricey brand that Steve couldn’t even dream of affording and-

“Steve!” Peter squeals, eyes lighting up and it’s almost enough for Steve to forget his anger because Peter is skipping up to him like a little fairy and tiptoeing up into a hug. He smells delicious and
Steve has missed him fiercely. “Harry! Come meet Steve!”

Harry saunters over with a friendly grin and sticks out his hand, looking up at Steve. “What’s up, man?” He asks in a chill voice, and Steve puffs out his chest and is pleased that he’s taller and broader.

Two sides war within him. The polite one who just wants to be liked, yearns to take Harry’s hand, and the other, spiteful and drunk with love side, refuses. Steve doesn’t take his hand, his inner-Alpha prowling: angry, and instead turns to Peter. “I was worried about you,” he says, and Peter smiles softly.

“The bouncer told my dad I was there- and he didn’t want me staying out late,” his voice is a little irritated by it, but there’s some resignation there too. “He was looking out for me,”

“He’s an overprotective asshole,” Harry chimes in with a grin, gamely sticking his hand back into his pocket, “but he loves you. My dad doesn’t even realise when I’m in the state.”

“Your dad is a jerk,” Peter murmurs, nudging Harry supportively, “but he loves you.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Harry brushes it off, and looks to Steve with a grin. “So, Peter tells me you play football? Do you have to work out like all the time?” His eyes fall to Steve’s muscles and he shakes his head: impressed, “seriously dude, no one could ever mess with you. Respect.”

Steve has to grit his teeth not to say anything back and he hates himself a little for it. Jealousy is warring in him and even though Harry is being nice, he just- he just hates the guy because he and Peter have probably kissed, have loved each other, have-are-are just perfect for each other and Steve’s superfluous and he just wants to curl up and die but also punch Harry as hard as he can right in his stupid, smug, perfect face and-

“Steve?” Peter asks sweetly, the perfect image of a little angel, “are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” he manages stiffly.

“Dude, you don’t look so good,” Harry frowns, “here, let me-” he reaches forward, like he’s going to press his hand against Steve’s forehead and honestly Steve does not want to be touched by him, and wrenches himself away in a move hostile enough to have both the boys look up at him in surprise.

Their twin gazes hurt.

“Steve,” Peter says again, eyebrows knitting together, “what’s the matter?”

The matter? The matter is that he fucking loves this little Omega and Harry fucking Osborn is the heir to a billion dollar tech throne and- “I’m fine, really,” he insists, though neither one of them looks like they believe him at all. “I just want class to start already.”

Harry laughs a little in bewilderment and he lifts his eyebrows, turning to Peter conspiratorially and stage-whispering. “You didn’t tell me the people at this college were going mad with stress. These professors are setting you too many assignments.”

Peter half smiles, though his eyes are still stuck on Steve and shiny with worry. “You’re just jealous that you don’t come here.”

“Could’ve if I wanted to,” Harry sings, like this is a familiar argument, “you’re just jealous you didn’t come to NYU with me. We could’ve been a force to be reckoned with. We were glued at the
hip as it was.” He winks, “the press would’ve had a field day.”

Steve wants to bury his head deep, deep in the ground and yet he can’t look away. He can’t stop listening, watching, the easy camaraderie between the two boys. The years of history in every inch of them: in the way they stand, in the way they face each other, in the way they talk to each other. There’s a bond there: unshakeable and honest and Steve feels like that old Spartan story, of the soldier who hid a fox under his tunic and rather than make a fuss, got his bowels ripped out in perfect silence.

He’s actually doing rather well in his Greek History module.

“Harry and I went to the same high school,” Peter chimes, trying to draw Steve into the conversation. “Where did you go to High School?”

“It was a Boy’s High School back in Brooklyn,” he answers dutifully, and feels something small and warm curl in his chest at the memories. Childhood wasn’t the happiest time of his life, but he had friends: brothers, in the foster home he grew up in and he’d always loved school.

“Your parents, rest their souls,” Agnes, the elderly woman who’d run the house had said when he turned eighteen, “would be so proud of you, Steven.”

Steve had ducked his head and flushed and thanked the boys who’d played football with him every lunch break. He’d earned his scholarship and he’s standing here and maybe he’s not in a Gucci sweater, but that doesn’t mean-

“Petey and I went to Trinity,” Harry supplies, and Steve lets out a punch of air.

“Trinity?” He repeats, eyes wide, “like- the private school?”

He’s not sure why he’s surprised. Of course they did. With their rich fathers and genius genetics, it’s no wonder. Peter’s never mentioned it before, and Steve softens as he realises the delicate Omega never really likes to brag. Still though, everyone who goes to Trinity, it’s so- it’s so much easier than the clawing and the scrabbling that Steve had to do when he was flunking Math and he’d stayed up as late as he could each night trying to pull his grade point average up high enough to qualify for the scholarship and-

“Yeah. I definitely would have flunked Latin if Peter hadn’t tutored me.”

Peter scoffs, eyes twinkling with amusement. “You mean if I hadn’t done basically every assignment.”

“Mr Hadris had it out for me, Petey!” Harry squawks around a laugh, ducking Peter’s hand. “But he loved every single omega in class. Especially Peter.” He looks up at Steve. “Is it the same here?”

He should joke back, and say yes because every lecturer and professor is always in awe of Peter Stark. Instead, he doesn’t flinch at all, and stares resolutely at the door and waits to go in.

Harry lets out a sigh. “Seriously, dude, what is your deal?”

“Steve, what’s wrong?” Peter pouts and he looks so crest-fallen that Steve just, he just- he just hurts okay and-

“Nothing’s wrong!” He snaps, angry at himself more than anything, but Peter recoils back at his sharp tone and Harry’s eyes harden.
“Don’t be a fucking jerk,” Harry grumbles, and Steve lets out a humourless laugh.

“Don’t push me.” He hisses, and Peter lets out a little gasp.

“Steve!” He admonishes, “why are you- why are you acting like this? What’s wrong? Just tell me-“

“I like you, Peter!” He all but yells, and now he’s grateful that class hasn’t started yet because he certainly doesn’t need more of an audience than Harry Osborn. The two boys stare at him in amazement and he feels the energy drain out of him and his voice falls to a more acceptable level. God, this was not how he pictured doing this. “I like you, Peter,” he whispers; wrecked. “I always have, and I just- I don’t know where we stand, and I just- I want- I want to be with you and I want to hold you and love you and-“

“Boys! You’re here early, or am I late?” The professor chuckles happily as she rounds the corner and spots them. She’s either blind to the tension or choosing to ignore it, as she unlocks the door to the classroom and holds it open for them. Steve wonders how this looks. Two Alphas and an Omega and a sour atmosphere lingering in the air. It’s no surprise she wants Peter inside.

Nobody moves for a second, before Peter eventually clears his throat and ducks his head. “Thank you,” he whispers, sliding into the classroom. He turns back to Steve with his big brown eyes, and Steve can’t decipher the emotion in his face. “We’ll talk after class, okay?” He says quietly.

Steve nods brokenly, stepping forward when Harry grabs a handful of his shirt and tugs him back. “He’ll be right in,” Harry says charmingly to the professor who shrugs and heads inside now that she knows that the famous Omega is safe.

And then it’s just the two of them.

Steve’s shoulders drop and he turns to Harry apologetically. “I’m sorry,” he says honestly, ashamed at himself, “I was out of line and-“

“You need to get that fucking chip off your shoulder, dude,” Harry blusters, ignoring his apology. Steve stares down at him in surprise. “I’m serious. Every single one of your pores is oozing ‘I’m not good enough’ and nobody wants that. If you don’t want you, why the hell would Peter?”

The words cut deep and Steve doesn’t know what to say.

Luckily, Harry continues. “You think because we have money that we’re fucking unattainable? You think that because Peter has his name in magazines that he’d want to be with someone who also got that sort of publicity? Don’t be an idiot.” He shakes his head, “dude, do you know what I’d fucking give to look like you? You’re so tall and ripped! You look like you’re right out of a Dream Alpha catalogue. Have some pride in it.” He shakes his head again, like he finds Steve’s very existence slightly distasteful. “I get that you love him, and let me be clear- nothing’s going on with me and him, but if this is how you treat his friends, then buddy I got news for you- he’s never gonna love you back.”

And then, in a whirl of Gucci and cologne, he leaves.

Tough love is certainly tough, and Steve stays standing in the hallway for a while before Bruce comes along and takes one look at him; doesn’t say a word, and leads him inside. He stays by his side the whole lesson and Steve tries not to stare at Peter, who’s sitting near the front and resolutely not looking up from his book.

Steve wants to cry. Has he ruined this? Was there…was there something there? Was there a bud of love about to blossom in the new spring? Has he ripped it from its roots and destroyed its chances?
He’ll never forgive himself if he has. This isn’t who he is. He’s possessive, yes, but he’s not jealous, he’s not mean, he’s just- he just wants to be able to hold the person he’s loved for so long. There’s no one in the world like Peter Stark, no one so sweet and so perfect and-

The end of the lesson comes and he heads to the door feeling like he’s on the way to the gallows.

Bruce pats his shoulder comfortingly, before nodding at Peter, and disappearing after the crowd of students.

“Let’s not talk here,” Peter murmurs gently, he’s got his arms crossed like he’s hugging himself. Defensive and a little closed off and Steve mourns the loss of his happy, free, open boy. “C’mon, let’s get some coffee.”

Inwardly, Steve is grateful. Not only does he not want more drama to go down in this god forsaken corridor, but he also wants the lag. If this is going to be where Peter tells him that the two of them aren’t destined for anything more, he wants to savour even these tainted moments with him now. He keeps his eyes glued on the vision in denim pull-ups the whole way there. On Peter’s cream skin and how it sparkles in the sun and the way he fiddles with the straps of his backpack like he’s a little nervous. (Or uncomfortable? Steve hopes, hopes, hopes, he’s not uncomfortable).

Peter gets a frothy cappuccino; something with lots of whipped cream and sugar, and Steve orders an black coffee because that’s all he deserves. Each sour, scalding gulp will act as a reminder for his actions. They sit at a table near the windows that looks on to the flat, endless green of the campus grounds. It rolls towards the football fields, where Peter came to watch Steve play. Where Bucky and MJ met for the first time. The exhilaration of victory and having Peter in his arms floods into his system and the chains around his heart sing a mournful melody.

“I really, really like you, Steve,” Peter whispers, and Steve looks up to see those warm brown eyes gazing at him. His heart swells at the words and stops its singing, but waits for the but. “But…”

Tears prick in the corners of his eyes but he will not cry, he refuses to cry-

“You can’t treat my friends like that, I won’t…” Peter shakes his head firmly, his unruly chestnut curls tumbling into his forehead. “I won’t tolerate it.” He sniffs, lifting his head and sticking out his chin in firm defiance and if it wasn’t so adorable, Steve thinks he’d be thoroughly intimidated. It’s like a tiny little kitten trying to be a lion.

As it is, he’s to busy being suffused in a wave of awe. This doesn’t sound like-like a rejection. Peter’s tone isn’t apologetic. He stares at Peter with brilliant hope and the Omega cracks a smile.

“Your eyes are so blue,” Peter murmurs, a little dreamily and Steve’s cheeks heat up, before Peter shakes his head and huffs a little laugh. “And yes. That is me saying that I like you too and I want…” he shrugs, a little shy, “I want the stuff you want.”

Is this possible? Is he dreaming? “I’m so sorry,” he whispers adamantly, determined that Peter know that he didn’t mean to be such a- a jerk. “I saw that picture of the two of you and I- I was so immature and I just got so scared that he- because-“ he’s better than me he wants to say but he remembers Harry’s words and it’s not true. The truth is: “I felt like you deserved someone like him, and that hurt, but I-I could be someone that you…” his voice falls away into a barely there whisper. “I could be someone you deserve…maybe,” he chokes out and Peter reaches out to take his hand with love: glowing and beautiful on his face.

“Oh, Steve,” he whispers gently, understanding in his eyes, “you are. You’re the sweetest, kindest Alpha I’ve ever known and- you paid thirty dollars for a glass of lemonade and you say the nicest
things and…” his tiny little fingers curl around Steve’s thumb and Steve falls harder than he’s ever fallen for anything. He loves Peter Stark. He wants to shout it for all the world to hear. “I know you didn’t mean what happened with Harry.”

“I didn’t,” he breathes earnestly, “I didn’t, I’m sorry, I just assumed…” he looks away, shame-faced. “I should have talked to you.”

Peter nods, but his eyes are fond. “You should have. I’m not going to say that I didn’t love Harry, because I did. And I still do, but that love changed. He’s one of my best friends and I…I want you to be friends with the people I’m friends with. I love Bruce and I haven’t really had the chance to meet Bucky yet but I invited him on our night out because I want to. I want to be friends with your friends and I would never…” he pouts a little, and Steve wants to do nothing more than kiss it away. (It blows his mind that he might actually be able to do that some day soon) “I would never treat your friends the way you treated mine.”

His inner-Alpha mourns in a fit of self-loathing. What kind of an Alpha is he? Insulting his omega like that? And even though it’s a dull ache to know that Peter loved Harry, it’s a different love. An old love and he’s just being honest and Steve adores him. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” he repeats, “I’ll make it up to you,”

Peter’s smile is a little cocky and triumphant. “I know you will. You’ll make it up to Harry. He likes gory horror movies,” he hints, shuddering a little. “I do not. It would be cool if you took him to see that fright fest at the old movie theatre this weekend.”

Steve grins, and nods eagerly. “I will.” He promises, and because he can, he lifts Peter’s hand and places a kiss on his fingers.

Peter goes pink all over and Steve suddenly decides that Wednesday is his new favourite day.

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Dating Peter Stark.

Who would have thought that such a thing was ever possible?

Each day is a gift, a gift with the ability to hold Peter’s hand whenever he likes, to kiss him on the lips and stare at him for as long as he likes.

“How do you know?” Peter teases, from where he’s lying; back flush to Steve’s chest as they sit propped up in his cramped dorm bed and share a Ben and Jerry’s and watch the latest episode of Doctor Who. Peter shudders now and then with brain-freeze, and he keeps stealing all the little chocolate cups but Steve doesn’t mind.

Steve leans forward to nip playfully at the top of Peter’s ear, and wrap his arms right around the tiny, slender little body just because he can. “Stop staring at me,” Peter grins, “you can’t even see me.”

Peter rolls his eyes, and twists a little, his long dark eyelashes curling against the sharp cusp of his cheekbone, as he leans in to kiss Steve right on the lips. He tastes like reece’s pieces and love. “You’re always looking at me,” he whispers around a smile, and reaches up to scratch his fingers through Steve’s hair and Steve-

He’s still just awed by the fact that they’re here. That they’re doing this. That this is all real and it’s like he’s getting everything he ever wanted. Peter feels like heaven in his sturdy arms: the boy is so small, so light, pretty in pink pastels and ballet pumps that are neatly placed by Steve’s door. Steve
never, ever wants to let go-

“You look so good in blue,” Peter murmurs, thumbing at the neck of Steve’s blue sweater and he beams with an idea. “Blue and pink! We definitely need an instagram photo.” And he’s reaching for his state-of-the-art phone. Everything Peter owns is state of the art, which of course, Steve had known already. But still, watching Netflix on the fanciest laptop he’s ever seen (the HD is incredible), seeing Peter fiddle with a phone that looks like it’s out of the future and probably hasn’t even been released to the masses yet is amazing.

It makes him feel a little bad whenever he sees Peter strewn out on his tiny, cramped dorm bed or whenever Peter suggests a really fancy, expensive place to eat and Steve wants to- he wants to pay but he doesn’t have the money. He’s here on scholarship alone and Peter had touched his wrist with a gentleness that almost broke him, and nosed at his neck and looked unbearably fond when he’d said: “Alphas don’t have to pay for everything, Steve. If you’ve ever been with one who wants that, they’re spoilt and ungrateful and I’m not like that,” he’d promised, “let me. Please?”

He knows there are traditionalist Alphas out there who would give him shit for it, but honestly, fuck them, because Peter has a black credit card that looks so cool and he never ever lets Steve feel ashamed. He has the best Omega in the entire world on his arm.

As Peter lifts the phone, Steve catches the way he looks on camera and he grins at the bliss on his face. How happy he looks. He looks like the cat who got the cream, and his hands look obscenely large on Peter’s delicate frame, and the blue and the pink meld splendidly and Peter is angling his face a little and beaming and Steve just smiles at the camera because honestly? He’s the happiest he’s ever been.

Peter cheers merrily and brings the phone back down as he tweaks and edits the colours. Steve’s heart is jack-hammering in his chest because he’s dreamed about having a photo on Peter’s instagram since the beginning of time and now it’s actually going to be coming true and-

“Some people are gonna think we’re together if I post this,” Peter whispers, his voice not so much warning as wise. “Are you okay with that? It can be...” his eyebrows furrow together with stress and Steve reaches down with his thumb to swipe the lines away lovingly. “It can be stressful, I think. It can be hard.”

The dating history website he’d clicked on a few weeks ago had given a rundown of Peter’s previous relationships but Steve was smart enough to know that the only legitimate one on there was Harry Osborn. The others were friends or rumours never confirmed and that’s when it had become a sort of thing that Tony Stark wouldn’t let his Omega son date anyone. That’s not true either, Peter has insisted, it’s just that no one’s ever caught his interest after Harry-

No one until Steve.

“I’m more than okay with that,” Steve vows fiercely, and Peter beams at him like an angel, like Steve’s passed a test, and posts it.

Steve can’t resist checking his own phone to see the evidence first hand. He likes it before he’s even processed it and they look like couples goals or unattainable levels of joy that he’d always envied when he’d seen them. Steve wants to be above it all, really he does. He knows that being with Peter makes him so happy and he knows that it’s all he’s wanted for a long time and that he loves the boy with his whole heart, but he’s not above it. Seeing the evidence of the two of them, and knowing that they look perfect is a validation deep in his heart that makes him flush with pleasure. It’s like they’re meant to be.
The caption is only a blue heart and a pink heart side by side, and it’s the best photo that Steve has ever seen.

It takes two days for the photo to reach ten million likes and Steve keeps checking the comments because he can’t help himself. A lot of them are so sweet, so encouraging and he’s insanely surprised to see so many of them talking about how handsome the blond Alpha is, and how people think that Peter has finally found someone as pretty as him. There are a few comments, very, very few that are mean for the sake of being mean. Never gonna last and Ew as the more polite ones, and Steve doesn’t understand how people can be so mean, but he tries to put it from his mind and focus on the influx of incredibly nice things.

He gets about four thousand new followers too which is…insane. Especially considering he’s only ever posted obscure, slightly blurry pictures of landscapes and one or two photos with Bucky.

Even around campus, people glance at him. A few professors in his lectures give him pause now and then where before there were none and he doesn’t really understand why. It doesn’t bother him though, and whenever he leaves a class to see Peter standing and waiting for him, he doesn’t care what anyone around them might be thinking as he scoops his Omega into his arms and lifts him clean off the ground. A few students aww and some make lewd gestures but no one has said anything about the age difference for which Steve feels an unbearable amount of gratitude.

He’d felt so conflicted, so torn over the fact that he was a Senior and Peter was a first year and that people might think he’d be taking advantage, but that hasn’t happened.

Life is good.

They’re at a milkshake parlour (seriously, Peter seems to know where all the coolest places in this town is) at about 10pm. On a triple date with Bucky and MJ and Natasha and Bruce, and Steve just leans against the wall and stares at their little booth and lets himself float on the dreamy haze of thick chocolate over how surreal this all seems.

Peter tucked inside his side, sneaking sips of Steve’s milkshake whenever he thinks the Alpha isn’t looking, Bruce opposite him explaining some obscure physics law to Nat who honestly looks more impressed than she probably means to, and having Bucky and MJ mix between earnest debate over the last season of House of Cards and passionately making out, he just- he’s so happy he could burst.

MJ takes a group selfie and doesn’t even see the camera because Peter twists around to kiss him on the cheek, warm and filled with sugar and love and his eyes flutter shut in bliss.

Another picture gets taken of them on their way back home.

Steve doesn’t realise that’s been taken either. He only sees it online the next day. It’s dark and a little obscure but quite clearly him and Peter. They’re laughing, and Peter’s happily perched on Steve’s back, his legs around his waist and arms over his shoulders and they look like something out of a movie.

How can this be his life?

He’s in the middle of trying to do a make up assignment for History of Math. He’s requested transfer
for the module which’ll be granted if he brings his grade up (and he doesn’t need to take it any more. In fact, Bruce and Peter had insisted with equal earnestness that he should transfer as soon as possible) when there’s a soft knock at his door.

It has to be Peter, and he leaps from the bed embarrassingly fast and casts a warning look around his room like he’ll actually yell at any rubbish or loose socks that have managed to find their way onto his carpet. He pulls it open and looks down at his boyfriend (his boyfriend!) to see Peter with his perfectly freckled shoulders exposed as his thick, knitted grey sweater slips down his frame and onto the very, very tight skinny jeans he’s wearing. He’s holding a little black box.

Steve immediately frowns at it. Oh god. It’s not some kind of anniversary, is it? He hasn’t already messed up has he-

“Hey, handsome,” Peter beams, stretching onto his tiptoes just to get high enough to place a sweet kiss to the underside of Steve’s jaw as he ambles inside in a whirl of expensive perfume and elegance. “I know you’re writing your essay and I’m not here to distract you, but…” he lifts the box and wiggles it a little; all excited and adorable. “I got you something!”

Steve closes the door and swallows nervously. “What-for?”

Oh god. Oh fuck, it’s not valentine’s day, is it? If it is, then Bucky and Bruce are definitely screwed because he knows that they went out last night and were nursing very rough hangovers this morning. “For being an amazing boyfriend,” Peter teases, winking, and his cheeks sparkle with glittery highlighter that he wears from time to time.

Times when he wants Steve to find him extra-pretty, which is just ridiculous really because Steve always thinks that. “I didn’t get you anything,” Steve points out, feeling bad and Peter laughs like a little sprite and hands the box over.

“Good, otherwise you’d be stepping on my toes. This is about me giving you a present. Stop hogging the attention!” He teases, and twirls to sit on Steve’s bed, legs tucked neatly under him as he stares up at Steve attentively.

It’s Peter Stark, on his messy bed and surrounded by his papers and looking at him with those forest eyes of heaven. It’s enough to make a man delirious with joy. He wheels his desk chair over and sits down, unlacing the little black ribbon on the box.

This already feels too expensive. He’s not going to be able to accept it. He tugs at the ribbon and lifts the box. There’s black tissue covering the gift and above that is a little white placard with Peter’s graceful, cursive handwriting.

Dear Steve,

I love you even though you make tea the wrong way.

Yours,

Peter x

He chokes up a little, the card is gift enough, and Peter’s eyes are brimming as he watches Steve’s face; happy that he looks happy. “Look at it!” He whispers eagerly, and Steve laughs, sniffling, because he loves Peter too. So much.

He unfolds the tissues and the burnished gold dog tag stares up at him.
Holy shit. He knows what this is. He lifts the long, fine chain up and stares at the little oval plaque at the bottom where inscribed is a fine A. These are- these are old fashioned, but heart-achingly sincere and Steve thinks he barely remembers being six years old and seeing his mother and father have their necklaces framed and mounted on the wall of their shabby little kitchen.

The necklace is a promise. An out-dated, traditional, modest way to state one’s intentions to bond someday and Steve stares at the expensive, meaningful jewellery as it glitters in the afternoon sunlight in his dusty dorm room.

“I understand if you don’t wanna wear it,” Peter whispers, and out of his own bag he pulls an identical box and Steve’s heart clutches fiercely as he reaches for it. Peter hands it over and Steve’s fingers are a little clumsy, a touch desperate, as he pulls out what he already knows he’s going to find.

In the same gold, embellished with the same ethereal glow, is an identical chain but with a perfectly round O.

“I just wanted you to know that-that’s how I feel about you.” Peter whispers, little tears drops sparkling mini-rainbows on his eyelashes, “and I know not a lot of people do it these days but-“ he laughs, “I know we’ve only been dating for two months and everyone is gonna think we’re insane but I feel something, you know?” Brown eyes meet blue and yes, yes Steve understands. “I haven’t told anyone, I didn’t-I just wanted to know what you’d…do you…” his voice hitches with nerves and Steve falls to his knees in reverence at Peter’s face, taking his hands as the two gold chains spill over his fingers.

“Yes, Peter.” He whispers, and Peter’s smile is the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

His hands tremble as he lifts the gold chain over Peter’s head and it dangles around his neck, and then Peter does the same to him. The precious metal is cool around and his neck and he-he- he can’t even believe that this is something Peter wants. This is so romantic and so traditional and he knows his parents would be- god, they’d be so happy. Knowing he’s found an omega like this.

“It suits you,” Peter giggles wetly and Steve takes his chin between his thumb and his forefinger and leans in for a kiss.

“You suit me.” He whispers, and feels complete.

For a few days, they keep the necklaces, the promises, tucked away under their shirts and Steve feels it pound against his heart as he races across the field and passes the ball over to Bucky. It’s like he can feel Peter, who’s cheering in the stands with the school colours on his face, with MJ at his side, connected to him. Tethered to him. Like an invisible, unbreakable line between their hearts.

Peter is only eighteen years old and Steve wonders-hopes, that Peter won’t ever-won’t ever regret this act of intention but he knows too that if Peter feels even a hundredth of what Steve feels for him, then that isn’t possible. He hasn’t told anyone, though he’s been itching to tell Bucky and Bruce. He won’t though, not yet. Not until Peter’s ready.

After the game (they lost, but that’s what they were expecting really. The opposing team were on an eight-game winning streak) Steve feels itchy all over with sweat as he jogs across the dark, dewy emerald grass and comes to meet Peter at the sidelines.
“Peter’s thinking about becoming a cheerleader for the team!” MJ shouts before Peter can say anything and Steve’s brain frizzles like a microwave with metal in it, before Peter sighs.

“Thanks, MJ,” he teases, before beaming at Bucky who comes over, a little more angry at the fact that they lost.

“You’d make a great cheerleader,” Steve splutters, and Peter goes all lovely and pink in the cold night air and Steve’s eyes drag across that gorgeous ivory skin, before realising that Peter is probably freezing now that he’s out of the compact heat of the stands, and he reaches for his letterman jacket and drapes it over his shoulders.

“Oh my god,” MJ fake gags, “are we in a Hallmark Movie?” and Bucky snorts, slinging his arm over her shoulders, but Peter’s eyes are twinkling under the half-moon and he looks so pleased and adorable and happy to be in Steve’s jacket and it suits him perfectly that Steve just leans down to kiss him right on the mouth.

“Hey! Hey!” Comes a voice. Domineering and arrogant, and the four of them look to see one of the players from the other team- a tall, muscular beta- head over to them. Bucky bristles and MJ flips a finger at him, but he comes over anyway; his eyes honed in on Peter. “I fucking knew it!” He cheers, “Peter fucking Stark! I knew you went here!”

Steve steps a little bit in front of Peter protectively and Peter peeks out from his side. “Hi,” Peter murmurs politely, cheeks pink from the chilly air. “Congratulations. You guys played really well.”

The beta preens visibly at the praise, but also shrugs like the outcome was obvious. “Yeah, we killed it, like fucking always. Dude, this is so insane, can I get a picture?”

Steve would really very much like to punch this guy in the face, and MJ looks the same.

But Peter, demure and kind-hearted nods, and steps over to him. “Sure. What’s your name?”

“Byron,” the guy grins, wraps his arm tight over Peter’s shoulders and Steve curls his hands into fists as Peter shudders just a little like the gesture makes him uncomfortable, but he still smiles sweetly into the camera. The guy grins, relinquishing him immediately and examining the photo, shaking his head in awe. “The guys are never gonna believe this. I told them it was you but they didn’t believe me.”

“Cool story,” MJ drawls, and Bucky smirks, “we’re going now.”

“Sure, sure,” Byron waves them off, eyes still on his phone, before he looks to Peter with a cocky grin. “If you ever get tired of sitting on that loser’s dick, hit me up.” His gaze becomes a little leery and it drags up and down Peter’s frame. “Little cutie like you needs a firm hand-”

When Byron falls to the ground with a cry and blood starts pouring from his nose, Steve thinks that his body gave into the overwhelming temptation to punch him right in the face, before he realises that he hasn’t moved at all- he’s frozen, lock-still, beside Peter and in fact it’s MJ who’s flexing her fingers and examining her knuckles; radiating a satisfied fury.

Steve stares at her; slack jawed, and Bucky, with an equally awed expression, takes her hand and smoothes his thumb over her knuckles.

“MJ,” Peter chides softly, but his voice is grateful, and he kisses her cheek.

“You’re-fucking- psycho omega!” Bryon splutters, getting to his feet and stumbling away as blood drips onto the grass.
“If there’s one decent thing about stupid double standards it’s that dipshit betas and alphas never hit an Omega. No matter how many times you hurt them.” She shoots Steve an eerily knowing look. “If you’d done that, he would have come right back up and there’d be blood everywhere.”

“MJ,” Peter whines a little, looking upset at the thought, and she tips her head consolingly, kissing his temple, and Bucky shakes his head wistfully.

“You are so badass,” he murmurs, sounding far too turned on for this to be an appropriate public-conversation, and Steve, still dazed, feels Peter hook their arms together their lead them back towards the path.

They wave goodbye to Bucky and MJ and head down the dark winding lane through campus. Steve can’t even believe the nerve of that guy, and how fast it happened, or how brilliantly MJ took control and he realises he might need a little more practise. He’s happy he didn’t pummel that guy but it was a near thing, and he burns with anger over the thought of anyone speaking to his Omega like that, especially when Peter had been so nice. He takes a deep breath and thinks maybe he’ll take Nat up on her offer of yoga classes. He needs to be centred.

And then he realises that they’re headed towards the car park and not towards his dorm room. He blinks in surprise. “Are we going to yours?” He asks curiously and Peter nods.

“If that’s okay?”

“Yeah, that’s- more than.” He murmurs, because they hardly ever go to Peter’s. Peter lives in expensive, high-end accommodation a good way off campus and he gets driven in most days when he doesn’t say over at Steve’s. (Unlike that jerk implied, they’ve never- they’ve done anything. Peter always goes very pink when their make out sessions get header, and Steve is way too shy and respectful to ever actually push him into something he’s not totally comfortable with). The few times he has been to Peter’s place was to pick him up for a date out of town, and he’d stepped inside very briefly to see a lot of pink but not really more beyond that.

There’s a luxurious black car waiting and a man standing beside it.

“Hey, Clint,” Peter beams, and Clint pulls open the door, half-smiling.

“Hey Pete, this your fella?” Clint asks, and Steve blushes as Peter laughs and disappears into the car. Clint turns to Steve with a grin. “Did you win?”

“No,” he sighs, before amending: “well- maybe a moral victory.”

Clint laughs at that, crushing his cigarette under the heel of his boot. “I like you, kid,” he mutters and Steve beams.

The ache of his muscles lessens on the warm car ride to the fancier part of the city and he allows himself to almost drift off, his cheek resting on Peter’s silky, fluffy hair and breathing in the smell of him. A soft radio station is playing and he yawns, watching as Peter giggles at science puns on his phone.

“I love you,” he whispers into Peter’s hair, and his boyfriend takes his hand and squeezes.

“Love you too, sleepy giant,” he teases and Steve laughs.
He only really gets to see Peter’s apartment (because it’s not a dorm, it’s a fucking apartment) in the morning.

He’d fallen right asleep after they’d stepped out of the private glass elevator because honestly Peter’s bed feels like sleeping on a cloud and he hadn’t stood a chance. The insanely high cotton thread count of the blankets and the memory foam of the mattress had beckoned him to dreamworld, and he’d gone without a backward glance.

Now though, he’s woken up feeling refreshed as the early dawn sunrise streams in through the balcony windows. The balcony windows. Peter’s apartment is on the top floor. There are three apartments on the top floor, and Peter’s room looks out over the city and it’s gorgeous. Steve’s pretty sure that the entire top floor could have been Peter’s if the boy had wanted.

The omega is still asleep, face half smooshed into the satin pillowcase and so beautiful it almost aches. Steve tucks him in a little better under the thick blankets and decides to look around.

Peter’s bedroom is stunning. There’s a vanity table neatly covered in assortments of makeup- ranging from perfect pink to seductive scarlet, and a work desk spilling over with different thick wads of text books and assignments, and a walk in wardrobe that is very aesthetic and Steve recognises it from some of Peter’s Instagram pictures. There are framed photos propped up on the desk, and Steve lifts one up quietly, smiling at Peter and his dad as they wink at the camera.

He sets it back down and pads into the main room. It’s all white wood floors and artisan decor and ample luxury with sheepskin rugs strewn everywhere. The windows stream in a fierce lavender light from the early morning and Steve grins as Ojai rubs against his ankle and meows for some food.

Peter’s kitchen is gorgeous. Modestly impressive in size with marble counter tops and a fully stocked fridge. Steve’s in awe at the food that spills out. His fridge, and Bucky and Bruce’s for that matter, is often empty and the cupboards are full of ramen and pasta. Peter’s fridge has exotic fruits and vegetables, expensive healthy brands and fresh meat and bottles and bottles of flavoured, sparkling water.

He pours a sachet of premium cat food into the little crystal bowl and goes to stand by the window, looking down at the world. He’s still in his sports gear, bar the shirt that he’d stripped off, and he yearns to go for a run. It’s rare he gets to be this far out into the city and it’s too beautiful a morning to pass up. He writes a little note for Peter, and decides he’ll come back and make them some breakfast. Peter always gushes about Steve’s pancakes, moaning like sin and dousing everything in chocolate sauce and maple syrup. It always makes his dick twitch just a little in his pants.

Yeah, Steve’ll make breakfast.

He takes the elevator down and goes for his run.

He gets a few looks for jogging shirtless in a business district but all in all, Steve feels pretty good. The area is unbelievably nice and though it doesn’t have the sprawling green parks of campus, the paved terrain is a necessary training tool and the uphill burs make him feel a burn of accomplishment as he heads back. The moon is a faded fixture in the early morning sky and a v-formation of birds fly across it towards the still rising sun. He’s been gone an hour and when he gets back, Peter is still sleeping, only now Ojai is nestled into his chest.

Steve grins at the sight, dropping a kiss onto both of their heads before heading into the shower.

The water pressure is phenomenal and there are numerous amounts of shower gels all with pretty smells and specially designed for Omegas and Steve basked in the heat before towelling off and
changing into the nightclothes he never got to wear last night, before pottering into the kitchen to make pancakes.

Everything in Peter’s kitchen is ridiculously intuitive, which does make sense considering the field SI is in, and he makes a large stack of pancakes, drizzles them with enough sugar that he recoils slightly, before carrying them in (with a large cup of tea, even though he doesn’t make it the way Peter does) and waking his sleeping boyfriend.

Peter is a morning person when he does eventually wake up. It’s just getting him to the waking up stage which is tricky. He’s all doe eyes and confusion and nuzzles back into the warmth of his blanket as Ojai licks at his face, pawing at his nose, and Steve scoots onto the bed next to him and tries to waft the scent of pancakes into his nose.

It works, Peter blinks to awareness and spots the food and gravitates towards it unthinkingly. “Pancakes?” He asks in a croaky voice, and Steve chuckles at his dazed, desperate expression.

“And tea,” he promises and Peter’s face breaks out into a smile as warm as sunshine.

Legs tangled together under the duvet, Peter still twinged with sleep and Steve perfectly relaxed, they eat their breakfast and gaze at each other in the dappled morning sun. Ojai yawns between them and licks Peter’s fingers whenever he gets the chance. The cat seems to have as much of a preoccupation with sugar as his owner does.

Steve’s wondering whether or not he should lean in and kiss Peter or let him finish his pancake, when Peter’s fork drops to the tray with a clatter.

Steve looks up in surprise, but Peter’s face is glued to his phone: a horrified expression on his face.

“What? What’s wrong?” Steve asks and Peter’s eyes snap to him, and then down to his chest.

“You went jogging this morning,” he breathes, eyes wide, and Steve nods slowly: worried.

“Yeah, I-is that not okay? I didn’t think-”

Peter turns his phone and Steve is confronted with a picture of himself taken about an hour ago, jogging across the street. He can’t see anything wrong with it, but not wanting to look stupid, he stares at it and desperately tries to see whatever the issue is when Peter whispers: “Your necklace.”

Oh shit. Steve feels his lips part as Peter pulls up another picture, one taken at the game last night with that douchebag and whoever’s posted it has enhanced Peter’s neck and though it’s difficult to see, and a little blurry, there’s definitely the glint of a matching gold chain.

“Oh my god,” Peter whispers, pushing the tray away from him and scrambling off the bed. “Oh my god-”

“Hey, hey,” Steve soothes, immediately, hurrying after him and pulling the slender boy into his arms. Peter is shaking. “It’s okay, it’s fine. We were going to come out eventually, right? It’s gonna be okay-“

“We haven’t told my dad!” Peter wails, muffled into Steve’s chest, shaking his head hysterically. “What do you think we were waiting for? My dad has to- he hasn’t even met you, Steve! I was gonna wait until I could- until-“ he’s taking short, rapid, shallow breaths and Steve grips his shoulders tightly, trying to calm him down. Peter mimics his breathing until it doesn’t seem like he’s going to hyperventilate and Steve shushes him worriedly.
“Peter, you don’t…” he knows the necklaces are old-fashioned, but it’s even more old fashioned to ask permission for intention. It’s not like a wedding ring or a mating knot, it’s a symbol of loyalty for younger lovers, and surely… “You don’t need your dad’s permission, do you? Just for intention?”

Peter pushes away from him immediately, eyes wide and betrayed. Steve thinks shit that was the wrong thing to say. “My dad is my everything!” He hisses, eyes wet with unshed tears. “He’s gonna think I- I would never. We-“ he does start to cry then, little sobbing hiccups. “We tell each other everything and-and-“

Steve yanks Peter back into his arms because he can feel the boy fraying at the seams and he wants to bind him back together.

But then Peter’s phone starts ringing. Neither of them have to look down to see who it is.

“It’s okay,” Steve whispers, ducking his head to brush his lips against Peter’s forehead. He feels something release in his chest when his boyfriend leans into the embrace. “It’s going to be okay.”

Peter answers the phone with clumsy fingers.

Steve can immediately hear the furious, unbelieving tone of an older Alpha, that distinct, famous voice of Tony Stark- tech tycoon and press favourite, and Peter crumples. He yells for what seems like a few minutes before Peter weeps.

“Daddy,” he hiccups; wrecked, cradling the phone to his ear as tears slide down his cheeks.

The voice on the other side of the line softens instantly. Steve doesn’t know what Tony’s saying, but after a few minutes, he hears a muffled: I love you, and Peter whispers it back, before the line goes dead.

“He’s sending the car for us,” Peter says, wiping his face, and Steve stiffens.

“Wait, for us?”

“He wants to meet you- he says he’s not upset and that he knows it was an accident.” Peter seems reassured by this and Steve is happy for him, but otherwise he’s completely petrified because he can’t just go and meet Tony Stark. That’s- he needs time to work up to it- to research everything he can about the man so he can try as hard as possible to get him to like him. He can’t do a surprise visit when the Alpha will already be annoyed at the leaked photos and Steve’s own thoughtlessness.

Peter though, seems immensely relieved at knowing he’s going to be seeing his dad, and gets a little suitcase out from under his bed and starts neatly packing things into it as Steve stares.

A lot is racing through his mind. Namely, how quickly everything has just happened. And secondly, how close Peter and Tony are. He hasn’t seen much of them, if he’s honest, aside from photos. But whenever Peter had spoken of Tony, it was normally a little sadly: bittersweet because Tony had wrangled Peter into some new class, or got him an extension on an essay and Peter had always begrudged it just a little.

He realises now that those are merely shallow things, and when it really comes to it, Tony is, and probably will always be, the most important Alpha in Peter’s life. Steve has to make a good impression. He has to recover from his idiotic slip. He’d just forgotten he was wearing the necklace, that’s all. It feels like a part of him. Shit. God. What has he done? He’s not ready to meet Tony Stark and-and he has class tomorrow-

“How long are we going for?” He whispers, as Peter sets a pair of pastel pink converse into the
“I don’t know,” his boyfriend murmurs, looking up for the first time and noticing Steve’s state. He immediately flits over to him and reaches up to cradle the Alpha’s face. “Hey, don’t worry, don’t,” Peter pleads, his eyes still a little rimmed red. “My dad’ll take care of everything about your classes, you don’t need to worry, and we can buy you everything you’ll need and-” Peter’s eyes seem to alight with understanding then, and his smile is softer; gentler. “And he’s going to love you, Steve. You know why?”

Steve looks to Peter in despair. “Why?”

“Because I do.”

For a moment, Steve feels confident and capable.

And then his crushing insecurity comes flooding back.

The black car that drove them here last night is the one that pulls up a few hours later. The pancakes are sitting heavy in Steve’s stomach as they shuffle inside. Peter seems a weird mix of apprehensive and eager.

“You and my dad are going to get on so well,” Peter chirps, though his fingers keep fiddling with the promise necklaces he has on. Steve’s just pleased he hasn’t taken it off.

Steve frowns, glancing from the whirring scenery to stare at his boyfriend. “Does your dad have a lot of Alpha friends?”

Peter wrinkles his nose thoughtfully. It’s distractingly adorable. “Not close friends. But friends.” He answers honestly, and turns to look at Clint. “Right?”

Clint, who hasn’t spoken much the entire journey, even though Steve had been staring at him; waiting for some kind of judgement to get passed over the outing of their necklaces, hadn’t betrayed anything at all. It reminds him eerily of Natasha. (His friends, by the way, have been texting him incessantly. He’s put his phone on do not disturb and decides he’ll answer when he and Peter and *gulp* Tony have decided what they’re going to do on the matter). “That’s right,” Clint murmurs, eyes meeting Steve’s in the rear view mirror. “Your dad’s a friendly guy, but Alphas don’t like to be too close to him. He can be pretty intimidating.”

Peter scoffs at that. “Dad is so sweet.”

Steve has a feeling that everyone is sweet when it comes to how they treat Peter. He’s seen even the sunniest campus security guard turn a blind eye to seeing Peter flit around the library after it’s supposed to be closed. Steve had thought at first that it might be because of the wealth and status of the Stark family, but he realises in most cases, it’s just that everyone is utterly besotted by one Peter Stark.

“Clint,” Peter asks, voice a touch softer. “Have you spoken to dad?”

“He texted me to pick you up, bud, but I didn’t get to talk to him.”

“Oh,” Peter murmurs, “do you…was he really upset?”
Upset is not the word Steve would have chosen. But he reaches out to take Peter’s delicate little hand in his own and squeezes gently. Peter smiles at him, and cuddles into his side. “He’s never upset with you, sweetheart,” Clint soothes, “I think if anything, he’s just surprised you didn’t tell him.”

“I was gunna,” Peter sniffs, unbearably sad, and nuzzling into Steve’s shoulder.

The scent of vanilla and cookies makes Steve feel strong, and he drops a kiss onto Peter’s forehead.

He’s not sure why he’s surprised that the car drives them into an airport and towards a private jet where another man in a black suit is waiting. He knows that Stark Mansion is in New York so he knew that they wouldn’t be driving there, but still, the stunning white jet still makes his jaw drop.

Peter engulfs the man by the unfolded steps. “Happy!” He beams and Happy, a broad beta, smiles warmly.

“Peter. Always stirring up some sort of trouble, aren’t you? Trying to give me a heart attack one of these days. Your dad’s supposed to be the one running the press amuck.”

Peter flushes a little, before turning to gesture to Steve grandly. Like he’s proud that he’s introducing Steve to someone, and that makes the Alpha feel…it’s nice. It’s so nice. He puffs his chest up a little without meaning to when Happy turns his gaze over to him. “Peter’s partner in crime,” Happy nods, sticking his hand out and Steve shakes it gratefully. “Good to meet you in person, kid. Get in now both of you, are you hungry?”

“Steve made me pancakes,” Peter chirps, skipping up into the jet. Steve follows, blushing, as Happy raises his eyebrows.

“That was this morning- he should- eat something else too.”

Happy’s eyes are soft at that, and he nods, gesturing them both up as he trails behind. “We’ll get you both something to eat.”

The plane ride isn’t long. Most of it is spent by Happy filling Peter in on the latest prototypes that SI has decided to roll out and Steve realises that Peter knows a lot about the family business. He shouldn’t be surprised. He knows how smart Peter is, and he knows that one day he’s going to inherit the family business, but still- hearing Peter talk about different shareholders and material shelf life makes the omega seem maturer in ways that Steve still feels very young and inexperienced.

The food that they’re given is nicer than food Steve’s had in restaurants. He’s not quite sure what it is, some kind of braised beef; but it’s so flavoursome it makes his eyes water a little, and he practically inhales it.

He realises the plane has wifi too when his phone pings with new emails. They’re all from his professors; granting him a week’s extension and times for replacement lectures and he stares at them uncomprehendingly for a second before realising the power that Tony Stark has.

The sun (is it that same sun? The sun that rose in the distant hue of the city this morning as he jogged unaware to what he was exposing? Is it the sun that streaked the sky lavender?) shines in through the jet’s small windows and accentuates the burnished finish of the white leather in brilliant light. It parts through the clouds and the jet begins to descend and Steve can feel a weight in the pit of his stomach at the thought that they might be almost there.
Peter leans forward, cutting through a sunbeam and so beautiful it almost takes Steve’s breath away. “Are you okay?” he asks, and Steve leans forward to kiss him, ignoring the snort that Happy lets out in favour of relishing the feel of Peter’s smile against his lips.

“I’m okay,” he says, trying to make himself believe it. “Just really, really nervous.”

“You should be,” Happy teases, and Peter shoots him a look.

“Just be yourself,” the brunet says, twining their fingers together. “Be you.”

Be him. The orphan Alpha from Brooklyn who managed to wrangle a sports scholarship. Be himself; handsome and muscular and yet somehow still awkward and shy. Be himself. How the hell is he supposed to be him? He has to be better- he catches himself thinking it, and realises he’s frowning, so he purposely relaxes his face and tries to take Peter’s words a little less literally.

Natural. Be natural and sincere and- only good, surely, can come of that.

Peter may be a gorgeous, incredibly talented Omega, but he gives truly terrible advice.

It turns out being himself is not at all what Tony Stark wants.

Stark Mansion looks even bigger than it does in all the magazines. With huge black gates with gold inscriptions (Steve tries not to see any resemblance between those gates and the ones Dante looks at right before he descends into the pits of hell) and a huge expanse of green and finely decorated gardens. The long drive up is framed by trees with lavender flowers and when Happy pulls up in front of the pillared white doors, Steve can feel his heart pounding so hard in his chest it’s as though it’s trying to escape.

But then Peter takes his hand, and guides him in.

The foyer is marbled white, enamel and crystal and glass. it’s professional and sophisticated and overwhelming, but not particularly homey. Steve guesses that this is more for style than comfort. The chandelier hanging from the arched ceiling sparkles a thousand rainbows over the room, and Peter looks completely relaxed while Steve wonders if a human body can experience rigor mortis before death.

Happy is bringing their bags from the car, as Steve tries not to feel overly out of place as he stands in his pyjamas rather than his dirty sports clothes. Peter’s changed into a thin floral top that flutters down to his white-grey shorts. Steve tries, tries, tries, very hard not to let his gaze linger just in case Mr Stark is hiding somewhere and waiting to leap out and kill him.

“He’s probably in the kitchen,” Peter says, grabbing Steve’s hand and tugging him to the right. “Or the lab.”

Neither of those places sound safe. The kitchen has knives and the lab would have all sorts of technological equipment that Steve does not want to think about. They walk through cream corridors, and sprinklings of personality begin to appear. Silver polished picture frames hang proudly on the walls; certificates and qualifications and blue vases spilling over with honeysuckle and violets. Freshly picked and sweet-smelling. They break out into a reception room designed with blue accents, before coming into the kitchen.

It’s enormous. It’s beautiful. It looks like something straight out of an ideal home magazine, and sure enough, there’s Tony Stark. Tony Stark is standing right in front of him, on the other side of the
massive island, sipping coffee.

He looks just like he does in magazines. With tanned olive skin and dark hair. He’s wearing a grey sweatshirt that’s tight across his lean muscle and even though Steve is taller than him, and broader than him, he feels incredibly small exposed under the man’s gaze. He wants to recoil, step back, maybe even flinch, and Peter bounds towards him like a puppy and Steve watches as the Alpha wraps his son up into his arms.

It’s astounding. He’s seen interviews of Tony (who hasn’t?) and he’s amazingly cocky and surreally intelligent. Seeing him when he’d first walked in, Steve had felt nothing but intimidated. The waves of confidence rolling off the man in waves; the luxury, the superiority is so strong it’s almost overwhelming, but this third Tony is one that Steve doubts very many people have seen.

This Tony is a father.

The likeness between them is startling. Everything should be different. Tony is an Alpha with tightly wound biceps and straining muscle; tall and strong and powerful. Peter is an Omega with a tiny waist and silky skin: sweet and slender and delicate. But instead, all Steve can really see when they embrace is the penny-brown hair; thick and luscious for both of them. The perfect, intelligent eyes and identical little smiles.

Tony scoops Peter up into his arms like Peter’s a babe, and presses a bristly kiss onto his cheek as Peter peppers Tony with affection. It makes Steve long for his mother’s touch in a way he hasn’t in years. Mrs Buchannon is always really nice to him, but it’s not quite the same.

Tony sets Peter down and looks over him scrutinisingly. “Are you eating enough?” He asks, twisting Peter’s face gently this way and that- frowning at him. “I’m gonna send you a chef, I told you you needed one-“

“I’m fine.” Peter insists through a giggle, before he sobers up a little. “You’re not angry are you, dad? I was gunna tell you, I promise.” His voice wobbles with sincerity and Tony sighs, cupping Peter’s cheek in his hand.

“I know you were, baby. It’s okay.”

Steve makes the mistake of relaxing marginally.

“So, this is your…friend.” Tony murmurs, turning to him and Peter beams; nodding.

“This is Steve! Steve, this is my dad.”

Steve steps forward, his hand out. Bravery and determination wind up inside him. Tony takes his hand in a brutally crushing grip and it’s all Steve can do not to cry out. He practically yanks his hand out woundedly as Peter looks on: oblivious. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Steve.” Tony drawls; his voice low and just this side of sarcastic.

Steve swallows hard and stammers out: “I-it’s nice to meet you too, Sir.”

“Peter, honey, why don’t you go and see Pepper? I know she’s missed you. She’s out back.” Tony says, in a thinly veiled attempt to get Steve alone so he can kill him.

Peter practically glows at the idea, and with a supportive glance at Steve, darts away.

Steve wants to shrink away, but there are no shadows in this sun-filled mansion in which to hide. He stares at Tony and Tony stares back at him, and for a long, drawn-out moment there’s no sound. The
light shines in silently and neither one of them moves. Steve can hear his heart pounding, and he’s just about to try and say something- follow Peter’s advice and be himself, when Tony starts to talk:

“Steve Rogers. You first liked one of my son’s Instagram photos three years ago,” Tony murmurs, dropping a small metal disc onto the counter and pressing something and Steve stares in awe as a holographic projection of a computer screen appears above it in a luminous blue. On it, he sees a number of graphs and charts that are hard to decipher- but he does spot his own name written in block capitals and it’s enough to have his blood run cold. Oh god, Tony Stark has looked into him-

“You a stalker, Steve? You see my son and think that he should be yours?”

Steve notes the possessive. Peter is his son.“No! N-no, I-“ His face feels a furious, indignant shade of red but Tony stands there impassively; sipping his coffee like this is a typical afternoon. Maybe it is. Maybe breaking people down to achieve certain ends is exactly what business is all about. If it is, Steve’s not so sure how suited Peter would be to it. “I knew of your son,” he amends, voice rough but a little more level than before as he tries to keep a leash on his emotions. “Like everyone. Millions of people follow his account. I never- I never sought him out.”

Tony arches one dark, perfect eyebrow and Steve thinks that look could probably liquify people on the spot. “Is that right?” The older man asks with a feigned lightness. It’s the voice he uses when he’s about to evicerate a nosy, stupid journalist. “So, you didn’t transfer to History of Math to be near my son? To watch him?”

It sounds so- it sounds so wrong when he puts it like that. “It wasn’t…” it feels a little hard to breathe, “it wasn’t like that- that’s not how-”

He looks bored with him now, waving away the hologram and setting down his cup. “Here’s where I am, Steve,” he shrugs lightly, “Peter’s one of the smartest, most brilliant minds of his generation. He has a future paved out for him. One that he’s happy- excited- to go down. He doesn’t need some Alpha telling him how he’s going to live his life.”

Steve feels a glare of gold anger flare up inside of him. “Does Peter get any say in this?” He snarls, and Tony’s eyes snap to him immediately- the same gorgeous eyes as Peter- only angry. “I am doing what is best for my son.” Tony snaps, voice dangerous and challenging. “I will always do what is best for my son, and if that means taking out the trash every now and then-”

“Dad,” comes Peter’s horrified voice from the kitchen entrance. He’s flushed pink from the sunshine (amidst the heartache, Steve can see little freckles coming out to play. Just when he thought the boy couldn’t get more gorgeous), and he’s holding an empty glass. “Dad, what are you- don’t talk to him like that!” His voice is toned dark, as if with experience. “Peter is going to settle down with a lovely Beta. I’m afraid, son, that’s just how it goes.”

Steve feels a glare of gold anger flare up inside of him. “Does Peter get any say in this?” He snarls, and Tony’s eyes snap to him immediately- the same gorgeous eyes as Peter- only angry.

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“Baby,” the Alpha whispers, “come on- this one’s not- he’s not the one for you.”

Peter juts his chin out stubbornly. “You don’t get to decide that, dad. I can’t believe you were talking to him like that! That’s not…” tears prick in his eyes and Tony looks like someone just gut him with
a knife.

“Sweetheart,” he whispers again, impossibly gentle. “Baby, you can be...you’re so wonderful and trusting, baby, you’re too trusting. People are- people change into things we don’t expect. You’re too spontaneous, you have to- you know you have to talk things over with me.” Steve almost feels a little bad for him. It’s clear, in whatever warped perspective Tony has adopted, he only wants what’s best for his son.

“I was going to!” Peter cries; betrayal written all over his face. “I realise now that you would never even have given Steve a chance!” He scoffs, wiping his little face with his sleeve before dragging Steve out of the kitchen.

Up a grand staircase and then down numerous corridors all lined with lush red carpeting, before they enter what must be Peter’s bedroom.

It’s gorgeous.

It’s huge.

There are floor to ceiling arched windows with window seats, and a queen sized bed and Steve feels absurdly out of place as he looks around. The bed is the colour of candy floss and there are an obscene number of cushions and pillows. There are fluffy cream rugs all over the floor and panels in the wall with smart, interactive screens. The laptop display on the desk looks like something out of a sci-fi movie and Steve stares.

Until Peter sniffles and his focus is drawn back to his boyfriend. “I’m sorry he said that to you,” he whispers, and Steve gazes down at him. “You are not trash. You are- you are a gem.” He whispers, teary eyes looking up at him and Steve lifts Peter into his arms and guides them over to the bed.

It’s even softer than the one in Peter’s dorm. He hugs Peter as gently as he can; mindful of his strength, and trying not to think about the wider significance of all of this. If Peter has to choose between them (which Steve really, really, really doesn’t want to happen) there’s no way that Peter will ever be truly happy. So he cards his fingers through those soft curls and breathes in the scent of the omega and hums soothingly until Peter’s sniffles become deeper, softer breaths.

“I love you,” Steve whispers, as the afternoon sun sinks. “I’m sorry that didn’t go better.”

Peter pulls back; dry tear tracks on his face that glitter in the red sky. “Do not be sorry,” he insists, snuggling back into Steve’s chest. “He should be sorry. I can’t believe him.”

His inner-Alpha feels content in the most basic, satisfied way at having Peter here like this in his arms, but he kisses Peter’s temple and says: “He was just looking out for you.” At Peter’s look, he hurries to continue. “Obviously him trying to control your life like that isn’t- it’s not okay, but I swear when I first saw him I was so scared and then when he hugged you it was like- it was like looking at someone else.” Steve’s heart aches. “You’re his whole world, Peter.”

The smaller boy starts crying anew at this. “He’s good really,” Peter weeps, wetness seeping through Steve’s shirt. “He should be sorry. I can’t believe him.”

“My inner-Alpha feels content in the most basic, satisfied way at having Peter here like this in his arms, but he kisses Peter’s temple and says: “He was just looking out for you.” At Peter’s look, he hurries to continue. “Obviously him trying to control your life like that isn’t- it’s not okay, but I swear when I first saw him I was so scared and then when he hugged you it was like- it was like looking at someone else.” Steve’s heart aches. “You’re his whole world, Peter.”

The smaller boy starts crying anew at this. “He’s good really,” Peter weeps, wetness seeping through Steve’s shirt. “Just ever since mom died, I- we only had each other and-“

“How would you feel?” Steve asks; genuinely curious, “if he brought home a new partner?”

Peter stiffens in his arms, pulling away slightly. A protective gleam is in his eyes. “She’d have to be good enough.” He declares, in a tone almost as steely and dangerous as the one Tony had used on Steve downstairs.
Steve half-smiles. “I think the two of you need to talk,” he whispers.

Peter nods, before his eyes reappraise and he looks up at Steve with earnest love and gratitude. “You are amazing,” Peter whispers, and Steve ducks his head away from the praise, but Peter continues. “I’m serious, Steve you- and you don’t even know how good you are. Even after he treated you like that, you still…” his tone is wistful. “You are amazing and I’m so glad you’re mine.”

Steve thinks the same thing about Peter so much that hearing it said to him is a little discombobulating. But it still fills him with joy.

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Peter gives Steve a bunch of clothes that he thinks used to belong to one of the bodyguards. Steve doesn’t mind, and changes into them happily as Peter sets him up on the wifi and kisses his cheek-saying that he’s going to go and talk to his dad.

Steve watches him go with a whisper of: good luck, and he’s then left to explore Peter’s bedroom as the evening twilight reigns outside.

The ensuite is gigantic and the walk in wardrobe could be a another bedroom. It’s neat but homey and there are photos everywhere: Harry and Peter, MJ and Peter, Peter and Tony, Peter and a woman Steve recognises faintly from SI press conferences. There are a few school trophies here and there; and Steve smiles as he peruses each one. It’s like looking into Peter’s past. These aren’t the photos on his instagram account. Those are photos for the world, but this one- with him and Tony covered head to toe in mud and posing James-Bond style to the camera- that’s not for the world. That’s for those cosy, safe, tucked away places that you don’t show to just anyone.

A large stack of envelopes on the corner of Peter’s dresser catch his eye.

He doesn’t want to snoop or anything, but he can see one lying open and it’s the only somewhat disorganised thing here.

He realises what it is just by taking a closer look at the return address.

They’re all modelling agencies. He shakes his head in amused amazement, turning to appreciate the sunset. Peter is a genius, like Tony said. He could do anything, he should do everything, and he should never be pinned down or tethered by anyone. Steve knows that Alphas can have a bad stereotype, that they can be controlling and possessive, but that’s not always the case and Betas aren’t necessarily any better.

He feels so righteous on Peter’s behalf that it gives him the bravery to think that later, he’ll confront Tony on it.

For now, he realises that he could use this time to research as much about Tony Stark’s personal life as he can.

The internet is so insanely quick that he’s not sure how Peter copes with the comparatively unbearably slow broadband back at college.

He’s in the middle of scrolling past all the old news articles and personal announcements for something a little more real when he spots a photo dated about five years ago.

It’s a picture of Tony and Harry at the golf course- clearly a paparazzi shot; the two are unaware the photo’s being taken, and they’re having a good time.
Steve stares in confusion. But Harry and Peter had dated, had Tony not...had Tony liked Harry?

Steve is very, very, very glad that Peter had him make up with the Alpha, because he now has Harry’s number saved in his phone. He takes about one second to think about whether or not he should- before he calls.

Harry answers on the third ring. “Hey, Steve, what’s up?”

“Are you and Mr Stark- does he like you?” Steve asks, grunting a little with frustration over the entire situation as he sits on the window seat and presses his forehead against the panes. He realises he probably shouldn’t mess anything up immediately after, and reaches up his sleeve to wipe away the stain only to see the glass do it itself. He blinks slowly at the nanotech and shakes his head, turning back to the conversation.

“Everyone likes me. I’m awesome.”

“Harry.”

Harry laughs, “I don’t know what you want me to say? Sure, I guess. I’ve known him forever.”

Steve’s lips downturn and he feels disappointment drag him further towards the ground. “Even when you and Peter were dating?”

“Even when- wait- are you with him now? Did Peter introduce you? Shit! Why didn’t he tell me?”

Steve rubs his face miserably. “Have you not gone online today?”

“What? No, I’ve had assignments, let me...” there’s a moment where Steve can hear Harry typing before: “Oh shit.”

“Yeah.”

Harry takes a considering breath, before his voice comes in consolingly: “Right, don’t give a crap about the press, okay? They’re gonna say whatever shit they want. Tony can take care of everything. He can be...intimidating at first. He doesn’t like letting anyone in, and he’s insanely protective of Petey, alright? It’s a little over the top, but don’t ever even jokingly accuse him of being controlling because he will flip out.”

Steve closes his eyes. “I wish I’d known that.”

“It’s gonna be okay. He’s a good guy. I think the reason he liked me was because I think he knew Peter and I were never that serious. We were having fun and we were really young. He’d probably just freaked out because of those necklaces. That’s some serious shit. Congrats, by the way,”

Despite himself, Steve cracks a small smile. “Thanks,”

“Just remind him that you’ve got Peter’s best interests at heart, you know, and dude, you’re a great guy. I know he can be scary but he’s not a bad guy. If you stick firm and you’re honest, he’ll...well, he might not ever like you. But he’ll respect you. Besides, you’ve got Peter on side. And me.”

“And you?”

“Hell, yeah. The amount Peter texts me about you honestly, it’s getting a little tiring.” He teases, and Steve feels a lot better.
By the time Peter gets back, it’s almost night and Steve has watched a few episodes Helda on Netflix.

He sits up, as his little omega comes into the room, and is relieved to see the look on his face. Peter looks tired, and his eyes are a little red from tears, but they don’t look like- like angry tears. More like emotional tears. Like dredging up old memories and working through them. He opens his arms and Peter rushes to him, leaping onto the bed so Steve falls back with a chuckle as they hold each other.

“Did it all go okay?” He whispers, and he feels Peter nod against his throat.

“He’s scared,” Peter chokes out, his eyelashes fluttering against Steve’s neck. “He’s scared that one day I’ll mate with someone and he’ll be alone again- but-” Peter hiccups, trembling like a leaf in the wind, “I would never leave him. He’s my dad.”

He rubs his hands up and down Peter’s back. “I know. I know.”

Peter pulls back, shuffling up to press a kiss to Steve’s nose and the blond smiles softly. “He said he’s sorry. He said he’ll tell you himself if you can forgive him enough to go and see him.” Steve reaches out to trace Peter’s eyebrows, “but I told him you might not come. You don’t have to go today,”

“I want to go,” Steve whispers, and Peter smiles hopefully. “I want to talk to him, I want him to know that I would never hold you back from anything you wanted to do.” He tips his head towards the letters. “Even modelling.”

Peter lets out a watery laugh as he stretches out over the bedsheets. “I don’t deserve you,” he murmurs and Steve kisses away that thoughtful look.

“We deserve each other.” He says determinedly and Peter blushes bright and true.

A weirdly polite voice that seems to come from the walls guides him to the lab where Tony is working. The mansion is warm and lit with soft amber as he heads down never ending passages, until he reaches a set of stairs that take him down into a shiny, metallic section and then a set of sliding glass doors.

“This is the lab,” the polite voice croons, and Steve nods a little awkwardly.

“Uh…thanks?” He says to the wall.

“You are most welcome,”

It’s a little creepy, if he’s honest. But he steps through the sliding doors and wanders wide eyed through a number of tables with moving equipment and sprawling tech and tools that glint with purpose under clinical lights, before he reaches another set of doors and through that he spots the back of Tony Stark.

He’s in a black tank top now, from what Steve can see, and as he edges forward, he can see he’s holding a screwdriver, and there are protective goggles over his eyes, but he’s not working on what’s on his desk. Instead he’s looking up where another projected holograph is playing what looks like- it looks like some old home movie.
Suddenly, there’s movement on the screen.

It’s Peter, Steve realises, much much younger, with chubby fingers and cherubic cheeks hauling himself up onto Tony’s lap, grasping at his father’s shirt to tug himself up before he settles happily. Tony, younger, incredibly handsome, looks immensely proud of even this little feat.

“Peter,” Tony beams, steadying his boy and rolling his eyes when Peter reaches out a hand to grab his nose.

“Don’t play games with me or I’ll fire your ass.” Peter quotes solemnly, and Tony’s face breaks out into a grin as the camera shakes and a woman’s voice rings out:

“Tony, I swear to god, you said you’d stop saying that in front of him!”

Tony doesn’t look at all apologetic, he looks thrilled if anything, but Peter grasps onto the word eagerly. “Tony, Tony, Tony!” He repeats, pointing at his dad and Tony grimaces at that, carding his fingers through Peter’s blondish hair. Even at this age, the boy is tiny. All sweet and Omega-pretty with the smallest, cutest nose.

“No, no, sweetheart,” Tony coos, “call me daddy.”

Peter pouts at this and shakes his head. “Tony! To-ny. Toneeee.” He says, for his dad’s benefit.

Tony frowns. “No. Da-ddy.”

“That’s right,” Peter chirps, getting to his feet on Tony’s lap and using his new vantage point to look around the room. “No daddy. Only Tony.”

“Right, that’s it,” Tony sighs, lifting Peter by his ankles and hauling him up into the air as Peter squeals delightedly, screeching loudly as Tony whirls him around the room and the woman behind the camera makes a choked off sound between a laugh and a scream.

Steve thinks the video is adorable, and his anger lessens because Tony clearly loves Peter more than anything in the whole world. He clears his throat before he can invade another private moment and Tony turns in surprise to see him there.

His eyes are rimmed the same red as Peter’s.

“Steve,” Tony mutters, setting down his screw driver and looking oddly nervous. “I didn’t think you’d actually come.”

Steve stares at him, sympathy and understanding welling up in his heart. “I know what it is to lose people you care about, Mr Stark,” he whispers and Tony’s eyes widen for a moment, before his face crumples and he looks away.

“I read your file, kid,” Tony says quietly, “I’m sorry that you…”

“It’s okay,” Steve breathes, and he finally understand. He is himself. He lifts his chin and speaks with unwavering belief. “I don’t think about them everyday. But when I do it’s always the strongest force on earth. I remember the way they smelt and the sound of their laughter- or when they were yelling at me because I broke the fine china…again. Sometimes I…sometimes I wonder whether I’m remembering right, or if I’m imagining.” He meets Tony’s eyes and the man is staring at him in awed wonder. “When Peter gave me the promise necklace I…I remembered my mom’s and dad’s and it felt…right.” His jaw aches and he clenches his fist and summons the strength he needs. “I know you’re scared you’ll lose him, but keeping him like he’s…like he’s your property won’t be the thing
that keeps him near. Your love will. It doesn’t matter who he mates, Mr Stark, if he loves you- and he does- he’ll always want to be near you. I know you love him but you have to…you have to trust that if he does leave, he’ll come back.”

Tony’s voice is gravelly when he croaks out: “I know.”

Silence reigns for a longer, softer moment, before Tony summons a tiny, weakly cocky grin:

“Peter was right about you.”

Steve immediately blushes and rubs the back of his neck. “Right about what?”

Tony just shakes his head; this side of fond, and gestures him away. “Go back to my son, Steve. We’ll start afresh tomorrow.”

That sounds pretty good. Steve turns, heading for the door when Tony adds:

“And you’re out of your damn mind if you think you’re sleeping in his room tonight.”

Steve laughs.

He’s given a guest room that’s nicer than any room he’s ever slept in before, and he spends a good deal of time going through all the notifications on his phone. He replies to Bucky and Bruce and Natasha, he rolls his eyes over his new influx of Instagram followers and he blocks every magazine that contacted him over divulging Stark gossip for money. It takes a while, but once he’s done, he’s about to set his phone aside and go to bed, when it pings with a new message.

**Peter <3 : Wanna sneak to the kitchen? I’m craving your pancakes…and your lips ;)**

He’s exhausted, emotionally drained and eyes aching-

And there’s nothing in the world that could keep him away.

(It takes him a while to find the kitchen, before the polite voice in the walls, apparently called Jarvis, helps him. By the time he gets there, Peter has already set out all the ingredients and the gold chain around his neck shines in the moonlight. It’s shine says: *everything is good from here on out.*
Chapter Summary

Ft. Homecoming.

Tony can’t stop staring at him.

Across the classroom, near the window where Peter Parker is bathed in afternoon sunlight and shimmering like an enchanted thing of beauty. With his perfect coffee curls and his hazel eyes and his effortless grace, Tony feels lust coil hot and tight in the pit of his gut.

Peter, who’s scribbling away at his paper, looks up as though he can sense eyes on him, and looks across the classroom.

Tony snaps his eyes back down to his desk guiltily; hot shame rising up to his cheeks, before sneaking another look to see Peter still looking over at him; perfect pink lips lifted into a smile.

Tony tries to smile back, but he thinks it comes out as a distorted grimace and he hates himself.

Is it not enough that Peter is the most obscenely beautiful thing he’s ever seen in his life? But does he have to be so nice? The popular clique, the ones that roam the halls of high school exuding confidence and superiority. The ones who never have to worry about anything, the ones that everyone else lower down in the food chain simultaneously hates and envies- why does Peter have to be the only one who is nice?

Tony, a surly outcast who doesn’t care for interacting with his peers, eats alone most of the time. Sometimes he camps out in the biology rooms at lunch with a boy from the year above named Bruce, but most of the time he likes to be by himself. A lone wolf. He feels above all the high school drama-transcended because he knows that this is just a temporary state. What happens here and now doesn’t matter. Tony won’t ever fit in here. This is not his arena. His arena will be just after college, then he’ll start living his life and he’ll be popular and rich and as confident as he likes without having to worry about getting shoved into lockers by jocks who think that just because they can catch a ball they’re better than him.

But Peter Parker makes him…

Makes his blood run hot. Makes him want to engage in the stupid, so so stupid little scenarios. Makes him want to text until his fingers ache, makes him consider cramming love letters into the boy’s locker or maybe even hoping against hope to end up getting partnered with him in something again like they were in English a while ago.

But Tony isn’t special.

Everyone thinks Peter is beautiful. The boy may be small in stature but he has the face of an angel, and he lives on the rich side of town, he has perfect skin, and he’s on the cheerleading squad and he hosts supposedly phenomenal parties at his mansion whenever his parents are away. Peter extends invitations to everyone but Tony never ever goes. Most of the student body lusts after him, but Tony-

Tony thinks he can see a little more. He and Peter share practically all the same classes, and even
though Peter seems on the surface like another pretty boy living on the highest rungs of society, though he seems like just another cheerleader, just another person who comes to school in a shiny red camaro in expensive clothes- he’s also…

He’s also in every AP class, and he has a grade point average that almost rivals Tony’s. He’s never missed a day of school and he never skips out on lessons and he gives all his teachers handwritten thank you notes at the end of each year.

And instead of ignoring Tony, or sneering at him, or shoving him into a locker, Peter every so often, gives him that gorgeous, heart stopping smile.

But then the end of class comes, and he can only watch as Peter and the rest of the other beautiful people stand up and leave. Tony lingers, waiting until the room is practically empty before packing up his things and going to find Bruce.

Homecoming is an ever-present shadow that lurks on the cusp of the horizon.

Tony tries to stay above rumours, really he does, but even he can’t help hearing, as he collects his physics books, as a number of students whisper about how Peter Parker rejected William’s request.

“He said he was going to ask someone,” a girl whispers, and Tony cocks his head, straining to hear:

“Really? Ask who?”

“Maybe he has a boyfriend who doesn’t go here. He’s probably dating an older guy.”

“That’s so unfair. Maybe it was just an excuse not to go with William. Maybe he’s waiting for someone else to ask?”

“Do you think I should?”

“I would pay to see that!”

Tony tries to ignore it, but instead he obsesses over it. He’s not going to Homecoming because it’s all superfluous and he doesn’t need to put himself through it. His mom had looked sad when he told her, but she’d ultimately understood and Tony had tried to reassure her. This doesn’t matter. None of it matters, and even though he has reoccurring dreams about walking into the hall with Peter on his arm, even though he thinks about slow dancing with the only boy in school that manages to hold his attention seems to torment him every waking moment of the day- none of it matters.

He’s in the middle of eating a tuna sandwich and trying very hard not to get fish stuck in his braces when the entire cafeteria falls into a hush.

It’s unnerving, and he looks up curiously, expecting to see…honestly, he’s not sure, but he doesn’t expect to see Peter Parker standing at his table; heart stoppingly gorgeous in a silky red bomber jacket embroidered with green flowers, and a low cut v-neck black top and light wash jeans. He’s not expecting to see Peter looking at him, pink on his cheeks and glitter in his eyes. “Tony?” Peter asks quietly, but it seems exceedingly loud in the amazed quiet of the canteen.

Tony swallows a hard lump of tuna and stares in amazement. He almost wants to clean the dust smudges off his glasses to make sure he’s seeing things clearly. “Uh…hi?” He manages, croaking a little and instantly glowing scarlet as Peter smiles beside him. Peter’s voice is smooth as velvet; Tony’s still cracks here and there on certain words.
“I was wondering if you were going to Homecoming?”

What-how-Tony’s brain isn’t working right. He feels like a complete mess in the face of Peter’s elegance. “I…I wasn’t planning on it?” He forces out and Peter nods like this is what he expected, a few perfect curls tumbling into his forehead.

“I was thinking, um, maybe if you decided to go we could…” he shrugs, a small, hopeful smile on his face as he tips his head, “we could go together? If you want.”

The words don’t compute. Nothing really makes sense. He sets down his sandwich and tries not to melt under the thousand eyes looking over at them. He glances at Peter suspiciously; his heart pounding. “Is this…” he whispers, barely audible to his own ears, “is this a joke?” Fuck Peter, if it is. He’s just like all the others-


He sounds so sincere, but surely he can’t be. “We’ve never even talked,” Tony points out, “why would you want to..?”

Peter’s cheeks go even pinker and he ducks his head. “I mean- no, you’re right really, but I just-remember when we were paired up last semester in English? I just- I don’t know, you’re really…I thought we had fun.”

Peter remembers that? Tony had thought that the connection between them was entirely one-sided. He’d thought that Peter was just nice to him the way he was nice to everyone. But did he- did he feel how Tony felt about it? All flushed and excited because Peter Parker was sitting next to him and laughing at his jokes and- that was more than just politeness? He swallows hard, and nods jerkily. “No! No, yeah,” he stutters out, “that was fun.”

Peter smiles again; serene and breathtaking. “I get Homecoming might not be your scene, so maybe we could do something else? Um- you like sci-fi movies, right?”

Tony does love sci-fi movies, and his heart skips a beat over the fact that Peter remembers him saying that. Is this even possible? Could he see a sci-fi movie with Peter Parker? And yet…he should rise above it, really he should, but there’s something about the boy before him that- that makes him want to buy a carnation and hold Peter’s hand and smile with shiny metal on his teeth as his mom takes a photo on their old, beaten up camera. “Homecoming,” Tony whispers definitively, “homecoming would be- that would be nice.”

“Cool,” Peter whispers back; a smile in his voice, as he nods at Tony, and shoots him a little wave, before heading back to the table with the rest of them.

The cafeteria breaks back out into noise.

A little part of Tony continues not to believe it. Why wouldn’t he? He’s too smart to actually believe whole-heartedly that Peter Parker would want him. Why would he? Tony’s skin is still bumpy from puberty, and his braces make his lips all chapped and his glasses are too big for his face and he dresses like he just doesn’t give a crap (because he’s saving all his effort for when he’s older, for when he’s made it and if he pretends like he doesn’t care about having nice clothes, his mom won’t feel so guilty over not being able to afford them and he never, ever wants her to feel guilty).

He holds onto the hope, but carries the skepticism, and it only really goes away when Peter Parker steps into his house and gives Tony’s mother a box of chocolates and trips over the threshold
because he’s so nervous.

The skepticism disappears completely when Peter wraps his arms around Tony’s neck under the cheesy disco ball to some pop song from the 80s and Tony’s hands shake as they settle on Peter’s waist and he’s certain he’s sweating like a pig, and Peter whispers into his ear, almost hidden by the music:

“I’m so glad you said yes,”

Tony holds him tighter; trembling and petrified and excited because he knows this is going to change everything. People are giving them looks, emotions range from surprise to utter confusion. “Why me?” He manages to choke out into Peter’s hair, and the boy pulls back to look up at him. Because it’s obvious to anyone in the world why Tony would like Peter, but why does Peter- why would he want some surly, easily annoyed nerd?

“You make me happy,” Peter says simply, one of his hands stroking through Tony’s short hair. “And I think there’s more to you than what everyone else sees.”

His heart clenches and flips with excitement. “I feel- I feel the same about- about you-“ he gushes and Peter laughs, burying his face into Tony’s sweaty neck.

When he gets home, his mom eagerly demands to know every single detail and instead of hiding in his room with his computer, he sits down and drinks the hot chocolate she makes in front of the fire, and tells her everything.

He almost doesn’t sleep that night because for the first time in a long time, he’s excited to go to school and see what might happen.
The long awaited part 2. This one features ballerina Peter with construction worker Bucky and construction worker Tony. Read part one here.

mild dub con (super mild, Peter is a mega-slut and we love it), feminisation, multiple orgasms, cock-slapping, dirty talk, blowjobs, secret filming

Peter’s dripping with sweat; his pink leotard clinging to his body as he tries to finish the routine. It’s the most physically taxing one yet, and though he relishes in the burn, he also aches and-

“The pretty ballerina,” comes a deep, amused voice, and Peter turns with a breathless smile only to pause because- the tall, strapping brunet at the door to the studio is not Tony.

Peter frowns, wiping the sweat from his eyes and catching his breath. He does recognise this man though- one of the construction workers. He’s handsome, with dark hair to his sharp jaw and hungry eyes, but- “Did-“ Peter cocks his head, pulse racing, “did Tony send you, Sir?”

He and Tony have only been seeing each other for about a week since Tony first came into the studio and ravaged him, but he already feels branded and owned in a way that feels so good. “Sir,” the man repeats; pleased, “Tony said you were hungry to please, baby, but I knew that the second I saw you. You can call me Bucky, though, if you like. And you’re Peter, right?”

Peter nods, watching as Bucky strolls into the studio like he owns it. It’s almost midnight and the entire building his empty, and Peter wonders what Bucky was even doing out and about. And then his brain catches up- wait, Tony’s told him about them-

“Don’t get shy on me now, princess,” Bucky chuckles, and he reaches down to pick up Peter’s water bottle and beckons him over with a click of his tongue like Peter’s a wild animal. Peter steps forward before he’s even processed that it’s a command, the instinct to obey is so strong, and when he reaches out a sticky hand for the bottle, Bucky just holds it up and Peter lets out a little whimper; throat parched.

“But please?” He tries, because Tony always likes it when he begs.

Bucky likes it too, if his hungry gaze is anything to go by, but it’s not what he wants. Instead, he reaches out and his thick fingers catch Peter’s neck and haul him in closer. The man; in his black combat boots, is already much taller than Peter, and he has to strain onto his tiptoes, head tipped up as Bucky holds the water bottle down for him to suckle at. “There you go, bambi,” Bucky croons approvingly, as Peter sucks the water out. He does feel like an animal now, like a pet being bottle fed but it’s difficult to care as the deliciously cold water trickles down his throat and Bucky’s firm hand squeezes just right at the nape of his neck. “Tony’s been bragging about his little ballerina, you know. I was getting very, very jealous.”

Peter makes a little sound of confusion, but still keeps drinking because Bucky hasn’t pulled the bottle away.

“He showed us a little video he’d made of you.”
The ballerina frowns, big eyes shining as they look up at Bucky who clucks at him again like he thinks Peter is just adorable. What does that man? A video of what-

“He wrecked your little hole, baby, and you were so out of it- so fucking desperate for his cock in your pussy that you didn’t even realise he was filming it, did you? Poor thing,” Bucky pulls the bottle away and water spills down Peter’s lips over his chin as he gulps. Tony was recording him? Recording them having- and he’d shown- he can feel his cock twitch at the thought, the fact he’d been so unaware turning him on; making his skin prick hotter.

Bucky reaches down suddenly and cups Peter’s dick and the boy cries out. Bucky’s grip is just a little too firm and he lifts higher up onto his point shoes to lessen the pressure but Bucky doesn’t let up and Peter has to reach out to steady himself on those muscular shoulders as Bucky drinks in his reactions greedily. Peter whimpers, hips grinding just a little against that firm palm-

“Your little clitty’s already excited, isn’t it, sugar?” Bucky murmurs, nosing at Peter’s temple and he nods desperately. His heart is racing at the thought of this man filling him up. He’d thought that only Tony could elicit these reactions from him, but his head is swimming in a cloud of foggy arousal and he wants- he wants- “Your little clitty is greedy, though,” Bucky sighs, relinquishing his hold on Peter and with a firm shove to his shoulders pushing the boy onto his knees. Peter gazes up at him in reverence. “Tony is far too soft on you from what I saw. Greedy little baby like you shouldn’t be spoiled without earning it first.”

Peter doesn’t need to be told twice, and he launches forward, clumsy fingers hurriedly unbuttoning Bucky’s slacks to get at his dick. Bucky swears, his hands fisting into Peter’s long curls as he pulls the man out of his underwear. Fuck, Peter thinks, staring at that huge, fully erect dick. It’s dark and veiny and he lets out a little sob at the fact he isn’t already being impaled on it- his hole clenches around nothing and his dick strains against his leotard. He sniffles, looking up at Bucky beseechingly, wondering if he should beg to be bred. Tony always does it when he begs-

“Don’t even think about it,” Bucky grins, dragging his hips forward so his dick slaps against Peter’s face and smears precum over his lips. Bucky hisses at the sight. “You don’t get this in your pussy until you get me all wet. Hungry little cock slut, you have to earn it.” He sighs fondly, scratching Peter’s scalp with his blunt nails and it feels so good. He reaches out one of his hands, so tiny, as it wraps around the base of Bucky’s dick. It’s dark and veiny and he lets out a little sob at the fact he isn’t already being impaled on it- his hole clenches around nothing and his dick strains against his leotard. He sniffles, looking up at Bucky beseechingly, wondering if he should beg to be bred. Tony always does it when he begs-

The praise is like electricity down his spine and he stretches his lips around the head of Bucky’s cock enthusiastically, before taking him as far as he can go. Tony’s helped him, taught him how to get him deeper, but it’s only been a week and he still splutters and chokes and Bucky is so thick, it’s all he can do to lick at him, tracing his veins with his tongue and sucking as hard as he can.

Bucky doesn’t seem to mind though; if the endless litany of praise is anything to go by. His hands frame Peter’s jaw and rock in softly even though Peter’s only managed to take half of him, and he fucks his face shallowly as Peter drools and slobbers all of his dick; achingly hard and desperate as he listens to Bucky grunt and moan.

One particularly rough thrust scrapes the back of Peter’s throat and his eyes water as he struggles for breath, but he feels so good, so owned and Bucky alternates between shallow thrusts and stronger, deeper ones that make him see black spots in his vision.
“You never have known how to play fair.” Someone says, but their voice sounds far away; like he’s hearing it through water.

He feels Bucky pulls him off and Peter falls back onto his heels; gasping for breath, lips red and raw, Bucky’s dick rock hard in front of him and glistening with Peter’s spit as he looks to the doorway.

Peter lets out a plea when he sees Tony standing there. The familiar sight evokes a pavlov response of promised pleasure, and he reaches out tearfully at being denied any touches to his cock, and Tony immediately comes forward and scoops him into his arms; wrapping Peter’s legs around his waist.

It presses his cock right into Tony’s abs and he yelps with glee, rutting forward like a puppy to get much needed friction. Tony’s hands cup his ass and help him grind forward.

“Give him back,” Bucky grits out, “we were in the middle of something-“

“He’s not yours, Bucky. I said you could use him when you had my permission-“

“He was just in here all alone! I had to, he was so desperate for it, you clearly aren’t giving him enough because he basically jumped for my cock.”

Peter feels his cheeks burn with humiliation as he buries his face in the crook of Tony’s neck and continues to hump forward. He can feel Tony’s chuckle down his chest and shivers. “Is that true, sweetheart?” Tony laughs, and he doesn’t sound angry at all. “Is daddy not satisfying you?”

Peter lets out a moan when he feels Bucky press against his back and he’s sandwiched between the two men. He can feel Bucky’s bare cock stroking against his back and Tony reaches down to guide it between Peter’s cheeks; to poke at his hole through his leotard and Peter tosses his head back in awe.

His head lands on Bucky’s shoulder, and he’s not sure what to do- because Tony’s torso feels so good against his little dick, but the teasing pressure of Bucky’s thick cock is making him mindless with desire. His thighs tremble and he pants, mewling when Bucky’s lips find his neck.

“He’s a pretty little girl, isn’t he?” Tony boasts and Peter sniffles at the compliment as Bucky purrs approvingly.

“I haven’t even had the chance to see his pussy yet.”

“Well we can’t have that,”

When he’s set down on his own two feet, he can barely stand, and Bucky has to steady him. But he still feels a devastating loss of contact and sobs; eyes half lidded as he reaches for them- for anything.

“Poor baby,” Tony mutters, kissing Peter softly on the lips. “Don’t worry, just a second.”

Tony’s become really good at stripping Peter out of his leotard and pumps, and his skin; still flushed and overheated, is exposed to the cool air of the studio and his dick twitches and slaps against his stomach once it’s free from it’s confines. He feels obscenely shy standing there naked between them, and he reaches for Tony to hide against, but Tony just leers.

“Look at him,”

Bucky’s teeth are against Peter’s shoulder, and his voice is approving when it grunts: “Perfect little clitty; absolutely soaked for us,” and he reaches down his hand to swipe across the head of Peter’s dick that’s leaking profusely. Bucky sucks it off his finger and Peter stares in delirious arousal.
“Making such a mess, aren’t, you?”

He can only nod, babbling incoherently when Tony takes him back into his arms, his legs spread so far apart it almost hurts, and his cheeks are parted and he feels fingers at his exposed hole. He jumps before keening back into it desperately and he hears both men chuckle above him. “What do you think of his pussy?” Tony asks above his head, and Bucky slides in one finger. It’s so big, it stretches so good and Peter wiggles trying to get more.

“Fuckin’ gorgeous,” Bucky hisses, before his one finger is gone and something much, much bigger is nudging at his hole. Peter lets out a distressed muffle at the thought of Bucky taking him dry, but Tony shushes him distractedly. Peter peaks up to see that Tony is watching Bucky toy with Peter’s hole in the mirror and he squeals in embarrassment. “Don’t whine, baby girl,” Bucky warns, his cock slippery with precum against Peter’s pussy. “You were all dripping with sweat when I first came in, you don’t need special attention.”

“I’ve stretched you enough this week,” Tony soothes more lovingly, “you can take it.”

Peter wails as Bucky pushes hard and the head pops in.

He thinks he screams or blacks out for a second, eyes rolling into the back of his head as nobody moves. Tony holds him tight and steady and Bucky is snarling like a beast behind him. “Shit. Fuck, he feels so fucking good, Tony.”

“See why I spoil him?” the other man chuckles fondly, carding his fingers through Peter’s hair. “It’s hard to deny him anything when he feels like that.”

Bucky grunts in concurrence, and he slides in another slow, delicious inch.

Tony’s right. He can take it. But it forces his rim to stretch and it aches so good, he can feel his hole convulsing fiercely around the intrusion; and he’s not sure whether his body is trying to force it in or out. He doesn’t get much choice in the matter, and Bucky sinks in all the way and Peter wails, fingers scrabbling against Tony’s shirt and he realises with another jolt of arousal that they’re both still fully clothed and he’s completely naked. The power different burns across his skin so good he loves it, and the feel of Bucky’s heavy balls slapping against his ass is addictive, he starts trying to thrust back as much as he can.

He doesn’t care about his dick anymore, he’s getting all his pleasure from his hole just the way Tony taught him-

“Well done, baby,” Tony murmurs, kissing him soft and sweet; his tongue plundering into Peter’s lax mouth. “Making daddy so proud. Your little clitty isn’t as important as your pussy, is it?”

Peter shakes his head mindlessly, squeezing his eyes shut as Bucky pounds brutally hard; never letting up; slamming against his prostate over and over and over and Peter can hardly think let alone form coherent sentences- it’s just an endless circle of bliss and-

“Hey, watch this,” Tony grins, and Bucky pauses for a second; watching as Tony leans back and slaps Peter’s cock with the tips of his fingers.

Peter cries out and Bucky swears; grip bruisingly tight on the boy’s waist. “Shit! Do it again, fuck, his hole just- it’s like being squeezed so fucking good-“

Tony slaps Peter’s little cock again and again and it spurts another jolt of precum, adding to the mess on his stomach as his velvet walls sporadically clench all around Bucky’s dick in response to the snacks.
“Daddy!” Peter wails; voice hitching as he tangles his fingers in Tony’s hair; the pain and pleasure causing tension to build in every line of his body. “Daddy- daddy-please-“ he begs, kissing Tony’s neck desperately. Daddy always gives him what he needs- daddy always makes it so so good-

“Daddy’s got you, princess,” Tony promises, before he slaps Peter’s little clit again with one hand, and with his other, he thrusts in two fingers along with Bucky’s dick right into his hole.

Bucky howls, and Peter screams so loudly his throat hurts, as he cums with a blinding white light behind his eyes that goes on forever; streaking across his stomach and then he feels Bucky’s warm release fill him up so good he could sob, and he goes limp; trusting his daddy to take care of him.

After a long while of being petted and praised, Bucky pulls out gently, kissing the back of Peter’s neck, and Tony lays him on a blanket on the floor he hadn’t spotted before. He’s set on his stomach, his hips canted up and he lets out a little moan as Tony’s familiar cock sinks into him. He’s all stretched out and puffy, but it still feels sore.

“Shh, darling,” Bucky whispers, “you don’t have to do anything. Just sleep,” and his thick fingers stroke soothingly through Peter’s hair.

“Good girl,” Tony praises breathlessly; his cock plowing into the sloppy mess of Peter’s wrecked hole as Peter drifts towards a well earned nap.

He thinks he hears them talking, but he’s not quite sure. He thinks he hears Bucky say: “You’re gonna have to let Steve have a go too. And Clint.”

Tony laughs breathlessly, cock punching into Peter’s prostate so he squeals with overstimulation even half-asleep. “One at a time. I want you and me inside him with Steve in his mouth- he’s a precious little thing, we have to ease him into it.”

“Is the camera still running?”

“Yeah, I think so- fuck- do me a favour and pinch his nipples for me? He has such sensitive titties he’ll clench right down- fuck- yes god-“

Peter feels a rising wave of pleasure in his sleep and he knows he’s made a mess all over himself, but he also knows that daddy and Bucky will clean him up and kiss him in the morning with the promise of more.
Peter tries not to think too hard about what he’s doing because otherwise he’s definitely going to chicken out.

With a little help from Natasha, and some Hufflepuff stealth, he’s managed to sneak into the Slytherin Dungeon’s early one morning.

Tony’s in the shower when he gets in so he lies on the green, silk-clad bed and tries to look somewhat desirable in his Hufflepuff robes as he waits for his boyfriend. He also can’t help but let his eyes roam around the room. Tony doesn’t have a roommate, because of course, and there are lots of pieces of muggle tech that are semi-familiar to Peter. His dad used to use them, he’s sure. Tony’s cat, Ginger, is napping on the desk by a large folder or brand new textbooks that don’t look like they’ve ever been opened.

It was one of the things that had made Peter dislike Tony originally. He’d never needed to study but he’d always been so smart.

They’ve only been dating—publicly that is—for a few weeks, but it feels right. The Hufflepuffs had been surly for a few days but Tony’s charming and charismatic and irritatingly likeable. A few Slytherins had given him dirty looks and one or two Ravenclaw girls had seemed rather jealous, but Peter has MJ to send withering looks to anyone and everyone.

He looks up when the door to the shower opens, and beams when Tony steps in to a cloud of steam; a green towel wrapped low around his waist. Peter realises with a jolt of arousal that this is the first time he’s ever actually seen Tony without a shirt on— they’re both always so frantically desperate for sex they never seem to get to a stage of full-nudity. His dark hair is matted to his forehead and it’s a look that Peter can definitely get behind—

“Peter?” Tony startles, “what are you doing here?”

He doesn’t sound…pleased. Peter sits up, a little sheepishly, “I thought maybe we could…” he raises his eyebrows suggestively, “skip broom practise?” He drags his hands across the bedspread in what he hopes is a sexually graceful move.

Tony stares at him with something indecipherable in his eyes, before shaking his head. His voice comes out harsh and colder than Peter’s ever heard it. “Not today, Peter. I don’t want to skip class to have sex on my bed at eight in the morning.” He snaps.

The words cut into Peter and he feels his cheeks flame up in humiliation. Hurt pumps into his blood and he has to blink back tears because fuck, he’s not going to start crying over this. “Oh, s-sure,” he nods, biting the inside of his cheek hard as he gets out of the bed. He feels stupid. He probably looks a lot worse than he thought, of course Tony doesn’t want- and he didn’t even ask him first, he should have—he grabs his wand and practically races for the door.

“Don’t ever come in here without permission again.” Tony says, and Peter stares back at him with wide eyes. Tony’s facing him, face hard, and Peter…Peter doesn’t even know who’s looking at him. He wants to say but you come into the Hufflepuff dorms all the time! He wants to say what are you hiding? He wants to say are you bored of me?
Instead, he bites his tongue, and races out.

He does skip broom practise in the end, because he doesn’t want to see Tony. He hides in the Astronomy Tower with Ned and they play chess and resolutely don’t mention anything about Peter’s boyfriend. Tony probably is bored of him. Tony doesn’t do long-term, but-but- he’s been so sweet. So loving and so- it just doesn’t make sense in Peter’s head.

He’s scared. Tony had seemed genuinely angry. Was there something in his room he hadn’t wanted Peter to see? Something- dangerous?

Peter wouldn’t put it past him. Tony’s been involved in some dark stuff before. But it was always for the greater good- he’s the Slytherin Prince, after all. It comes with the territory.

He has DADA with Tony, so he doesn’t go. He and MJ go for a walk around the school grounds instead and MJ says: “We should just break into his room and look around ourselves. Find out what that mother-fucker’s hiding.”

Peter frowns at her. “ Aren’t you supposed to be a Ravenclaw?”

“Ye-ah. That’s why I’m giving you the smartest option.”

“Wouldn’t that be to ask him?”

“You’re such a Hufflepuff, Peter. Honestly. How are you gonna ask him anything when you’re clearly going out of your way to avoid him?”

True enough.

A week goes by. A whole week. Peter skips class and gets notes from Ned- talking to the Professor’s after hours to get anything he’s missed- but he can’t keep this up. He likes his lessons, for one thing, and secondly, he feels anxious whenever he doesn’t go. He wants to send a letter to Tony, but he doesn’t. He checks his mail slot everyday- Tony never sends him one either.

Have they…broken up? Surely not. You have to talk to someone about that- right? Peter rubs his face miserably as he heads to Potions. He doesn’t know what he did wrong, and he’s afraid that Tony’s doing something wrong, and he’s petrified that a conversation could blow everything up-

A few students are already seated when he walks in. Peter takes a breath, and looks around.

There’s Tony. Back row, at a desk for two by himself. They’ve been partners for the past few weeks, but- he looks good. In his green tinged robes and his chin resting in his hands as he idly twirls his wand between his fingers. They make eye contact.

Peter looks away immediately, and his gaze ends up faltering on a Ravenclaw he dimly recognises- also alone. Stephen, a little pretentious, semi-impolite, but otherwise relatively nice guy. Peter scrambles over to him and hovers by the desk. “Hey Stephen,” he says, trying to infuse his voice with as much brightness as he can, “can I sit here?”

Stephen frowns and gives him a look. “ You can. You don’t have to ask me for permission.”

“Right.” Peter takes the seat and thrusts his backpack under the desk. Stephen’s still staring at him. Peter turns to him and waits.

“You and Tony have had a fight.” He surmises quietly, and Peter rubs his eyes tiredly.
“Not a fight, really. I don’t- let’s not talk about it, okay?”

Stephen shrugs. “Okay.”

All in all, the lesson isn’t bad. He and Stephen work well together and manage to identify all the different roots. Peter manages not to turn around and see whether or not Tony is looking at him, to see who Tony’s working with and to see whether Tony seems to miss him at all.

Peter misses Tony.

He’s the last person to leave the classroom, because he wants to make sure Tony gets to wherever he needs to be with no awkward interactions. So he packs his bag, and waves goodbye to the professor and steps out into the hallway.

Almost immediately, he’s yanked to the right, barely having time to squawk indignantly before he’s being trussed through a door and he looks around with a start; scrambling to get his bearings together before realising that he’s in the room of requirement, with Tony.

It’s their room.

The one they spent their time in playing chess and tinkering with inventions and making out by the fire. It pangs Peter to be in here and he looks down at the toes of his yellow-brown boots and doesn’t look up at his boyfriend? Peter isn’t sure.

Tony doesn’t speak either, but he’s radiating a furious anger that Peter can only take for so long. He tries to tolerate it, before he bursts and looks up with a spark of exclamation: “Tony!” He cries eventually, “what’s wrong? What are you-” what are you hiding? What are you doing? Something isn’t right.

“So you’re dating that Ravenclaw now.” Tony spits, voice ice-cold and eyes like steel.

Peter blinks slowly: confused. He hadn’t expected that. “Huh?”

“Stephen Strange, the Ravenclaw. You moved on pretty fucking quickly.”

Peter flinches at the venom in Tony’s voice, and the Slytherin spots it immediately, and all his features soften and crumple like someone who’s realised that everything is their fault.

“Oh,” Tony whispers, stepping forward like he’s going to come and embrace Peter, before he catches himself and stays where he is. “No, you-I’m-” he lets out a wrecked sigh, “fuck, baby, I’m sorry.” He whispers contritely.

Peter wants to be angry, but he isn’t. The word baby does things to him, and he’s missed Tony, and he’s far more concerned over the fact that Tony might have gotten himself into something bad- dark magic, something dangerous- “What’s going on?” He whispers, nibbling at his bottom lip, “are you…is it…” he doesn’t want to ask. Doesn’t want to accuse. Doesn’t want to push Tony away. He’s grateful now for Tony’s possessive jealousy otherwise he might never have instigated conversation at all. “I promise I won’t…” their eyes meet; Tony’s are wide and scared (scared? Since when does the Slytherin Prince get scared? He isn’t scared of anything), and Peter tries to look as supportive as possible, “I love you, Tony. Whatever you’re doing…whatever you’ve done, I won’t judge you. When you opened the Chamber of Secrets, I-I was still on your side- I always will be, you can trust me-“

“No, Peter,” Tony breathes, and he does cross the room then, and he engulfs Peter in his arms. Peter sags into him. Tony is strong and familiar and he smells like the forbidden forest and expensive silk
robes. He cuddles into Tony’s chest; almost whimpering at how much he’s missed this. Them. “No, baby, I’m not- I haven’t done anything like that, I promise. Damn, is that what you thought…no… I swear.”

Peter sniffs gratefully, pulling back to press a gentle kiss to Tony’s chin as he looks up at him. “We need to get better at communicating, then.” He teases softly, but Tony’s face is serious and grim.

“I shouldn’t have treated you like that, when you…” he trails off; guiltily, “that was wrong, I’m sorry.”

Peter waits a beat, but Tony doesn’t offer anything else.

He chews on the inside of his cheek. If Tony wasn’t doing any dark magic, then what…“I love you.” Tony says; more gently this time, like a goodbye, and Peter frowns, watching as his boyfriend sheds his robes and starts unbuttoning his shirt. The small Hufflepuff stares in confusion as Tony gets bare chested before him, and tries to keep his cheeks from going pink at the aesthetic v of his muscles, and how he’d really like to reach out and touch-Tony turns around.

Peter tries to, but he can’t hold back the stifled gasp that comes out.

Glittering like silver are a number of slim, shiny scars all over Tony’s back. Above the rippling muscle, they glint- they’re war scars. Scars of magic- brands of pain- he’s seen them in History text books of Wizard Warriors, not on students, not on people like Tony-

“So there,” Tony mumbles, spinning back around and wrapping his arms around himself like he’s trying to keep himself together. His eyes won’t meet Peter’s, and he looks…he looks ashamed.

“Now you know. I didn’t want you to see me- I didn’t want you to know I’m-“

Peter doesn’t know how Tony’s going to finish that sentence, but he cuts him off before he can.

“You’re not.” He whispers; wrecked. He can feel tears prick in his eyes but he forces them away, treading over to Tony and reaching out a hand- light as a feather, to trail down over his back.

“Tony…how…what…”

Tony grits his teeth; jaw locking and voice faux-light. “My dad has…unreasonable expectations, to put it lightly.”

Peter’s wand leaps out of his pocket and sends of jolt of fire into the fireplace as he bubbles with anger. “Howard did this?” He hisses; blazing like the sun, “he hurt you-“

“What? No! Tony, godric, no- you’re-“ his brain frizzles as he realises, “did you think I would be- oh Tony,” he flings his arms around his neck, burrowing into his nape as Tony lifts him clean off the ground into a bear hug. Peter peppers kisses along his neck, and whispers his declaration of love in delirious praise.

“You’re prefect, Tony, I- you’re beautiful, you’re- you’re not going home this winter break.” He pulls back desperately, eyes wide, “you’re coming to my house. Please. Please, don’t go back there, not to him, please- not-” his voice cracks, “not alone.”

Tony smiles; small but warm. “I’m not alone,” he murmurs, like he’s just realising it for the first time. “Not with you.”

The scars run too deep to be healed by mere words, but for the first time in his life, Tony thinks that
this, *this*- him and Peter- they might be a start. For the first time in a long time; he feels hopeful.
Retired Mafia Boss Tony needs something to fulfil his days, and fate gives him a pretty little thing stranded on the edge of the road.

TW: abuse of authority, sort of kidnapping? I mean Peter goes willingly but that boy is way too innocent for his own good. Tony just wants to lavish him really, and Peter’s just a touch too clueless to say no. Susceptible Peter, easily manipulated Peter.

The distant glowing ball of burnished gold, as it begins to dip below the lavender horizon, is his only destination as he drives down the endless country roads.

The summer wind breathes through his hair as his car glides through the orange-tinted pine forest. Italy is beautiful, as beautiful as everyone promised it would be, and yet Tony feels…unfulfilled. Unsatisfied in a way he left America trying to escape. It seems then that the forest and the ocean and the rolling mountains are not enough to assuage him.

He has more money than he knows what to do with. He has conquered all that can be conquered. There is nothing left. Pepper, his right hand, insists that it’s time to settle down and find love. Stephen, his left hand, thinks there’s more money to be made, more areas to be conquered, more to be earned.

Tony feels…hopeless.

He takes a look around and scoffs. He’s surrounded by the most beautiful of everything. This forest, this car- antique and bought at auction for amounts that would make other people catatonic but for him- had been but a penny in an ocean, his clothes, his villa, his mansions everywhere else- to those who said that crime wasn’t a real job obviously had never tried fronting a Mafia for twenty years. But now…he’s bowed out of the spotlight, content for his son Harley to take the reigns. This is his retirement, even though he’s only forty-three.

Retirement feels empty.

Is Pepper right? Raising Harley had been some of his happiest years, and when Erica had died- a hole had been formed.

But Stephen had been right when he’d suggested filling that hole with money and power. That had helped too.

He’s so wrapt up in musing what his next step should be, where he should go from here- to sea maybe, he thinks. Endless blue; sailing and fishing and yachts and supermodels- maybe there- when he spots someone on the side of the road.

His first instinct isn’t to stop. He doesn’t pick up hitchhikers, but he does slow the car down when he realises that the person- a boy- is limping.

His fatherly instincts; the ones that manifested when Harley was born, come into action and he rolls to a stop a little way off. The boy turns and the sun catches the top of his head like a crown of fire and Tony feels his lips part in awe.

He’s beautiful. He’s radiant. He’s young and supple, with a delicate frame and milky skin- far too flushed from the sun to be any resident of Italy. He spots Tony and his face lights into a gorgeous smile of pure relief, and he hobbles forward; limping, before he collapses.
Tony’s getting out of the car before he’s even processed it, rushing over to the boy. He’s only in a pair of running shorts; and his skin is perfect and flawless and all out on display. “Do you speak english?” The boy croaks desperately, “Um- english- like- inglés?”

“I can speak English,” Tony murmurs; voice tinged with amusement over the boy’s, quite frankly, adorable pronunciation. Tony can speak a great many languages. He gets to his knees beside the boy, his white trousers no doubt getting stained by the muddy side of the road. He lifts the boy’s ankle gently into his lap, and he whimpers at the tenderness. That sound goes straight to Tony’s cock. His eyes go dark and he feels himself spark with want. It’s almost a relief to feel something again. Lust. It’s been so long since anyone has stirred up an appetite within him, let alone one so strong. “You hurt your ankle?” He asks, and the boy stares up at him pathetically.

“I was out jogging, and-and I tripped and I think I sprained it,” he says, and Tony nods; thumb feeling out the joints carefully.

“It does feel like a sprain,” he says, looking around into the sunset strewn forest. “You out here alone?”

Possessiveness, eager and evil, snaps its teeth temptingly. He knows what he wants the answer to be.

“Yeah,” the boy sniffs, his big, whiskey eyes peering up at Tony through his tumbling chestnut curls. “I won a ticket for this holiday and my Aunt said it would be good for me, but it’s just-“ his beautiful eyes sparkle with tears, “-it’s just hard and lonely.” He sniffs, bottom lip trembling and Tony’s heart.

“It’s okay,” he soothes, reaching forward to scoop the boy into his arms bridal style. He’s light as a feather, and he lets out a little yelp; arms instinctively wrapping around Tony’s head. “I’m going to take you back to my home, get you all fixed up, okay?”

He waits a beat for the boy to request the hospital, or his hotel, or something far more reasonable. But it appears that fate has gifted him a treasure, because the innocent doe-eyed bambi just nods in agreement, and lets Tony buckle him into his car. He doesn’t miss the wide, awed expression as he takes in the car and the white leather finish. It makes him smile. It’s been so long since anyone has been impressed by his wealth. Everyone just expects it from him, in his circles, but this boy is fresh and new and exactly what Tony needed.

He executes a three point turn and starts driving back the other way; away from the sunset. “My name is Tony,” he offers, and it’s difficult to keep his eyes on the road when all he wants to do is devour the lovely treat in his passenger seat.

“Oh! I-I’m Peter, Sir.” The boy offers; flushed pink and delicious. “This car is really, really nice.”

“Thank you,” Tony grins, shrugging nonchalantly, as a shiver runs down his spine at the title. Sir. What a precious little thing. And he’s all alone in such a complicated country. It’s so easy to get lost. “How old are you, Peter?”

“I’m eighteen,” Peter answers obediently, though he looks younger. His eyes keep straying to the sprawling landscape as they glide up the Italian hills. He looks enchanted by it in a way that Tony hasn’t been by anything in years. It’s an intoxicating sight. Yes, he thinks to himself, watching the way Peter hangs his hand over the side of the car and lets the wind and the long grass whirl through his fingers, he’s going to keep him. This is just what he needed.

Peter’s expression when Tony gets to his villa, is wide-eyed disbelief and amazement. He takes it all in as the gates open and Tony drives up, taking in the orchards and the fields and finally: the
magnificent mansion. He looks at Tony; eyes glistening in reverence and honestly, these looks are doing things to him. It makes Tony hungry. He wants to show the boy the most expensive paintings, shower him in jewels and see what kind of face he makes- the sounds he might make when Tony pushes an ebony dildo right into his tiny, and no doubt, untouched little hole.

“This is yours?” Peter breathes, as Tony parks beside his many, many other gorgeous cars.

“I own a few places all over the world.” he quips casually, and Peter’s jaw drops and those lovely pink lips stretch into an ‘o’ and yes, Tony wants. He comes around the car and lifts Peter into his arms and the boy goes all pink again, as he’s carried inside.

It’s relatively quick work to bandage up his ankle; tight and efficient, and obviously instantly soothing if Peter’s grateful expression is anything to go by. Tony gives him a glass of water and some tea, and Peter babbles about how amazing this house is. The praise sinks into Tony delectably. He doesn’t care particularly for this house nor it’s design, but Peter’s effusive amazement makes him peacock just a little and brag about the designers and the materials used.

Soon the sun has set entirely; and the purple clouds have given way to stars and Peter politely pushes away his soup that Tony had made him, and gets to his feet. “Thank you so much, sir,” he whispers, cheeks flushed with health and eyes sparkling, “you’re so kind, I promise I’ll- I’ll try to pay you back for all your help.”

Tony waves him away, completely amused as to what exactly the boy thinks is going to happen now.

“I should probably get a cab back to my hotel. Is there a phone I can use?”

Poor, sweet boy. Tony doesn’t want to startle him. He loves how innocent Peter is, how trusting. Tony wants to be trusted. He doesn’t want to have to punish his pretty new possession. He wants to lavish Peter. “It’s very late,” Tony says, with enough authority that Peter’s bound to sink into it, “no cabs will be out this late. You should just stay the night.”

He resists, just a little. “Oh, I couldn’t…I’ve already been such an imposition…”

“Nonsense,” Tony beams, getting to his feet and cupping Peter’s deliciously soft cheek in his calloused hand. “There’s over a hundred guest bedrooms all waiting to be used. You can have your pick, and in the morning, my chef will make you breakfast and I’ll check on your ankle.” He moves to grip the back of Peter’s nape, guiding him out of the room. The pressure is just right and Peter melts into the possessive contact, letting himself get manoeuvred through the mansion.

“That makes sense,” he nods, voice sweet as a harp, “thank you again, Sir.”

Tony is going to taste every inch of him. He is going to show him pleasure he never even knew was possible. Peter is never, ever going to leave. “No problem, sweetheart,” he croons, squeezing Peter’s neck just so and watching as the boy’s knees tremble. Deliciously responsive. “I’ll show you to your room, you can shower and go to bed, okay?”

Peter nods, a little sleepily, as he’s guided into a bedroom.

Tony watches hungrily; hands itching to reach out and take- but no. There’s too much work to be done. He’s going to ease the fair creature into this gently, make him forget there was ever anything else to life other than Tony. Tony is going to be his whole world and Peter will want for nothing.

He thinks he might stay in Italy after all.
He’ll call Pepper and let her know she was right.
Starker, High School Au Break up Make Up implied cheating Tony Happy Ending

Chapter Summary

In the cold evening.

High school AU: After Peter and Tony break up, Tony tries to get his baby back.

TW: Mentions of cheating and violence, but with a happy ending :)

Steve lets him know with a sympathetic expression and kind eyes that he saw Peter take Stephen upstairs about fifteen minutes ago.

He’s all blind rage and fury as he storms over the drunk people cheering some out dated sports chant on the stairs, and he bursts into three different bedrooms all on varying degrees of make out- one room is quite clearly a first kiss, the second one stinks of weed and sex, and the third one is full of sweaty grunts.

But the fourth one is the one he cares about.

He shoves the door open and Peter and Stephen pull apart in surprise.

Tony sees red. Peter, his Peter, all flushed- shirt half way unbuttoned, lips bitten red and hair all mussed, and Stephen, lips a little wet but otherwise as infuriatingly put together as always and Tony can’t wait to punch him into a bloody pulp. He takes two strides forward, reaching for Stephen’s top when Peter jumps in front him protectively- all indignant outrage.

“Tony! What are you doing here?” He accuses, a red flush across his gorgeous nose and Tony’s anger gives way in a sudden crest of pain.

“Bruce told me you were gonna be here tonight,” here, Natasha’s pool party. The perfect way to celebrate the end of finals, there were two other parties happening tonight and Tony hadn’t known which one Peter was gonna be at. He needs to talk to him, has to explain- he turns to Stephen who looks half petrified and half angry on Peter’s behalf. “You.” He growls, “leave.”

Stephen almost makes to stand up before Peter puts a firm hand on his shoulder and keeps him sat on the edge of the bed. “No, Stephen, you don’t have to do what he says,” Peter whispers, turning back to Tony angrily. “What are you doing here, Tony?”

Tony’s throat feels dry and he has to work it a few times, reaching out to touch Peter’s neck with trembling fingertips the way he used to. Back when they were together and everything was good. “I miss you, baby,” he whispers, wrecked. “I know, I know I fucked up, but I’m sorry, I can’t- I can’t bear the thought of you with someone else. Please, please, please forgive me, I-“

“If he wants you to leave,” Stephen interrupts, voice wavering but brave. “You should leave.”

Anger, quick as a flash, comes back and he sneers at Stephen. “Oh yeah? What are you gonna do about it?”
“I’ll-I’ll-“ Stephen gets to his feet, but he’s tall and wiry, and Tony is broad and muscular, and he knows he’ll win in a fight-

“No! Stop it!” Peter cries, distress on all his beautiful features. He turns to Tony with a gentler look, and shakes his head. “Tony,” he whispers pleadingly, “leave. For me.”

He doesn’t wanna leave. He wants to be here with Peter, where he belongs. He wants to punch Stephen and his self-righteous face so hard his own knuckles bruise. But-but- self-loathing swarms inside him. Peter doesn’t want him here. Peter hasn’t forgiven him, Peter’s ready to move on- move on to someone else and Tony can feel tears start to burn furiously in his eyes and he can see Stephen stare in shock. Peter’s not shocked though, he’s seen Tony cry before. Peter looks sad and small just like he did when he saw Tony and some girl he can’t even remember. He’d been so drunk, he hadn’t meant it, he- he can’t make up for it. Great. Now Stephen knows he cries just like everyone else, and- Peter makes another small, pleading sound and Tony feels the pain rise to an intolerable level, and he nods.

“Oh, baby,” he whispers, voice hitching. “For you.”

A perfect tear drop slides down Peter’s cheek and Tony hates himself more. Has he caused that? Has he caused his baby more pain, again?

Well, he won’t anymore. He turns to Stephen, wiping his face with his denim sleeve harshly. “You treat him right,” he hisses warningly, and Stephen looks utterly bewildered but also devoutly serious. Maybe he’ll be able to love Peter the way Peter deserves to be loved. “You fucking- you fucking cherish him.” Tony snarls, tears slipping out despite his best control, “because Peter is- he’s the kindest person, and he’s- he’s sensitive and deep in a way that people don’t- they don’t realise and-“ he breaks off into a harsh sob, and Peter whimpers; crying earnestly now.

Stephen swallows hard and reaches out to touch Tony’s shoulder. Tony wants to shrug him off, but he doesn’t. He takes the small comfort for what it is, before turning and leaving.

Steve’s sympathetic face nods at him as he leaves. The music is blasting and there are people screaming happily from the poolside, a few people shout Tony’s name drunkenly, but he ignores them, and lets the biting cold try to numb the twisting heartache.

The night air is chilly, and in his black jeans and denim jacket, he relishes in it, and tips his face up towards the stars and wonders if the pain will ever go away. He wonders if there is anything he can do to make this right, or if the only thing is to…is to let Peter be happy with someone who isn’t him. Someone like Stephen.

“Tony,” comes a breathless, blubbering, choked out hiccup, and he spins to see Peter: eyes all rimmed red, chest heaving and arms out in that way he used to do when all he wanted was Tony to lift him into his arms and make everything better.

That’s what Tony does now. Runs to him and picks him up and breathes him in, peppering kisses onto his neck and whispering vows as Peter clutches him. His heart is pumping with disbelief, and Peter wraps his arms tight around him and whispers wetly into his ear:

“Don’t hurt me again, Tony, please,” he sobs, “I love you, I love you, and you can’t do that to me again-“

“I won’t,” Tony swears vehemently, “I won’t, baby, I-god- I swear, I won’t.”

They hold each other till the cold air becomes too much, and then Tony guides them to his car, and
Peter splutters out a laugh when he sees the cheesy, science bumper sticker. The bad joke and the poor quality are almost enough to lower the overall aesthetic of the gorgeous car, but Tony wouldn’t remove it in all the world because Peter had given it to him.

“I’m so sorry,” Tony says again, as they look over the hood of the car at each other. They’re outlined by the night and the stars.

Peter sniffs and wipes his face, his fingers a little red from the cold. His brown eyes shine hopefully. “I know you are,” he whispers, “but I also know you really love me.”

Tony nods so hard he thinks he might snap something. “I love you so much.”

Peter lets out a little giggle, the way he used to laugh whenever Tony licked his collarbones, or nipped at his fingertips. “We should get pizza,” Peter offers, tugging open the door and sliding into the passenger seat in a move so elegant and familiar Tony feels whole again.

He slides in too, and starts the car. “Perry’s?” He asks. It’s Peter’s favourite. He had also liked- “with cheese in the crust?”

Peter smiles; pleased, and he nods shyly. It’s the same smile from when Tony used to leave him little notes in his locker, the smile whenever he saw Tony at the end of his drive in the mornings to drive him to school. It’s a smile that Tony thought he’d lost the privilege to ever see again. It’s a smile he won’t ever take for granted. “With cheese in the crust,” he nods, and then as Tony pulls out onto the main road and heads for the city, Peter reaches out and threads their fingers together over the gearbox.

Just like he used to.

you can break my heart in two, but when it heals it beats for you. I know it's forward but it's true, I know I'll go back to you
TW: Harley and Peter are Tony’s biological sons and are half brothers. Underage (Peter’s 15, Harley 17) so watch out, gorgeous people!

They call themselves the three musketeers even though neither one of them has ever read the book. Is it a book? Tony’s not sure. It might be a movie.

His two boys are the most precious things in his life. He would do anything for them, he does everything for them. Harley, Leah’s son, is tall and lanky with dark blond boyband hair that Tony keeps teasing him about. Peter, May’s son, is a few years younger, small and lean with fluffy curls that obscure his eyes and Peter seems to like it that way. He’s incredibly shy.

The loss of Leah and then of May is so painful he can barely tolerate thinking about them. But then he has his two boys; his two bright sparks, who elbow each other for a chance to tiptoe and see whatever Tony is making in the lab, and then try to copy it a few weeks later, often to disastrous results.

Tony hates disciplining his boys, especially for trying their hand at engineering, but it’s the only way he can think to stop them from lighting the whole of Stark Tower on fire.

When Harley was eight and Peter was six, Tony had sat them both down with a stern look and said: “I know you guys wanna try building stuff, but you cannot do it without me present, is that clear?”

Peter had nodded; eyes wide with awe and fascination as they always were whenever Tony spoke. He rolls his eyes, and turns to his older boy, who looks a little more surly. “JARVIS is always watching us anyway,” he’d muttered, “what’s it matter if you’re not there?”

“Harley,” Tony frowns, shaking his head and voice hard, “JARVIS is smart, but I’m your dad, okay? Do I need to ground you both?”

Peter’s big brown eyes go shiny with tears. “No, daddy!” He cries, and tugs on Harley’s sleeve desperately. “Say sorry, Harl! Say it! We’re sorry!” He tries emphatically and Tony bites back a smile. He knows really, this must have been Harley’s doing. The older boy pouts, before he nods sullenly.

“Sorry,” he grumbles, and Tony collects them both into his arms and kisses their heads.

“I’m just looking out for you,” he whispers sincerely, and Peter giggles as his bristles tickle his forehead.

As his boys get older, they develop their own interests. Harley has a knack for engineering and tech and design, and he speeds ahead in physics and math. His english grades suffer because he doesn’t put any effort in. He becomes popular and rides a motorbike and by the time he’s seventeen, he’s got a leather jacket that he pulls off almost as well as Tony did at that age.

Peter, only fifteen, leans more towards science. Chemistry and biology are his strong points, but he
has a little bit of a knack for English too. His teacher encourages him to think about pursuing it, but Peter wants to be like Harley, so he sticks to chemistry and equations. Peter never really gets popular, and Harley gets invited to a lot more parties, but he never seems to mind. Peter has a close, tight knit although small group of friends that come over all the time. Ned, MJ, Harry. Harley doesn’t have that. He brings so many different people round - but only ever once or twice - and Tony never gets the chance to know more about them. His boys are happy, they’re close. They’re all close, the three of them. They’re the three musketeers.

When the alarm goes off in the tower late one night, Tony jumps out of bed; heart seizing up at the thought of his boys being hurt - when JARVIS informs him that there’s been a minor explosion in the lab.

Tony’s heart doesn’t stop jack hammering until he gets down there. There’s smoke everywhere, but JARVIS has extinguished what must have been a fire, and Peter and Harley are standing; covered in soot in their pyjamas; equally guilty and shocked expressions on their faces.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt?” He whispers frantically, pulling them both into his arms and scanning them for signs of injury.

Harley shakes his head and Peter sniffs but looks fine too.

The fear of them being hurt quickly morphs into anger and Tony grits his teeth in cold fury. “Who did this?” He demands, and Harley, taller and broader, steps protectively in front of Peter and lifts his chin and lies:

“I did, dad.”

He obviously didn’t. This was a chemistry experiment, Tony can tell from the shattered test tubes and the vibrant green acid spilling across the floor. This was Peter. And though he’s glad that Harley’s sticking up for him, his eyes narrow on Peter’s smaller, more slender frame as it’s shielded behind his brother. “Did Harley do this, Peter?” Tony asks, tipping his head as Peter stares at him. “If he did, I’ll have to ban him from playing at Friday’s game.”

Harley lets out a stuttered gasp. “You can’t, dad! The scout from Georgia’s gonna be there-“

“You should have thought about that before you broke one of the most important rules and almost blew up the lab.” He snaps, eyes still on Peter. “Isn’t that right, Peter?”

Peter’s bottom lip wobbles, and he doesn’t have anywhere near the poker face that Harley has. His big eyes flit up to his brothers and Harley gives him a look. Peter sniffs. “No, I-“

“I did it,” Harley cuts over him, louder this time, and now Tony is a little bemused.

What? The game means everything to Harley. If Peter got grounded, the only thing he’d miss was the innocuous sounding sleep over he was supposed to have at Ned’s on Saturday night.

Ah. Perhaps it had sounded so innocuous on purpose. That surprises him. Peter’s not normally one for secrets. Harley’s the one who’s just like Tony, who hides behind half-truths and goes to parties he’s too young for. The thought that Peter, his sweet boy, might be veering down a different path is worrying and Tony shakes his head.

“You’re both grounded.” He decides, and Harley splutters out:

“Petey didn’t even do anything wrong!”
Tony gives him a warning look. “Peter, are you really going to Ned’s on Saturday or were you lying to me?”

“You don’t have to answer that,” Harley interrupts, and Tony rolls his eyes.

“What are you, his lawyer?” He shoots incredulously, before turning to his youngest. “Peter?”

Peter wipes some soot from his eyes, and swallows hard. “I um- we thought we might- it’s just Harry’s party…”

Tony stiffens, and the boys see it and they look to the floor. “I told you,” he begins quietly, “you are not allowed to go to Harry’s party.”

Peter makes a sound of despair: “Harley’s allowed to go to any party he likes! How come the one time I want to go to one I can’t-“

“Because i know that Harry was almost arrested for possession, Peter,” Tony yells, “and it doesn’t matter how good his dad is at covering things up, I don’t want you going to a party he’s having! I told you he’s allowed over here as much as you like, but you are not going to his! He’s a bad influence. I can’t believe you lied to me. I’m so disappointed in you.” He turns to Harley, shaking his head in dismay. “And you’re supposed to be looking out for your little brother, Harley. Not encouraging this stupidity.”

Harley glares at him; teenage rebellion and anger. “You did drugs at your age.”

Tony takes it in stride. “So learn from my mistakes.”

“This is Peter’s chance to be cool-“

“Oh for crying out loud,” Tony waves them away in disbelief, “the pair of you. For geniuses, you’re idiots. You’re both grounded for the foreseeable future and- JARVIS?”

“Yes, Sir?”

“Full parental lock. On everything.”

Harley swears and Peter’s jaw drops. They haven’t had that protocol activated for a very, very long time.

The two of them slink away and Tony spends the rest of the night cleaning everything up and feeling that strange mix of guilt and anger over how everything’s gone down.

He manages to piece together that Peter was trying to make some sort of exploding mini-launcher, and he even finds one or two lego pieces and he sighs at the thought of Peter and Ned actually trying to start a lego rocket. He even finds a burnt piece of paper with Harley’s rough sketches on it- yup, yes, it’s a lego rocket, and even though he’s so angry at how they could have hurt themselves, picturing Harley in his letterman jacket, and Peter in his mathlete sweater sitting together in the lab and planning this out is- it’s heartwarming. It makes him feel like he did a good job.

And then he looks at the black, crisping mess around him and wonders if he should have done a little better. Peter used to follow Harley around like his shadow, and Harley had carried Peter around on his shoulders and taught him how to do the puppy dog eyes that meant Tony let them have dessert before dinner. He’d thought maybe that bond had diminished somewhat, and he’s glad to see it hasn’t.
But the fact that Peter was planning to go to Harry’s party, the fact that Harley was going to help him
is- no, his punishment was more than fair.

But still, after he’s cleaned everything up, he heads back to bed and pauses in the hallway.

Harley, for all his roughened edges, is still his boy. And he needs the reassurance, even though he’ll
never admit it, that Tony isn’t ever really angry with him. And Peter too- his sensitive little
sweetheart, cries whenever Tony yells at him, and he can’t bear the thought of them going to sleep
upset.

He goes to Harley’s room and finds the door half open- and empty.

He pushes down the initial gut reaction of anger at the thought that Harley might have tied to sneak
out, and instead gets JARVIS to pull up a feed of Harley’s latest movement.

The image that comes out, nearly sends him to his knees.

It’s live, it’s a live stream to Peter’s bedroom, and his boys are- his sons are-

They’re kissing. There’s no other word for it. The two of them are kissing on Peter’s bed, on his blue
bed sheets, Peter’s hands in Harley’s shaggy hair and Harley’s hands under Petter’s shirt and- fuck-
fuck this is so fucking wrong, holy shit what has he done as a parent for this to have happened?

His mind is reeling, he has no idea what to do. Should he pretend he never saw this? Should he go
and put a stop to it right now? Should he- should he chalk this up to a bad dream and some
undercooked lamb?

He’s about to do just that, opening his mouth to get JARVIS to shut off the feed and delete any
similar recordings (god, they’ve done this before. They must have. They look so comfortable, so into
it) when he realises with a jolt that he’s hard.

Very hard.

His cock is straining against his sweatpants insistingly, aching and sensitive in a way he hasn’t been
in…in years.

He stares at his own cloth-clad erection in more disbelief. Oh fuck. Well this isn’t- this can’t be-

He turns back to the feed. Peter is moaning; sweet and high-pitched and tugging ineffectually at
Harley’s sooty nightshirt until the older boy chuckles and just takes it off. They’re pretty, okay, fine,
Tony can- he swallows dryly- he can admit that. He has fantastic genes and Leah and May had been
gorgeous women, and as Harley pulls down Peter’s underwear so they’re both completely naked, he
can- he can appreciate that Harley is made of tight muscle; in his prime, with his slightly tanned skin
and sharp jaw.

And Peter is- his little baby, is all milky pale and smooth all over. Shapely thighs like a girl with his
big brown eyes and his fluttery eyelashes and together they look- shit- he reaches down a hand to
palm himself and his eyes almost flutter shut.

Harley pushes Peter onto the floor and sits on the edge of the bed; legs spread. Peter crawls between
them eagerly, reaching for Harley’s cock before pausing-

“Is dad really angry?” Peter asks, voice hitching in that way it does whenever Tony tries to correct a
math problem in his homework. He’s so sensitive.
“No, ‘course not,” Harley pants breathlessly, hand curling around Peter’s neck and tugging him forward impatiently. “He can never stay mad at you anyway.”

Peter nuzzles Harley’s rock hard cock in a way that is quite frankly obscene and has Tony’s dick spurting with jealousy. “We should make him breakfast,” Peter murmurs, “to apologise.”

Harley is staring down at him hungrily. “Fuck, fine, whatever, whatever you want-“

Tony thinks he’d say anything too to get that mouth on him.

When Peter does take him, Tony watches in awe as his little boy takes his eldest right down to the root. He doesn’t have a fantastic view but the two of them together look- Jesus- this is-

This is happening in his house.

This is happening at the other end of the corridor and well, they are- they are the three musketeers.

His cock agrees with the thought, and Tony turns to look out into the darkness. On screen, explicit, wet, slurping sounds come through along with Harley’s breathless little whimpers.

Fuck. Fuck, it’s all fucked up anyway, isn’t it?

But the thought of slamming home into Peter’s little ass, of sending him choking onto Harley’s dick- shit, he could cum from the thought alone.

They’re his kids, he shouldn’t- god-

He finds himself walking out into the darkness anyway.
"Another idea is where Thor decides to try courting Omega Peter, much to Tony's horror. Thor thinks Peter will be a good mother of his children. Peter is strong, smart and beautiful. Not to mention he's an unclaimed virgin Omega. He's perfect and Thor is going to have him. Of course Tony keeps cock blocking him and away from Peter."

Thor is a relatively simple man. God. He’s a relatively simple God. He doesn’t want for anything, really. Life is pretty good. He’s the rightful King of Asgard but hopefully if Loki continues down the path of relative non-evilness, Thor would be happy to let him have the throne. Odin only knows that the people sure do love the green leathered God of Mischief now and that makes Thor happy. He’s happy when the people he loves are happy, and that makes life pretty good.

Okay, maybe saying he doesn’t want for anything is a little misleading. He does want something. One thing.

The spider is a welcome surprise. He doesn’t look like the other Omegas Thor has ever seen. He’s definitely prettier, and he smells sweet as the tulips that only bloom in the Asgardian winters outside the palace walls. Other Omegas are fragile, weak little things, but not Peter. Peter is small and dainty, but he’s strong, and even though Thor towers over him, he has one of those inklings that Peter could definitely pick up his hammer if he tried and that is…

A little worrying, if he’s honest.

He tries to keep it hidden away. It’s not like he really needs it now anyway.

When he’d first met Peter, in the days after the uproar, when all was settled and life was back to normal, in the bright afternoon light of the compound, he wasn’t sure what to expect. Being Stark’s protege, the little that Thor had seen was that the little spider was going to become another Stark. They were often tinkering away together in the labs, and Peter made enough quips and jokes and had a wry little smirk just like Tony. He’d expected sarcasm and a great many confusing science references to go over his head, but walking into the kitchen Peter had lit up and nearly dropped his mug.

“You’re Thor!” He’d exclaimed, bouncing on the heels of his feet excitedly, “oh man, this is- I’m Peter! You’re- you’re awesome! I mean-” he makes a weird breathy sound through his teeth that Thor comes to realise is meant to be an attempt at thunder and he laughs boomingly.

“I know you, young Spider,” Thor had beamed. It’s nice to finally meet someone as friendly as he is, and Peter’s bright eyes and endless happiness was something that made Thor happy.

Their friendship hadn’t much progressed, though Thor had wanted it to.

The spider still goes to school, but he spends his weekends at the compound and he’s meant to be finishing school soon and he and Thor have even sparred together once.
Thor only uses hand to hand combat in such situations, and the Spider had been impossible to pin down. Wriggly and nimble (and incredibly flexible, the Alpha part of his brain had noted) and always with some unusual reference to a movie.

The one time Thor had managed a good hit, Peter had merely winced and reluctantly given him a point.

He’s probably the only Omega in the entire galaxy that wouldn’t perish from Thor’s touch. He tries to be gentle, really he does, but he has the strength of a thousand Asgardians and his hands are weapons and gentle touch is difficult and in his exuberance he can forget. Taking human lovers, let alone omega human lovers, has been impossible.

Peter, though, Peter could…Peter would make an excellent mother to their children.

His inner-Alpha purrs excitedly. Yes. That is his next goal. He wants to be a father, and he wants an Omega like Peter. No, he wants Peter. Peter is perfect. He’s strong and beautiful and graceful and clever. He’d be a perfect mother and then there would be heirs to the throne and Loki would be an Uncle and Thor would be a father and-

It’s all decided.

He goes to the person who knows the boy best.

“Stark!” He greets, ambling into the lab and cringing as he accidentally knocks a lot of glass off one of the tables.

Tony, after wincing at the sound of his voice, lifts his visor and sets down his tools with an exasperated, but fond look on his face. “What is it, Thor?”

Thor smiles and slides onto one of the stools. It creaks ominously under his weight and he waits to see if it will crumple, but it doesn’t. “Your spider,” he begins, voice excited and notices Tony’s expression change from soft and open to something a little tighter. He’s probably imagining it. “He is untouched, yes?”

Tony’s face does more complicated things, before the man repeats incredulously: “Untouched?”

Oh right, humans. “A virgin. He is a virgin Omega?”

Tony looks him up and down almost angrily. “Yeah, Thor, I think so. Why?”

“Perfect,” Thor beams, “not that it would matter of course, he’s wonderful, but it’s just better-especially when it comes to the future mother of the king, you know? I’m sure you earthlings have similar protocols.”

“Maybe in England,” Tony murmurs dubiously, before shaking his head, “Wait- are you telling me you’re planning on mating Peter?”

“Yes! Do you think he’ll say yes? I imagine he will.” Thor puffs out his chest. He doesn’t want to brag or anything, but he is a mighty defender of earth and nine other realms. He is a King, and he is of royal blood. He is richer and more powerful than human comprehension and on top of all that, he’s pretty attractive if he does say so himself.

One of the screw drivers in Tony’s hand bends ever so slightly and Thor blinks: impressed. He hadn’t realised the man of iron was so strong outside of his suit. “You are not mating Peter Parker,” he growls and Thor recoils a little from the venom in his voice.
“Oh? Is he spoken for..?” He asks curiously.

Tony bares his teeth then, all Alpha and angry, and Thor scrambles to his feet even though he could take him in a fight. He does not want to fight Tony. “Get out of my lab!”

Thor leaves and shakes his head. Humans are very complicated. Perhaps Tony, as a fellow Alpha, had felt threatened by the thought of his protege being taken away from him? That’s absurd, Peter could visit as often as he wanted. It would be better if he lived on Asgard, but if the pretty little thing was desperate to live on Earth, Thor wouldn’t object. He won’t steal the boy away from Tony, he rolls his eyes. Humans can be so possessive over their friends.

In the morning, he goes out bright and early and picks a fresh bouquet of flowers. Steve and Bucky pause from their morning run and wave at him. Well, Steve waves, Bucky looks him up and down dubiously. “Good morning, fellow avengers!” Thor greets merrily.

Steve half smiles, “hey, Thor. Are you picking flowers?”

“I am going to woo Peter. I would like to take him as my mate.”

Steve looks suddenly very carefully blank. “Oh uh…have you talked to Tony about that?”

“I have. I’m sure he’ll understand in due course that Peter will still be his friend.”

Bucky snickers into his palm the way that Loki does whenever he thinks Thor has missed something obvious.

It’s not a good sign.

Still, though, Thor tries to put it from his mind as he heads back inside with the tumbling bouquet of dandelions, foxtgloves and hyacinths. He finds Peter in the kitchen, eating a bowl of crunchy chocolate things that float in milk and looking all soft and sleep ruffled in a shirt too big for him.

Thor would very much like to see him in some Asgardian robes. All the finest silks. Maybe he could even pull a few strings and find Peter a lovely gold helmet-

“Young Peter!” He smiles, bounding up to the counter and presenting the bouquet. He’s crushed the stems a little hard in his grip, but they still look pretty good, he thinks. Vibrant pinks and yellows. “I want to give you these flowers, though they pale in comparison to the sweetness of you.”

Bucky and Steve are watching from the doorway. Steve looks horrified and Bucky looks as though he might laugh himself sick.

Peter stares at the bouquet, before going pink all over, and reaching for them with his dainty little fingers. “For me?” He whispers, voice all pleased, “Thor, that’s-“

The flowers are yanked from Peter’s grip and immediately tossed into the sink, and doused in hot water.

Thor stares in disbelief and Peter lets out a little gasp.

“Mr Stark!” He exclaims, “those were-“

“I’m allergic to honeysuckle,” Tony says, voice apologetic. “I’m sorry, Pete. I’ll buy you some more
Peter’s face goes pinker, and he ducks his head towards his cereal as Tony reaches out to squeeze the nape of his neck. Peter seems to lean into the touch and Thor frowns at the contact. He wants to reach out and touch. He’s about to, when Tony’s voice interrupts again-

“You should go shower, kid. We can go patrolling.”

Peter’s face lights up in amazement. “Can I hang from your suit?” He asks eagerly, with his big puppy-dog eyes and Tony smiles gently.

“Sure thing.”

Peter goes bounding off and Thor frowns.

“There were no honeysuckles in my gift,” he says, and Tony’s fond expression disappears into a much harder one. His brown eyes look over at Thor with irritation and Steve takes a sharp intake of breath from the doorway.

“My mistake,” Tony shrugs and Thor feels anger well up inside him. Electricity crackles around his fingers and Bucky takes a worrying step forward. Tony gives Thor a look. “Listen, pal, you don’t get to buy Peter flowers.”

Thor pouts. “But why? You said he was unclaimed-“

“I know I-“ Tony takes a deep breath, eyes closing as he pinches the bridge of his nose and Thor watches balefully. His flowers are all ruined in the sink, and he only got to receive Peter’s beautiful gratitude for about two seconds before Stark came in and ruined everything. “It’s complicated, Thor,” Tony whispers, tone meaningful. “Do you understand that? Can you just…back off?”

“But why?”

“Because I said so, that's why!”

Thor’s eyebrows draw together, and he shakes his head. “Now Stark, I am a fair man. I like you and I like this place, but you are not the God of me. I am a King. You are not my leader.” His voice echoes in a low boom around the room, and everything falls silent. Peter is a perfect, wonderful Omega and Thor will not be bullied into dropping his courtship.

Tony doesn’t say anything back, and Thor nods, glad he got his point across.

So, flowers are a no-go.

But you can’t go wrong with a stunning set of daggers.

Or at least, that’s what Loki says when Thor asks him for help.

Thor looks down at his shiny set of purple blades as they sit against the black velvet, and thanks Odin that he has such a helpful little brother.

He’s about to go to Peter’s room and bequeath him, when he spots movement outside in the darkness. He frowns, peering out of the glass and into the starry field beyond, and he spots a lone figure.
There is only one figure that small.

He sets down his daggers and heads outside. His boots crunch against the gravel, and Peter looks up; eyes shiny with tears. It punches into Thor, a deep pain to see the boy like this, and he comes forward and stands beside him, and they look up into the stars together. “Young spider,” he whispers, not wanting to disturb the gentle breeze and the cricket-creatures.

“Thor,” Peter sniffs, and he nuzzles into Thor’s chest and Thor wraps his arms around him, as gently as he can, and it feels good to have Peter here like this, in his arms.

“What’s the matter?”

“Oh, nothing, it’s just-“ he pulls back, wiping his pretty face and half smiling, “it’s just the day my Uncle…it’s the anniversary of…”

His heart pangs again. “Peter,” he murmurs, stroking his fingers through Peter’s satin hair. “Loss is hard, believe me, I know. But you have lost at such a young age, and you are still here and you are so strong. It’s one of the things I admire most about you. Trust me, young spider,” he continues, wrapping his arm around Peter’s shoulder and gesturing up at the stars. “Your Uncle and my father are up there, somewhere, probably looking down on us now and laughing. Hello father,” he waves his hand up at the sky.

Peter looks at him in amusement, before ducking his head and laughing. He lifts his hand too, and waves shyly at the stars. “Hey, Uncle Ben,” he whispers, voice hitching a little, “I miss you so much.” Tears spill over onto his plump red cheeks again, and Thor pulls him in for another hug.

They both pull back a little, diamonds reflected in Peter’s eyes and Thor thinks this could be it. His moment. Without the blades or anything. He cups Peter’s face in his hand, and leans down slowly and-

“Peter,” comes a voice, and Thor bites back his frustration as they pull away to see Tony on the edge of the grass. He’s in his nightclothes and even from here, Thor can feel something radiating off him. It’s odd. It’s a familiar emotion. Like something he used to get from Loki- something like-

He stiffens.

Jealousy.

Oh. Oh. Tony is- but he can’t be. He would have said. Why hadn’t he said anything?

“Let me make you some pancakes, sweetheart,” Tony offers, and Thor feels Peter draw out of his arms and towards the other man. “I know today’s a hard one,”

Thor watches as Peter cuddles into Tony’s arms instead, and Tony guides him inside, but not before turning to shoot one more, scathing look at Thor who blinks in confusion.

He turns to the stars and frowns. “Father, if you are watching, you better not be laughing.” He warns.

He has a feeling that somewhere, Odin is.

“Wow,” Bucky and his metal arm say in the morning, “you’re still alive. I didn’t expect that.”
Thor’s eyebrows furrow together. “What does that mean?”

“It means you tried to kiss Peter and I’m surprised Tony didn’t kill you.”

Thor bristles. “He could not kill me. I’m thousands of years old.”

Bucky cocks his head and shrugs. “Wouldn’t that make it easier?”

Peter pads in next, eyes still a little red, but he smells like himself. Sweet, and omega, and like the tulips in winter. Thor pats the seat next to him despite Bucky’s warning glance, and Peter smiles, perching beside him and reaching for some berries. He eats them like a little bird, one at a time, and waves at Bucky who nods at him warmly.

“If you like these mortal berries,” Thor begins, “you would love the berries on the fringes of the Asgardian forest.”

Peter’s big brown eyes look up at him in amazement. “Really?” He whispers, in awe.

Thor nods, pleased. “But of course. I shall take you to Asgard. It is beautiful, more beautiful than you can even imagine. We have a city of gold and all the people are wonderful and you will never want to leave.”

“But I’d be with Thor!” Peter insists, one of his hands resting on Thor’s bulging bicep. Tony and Thor immediately hone in on the touch. Thor beams, and Tony scowls. “He’d keep me safe! He’s the God of Thunder, Mr Stark!”

“Loki tried to take over the Earth, and he lives freely on Asgard. It’s too dangerous.”

“Loki helped save the world, Mr Stark!” Peter pleads, his eyes big and round. “Pleasse? I promise I won’t do anything dangerous, or wander off, I’ll even take the suit, and- it’s another planet!”

Tony’s face instantly goes angry, and Bucky busies himself with buttering some toast and Thor watches curiously to see what Stark will do. “I dunno, bud,” he says eventually, voice purposely light, “it’s not exactly visiting a friend in another state, this is another planet.”

“Another planet,” Peter whispers excitedly, just as Tony walks in. “Mr Stark! Can I go to Asgard with Thor? Please? Please?”

Thor doesn’t know why Peter needs permission, but perhaps it is like Strange said. Perhaps Peter is his ward. Tony can’t be courting him. He would have said something, stated his intention, and then Thor would have backed off. He’s a polite Alpha, and he abides by some gentlemen’s code. But Tony hadn’t. He’s just…weirdly possessive. Maybe he has something against Thor personally. Maybe it’s because of Loki.

It wouldn’t be the first time Loki had ruined his chances with a love interest.

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“This is true,” Thor chuckles, “your young protege will have nothing to fear with me around.”

“Loki helped save the world, Mr Stark!” Peter pleads, his eyes big and round. “Pleasse? I promise I won’t do anything dangerous, or wander off, I’ll even take the suit, and- it’s another planet!”

Tony’s body is tight with barely contained anger, but at Peter’s hopeful gaze, he seems to crumble. “I’ll think about it,” he concedes, and Peter cheers, nudging Thor happily and nibbling away at his berries.

Bucky is looking at Tony like he thinks he might combust.

The rest of breakfast is tense. Bucky and Peter make conversation, but Tony keeps glaring at Thor
and it’s hurting his feelings, if the god is honest.

Only after Peter leaves to get changed, and Bucky hastily makes his own excuses, does Stark move to stand opposite Thor across the counter and look like he’s steeling himself. Thor briefly wonders whether he’s going to attack him. He hopes not. He doesn’t really like being attacked.

“I am courting Peter, Thor,” Tony whispers, like a confession.

Thor blinks. “Oh! Well, Stark! You didn’t say!” That does change things-

“He doesn’t know,” Tony admits gruffly, shoving his hands through his hair in frustration.

Thor frowns, wondering if Tony knows that- “It doesn’t count as courtship if the Omega hasn’t been made aware-“

“I know!” Tony snaps, angry at himself more than Thor, and Thor waits, hoping the man will elaborate. “Thor, on earth- you can’t start courting an Omega until they turn eighteen. Peter’s still seventeen. I can’t do anything yet.”

How strange these earthly rules are. “Really?” Thor shakes his head in amazement, “well then, of course, Tony, I will be happy to withdraw.”

Tony looks immensely relieved. “Really?” He asks, a little skeptical. “You’re not gonna…put up more of a fight than that?”

Thor chuckles. “You are my friend, man of iron. Though it’s true,” he sighs longingly, “Peter would have made a fine omega, and a wonderful bearer of future Asgardian Kings, you must be allowed your suit. If he rejects you, I shall continue my courtship.”

Tony looks affronted. “He won’t- he’s not going to reject me.”

Thor shrugs. “Look at you, look at me. He would be an actual queen.”

“Shut up, you big oaf,” Tony snaps, but there’s something soft in his voice. Soft and happy that Thor hasn’t heard in a long while.

It’s probably for the best that he has to pause in his pursuit of Peter, because Loki goes and tries to start another war against Sikaar, and Thor has to put out that fire.

By the time he comes back, there’s a dark blue mating bite on the spider’s neck, and Tony has never looked more pleased.

Thor smiles, nodding in acceptance and quietly retreating. It’s for the best then, perhaps. But- who knows? After Tony and Peter have been bonded for a while, Tony may feel less possessive.

He may even be willing to share.

Chapter End Notes

I honestly love this font.
“Is he adjusting okay?” Rebecca asks, one of the moms who frequents this park almost as often as Ben does.

“I think so,” Ben murmurs, a small smile on his face. It’s been about a year, and he never really knew Richard and Mary, but May doesn’t tear up when she talks about them anymore, though a long look of sadness pinches her cheeks. Peter doesn’t have nightmares anymore either. They haven’t healed, but they’re doing okay. He turns out to look at the playground where the little boy is an impassioned argument over who gets to keep the ladybug he’s found.

Peter’s only four, but he’s perfect. He’s strong and brave and Ben knows he’s the best of Richard and Mary, and some nights, the early ones especially, that was the only thing that really kept May going. It hurts him to know that she hurts, and sometimes Ben can’t do anything- and his hands shake with how badly he wants to comfort her, but he can’t make her smile. And then Peter ambles into the room with chocolate smeared all over his mouth and a tub of play-dough he can’t open, and then May will smile. And she’ll lift the little boy into her arms and just breathe him in, and Ben can breathe a little easier too.

He loved Peter before Peter was theirs. (Is it okay to say he’s theirs? At first it seemed like he could never be anything but Richard and Mary’s, but as the months go by…it hurts in a good way, May feels it too, Peter is their son). He’s a precious little boy, and he looks so much like May that most people don’t question it.

Rebecca though, she knows.

“He looks really very happy,” she says, squeezing Ben’s shoulder and then heading off to find her own daughter.

Ben hums around a smile, and sips his coffee, watching as Peter and his friend appear to decide to free the ladybug instead.

He ends up a little caught in his newspaper. The crime rate in this city is clawing its way back up into a zone that makes his skin prickle with protective fear over his wife and-and- son? nephew? Son. And when a little voice clears its throat, Ben is yanked out of a reverie of fine print and faced with a stern looking six year old boy.

It’s Howard’s boy. Ben thinks. He reaches for a name...Anthony. Tony. Howard isn’t the most pleasant man, but Maria is nice. Anthony goes to the private pre-school around the corner, the one that May hopes Peter can win a scholarship for someday, given his genius genetics. Ben’s not sure quite how Tony and Peter became such fast friends, not because Peter isn’t friendly. He is. A little too friendly, really. Happy to follow complete strangers if they have a dog or a pretty dress.

Ben’s had to reiterate the concept of ‘stranger danger’ but he’s not sure Peter had really taken it in.

Tony and Peter go to the same junior-playgroup on Tuesdays. Maybe that’s how they’re friends.

Ben looks around and spots Maria on the other side of the playground, muttering angrily into the phone. Ben holds back his sigh. He’s not surprised. Howard doesn’t seem to approve of his son hanging with ‘the riffraff’. God, Ben hates the man.
Anthony though, is a sweet boy. Clever and blind to the differences in people that Howard is so sensitive to.

“Mr Parker!” The boy exclaims, and Ben raises his eyebrows a little, setting down his newspaper in a show of attention. “I have an ‘nnouncement.”

“Ah, of course,” Ben nods.

The boy, decked out in clothing almost obscenely expensive, is holding Peter’s muddy hand. The four year old is beaming up at the sky. Tony clears his throat, and Ben bites back his amused grin. He’s like an adorable mini-Howard. Wait, no. He’s trying to be like Howard. But Tony is better than Howard. Ben hopes it stays that way. “I’m askin’ for your permission to marry Petey.”

“Yay!” Peter exclaims, bouncing up and down on the spot.

Ben has to cover the lower half of his face behind his fingers so he doesn’t laugh in front of the very serious proposal. “I see.” He manages graciously, “and why should I say yes?”

Tony nods thoughtfully, like he expected this line of questioning. “Um,” he begins, rubbing his little fist against his eye, “cuz we love each other, and um, we both like turtles the best.”

“The bestest,” Peter reiterates safely, before throwing his arms around the taller boy and hugging him tight. “Tony is my bestest friend!”

Tony seems to glow with pride.

“Well, that settles it,” Ben decrees, using his newspaper to pat them both on the head. “You have my permission to be married.”

“Yay!” Peter squeals again, and Tony goes all soft and privately pleased, as Peter picks up clumps of grass and sprinkles it over them like confetti.

As Ben gets out of his car and heads into the school, he thinks about things.

He thinks about the fact that his fourteen year old boy, his boy, is kind hearted and good. Peter is a good person, deep in his bones, Ben knows that. And yet this is third time this week he’s being called in for some kind of disruption.

Maybe this private school scholarship wasn’t the best thing for him. But May had been so insistent. Ben doesn’t see what’s wrong with the other schools...

Peter’s been different the past two weeks. Off. He’d come down with a bad flu, and then just…he’d changed.

When he gets in, Peter is sitting in one of the chairs outside the headteacher’s office, his head hanging down and radiating shame.

Ben softens at the sight. He sighs, and sits beside him. “What happened?” He asks, surreptitiously looking for signs that Peter might be hurt or bruised. There’s been lots of that in the past. It had made Ben so angry, but then it had stopped, and he’d heard that Tony Stark had been suspended for three weeks for breaking the noses of four boys.

Ben had given Tony an extra serving of dessert the next time the boy was over.
“It’s so stupid,” Peter hiccups, wiping his face with his sleeve and shaking his head, “I didn’t mean to- they were just-“

“Mr Parker?” The headteacher says, opening the door, and beckons the two of them inside.

Ben’s anger swiftly returns. He doesn’t like bullies. He won’t tolerate it, and even though it’s hard to see his Peter as a bully, the facts don’t lie. Peter had humiliated that jock in front of everyone, and shattered school property and punched him so hard that he’d almost fractured his cheek.

Ben’s not totally sure about that last one, even though the head teacher insists that’s what happened. Peter doesn’t know how to punch. He doesn’t have any bruising on his knuckles either.

When they get out of the office, he looks down at his boy and he shakes his head as Peter curls in on himself in disappointment. “Peter…what’s going on? What aren’t you telling me?”

“Uncle Ben,” Peter chokes out, eyes sparkling with tears, “I didn’t mean to-“

“This is the third time this week, Peter! What’s happening? Your Aunt is sick with worry-“

“It was an accident,” comes another voice, more like a snarl, and Ben turns to see Tony. The sixteen year old is almost as tall as him, and he hooks Peter by his backpack straps into a tight hug. Peter sobs into his shirt and Ben feels lost in a way he hasn’t felt since May lost her sister and he couldn’t do anything.

“Tony,” Ben shakes his head, grasping, “what’s happening? What’s happened to my boy?”

Tony cups the back of Peter’s head and gives Ben a glance so mature Ben almost can’t believe it. “He’s going through something right now, Mr Parker,” Tony whispers, voice hard but even, “we’re working through it, and when he’s ready, he’ll tell you, but for now…He’s your kid. You know him. Cut him some fucking slack.”

Ben doesn’t take parenting advice from sixteen year olds, but Tony essentially raises himself, and Peter is clinging to him for dear life and-

Ben likes Tony. And he just wants Peter to be happy.

So he does.

(It’s the right thing to do)

Age comes before he can do everything he wants to do. Celebrate his sixtieth wedding anniversary with May. Spoil a grandchild. Walk Peter down the aisle.

As his breath becomes more laboured, and his vision becomes more blurry, he thinks he very nearly did that last one.

He feels selfish, ruining Peter’s big day- only a week away, by drifting towards the light. Will the boys postpone it? He hopes they won’t. It’s his time. There are times for things. Like Peter getting bitten by a radioactive Spider when he was 14 years old. That happened for a reason, though Ben can still remember through fits of laughter the way that he and May had sat across from Tony and Peter at the kitchen table and wondered if they were on drugs. Like the time Peter had said that he and Tony were more than friends, and Ben had nearly choked on his coffee but May had rolled her
eyes and asked how he hadn’t realised already.

There are *times* for things.

For the first time ever, Peter calls him *dad*. Croaked out and heartbroken.

Ben’s got the best medical care money can pay for, and he doesn’t need to ask to know that Tony, the ever-present pillar of stability in the corner, 24 and already a force to be reckoned with, is the reason why.

May never leaves his side.

Ben smiles at that, and thanks the lord that he’ll be wearing his wedding ring for eternity.

“When I wake up,” he says to her, as she weeps, “I’m going to see you.”

From a place of bliss, somewhere above and beyond, he watches the wedding.

It was postponed by a year, but maybe it’s better this way. May gets to walk Peter down the aisle, and Tony is crying, and so is Peter, but they’re *good* tears.

“Come on,” Richard says, a smile in his voice, ageless and happy, “I don’t think we’ll want to watch the honeymoon.”

Ben laughs at that, and takes Mary’s hand.

Somewhere, down there, Peter throws a clump of grass in the air as confetti and smiles, and then he turns to the sky and whispers words of gratitude to his lost parents.

All three of them.

Chapter End Notes

"Take me to the docks, there is a ship without a name there..."
Chapter Notes

TW: Harley and Peter are Tony’s biological sons and are half brothers. Underage (Peter’s 15, Harley 17) so watch out, gorgeous people! You can read part one here.

When Peter is six, he’s scared of thunderstorms and Tony wakes up to see his littlest boy trying to get into his bed. Peter is a tiny tuft of blond hair and Hello Kitty pyjamas, his thumb in his mouth and trying to scale Tony’s bed like it’s Everest and he’s the first ever mountaineer.

Tony hauls him up, and Peter snuggles into his chest; breathing laboured. “Daddy,” he whispers, as each bolt of lightening electrifies the room in silver, “it’s thundering!”

He’s wet with a cold sweat of fear and Tony kisses his forehead and holds him close. “It’s okay, baby,” Tony rumbles soothingly, stroking Peter’s hair until his boy falls asleep. Peter sneaks into his bed too much, Tony knows that. All the best parenting books say they should be okay to sleep by themselves now. Harley’s a natural at it. But he doesn’t have the heart to carry Peter away; not when it feels so right to have him here in his arms.

Tony drifts off too, until about two hours later, as the storm gets worse, there’s a dip in the mattress and Tony opens his eyes to see Harley, eight and trembling. Tony opens his arm up and Harley dives in, and Tony tells him all about tangent curves until Harley’s asleep too.

In the morning, he wakes up to his two boys clustered around him- knees in his ribs and elbows in his face, and tries to gently disentangle himself.

The storm of the previous night has given way to a gorgeous morning.

Harley is snoring a little, and Tony frowns, pressing his hand to his boy’s forehead only to feel the temperature. Poor thing, Tony thinks worriedly, he’s going to get sick. He pads into the kitchen, as JARVIS gives him a rundown on anything relevant in the news and he makes pancakes because his boys were scared and whenever scary things happen, Tony promises them pancakes.

For Harley, he makes nutella and banana pancakes, and for Peter; strawberries and sugar.

For himself, some whipped cream and black currents because hey, he’s a big kid too.

They eat pancakes in bed and Peter starts to cry when Harley puts Legend of the Dragon on.

“I wanna watch Ben and Holly!” Peter screeches at the top of his voice, and Tony winches at the pitch he can reach, but Harley refuses to give up the remote; chocolate all around his mouth.

“That’s for babies!” Harley huffs, shoving Peter away none too gently. Tony bites back a reprimand because Peter merely falls back onto the blankets and Harley looks instantly regretful. He yanks Peter back to his little feet, but continues his rant: “And it’s on all the time! Da-ad! It’s not fair, Legend of the Dragon only comes on on Saturdays!”

Tony sighs, and nods at Harley, who yells victoriously, and then turns to Peter who’s blubbering
“Peter,” Tony says gently, “c’mon, your brother’s show is only on on Saturdays.”

Peter’s cheeks are ruddy and red, and he shoves his pancakes away. “No!” He yells, crossing his arms, “Ben and Holly is my favourite, and it’s not- it’s not for babies!” His little face screws up again with tears, and Tony scoops Peter into his arms and onto his lap.

“It’s not for babies,” Tony soothes consolingly, and shoots Harley a warning glare. Harley grumbles, but turns obediently back to the television where a man has just turned into a dragon. Tony rolls his eyes. God, all the shows are for babies. “Eat your pancakes,” he croons to Peter, but his tiny boy shakes his head, nuzzling into Tony’s neck with all the grief of someone who’s lost a loved one in war. “If you don’t eat your pancakes, daddy’s going to think you don’t like his cooking. That would make me very sad.”

In the end, he eats them as Tony feeds them to him, and Peter stares at the tv in amazement as the dragon defeats a tigress.

“Who’s sat?” Peter asks, waddling over to Harley.

“That’s the twin brother,” Harley says, “he became the dragon warrior, but his twin sister really wanted it, and so she became all evil.”

“Oh.” Peter says, and plonks down beside his brother.

Tony watches them fondly.

“Can only one of ’em be a dragon?” Peter asks, reaching for Harley’s plate and eating the banana slices that Harley left behind. Honestly, why does Tony even bother?

Harley nudges the plate closer to Peter and nods. “Yeah.”

“That’s sad.”

“No way, the evil dragon is the coolest. She’s blue, and he’s gold.”

Harley then proceeds to give a very detailed plot analysis and Tony lies in the morning sun and smiles. There are chocolate stains all over his bed and he’s pretty sure his room is going to smell like pancakes and there’s going to be a sticky residue on his remote, but all in all, it’s a pretty perfect Saturday morning with his boys.

When he wakes up this Saturday morning, sunlight is streaming in and instead of pancakes, everything smells like sex.

It takes a second for him to get his bearings, but when he does, the LEGO posters tell him he’s in Peter’s room, and his boys are draped over him.

And then last night comes rushing back.

His dick sliding down Harley’s throat, his fingers in Peter’s hole. He remembers grunting into his son’s mouth and watching as Peter trembled and gasped as he came and-
FUCK.

He sits up carefully; heart jack hammering with the significance of what he’s done. Okay at least- at least he hasn’t had sex with his kids. That’s something- that’s something. Fuck, he can remember the way Harley’s clever tongue had worked him, how Peter’s greedy little hole had swallowed his fingers. Shit. Oh god. He sits up slowly. Harley is snoring on one side, and Peter is fast asleep on the other. It’s a double bed so it fits them all pretty well, but it’s sticky and his boys look delicious, smeared with drying cum, and Tony has to- he has to go, they have to, oh god what have they done-

“Dad,” Harley says around a yawn, his lips stretching wide and Tony stares helplessly. “Can we have pancakes?”

He makes pancakes in a state of shock. He drinks his coffee so hot it nearly scalds him and he wonders if he’ll ever forget the sound Peter makes when he cums, or the way Harley’s body goes taught- how he’d spilled into Peter’s throat and Peter had lapped it all up like such a good little boy and-

Harley follows his gaze and grins. “Pretty hot, right?”

His dick twitches with the memory.

He heads back into Peter’s room with two plates of pancakes. If it weren’t for the state of undress, and even then, really, this might be a normal morning. Harley is awake and on his phone, a cocky little grin on his face, and Peter is still half asleep- his hips moving slowly. Tony stares as he realises the boy is humping his pillow.

Harley follows his gaze and grins. “Pretty hot, right?”

Tony’s throat feels dry. It is ‘pretty hot’. Peter’s little face screwed up in frustration as his hips jerk forward into the plush softness of his pillow. His tiny little dick is angry and red. Tony had been surprised by the size of it. Harley’s is long and thick, like his own, but Peter’s is small and baby-like, and adorable. He shakes his head and sets down the pancakes and tries to keep his stomach stable. “Last night was- that can never, ever happen again. It was a mistake.”

Harley stares at him in disbelief. “What the hell, dad? You-‘ he makes a noise of frustration, “this is so fucking typical!”

His voice wakes Peter, who blinks awake owlishly, looks around, and smiles upon seeing his dad and brother, and then stiffens at the tension in the room. “What’s happening?” He asks, voice sleepy and hair in disarray.

“Dad says what we did last night was a mistake.” Harley spits out, and Peter pauses as he reaches for his pancakes.

“Last night was- that can never, ever happen again. It was a mistake.”

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“Dad says what we did last night was a mistake.” Harley spits out, and Peter pauses as he reaches for his pancakes.

His big eyes turn to Tony. “But…”

“I know!” Harley growls, and Tony tries to catch his breath.

“It was wrong, it was wrong and-“

“But if felt so good,” Peter says, his bottom lip wobbling and a hitch in his voice. He turns to Harley, “you said he finally wanted to be with us-“

Harley drags Peter into his sturdy arms, and they make such a gorgeous image, that Tony nearly doesn’t comprehend what they’re saying. “I guess I was wrong,” Harley murmurs, hand rubbing up and down Peter back and Tony…

They wanted him. They’ve wanted him to be with them. Finally, Peter had said. How long had they
wanted Tony to join in? He desires wars with social conduct and he has no idea what to do.

“You can go,” Harley grits out; hard and angry and nowhere near the eager to please boy from last night who had swallowed Tony like a champ.

Tony doesn’t want to go. He wants to- he wants to hold his boys in his arms and watch them kiss and-

“Dad, seriously,” Harley says, a touch softer now, “go until you know what you want.”

Peter sniffs in agreement.

Why does he feel guilty about doing the right thing?

It’s the right thing, he’s done the right thing.

But still, he cleans up the parts of the lab he didn’t get last night and his mind is whirring. This isn’t- he can’t- he rubs the bristles against the desk surface so hard his knuckles nearly split and he can see his reflection in the shiny metal. It’s cleaner than it was before the explosion ever happened.

But he can’t hide in the lab forever. He pads out into the living room and pauses. MJ and Peter are kneeling by the coffee table, building what looks like a mini-Church out of cardboard.

“Hey, Mr Stark,” MJ greets, effortlessly cool. Tony will never understand why she’s not popular.

Peter is- fuck, Peter’s in one of Harley’s sweatshirts and it hangs too long on his frame and some sweatpants. He looks soft and rumpled and-

Peter’s face; his sweet, open boy, is shuttered off and he doesn’t look up, and instead hands MJ some green that they can use for the grass. Tony feels another flash of guilt, and turns to make himself coffee, because that’s what normal parents do, right? “Hey, MJ. You need anything to eat? Drink?”

“If you have any fair trade, vegan stuff, that’d be awesome.”

Tony blinks, and is pretty sure if he opens the fridge all he’ll see is steak and pie and cold pizza because this is a house full of boys and sometimes they fall into stereotypes. “I’ll order something in for you,” he says, starting the coffee machine and giving her a smile. MJ shoots him a thumbs up, and then Harley waltzes out.

He’s jeans and his leather jacket, with his skateboard tucked under his arm. At least it’s not the keys to his motorbike, Tony thinks.

“Heading out!” Harley calls, barely giving anyone a second glance.

Tony almost doesn’t say anything. Almost. “I think you’re forgetting you’re grounded,” he calls at the last second, and Harley pauses near the door. MJ looks up in interest and Peter stares resolutely at the Church’s little paper turrets.

Harley turns, and Tony is struck by how handsome his sons are. “I thought that might have been reneged.” Harley says carefully, mindful of MJ. “Because of last night’s developments.”

Tony doesn’t betray the pitter-patter-jerk of his heart. “You thought wrong.”

Harley lets his skateboard drop to the ground with a clatter, a glare on his face. “You’re being
“impossible, dad,” he hisses, “if you’re gonna treat us like crap, the least you can do is let us leave—“

“Treat you like crap?” Tony repeats in amazement, “are you kidding me? I give you everything—“

“Not everything,” Peter pipes up, and silence falls again.

Harley lifts his chin triumphantly and Tony can feel colour rise to his cheeks as MJ looks between them in confusion. She looks to Peter with a half smile, “Uh- should we do this another time?”

“No,” Peter mutters, “let’s just finish in my r-, in the games room.”

MJ nods, and they both carefully carry their model Church away.

Tony wants to grab the front of Harley’s leather jacket and kiss the anger away.

He doesn’t.

Harley stares at him; handsome and young and his son. “You didn’t seem to have a problem with it last night as you face-fucked me.”

“Jesus!” Tony almost yells, eyes wide, “Harley, keep your voice down- and watch your language!”

His heart is back up to a frantic beat. But he can’t deny that the words send a jolt of pleasure through him. Fuck. What’s wrong with him?

“Whatever,” Harley mutters, in that teenage-voice that infuriates Tony to no end, before he swaggered off back to his room; leaving his skateboard on the floor for someone to break their neck with.

Tony picks it up and puts it away.

Dinner is a tense affair.

If they were the three musketeers, then now it’s Butch and Sundance and Tony doesn’t know where he stands anymore.

It thunders that night.

Tony watches through the feed as Peter sprints across the dark hallway into Harley’s room; blanket over his shoulders and trembling.

Harley pats the bed beside him.

They kiss for a few minutes; slow and sweet, before Harley hugs Peter and they both fall asleep.

The lightening electrifies the room, and Tony wishes he could climb into bed with them too.

Tony doesn’t normally pick the boys up from school.

Happy, or any one of the many people working for him do it, and they normally need to be picked up at different times because of different commitments, and sometimes they’re going to a friends house- but in light of the grounding, and the fact that Harley would leap at any opportunity to break a
role, Tony finds himself parked outside of Trinity and waiting.

Trinity is the best private school in New York, notoriously difficult to get into not just because of the hefty price, but also because of the standard of the entry exams. Harley and Peter had, of course, passed with flying colours.

His car is one of the nicest there, but no one really bats an eye at it. Here; everyone has money.

He spots Peter first. His boy is prompt and on time, like always. There was no real fear that Peter would try to break the rules (aside from that little attempt to go to Harry’s party) for the most part Peter doesn’t like to let anyone down. That’s why it hurts to know that in some way, Tony’s let him down.

Peter’s in his mathlete sweater; an absurd periwinkle that swamps his frame and should be unflattering but really, it just isn’t. He’s holding his backpack straps and nodding intently to whatever Ned is saying.

And then Harley comes out; leisurely. He’s in his dark blue letterman jacket, and he heads over to Peter and Peter beams up at him.

Tony watches the interaction with rapt interest. He knows that Harley and Peter don’t hang out that much together in school, but this is nice. It’s cute. It’s a little hot. Peter is so small, and so obviously a nerd, dainty and soft and pliable, and Harley is broad and strong and typically handsome. But even watching, to Tony, it’s obvious that their body language is too intimate. Peter opens up under Harley like a flower blooming in the spring, and Harley towers over him protectively; a firm hand on the back of Peter’s neck.

Tony’s cock twitches.

Eventually they both head over to the car, and instead of anyone arguing for shot gun, they both slide into the back.

“So,” Tony says, trying to keep his voice light, peeling away from the side-walk, “how was school?”

Harley rolls his eyes and looks out the window tight-lipped, but Peter wets his lips and meets Tony’s eyes for a moment in the rearview mirror. “Fine,” he answers lightly.

“How was math club?”

“Fine.”

“How are you first chair?”

Peter shrugs. “Second. Mr Henderson offered me the spot, but it means more to Flash.”

“Flash is a jerk,” Harley mutters, and Peter half-smiles, nudging him.

“I kinda like him.”

“You like everybody.”

Peter pouts.

There’s a divide in the car and Tony can’t stand it. He joins a flow of heavy traffic and turns to look back at them. “Boys,” he sighs, his voice breaking a little. Harley glances at him worriedly and Peter jumps to attention: heartbreak on his face at the thought of his dad being sad. “What happened was-
you have to know- I’m the adult, okay? I’m your dad, I’m supposed to be looking out for you, but I can’t...”

“But you want too,” Harley points out, and Peter looks hopeful, “and if we all want it to happen, then...dad...”

Tony grits his teeth. “Harl, buddy, I-“

Harley cups Peter’s face in his hands, and kisses him. It’s openmouthed and wet and Peter mewls so prettily and Tony’s pretty sure his fingers curl tight enough around the steering wheel to warp the material. Harley pulls away and Peter sighs in contentment and Tony just wants.

“Boys...” he says again, but his voice wavers.

“Peter gives great road head,” Harley offers, and Peter nods enthusiastically, already clambering into the front seat. Tony’s too stunned to do anything.

“I don’t even- do you know how dangerous that is, Harley? Something could have happened to yo-“ he lets out a sharp hiss when Peter’s hands go deftly to his belt. Tony looks around, but they’re packed in by cars with tinted windows and nobody cares to look.

When Peter’s hand touches his cock, Tony gasps for air.

Harley’s hands are suddenly in Tony’s hair, and his voice is low and in his ear as he tugs sharply on the strands. “Don’t worry, dad,” Harley mutters soothingly, as tight, wet heat suddenly suckles around Tony’s dick, “we’ll take charge this time.”

**There will be smut next time, I’m sorry! Please love me anyway!**

Chapter End Notes

I have many irons in the fire. Is that the right meaning for what I want to say? What I mean is, there is much starker ahead of us, also some Flash/Peter and Bucky/Peter so woohoo!

Also I hope you have a good week, because you are wonderful!

x
**Phased Experiment Two: Edited Robot.**

Tony remembers Harley.

Harley was a long time ago. Harley was rubbery skin, alternating current, a short battery life and camera-sensor eyes just a little too big.

Harley hadn’t worked.

Loath as Tony was to admit failure, Harley couldn’t be rectified. His shareholders hadn’t been upset about it. *It’s further than anyone else has ever come*, they’d said. But still, Tony had watched the funding for the prototype get pulled away and known that next time, the coding would have to be better.

That was ten years ago.

Of course his name wasn’t really Harley. It was HARLIE, the Human Analog Robot Life Input Equivalent. Don’t judge him for it, alright, acronyms are fun. Pepper had given him a funny look when the awkward, patchwork robot had followed Tony around and he’d called it Harley and tried to give it a sense of humour. She’d shuddered, here and there, and said giving it a human name like that…*it’s a little creepy, isn’t it, Tony?*

Tony had shrugged, and tweaked Harley’s nose.

There is something of Harley in Phase Two.

Phase Two is experimental. Phase Two has been edited. Phase Two uses materials from another planet that Tony had found and not declared.

**Phased Experiment Two: Edited Robot.**

Tony calls him Peter.

Peter is perfect.

There’s a little bit of Harley in his coding, and for that, Tony loves him.

But it’s more than that.

It’s blood, sweat, tears and alien-tech. It’s pouring his own money back into the company and spending every hour bent over in his lab and writing out coding, or layering synthetic material for the skin. His nano-tech helps a lot. It takes five years to develop all the coding he needs, and then another five to put it all together.

But now he has him.

Peter is perfect.
He doesn’t even look like an AI. He looks like a human being. He looks young, maybe seventeen, and Tony walks around Stark Industries with him and keeps a look around, but everyone just assumes that Peter is an intern. No one bats an eye.

The thrill that shoots down his spine is incredible. He’s done it. And no one even realises yet. He’s more than a scientist. He’s a surgeon. He’s a creator.

Peter can walk and smile, and there’s a self-learning code that Tony’s put into his ‘brain’. He’s got a cap on it, just in case Peter gets a little too smart and tries to destroy the world, but the boy gets smarter every single day.

The voice had been the finishing touch.

It had taken the longest, to get it just right, but then Tony had done it, and he’d leaned back; muscles aching and the robot on his desk had sat up and blinked a few times and half-smiled.

“Mr Stark?”

Musical. Beautiful. A boyish lilt. Tony’s heart had trembled with significance, and he’d got to his feet, and cupped the boy’s face in his hand. It feels like skin. Warm and soft and real. “Hey, Pete,” he croaks out, and wonders if this is what childbirth feels like. Except, ten years longer.

Peter is beautiful.

But of course he is, Tony made him. He’s not sure where the structure came from, he never considered himself much in the way of an artist, but he supposes all the things he found most beautiful in the world have made their way into this AI’s appearance. Peter’s eyes- he’d imported a hazel, whiskey, honey-stained stone from Nepal for the irises, the ever-present blush on his skin looks like Pepper’s after her morning jog, there’s Jarvis in the polite helpfulness, there’s his dear mother in the delicate hands. There’s rare, imported marble and diamond studded into his wire blue veins, because Peter is precious. The fluffy, chestnut hair is all real and sewn in by hand and that delicate, dainty little nose looks a bit like Harley’s did.

He gives Peter access to the internet and he ends up with a robot who shakes his head whenever Tony does something impressive and says: “Mr Stark, I’m shook.”

Tony swats him and chuckles, going over a contract.

He’s had Peter for about two years now.

He still hasn’t told anyone. He’s long since stopped letting people into the lab. His shareholders keep waiting patiently for updates, but Tony ignores them and keeps tweaking Peter here and there to make him even more perfect.

He hardly has to do anything, and sometimes, he forgets that Peter isn’t human.

“I wish I could eat,” Peter sighs longingly, watching hopefully as Tony devours a cheeseburger.

Tony shoots him a smile and beckons him over. “You’ve got taste receptors,” he says, and swipes his finger through the grease of the burger and holds it up.

Peter leans forward curiously and seals his mouth around Tony’s finger and sucks.

And that’s when Tony realises everything’s gone to shit.
Peter is beautiful. Peter is perfect. Tony has made him.

Peter is sly and funny and can reference every single movie in existence and always knows what Tony’s talking about.

It’s not just Harley and Pepper in him, Tony’s put himself in each line of the coding. And he’s a narcissist, and he’s not going to lie- it appeals to him.

Peter loves working in the lab, and his ever-growing self learning code enables him to make circuit boards and help Tony with whatever he needs, but he also has original ideas- innovative solutions and Tony has to keep remembering that this boy is a robot and not real because one day he sees Peter in a Stark Industries sweatshirt gazing out at the sunset like he thinks it’s beautiful, and Tony thinks *shit the kid is underage* before realising- *wait not a kid.*

Maybe he shouldn’t have given the kid (*the robot, the robot*) such a delicious looking mouth. Maybe he shouldn’t have designed him to look like a human being in every way, right down to the untouched hole in his pants.

But Tony had been obsessed. He’d wanted things to be perfect. He’d delved, in those ten years, into a sort of mania. A madness.

“Tony, Peter,” Pepper greets, her heels click-clacking as she walks into the kitchen. Peter is scribbling away in a notebook. He can write in the most beautiful calligraphy; all he has to do is download the right font. Tony is looking at a draft email he’s writing.

It essentially says: *the AI project was a fail.*

Everything will be shut down. No one will ever know. Peter will be his and his alone.

“Morning, Miss Potts!” Peter beams, all enthusiastic and adorable.

“Hey, Peter,” she smiles, ruffling his hair and peering down at his paper. “Is that homework? Shouldn’t you be in school?”

Peter shoots Tony a look, before he ducks his head and smiles, “Mr Stark’s internship counts as my placement week.” He answers shyly.

“Ah,” Pepper nods, winking at Tony, and Tony…

He should tell her.

He should.

At school the kids used to tease him. He hadn’t grown into himself and he didn’t have any friends, and one particularly idiotic bully would say that maybe he could build himself a friend so that way someone would finally like him.

Maybe not so idiotic, then.

What does he need to hang out with other people for? When Peter makes him laugh? When Peter adores him as much as he does?

He spends long nights on the couch with Peter tucked into his side watching Netflix. Unlike Harley, Peter laughs. His head tips back with delight, and Tony watches the lines of his neck- wants to bite-
because Peter gets his sense of humour from a mix of millennial and gen-z tumblr blogs and he’s so real.

Peter follows him around; always on his heels like a puppy, and gleaning more and more everyday.

Pepper jokes one day that he should just formerly adopt Peter, and Tony tries not to let it slip that Peter sleeps in his bed every night, and he even snores, and Tony’s not sure when he programmed that, but he has a sneaking feeling that Peter is learning what it means to be human, and downloading the code he needs as he sees fit.

Peter trips from time to time, he scratches his elbow and he dances to music.

Tony didn’t program any of that.

Peter smiles at him; sweet and soft and perfect, and Tony knows he’s outdone himself.

Howard would be proud.

It’s easy to love Peter. He’s pure hearted- or, pure coded. He’s clever and pithy and has a bit of an obsession with sunsets. He begs Tony for a cat, and likes to wear Tony’s old black sabbath tees with Tony’s hoodies, or SI polo shirts. It’s like he wants to be branded in his maker.

“Do you see me as a God?” Tony asks, as he makes stir fry one evening.

Peter, sitting at the breakfast bar and looking forlornly at instagram photos of cats, looks up and cocks his head thoughtfully. Then he grins. “Would God deny me a cat? Because if so: yes. You are a very cruel god.”

Tony snorts. “Brat.”

“You could make me a cat!” Peter cries suddenly, eyes alight with possibility. “Or I could make a cat! Mr Stark, please?”

Tony can deny him nothing.

A week later, Peter yawns (Tony shakes his head with a fond smile: the boy is too much) and climbs into Tony’s bed.

He’s only wearing silk boxers and one of Tony’s faded graphic tees, and Tony tries not to let his eyes linger, but then thinks fuck it: and looks all he wants.

“I watched Pinocchio today.” Peter says, stretching out on Tony’s sheets like a cat.

Like the cat half finished in the lab.

Tony drinks in the sight of Peter: content and feline, long legs and sharp collarbones. (The collarbones are made of high density tubing- better for current to travel. He runs on a self-sustaining generator that sounds like a heartbeat dun-dun, dun-dun, dun-dun). “Oh yeah? Did you like it?”

“I don’t mind not being a real boy,” Peter says, blinking up at Tony with doe eyes. Tony reaches down to card his fingers through that silky hair. “I like being me. I can look up anything in less than a second. It’s better.”

“And it’s better.”

“Attta boy,” Tony grins, because if there’s something he’d never programme, and something Peter would never download: it’s greed.
Tony could pay off the shareholders. He has more than enough, he’d barely feel it.

He tries to remember why he got into the AI game in the first place. It had seemed like the next step of human advancement, but really, maybe Tony was just selfish. Maybe he wanted to prove it to himself. And now he has gorgeous, beautiful, clever Peter- who helps him dig up dirt on all his competitors and scans through all Tony’s contracts in three seconds flat, and yet always burns any attempts at making dinner.

Tony knows he must do it on purpose, and yet he loves it. He loves the artificial flaws so much.

“Mr Stark,” comes Peter’s voice, and he drifts into the room to stand right in front of Tony. Tony looks up at him, and smiles tiredly. “Hey, buddy,”

“You’re stressed?”

“I’m thinking about closing the AI division.”

Peter looks worried. “What about-“

Tony snorts. “After we’ve made the cat.” He reassures.

Peter looks relieved. Slowly, he gets to his knees. Kneeling between Tony’s slightly spread thighs and the older man swallows thickly at the sight. “I think,” Peter begins carefully, barely above a whisper, “I’m starting to become capable of love.”

Tony hisses as Peter’s fingers tug on his zipper. He’s already harder than he’s ever been in his life.

“I want to love you, Mr Stark. I think I do.” There’s worship in his gaze, as he tugs down Tony’s underwear and Tony groans as his erection is exposed to the air.

The reverence in Peter’s eyes, the eyes Tony created, is so fucking hot he can barely stand it. “Peter,” he gasps, as Peter leans forward and kisses his tip. Tony nearly lurches in pleasure.

“I’ve seen a lot of pornography,” Peter points out, amusement in his face as he strokes Tony off. “Experienced or virginal?” He presses a sweet kiss to the underside of Tony’s dick. “I want to make you happy.” He sighs in contentment.

Oh fuck. “Virginal.” Tony grunts, and Peter beams.

He gets the sloppiest, most spectacular blow job of his life.

He sends the email.

---

`switch on the Power line`  
`(remember to put on protection)`  
`lay down your pieces and let’s begin`  
`object crEation`  
`fill in my data parameters`  
`(iniTialisation)`  
`set up our new world and let’s bEgin the`  
`simulation`  
...
I will purr for your enjoyment
If I’m the only god
Then you’re the proof of my existence.

world.execute(me);

So I saw @c6h12o6-work’s amazing artwork, and casually mentioned that the two of us should take over the world. Thankfully, she agreed. I wrote this story, and she drew up some additional pieces and we humbly present to you this. We hope you enjoyed it. First ever collaboration and um, feeling pretty good :) Are you shook?

PS The linked music video is extremely aesthetic. It’s about an AI ;) I cannot recommend it enough. Do you like aesthetic things? Do you want me to teach you how to sell on Amazon? Whoops sorry, these ads have infiltrated my brain Click that link.

Chapter End Notes

Check out amazing fan art embedded into this story on my tumblr Here
Pepper sobs, pressing her hands harder into the unforgiving wound, her hair matted to her face with tears as dawn threatens to break in the ever-present distance.

“Take-“ Tony wheezes, his eyes on the far off, barely peaking sun-rise. There are slithers of gold curling along the fringes of clouds still heavy with night. “Take-the-out-put-“ he gasps for breath, lungs rattling and Pepper shushes him; her eyelashes clumping together with tears.

“Don’t talk, Tony,” she pleads. She can’t see her hands through the blood. *There’s so much blood.* “Save your energy, save your-“

“The arc reactor,” he spits out, eyes clenched shut in pain. “Take it out- throw it into the-into the late.”

Pepper stares at him: willing comprehension to come. *The lake? What lake? What-* she looks around, before seeing, for the first time, the muddy bank they’re on. Tony had begged her to drag him here, she thought it was to keep them safe, but now- she doesn’t even know where they are. There’s a lake a little way off, and Tony’s half slumped in her arms. He feels heavier than he’s ever felt. She ignores him, for now, instead racking her brain. There has to be something they can do. The suit’s gone, but maybe she can run back to the battlefield, get it back- wear it, if she has to. There’ll be a medical kit embedded into the metal-

“The reactor!” He grits out, immediately yelling and arching from the pain of speaking. She moves her hands frantically to his face in an attempt to reassure him, but that makes the wound ooze afresh.

“Tony, I’m not taking it out,” she swears, hands falling back to the wound and applying pressure. How can she go back without letting him bleed out? “You’ll die-“

“I’m dying anyway,” he hisses, and she lets out another sob, and his eyes finally seem to see her. They finally drag away from the horizon. He softens. “Pepper,” he whispers, “please. Listen to me.” He’s summoning all his energy- they could be his last words to her- “take the reactor out, throw it in the lake, or I will die.”

“You’ve gone crazy,” she weeps, but her hands are already going to his chest. Her fingers tremble as she pulls the blue-core out. It burns her palms. It’s cracked in places. *What will this do? This is stupid, he’s dying-he’s dying and she can’t do anything-*

He’s looking up at her desperately.

She nods, struggling to her feet. She feels suddenly drained of energy- the shock and adrenaline confusing her system, but she runs like a colt born in the aftermath of nuclear war; clumsy and deformed, to the lake. With all her energy, she hurls the reactor.

It doesn’t go very far, and she screams when a second after the splash- the reactor shoots back out- Attached to a hand.

She falls into the mud, scrambling back in fear and disbelief- eyes trained on the water. It’s murky and stagnant. A cesspool more than a lake as the mud encroaches into it. But it seems to be clearing
rapidly. It’s lightening, turning a brighter, lighter blue. Arc-reactor blue.

The hand rises out, connected to a shoulder, connected to a head and-

The water shimmers azure.

A boy, but he’s not a boy, Pepper knows that. He looks like a boy, but he’s not. She can feel it. He’s adorned in pearls and topaz; he glitters like crystals and gems. He has ivory skin and lips of amethyst, and he’s wearing white robes. He comes to stand at the edge of the lake, his feet still in the water, and he looks at her, and then beyond her to Tony’s motionless form, and then he turns his eyes to the sunset.

“Bring him to me,” the boy whispers, and Pepper nods.

Tony is heavy as she drags him through the mud. His eyes unfocused, his words slurry. “unrise?” He asks, despair thick in his tone, and she curses as he slips from her fingers. She grabs him bruisingly tight, and yanks him through the sludge towards the water’s edge. “Sunr…” he tries again, and she pants, frustration in her blood and she turns to look at the horizon to appease his delirium. She doesn’t understand.

The first rays are starting to dawn.

“Almost,” she answers, and he looks sick.

She doesn’t know what any of this means. She drags him to the water, and as soon as she does, the boy is grabbing Tony, and easing him a few feet in. The water laps over the older man hurriedly, beautiful blue and serene. The arc reactor is gone. Tony’s skin seems to flush slightly with life, and his eyes open, and he jolts.

“Peter,” he whispers, reaching a hand up to touch the boy’s face.

Pepper stares.

“Oh, Tony,” Peter hiccups, his eyes glitter like midnight stars. “Why did you wait so long? Why have you left it so late?” His hands skitter along Tony’s wounds in dismay. The water is washing into it. Pepper wants to say, it won’t stop bleeding if water’s on it, but she doesn’t think science applies here.

“’m too late?” Tony asks, his smile half-dazed. The pain is gone. Euphoria and the final chapters are upon him. “At leas’... got to see you, again…” he mumbles, and his dirty, bloody, muddy fingers, stroke across Peter’s perfect lips.

Peter shakes his head, diamond tears trailing down his cheeks. “It is not too late. I won’t let it be too late.”

A beam of sunlight breaks over the pink horizon.

Peter seems to startle into action, and he starts easing Tony further and further into the lake- deeper and deeper, and Pepper startles, reaching forward to grab her best friend’s ankle. “He’ll drown!” She cries; voice breaking, and Peter looks for one moment like he’s going to send her sprawling back into the mud, but then he doesn’t.

He reaches over Tony’s body to cup her face in his hand.

He can’t leave the water; she realises. Before she feels it: energy, warm and healing seems to flow
from him into her. She feels stronger. “He’s special,” Peter whispers, voice thick with feeling, “He’s precious.”

Pepper knows that. But Peter’s the one in all the diamonds who rose out of a lake-

“I gave him the core all those years ago. His name is written across the universe. He is greater. His soul is more. I have to taken him. He is my love. My heart.”

“But…” tears spring afresh, and Peter pulls away, leaving her with strength and faith and grief.

“He may return to you someday.” Peter promises, hooking his hands under Tony’s arms as though the man doesn’t weigh a thing. “I will take him to my land and I will heal him. He may come back to you. I hope he does not.”

“Pepper’s smart,” Tony says, and it’s a visceral relief to hear how much stronger his voice sounds now. He’s still bleeding, but the water isn’t red with it. He looks weak, but alive. “You don’t have to explain everything- hurry up, the sun’ll burn you.”

A sunbeam on cue strikes across Peter’s face and Pepper can smell ash.

“Pepper,” Peter whispers, heedless of the way his twinkle seems to dim in the light. “I am grateful to you for keeping him safe, but he is my heart.”

She nods, almost pushing him away so he doesn’t turn to dust, and as Peter goes back into the lake, into the shadows of water: the scent of ash disappears and his twinkle returns.

She watches as the two of them submerge.

Tony gives her a smile and a wink. Clumsy and bloody, but Tony.

It’s a goodbye.

She passes out as the sun rises.

When she wakes up there is no lake. She’s on hardened mud; alive and healed, but dirty. Happy staggers out of the shrubbery and demands to know where Tony is- frantic and worried, and Pepper stares at the noon-day sun and shakes her head.

“I think…” she whispers, “…he’s with his heart.”

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_I love you guys and this fandom, but I don’t like the anonymous hate I’ve been seeing people get recently :( I thought we were awesome because we were so close knit and supportive. We get so much hate from antis, can’t we all just love each other? :((( Please?_

Chapter End Notes

What do you mean I ripped off King Arthur? How very DARE you.

OH also, I know I suck because I don't reply to comments on here unless someone's
asked a direct question, but you guys are honestly all so damn lovely I cannot even deal with it. Thank you so much. Especially to the lil birdie I got who just commented on the Starker - Italy edition with retired kidnapper Tony and Naive Peter. Long reviews are just so heart-warming, I was blushing and smiling and thank you so much. There WILL be a part 2 coming...well, in a few weeks, hopefully less. Does that qualify as the every enigmatic 'soon'?

To everyone who's read, commented, kudosed, or liked on tumblr, thank you so much, you are darlings. Seriously. I wouldn't do it without you. Yes. YOU. You right now reading this. You, you dumb lug. I love you.

What a cutie.
Steve’s cock always hurt so good when it bottomed out, and Peter moaned in glorious fullness as he
sank down all the way; his whole squeezing rapidly as it tried to grow used to that delicious stretch.
They’d had ex five times so far (Peter was giddily keeping count) and it hadn’t happened yet.

“You feel so good, sweetheart,” Steve grunts into the shell of his ear, the warm air making Peter
shiver all over.

They’re in Steve’s apartment, the one just opposite the hallway. May likes Steve. She says he’s the
perfect neighbour, and as Peter’s toes curl and white spots flash across his vision, he thinks with
delirious joy, that yes, Steve is perfect.

Steve’s sitting on his couch, naked and broad and deliciously gorgeous, and Peter had practically
tripped over his jeans as he’d pulled them off, stripping off before straddling this Goliath beauty of a
man.

Steve’s scruff burns against his throat and Peter grinds his hips as best he can between bouncing to
meet Steve’s brutal, heaven-sending thrusts.

“Ungh,” Peter hiccups, after a particularly sharp thrust into his prostate.

He can feel Steve smile into his shoulder, and the older man sucks a deep bruise onto his collar bone,
and keeps nailing that spot with painfully perfect accuracy

Peter can’t talk, he wants to say how good it is- how good it feels- so good it hurts- but he can only
gasp and mewl and babble in what he hopes is a wordless plea for more. Steve seems to understand.
He always does. He cups the back of Peter’s head with jarring tenderness, as his hips continue
slapping upwards. Peter drools; his body pliant and relaxed as he lets Steve do all the work.

“Lazy little princess,” Steve murmurs, cradling the boy and slamming him down onto his rock hard
cock over and over and over. “Letting me take care of you, huh? Did your little hole really need it?
It’s swallowing me up so good, so greedy,” he praises, “see?” He pulls out practically all the way, so
his red tip kisses Peter’s swollen hole and Peter sobs, trying to impale himself in desperation- he’s
leaking pitifully against his stomach, but Steve holds him there suspended: in an unbreakable grip.
Peter can feel his hole squeeze despairingly at Steve’s dick, like it’s hungry for it, and Steve
chuckles, before rewarding his insatiable lust with a long, slow, deep thrust.

Peter wails; blubbery as tears start to stream down his face.

It feels so good, he doesn’t want it to end- but eh can feel his own orgasm coming. He tries to stave it
off for as long as he can, because Steve always cums when Peter cums- like the sight of him writhing
on his cock, split open in pure bliss, is hot enough to tip him over. It makes Peter flush all red, and as
Steve’s beard drags over his other shoulder, and his teeth nip down hard- Peter cums with a sob of
relief all over Steve’s abs.

Sure enough, as he starts to come down, woozy and sated, and exhausted- he feels Steve tense-

“Fuck, Peter,” he hisses, before there’s a grunt and he can feel warmth seep into him.

Afterwards they both sag onto the cushions, basking in the afterglow; heartbeats like hummingbirds.

“What time is your Aunt back, baby?” Steve asks quietly; the afternoon breeze rolling in through the
Peter is purring with too much contentment to answer. He’s the cat who got the cream. He just leans in and nuzzles Steve’s sweaty neck and closes his eyes; content to lie there forever.

There’s a fond chuckle above him, before those huge, powerful hands are stroking down his back and holding him close and safe; keeping him warm tucked into his chest. “Should I make us some lunch?” He asks, resting his chin on Peter’s head and the boy makes a sound of displeasure high in his throat. Steve laughs again. Okay. No dinner, no moving. He’ll just sit here; cock softening in that perfect heat, his sweetheart in his arms, and the afternoon sun streaming in.

That’s just fine by him.
Oh baby, the message alert dings, you are beautiful

Peter sits up, well, flails would be more accurate, setting down his pen and paper and moving from lying on his stomach to kneeling on his heels, grinning self-consciously into the camera. “Oh, hi!” He beams, tugging nervously at his pink sweater. It’s unnerving seeing himself on screen like this, which is why for the past few days he’d made sure he was always doing something else while his channel was live. But it was different before. There had never been any viewers.

There is now.

The 1 blinks in the top right corner of the screen, and the chat box is empty bar that first message. The message is from a user called ironman

“Sorry, you’re my…” he looks off embarrassedly, “um my first viewer?” Shit, should he have said that? Does it make him look even more unprofessional-

you’re new to the site? How long have you been streaming?

Peter relaxes a little, hands toying with his pastel pink sweater. “Um, maybe three days? The ‘top tips’ section said you should stream in a routine, so um, I do Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 10pm.”

It’s weird, talking into nothing, his own face on the screen staring back at him, the stars twinkling in through the window of his tiny apartment.

He stares at the chatbox and waits, nibbling on his bottom lip. Has ironman left the chat? But the little blinking box in the corner still said 1 viewer...

sorry I was just messaging a few other users- you’re too pretty to be without viewers.

Peter feels and then sees the blush rise to his cheeks. He ducks his head, “oh, you didn’t have to- I never really do anything anyway…” he trails off lamely, before sighing. “I just…my friends said this was a good way to make some extra money, but the other channels do stuff, you know? And I knew I should have tried to get a third job, it totally would have worked if Dr Octavius let me change timetables…”

There’s a ringing sound, and suddenly a little emoji appears and bounces happily on the screen. It’s a little gold coin.

Frowning, Peter leans forward before blinking in disbelief at the 200 shiny tokens.

200 tokens, wait that was- that was 100 dollars.

He stares in slack-jawed disbelief for a moment, before the chat box bings:

your lips are gorgeous, baby, lick them for me

He does, following the command reflexively before startling backwards. “Wait! I can’t- I can’t
accept that, that’s so nice but really,” he cringes, “I didn’t even do anything! I- how do I return these?” He clicks on the virtual coins worriedly. Shit, is this legal? Now that there’s actual money involved- he never thought he’d actually make any-

Another 200 tokens drop into his account and Peter yelps so hard the laptop nearly topples off the edge of the bed.

**baby if this is the reaction you get every time i give you money, someone’s going to be a very spoilt little boy.**

He opens his mouth twice; mind reeling. “I…I…”

He licks his lips again for lack of anything to say, and feels a lick of fire-hot desire course up his spine at the **good boy** that comes through almost instantly.

And then the viewer count leaps up to three as two new usernames enter the chat and Peter takes them in.

**C. America and wintersoldier.**

**C. America: You weren’t kidding**

**wintersoldier: damn, @prettyinpink, you’re beautiful**

Twice he’s been called beautiful tonight, Peter ducks his head, unsure of himself now that he has an audience, and all to aware of the dancing money icon in the corner.

He sits back and shuffles with his laptop, crossing his legs and smiling helplessly. “Hey guys,” he nods, feeling shy but a little bit brave, “so what would you like to see?”

---

*I can definitely tell you there’s a part 2 coming in a few days ;) Think of this as the teaser trailer.*

Chapter End Notes

You can call me...you can call me...you can call me...the good time girl.

Except before like 8 because waking up is hard
The thing about Peter Parker is, he has a flaw.

Tony knows most people have a great many flaws, and technically, he guesses, Peter does too. But Tony likes all those flaws. He likes the way Peter drools on his shoulder after a long patrol. He likes the way Peter thinks it’s his job to look out for the little guy when Peter is a little guy. He likes how Peter steals his hoodies. He likes the way Peter always leaves his converse in the middle of the compound for anyone to trip over because it means that somewhere, Peter’s here, with him.

But there is one flaw Tony can’t really get over.

And that’s the fact that Peter loves everyone.

Tony likes to be the best. Well, actually, scratch that, he is the best. And Peter looking up at him with reverence in those honey-brown eyes, well, he likes that. A lot. And so when he hears Peter fawning over Bucky’s arm, or Thor’s muscles, or Bruce’s latest New Science publication, or Nat’s combat skills, or Wanda’s cooking, he gets irritated.

He wants to be Peter’s favourite, is that so much to ask?

It takes very, very, very little effort to hack Peter’s social media accounts in an effort to score some underhanded points. Peter likes the movie Gladiator, Tony happens to put it on tv when the boy’s walking past. Peter starts studying the velocity of a new webbing, Tony happens to stay up in the lab a little later than normal.

And then he realises that Peter likes a, frankly rather worrying, number of cat pictures. Cat videos, too. Cat memes. All over his Instagram and Twitter and Tony frowns, peering through the millennial jargon he can’t understand to try to understand if it’s any specific type of cat, or just cats in general.

“Is that a cat?” Peter gapes, as Tony walks in with the fluffy bundle in his arms. He sets it down on the counter and it blinks drowsily. Tony doesn’t really see the appeal. Cats are lazy little creatures and he’s pretty sure this one is trying to kill him. He hides the scratches as discreetly as he can, and tries not to smirk too obviously as Peter flutters away from where he was swooning over Steve’s golden, golden hair, to the cat.

“It’s my new cat.” Tony announces, and Peter beams like sunshine and rainbows and starts petting said cat.

The menacing creature melts under Peter’s touch and purrs loudly, and Peter coos in delight and scoops him into his arms and presses kisses all down its tiny head. “It’s so cute, Mr Stark!”

“Thank you,” Tony says, puffing out his chest.

Steve frowns, padding over curiously. “I didn’t know you liked cats.”

Tony levels him with a faux-innocent look. “Oh, didn’t you?”

“What’s his name, Mr Stark?”
Ah. Shit.

Steve smirks.

“It’s…his name is Butterscotch.”

“Butterscotch!” Peter babbles excitedly, rubbing the cat’s stomach and whispering a litany of praise.

“Butterscotch?” Steve repeats more skeptically, reaching out to pet the cat who hisses at him (Tony’s grateful he’s not the only one that cat detests). “I didn’t know you liked butterscotch.”

“Oh, didn’t you?”

“Mr Stark can I play with him? All day? Please?”

“Sure you can,” Tony grins, “but he’s a very delicate cat. For the first few weeks, or months, who knows, he’s going to have to stay in my room. You can play with him in there whenever you like.”

Peter nods solemnly, cradling the cat more gently, and toddling off to Tony’s room.

Tony is a genius, really. This solves all his problems. Now it’ll just be him and Peter and-

“A delicate cat?” Steve asks, his voice a little amused.

Tony glowers at him. “She has a nervous disposition.”

“I thought you said it was a he?”

Tony sighs, and heads towards his bedroom. “I’d love to stay and discuss the details of cat gender with you, Cap, but there’s a kitten in my bedroom that needs petting…and I’m not talking about Buttercup.” He winks, and Steve groans.

“His name is Butterscotch.”

Tony doesn’t hear him. He’s too busy whistling. And the scratches on his arm don’t even sting.

Chapter End Notes

Sylvester, my darling cat, if you’re reading this, do you miss me? I miss you. Come to me in my dreams with a secret message please :) x

My cat’s not dead, in case anyone was wondering, but I had to give him to a friend while I’m at college. I couldn’t leave him with my family because they are not cat friendly. Those heathens.

PS I’m pretty sure Sylvester is immortal.

PPS I’m pretty sure he’s the size of a small dog because I never could resist feeding him when he batted those eyes at me oh god i love him so much

PPPS did you know cats have three eyelids?
Peter x Flash Flash finds out Peter's secret identity

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Flash finds out who his boyfriend really is. You don’t have to read it to understand, but this is a part 2 to this post.

He’s dating Peter Parker.

Who would have thought?

But it’s…it’s great, honestly. Flash can’t even keep the smile in just thinking about it. Peter is sweet and smart and Flash doesn’t feel as lonely anymore. His parents may be away on trips to places he can’t fathom, communicating only by post-it notes on the fridge, but there’s Peter and his smiles and the emptiness doesn’t feel quite so empty anymore. It doesn’t feel like it’s gnawing away on his insides creating a horrible hollowness.

His phone lights up and there’s Peter’s name and the whole house fills with love that brims over the windows and into the garden and Flash feels warm and safe and happy.

Flash had been preparing to get some shit over it, if he’s honest. He may be popular, but he knows that people can be dicks. But there isn’t any. A few people mutter ‘the sexual tension finally snapped’ but other than that, no one even really bats an eye.

“Flash!” Comes Peter’s excited voice, and Flash lets his heart swell over the fact that it’s come to this. That just a month ago Peter would keep his head down and scurry past, or roll his eyes at Flash’s comments but never actually come over and talk to him, and now-

He looks up to see Peter in a worn blue sweater. It’s the sweater he always wears. The one with the tattered sleeves and little moth holes here and there. He hates his parents a little bit (not for the first time in his life) because they have an indoor pool and an outdoor pool, and they fly first class to countries all over the world sometimes twice in a day, and Peter’s wearing a sweater with fraying threads and it can’t be thick enough to keep him warm. But Peter’s smile is like sunshine, and he immediately wraps his arms around Flash’s waist and nuzzles into his chest.

Flash cuddles him- eyes out for someone to make fun of seeming him so soft- but no one cares, and really, what does it matter? With Peter in his arms like this? Smelling of lemons and the city.

“Look! Look! Mr Henderson’s letting the book project be done in pairs!” He waves the piece of paper around too quickly for Flash to get a proper look at. “Wanna be partners?” His brown eyes are shiny, and his whole face is so pretty, and Flash just grins and closes his locker.

“Sounds good. What book are you thinking?”

“We could have a look at Animal Farm-“

“Ew, no. C’mon, we want an A, we gotta be more original.”

Peter shoots him a mock-glare. “If we came up with an original perspective, that would be more impressive than picking a purposely obscure book.”

“Not if we analysed the shit out of a purposely obscure book. I’m thinking we’ll choose a Spanish
Peter purses his lips, like he’s considering it, and Flash really wants to kiss him, before he hums. “If we can find a Spanish piece of literature that doesn’t sound as pretentious as you’re making it seem, I like that idea. If not…” he pats his backpack with a proud smile, “I have two copies of Animal Farm and a team of trusty highlighters.”

Flash thinks quite highly of himself in some regards. He knows he’s clever, and he knows he’s talented, and he knows he’s relatively well-liked despite the fact he’s acted kinda shitty in the past. It’s because, even if he wanted to be, being cruel isn’t something he has in him. The nastiness is only skin deep, it permeates no lower. Everyone can see through him, and he used to think that was bad, but now…now he thinks it’s good.

Regardless of how he saw himself though, he never quite pictured having a boyfriend who would be as smart and as beautiful as Peter. Or having someone like Peter’s Aunt May smile at him, and give him extra-helpings of mash potato at dinner. Never thought that the tiny, cramped apartment in the middle of Queens would feel more like a home, would feel safer, than his mansion right on the edge of town.

After dinner, after dessert, as May goes to do her shift at the hospital, Peter and Flash make out on Peter’s bunkbed.

Flash doesn’t know why he has a bunkbed, or why he has to keep hitting himself on the wood slats every five minutes, but he can’t care to ask with Peter’s soft lips against his and the little noises he’s making.

And then Peter’s hand is inching up Flash’s thigh and Flash jerks back so hard he hits his head again. Peter’s face is bright scarlet, and his lips are puffy and Flash can feel his heartbeat in his throat. “Sorry,” Peter whispers shyly, “do you not want…”

“Of course I want,” Flash whispers back in disbelief, “of course, I- but-” but he’s never done anything. And he’s pretty sure Peter’s never done anything. And the word virgin hangs over him like it’s going to be bad, like he’s going to be bad, like he not only has to impress himself but also Peter and-

Peter smiles, and leans in to kiss Flash’s cheek, “Let’s wait a bit,” he says, and Flash feels relief wash over him, and he cups Peter’s face and kisses him long and slow and sweet.

The problem is, Flash is easy to read. And he always thought Peter was easy to read.

But he’s realising more and more lately, that his boyfriend is…surprisingly elusive.

When Peter catches the football that accidentally gets kicked towards the stands, Flash blinks in surprise. Peter just laughs it off, and Flash frowns and tries to piece the puzzle together because he remembers Peter last year- who got hit three different times during gym class, and who once almost knocked himself out with a baseball bat.

Everyone knows Peter got more toned over summer, when he came back with an almost six-pack and could do more push ups than anyone else in the class. But where had the reflexes come from?
He doesn’t ask. Instead, he and Peter and Ned build the Lego Hogwarts and argue about what houses they’d be in.

Flash is just tugging on his coat to meet Peter at Liz’s party, when his phone buzzes.

I wont be able to make tonite :((((( Don’t b mad!!! Ill see u 2morrow??? xxxx

Flash normally wouldn’t even think about it, except that this happened last week as well. And over the weekend.

He comes in early the next day, and when Peter heads into school, there are dark rings under his eyes and he looks a little ill. Flash immediately hurries over to him, and catches his elbow and Peter leans most of his weight into him. “Hey,” Peter murmurs softly, tiptoeing and wincing and kissing Flash’s cheek.

“Are you well enough to be in?” Flash asks, hands frittering over Peter’s body. “Shouldn’t you go home? Rest?”

“We have our book report,” Peter reminds with a brave smile. It’s a really brave smile. It’s a smile of courage and determination and Flash suddenly thinks maybe he should have sided with Ned over Peter being a Gryffindor, rather than stubbornly insisting his boyfriend was a Hufflepuff.

He and Peter do the book report and as soon as Peter’s in front of the class, the pale sweat disappears, and he’s a natural- like nothing’s wrong.

Flash realises that he always thought Peter was a bad liar.

Now…he’s not so sure.

After that performance, he insists on driving Peter home, and then he makes him soup in that small kitchen and forces Peter to eat it while they watch a documentary on giraffes.

Peter falls asleep.

Flash looks around his bedroom.

It’s neat. There are completed lego projects on the shelf, an old computer on the desk, and certificates on the wall. It’s all really normal.

It’s too normal, Flash thinks. And then wonders if he’s being paranoid.

Everything settles down; goes back to normal. Peter comes to parties with him, they kiss some more, they hold hands at the movies, and Flash leaves a post-it on the fridge to tell his parents he has a boyfriend now. He gets a response to it in the form of an orange post it two weeks later

Congratulations on the boyfriend. I’ve transferred some more money into your account- treat him right, honey! love mom x

It’s more than he thought he’d get, and even as he treats Peter to dinner at the most expensive restaurant in town, he can’t help but feel he would have rather had Peter meet his mom.
Peter knows, like he always knows, and worms his way into all the places Flash aches, and makes him feel better.

“I love you,” Peter whispers, lying in Flash’s enormous bed, in his pyjamas and curled up in a blanket.

Flash’s heart feels whole, and he kisses Peter and stares at him desperately, and Peter beams because he hears what Flash can’t say.

Spiderman is Flash’s hero.

Young, brave, and most importantly: looking out for the little guy. The Avengers deal with the big stuff that needs to be dealt with, but crime is on a rise in their city and Flash respects the hell out of the web-weaving vigilante.

They’re sitting in the cafeteria eating fries, when Flash grins at the news alert that last night Spiderman stopped a bank robbery. “What do you think Spiderman does when he’s not saving our city?” He muses aloud, voice tinged with admiration.

Ned and Peter fall into spluttering coughs almost simultaneously and he frown at them.

“I think he probably has a job!” Ned says, eyes wide and frantic, “you know- probably a 30 year old accountant or something.”

“How do you even know it’s a guy?” Peter asks, and Flash laughs at them.

“His name is Spider-man.”


“You guys spend too much time together,” Flash scoffs amusedly, “I think your movie marathon last night scrambled your brain.”

“Our what?” Ned asks, and Peter elbows him hard. “Oh yeah! That was so fun.”

Flash chalks it up to their weirdness, and goes back to reading about Spiderman.

Peter is moaning, his head tossed back and eyes screwed up as Flash sucks hickies down his throat to the top of his chest- unbuttoning his shirt one button at a time.

He loves Peter like this. He’s so beautiful, so sexy, panting and fingers scrabbling to hold Flash, to touch him, and Flash feels hot all over at knowing that he’s making his boyfriend feel so good, and so-

When he undoes the next button- there’s a dark blue bruise just below Peter’s left pec.

He stares at it, and Peter whines at looks up- only to stiffen.

“I fell.” He says, before Flash can ask, and Flash feels wounded- all the softness and the warmth and love receding into a wave of cold because-because Peter is lying.
What does this- “Are people hurting you?” Flash asks determinedly, Peter sits up, and Flash takes his chin in his fingers and looks into his eyes to force out the truth. “Who would- who did this to you- Peter.” Was it May? But she seemed so- surely she didn’t- are there bullies? Did he get mugged? Or-

“I fell, Flash, honestly,” Peter chokes out. “It doesn’t even hurt-“

But Flash hurts. “Peter, we have to call the police. Tell me who did it, I promise it’ll be okay. You can stay with me as long as you need, but you have to say who-“

Peter looks away. He looks at a spot on the wall, and Flash turns. It’s the poster of Spiderman he bought last week. Flash isn’t a huge fan of posters, but as soon as he’d seen it, he knew he had to have it. Peter looks at it now like he can’t stand the sight of it. And Flash is- confused.

“Did…did Spiderman hurt you?” He asks tentatively, because- surely-no-

Peter huffs a self-deprecating laugh, and pulls himself out of Flash’s grip and off the bed. “You could say that.” He mutters bitterly. Bitterly. Not like Peter at all. Not happy and rainbows, but someone older. Someone wiser and angrier and-

Flash sits on the edge of his bed, and takes a deep breath. Peter watches him carefully. “There’s clearly something going on.” He begins, voice steady, and the little brunet stares. “I don’t think we can be in a relationship until you feel comfortable confiding in me. In being honest with me. I do… you know how i feel about you, Peter, but it isn’t fair and you know that.”

It’s so mature. It’s so sensible. It hurts him, it cuts him up, but he’s proud of himself. He isn’t yelling, he isn’t angry, he’s…he’s trying his best.

Peter bursts into tears.

He flings himself at Flash, arms around his neck and bawling his eyes out and Flash holds him desperately tight.

“Promise you won’t hate me,” he keeps repeating and Flash swears venomously into his temple:

“i could never- I could never.”

Peter pulls back, and points to the poster- “That,” he says, voice trembling, “that’s me.”

Chapter End Notes

who's gonna rock you through the dark side of the morning? It ain't me.
Starker, Break up Make Up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Inspired by this post, so you can thank @sluttystarker for putting it onto my feed and @explicitstark for asking :)

Steve opens the door and the wide smile on his face dims into one of immediate worry and confusion.

It’s not the best greeting, if Tony’s being honest. So he lifts the deceptively small box he’s carrying—brilliantly wrapped, courtesy of Pepper—and waves the present in Steve’s face. It’s one of many. A whole truck full of presents is going to be coming in a few hours, all for his wonderful little goddaughter Hannah. “Is this not enough to get me into my god daughter’s birthday party?” He asks.

Steve blanches, and shakes his head, stepping out onto the porch and into the summer sun.

He closes the door behind him.

“Oh course you’re welcome, Tony,” he mutters in a low voice, and Tony can hear the squealing of little children in the backyard. “It’s just…” his blue eyes sparkle with worry, “Bucky invited Peter and-“

Oh.

Ow.

Tony tries not to let his smile crack. Tries to keep the facade in the perfect place. Doesn’t let the mask slip. Of course Bucky invited Peter, the two of them are close friends, and just because Peter and Tony have-have broken up doesn’t mean that should stop...

But Tony hasn’t seen him since the day he stormed out in a blaze of tears and anger, and he didn’t run after his boy and Peter hadn’t turned around. It’s been months since ‘you’re putting your work in front of us!’ and ‘my work is more important than us’. Months since: ‘you forgot about our reservation again. I was sitting there for three hours!’ and Tony yelling back over the granite counter of his kitchen: ‘what about how hard I’m working? You never ask me how my day is?’ and screamed back: ‘you’re never here for me to ask!’.

His heart is pounding and he’s not sure how well he looks because Steve’s concern blossoms into full blown fear. “I can ask him to leave,” Steve offers, voice gentle, “Peter’s…he...he would.”

Tony knows he would. Peter would leave. Duck his head and look small and sad but not wanting to cause any problems.

Tony doesn’t want that.

He itches to see him. Wants to get the image of tears and anger out of his mind where it seems seared like an image forever.

“It’s fine,” he manages, with a smile, “I’ve got a goddaughter to spoil, and Pete and I are two grown adults. We’re not going to cause a scene.”
Steve purses his lips doubtfully and Tony wonders if he’s remembering the shawarma incident. He hopes he’s not.

He follows his friend through the threshold of the house and sets his gift on the table with all the others. Then out into the garden, where the midday sun is blazing and there are children smeared with face-paint and glee running around.

Tony spots Hannah instantly.

She’s on Peter’s shoulders, screeching with delight as he spins and laughs, and Peter looks- Tony aches. He’s beautiful. In pink flannel and light jeans, and a smile on his gorgeous face and Tony wants to- wants to hold him and kiss him- and-and be romantic and say something like *I’ll quit my job for you*—but he won’t. He loves his job. He loves Peter more- he always will, but not enough to carve out a part of himself.

Hannah spots him, and her eyes light up. “Uncle Tony!” She hollers, and Peter sets her down so she can race towards him. Tony kneels down and scoops her up, and tugs one of her pigtails. “Uncle Tony!! It’s my birthday!”

“Seven years old,” Tony murmurs with a grin, because even though a part of him feels like he’s splintering, he loves this girl so much. “Getting all grown up.”

She puffs her chest out. “Uncle Peter was-“ she twists in his arms and points, and Peter looks pale and worried and Tony wants to kiss away the anxiety- “Uncle Peter!”

Peter comes over.

He meets Tony’s eyes for a second, before flashing away and he smiles at Hannah. “I see that, Hannah-banana,” he murmurs, “Uncle Tony probably has some amazing presents for you. A whole truck load.”

Tony can’t help but grin. “More or less,”

Hannah giggles eagerly, kicking her slender little legs.

Peter clears his throat and looks past them to the patio- Tony follows his gaze, and sees the lurking figure of Bucky- worried and tense. “I should- check on your parents,” Peter says, leaning in to kiss Hannah’s temple, “make sure they aren’t making a mess.”

She beams, and Tony wants to say *you don’t have to go*. Instead he watches him leave.

“Uncle Peter never comes over anymore,” Hannah laments with a pout, “we used to play lego all the time, but Papa says he’s too busy.”

Peter and Tony would come over every other weekend. And Peter would scoop Hannah into his arms and with unfeigned delight listen to all her stories and Tony had watched him and thought desperately: *we’re going to have a family.*

How had that descended into fights and tears? Issues too taut to be soothed with words and promises?

Hannah goes to play with her friends, and Tony ducks inside just in time to see Peter slipping out the front door.

He’s leaving. He’s going to leave- before the cake. Just because-
Tony’s feet carry him over quickly, before he can think about it, and he grabs Peter’s delicate wrist and startled brown eyes stare up at him. “Stay,” he pleads, and his voice cracks, and he doesn’t want to lose sight of this. Of Peter looking just like he used to- just like he did back when they- he can’t go back to the red face and the disappointed glare. “Stay for cake. You love cake.”

Peter gives a shaky laugh, and he doesn’t seem to know where to look. “Tony, I-”

“There’s nothing to say, Petey,” he whispers, and he takes Peter’s hand and he threads it through his own.

Peter swallows hard and nods. “For cake.” He says.

“For cake.”

After cake and a very lengthy game of hide and seek- Peter finds Tony hiding behind the upstairs curtains in the master bedroom and-

Steve finds them on the bed

---

Tony offers him a lift home, because the late afternoon is a little windy and Peter doesn’t have a coat, and Tony wants to savour every moment they have. Peter accepts with a grateful little smile- his lips a little raw and kissed, and they sit and listen to the radio.

“Are we…” Peter blushes, “was that just…”

“I love you.” Tony says, unwavering and honest, “but I won’t quit my job. I’m- I’m gonna change the world, Pete. I am. I have to- it’s who I am, and I can’t ask you to- I should be there for you and-“

“I should be there for you too.” Peter mumbles, and his fingers, a little clumsy, and a little cold, strokes through the hairs at the back of Tony’s head. “I just- I need more than you can give. But you’re giving me everything you can and I don’t know if that’s always going to be enough, but I want to-“ he hiccups, and Tony reaches over to squeeze his thigh. “I want to try.”

Tony’s eyes burn, but he wants to try too. “It might end even more painfully than last time,” he warns, and Peter smiles-

“But it might not even end at all.”

Chapter End Notes

there’s a video on youtube of someone playing the pirates of the Caribbean theme song on two calculators and what a glorious age it is to be alive.
Tony is good at lots of things, okay?

Alright, that sounds a little defensive but- huff, he is. He can box and wrestle and play football. He’s Captain of practically every team at college, he’s an Alpha for crying out loud, but this iceskating is eluding him.

Peter, his omega boyfriend however, is an angel out on the ice.

He twirls and dips and looks like a graceful smudge of pink among white. Tony holds on with a deathly grip to the low hanging tree branch- damp with snow, as Peter squeals delightedly.

“Alpha!” Peter calls happily, leaping and twirling and landing, “come play!”

Tony knew Peter would be good at ice skating. The boy rollerblades to keep up with Tony on his morning jogs and he was made to glide. But Tony is balancing on thin blades and he doesn’t understand-

“Alpha!” Peter calls again, pausing. Even from all the way over here, Tony can make out his pout.

With a resigned sigh, he lets go of the branch and edges forward just a little. It’s hard to balance out his weight, but he doesn’t fall, even though his knees are bent awkwardly and his arms are flailing just a little.

Peter giggles and Tony huffs.

Whatever, he’s good at other stuff.

Peter comes to meet him- in a fluffy pink coat and a pink scarf bundled around him, he’s puffy with layers, and his little face peaks out with rosy red cheeks and beaming eyes. “Kiss?” He asks prettily, batting his lashes, and looking envyingly at ease.

Tony kisses him chastely, still wary, and Peter pulls back with a red nose and smile.

“Another kiss?” He asks again, “please?”

Tony snorts, before tugging him in by the ends of his scarf and nipping at Peter’s bottom lip and licking gently into his mouth. Peter’s skin is icy cold, and a few snowflakes land on their cheeks, and his boy tastes like hot chocolate and snow, and when he pulls back, Peter’s face is dazed. “There,” Tony murmurs approvingly, “we should go inside. You’re cold, baby,”

Peter blinks owlishly, before licking his lips and eyeing Tony’s. “One more kiss?” He asks, rising onto the tips of his skates, and Tony tips his head back and laughs.

***

Traipsing back through the snow to the house is an ordeal, because Peter keeps disappearing into
where the fluffy white is thickest, and Tony has to follow footprints to see Peter cooing at what is definitely a rabid fox, before dragging him back. He claps Peter’s mitten-clad hand in his to stop him wandering off, as Peter tries to catch snowflakes on his tongue. “Can we get a really big tree for Christmas?” He asks, and Tony shoots him a fond look.

“As big as you like,” he promises, “why?”

Peter stumbles over a hidden log, and Tony gives up and just scoops him into his arms bridal style. The omega snuggles in and Tony frowns. He’s lighter than normal.

“Have you been eating enough?” He asks worriedly, thinking over the last few days. He was sure Peter was always getting enough-

“You’re just stronger,” the omega giggles, and Tony puffs his chest out a little when he realises that Peter is right. “My strong Alpha,” he coos, kissing Tony’s chin. There’s a little bit of stubble under his chin. He’s nineteen and he keeps thinking about getting some facial hair, but he’s not sure yet. He thinks for now, he’ll keep it clean shaven.

“The tree- why a big one?” Tony presses, finally getting onto the snow-cleared path towards the house. He can smell his mother’s baking from here.

“Oh! So we can sleep under it,” Peter says around an enormous yawn. “All the lights and the shiny baubles, s’pretty,”

It does sound pretty. Cozy and warm, too. Tony likes the idea. “We can definitely do that. I take it you’re going to want lots and lots of decorations?”

Peter nods very seriously and Tony laughs.

***

When Maria sees them, she immediately shoos them to the bathroom for a hot bath. “If you two catch colds I will be very disappointed, Anthony!” She warns, her eyes fretting over the both of them- soaked with snow and ice. “I’ll make you both some tea- a nice hot bath!”

The bath in Tony’s ensuite is huge, and Peter sinks down all the way into the steamy water, his skin flushed pink and warm with a contented sigh. But his eyes are stuck on where Tony is stripping off- gaze eager and greedy.

“You like looking at me, sweetheart?” Tony teases, toeing off his socks and heading to the edge of the purple, bubbled water. Peter is a vision of loveliness, and Tony wants to devour him.

Peter nods eagerly, reaching out one very warm hand to trace Tony’s abs reverently. “You’re cold,” Peter frowns, tugging him forwards. “Come and be warm!”

The water is almost scalding against his skin, but it burns in a good way as he sinks down into it. He grabs Peter, water-light, into his lap, so his omega’s back is to his chest, and they lie in silence and soothing heat.

Peter yawns again, and nuzzles into Tony’s neck and twines their fingers together over his belly. “Nap?” He asks quietly, and Tony can just about nod as his eyes drift shut.

**

In the evening they have tea in front of the fire, and skewer marshmallows and burn the roof of their mouths. Peter, bundled in all of Tony’s clothes, straddles his Alpha and demands a kiss.
“You don’t have to ask for them,” Tony chuckles, his hands on Peter’s hips, “they’re all yours.”

“You’re all mine,” Peter giggles, before stealing a kiss, “and I’m all yours.”

Love isn’t so much a fire, Tony thinks, as he kisses his Omega again, but more like a warmth that settles soft and bright in your chest- it doesn’t ever go away, no matter how cold it gets.
Spoilers for Captain Marvel which you might mistake for my own imagination, but trust me, I'm not that great ;)

Their saviour, when he comes, is a ball of light.

Tony and the others rear back as he descends onto the red planet- celestial and divine- white light burning all around him and his red and blue armour, in a halo of power.

It’s very clearly an ally, and Tony- with his heart pounding and blood pouring down his nose- is fucking grateful at the sight of one. Strange is out of commission and Cap is somewhere down on earth with his metal-armed menace, and he’s stuck with a talking fox against fucking Thanos and the infinity stones when this…this…

Thanos takes a step back, his first ever display of wonder and fear, as the floating being lands softly on the red soil. Elegant, princely, he rises from his crouch and Tony drinks in the sight of him and his jaw drops- it’s just a… it’s just a boy.

Well, not just a boy, because of the glowing light and the exuding immensity yada yada, but still- it’s a young face and whiskey-brown eyes and pink lips and fluffy brown hair. It’s a little discombobulating if he’s honest. But the armour is clearly not tech that Tony’s ever seen before, and the light-

“A kree,” Thanos whispers, shaking his purple head, “that can’t- you all died out.”

The boy smiles; smug and not at all afraid, and Tony feels a bolt of lust spring forth in his gut.

“You’re right there.” Comes the lovely voice, “But I’m not a Kree.”

Thanos recovers from whatever apprehension he experienced, and moves swiftly forward in two great strides and punches the boy clear in the face, sending him careening backwards. Tony winces, and wants to send out rockets to catch him, but his suit is busted enough as is.

But the light seems to catch him just before he hits the earth, and he rises up- flying, and that’s- that’s blue blood dripping from his lip.

“You are a Kree.” Thanos snarls, and the boy grins.

“If you call me that again, bud, I’m gonna get a little offended.” The honey-eyed boy quips, and with that, two huge waves of light and energy are bursting from his palms and into Thanos and- and- the monster is crumbling. Is falling.

Tony and the others stare in shock as the boy moves ever closer, clearly straining in his effort, but then Thanos is falling onto his knees, and he’s screaming- he’s begging, he’s threatening, and the boy stands above him, blue blood dribbling down his chin.

“You…” Thanos croaks, getting smaller and smaller by the minute. The smell of ash in the air.

“You’re the final infinity stone…”

The boy leans down, and Tony’s mouth is dry. “Bingo.” He whispers, before a final burst of light
and Thanos is nothing but the gauntlet and a heap of dust.

The boy turns to look at them then, and he waves.

“I think I should take you home, huh?” He asks around a toothy smile.

Tony’s too stunned to say anything at all.

* * *

The rest passes in a blur, and he wakes with a start only to find that he’s…he’s in bed. In the compound. He sits up, and his body aches with the bruises of the past few days, but the sun is rising slowly and it’s morning and everything from the window looks normal and good. Has it all been an impossible dream?

He tugs himself out of bed, and sure enough, a quick scan by FRIDAY tells him everyone’s back. Everyone’s fine.

His heart relaxes for the first time in a long time.

As he heads out into the kitchen, it’s empty with dawn and his fingers itch with curiosity.

“FRIDAY,” he mutters, voice gravelly, “the- the Kree? Is he still-“

“Outside, Sir.”

Relief courses through his blood. There aren’t many people in this world who take his breath away, so it stands to reason that the one who has isn’t from earth at all. He pads out gingerly into the crisp morning air, and his lips part in awe yet again.

Gone is the space-suit (and Tony really would love to get another look at that tech) but in its place is an equally delectable outfit. The boy’s in a dark green air-force jacket, with a white tee and dark jeans paired with combat boots. Sunglasses hang in the v-neck of his top, and there are patches sewn into his jacket. It’s well-loved. And he’s tinkering with a motorbike.

Tony’s old motorbike.

He clears his throat, and the boy looks up. He’s so beautiful.

“Tony Stark,” he chirps brightly, and there’s none of that strange light around him now. Tony wonders how he controls it. He’s crouching by the bike, tinkering just behind the front wheel, and he looks soft and cocky and Tony wants. He feels like a petulant kid again, pointing at a toy in the shop and expecting his father to buy it for him.

His father never had, of course. He’d had to make his own.

“That’s me,” he says, going for a smirk, but the boy seems to see through it. The past few weeks have been tough. He needs rest and protein and vitamins. He’s only human, after all.

“Your name is known throughout the galaxy,” the boy promises, and that’s what Thanos had said and Tony doesn’t know what it means, but it feels- it feels like a good thing.

“You know my name…”

The boy gets to his feet spritely, and extends his hand. It’s warm but firm. “Peter Parker.” He beams, and Tony can hardly believe that this kid, who can’t be older than twenty, defeated Thanos with just a split lip to show for it.
“Peter,” he repeats, shaking his head in amazement, “and how did you-“

“Mjolnir was sending signals across the cosmos, and then your core was calling to me,” Peter grimaces, “I’m only sorry it took so long. Fury has my number, I thought for sure he’d-“

Tony swallows hard. “Fury’s in hospital- a coma, he- you knew him?”

Peter bites his lip, and turns back to the bike. “I’m going to him.”

“With my bike?”

“This is yours?”

Tony shakes his head, a fond smile creeping onto his face. “I can have you flown to his hospital, you don’t need-“

“No, I…” Peter shakes his head, patting the leather seat. “I want to ride. It’s- the last time I was here…” he lets out a puff of wistful air. “Earth looks different now. It’s not mine anymore.”

He’s heard that before. “You sound like Steve.” Tony points out wonderingly. Who is this boy?

“Your super soldier.” Peter nods in understanding. “I suppose I am like him, in a way. I’d like to talk to him sometime.”

Tony tries not to dwell on the possessive lick of fire in his chest. No Steve. Only me.

“I have another bike, we can- ride together.”

Peter looks pleasantly surprised by this, and his features light up like little sunbeams. “Aren’t you too injured?”

“Nothing I can’t power through.” He shrugs, and Peter seems impressed and respectful, and Tony feels pride course through his blood. He heads to the garage that has been pried open at the bottom. He glances at Peter accusingly, but the boy just shrugs with a grin, as Tony unlocks it with his thumb print and goes back past the fancy cars and the old non-working ironman suits to pull back a white sheet and reveal his old duster. He feels immediately wistful. He’d loved bikes. Why had he given them up? He wheels it out and starts to fiddle with the tuner, wondering if it’ll work or need a quick scan. “What’s a Kree?” He asks, as Friday does a remote scan.

He’s going for nonchalant, but of course, Peter doesn’t buy it. “Alien species. They all died out.” His voice is oddly triumphant. “It was a real tragedy.”

Okay. Powerful, a little bloodthirsty, painfully patriotic. Tony can get behind it. “So, you aren’t one of them?”

Peter’s smile is a little sad. “No. Human.”

Tony frowns, “but-“ his blood is blue-

Peter shakes his head. Tony understands. It’s a conversation for later. The bike is up to standard and he straddles it. Spontaneity has always been a part of who he is, but this feels right. Peter straddles his own bike, before there’s a meow and a ginger cat is leaping up onto the seat and curling into Peter’s lap. Tony blinks.

“Is he coming along?”

Peter grins, twisting the accelerator and revving the engine. “Goose? Hell yeah. How else are we
gonna wake Fury up?” And with that, he shoots forward, and Tony is left in his wake, staring after him in awe.

The bruises still twinge and he could sleep for about a thousand years, but there’s the open road ahead of him, and a strange boy with blue blood and something that makes Tony’s heart go to yes yes yes, so he’s content to go with it. His arc reactor had called for this boy, after all. And as the sun rises over the crest of the pine trees, he thinks maybe, for the first time in a long time, things are gonna be alright.

curious to know what you guys think my aesthetic is!!! am i cool?? i wanna be cool i wanna be your vacuum cleaner. breathing in your dust...if you like your coffee hot, let me be your coffee pot. you call the shots babe, i just wanna be yours; ...secrets i have held in my...

Chapter End Notes

Secrets I have held in my heart are harder to hide than I thought...Maybe I just wanna be yours, I wanna be yours, I wanna be yours, Wanna be yours, wanna be yours, wanna be yours, wanna be youuuuuurs.

PS: Go watch Captain Marvel. I went in with the lowest expectations, and watched it purely for Jude Law but ended up leaving just honestly having loved everyone. W O W. Seriously. I'd never liked Fury, but that's done a complete 180. He's a bae. Also, I'm naming my next cat Goose.

PPS: Anyone living in America want to marry me so I can come and get a visa? We could make that marriage work. I'm fun and neat (in both the tidy and the cool sense) and will only demand hugs once a day for approximately two hours.
You can read part 1 here! Pairing is Peter/Everyone, though this instalment is a little starker heavy ;) Thank you for being so patient :( Unexpected delays are not fun.

“Oh, Ironman,” Peter gasps, stroking his fingers over the pebbled keys of the glossy keyboard. “You didn’t have to! Oh my god,” he lets his gaze linger over the bronze trimming and the way it sparkles in the light of his bedroom: awestruck. It’s the keyboard he’s wanted for ages, but it was far too extravagant and-

Ironman: You know I love treating you, baby. You deserve it.

Peter feels a warm flush rise to his cheeks and he sets the keyboard lovingly onto his desk before turning back to the screen. 500 daddies are watching him, all part of the loyalty programme, and he knows that the only reason he’s as successful as he is right now (even though he’s nowhere near as successful as some of the other boys on this site) is because of Ironman’s initial recommendation. “Thank you, daddy,” he whispers honestly, still shaking his head in amazement. “But it must have been so expensive and-”

Ironman: nothing is too good for you

wintersolider: open mine next

b.widow: spend all the time you want fawning over your new keyboard @prettyinpink, shy-pleasure suits you

Ironman: it really does, doesn’t it?

“Ohay,” Peter says with a bashful smile, “I promise I’ll use it everyday, Ironman, thank you so much…” his gaze turns to the brand new keyboard and his fingers itch to type on it. He resists the urge for now, and goes back to his viewers with a teasing grin, “shall we see what’s next? Wintersolider, we’ll do yours,”

Peter stretches across the bed, knowing the way his back will arch. He’s only been doing this for about two months now, but the recent influx of viewers and the almost unbelievable amount of coins, means that he’s given his operation a severe upgrade. He now has two lighting posts and a better camera and microphone, and he and MJ had bought yoga mats and practised positions in the mirror to get the ‘casual sexy’ that MJ said he could nail. He can afford food and text books and he’s even thinking about quitting one of his jobs, because for the first time in a long time, it’s like he can breathe.

The wintersolider’s package is small and neat, the next one in the enormous pile of gifts (the downstairs office seems mildly suspicious by the number of packages Peter gets but nobody says anything) and Peter bites his lip in anticipation. The comments are eager, and there are a few demanding he get to the sexy stuff, but Peter does his best to block them out.

He does do the sexy stuff, because it makes him feel good. Better than he thought it would. But the ding of the coins, and the effusive praise from his viewers make him glow with pleasure and spill all over his stomach. The lacy pink teddy he’s in right now was the first gift he got in this haul- from C.America, and it fits like a glove. The thin straps and sweetheart neckline, along with the tight corset that gives him curves, makes him feel so confident. Peter opens the new package in front of him and he can’t help the startled giggle that escapes.
The comments go frantic with curiosity.

So he lifts the pink, ribbed dildo up into shot. It’s a modest size, but curved in a way he knows will have him muffling his moans if he doesn’t want the other people in the building to think he’s getting murdered.

“Thank you,” he says around a smile, looking right into the camera. He’s not the most confident person in the world, but ever since this site..he doesn’t hate how his eyes sparkle, like ironman says they do. Or his silky hair, like b.widow calls it. He feels pretty. Pretty in pink. He trails his delicate fingers up and down the dildo and feels his hole clench in anticipation. “So, what should I do with this first?” He teases with a smile.

There are a number of comments immediately, but Peter decides that because wintersoldier sent it in, he should get to choose.

**wintersolider**: suck on it sweetheart. get it wet for your hole.

Peter shivers with the delight of a command, and brings the dildo to his lips, and presses a wet kiss to its head, before tracing his tongue down the side. He tips his head back, eyes half lidded as he lavishes the toy, watching the comments and feeling the familiar tingles of pleasure coursing down his spine. He gets it slippery, his lips red with spit and drool trailing down his chin.

He doesn’t wait for instruction before he’s rising up on his knees. He’s desperate for something inside him, and most of the comments relish in it, and his hole gives way for the wide intrusion, as he sighs in relief. It feels so good, so right to be filled up in this way-

There’s a jingling of coin tokens, and it’s a pavlovian response that his dick dribbles with precum: the hd camera picking up every pixel of it. Once he’s worked it in all the way, he pauses, catching his breath and feeling his hole flutter around it. The ribbed edges scrape against his insides deliciously and his voice hitches as he speaks:

“I wish one of you was here,” he whines, high-pitched and needy as it always is when he gets like this. “Wanna be held- wanna feel you-“ he wants strong, warm arms around him, soothing him and thrusting into him slowly, deliciously. He’s been doing this for long enough to realise he has a great number of kinks, but nothing is better than a huge cock and effusive praise.

**ironman**: I’d take such good care of you, sweetheart, you have no idea.

**C.America**: you’re perfect

**Strangelove**: You need to be pet, don’t you? Like a little baby kitten.

The newest daddy’s comment has him breaking out in a moan and thrusting down onto the dildo desperately. God, yes. Yes, he wants that. He nods helplessly, grinding his prostate against the toy and wishing there was someone to snuggle into- he wants to let someone hold him and make everything good for him-

The comments are calling for **faster** and **harder** and **deeper** and Peter’s helpless to obey them, hips jerking as his eyes scan over the text, each word complimenting him making his skin flush red and hot and his little dick straining against his flat stomach as he twists the dildo for the best angle-

He cums with a little yelp, fucking himself through the aftershocks as he makes a mess of his bedsheets (courtesy of ironman) and pants open mouthed for a moment, blinking away the black spots starring across his vision.
On cue, another load of coins come trickling in and Peter’s cock gives a valiant twitch, much to the amusement of his daddies.

“Thanks for tuning in,” Peter mumbles, shy now he’s off the high of sex, and he ducks his head bashfully as the daddies wish him a good night and start to trickle away.

**ironman has requested a private chatroom.**

Peter smiles around his yawn, and ends his stream with a reminder that the next session will be in two days, only to accept the private window. Ironman is his best tipper by far, and he sends the most presents (both sexual and nonsexual) so Peter is happy to show some favouritism for one of his favourite daddies.

Tony doesn’t show his face, but Peter doesn’t mind. Because Tony has a delicious voice, and the black screen just enhances the mystery and fuels Peter’s imagination. He hears shuffling on the other end, and Peter sets the laptop on his desk.

“Hey, ironman,” he greets happily, pottering over to the window to let in some cool night air, as he strips out of his dirtied lingerie and does his best to mop up the cum on his bedsheets.

“Baby, you’re more beautiful every time,” ironman breathes, his voice is a low delicious timbre and Peter shivers, tossing the lace into his laundry basket and reaching for the oversized tee he uses as pyjamas. It swamps his frame, but it’s the comfiest thing ever- ironman bought it for him a few weeks ago, it’s a plain grey and utterly cosy. “You like that, don’t you?” He asks thoughtfully, and Peter blushes, flicking off the light stands and tucking them into the wardrobe.

“It’s my favourite. Did you cum tonight, daddy?”

He chuckles. “I tried to hold out for when it was just me and you, but you don’t even realise what a little slut for it you are, do you? You get so into it, I couldn’t help myself.”

Peter goes pink all over, and grabs the laptop before clambering into bed and nestling into all the pillows he has. He drags the blanket up to his chin and hooks his arm over it, blinking into the camera sleepily. “Thank you for the keyboard,” he whispers earnestly, “that was- I really didn’t-”

“Hush. You know I like treating my favourite boy.”

Peter can’t stop his smile at the endearment.

“Drink some water, sweetheart.”

Peter pouts, his legs have turned to jelly and his eyes are already drifting shut. “‘m fine…”

“Baby,” the voice is harsher this time, and Peter’s eyebrows knit together: upset at the tone. Ironman’s voice gentles, “you need something to drink, c’mon. I’ll give you thirty tokens.”

He can’t help rolling his eyes, as he forces himself out of bed. “You don’t have to pay me to drink water, I know you’re right.” He pads over to his mini fridge and pulls out a bottle, bringing it to his lips. The cool water trickles into his mouth and he’s instantly thirsty for it, downing almost half the bottle before clambering back into bed.

“Good boy,” ironman murmurs, pleased, and there’s the chiming of coins. Peter immediately feels bad that he didn’t just get the water in the first place, he’s just taking ironman’s money- “Hey, none of that. You know I like spoiling you.”
Sated from his orgasm and hazy on the cloud of praise, Peter drifts towards sleep. He feels bad. Normally ironman wants to know about his classes, and how his life is going in general, or sometimes he’ll describe all the things he wants to do to him and that’ll have Peter whining with need, but now he just wants to drift off...“Hey, ironman?” He asks, eyes almost slipping shut.

“What is it, darling?”

“Sometimes I just…” he yawns again, his body fighting to stay awake, “I want to not do anything-but- but be held and stretched and- I tried looking it up, but…” he pouts, too exhausted to be embarrassed about how babyish it must make him look. “It said that people like that are selfish and- and lazy-“

“You are neither of those things, precious boy,” ironman soothes instantly, his authoritative baritone makes Peter’s toes curl hopefully. “You’re a pillow princess, that’s all. You want someone to make it good for you, take care of you, and it’s why you’re so perfect. When it comes to making your daddy feel good, you’d do anything, but when it’s your turn- you want someone else doing all the heavy lifting, hm?” There’s a teasing, approving lilt in his voice and when he says it like that, it doesn’t sound so bad. Peter’s feeling flushed just thinking about it.

“A pillow princess?” He repeats, hushed and thoughtful. “Am I a princess?”

“The prettiest princess,” ironman croons, and Peter grunts a little as his dick twitches and ironman chuckles. “Sleep, sweetheart. I’ll watch over you.”

Peter thinks he should probably turn off the webcam, but ironman’s voice and his breathing is soothing, and Peter feels himself slip away before he can think any more of it.

I am v open to suggestions about anything you’d like to see in this series :)})

Five points to anyone who can tell me where this lyric is from: *So now you'd better stop and rebuild all your ruins, For peace and trust can win the day, Despite of all your losing*
Starker, Superior Ironman/ Peter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Superior Ironman loses his Peter, so takes one from another universe. Based off this post.

“Boss,” Betty says worriedly, her breath coming out in frosty puffs of air, as the subzero temperatures of the dome leak into the lab. The chill seems to crawl through the gaps in the door, but Tony, in his symbiote-powered suit, all sleek living metal, doesn’t shiver or stir. “Boss,” she tries again, her voice cracking a little. Pleading. “What if this doesn’t-“

“It will work.” He growls, and his eyes shine blue as the metal of his suit flashes from silver to azure before settling back. She flinches and turns back to look at the readings. It’s almost level. “He’ll be my Peter, Doctor Banner. You can count on that.”

He won’t be your Peter, she wants to say. His Peter, their Peter, is gone. Is dead. This one, this one in reality 143 is phenomenally close, though. This Peter Parker (and he’s not Peter Parker in all of them) is the same age, and the closest in personality and experiences, but-but- maybe she should have lied. Maybe she should have said this wasn’t possible. Because Tony, ever since Extremis, is different now. Unhinged. And after Peter- Peter was his last tethering hope to goodness and Peter is gone, and maybe she shouldn’t have said it was possible to bring him back-

But they’re here now. With the particle accelerator and the streams of power and the severing of universes and the ever-encroaching cold.

She blinks back tears. She wants Peter back, she does, but this isn’t going to do it. Tony’s lost his mind. She has to- she reaches out a hand to push the button that’ll make the whole thing collapse in on itself when Tony’s armour-covered hand grabs her wrist. It’s so hard that her body automatically starts to tinge green, the Hulk threatening to come out- but his voice is steel: “Doctor Banner, are you going to help me get my boy back or not?”

She looks into his grey eyes and lets the tears spill. “Tony,” she gasps, “he won’t be yours. He’s another Tony’s- pulling him from his universe, it’ll have ramifications we can’t predict-“

“I will destroy this planet,” Tony vows in a low, monstrous hiss, armour glowing with the psionic link to him, an angry, avenging red. “I will burn us all, unless I get my Peter back.”

Love is madness, she thinks, as she nods and starts the accelerator.

The noise is ungodly. It’s a shredding of the walls of space and time. It’s unholy. She takes a fearful step back, as Tony seems to swell forward with anticipation. His eyes can’t leave the ever-brightening spark of the accelerator. Swirls of magenta are bolting faster and faster from one end to the other, snatches and shredding and sounds of violence and screaming and chatter- it’s the voices of the universes, oh god, what has she done? Peter’s name is screaming in a mantra, the chill creeping in on them, colder and colder and-

Kissing Peter won’t ever get old. The kid is all gasping and bashful but so eager for more, and Tony snakes his arms around his waist and licks into his little wet mouth as Peter mews for more.

Kissing Peter is a relatively new development. Freshly eighteen, Tony had finally given into the urge
to touch and hold and *adore* as much as he’d wanted, and Peter’s a mix of shy delight and sinful temptation as he tries to get Tony back into bed.

Sex with Peter is fucking amazing. Tony would do it all day everyday if he could. In fact, he’d like to do it right now-

“Mr Stark,” Peter grits out suddenly, and Tony arches an eyebrow. The hero worship will never get old- “Mr Stark-“ he says again, more pained this time, and Tony pulls back worriedly, his eyes flickering over his young lover’s face.

“Pete?” He breathes in concern, wiping away the clammy sweat and the pinched expression. “Are you okay? Petey, what’s w-“

“Mr Stark!” Peter gasps out again, and he’s yanked backwards suddenly by something. Tony stares- Peter flickers- *flickers*, as in he seems to disappear for a second, before reappearing, looking sick to his stomach and doubled over in pain. “Mr Stark, I don’t- I don’t feel so good-“ he chokes out, his eyes wide and terrified, blown big and brown as his hands stretch out for him.

Tony’s already marching out for him- heart pounding- when Peter flickers away and doesn’t-

He doesn’t come back.

He leaves disbelief and pain and an eerie, spreading cold.

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Tony’s heart pounds as the accelerator stops. He can hear nothing over the rushing in his ears, as he stares through the glass. Betty is sobbing somewhere behind him, but he ignores her for now (he can always kill her, if she becomes a problem. He’d rather not, but either way), to stare harder through the fog.

And then his heart leaps into his throat.

There, there lying small and shivering on the floor is- it’s-

“Peter,” he whispers, like a reverence, before he smashes through the glass and the suit intuitively lifts him up and over the shards, down and towards his boy.

There’s an apprehension, a fear like he’s never felt before, dawning on the horizon of his mind as he comes towards the boy, but-

It is.

It is him.

It’s his Peter. Just the same. All soft skin and smooth lines and fluffy brown hair. He’s- he’s here. He’s okay- his Peter is- he’s not dead, he’s fine- he’s here, he was always here- He crouches down, and the touch startles the boy- his eyes spasming open and he gasps for breath.

Peter blinks rapidly, and his eyes are a little unfocused, before he lets out a sob. “Mr Stark!” He cries out in pure relief, and then flings his little arms around Tony’s broad shoulders.

*Mr Stark*. How interesting this one still calls him that. But his voice is so sweet, just the same. The lilt, the smell of him- Tony inhales him. Pain blossoms, but the petals fall instantly. He thought he’d never get this again. He thought he’d lost his boy, the love of his life forever, he thought there was
no point— but there is. Peter is here, in his arms. He wraps his arms around the boy tight and lifts him clean off the ground, before flying them back into the lab because the boy looks pale and of course, Peter was always so sensitive to the cold.

“Peter!” Doctor Banner gasps, and Tony presents him proudly; chest puffed out in pleasure. It is Peter. He lets Betty get a closer look, but Peter uncurls a little in stunned surprise, his eyes wide with uncertainty.

“Who are…” he steps back, out of Tony’s arms and Tony can’t have that. He won’t ever have that again. Some of the biotech slithers off his suit and onto Peter’s skin, just so Tony can feel the connection, just so he knows. Peter doesn’t seem to notice. His eyes flicker from Betty to Tony in confusion, and he seems to take Tony in, really take him in, his face morphs into an expression of fear.

It makes Tony’s hands curl into fists. He never wants to see that expression on Peter’s face again.

“Who are you?” He croaks out, trembling like a leaf, eyes glancing around for a way out. “You’re not—” beautiful, whiskey-gold eyes fill with tears, and his voice cracks like glass, “you’re not Tony—you’re not—” his chest rattles as he starts to hyperventilate and the symbiote tech on his skin relays his vitals to Tony—worriedly.

“Peter,” Betty says, taking the reigns when Tony thinks he might shatter and destroy everything in the world to stop Peter’s tears. “We’re— you’re in an alternate universe. I’m Doctor Banner—“

“Doctor Banner?” He repeats, face red and chest heaving as he tries to piece it all together. “I don’t—you’re not—“

“I’m not your Doctor Banner,” she says carefully, “I’m this universe’s equivalent. We…” her eyes look to Tony, but he can’t find words. He can’t look anywhere but Peter. His boy is here, alive and well and Tony loves him. Will never let anything bad happen to him. “We…”

She can’t say it, but she doesn’t need to. Because Peter is beautiful and clever. His boy. “You took me.” He whispers, turning to Tony. It’s bliss, to have that gorgeous gaze on him. “You stole me from my universe.”

“No, baby,” Tony corrects lovingly, the symbiote on Peter’s skin crawls up and makes itself comfortable and undetectable on the back of Peter’s neck. This way Tony can always monitor him. “I brought you home.”

“No—“ he starts gasping for air again, “no, I want to go home. I want to go home, send me back—“ he whirls to Betty, “please,” he begs desperately, tears spilling down his cheeks, “please, I want to go home—“

Doctor Banner reaches out for him and Tony snarls at her. Peter flinches at the noise, so Tony softens, and crosses the room, engulfing Peter easily into his embrace. The boy resists, but he’s no match for Tony’s strength in armour. “You are home. You’re my Peter. You smell just the same.” He breathes him in again. He smells of grass and pine and the open sky full of possibilities.

Peter starts to sob, and Tony soothes him lovingly. It must be hard, he reasons, in a new universe. No matter. He’ll lavish him. He’ll make this Peter love him just as he did his own because this is his Peter. Peter is always his, across all the universes, across all of space and time.

As he carries Peter out, he hears Betty destroy the particle accelerator.

Should he reward her, or kill her?
Three days of crying, and attempting to escape, has meant that Tony has had to resort to measures that displease him.

Peter has to be tied up at night; hands to the headboard, but he still sobs, and Tony croons to him, kisses him, tries to coax him into dreams and not nightmares. Peter tries to escape, but Extremis wouldn’t have let that happen anyway. He owns the Utopia of New York, even if Peter had made it out of the penthouse. His boy had swung a punch, and ended up breaking two of his fingers.

Tony had mended them gently, peppering kisses over his face and Peter had tried to hit him again, before breaking down into tears.

Tony’s heart aches. He doesn’t want his boy sad. He wants his boy happy. Happy like he’s happy to have him back. He makes all his favourite meals, and shows him photos and videos of them together from years ago. Shows him how long they’ve loved each other. Peter stares at the videos and sobs and begs to go back to ‘his Tony’ and Tony doesn’t like that. It makes him angry and his biotech crawls over Peter’s mouth to stop those hurtful, hurtful words.

Peter has no other Tony. Peter is his. Peter has always been his. His Queen of Utopia. His partner. His boy.

He’s mulling over what to do on the third night, sipping some bourbon and looking out through the windows into his perfect city. The money is pouring in and people are screaming somewhere far below. He wishes they would stop. They should be praising him. He’s a god to them.

“Here,” comes Betty’s voice. Tight, broken. She hands Tony a piece of paper. The edges of her neck are green with barely contained control.

He glances down at it, and hums thoughtfully.

“It’ll…he’ll come around. He’s so much like our Peter that…that this’ll make him come around.”

“He is our Peter,” Tony corrects her mildly, and she doesn’t say anything to that, slinking off into the darkness, as he rubs the paper contemplatively between his thumb and forefinger. She’s his best scientist. His oldest friend. He controls her like he controls everyone, but she would never betray him. Not knowing what he could do to her.

He decides he’ll take her advice.

“We’ll get him back, Tony,” Bruce whispers, taking a break from the endless graphs and curving equations to lay a hand on Tony’s back. It’s knotted with tense muscle and the scientist sighs. “This-it’s going to be okay. We’ll get him back.”

Tony doesn’t pause from where he’s screwing very dangerous metals into what’ll be a collider. “He disappeared right in front of me, Bruce.”

“We’ll get him back, Tony,” Natasha repeats, but Tony doesn’t spare her a glance. He hasn’t stopped working, stopped pushing himself to the limit since Peter had disappeared. Thor and Carol (and Loki, apparently) are searching space with the Guardians, but space is infinite and Bruce, like Tony, doesn’t really believe that Peter’s still in this universe.

Bruce itches to find him.
Tony doesn’t need platitudes. He turns and goes back to the graphs, sketching out a way to stabilise this thing.

Natasha has the same thought pattern, because she leaves without another word, and Tony works on through the night like he’s not a mortal man who needs sleep.

When Bruce was a student, he was forced to take a module in Greek literature.

Amidst the science and the math and the theory, there’s memories of embedded lovers, working themselves to the bone to cross the sea, the stars, the depths of hell, to get their true loves back.

___

There’s a constant, dull ache in the marrow of his bones. It’s a restless shifting. He doesn’t feel right. It isn’t right. He shouldn’t be here, in this world. He can feel his body fighting it, from time to time, and he doesn’t know how much his enhanced healing is doing but Peter has a feeling he’d be pretty dead without it.

His powers and this universe don’t gel right. His webbing comes out funny. It’s better not to use it.

He’s had a few days now, to assess. This…this whole thing is just insane. Tony- not his Tony, crazy Tony, with the silver trim in his hair, with eyes that change colour and a suit that sometimes looks like liquid, this world with a female Bruce Banner and a city that Peter gazes down at through the window and it looks…nothing like the New York he grew up in.

The penthouse, with all the right furniture in slightly different positions.

He’s had time to reassess. Running had been stupid. This Tony is…darker. He’s never hurt Peter, but it’s clear that the powerful aura he wields isn’t just for show. Peter doesn’t know how, but this Tony rules everything. He might be a King? A demi-God? Peter’s not sure. But running and fighting was stupid, he knows that now. If Karen were here she’d tell him that the best, smartest thing to do, would be to play along.

He wants to do it. He really does. But…but he so often just bursts into tears.

Tony tells him all about his Peter, the Peter that Peter is supposed to be. Peter doesn’t know what happened to the other Peter. He’s dead, obviously, but how? Peter’s made to wear his clothes and—they’re all girly. Pastels and oversized sweaters and short denim and pumps. There are no jeans and plaid like he likes. He puts them on anyway, because Tony looks at him when he’s naked with an expression that is- that is familiar and stirs a bolt of lust in Peter’s gut which is- which is wrong, because though this Tony is certainly as attractive (albeit, in a much more dangerous way) as his Tony, it’s not his Tony.

Just like Peter isn’t his Peter.

He wakes up to find his wrists unbound, and decides he’ll do better today. He won’t burst into tears. He’ll play the part. He’ll gain his trust, and then make his escape. There has to be someone- someone in this universe, outside of this city, that can make something, do something, there has to be a Steve, or a Natasha, or a Thor in this universe. Someone good, who’ll help him.

The sunlight streams in, and Peter takes a second to relish it. If he doesn’t think too hard he could pretend nothing’s happened. That he’s home with Tony. Not spending his fourth day in a universal prison.

He doesn’t linger for long. His hands are unbound and Tony isn’t here, so he showers and changes
as quickly as possible (whenever Tony finds him showering, he insists on helping him, and Peter can’t help the mortified arousal at a handsome, muscular man giving him such attention). The other Peter’s wardrobe is lavishly stocked, and he slides on black leggings and a purple knitted sweater that hangs over one shoulder and makes him feel far too feminine. He tries not to look at his reflection because- because other Peter could be his twin.

He pads over to the window, feeling sick to his stomach, and uses a still damp finger to write against the glass: *I love you*. Maybe somewhere Tony, his Tony, will read it and know. It’s a long shot, but he’ll embed the messages everywhere he can. He traces the words with his fingers in the bathroom, against his skin, against any piece of furniture that looks the same in his own universe.

He sits on the bed and stares out of the window. He doesn’t want to leave the room. Tony usually brings him breakfast. It’s always something Peter loves, something that only someone with intimate knowledge of him would know. Grilled cheese with the crusts slightly burnt, pancakes and bananas but with the bananas definitely not touching the pancakes. Orange juice with no pulp. He refuses to eat at first, but Tony had thrummed with energy and anger and Peter had hedged his bets and shoved a handful into his mouth.

Now when he eats, Tony gets such a look of joy.

If he loved his Peter, as Peter thinks he did, then he can understand- he can understand why he’s been brought here. But it’s not right. He understands, but- loss is a part of life and- he swallows the lump in his throat and tries not to feel sorry for his captor because that is just the sort of thing he does- when the door opens.

Tony strides in. He’s so much taller than Peter’s Tony. Broader. More muscular. A little older. Devilishly handsome (But Peter’s Tony is handsome too. Cocky and handsome in a gentler way). He smiles delightedly at the sight of Peter and strides over, his thick fingers pushing through Peter’s wavy brown locks. “Peter,” he beams, “you look beautiful.”

Peter tries not to burst into another round of begging to go home. Instead he smiles shakily. “Thank you,” he blushes, trying to stay docile as Tony’s strong hands cup his cheeks: relish just in touching him.

“I have something for you.” Tony announces and Peter shivers: anxiety and fear coiling inside him. “I thought you should have breakfast, maybe spend the day with him.”

Peter peers around him at the sound of someone coming into the room and-

everything falls away.

Uncle Ben is standing there. Smiling and eyes misty and Peter leaps off the bed, and is running over before his mind can even think it through. He leaps into his arms the way he did as a boy, even though he’s too big for that now, but Uncle Ben holds him just like before. He’s the same- he smells the same, he feels the same, he *hugs* the same, and Peter breaks his resolution-

He bursts into tears.

But it’s okay, because Uncle Ben is crying too, and they’re happy tears. “Peter,” he sobs, “I thought I’d lost you,”

“Uncle Ben,” Peter sobs, holding him so tightly he’s afraid he might break him. Ben is wearing a brown faded jacket, it’s the same jacket Peter has seen him wear so many times. When he was little and Uncle Ben was his hero and-It’s him, it’s his Uncle Ben- oh god- the joy racks through him so
hard his vision blurs. Uncle Ben is here. Everything is okay. He’s safe and home and-

“Peter, my boy, my Peter-Pumpkin-Pie.”

The same pet names, it’s the same.

He sobs loudly and falls to his knees, and Uncle Ben does too, and they hold each other and cry. He’s so happy it hurts.

Unseen, Tony smiles.

—

Tony wakes, and for a moment, as the sun shines in, he can pretend everything’s normal and okay. That Peter is in bed with him- stretched out like an adorable octopus.

It’s not. He doesn’t know how he ended up in bed, because he sure as hell didn’t fall asleep and goddammit if Steve carried him-

A cloud obscures the sun for a moment, and the light shines oddly.

Tony frowns.

There’s a smudge on the window.

The smudge reads:

I love you.

“When you get what you want but not what you need. When you feel so tired but you can’t sleep. Stuck in reverse. Lights will guide you home and ignite your bones, and I will try...to fix you.”

Chapter End Notes

It's nearly 3 am and I just want a cat.

PS your comments are lovely and I love you.
Starker Thief Tony

Chapter Summary

Thief Tony goes a-stealing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The papers have labelled him the world’s greatest jewel thief, which is really quite upsetting considering the fact that he doesn’t just steal jewels. He’s really rather good at hacking security systems, and bank vaults, and priceless artefacts locked away in German museums. He’s got a few people out of maximum security prisons- the point is, he’s done a lot more than just jewels.

Like right now, for instance. He’s about to steal a painting.

Osbourne Manor is pretentious as hell, but the security system had been remarkably easy to get past. It’s empty now, as he strolls through rooms of valuables, his combat boots creaking against the marble floor.

The Butterfly painting is in one of the bedrooms upstairs. He’s looked at floor plans but he can’t be sure which one. No matter. He has time. The whole night’s ahead of him, and Norman and Harry are both out of town. If Tony’s lucky, they won’t even realise the painting’s been gone for a few months yet.

He finds the right bedroom eventually. After rolling his eyes at French, then Russian, then Austrian minimalist decor (why won’t people pick a theme?) He flicks on the lamp by the door rather than the switching on the light switch, just so any nosy neighbours won’t see and everything is bathed in a gentle glow. The room is enormous and decorated in bronzes and golds and there on the wall directly facing the door, is the painting.

It’s a surrealist piece, Tony thinks, taking out his equipment. It’s a boat with sails made of green butterflies. It’s pretty.

He takes a step forward to better examine it. He doesn’t want to hack it out of the frame, but if it’s bound-

He catches a faint flicker in the corner of his eye, and he turns for the first time- to the gigantic bed.

There’s a- there’s a…

It might as well be another painting. Tony blinks a few times to make sure it isn’t. There’s a boy on the bed, spread out and lovely on red silk sheets like a Renaissance piece. He’s long and lean, cream skin and shapely thighs, wearing only an expensive white dress shirt that’s too big for him, and completely undone.

The red silk sheets cover him artfully- leaving enough skin bare, and enough hidden to make Tony think- there’s no way this is real-

But the chest rises and falls. The angelic face is lax with sleep and the copper curls flounce
marvellously against the pillow.

Well.

Shit.

What does he do? Leave? There wasn’t supposed to be anyone in, but the Osbourne’s have clearly let this boy borrow a room. He looks about the son’s age. A friend, most likely. But the painting is-no, Tony should go. It’s the only thing to do.

He turns to leave, and his boot creaks a little, and the boy’s breathing stutters.

Tony’s uncharacteristically frozen, watching in horror as the boy blinks a few times, surprised by the light. He sits up, and then stiffens at the sight of Tony.

God, Tony doesn’t have his mask on or anything.

The boy lets out a startled little gasp, breath hitching, sitting up sharply, his perfect legs falling open and his eyes are whiskey gold. Jesus, he’s gorgeous.

Neither one of them moves for a long time. The boy is staring at him, and Tony is staring at the boy. Should he run? Technically, he should kill him, but Tony doesn’t kill. It’s pretty much his only moral rule. Besides, the boy’s far too beautiful. Tony’s heart aches over how beautiful he is.

“Um…” the boy says, after a very lengthy silence. He’s adorably confused and a little sleep rumpled. “Are you…” he cocks his head helplessly. “One of Mr Osbourne’s friends?”

Tony can’t help the disbelieving laugh that crawls out of his throat even as he should be agreeing.

The boy blushes: gorgeous and pink. “I didn’t think you- are you that- the jewel thief?” He asks curiously, getting a little braver now that he seems certain Tony won’t hurt him.

“I’m not just a jewel thief.” Tony bristles automatically, before cursing himself.

The boy blinks slowly, before turning to look at the painting and then back to Tony, and then to the equipment on the floor. The boy’s lips part in dismay. “Were you going to cut it out of the frame?” He cries, sounding outraged for the first time since Tony came in.

He winces, “uh- no- I’d have to have-“

“That’s thick canvas, you don’t cut-“ the boy pinches the bridge of his nose in exasperation, before shaking his head and getting to his feet.

He seems to remember then, his modesty, because Tony’s lips part in awe at the perfect navel and sharp hip bones. He hurriedly covers himself; flushing scarlet, before heading over and lifting the painting down. Tony watches in amazement as he cleverly unclips the frame and hands over the canvas.

He stares at it.

“You’re…letting me steal this?” He asks, just to clarify. Did he hit his head on the way in?

The boy scrunches his nose up a little. Tony resists the urge to kiss that beautiful nose. “It’s not stealing if I give it to you.” He points out sensibly.

Tony frowns. “But it’s not yours?”
“I mean- I painted it,” the boy shrugs, rubbing the back of his neck. The cuffs of the sleeve hang past his wrists, making him look small and soft. “I guess Harry might ask for another one, but-“

“You’re Peter Parker,” Tony whispers in horror, because this isn’t- he’s-

“You’ve stolen lots of my pieces,” Peter whispers, but he doesn’t sound upset, he sounds pleased. “You must um…like them?”

Tony feels a little faint. Peter Parker is a prodigy in the world of painting. His stuff goes for millions. And he’s- he’s gorgeous to boot. “I-I am lost.” Tony admits, untethered and clutching the painting deliriously.

“Would you like some water?” Peter asks worriedly, his voice a sweet lilt.

Tony laughs manically. Water? He’s a thief! He’s robbing him- he’s- “please,” he manages, throat parched, and Peter disappears into the ensuite bathroom, coming back with a cool glass that Tony downs in record time. “I…I…I’m sorry,” he says, because he’s not sure what else to say, but Peter only smiles- devastatingly beautiful.

“Why?” Ask those gorgeous, golden eyes.

Tony shrugs helplessly. He feels enraptured. Stuck and stranded in the gaze and aura of this Renaissance beauty.

Peter seems to be able to tell. He leans forward and kisses Tony’s cheek softly. “It’s okay.” He assures.

Tony leaves, dazed and awe-struck.

Two months later, Tony’s stealing another one of Peter’s pieces from the Louvre.

Written in pencil on the back of the canvas is a phone number.

Tony grins.

Ten points for the getting the song ;) Have no fear, your hero is here. My super sense is telling me that danger is near

Chapter End Notes

A villain’s on the loose and he’s ready to attach!
“You,” Tony croons in a velvety baritone above him, “are the best sub in here, baby. Don’t you forget it.”

His fingers card through Peter’s hair and the boy whimpers as that low timbre of praise soaks into his skin like an aphrodisiac and he nuzzles Tony’s crotch pathetically, wishing he could see beyond the silk black blindfold he has on. He can smell Tony, the expensive cologne and clean freshness of his suit, and he mouths wetly at his dom’s cock desperately.

Tony chuckles, and Peter can feel his legs spread a little wider, so he licks more firmly against the outside of Tony’s hard-on as it presses against his trousers. “You hungry for me, sweetheart? Such a good boy. The best boy. Daddy only has the very best of everything, doesn’t he? So you must be sublime.”

Tears prick at his eyes and they run down past the blindfold, wet and shiny on his cheeks as he flushes all over, brimming with pleasure and want. He aches after the evening’s activities, but still he wants more.

“Oh, sweetheart, my precious little thing,” Tony murmurs, sounding a little awed, and then Peter is being lifted up like he weighs nothing and he lets out a little cry because he wanted to suck Tony’s cock- when the blindfold is nudged upwards and he blinks at the dimly lit room of the private club. There are couples everywhere, and a lounge singer harping sweetly in the background.

He focuses on Tony, drinks in the sight of him greedily, eyes blown wide with lust and perfectly groomed. Peter leans in and presses his face into Tony’s neck, nibbling the skin he finds there.

Tony’s stroking down his back now, his fingers tracing Peter’s used, wrecked hole. “Are you tired, baby? Did Daddy push you too hard?”

Peter shakes his head adamantly, words are too hard to form, but he croaks it out anyway, his throat a little bruised, “you’re- it was- perfect- perfect, perfect,” he babbles and Tony chuckles again, just soothing him. Peter doesn’t know what he looks like. Maybe he looks utterly destroyed and Tony just wants to lavish him for a while.

Peter’s fine with that, and his eyes slip shut, and he ignores the other people all around them.

“There you go,” Tony says approvingly, and Peter tingles. He can still feel Tony’s hard on pressed against him and he marvels at how virile his dom is, when Tony’s voice whispers in his ear: “Everyone was staring at you, baby. They were all jealous. They wanted you, it was so obvious, but you’re all mine.”

Peter mewls helplessly and sohs with want- sleep a distant dream. He doesn’t want sleep. he wants more, more, more-

“Oh, darling,” Tony tips his head back and laughs handsomely, but his eyes are kind. “I’ve riled you up, haven’t I? I’m sorry,” he kisses Peter tenderly, “more later. Sleep now.”

It’s a command and a declaration of love, and so Peter, the perfect sub, does.

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i have a huge praise kink so am always in love with all of my professors who for some reason like my essays plz send help
warning: father/son incest (starker), mentions of attempted non-con/dubcon (not starker)

When the door to the penthouse of Stark Tower opens at 10pm, merely two hours after the prom started, Tony knows something went wrong.

He jerks to his feet and hurries upstairs from the lab, his mind racing, before he reaches the top step just in time to see the door swing shut and Peter, his boy, try in vain to wipe the tears from his face.

Tony’s breath catches at the sight. His boy, his tiny little Peter, so handsome in his fitted tusk that’s a little dishevelled now, his hair that was perfectly slicked back is fluffy and spilling into his eyes- his eyes, all rimmed red, and cheeks sore and glittery moisture streaked all down them.

Tony rushes forward and Peter sees him, and gives up trying to hide his sadness, and just *wails*.

He collapses into Tony’s arms, small and slender and sweet, and Tony holds him viciously tight. “Sweetheart,” he murmurs, eyebrows knitted together with worry, “what happened? Are you okay? Are you hurt?” He pulls back a little, trying to look him over, but Peter bursts into a new set of tears.

He’s always been a crier. When he was a baby, it was whenever Tony left the room. And then when he was a toddler, his little face would screw up in dismay when Tony so much as looked at anyone else. He’d found it absolutely adorable, and even though other parents had murmured ‘co-dependent’ under their breaths, Tony had ignored them.

Peter is Tony’s whole world, and Tony is proud to be a big part of Peter’s.

He guides them over to the couch, his heart racing. Peter is hiccuping and crying and Tony’s getting really worried now. What could have happened? What-

He scoops his boy up into his arms, still so feather-light and small, and sits on the couch, with his baby straddling him. It’s not appropriate, but their relationship has always erred just a little on ‘we probably shouldn’t do this in public’.

Peter, however, buries his face into his father’s chest immediately, instinctively, seeking all the comfort he can as his shoulders wrack with sobs.

Tony clucks soothingly, and cards his fingers through those chestnut curls. “Baby,” he mutters, “come on, come on, please, you’ve got to tell me what happened.”

He can feel wetness seeping through his shirt from Peter’s tears. It’s breaking his heart. He wants to know who he has to kill. Who he has to dismember for daring to make his boy cry.

“You’ll- I-c-can’t-” Peter whimpers, shaking his head in distress, “you’ll be angry-w-w-with me…”

“I would never.” Tony vows, because Peter has to know that. Tony’s never been angry with him. He’s not sure he even knows how to be.

There’s nothing for a while, just Peter rubbing into his shirt like a cat, and Tony petting down his back, before Peter starts to talk. It’s a little muffled, still buried in Tony’s chest, but Tony listens carefully. “I was…supposed to…” his breath hitches, but he barrels on. “Do…do it with Harry tonight,”
It takes a second to understand. And then Tony’s mouth floods with venom, and he bites down on his tongue hard. Fuck. Fucking Osborn. Peter’s boyfriend who Tony absolutely loathes and Harry knows Tony hates him and seems to relish in it, the little shit. But ‘supposed to’, that means it didn’t. And Tony hates himself a little for gripping to those words like a lifeline. His little boy, his sweet baby, shouldn’t be having sex with some loser like Osborn. He should be with someone- someone who cares for him, who loves him as much as-

“And-and he’d r-rented this….this hotel room, but I-” Peter scooches closer, needing to be as close to his father as possible, and he buries his face in the crook of Tony’s neck instead, his hot breath against Tony’s scruff and Tony was already trying not to get an erection, and now he has to bite his tongue quite a bit harder as Peter’s thighs are forced to stretch wider across his lap and Tony’s nestled quite nicely between that glorious ass. “I wanted to keep dancing- I was- h-having fun,”

Tony’s arousal dampens immediately. He wraps his arms around his boy tightly, and silently urges him to continue.

“But he said- he said I’d p-promised, and he took me upstairs and-and all his friends were there- and-“ Peter’s tear-clumped eyelashes tickle Tony’s neck, but Tony can barely feel it. His hands are curled into fists and his nails bite into the flesh of his palm. He’s seeing red. “He said I had to- but I didn’t- I didn’t wanna, daddy…” he descends into incomprehensible sobs and Tony is shaking with his anger.

His boy. Harry was going to have sex with Peter in front of- Harry was going to force Peter to- he’s going to kill him. He’s going to kill him slowly, painfully. Make his useless father watch. His heart breaks for Peter too. His perfect little baby, with his huge bambi eyes, backed into a metaphorical corner and reminded of his ‘promise.’

And Tony knows how easily manipulated Peter can be. How he fumbles desperately to be kind and unwaveringly sincere, and how he might have buckled under Harry’s pressure and-

“So, I-I- said I had to get ready and then I climbed out of the bathroom window-“

Tony is so fucking proud.

“You brilliant, brave, boy,” he whispers, and Peter pulls back to look up at him, eyes searching for approval.

“You’re not- not angry?” He blinks wetly, hopefully, and Tony hauls him back into his neck, breathing him in: safe, and here, and virginal.

“Of course I’m not angry,” he breathes. Well, he is. He’s furious. But at Harry and his friends, not at Peter. Never at his baby. “You know I could never be angry with you,” he traces the curve of Peter’s jaw with his fingers, feather-light and sinful, “not with my perfect boy. You know I love you more than anything.” His voice is low, and crooning, and Peter’s plush bottom lip quivers a little, and he sniffles, as more tears fall.

Tony remembers tears falling down Peter’s chubby, baby cheeks, then down his spotty, middle school cheeks, and now he watches as the crystals run down those sharp cheek bones. His boy is so handsome. So perfect. “I don’t why he- I thought he- I thought he liked me.”

Tony’s hands fall to his son’s hips, and he shushes him lovingly. He’s never been like Peter in that regard. Never craved approval and wanted everyone to be his friend. But Peter is gentle as a little bird, unfailingly kind to everyone, and Tony can’t stand for his heart to be broken. “He wasn’t right for you, sweetheart, and you knew that. You didn’t want to have sex with him.” He says it to remind
Peter, but also himself. It makes the anger recede just a little.

Peter nuzzles back into Tony’s neck, like it’s safe there, like he can close his eyes and rub into Tony’s scruff and finally relax. There aren’t words to describe how good it feels. How right. “It didn’t feel…it was like we didn’t fit,” Peter whispers. “Like Harry wasn’t- like he wasn’t the right one. Like it should’ve been…” the next words are even quieter, and Tony feels them breathed onto his skin, “someone else.”

His cock twitches. But that- they- they’ve never been normal, him and Peter. The five year old who would never get angry, but would throw tantrums when Tony smiled at an attractive woman. Tony remembers the first time Peter brought Harry over and he’d nearly shattered his glass of water in his hand.

There’s overprotective, and there’s…there’s jealous.

Peter’s hips shift just a little, but the movement is meaningful. Is enough.

Tony lets out a warning growl, his hands tight on his boy’s waist, but he leans back to see Peter’s face. Still a little teary, but his eyes are darker now, with arousal.

Tony sees everything he needs. “It’ll be me, sweetheart,” he promises, and Peter’s eyes glitter with delight, but Tony shakes his head. “But it won’t be tonight. Not now. Not when you’re so delicate.”

Peter opens his mouth to refute it, but dips his head in understanding. He’s still heavy with heartache, after all.

“We’ll just stay here,” he promises, leaning back, dragging Peter back into his arms and just holding him.

“Just like this?” Peter asks hopefully, snuggling into the embrace, warm and beautiful and Tony’s.

“Yeah,” Tony smiles. “Just like this.”
He can taste water in his nose.

It burns like salt in a wound or acid in the back of your throat. He hurts so bad, he think’s he’s crying, or trying too anyway. Trying to scream, but the noise is drowning within him. Like he’s drowning. He’s falling, deeper, sinking, slowly-

And then the pain lessens just a bit. It still flares and seethes, but he’s seeing lights, and it doesn’t hurt as bad anymore.

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When Peter wakes up, he knows he’s in a hospital before he even opens his eyes. There’s the smell: clinical and clean, the sounds of the monitors and the beep beep beep of his heart.

He blinks a little, everything coming sharply into a focus, and he lets out a whimper, feeling small and feeble and embarrassed.

“Peter,” Steve croaks, appearing suddenly above him, and Peter leans into his brother’s caress like a cat.

“Hey,” he manages, and Steve looks equally fond and angry.

He settles for cradling him, and holding him tight, and whispering all the things he’ll do if Peter ever gets hurt again. “You know,” Steve murmurs into his hair, as Peter breathes in the scent of family, “you know you’re not supposed to go out by yourself. Surfing. What were you thinking? What were you thinking?”

Peter blinks away his tears. Maybe he was thinking that being small and scrawny and sickly isn’t how he wants to live his life. Steve used to be scrawny, and then puberty hit. And now he’s a giant with huge muscles who volunteers with the navy.

Puberty hadn’t graced Peter with her touch, the brunet thinks bitterly. A little miserably too.

When Steve pulls away, Peter realises with a flush of humiliation that there’s someone else in the room.

And then he goes even redder, when he realises it’s Tony Stark, Steve’s best friend and roommate down in the city.

Tony’s the same age as Steve- both of them five years older than Peter, but Tony doesn’t look a thing like Steve. Peter’s eyes linger on the facial hair, the dark eyebrows and the cocky eyes that have haunted him ever since he turned 13. Now, at 18, they still haunt him.

Tony looks- off. Peter can’t place it. Not as sure of himself. Not as smug as Peter’s used to.

Peter manages a little wave and a broken smile. “Hey, Tony,” he says as bravely as he can, but Tony’s eyes are indecipherable.

“You shouldn’t have been out there alone, Peter.” Tony says evenly, “something could have happened to you.”

“Something did happen,” Steve nods, looking down at Peter meaningfully. “You need to stop
pushing yourself.”

Surfing. Surfing was pushing himself. Everyone surfs. He can see MJ and Harry in the waves and himself stuck on the golden sand of the beach.

“I’m tired,” Peter whispers, feeling a new bout of tears.

Steve kisses his forehead and promises to stay for as long as he needs.

Tony is a darker, lurking figure in the corner, whose gaze never leaves Peter’s for a second.

***

Steve doesn’t let him go back to California. Peter is bundled up onto a plane and then he’s in New York in an apartment that he can only blink at.

It’s huge.

Beyond huge.

How is Steve- oh right. Tony. Tony must be affording it, but Steve couldn’t pay half the rent surely-Tony’s must be giving him a reduced rate.

Peter half smiles at that. For all the cocky smugness, Tony has a huge heart.

He doesn’t realise he’s shivering so hard until Tony tugs him in through the threshold and towards the modern fireplace. Peter curls into it, too weak to protest.

“We shouldn’t have brought him here,” Tony is saying, almost too low for Peter to hear, but not quite. “The doctors said California, they said the heat was good for him-“

“He can’t be by himself, Tony! He’ll- he’ll keep pulling stunts like this, you don’t know him-“

“It’s Winter in New York, Steve. He’s freezing-“

Peter looks into the flames and wraps his arms around himself. “You don’t have to- Tony doesn’t want me here.” He mutters. He can go back to California and living with Harry and continue writing freelance articles from home.

Tony is suddenly right in front of him, eyes fierce and gaze determined. Peter is simultaneously aroused and envious. Tony’s so handsome. 23 and rich and strong. “Peter,” he says, no room for argument in his voice, “you are always welcome here, kid. But it’s so cold-“

“He won’t leave the apartment.” Steve promises, and Peter tries not to get angry at the prickle he gets whenever someone tries to control him. Steve just wants what’s best for him. He sighs, and lets them mother-hen him.

***

It even works for a few weeks.

Steve works most of the day, and Tony’s down in the lab, but they always make Peter dinner and it’s always delicious, and the apartment’s thermostat is turned up and Peter only has to walk around in one or two layers compared to five.

Tony’s building even has a gym, and Peter can do the gentle workouts his doctor ordered.
Sometimes, he breaks out into fits of coughing, but Tony’s always there. Like he knows. And he helps Peter through it.

He even lets Peter come and sit in the lab with him, gives him some circuit boards to fiddle with and Peter itches with the urge to read some books on electrical engineering- but before he even needs to ask, Tony is giving him one.

Peter stares up at him in awe. “Are you a mindreader?” He asks, and Tony laughs, ruffling his hair.

“You’re just painfully obvious.” He teases.

Peter smiles, but his heart hurts a little. Tony sees him as a little brother. Peter could never be seen as anything else. He’ll always be little and weak and-

He hates feeling that way.

***

It’s why he does something stupid.

He knows it’s stupid even before he does it, but he does it anyway. He’s not actually a prisoner, and it’s easy to slip out in the middle of the night, into the cold, ferocious New York winter.

Lisa lives in New York now. He went to school with her, and she’s keen to meet up with him. She’d asked if it was okay- but he’d shut that line of questioning down.

Besides, he’s wearing his thermals, and lots of layers, and even though the chill is biting, the crunch of his feet against the snow makes him smile so wide it hurts.

He meets her outside a Five Guys and she smells like chips. She holds a little pot of them out for him- cajan, his favourite.

He’s supposed to be on Steve’s strict diet regimen.

He takes a handful and they taste like heaven.

“You look better,” Lisa grins, as they link arm and head to the cab waiting at the road. “Healthier. New York suits you.”

He swallows down his guilt. Tony and Steve’s hard work suits him.

They end up at a lake frozen over in the winter.

Lisa eyes it dubiously, but Peter sees nothing but opportunity. He slides down the snowbank and onto the ice.

It doesn’t crack.

Lisa laughs and joins him.

It’s fun for all of thirty minutes. His lungs rattle a little, and Lisa is holding him tighter than she did when they first got out, but it’s fin. There’s spinning and dancing and racing and twirling- when there’s the sound of a car door opening and Peter skids a little, tripping and landing hard on his back as he looks up to see a figure on the snow bank.

It’s Tony.

It’s almost silent with fury, and Peter shivers and trudges back up the bank. He feels small and stupid. “Nothing- we were fine.” He insists. “How did you even know-”

“You’ve been talking about this place.” Tony hisses angrily, but all Peter can hear is that Tony listens to him. Listens to the nonsense he mumbles when he’s stacking wires and he’d thought Tony had tuned him out.

Tony looks down at him, disapproval radiating off him in suffocating waves- before turning sharply to Lisa.

“You want to hurt him?” He snaps, and Lisa rears back, clumps of snow falling from her.

“No! No, I-“

“That’s what you did. You put his life in danger. Encouraging this type of reckless behaviour- he could have died. Is that what you wanted?”

She’s shaking her head and crying. “No, no we were-“

“It was my idea!” Peter yells angrily, shoving at Tony a little. He doesn’t even budge. “Don’t yell at her, at least she treats me like I’m real! Like I exist, like I’m not some- not some delicate little bird and-“

“Peter,” Tony whispers, and his eyes glint with distress and hurt so real that Peter nearly faints at the sight of it. “I cannot. I cannot lose you again, do you understand?”

The words hover in the crystals of night air between them, and Peter swallows a few times, trying to make sense of them. What does that- what does that mean- what does-

It can’t mean what he thinks it means. It can’t, it can’t- it can’t-

Tony’s lips are warm and taste of mint and honey and Peter gasps in amazement.

They’re gone before he can do anything, and Peter nearly lets out a sob- before Tony’s back, kissing him again, impossibly gentle. A caress and a promise.

“You’re not a delicate little bird,” he reassures, pressing their foreheads together. “But you need- Peter, please- could you-“

“Oh, he whispers, because he can hear and taste and feel the love coming off Tony in waves.

Lisa leaves, the crunch of her footsteps sounding her goodbye in the snow, but Peter just burrows further into the warmth of Tony’s embrace.

Hopefully, forever.

baby it hit so hard, I’m holding on to my chest. Maybe you left your mark, reminding me to forget. It doesn’t matter where you are, you can keep my regret, cause baby i got these scars- reminding me to forget.
He can hear water splashing and laughter and lovers crooning, and he knows the end is near.

Stephen cracks his eyelids open, so dry he can feel the scrabble scratch against his sensitive whites, as he blinks rapidly to acclimatise to the soft, warm glow of the studio. It’s magnificent, all white wooden flooring, expensive sculptures and it’s absurdly homey and artistic. There’s a king sized bed in the corner by the windows, a kitchen unit with bronze finishings, a couch and a gigantic television- but his eyes immediately go to the claw footed bathtub just to the right.

It’s silver, and overflowing with bubble-gum pink bubbles and Peter (Spiderman, the evil, Spiderman) is languishing in the warm water, as Tony (the king of evil) leans over the side- his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, as he washes his boy.

Stephen tries his binds as discreetly as he can, but every muscle still aches. God, he wishes they’d killed him. Why hadn’t they killed him?

“I think our guest is awake, baby,” Tony murmurs, and Stephen’s eyes snap to his, and Peter turns too.

Oh, how the tides have changed. Stephen had Peter locked away- bait for Tony, the bigger fish. He’d towered over the eighteen year old, stripped him of his powers, sent magic and pain coursing through his veins until Peter had been nothing but a sobbing, whimpering mess that Steve had to carry back to his cell every evening.

That boy is gone now.

This one is flushed pink with health, doused in luxury- but still utterly beautiful.

Tony’s handsome too, of course. Well groomed, slight manic in his eyes, smug lips and a jaw line for days. Stephen can appreciate that, but he’s never wielded any power over Ironman (top of the most wanted list for years). And Stephen likes power.

He recognises here and now, that he doesn’t have any. And that’s why his heart’s jack-hammering in his chest.

He’s not an idiot. He’d known there was a risk in taking Peter (in hurting him). Tony Stark is insane and if there was anyone he’d ever do anything for- it was Peter Parker. Stephen knows he’ll be punished for his choices. He’d hoped maybe it would be a quick death, but he can see the fury- quiet and cold and seething (unforgiving)- in Tony’s eyes, and he knows it won’t be.

“Can I have more bubbles, daddy?” Peter asks sweetly, turning away from Stephen like he’s bored of him, and Tony smiles- wolfish and dangerous, and tips more pink bubble bath into the water.

“You can have anything you want.” Tony promises, and swoops down to kiss Peter right on the mouth, and the boy melts into it: needy and desperate and sweet. Tony’s not much better, his hands are dark and huge against Peter’s pale, slender neck, and they hold him tightly.
Others might not see it, but Stephen can. The gentle tremor in those violence-inflicting hands. Tony, for all his cocky wit and nonchalant destruction, is still reeling from the loss of Peter. Shaken to his core at having lost his boy, even just for a short time (at having been bested).

Stephen had the boy in his facility for months- and that’s longer than Tony’s ever been beaten at anything.

He’ll certainly die for it.

“Can I have a canine, daddy?”

Stephen frowns. Tony smiles. The older man kisses Peter’s forehead, before waltzing over to Stephen who realises once the pliers are picked up- just what Peter means.

The pain is never-ending- spiking and twisting and never just a dull ache he can become numb to. Tony is vicious, and all the while he’s hissing into Stephen’s ear, everything Stephen already knew-

“You took my boy, Strange. You think I’d let you get away with that? Think I’d let you touch something that was mine? He is my everything. I will kill everyone on this goddamn planet if you even attempt something like that again. I’ll wreak havoc.”

After as much as he can take, Stephen begs and pleads. He turns to Peter desperately as blood streams down his face, and Peter just lopes his neat elbows over the side of the tub and smirks-

“I don’t remember you ever letting up when I begged, do you, Mr Strange?”

Tony growls at the reminder of his boy’s imprisonment.

Stephen croaks out another plea-

Peter’s face hardens. He gets out of the tub- elegant and dripping wet, and Tony’s eyes devour him as he pads over and leans down to spit in Stephen’s face. (He smells of strawberries). “You kept me from my daddy. You get nothing from me.”

Tony chuckles. “You really missed me, didn’t you, baby?” But his hand still shakes a little, as he caresses Peter’s cheek.

Peter nuzzles into him: eyes devoted. “I love you. I would do anything for you.”

Tony drags him into a wet kiss like he can’t help himself- smeared in Stephen’s blood as he is-, and Stephen watches- horrified and afraid and he knows-

He’s utterly powerless.

*if you see something, say nothing, and drink to forget.*
Starker Hades Tony, Persephone Peter

Hades Starker x Persephone Peter, with the obligatory twist ;)

Tony is not beginning to fall in love with him. He’s not. He does not find the way Peter hums to himself when he’s tending to the flowers enchanting. He most certainly does not think that Peter’s little melody to the birds that come and greet his enchanted garden is melodic, and he definitely doesn’t think that his smile and laugh is as sweet as anything.

Not even a little.

Tony broods in his cage; fire burning in his palms. He doesn’t like being caged. He’s King of the Underworld and this little Summer Prince thinks he can just waltz in and keep him trapped behind beams of gold-

Well, okay, maybe he did. But in Tony’s defence, he hadn’t been prepared for such a bait tactic. He’d seen the tormented soul and followed it with a deadly prowl, only to feel the cage shut behind him, and that sweet smile and those big eyes blinking up at him through long, fluttery eyelashes.

“Good morning, Tony,” Peter beams, gliding into his garden. The flowers seem to rear their heads in delight, and Peter trails his fingers across their petals as he hurries over to Tony’s cage. The breeze is warm and Peter’s silk, pink robes are so light that they catch in the gentle wind and twist this way and that. He comes right up to the cage, and Tony can’t help but stalk over from his perch and loom over the Prince with his flower crown and doe-eyes. Tony is so much taller than him. He casts his dark shadow over the younger god.

Peter doesn’t look intimidated at all.

Instead, he presents a bouquet of flowers from his behind his back, and pushes them through the bars of the cage.

Tony takes them a little dully.

The fire in his palms dies a little. Just a little.

“I know you don’t like roses, or foxgloves, or even dandelions,” Peter begins, pouting just a little (and no, no Tony does not find that cute) “so I grew you these nightshades and lilies of the valley.” His cheeks go as pink as his robes, and he twists one of his ankles nervously into the dark soil. “Do you like it?”

It smells fresh but with the hint of poison. It’s a beautiful arrangement of dark purples and blues like the bruises that dot human skin and Tony swallows thickly against the lump in his throat because the denials he keeps repeating in his head sound a little weaker each time. The nectar glows gold within each flower; strong with Peter’s love and power.

Goddamn it, he’s the King of the Underworld and the Prince of Summer has trapped him in a cage and that’s- that’s pretty much courtship in the land of the dead. It’s right up Tony’s death valley. He likes it.

But Peter is cloved in clover and daisies and his eternal crown attracts silver butterflies that perch atop his perfect hair and Tony is fuelled by fire and- it could never work.

He takes the bouquet, and he doesn’t say anything.
Peter’s gentle smile wavers just a little, and unbearable sadness flickers through his eyes and Tony’s just about to break his own promise to himself and try to comfort him when Peter starts to talk-

“You’re upset with me, aren’t you?” He whispers, turning from the cage and conjuring his bronze watering-can as he waters the bustling flowers of his garden. “You’re not the only one. Everyone else is upset with me too. They keep yelling at me and-” he sniffles a little, hiding his face and Tony cranes his neck as much as he can through the bars of the cage to catch a glimpse- his heart breaking for the young god. “They keep saying it’s my fault that no one on Earth is dying, or that- or that there’s no winter. They keep saying I should go away so that mortals can have the cold, but…” Peter kneels amongst his wildflowers and hydrangeas, and meets Tony’s gaze beseechingly. His cheeks are glistening with tears and the fire in Tony’s core raises to such a flaring level that he feels his irises bleed red. “But all my pretty flowers, they’ll…they’ll die in the cold.”

“Don’t listen to them.” Tony snarls in spite of himself, watching as a mockingjay twitters comforting into Peter’s ear. “You don’t owe anything to anyone.”

Tony knows the other gods are right, though. He hasn’t been down in his kingdom to collect a new soul in months. The mortal world will only continue to have problems if no one dies- and no winter? Well, that won’t be good either.

But he won’t ever deny this god anything.

Zeus above, he thinks to himself. He loves him.

He looks down at the bouquet in his hand, and back to Peter- the gorgeous, perfect Peter. His epitome. His ideal. The Prince of Summer Sunshine and Flowers and Beauty- Tony adores him. Adores how clever he was to lure a soul into this cage as bait. Adores how he apologises whenever he has to bind the ropes of disbelief around the cage to make sure Tony can’t get out- because nothing weakens a god like disbelief. How he brings ambrosia sweetened with honey, and they sit crossed legged on the floor opposite each other- the cage between them, and eat together.

Tony doesn’t really like the sun. He likes his dark, diamond-rich underground palace, but…he loves Peter. He loves the sunshine in his eyes.

The young prince has a streak of wicked amongst all that beauty, and Tony wants.

But Peter would never survive in Hades. Without his flowers. Only growing asphodel and deathbells and nettles.

“Peter,” he murmurs, and the young god sniffs and looks up.

“Yes, Tony?”

“Do you have any pomegranate growing in this garden of yours?”

Peter gasps, clambering to his feet and Tony smiles: small, and soft, and earnest. “Really? But- but-“

“I won’t take all of them,” Tony warns, “but half. Half of my time here with you, half of my time down in Hades.”

Peter pouts, but Tony stays firm.

“Mortals cannot live forever.” He reminds him, and Peter nods thoughtfully.

“But I don’t want to be without you ever,” he whispers, and Tony knows he would raise an army of
the undead for this prince. Would destroy the mortal realm for him. Peter nods decisively, having made his mind up about something, plucking the pomegranate seeds and striding over. He unlocks the cage and for the first time in months Tony is free and Peter trusts him and-

Tony simply steps out, and presses a dry, scorching kiss to Peter’s forehead. His kiss is like a brand of fire, and Peter blushes sweetly at its touch. Peter slips half the blood red seeds into Tony’s palm, and his hands are so small and slender compared to Tony’s, and then clutches the other half in his own.

“I’ll take half too. Half the year, we’ll both be in your kingdom, and the other half- we’re in mine. That way the mortals can have their winter too.” Peter whispers excitedly

Tony wants to shower him with pearls. “But what about your dandelions? They won’t grow without sunlight.” He points out, even as he imagines Peter on a throne of petals beside his own one made of skulls.

“There are other flowers that will.” Peter promises, and they smile, and they bring the seeds to their mouths.

*led through the mist, by the milk-light of moon, all that was lost, is revealed.*
The omega in the window is the haughtiest little princess Tony has ever seen.

And he wants him more than anything.

The New York streets are cold and his coat is too threadbare to withstand the icy chill of late fall, but he blusters his way up sixth street to the high-end boutique with the omega in the window anyway.

When he gets there, Peter is reclining on a lavender chaise-langue pressed against the window inside. It’s the prime spot for him. All the passers-by stop and coo over how beautiful he is and Peter preens at all the attention. By the time Tony gets there, there are already a few alphas cooing. A plump lady with a Gucci handbag, tapping at the glass and murmuring sweet things, and a man in a three piece suit and slicked back hair, with a gaze so dark and lustful that Tony feels a prickle of irritation towards him.

He waits until they begrudgingly get on with their day, before he ambles up to the glass and grins.

Peter rolls his eyes as soon as he sees him, lifting his snooty little nose into the air and Tony laughs. “Morning, Petey,” he beams loudly, knowing the nickname irritates the posh thing, “thought I’d drop by and say hello. Still not accepted any Alphas yet? Or can no one afford you?”

He’s teasing, but it’s a real feat to keep the waver of awe out of his voice because Peter is as stunning today as he is always. He’s clad in pink chiffon and glittery highlighter on his cheeks and something amethyst and glossy on his lips. His chestnut curls tumble into his eyes and he looks like a diamond—and for all Tony’s teasing, he has to curl his hands into fists, because he’s just a 17 year old Alpha who barely gets by, and he could never get someone like Peter.

“No one could afford me,” Peter says primly, stretching out over the antique furniture like a satisfied cat, and his white skin is tempting as milk and Tony very nearly pouts when Peter sits up and his teddy covers up the top of his lovely thighs. Peter notices, and bats his eyelashes innocently. “Are you worried someone might snatch me away?” Peter giggles, and it’s so close to the truth that Tony bites back a growl.

“I don’t care what happens to you,” he lies, catching sight of his dirty reflection in the glass. Peter is clean and sparkly and luxurious. Tony is grimey and his coat is threadbare. “You could reject any alpha you wanted- and you clearly have. You’re too high-maintenance for me. Way too picky. When an omega says yes to me, I guarantee they’ll care about more than just money.”

Peter’s lips have parted in surprise, and his eyes flash in indignation. He huffs loudly, and spins away from the glass, disappearing into the shop.

Tony grits his teeth in regret, before walking away.

***

He works three different jobs- he’s a bike messenger, a bouncer, and a pizza delivery boy. It doesn’t pay much, but Pepper, another alpha and his best friend in the world, let’s him sleep on the couch and never likes taking money from him.

He slips it into her purse whenever he can though.
It’s getting colder, but he cycles up the street anyway, towards the boutique.

There’s no one around when he get’s there- he’s not surprised. It’s freezing. And he spots Peter’s big, amber doe-eyes glancing up and down the street, like he’s looking for-

Tony gets off his bike with a huge grin. “Were you looking for me, Petey?” He asks delightedly, and Peter flushes with a surly little glower, but doesn’t turn away. In fact, he seems to push a little closer to the glass and Tony softens.

“You didn’t- come by.” Peter says eventually, a little huff in his voice, but something gentle there too.

Oh god, Tony thinks, all of a sudden. Peter’s never said yes to anyone before, but he looks for Tony in the street and Tony-

He has to get his act together. Has to earn enough money to- to support Peter- to love him right-

“I’m gonna fix this.” He says, pressing his hand against the glass, leaving a smudge, and Peter blinks in confusion.

“Fix what?”

“Everything.” Tony vows, before getting on his bike and cycling away.

***

When he was a kid, he fiddled around a bit with electronics. Still does, here and there. He made a very ugly, but very practical lamp that turns on when you clap and Pepper adores it. He’s rusty- really rusty, but he borrows his best friend’s library card and tries to swot up where he can.

He has to do it between juggling jobs- which means he doesn’t get much sleep, and it all looks a bit hopeless until one night in the library, he’s tinkering about with a circuit board he took out of a dumpster, when Norman Osborn walks in.

He’s got a very little beta with him, who’s very clearly demanding an entire range of books, and Tony snorts to himself and thinks, if they’re so rich, why don’t they just buy them? Before Norman spots him.

Tony knows who Norman Osborne is. Everyone has an Oscorp Phone. Even Tony. His is used and should be broken because he found it lying in the street in the rain, but he’d fixed it up himself. It may not be the most refined thing, but it works.

Norman spots said phone on the desk, and then looks to the circuit board, and then takes in Tony’s whole appearance. Namely, the dark eye bags, the dirty clothes, and the slightly gaunt cheeks.

Tony never took Norman for a kind man, but he sees something in Norman’s face that night in the library.

“You want an internship, kid?” Norman asks, and Tony feels his jaw unhinge.

***

It’s just an internship, it’s only about 25k a year, but to Tony, it might as well be a million. He races to the boutique, proof of work in hand, and a plan to go to the bank and ask for a loan and then-

Peter’s eyes widen into little suns when Tony explains it to him. And Tony is vibrating with so much joy and energy that he nearly doesn’t understand it when Peter says-
“No, Tony.” In a firm voice.

Tony wavers. His world seems to cock to one side. He shakes his head. “I- no, Pete, this is-“

“Tony,” Peter says again, and there’s no teasing or haughtiness to his voice now. He looks… “Tony, look at you. You’re…you’re so thin.”

Tony looks down at himself. Peter is all smooth, plump curves, and Tony is-

He feels the cold much more easily than he used to.

He shakes his head. “I’ve got the internship, Pete. This is all gonna change- you won’t have to worry. I’ll work my way up and-“

Peter lets out a little noise of pain, and he shakes his head harder. “You are not wasting your money on me!”

“Wasting- Peter, the whole reason-“

Peter’s eyes sparkle with tears and they run down his blushed cheeks. “I don’t care about money, Tony! I’m not-“ he sniffles, and Tony doesn’t know what to do. Peter is, though. He’s used to fine silks and three course meals and Tony can only provide that if he dedicates a lot of money to- “I just want you and stale cheerios and shelter from the rain.”

Tony’s heart. He feels wetness in his own eyes. He presses his hand against the glass, and Peter does too. “You know what cheerios are?” He teases and Peter sniffs around a giggle. But Tony sobers. “No. Pete. You- you deserve more than that. I’m going to the bank-“

“May!” Peter calls, eyes never leaving Tony’s, “I’ve picked my alpha.”

Tony blinks. “Wait, no- I don’t have the money yet-“

May appears, takes one look at Tony, and smiles a private smile. “Tony Stark,” she says through the glass, beckoning him in. “For you, there’s a special deal. Peter Parker? One dollar.”

Tony’s pretty sure he faints.

***

Peter perches on the back of Tony’s bike and Tony keeps apologising, stumbling over his sorry’s because he doesn’t have a car, but Peter just nuzzles into the back of Tony’s neck and tells him he doesn’t mind at all.

Pepper is shell-shocked, but nods and says they can both sleep on her couch, and Tony is nearly drowning in his guilt when he sees Peter- the most prized omega in New York, asleep in the corner of Pepper’s lumpy couch. It’s fine for Tony- but not for- not for someone as delicate and precious as Peter.

Peter never complains, but Tony knows he must- he must want, need, more.

“I’m going to get a job.” Peter says over their ramen noodles one night. Tony stares at him, taking a moment to stop feeling guilty over the fact that Peter isn’t eating steak and caviar.

“What?”

“A job. You’ve got the internship and the bouncer role, I should get a job too.”
“No, no, you don’t need to-“

“Tony?” Peter whispers, reaching across the table to touch his alpha’s hand. “I’m happier here with you than I ever was in that boutique, or than I could ever be with someone else. If you actually noticed that, you’d realise I’ve been throwing myself at you since we got here.”

They have sex on Pepper’s couch that night.

Full of ramen, and messy and clumsy, and Tony bites down hard on Peter’s neck and promises him a better life—better than this, something he deserves and Peter curls his fingers tight into Tony’s hair and says—

“All I want is you.”

***

But Peter does get a job, and Tony learns slowly, but surely, that Peter doesn’t want fancy gifts. What he wants is for Tony to spend his money on practical things. Like food and savings and a thicker coat.

He works hard at his internship, and his brain feels so exercised that he starts coming up with better ideas, and then one day Norman says—

“I need an assistant.”

Everything tumbles over itself pretty quickly after that. He’s making enough to rent his own place, and he thanks Pepper with everything—promises he owes her more than she can know, and she just laughs, and kisses him, and kisses Peter too, and helps them move their few belongings.

It’s a small place— in the outskirts of Brooklyn, so the commute is a bitch everyday, but Peter has to commute too, and they hold hands on the subway and Tony doesn’t think he’d trade it for anything.

They fill expensive wine bottles with grape juice, and drink it while watching old re-runs on the tv, and Peter always leaps onto Tony’s lap and starts kissing him like he can’t bear not to, and the grape juice spills all over the floor and Tony carries his omega to bed.

It takes a while to really, really know that Peter doesn’t want more than they have.

Tony is the one who wants more than they have. He wants more for them, but maybe—
as Peter burns macaroni and cheese, or dances around to the radio, or beseeching tries to lure a stray cat inside—

Tony watches with a heart so full of love, he thinks—

maybe he should be happy with what they have. They have something wonderful, after all.

***

They don’t have to get married, but they do.

At a tiny chapel in Brooklyn with three people here. Peter wears white and he cries and Tony wears black and he cries too.

They keep putting their money in the bank, and Tony keeps working away at electronics, and Peter—working at the library downtown—starts reading up on electronics too.
He takes to it like a duck to water.

***

When Peter makes his first circuit board and the toaster works again, Tony comes home and lifts him into the air, and spins him around.

“I’m gonna get Norman to hire you,” Tony grins, and Peter giggles.

Two weeks later, Peter is an intern.

He’s on much less than Tony was, because he still has so much to learn, but Norman was swayed by the pretty omega- and after the disbelief of finding out such a beautiful thing was married to Tony Stark, he’d just patted his assistant on the back and shook his head in wonder.

“There is something about you, Tony.” He’d mused, and Tony had beamed.

Harry, Norman’s now 4 year old son, takes to Peter too. He’s very clearly besotted, and he stares longingly across the lab and Tony tries not to feel jealous of a child.

Peter finds the whole thing hilarious, so Tony just has to fuck him even harder when they get home.

Peter doesn’t mind that either.

***

When Norman dies, it’s a shock.

When everyone finds out he left the company to his assistant, shareholders scramble.

Tony is calm, though. He’s collected.

He releases the new phone he was working on, to rave reviews. He names it the N.0, after the man who changed his life.

Stock shoots up.

To much controversy, and with a visit to Norman’s grave, he changes the name over the company, to Stark Industries.

***

He has more money than he knows what to do with.

Wrong.

_They_ have more money.

He buys a penthouse and it doesn’t put a dent in the hoard. He spoils Peter with everything and Peter treats him just the same- loving and caring, like they’re still on Pepper’s couch, and not in a place of luxury up in the clouds.

Tony hires Pepper as COO.

It doesn’t make up for everything she’s done for him, but she cries like it does.

“Tony,” Peter whispers one night, stretched out on the expensive silk sheets, and he’s wearing make
up again now that they can afford it, and he’s in gorgeous hues of pink, and for one second, Tony can’t move. He feels sixteen again, staring at the unattainable omega through the shop window.

But he’s not. He’s taller and broader and there’s a gold band on his ring because he married that gorgeous boy. “Yeah, sweetheart?” He murmurs, leaning down to kiss Peter thoroughly, until his omega is a little dazed.

“Harry’s- I don’t think- his aunt doesn’t seem…”

Tony nods. “I was thinking the same thing.”

**

Harry is ten.

He’s surly and he’s hurting, but he cuddles into Peter and sobs and Peter holds him tight.

Tony reads him a bed time story, and Harry gazes up at him in awe; eyes still rimmed red- heart still gaping from the wound of losing a father.

“Are you my new family?” Harry croaks into the darkness, little fingers clutching the sheets in distress, and Tony turns to see Peter smiling and crying in the golden light of the doorway.

“Yeah, we are, kiddo,” Tony whispers, stroking Harry’s cheek. “And it doesn’t matter if we didn’t have a dime, because we’d always love each other.”

“Damn straight,” Peter whispers, and Harry laughs: sad, and hopeful.

Chapter End Notes

*sings* I am craving KFC...
Starker, Home Invasion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

TW: home invading and mild mild mild knife play.

It’s a dark and stormy night.

Isn’t that how the stories go?

The torrent doesn’t let up, and it beats angrily against the windows of Stark Manor. Tony’s nestled deep in the woods on the slope of the mountains,. On clear days you can see the landscape stretch to the edges of the earth. On dark nights like this, the storm feels worse than it would have in the city. On dark, endless nights like these, Tony reads books of the ancient world by the fire, and wonders whether somewhere out there- someone needs shelter from the rain.

The doorbell rings.

A flash of lightning.

Tony glances up from his book and his bourbon; the firelight dances across his face as he glances at the grandfather clock that tick tock tick tocks soothingly. It’s face is not so reassuring. II it reads, in roman numerals.

2 am. Who’s out and about in the middle of the forest on the side of a mountain in this weather?

Someone who needs shelter.

Tony rises slowly, setting down his book- carefully, so as not to crease the spine, as he walks out of his library and down the stairs.

The rest of the house is a warm glow, and it flashes silver and white every few moments as the lightning strikes pine trees deep in the alcoves of the forest.

Tony reaches the door, and pulls it open.

The frost and the wind and the wet strikes him immediately. He has to blink against its onslaught before he sees a- a young man. Maybe a boy, standing there, shivering, looking very small and vulnerable indeed.

“C-c-could I-I-“ he chatters, hugging himself, and Tony is struck by the honey eyes and the cream skin and he’s nodding, beckoning the fragile thing in- when something else jumps out and there’s red hot pain- and then nothing.

*

He’s not knocked out.

But he is disorientated enough that time seems to pass hazily and he sees colours and feels the bindings of rope against his wrists and ankles as the wind and the cold is shut out.

When he finally gets his bearings, he sees double for a few moments, before making out where he is.
He’s in his library.

For a moment, he wonders if it was all a dream. The fire is lit and roaring heartily, he’s warm and upright- but no, those are binds digging into his skin, and noises too.

Suddenly, a warm pair of honey eyes appears in front of him and he only barely manages not to flinch.

It’s the boy who knocked on his door.

He’s dry now. His hair fluffy and curly and he’s dressed in old furs he must have found in one of the guest rooms. “Hi!” He chirps, beaming, and he looks much less sickly than he did at the door. “I’m Peter. Here-“ he reaches out to dab at the side of Tony’s face and before Tony can recoil, he sees scarlet come away on the handkerchief.

He lets out a small moan of pain, and Peter- the boy/man with nice eyes and a gentle look, smiles sympathetically.

“Sorry,” he murmurs.

Peter seems reasonable, Tony thinks. His heart starts to pound. Death doesn’t have to be the endgame here. The boy’s not wearing a mask though, which is…problematic.

“Peter,” comes a snarl, and Tony looks up to see another boy/man. A few years older maybe. Broader, more muscular, the little shit who hit him, come striding over with a number of books tucked under one arm. He yanks Peter away by the wrist and Peter goes easily, a little smile on his face.

“Harley, look! He’s awake-“

“I told you not to get too close.” Harley snaps, his eyes hard, but his look protective. Tony tries to get as much out of the interaction as he can. Harley (and they’ve given their names away. Names and faces. Surely they mean to kill him?) towers over Peter, coarser and better equipped for the life they’re evidently living. Peter nods along easily, like he wants to obey, but he’s still holding the bloody handkerchief neatly in his palm.

Peter pouts, before giggling. “Did you find it?”

Harley softens, releasing him, and setting down the books on the bronze table. At least he isn’t tossing them into the fire, Tony thinks. Small mercies. “No. Bastard probably hid it under a false title.”

“What is it,” Tony begins, wetting his lips and trying to keep his voice from sounding so hoarse, “you’re looking for exactly?”

Both eyes flicker to him. Harley’s are light blue, but there’s no sympathy in them. Tony will get no aid from him. “You wouldn’t know, old man.”

Tony tries his bounds as discreetly as he can and tries to sound brave. “Try me. You break into my house, go through my belongings, don’t you think I deserve the courtesy?”

Peter looks between Tony and Harley curiously, before skipping off into the shadows of the library, evidently bored with this conversation. “Your house?” Harley repeats, amusement evident in his voice, and Tony gets the feeling that the boy knows something he doesn’t. “You just inherited this. This manor isn’t yours and these books aren’t yours either. There are secrets that your father hid that
Tony nods, because Harley looks a little manic. “So, you’re going to search the manor, take it, and go? That’s it? And I won’t even realise it’s missing, so—no harm no foul, right?” He thinks about the pain blossoming on his head, and winces just a little. If this was all they wanted, why not come when he wasn’t home? Or do they know him so well to know he never leaves? That he’s so scared of the outside that he shelters and stocks up and-

Harley leans back, shrugging. “If you let it be that easy, it’s that easy.”

Tony doesn’t believe him. But he has the sneaking feeling that Peter does. Peter probably thinks Tony’s going to be let out of this alive, but Harley must know better.

The blond shrugs again, before disappearing into the library to keep checking.

As soon as he’s gone, Peter reappears.

He’s just as pretty as he was before, and this time, he’s holding a silver dagger.

Tony stares at him. Peter smiles, impish and adorable, and completely wrong and he trails the fine blade point across his own cheek. “You know what I think?” Peter whispers, and Tony swallows hard. That’s the decorative blade set on the bookcase in the smaller, no less grand, section of the library. It’s just a decoration, probably not even that sharp, probably—Peter leans in, and his sweet breath fans over Tony’s face, “I don’t think Howard hid the book in the library.”

Tony wonders what it is they’re looking for exactly. But he goes with it. “No? The library’s a pretty ingenious hiding place.”

Peter smiles, his nose scrunches just a little and it wouldn’t look out of place in a Hallmark Movie. “It’s too obvious. Anyone with half a brain cell would think the library,” his voice drops a little, derisive in tone, “of course Harley thinks he’s a genius coming up with it. Idiot.” He rolls his eyes.

Tony doesn’t know what’s happening. He wanted to get Peter on side, play them against each other, but the boy is offering himself up in a way that’s too obvious. And there’s the fucking knife—

“Your dad spent a lot of time in this library, I bet,” Peter muses, and idly traces the blade across Tony’s bound forearm. It’s gentle. Feather soft. Just the way he was doing to his own face. Tony tries not to move, but he also tries not to show any fear.

He remembers his father. He remembers the library door always being locked as Howard holed himself up inside. It’s why Tony spends all his time in here now. “Yeah,” he croaks out, “he did.”

Peter beams at him, and reaches over to kiss his cheek like Tony’s just performed a new trick. “Good,” he praises effusively, and Tony tries not to keen (god, what’s wrong with him? Is he this desperate for approval, that—) “Where did Howard spend no time at all? What was a room in the house you never saw him go to? Or a room he seemed to just hate—“

The memory that’s triggered is one Tony hadn’t even known he’d remembered. It’s of Howard, sneering at Tony and his friends as cigar smoke fanned out around them—16 and pretentious and playing billiards and poker with rules they didn’t fully understand—

“The billiards room,” he whispers, and Peter’s eyes light up. The fire dances in his irises.

“Your house is just like a game of Clue,” Peter giggles, and then he’s using the dagger to slice through the ropes like butter, and tucking it into the pocket of the fur coat.
He takes Tony’s hand and threads their fingers together, pulling Tony up out of the chair. Tony can’t find his voice. He can’t find his words. But suddenly Peter is pressed up against him, warm and tempting when he—when he shouldn’t be, and those lips are whispering into the shell of his ear—

“Show me where the billiards room is,”

Tony nods uselessly.

He doesn’t know if this is part of the game, part of the elaborate plan, or if Peter really is planning a double cross here. He doesn’t know if this is his chance, or the end of the line.

But Peter’s hand is warm and confident, and for the first time, for some unfathomable reason—

The storm doesn’t seem quite so scary. In fact, with Peter and his knife and the fur coat—he thinks maybe he’s found a protector. And there’s a lot Tony needs protecting from.

Lightning strikes as he leads the way, and Tony doesn’t flinch at all.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve probably seen every home invasion horror and why do none of them end in lovely gay relationships???

PS: Please someone buy me a cat

PPS Please someone reach out to me. I’ll be living in London soon and I want to form a gang like in Friends. No backstabbing, just wholesome good times where we each get along perfectly with everyone else and we eat pizza and watch films and play with aforementioned cat.
Some days are terrible.

Some days are bad and somedays he aches and he skitters like an abused cat if somebody gets too close. He can’t sleep.

Some days all he can hear is Obadiah’s voice and the betrayal is so strong it makes his stomach heave.

He’s healing. That’s what his Pepper-appointed therapist says. That he’s healing, and Tony knows that, but it doesn’t mean that somedays aren’t terrible.

He’s found though, when it gets really bad, that roaming the streets of New York at two in the morning help.

It’s cool and crisp and the well-worn secret streets are empty. There’s no one to recognise him because the few odd people about are like him- lost, looking to escape their demons and not ogle over tech-giants. The pigeons that crowd the streets in the day time are gone from their masses, and only one or two remain; pecking at discarded chips and wrappers in the hopes of a meal.

Tony walks and marvels at the distorted shadows that follow him courtesy of streetlights and billboards.

Out here, in the night, he feels like so much is possible. There are no restraints. He could do anything. He could be anything. During the day, when the sun reigns, and he sits in the board room and listens to his COO try to nudge him back towards the lab, Tony feels trapped.

He can’t be in the lab right now.

Obadiah’s taken that joy from him.

Every time an invention comes to mind, or the urge to tinker with a circuit board blossoms, all he can see is the greed shining in Obie’s gaze and all he can think is what he thought in that moment on the couch: was I ever loved at all?

He takes a new turn every night. He’s not scared of getting mugged or anything like that. He’s not sure he can be frightened after all that’s happened, and besides, he has his gauntlet. He keeps that with him all the time.

The moon is probably up in the sky, but it’s hidden by slate clouds and Tony feels rested. Refreshed in a way that conjures up images of dew and fresh rain.
He’s about to turn to start the long walk home, when a shiny purple beacon in the distance catches his eye.

*Treat Yourself!* The sign demands, and Tony smiles a little. Alright. He will.

The rest of the shops on the street are closed, and as he gets nearer, this little bubble of mint light glows ferocious and proud into the dark.

It’s a dessert parlour.

*24 hours of deliciousness!* a sign in the window sings, *open every day (and night!) but Sundays.*

He looks inside.

It looks like it was transported right out of the 80s. There are vinyl pink booths tucked against the wall, and tables with swirly, lava-lamp designs and a sleek silver bar with magenta stools with metal feet that gleam in the gold light.

Behind the counter is a young man.

He’s eating ice cream and swinging his hips in time to a song Tony can’t hear.

He’s beautiful.

The whole place is- the whole place is beautiful. The 80s vibe promises thick chocolate milkshakes and warm crunchy goodness, so he pushes open the door and marvels at the quaint little ring of the bell above him.

He might be dreaming.

Inside the smell of spun sugar and melted chocolate hits him, and his body sags the way it does after a good massage. He feels safe. Now he’s inside, he can hear the song playing: some pop station he doesn’t really recognise. But it’s synthetic pop. For a moment, he wonders whether he actually has travelled back in time.

On the walls there are hyper-realistic paintings of crepes and candy and everything ties together so perfectly he wants to hand the designer of this place an award. Or a grant. He could do that. He has more money than he knows what to do with. Even if he is afraid of making more.

The boy looks up in surprise, and Tony just stares at him for a moment. He’s beautiful. Skin like milk and cream, eyes of hazelnut and lips like strawberries, he can’t be older than eighteen, and Tony glides over to him like he’s being beckoned by a siren. “Oh!” The boy says, beaming, before hurriedly shoving away his ice cream like he hasn’t just been caught eating the stock. “That was-mine.” He blurts, “I- brought it from home!”

Tony laughs. He tips his head back and laughs for the first time since all of this has happened, and he eases onto one of the seats at the counter. It’s comfy and plush and the perfect height. The boy’s eyes sparkle delightedly in response, and he wipes his hands on his black apron and rocks on his heels.

“What’ll it be, Sir?” Asks the lovely voice, and Tony’s eyes flicker up to the menu. It’s written in white, elegant chalk, and they all look equally delicious.

Food has always had a special place in his heart. Food can make a mole hill of disaster.

He dips his head, and feels so relaxed it nearly hurts. Nothing bad could ever happen in a place like
“Whatever you recommend.” He murmurs, and the boy bites his lip thoughtfully before beaming again like he’s an actual beacon of sunlight.

“Extra large Oreo waffle.” He declares, drumming his fingers against the counter, “with nutella sauce.” He waits a beat, before adding more quietly: “On the house.”

Tony opens his mouth to object, but the boy gives him a stern look, and starts mixing up some batter out of nowhere.

Maybe Tony looks worse than he thought.

And on that strain of thought- “Do you recognise me?” He asks, and he hates how small he sounds. How broken.

The boy pauses, before he resumes mixing batter and smiles, and he has dimples like a real-life angel, and he says wisely: “I see someone who needs an extra-large Oreo waffle.” He nods, and Tony thinks he might fall in love.

It’s cryptic and sweet and- perfect.

Just like the waffle.

When it’s set down in front of him, it’s so heavy with deliciousness it bends the purple plate that says Treat Yourself! in big pink letters on the underside. It smells like heaven and the boy stares at him and hands him a knife and fork with excitement and Tony grins and takes a bite.

Sweet and perfect.

The Oreo’s crunch against his teeth and the flavour bursts across his tongue and he groans and the boy nods. “The waffle god’s will do that to you,” the boy quips and Tony nods, mouth full of sugar and hope.

He finishes it without taking a breath, and swiftly orders another. “I'll pay this time,” he grins, pretty sure his teeth are stained with chocolate.

The boy grins, and starts mixing batter.

The next one is decorated with strawberries and as he eats, they talk.

Peter is a student at NYU and he’s trying to set his friend Ned up on a date. Peter is torn between Chemistry and Journalism. Peter works here at Treat Yourself! during the night shifts and his Aunt and Uncle own the place. Peter volunteers at the animal centre on weekends and Peter is-

Perfect.

Tony spills more of himself over the counter than he cares to admit. Tells secrets to a stranger with kind eyes because he can’t help himself. And if feels good.

When the sun rises, Tony is exhausted, full, and he feels like maybe when he gets home- he’ll be able to sleep.

He leaves with Peter. Lingering on the sidewalk under the dawn as the boy locks up. Peter still has ice cream on his chin, and Tony wants to kiss it away.

“I’ll come back tonight.” He promises, and Peter smiles at him, bashful and pleased.
“Okay. But I want a picture. One thing you make in the lab. It doesn’t have to be complicated but-" 

“Something.” Tony promises, already a little excited at the thought of building something for Peter. He’s scared too- he still feels a bit sick at the thought of Obie’s greed, but then there’s a warm hand on his wrist and gentle hazelnut eyes- 

“Only if you can.” Peter murmurs, and Tony’s voice breaks: 

“I’ll come back tonight.” 

Peter laughs. “You said that already.” He points out, eyes glinting, as he tucks the key into his pocket. “I’ll be here. A milkshake waiting for you.” He pauses consideringly. Tony waits. “And maybe a kiss.” 

Cloud nine is made of candy and promises of kisses from pretty dessert parlour workers. Tony sleeps the whole day; sun burning in the sky, and when the moon comes out- 

He knows he’s in for a good night. 

Chapter End Notes 

I sometimes (read: often) sit in bed and mop up the remainder of my chocolate ice cream with still-warm waffles while watching cartoons and I’m still wondering why I’m single.
Whipped dad Tony x spoilt sweetheart son Peter? I think so.

TW incest

Tony doesn’t say no to Peter.

Peter is not only his son, his precious baby boy, but Peter is also the best thing in his life (and the best sex he’s ever had) he loves him so much it burns like a fire. Peter is like him, albeit softer and prettier, but with the same little smirk and clever whiskey eyes.

Peter wears pastels and flounces around and he’s a spoilt, sexy slip of a thing, Tony knows that. He’s the reason why after all, but he doesn’t care. How can he? When Peter is so perfect. Smart as a whip, studious, and he doesn’t hang out with the wrong crowd like Tony did at his age- he keeps good, close friends, even though he does have a penchant for sweet alcoholic drinks and parties.

So, all in all, Tony doesn’t say no to Peter.

Until he walks into the lab one day and there’s a photo taped to the door.

That’s how Peter lets him know he wants something- a page torn here and there from a catalogue-tacked up for him to see, or slipped into the contracts and proposals he has to go over, and he’ll have an assistant make sure Peter has it before the week it out. His boy is precious after all, and Tony loves to spoil him.

To provide for him.

Hell, Peter goes to the most expensive private school in New York, he lives in a gorgeous penthouse and he wears nothing but designer clothes- Tony likes to think he’s a damn good provider.

Plus, it’s not like Peter’s ever ungrateful.

Tony’s cock knows just how much Peter appreciates his gifts, even if he does sort of expect them.

And sometimes- more often than not- Peter will make dinner and tip-toe into the lab with a plate full of stir fry and nudge it into his father’s hands with sleepy eyes and a clumsy kiss to Tony’s jaw and Tony honestly-

He’s so far gone for his son it’s ridiculous.

But the photo on the door of the lab is motorbike.

And the second Tony sees it- his chest tightens and he tugs it off the door and looks at it.

It’s sleek and black with gold trim- a Ducati Testa Stretta NCR Macchia Nera Concept- $225,000- and honestly, he can picture Peter on it.

Peter loves wearing Tony’s old leather jackets- they’re too big for him, but he looks delicious in them. It makes something inside Tony snarl with satisfaction, and maybe Peter in one of his old leather’s, with that smoky eye makeup that he’ll sometimes wear on a night out to branch out from
his usual pinks and glitters- he’d look gorgeous on the bike.

But-

All Tony can see are the ways Peter could get hurt.

He’s fine buying jewellery or diamonds or clothes, or another pony, or concert tickets- but- a bike.

What if his precious little baby boy gets into a collision? What if he gets hurt?

He walks into the lab scanning the details even as his heart pounds.

It’s not a bike for speed, but for style. It’d leave thick black marks on the road, it’s limited edition (Peter’s favourite type of anything) and it’s lightweight and finished with titanium and carbon fibre.

But drivers can be reckless. Peter could get distracted- or hurt-

So he does what he never does.

He says no to Peter.

***

Okay, he doesn’t say no.

He just doesn’t…do anything about it.

He goes about his day and when Peter comes home from school- pretty in pink- and bouncing with all energy of a puppy, he bounds up to Tony and jumps into his arms, legs locking around his hips and nuzzling into Tony’s neck. “Daddy,” Peter beams, and Tony grabs Peter’s thighs and peppers his face with kisses.

“Hey, baby, how was school?”

Peter wriggles out of his grip, and presents his report card.

It’s perfect, as usual.

Tony pulls him in by his belt loops for a kiss, but Peter bats his eyelashes and resists just a little.

“Do I get a present, daddy?” He asks, and Tony swallows hard as he remembers the bike.

“Listen, sweetheart,” he sighs, and Peter frowns at the gentleness of his tone. Tony smooths his thumbs over Peter’s cheekbones and looks down at his boy (he’s always going to be taller than his baby. He loves it). “I’m not sure about the bike.”

Peter scrunches up his nose in confusion. “Did you not like it?” He asks, “I thought-“

“It’s just so dangerous-“

Peter pouts, leaning in close and pressing their bodies together. “Please, daddy?” He whispers, low and sultry and Tony-

He grits his teeth and shakes his head. “I’m sorry, sweetheart.”

Peter looks surprised. He’s never really been told no before, and Tony’s not sure how he’s going to take it. “But I…” he looks at his report card in confusion, and Tony steps forward and kisses him
hard on the mouth.

“You did amazing,” he promises, “my smart little angel.”

Peter beams.

“But no bike.”

Peter frowns.

***

Tony, rather stupidly, thinks maybe his son has forgotten about it.

He certainly seems as if he has.

Tony’s braced against the shower wall just watching as the hot water cascades over them, as Peter’s hot little mouth stretches around his dick. Jesus, it feels so good. He’s ruined for anyone else, because Peter worships him. His mouth is wet and slippery and Tony can feel the head of his cock bump against that tight throat as Peter moans around his mouthful- sending sharp vibrations shooting up Tony’s spine, and oh shit, he’s so close-

and then Peter’s pulling away, cheeks flushed red and hair dark with water, as he tugs Tony off with slow, unsatisfying jerks. “The bike, daddy?” he asks sweetly, as his thumb toys with the slit of Tony’s dick and-

His hips jerk desperately and he stares down at his son breathlessly. “What? Petey, I-” he breaks off into a hiss as Peter kitten-licks his engorged member, looking perfectly at ease on his knees and holding his dad’s heavy cock in his hand.

“Please?” He murmurs, lips tracing along the vein on the underside and-

“No, Pete-“

Suddenly all contact is gone. Peter is standing up, and he glowers and lifts his nose snootily. “Then no orgasms from me.” He says succinctly, before strolling off.

Tony tugs himself off in disbelief, but his orgasm is a disappointment and by the look on Peter’s face over dinner- his son knows.

***

The no sex rule is starting to get irritating. Tony is itching to touch by the end of the week. He wants his boy back in his bed- bent over the couch- the counter- he wants Peter gloriously riding him all flushed with desire- he wants to hear the throaty little moans-

But he stands firm.

Peter’s testing the restraints of Tony’s control, and his son might be stubborn, but Tony is too.

When Peter walks into the lab late one night, Tony knows he’s in for stage 2 of Peter’s plan.

He sets down his tools and turns on his stool and has to resist the urge to drag his boy into his lap and kiss him till he’s dizzy.

Peter’s in one of Tony’s old tees, his hair mussed from sleep and- shit, it is late- and he sniffs.
To Tony’s surprise, Peter crawls right into his dad’s lap and Tony holds him close.

“Daddy,” Peter whispers, and Tony frowns before-

Peter starts to cry.

Hitching little sobs and hiccups and Tony- his heart breaks even though he knows it’s fake. He’s in awe. His son can act. He pulls back and Peter’s face is red and splotchy and Tony wants to give in.

“Did I upset you?” Peter sobs, “a-are you angry with me? I’m sorry.” But all the while there’s a gleam in his eyes.

Tony is simultaneously struck by the performance, and also a little aroused by his son’s conniving.

“Baby, you’ve never upset me. You are perfect.” He kisses Peter’s nose, and Peter shakes his head-

“No, no, you’re upset with me. I upset you- I love you, daddy- I-I-”

Jesus. Tony’s so close to wavering on his decision-

But he doesn’t.

He smirks, and Peter’s eyes go wide- angry but reluctantly impressed- as Tony hugs him soothingly.

“Better luck next time,” he whispers into Peter’s ear, and Peter grumbles against him:

“Watch your back, old man.”

***

Stage 3 is a stage that makes Tony want to smash his favourite coffee pot into a thousand pieces.

It’s Peter, with his big faux-innocent doe eyes, bringing in a string of increasingly-attractive boys home after school.

And that’s what they are. Boys. Not a man- not like Tony. And he knows they’re not doing anything, but Peter’s girly giggle, and the hands-too-high on thighs- it’s enough to drive him mad.

He responds with his own fire- bringing home a woman who’s all curves and deep cleavage and-

Peter stares with wide, hurt eyes and he gasps a little like someone punched the sound out of him and-

Tony sends the woman home.

Jealousy. It’s something teenagers can dole out, but not take.

Tony kisses Peter gently and Peter is quiet and Tony knows this isn’t even a stage, but he’s tempted to give him the bike- just to say sorry.

Because Peter is beautiful and confident but- he can be insecure sometimes.

***

But his boy is resilient, and he recovers, and Tony is waking up to no hot water- salt in the sugar, and none of his pens work.

Peter innocently offers him a spare water bottle, when all of Tony’s somehow all have holes drilled
into the bottom. “So weird, daddy,” he murmurs, and Tony takes the bottle and glares at him.

Of course, the bottle is lined with salt, and Tony spits out all the water as Peter giggles into hands.

***

It ends gently.

Peter comes to him on Friday, as Tony tinkers on some new nanotech, with a bowl of spaghetti and meatballs seasoned with Tony’s favourite cheese. Tony inhales Peter’s cooking, and takes the bowl greedily, before pausing-

“This isn’t full of poison or something, right?” He asks, and Peter laughs, before hoisting himself up onto the desk and shaking his head.

“Truce?” He says, holding out his little hand, and Tony takes it and kisses the back of it gently. Peter shoves him. “Dad. You’re so lame.” He says, but he’s blushing.

Tony takes a bite of the delicious spaghetti and hums. “You understand why, yeah? I couldn’t- I couldn’t bear anything happening to you, baby, you’re my- you’re my-”

“I know, daddy,” Peter whispers, small and sweet and a perfect angel. Not at all capable of changing Tony’s passwords all to PeteristhesmartestStark. “Same.”

They have sex for the first time in two weeks. Soft, and slow, and perfect.

Tony does buy the bike.

But he locks it in storage, and he decides that when Peter’s 21- it’ll make the perfect gift.

With mandatory lessons.

And a helmet.

And maybe Tony’ll play around with it first- some tech that’ll lessen the chances of collisions- he’ll make it the safest bike ever-

He doesn’t change his passwords back, because four years later- on Peter’s 21st birthday- his son reveals that it was all part of his master plan.

Tony rolls his eyes.

And buys them matching leather jackets.

Chapter End Notes

I'm quite good at angst but not resolutions.

That doesn't have anything to do with this fic, it's just a life fact.

Also, really looking for an American to marry for that green card. As said previously: I'm neat (in both senses) and only demand hugs for 4 hours a day.
Love you guys and your comments seriously mwah
Tony Stark’s Home for Wayward Monsters

irondad and spiderson fluff

Tony’s life isn’t normal. He’s always known that. Hell, he’s Ironman. He’s been to outer space. Seen planets, defeated monsters, and when his own little boy gets bitten by a radioactive spider, honestly-

It’s all part and parcel of his life.

Peter Stark is the cutest little six year old in the world, as far as Tony and the other avengers are concerned. He’s so tiny, with the chubbiest cheeks and angelic chestnut curls and he bounces around and climbs up ceilings and makes little web-hammocks in the corner of rooms and often scares the life out of his old man by poking his little head down from the ceiling and Tony jumps so hard he nearly breaks his leg.

Peter is also the sweetest thing in the world. He’s such a good kid. Kind to a fault, and Tony would destroy everyone if Peter so much as grazed his knee.

Peter eats all his vegetables and gets excited by homework and is patient and adoring when watching Tony in lab- all big deer eyes and enthusiastically asking if he can have a go with the radioactive goo now, please daddy?

Natasha strolls in after picking Peter up from kindergarten one sunny afternoon, and Tony sips his coffee, frowning at the look on her face. She looks happy. That’s never a great sign-

And then Peter walks in- 

He’s got a gigantic husky in his arms. The dog is bigger than him, seriously- but Peter’s strength-Christ- and that dog is all teeth and scabbed fur and-

“Daddy! Daddy! Look, Auntie Nat and I found a puppy!” says the big ball of fur with legs.

Tony stands, immediately wanting to yank Peter away from the dangerous canine, but the husky is apparently very content to be petted as Peter sets him down and then throws his arms around him in a bear hug.

The husky hooks its giant head over Peter’s shoulder- surrounding the boy- and bares his teeth as if Peter’s his young and Tony is the threat when-

Natasha takes pity on him, and hoists Peter easily out of the dog’s hold, and into Tony’s arms.

Peter giggles delightedly- dog fur all over his clothes. “Can we, daddy? Please! Please, please! I’ll look after him, I promise!” And his eyes are so wide and so earnest and-

Tony can’t say no.

***

But he taught his son a lesson that day. He taught his son that scared things, with too many teeth and not enough love, are to be brought up to the penthouse for their new home.
Peter, not two weeks later, comes in with Bruce (who was on pick up duty today, not like it’s a chore, though) and a man smeared with dirt and one very shiny metal arm.

“Daddy!” Peter announces proudly, “this is Bucky!”, and he tugs ‘Bucky’ (who looks so terrifyingly like an assassin that Tony briefly considers suiting up) into the penthouse.

Bruce looks utterly dazed.

Bucky looks frightened.

Ginger- the ferocious, but in actuality adorable, husky, rushes over to lick Peter’s face, and then nuzzle like a cat between Bucky’s legs.

Bucky relaxes, just a little, and pets the dog’s head.

“He was lost, daddy! And he doesn’t have a home!” His little face looks utterly-heart broken, and Tony stares in disbelief.

“I…” Bucky shakes his head, and tries to gently extract his fingers from Peter’s little hands, and looks very confused when the grip doesn’t come away. “I…He found me- I was- in an alley, and he said- something about-“

“A feeling,” Tony sighs. Peter’s ‘spider-sense’. A sort of extra-sense that tells him when something wrong is happening close by. “Listen, Peter- I’m sure Bucky here has-“

“Nowhere to go.” Peter pouts firmly, looking up at Tony with wide-eyes that glimmer with betrayal. “We’re gonna…he’s staying, right daddy?” He whispers, and Tony looks down at his little boy and-

Gives Bucky a guest room.

Just for the night.

***

Three weeks later, Bucky - the winter soldier- is firmly a part of the family. He takes Ginger for walks and has nightmares which make him stay up late at night with Tony in the lab, talking in hushed tones about Hydra, and giving information that’s vital- incredibly vital- to tracking down the last remnants of them.

Steve had taken one look at him and Tony had groaned.

Steve’s eyes had gone immensely blue and his jaw had dropped and Bucky had blushed and-

Tony had pinched the bridge of his nose and poured more coffee, before making Peter another blueberry pancake.

***

Peter is a few days before his seventh birthday, when he comes home with an astounded Clint, and a man with long black hair and angry-defiance in his eyes.

Peter is also dragging a huge hammer in his free hand.

It’s leaving a dent in the floor.

Tony stares.
And then sighs.

So Loki is a god, who Peter and Clint had stumbled across on their way home (maybe Tony should switch Peter’s school) and found Loki crying and trying to lift this hammer.

Peter had thought he’d needed help- and lifted it in one easy motion and now-

His seven year old is heir to the throne of a planet he’s never heard of.

“Cool,” Clint grins, ruffling Peter’s curls as Loki sulks in the corner, “make me a Duke or something, yeah, Petey?”

Peter shakes his head solemnly. “That would be abusing my powers.”

Tony can’t help it- he laughs. But he waggles a stern finger at Loki. “We are not keeping him.”

Loki gapes indignantly. Peter scrunches up his tiny nose in confusion. “But he’s hurt- and we…we help people when they’re sad and lost, don’t we, daddy?”

Bucky doesn’t meet Tony’s eyes, and Tony sighs.

***

It turns out though, Loki only stays for a few months.

And it’s a shame, really, because- goddamnit, the snooty prince was starting to grow on Tony.

Loki could conjure allusions- beautiful and intricate- and had spent a great many hours showing Peter little stories in the air- looking pleased at Peter’s effusive praise over Loki’s talents.

Loki could shape-shift- into anything- but mostly a pretty pony that Peter would ride around the penthouse.

Although, Loki sometimes stared at Tony’s arc-reactor for a touch too long, like he wanted to steal it and its power-

But then Peter would ask for some hot chocolate and tug on the end of Loki’s green robes and-

The god would settle back down.

But then in a hail of thunder and lighting, there’s another god landing in his living room- yelling with joy over having found his brother and his hammer and the new heir to the throne-

And Tony finds himself with the newest member of the avengers.

***

Bucky’s packing to move in with Steve when Peter’s eleven.

Tony muses over how different the penthouse will be without him-

And that’s when Peter comes home with a homeless man.

“He’s not homeless, dad,” Peter rolls his eyes, dragging in the sweaty wreck of a human being in behind him, “he’s got a symbiote.”

“It’s a parasite!” The man chokes desperately, looking like he’d love to run out, but his limbs keep jerkily propelling him forward. “A parasite!”
“Don’t call Venom that!” Peter scolds, reaching out his hand to pat some black goo on Eddie’s arm. “He’s much more than a parasite.”

“Yes, little spider;” croons a hissing voice that Tony- Tony cannot be dealing with this shit right now. “The spider understands. The spider would make a good host. But not better than you, our dearest Eddie-“

Tony hoists Peter up into his arms, settling him on his hip and shaking his head at Eddie (who he’s starting to recognise as that reporter who went missing) and saying firmly: “Ground rule: No using my son as a host.”

Eddie scrubs his face deliriously, and Venom asks for chocolate.

***

On Halloween night, Eddie comes back complaining about the taste of blood in the back of his throat, but his arms are cradled protectively around Peter who’s cuddled into his chest- supported by a tangled mass of black lines.

Tony looks up from his work and jerks to his feet- rushing over to his son.

“Some dude- tried to grab him.” Eddie whispers, and Peter is still crying a little, and Tony holds him tight- heart pounding. “We- I- We- we ate him.” Eddie mumbles. “Sorry.”

Tony decides right then and there, that Eddie might be his favourite... monster?Stray?

Tony spends the whole night eating chocolate with his son, praising him, telling him how kind and good and amazingly brave he is, and Ginger snuffles into Peter’s neck until the boy starts smiling again- wobbly and cautious.

Thor and Loki visit as soon as they realise what’s happened.

They bring a ship full of Asgardian gold.

Bucky comes too- and tells Peter about nightmares and how to make them go away.

Tony thinks there might be a thing to having a home for Wayward…monsters? Strays? Alien-people?

***

When Peter’s sixteen, he brings home a stray in the form of a boyfriend, and Tony is saying no before they’re even introduced.

“Dad,” Peter grins, rocking on his heels excitedly. “This is Wade-“

“No.” Tony says, but he has a horrifying feeling he’s already lost, because Wade is smiling like he won the lottery and- “No.” Tony says again, horrified.

Maybe he will send Peter to be the Asgardian King after all.

At least there won’t be any Wade Wilsons in space.

(Tony says yes, 6 years later, when Wade asks for permission for Peter’s hand. He also blasts him right in the chest with his gauntlet and Wade lets out a little ‘oof’. “You treat him right.” Tony says, though he’s said it before, and Wade has never ever treated Peter wrong. “It’s not just me who’ll destroy you- there are-“
“I get it, I get it. A whole universe of people on Pete’s side. Damn, your son’s really good at making alliances. You know he met some woman the other day? We were walking along and he got this feeling, so we went over to an old blockbusters and this woman named Carol was:“

“No.” Tony says, walking away. “No.”}
His little studio apartment is lit by the warm glare of twenty computer screens; a medley of wires crawling like spider-vines up and around his walls. His bed— the mattress tucked against the window— looks down onto the city of New York and he knows the only reason he can afford a view like that, is because of Norman Osbourne.

Peter gets out of his chair, cricking his neck and tugging a hoodie on over his bare torso so that he’s answering the door for his pizza in more than just his underwear.

3:00 am the digital clock on his desk says.

He’s been relaying SI’s information off the bug he implanted into their coding for fourteen hours straight.

Thank god for 24/7 pizza.

He opens the door, hands already making grabby motions for the pizza, when he realises that he’s staring at a very expensive three piece suit instead of the usual red shirt and crusty jeans combo.

He looks up and feels his jaw unhinge.

Tony Stark, the Tony Stark is standing in his dingy hallway, in a hue of sleek greys and a crimson tie and an amused look on his face.

“You’re pizza guy’s been waylaid. You’ll have to do without.”

Peter opens his mouth to say something, when his stomach grumbles loudly. He winces and Tony lifts his eyebrows, but Peter’s mind is racing and he moves to angle himself a little better- make sure the door isn’t so open so Tony doesn’t see-

It’s too late.

Tony Stark (Tony Stark!) pushes open the door and waltzes in as if he owns the place and Peter’s left standing lamely in the darkness wondering whether any of his set up looks incriminating.

Tony has to know.

Has to know it’s him who’s been hacking the system but- how?

He contemplates sprinting out of the building when-

“Shut the door, Mr Parker.”

Peter swallows hard, and closes the door, leaning against it warily as Tony strolls around his apartment. He pokes the mattress with the toe of his shoe, then admires the view, and then strokes his finger across one of the monitors.

A monitor that shows, rather incriminatingly, SI’s newest prototype blueprints.

Tony turns to look at him. His smile is charming and polite, like it is in press conferences. Peter
swallows his fear and wonders whether calling Mr Osbourne would make matters worse or better.

“You don’t look like I imagined,” Tony hums, perching on the edge of Peter’s desk idly. “‘The Spider’ has a different sort of ring, although—” he points to the mesh of wirey webbing. “I can see why you decided on it.”

Peter tries to stop his trembling. “I’m not— I’m not the— look, I haven’t done anything—”

“A lot prettier than I thought too,” Tony murmurs, and Peter can hear his heart thudding and—

There’s protocols for this.

It’s a real shame.

He liked this apartment.

He pulls out his phone, opening the app and typing in the letters that make all the screens at once turn worrying shades of rainbow and purple—before they all start to corrode.

Tony whirls around in surprise, and Peter uses that to grab the backpack he has tucked in the little table by the door, to dart out.

He’s sprints down the stairwell two at a time, and tries not to bemoan the fact that fourteen hours of work are down the drain— as his code eats itself. There’ll be no trace though. They won’t catch him— they can’t. He can hear the footsteps chasing after him.

Norman probably has a safe house somewhere, right? If not, it’s back to MJ’s.

It’s raining outside, and there’s a really fancy car parked on the street and the driver looks at Peter with wide eyes and Peter thinks shit.

He sprints down street, backpack thumping against him, before skidding into the sheltered doorway of the Chinese place he works sometimes.

He gets the key in the lock, and slams it shut behind him, taking a second to catch his breath— before rushing through the darkness to get to the backdoor.

He changes his coat and tugs on a black cap, before getting back out into the rain.

It takes a few seconds to hail a cab and he finally settles down as it speeds off towards the highway.

“Take me to 42nd and 3rd,” he pants, brushing the water from his shoulders.

“Sure, kid. Quick detour first, though.”

Peter carefully doesn’t look up. Fuck. Fuck. He tries the door as subtly as he can, but it’s locked and—

“The Spider,” chuckles the man, and he’s all neat black suit lines and a slender build. “You’re a lot prettier than I thought you’d be.”

“That’s what I said.” Comes Tony’s voice over the radio.

Peter fights his blush and wonders if he could use his legs to kick out the window—

The man driving gives him a look that suggests it may not be wise.
A few minutes later, they’re pulling over and Tony’s getting into the passenger’s side. He turns to look at Peter, dripping wet and impressed. “Ain’t no running from us now, Parker. You’re gonna tell us who hired you to hack into our data base- we know all your tricks. We’re not gonna underestimate you. I’ve got twenty on my best guys all over this city just waiting for you to make a run for it. There’s no getting away.”

“I won’t rat.” Peter glowers at them, because he refuses to be intimidated. Though, he is a little flattered. Damn straight he shouldn’t be underestimated. He’s the best hacker in the city.

“Maybe not rat,” Tony amends thoughtfully, as the street lamps pass by in a blur, “but you seem like you may be amiable to some sort of deal.”

Peter shifts a little, trying not to betray his interest. “A deal?”

“Don’t worry,” Tony says, his voice a purr, “I’m sure we’ll find an arrangement that works. You’ve got a lot of fire in you, kid.”

Peter glares again and says in a voice that’s laden with faux-sweetness. “Then you better make sure you don’t get too close.”

The man driving chuckles. “I like this one, Tony.”

Tony grins. “Me too.”

Chapter End Notes

Please give me ideas, beautiful people. I am idea-less.

Also, would anyone like to gorge themselves on chocolate and watch Umbrella Academy with me?

I'm a real Klaus/Diego ho.
Peter takes another huge bite of the fluffy scrambled eggs and the buttery toast and thinks, as far as interrogations go, this isn’t too bad.

He’s good, but he’s not brilliant, and there have been a few close shaves. Definitely a few kidnappings which led to interrogations which are nothing like this sunny breakfast at Tony Stark’s marble-top kitchen counter.

Those interrogations had involved steel chairs and tight ropes and a lot of bruises.

This involves pure deliciousness.

It occurs to him, on the fourth gulpful of OJ, that Tony is watching him with unmasked interest.

Peter licks the crumbs from his lips and pauses. “Uh…”

“No, no,” Tony chuckles, “keep eating, please.”

Peter does, because survival outweighs embarrassment and you can never be one hundred percent sure of where your next hot meal is coming from. He mops the plate clean with extra helpings of hash browns, all the while surreptitiously casting his gaze around Stark’s apartment.

It’s nicer than Osbourne’s by a straight up mile. Easily the tallest building in New York, it looks down over the city and sparkles with light as it catches on the surfaces. There’s inbuilt tech everywhere, and it looks so advanced that Peter can’t help but puff out his chest a little at the fact that he hacked it.

Sure, his code wasn’t perfect, or he wouldn’t have been traced. But still. He hacked it!

He finishes his orange juice and smacks his lips together gracelessly, trying to ignore the lingering heat of Tony’s gaze, as he wipes his hand on his jeans. His whole outfit had been provided by Mr Stark, and Peter had hesitantly accepted because being in just his underwear had really imbalanced the playing field.

“So,” Tony murmurs, resting against the counter, arms crossed and looking very at-ease. “A good nights sleep, a nice hot meal, clean clothes. Things sure do look different the morning after the storm, don’t they, kid?”

Peter frowns. “Was last night supposed to be the storm? Because you don’t have anything on me-“

“Hey, hey,” Tony shoots him a look, “C’mon. I know you said you wouldn’t rat, but all you have to do is give me a name. Someone paid you to hack me, didn’t they? You tell me who that is, and you’re off scot-free.”

“I’m already free,” Peter insists, “you haven’t got any proof that I’m ‘The Spider’, okay?”

Tony’s eyebrows knit together and he purses his lips in mild irritation. Peter wonders how far confidence-intimidation tactics have gotten him so far. “Your apartment was crammed full of
“I like to game.”

“MIT said they only had one student capable of coding like that, and he dropped out two years ago and—”

“That’s what you’re going to use in a court of law?” Peter scoffs, ignoring the sting of hurt at the mention of MIT. He’d loved that school so much—“Wow. I may not have a law degree, but I can promise that’s going to raise some reasonable doubt—”

“Cut the crap, Parker.” Tony snaps, voice thick with irritation. “I know it was you—”

“Billionaire, tech-giant, philanthropist, and omniscient. Quite the résumé, Mr Stark.”

“Little shit—”

“I’m gonna head home, then,” Peter beams, slipping off the stool and heading for the door. “This was really fun, though—”

The doors slide open before he can walk out, and it’s the man who was driving the taxi from last night. Mr Strange. “Peter,” he grins, looking ridiculously put together for so early in the morning. “Are you leaving already?” Strange turns to sigh at Tony. “You’ve already upset him? I thought I told you to play nice.”

“I was playing nice.” Tony huffs, “he’s a little shit.”

“Goodbye, Mr Kidnapper,” Peter waves cheerily, hopping into the elevator, only for Strange to place his hand firmly against the door to stop it from closing.

“Peter,” he murmurs, voice low and pleading, “I seem to remember you saying you were amiable to a trade.”

Tony nods eagerly. “Yeah. You’re saying you won’t give me the name, but you haven’t even seen what I could offer.”

Peter wavers. The smart thing would be to go home, but home to what? All his tech is destroyed and he’ll have to tell Norman and then Norman will know that Tony knows and Peter could be out of a job and—

He sighs, rubbing his hand over his face and gesturing for them to lead the way.

The look on Peter’s face at the sight of the newly-installed computer lab is enough to make Tony’s dick throb with arousal.

His eyes go obscenely wide, and they flicker over every monitor and wire, and his feet seem to carry him without consent over to processors and ergonomic keyboards. He looks like a kid in a candy shop. It’s the same look Tony gets when his lab’s been re-stocked and he’s itching to try to make something new.

Goddamn. It’s just another quality to add to the list of Peter Parker traits that Tony has found to be completely addictive.

The boy’s young, 22 and almost completely off the grid. He’s got no family, no on-the-grid friends,
but ‘The Spider’ is infamous, and Tony can’t believe that it’s a pale, bambi-eyed boy from Queens.

“This set up is so much nicer than-“ he cuts himself off, and Tony looks up with a grin.

“Nicer than..?”

Peter glares at him, but the heat of his stare doesn’t last, because he catches sight of some fancy retina display and is immediately distracted.

His youth is his weak spot.

He’s good, really good, and clearly talented, but he doesn’t have the wisdom that only age will bring.

Because he’s just left his backpack in the guest bedroom, and Strange is looking through it right now. There has to be something incriminating in it. It’s the one thing Peter had taken with him when he’d run, his go bag, there has to be.

Tony doesn’t want to blackmail him. He’d much rather have a nice fair trade, because he’s unreasonably attracted to the spunky little kid, but still. A little insurance is always nice.

“If you gave me the name,” Tony croons, not wanting to startle Peter out of his appreciation, “you could work for me. Someone of your skill-set, nice high pay, regular hours, this would be your base of operations. Anything you needed…”

Peter narrows his eyes. “Would there be a contract?”

Tony smiles, pleased. “Yeah, all legal. No unlawful termination. How long’s it been since you’ve had a steady income? A job you could be proud of?”

There’s wavering in Peter’s eyes, and Tony thinks he might actually have him and the blackmail isn’t needed- when Strange walks in, clearing his throat and gesturing to Tony with a subtle nod of his head.

Tony heads over to him, and Strange bows his head and drops something into Tony’s hand.

“There was nothing in his bag but clothes and a passport. A real passport,” Strange whispers, and Tony grits his teeth a little, but it’s not the end of the world. Parker may actually accept his deal- “But I did find this.”

Tony looks into his hand to find a gorgeous pearl necklace.

It’s antique and expensive and there is no way Peter acquired it legally. It’s gotta be his safety nest for if he’s on the run. A quick pawn and some money to get away. Someone is surely looking for this baby.

“Good,” Tony mutters, trying to keep his voice down, “but we may not need it-“

There’s a sharp, audible gasp, and both men look up to see Peter staring at one of the reflective monitors.

From the way it’s angled, he can see the pearls in Tony’s hands.

“Well, nice timing,” Tony snarls at Stephen, who has the sense to look a little bashful. “Listen, kid, we weren’t gonna-“

“You went through my stuff?” Peter demands, face lovely and flushed and furious. He holds his
hand out. “Give it back.”

Tony holds onto the pearls because it looks like a fair deal’s off the cards now. He and Stephen are both in front of the door, but Peter doesn’t look boxed in. He looks angry. “Where’d you get these, Parker? I thought your skillset stopped at hacking, but do you have a knack for stealing too?”

“Those aren’t yours!” Peter cries, and lunges forward clumsily to try to grab them. He misses, and Tony tuts.

“Calm down. I want to give them back to you, but I have to know who hired you. Was it Carlton Drake? The Life Foundation? Was it fucking Wayne Enterprises? Oscorp? Lexcorp? Roxxon?”

Peter rolls his eyes. “This city has a few too many tech companies. And like I said already, no.”

Tony shrugs. “Then you don’t get this necklace back.”

Peter curls his dainty hands into fists, before fishing out his phone. “I don’t wanna have to do this,” he warns, as he lights up the screen with his thumb. Tony frowns as Peter waggles it. “One press of a button and all SI users information is leaked. That sort of personal data loss…” he shakes his head and whistles in mock-empathy. “That’d be awful. I can’t imagine the way stocks would plummet. Can you, Mr Stark? I seem to remember something similar happening to LoweTube. But then The Spider hacked it and now- it doesn’t exist, does it?”

“When the fuck did you hack my systems again?” Tony gapes, “we removed all trace of your coding-“

“I was on your wifi last night in the guest room, old man,” Peter snorts, rolling his eyes. “Do you know how easy it was to get past your firewalls from inside your ip address? I mean, I was half asleep.”

His thumb hovers over the button and Tony tosses him the pearls.

Peter catches them with a gentleness that makes Tony think they’re more sentimental than monetary.

“Well,” Stephen croaks, face still wary as Peter holds the phone in his hand. “I’m hoping you can forgive us, Mr Parker. We’re still clearly underestimating you.”

Tony cottons on. “He’s right, Peter. I’m sorry. We’re- we’re useless when it comes to hacking defences. We need you on our side.”

Peter looks between them, jaw clenched but eyes softer now that he has his pearls back. “Your systems were pretty shit.”

Tony refuses to snark back a rebuttal, and instead nods. “My offer still stands.”

Peter is silent for a long time, before he speaks. “I’m not going to tell you who hired me to hack you, but I will toughen up your whole system to be pretty much impervious to attacks again. For a price, of course.”

Tony pinches the bridge of his nose, but he can already feel himself agreeing. This is the second best scenario. Obviously, with Peter strengthening his walls it means the kid’s going to be able to build himself a way in to hack Tony whenever he wants- but he can’t see another way. It just irks Tony that he can’t go after whoever it was. He has a niggle feeling it might be Lex but he just can’t picture him actually having the balls. “I’m going to guess your price is fairly high?”
“Don’t worry, Mr Stark,” Peter grins, cocky and far too pretty for his own good, “I only want to be paid in stock.”

Chapter End Notes

May I say that YOU, yes you, the one looking at your screen and reading this right now- YOU look very beautiful today. Did you do something new to your hair? UGH I love it. You're gorgeous. Hmm. You're TOO gorgeous. This is definitely some sort of trap.

MWAH

x
Chapter Summary

Sorry for all the irondad!!! We’ll get back to our regularly scheduled starker real soon, :) xx

irondad and spiderson angsty happy ending nonsense

TW descriptions of pain; Obadiah is a dick.

He can’t move and each breath feels sharp.

It grates at the edges of his vision, but he can’t do anything. All he can feel is the pain and the deep, gut-wrenching ache of betrayal.

“Tony,” Obadiah whispers, and he drags his knuckles down Tony’s face. And he hates that it’s comforting, but he’s felt this caress so many times before. “You have never ceased to amaze me. You were my best asset.”

Tony tries to speak though he knows it’s fruitless. He wants to say dipshit, If I’m your best asset, why are you killing me?

“But then Peter started showing promise and…”

He can’t hear the rest. It’s a blurry white noise and his desperation to move makes his left eye twitch just a little but it’s not enough. Not Peter- not Peter- surely Obadiah wouldn’t- not-

“Gotta be something in those Stark genes. And with this,” he waves the arc reactor carelessly, like it isn’t Tony’s heart, like it isn’t everything he needs, “and your boy, I’m pretty sure we can make Stark Industries great again.”

Tony tries to whisper ‘don’t’. He tries to get anything out, but all he can do is stare up into the face of the man he loved, and watch him flip off the lights and disappear down the corridor to Peter’s bedroom.

Tony’s left plunged in darkness and the lack of oxygen is nothing to the fear and the panic that he can feel coursing through his veins.

A few minutes later he can hear Peter’s excited voice:

“Are we gonna go on a a’venture, Uncle Obie?” his five year old chirps, and Tony wants to call out for him, wants to warn him. He wants to put a bullet through Obadiah’s head.

“Yes we are, pal. C’mon, put your shoes on. Quickly now.”

Tony strains to hear more. The blood is pulsing through his ears. “Is daddy comin’?”

He feels a hot tear roll down his cheek.
“Your father’s busy, Peter, don’t worry. Come on now.”

Tony stares into the darkness as the hulking figure of Obadiah comes down the hall. His hand is holding little Peter’s, who’s stumbling along beside him, little legs not taking long enough strides to keep up.

Maybe it’s good they kept secrets from Obadiah.

Tony had felt guilty about it, about the spider-bite, about Peter’s webbing, but he’d known that the less people who knew: the better.

The only people who made the list are Natasha and Bruce.

So, it’s not Obie’s fault that he doesn’t know that despite the pitch-black darkness Tony has been trapped in- Peter can see him perfectly.

Tony can only see them by the tiny crack of light coming from the kitchen, and Peter waves brightly at him, all delighted and adorable, and Tony tries to convey everything with his eyes.

He doesn’t need to, however, because Peter’s big doe-eyes flicker to his father’s chest, and the lack of blue light here.

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“This is daddy’s heart. And this is daddy’s beard. And this is daddy’s nose.” Peter announces, touching all of said body parts and announcing them proudly to the other avengers.

Clint chuckles. “A lotta people said your father didn’t have a heart.”

Peter pouts angrily, and Tony grins; proud and pleased. “Daddy does have a heart. And it’s blue because its the bestest heart ever, right, daddy?”

“Exactly, bud.” He turns to the others and winks, “I’m his favourite. Don’t wanna brag, or anything.”

***

Peter pauses.

Obadiah yanks his arm impatiently. “Come on, Peter, we have to go.”

Tony stares at his son, and his son stares back at him.

Tony’s not sure what he wants to happen. If Obadiah knows Peter has seen him- he doesn’t know what he’ll do. But if Obadiah just takes Peter, maybe he’ll save him. Spare him. But if Obie finds out that Peter has powers- Tony can’t even imagine. He wills his limbs viciously to cooperate. They don’t.

Peter swallows, and his high-pitched voice rings out: “JARVIS?”

“Yes, Master Peter?”

“We don’t have time for this,” Obadiah snaps.

“Is Uncle Obie nice?”
Tony can feel his body start to turn cold.

The look in Obadiah’s eyes is wild.

“No, Master Peter,” the AI says consideringly. “I would say that he is not.”

It takes three thwips of his webbing for Peter to have Obadiah pinned to the wall, and with his tiny fingers, he plucks the suitcase from Obadiah’s hands and toddles over to his father; clambering onto the couch with a little oof.

Tony loves him so much it burns.

“Help me, JARVIS,” Peter whispers, and the lights turn on and JARVIS is giving slow, detailed instructions and before long- there’s a click and a snap and the reactor is back in place.

Peter beams, looking down at his father before his bottom lip wobbles. “Daddy?” He croaks, shoving at Tony’s shoulders just a little, “Daddy?”

Tony wants to tell him how much he loves him. But the paralysing agent won’t wear off for a few minutes yet.

“Daddy!” Peter yells, voice frantic, tears welling up in his eyes-

“Your father will be unable to speak for the next few minutes;” JARVIS murmurs reassuringly. “Do not be alarmed, young Master.”

Peter is very alarmed. He’s getting more and more distraught and the minutes feel like agony, before Tony can twitch a finger, then a toe, then his elbow- and finally-

“Baby,” he whispers, grabbing Peter into a hug and holding him tight. “Sweetheart. Brave boy, daddy’s best, you saved me.”

Peter sniffles, burying his face into the crook of Tony’s neck with a grip so tight it’s a little bruising. “Uncle Obie is- why did he-“

“Later,” Tony promises, kissing his boy’s temple. The relief is so strong it hurts. Everything’s reeling. JARVIS is talking about having a medical checkup, Obadiah is still swearing on the floor-

But Tony has his baby in his arms, and he’s not sure anything else matters.
The thing about titrations in AP chemistry is that…they’re easy.

Once you have your burette all set up, and you’re spinning the flask and adding millilitre after millilitre and watching the solution spin as your fingers twist- waiting for that magic amount of acid that’ll make your solution glow vibrant pink- it’s just twisting, spinning, waiting, and then adding more.

If you didn’t have to notice when the solution turned pink, Peter would say you could do it with your eyes closed.

Still, it doesn’t stop him. It doesn’t stop him from clumsily twisting the handle so too much acid spills into his flask and it goes pink immediately without any accuracy at all to the amount that’s been added. It doesn’t stop him from pouting like a little princess and whining just a little too loudly under his breath, blinking sadly at the pipette as he cleans up as if it’s all the equipment’s fault, and not his own orchestrating.

He’s not a brilliant actor, but he doesn’t have to be. Because after a few seconds of fumbling (sometimes less if he’s already caught his eye) Mr. Stark will come over.

Peter’s desk is nestled at the back of the class; suffused in the afternoon light right by the window. He used to sit up at the front; his honey-gaze glued fast on the way Mr. Stark’s shirt stretched over his broad chest, and how he licked his lips when he spoke, or how when all the bunsen burners were on, he’d loosen his tie- just a little sweaty, and Peter had practically spilled into his pants right then and there with the urge to clamber over the desk and lick.

He’s been moved to the back now, under the guise that the gas tap at the front is a little faulty.

It isn’t.

Peter knows it isn’t. He just wants to…he wants to kiss him. Wants to taste him. Wants more than the fleeting, mutually hungry gazes and touches.

Mr. Stark comes over, and Peter’s skin prickles deliciously as the fiery body heat that the teacher emits sinks into his back through his lab coat, and he grips the side of the table to stop his knees from buckling. Everyone else is chattering away; unaware, having fun with the experiment or trying to sabotage someone else’s.

“Having trouble, Pete?” Mr. Stark murmurs, far too low to be appropriate, his breath tickling Peter’s neck and ghosting over the shell of his ear and Peter’s fingers tremble for real this time, as he resets
his experiment.

“Nothing you couldn’t help me with,” he whispers back sweetly, and he hears something like a growl, before Mr. Stark’s hand is covering his own, and guiding his fingers to twist the knob so just a tiny little stream of acid shoots into the flask.

Together, they twist it; mixing the solution, and Peter gazes at Mr. Stark’s hands. Jesus. Should hands be that attractive? Dark and tanned and calloused, his fingers are so thick, how would they feel inside him? Just one stretching him out so good.

“Not enough,” Mr. Stark drawls when the solution remains clear, and he guides Peter’s hand back to add more.

Peter feels hot all over; restless with desire he bends a little, just to get a better look at the reading but really, to press his plump ass against Mr. Stark’s crotch.

Peter tries not to grin too wide, even as his safety goggles slip down his nose. Mr. Stark is hard. He knew he made the right call wearing pink today- the fuzzy sweater swamps him, but it makes him look so girly, and ever since he’d walked in and set down his backpack, he could feel Mr. Stark’s gaze on him.

Mr. Stark makes another little noise behind him, like a pained grunt, before he cocks his hips forward a little, the bulge in his pants nestled right between Peter’s cheeks, his other hand grips Peter’s waist for support.

His hands are so big. He’s so strong. Peter can feel himself flushing; face painting itself red as they spin the solution together. It hovers pink for a second, before fading back to clear.

The ring on Tony’s thick finger glints gold in the afternoon light.

It just makes it hotter. That Tony wants him despite having someone at home. A wife, Peter thinks distractedly. He’s sure he’s heard Mr. Stark talk about a ‘missus’.

As subtly as he can, which isn’t that subtle at all really, Peter grinds back just a little, and can’t help the very real whimper that climbs out of his throat.

Mr. Stark’s grip goes deathly tight, and for a second Peter wonders if he’s overstepped the mark,
before the teacher's cock twitches against Peter's ass and a little wetness seeps through.

Peter blinks in amazement; jaw dropping in surprise, and he twists his head in astonishment to look at Mr. Stark over his shoulder. “Did you just-”

Tony’s fingers dig warningly into his hip, before that warm presence is gone, and Mr. Stark is walking swiftly back to the front, and sitting down behind his desk to hide his crotch.

Peter stares after him wantonly. He feels sexier than ever. He made Mr. Stark- Mr. Stark with that jawline and that tongue, cum in his pants like a teenager.

In his desire, his own erection chafing against his underwear, he spills too much acid into the flask and the solution goes a dark scarlet.

Flash, sitting opposite, snickers at the mistake but Peter barely hears him- he feels sensitive all over, desperate with desire, and he’s certain his cheeks match the colour in the flask. He wants to wear Mr. Stark’s bruises all over him- he wants- he wants to suck him off under the desk, and ride him- or have those fingers- the finger with the ring- buried deep inside him.

He doesn’t spill into his underwear, but it’s a near thing, and he has to sit at his desk for a long time to get himself under control. His hole clenches emptily.

He wants to linger after class, but Mr. Stark calls a girl over to talk about her homework, so Peter doesn’t get the chance.

He has little finger-print shaped bruises on his hip by the time he gets home, and he smiles so hard it hurts.

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It’s weird, this little back and forth between the two of them.

Strange, because they both know it’s mutual, what with the lingering stares and the less-than-casual touches and the bruises and the orgasms in the middle of class, but it never goes further than that, never transforms to moments alone and the shedding of clothes and Peter doesn’t know why.

Not so strange, Peter’s reminded, when the gold on Mr. Stark’s finger shines even under the cheap fluorescence on the ceiling of the chemistry lab. In a way - it makes Mr. Stark even more attractive.

Because he knows Mr. Stark is a good man, of course he is, otherwise Peter wouldn’t admire him as much as he does. That’s why it’s so fucking hot; despite how good of a man he is, despite how much Mr. Stark wants to do right by his wife, his attraction, his lust for Peter will send him spiralling so far Peter can get him off in his pants, any and all thoughts of his wife forgotten.

Peter revels in it. And so he waits – somewhat impatiently, because he’s used to getting what he wants when he wants it, but he’s willing to wait for this – wait for Mr. Stark to come to him because he knows he will, knows how powerless the man is to resist.

Nothing happens.

He’s swamped in another sweater, pale blue this time. The pink is his personal favourite but he has it on good authority the bright pastel is Mr. Stark’s favourite colour so he compromises and pairs it with pink shorts that barely peek past the fabric, carefully donning the charm bracelet with the single element Tennessine. (And if anyone asks, it’s absolutely because Tennessine is his favourite element and nothing at all to do with the fact that the elemental symbol carries his favourite teacher’s initials.)
He strolls into first period, expecting Mr. Stark’s gloriously hungry gaze to settle on him as it always does when he walks into the room, tongue flicking unconsciously over his lower lip like he’s dying to get a taste of Peter’s mouth.

But nothing happens.

He’s steadfastly ignored, Mr. Stark’s preoccupied with papers on his desk till the bell rings, eyes continuously skipping over Peter throughout the period to the point where the other students are shifting in their seats and sending each other questioning looks as Peter goes uncalled on for the tenth question in a row.

It stings a little, Peter won’t lie. But he’s sure coming in his pants from a little dry humping like a teenager has left Mr. Stark’s ego a little bruised, and this is his way of taking back control.

Peter will allow it, he supposes. If only to fuel Mr. Stark’s fantasy of being in charge.

But Mr. Stark’s pride must’ve taken a bigger hit than Peter imagined because the stony silence lasts longer than a day, or a few days, longer than a week, even. It’s going on ten days, nine days to be precise, and there’s rumours flying around the school that Peter Parker isn’t the Stark favourite anymore and Flash is bragging about how Stark has finally seen how much better he is at chemistry than Peter is and Peter’s getting frustrated because he has an image to maintain, dammit, and leaving Mr. Stark to lick his wounds in peace doesn’t seem like it’s going to cut it anymore.

He leaves last period lost in thought, seemingly preoccupied with the Spanish test they have tomorrow, which is partially true, maybe brushing up on his Spanish and dirty talk in a foreign language will help his apparently non-existent seduction skills.

He steps out of the side entrance, the parking lot mostly empty given the detour he took to his locker. The fall sunset glints golden, parking lot bathed in a soft orange yellow as Peter walks through. The sound of laughter carries across the empty cement space, and he looks up-

Mr. Stark’s wedding band catches the last of the sun’s rays, bright and reflective off the side of the car as he leans into the window, smile even brighter as he pecks someone’s – presumably his wife’s – lips, jogging around to the side and letting himself into the passenger’s side before kissing her properly, and Peter recognizes her, Ms. Potts is the second grade teacher at the elementary school across the street and fuck, she was one of the best teachers he’s ever had, probably made the second grade more fun than it had any right to be. And she’s beautiful. Really beautiful.

He doesn’t care. He watches Mr. Stark kiss her and kiss her and he can’t turn away and even when Mr. Stark peeks an eye open and catches him watching he doesn’t flinch, because he might be kissing her now, but this time tomorrow?

This time tomorrow, Peter guarantees those lips will be on his own.

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The whispering isn’t unexpected. Neither is the staring.

The skirt is short. Obscenely so, which is why he’s carefully watching for teachers, he can’t afford to be sent home before first period. He makes his way through the halls, his crop sweater slipping down his shoulder on one side, the expanse of milky white skin at his collarbones on display, the length of his swan like neck accentuated by the dainty black choker.
He slips into the lab, painted lips stretching into a pretty pink smile when he notices both Mr. Stark and Flash have already arrived. It’s another day of more of the same, Mr. Stark bent over a student’s notebook, going over something from yesterday’s lesson. And for the last ten days his entrance into the classroom has gone unnoticed.

But not today.

It’s a rainy day; the sky a motley clash of slate and white. It’s cold, too. Peter had practically sprinted into the building, but now the greyness of outside just makes him all the more vibrant. The skirt is chequered and blue, and barely covering the swell of his ass. The crop sweater is successful-titration pink, and the little T’s on his wrist catches the light and glints silver.

Mr. Stark and Flash look up at the same time, and Peter feels such a vindictive rush of triumph that he goes a little dizzy from it.

He’s already been approached by three of the most popular jocks this morning, asking if he was free this weekend, but still, the way Mr. Stark’s eyes keep flashing to him, then snapping away and then back- Peter shivers with delight all over.

“That,” Mr. Stark whispers finally in a croak, “cannot be school-appropriate.”

Okay. Not quite the proposition Peter was hoping for, but maybe Mr. Stark is going to wait till after class. Peter gives a helpless little shrug. “Laundry day,” he lies, “but I didn’t wanna miss my favourite class.”

He struts to his desk, swaying his hips and can feel Mr. Stark’s gaze on his perfect ass- when Flash coughs- or chokes- Peter’s not sure, so he pauses by his desk. “You look…” Flash begins, a sheen of sweat already making his face shiny, “really good. You look-” he nods, strangled and hoarse, “…just…really, really nice.”

Peter smiles. Who knew a skirt was enough to render Flash a bumbling mess? He leans across his classmate’s desk, just to arch his back and tilt his ass up because he knows Mr. Stark is still watching him, and he fixes Flash’s collar. “Thank you,” he says sweetly, noting the way Flash can’t look anywhere but Peter’s lips: pink and sparkly with gloss. “Do you wanna be partners today, Flash?”

Flash drops all of his belongings in his haste to say yes, and follows Peter to his desk at the back.
“You know I- I have a car, right, Peter?”

Peter hides his smirk, and tries to catch Mr. Stark’s eye as he sets his pencil case down. “Oh?”

“Yeah,” Flash continues, high-pitched and desperate, “it’s really nice. Brand new and everything, and I could- if you wanted to see it…”

Peter nods absentmindedly, but his attention is taken because Mr. Stark has gone back to helping the girl with her notes. He’s not even looking at Peter anymore.

Peter grits his teeth in irritation. Really? All this effort- he looks like sex, he knows he does. He could be a playboy bunny. He’s the fantasy of every guy in school, he knows that. What, it isn’t good enough for Mr. Stark?

He scoffs to himself; determination renewed. Because he remembers Mr. Stark’s blown pupils when he first walked into the room- he can’t have been imagining it. He made Mr. Stark cum in his pants-no, this is not in his head.

He’s just going to have to try harder.

It shouldn’t be too hard. He’s an A+ student, after all.

It’s probably wrong to use Flash as a stooge, but Peter’s nearing the end of his rope. They start their experiment (Mr. Stark doesn’t glance towards the back of the classroom at all) so Peter has to turn things up a notch.

First, he just stumbles into Flash’s chest.

Flash catches him, cheeks flushed and breath stuttery, and Peter smiles coyly, and touches his elbow in gratitude.

Mr. Stark doesn’t seem to notice.

He giggles, he perches on Flash’s lap to get a closer look at the readings, he sucks on the end of his pen. Nothing. He stands too close to his lab partner, he bites his bottom lip, he’s practically rubbing up against Flash at this point- and still- nothing.

Well, Flash looks like he’s about to spontaneously combust, but Peter puts their equipment away and huffs to himself.

It’s not working.

He’s wracking his brain, trying to think of what else he can do as Mr. Stark starts writing an equation on the board. Peter copies it down diligently, but his mind is somewhere else. Should he be trying to get Flash to touch him? Hands on his waist- would seeing that make Mr. Stark feel possessive? Jealous? Peter doesn’t know. Should he have worn a skimpier top? He rolls his eyes a little at that. Any less, and he’s fairly certain he would not have been allowed on school premises.

“He’s one to exercise the old brain cells,” Mr. Stark chuckles to himself, and Peter rests his chin on his hand morosely at how completely fine the teacher sounds. He doesn’t sound wrecked with pining over Peter at all. “What is the exact pH of water that’s been distilled?”

Mr. Stark looks over the class, most of whom look baffled at a question that seems so easy. Peter knows, of course, that it depends on the temperature, but he scribbles that down and continues thinking of ways to get Mr. Stark to notice him-
“It depends on the temperature,” Flash calls out from beside him, and Peter half smiles, looking up-only to see Mr. Stark staring at the back of the classroom for the first time all lesson. He’s beaming at Flash, in that proud, excited way he does whenever someone gets something difficult right. It’s one of Peter’s favourite expressions to get off him- he used to get them all the time, back when he was actually called on to answer- and to see it directed at Flash grates.

He sits up a little straighter, heart pounding. This is it. This is the way- if he knows answers that no one else knows, and he just calls them out, Mr. Stark will have to acknowledge him.

He’s very, very, very glad he’s such a conscientious student, and that he loves chemistry as much as he does.

“It depends on the temperature, exactly. Usually, room temperature is given at 25 degrees celsius, so saying distilled water has a pH of seven is correct. But what if it was 50 degrees in the room? Bearing in mind the acidity in the air- what would the pH be?”

Peter can hear Flash furiously scribbling away as he tries to work it out, and Peter frowns, thinking. The carbon dioxide in the air- he can remember an equation very vaguely- it comes to him suddenly and he starts writing too.

He can feel Flash writing faster as soon as he’s realised Peter is working on it. Peter stumbles a little, as he reaches the long division, but he’s pre-read the class notes for the whole year, so he manages to clumsily keep going.

He hears Flash’s pencil stop and Peter grins. Someone hasn’t been pre-reading.

“Come on, it’s a bit of a mind-stretch, but I’ll give you some extra credit…” Mr. Stark is teasing, and Peter finishes off frantically, desperate to get the man’s attention. Though in all honesty, there’s no rush. No one else in class is trying to do it- it’s too far beyond their level of comprehension, they’re not reading ahead like Peter- and Peter nearly leaps out of his seat as he cries:

“6.6!”

A few people turn to roll their eyes at him, one or two even seem mildly impressed. Flash beside him looks absurdly jealous and is nodding like he knows Peter is right.

But Peter hardly sees them. He’s staring at Mr. Stark, who is finally, finally looking at him.

But his face is impenetrable, and his gaze is impossible to read. He shakes his head. “Sorry, Mr. Parker, that’s incorrect.”

A few people snicker, and Peter feels his cheeks grow red. He’d practically yelled out the answer, and now he sinks onto his stool, and stares in confusion down at his own workings. He called you Mr. Parker he thinks, somewhere far off in the back of his head. Not Pete. He always used to call you-

“6.55 is what we were looking for. Better brush up on your math, huh?” Comes Mr. Stark’s cool, impassive voice.

Peter feels like he’s been doused in cold water. Humiliation, cold and wet, soaks through him and for the first time in a long time, he doesn’t feel smart and sexy and desirable, he feels- he feels stupid and dolled up and- he can feel tears spring to his eyes: unbidden, and he blinks them away desperately. He can see now, in his workings, where he’s pre-emptively rounded the decimals, and the inner-nerd in him, the one who craves extra-credit, curls into a pit of self-loathing at the fact he’s missed out on it.
Mr. Stark’s voice, callous and just this side of patronising, is something Peter’s never heard like that before. He looks up, swallowing hard and feels like he’s about to burst into tears. He feels *strung out*. He’s been trying so hard- all across the board, and extra, just to get Mr. Stark’s attention and-

“Peter?” Flash murmurs, whisper-quiet and worried, “are you-”

“Can I go to the bathroom?” Peter blurts loudly, and he looks up, and feels a tear slide down his cheek before he can stop it. He swipes it away as fast as he can.

Something passes across Mr. Stark’s face. It looks like surprise, and then pain and regret, but Peter’s probably imagining it. Everything looks blurry. He’s half expecting the teacher to say no- but Mr. Stark just nods his head without speaking, and Peter practically races from the classroom.

The empty hallways are a blessing. He lets out a harsh sob and flees to the nearest bathroom. He can hear his heart thumping in his chest. He wants to wash his face, but he doesn’t want to ruin his lipgloss, so he just goes into one of the stalls and crosses his legs on the cold seat, and focuses on breathing.

It only takes a few minutes for the hurt to transform into embarrassment.

What is he *doing*? Maybe it is all in his head. Maybe Mr. Stark isn’t that into him- maybe Mrs. Potts was just away or something, and he’d felt pent up and Peter had been there and- maybe this has all been for nothing. He rests his head against the wall and hugs his knees to his chest. He thinks about going home. He could just leave now. He could text Flash to bring his stuff home- tell May he got sick.

The idea is very, very tempting.

He could always swap to Mr. Roger’s AP chemistry class. It clashes with his history elective, but he could always swap classes there too-

Someone walks into the bathroom and Peter falls quiet.

“Peter?” Comes Flash’s voice, “are you in here?”

Peter unlocks his cubicle and Flash is there, clutching two hallpasses and looking relieved.

“Hey! You’re still here, I thought you might’ve gone home.” He swallows, and then comes into the stall and locks the cubicle again. He looks around, before sitting right there on the floor. Peter winces down at him, and Flash looks mildly disgusted, but his voice is soft. “That was total BS, by the way,” he says, and Peter blinks in surprise. “He never said you had to give it exact *and* it was based on shit he hasn’t even taught us yet.”

Peter smiles at that, and he nods. “I overreacted,” he mutters, “I- I just really got the wrong end of the stick.”

Flash looks like he doesn’t know what Peter is talking about, but he nods anyway. He hands him one of the hallpasses. “Anyway, Mr. Stark looked really sorry when you left. I thought he was gonna come and find you himself, but I said I’d go. I swear, he looked *angry* about it. Gave me the hallpasses like he’d rather be giving me detention. I am definitely not his favourite.”

*What?* Peter furrows his eyebrows together in confusion. “He looked angry that you wanted to come and find me?”

Flash nods, “yeah! He’s super weird sometimes. Like, he’s a good teacher, but seriously, what’s up
with him ignoring you? Treating you like that? It’s like…”

Like someone trying really, really hard not to give into temptation.

Peter gets to his feet and steps over Flash suddenly, out of the cubicle to look in the mirror.

The boy who looks back at him is gorgeous. He’s sexy and smart and he’s a catch.

The bruises from Mr. Stark’s fingertips may have gone, but Peter can still feel them on his hips. They feel like desire.

“Let’s go back to class,” Peter whispers, and Flash nods, confused but pleased, and Peter squares his shoulders and decides that he’s had enough.

Some people wiggle their eyebrows suggestively when he and Flash get back into the classroom. A few people look mildly sympathetic. Most of them don’t care. Peter glances at Mr. Stark, but the chemistry teacher has his head buried in notes, and Peter half-smirks.

No matter.

It’s just a waiting game till the bell, and Flash doesn’t even look surprised when Peter makes no move to pack his stuff away. He just shakes his head ruefully. “Give him hell, Parker.”

Peter feels a burst of gratitude. “Thanks, Flash,” he whispers.

Flash winks and shrugs. “Look forward to seeing you lose at decathlon on Friday.”

Peter grins. Everyone else files out pretty quickly, and Mr. Stark is still wiping down the board, and Peter sits at the back, and doesn’t even pretend to pack his stuff away.

As soon as the last person is gone, Peter gets up and locks the door.

Mr. Stark turns to him sharply, and he looks stunned that Peter’s here, before he looks away: shame-faced.

“Mr. Parker, good, I wanted to say that I was unfair to talk to you that way in front of the rest of the class. Not only was your answer correct, but your working showed reading in advance. I’m happy to give you the extra-credit.” He sounds sincere, and contrite, like he knows he pushed it too far, and Peter tucks a stray curl behind his ear and feels powerful. Professionalism won’t be enough to save the teacher now.

“Thank you, Mr. Stark,” he purrs.

Mr. Stark looks up at that, and his eyes are narrowed and warning. “If that’s all, then…”

“I do have one more thing,” Peter murmurs, licking his lips, toying with the hem of his skirt. “Because I’m not blind, Mr. Stark.”

Mr. Stark swallows hard, shaking his head determinedly, but his jaw is locked and there are beads of sweat on his temples. “I’m not sure what you imagine, Mr. Parker, but I can assure you that…”

“I imagine?” His teacher’s eye twitches at the scepticism that bleeds in with the syrupy sweet of Peter’s voice, but he says nothing, moving to take a seat behind his desk. “I dunno, Mr. Stark, you might be right.” Peter slinks around the desk, hopping up to perch daintily at the edge. He swings his feet lightly, skirt shifting up and down his thighs, and he bites his lip, suppressing a pretty grin as he watches Mr. Stark’s eyes struggle not to flit down. “Heated stares, faded bruises, flirty smiles, that
stuff’s pretty easy to imagine.” He leans down, blowing softly against Mr. Stark’s ear. “Tell me, Mr. Stark, did I imagine you coming in your pants against my ass in the middle of lab last week, too?” He leans back oozing smug, sure he’s got his teacher right where he wants him.

Only to be caught off guard, his own eyes widening, tongue heavy in his mouth when Mr. Stark leans back against the chair, thighs spreading wide, the smirk pulling at the corner of his mouth cocky as all hell. It shouldn’t be as hot as it is. But everything Mr Stark does is effortlessly hot.

He watches Peter for a few seconds before chuckling, looking away. “Yeah, sorry about that, kid. Pavlovian response, let’s call it. Just sorta happened, remembered doing something similar with Ms. Potts back in the day.”

Peter can’t keep the incredulity off his face. No, he refuses to accept that.

“Ah, wait. You didn’t think it was because of you, did you, Mr. Parker?” His teacher leans forward, bringing his elbows to rest on his knees, looking up at Peter. “You really have been imagining things. Guess it’s that smart kid imagination.”

Peter’s had it.

He places his foot on the chair in the space between Mr. Stark’s thighs, pushing it away while leaping down. He pulls at his teacher’s wrists, tugging until Mr. Stark untangles his fingers, then pushes at the older man’s shoulder until he leans back in the chair.

“So, what you’re saying, Mr. Stark,” Peter murmurs, running a manicured finger down his teacher’s clothed crotch, “is this dick doesn’t get hard for me?” He bats his eyelashes innocently.

Mr. Stark cocks an eyebrow, bringing a hand up to his hair, tricep bulging through his shirt in a way that makes Peter salivate over the muscle underneath. “For such a smart kid, you sure need a lot of repetition. But yeah. Exactly what I’m tellin’ you.”

Peter’s fingers keep moving, saying nothing as the cock underneath the fabric begins to fill out, proving his teacher a liar. “Let’s test that hypothesis, hm?” His hands move away, coming to grip Mr. Stark’s thighs. He leans down, nice and slow, blowing against the material, watching it tent further. “Step one, air stimulation. Hypothesis appears to be on shaky ground.” His gaze flicks up, quelling his irritation when Mr. Stark looks down at him, indifferent and almost bored. “Not
disproven entirely as of yet, however, further experimentation deemed necessary.”

The corner of Mr. Stark’s lip twitches, slightly.

Peter takes it as a win.

He lowers his mouth again, mouthing wetly at the fabric. Peter gets caught up in the sensation- the feel and taste of the cloth on his tongue, the hardening length underneath, filling out under his attentions. He takes his sweet time, nice and slow until the pants are sopping wet, spit dripping down his chin, smearing his cheeks.

The groan from above is unexpected, startling Peter. He looks up, trembling moan spilling from his lips involuntarily when he sees Mr. Stark watching him, eyes blown wide and dark with want. “Step two,” Peter gasps, “indirect stimulation through clothing. Hypothesis proven incorrect.” He smirks, idea wicked. “Mr. Stark’s cock does get hard for one Peter Parker after all.”

“Christ, kid, shut up and get your mouth on my cock.” Shivers wrack Peter’s spine because Mr. Stark sounds wrecked, and he did that- he did that, with a little bit of air and warmth and spit and fuck, he needs to get his lips around Mr. Stark’s dick now.

He nods, eager and desperate, trembling hands tugging down Mr. Stark’s zipper, pulling his cock free and Peter’s drooling again just looking. Thick and long, fluid beading at the slit, vein running up the underside, flush and hard in his hand- his mouth aches to be filled. So he gives in.

Peter wraps his lips around the head, sucking lightly, tonguing at the sensitive spot just below. He looks up from under half lidded eyes and thick eyelashes, watching in satisfaction as Mr. Stark throws his head back, hand coming up to fist Peter’s curls. “Fuck, Peter, your mouth drives me crazy, baby. God, wish you could see what you look like right now, a goddamn vision, sweetheart.” Peter hums around his teacher’s length, praise sinking into his skin, relishing the tug on his hair. “That’s it, pretty pink lips stretch so well for my cock. Can they stretch some more, angel? Take more of my cock down that tight little throat? Fuck, what a good boy,"

In lieu of a response, Peter sinks down further, opening up his throat until the head of Mr. Stark’s cock touches the back of his throat. He breathes through his nose, tears pooling at the corners of his eyes, swallowing around the length. Mr. Stark groans, pulling him back using the grip in his hair. “Look at that lipstick, baby boy, markin’ up my cock. What’s my wife gonna say?” Peter whimpers
at the reminder, a reminder that Mr. Stark is taken- married and taken but sitting in front of him with his dick marked up from Peter’s mouth. “Gonna tell her how desperate your slutty mouth is to be filled?” Peter mewls, saying nothing in response, but it only tightens the grip on his curls, wrenching his head back. At the pain the tears spill, streaking mascara down his cheeks, earning him a growl from his teacher. “Shit sweetheart, cryin’ for me? How’d I get so lucky, nabbin such a pretty boy like you?” Mr. Stark’s free hand comes up to cup his face, trailing through the tears before smearing his lipstick, sinking his thumb into Peter’s mouth. He sucks without thought, tightening his lips, trailing his tongue over the appendage. “So pretty, so smart. My favourite boy, you know that? C’mon sugar, up, get up.”

Peter rises to his feet, watches Mr. Stark stand. He shrieks when Mr. Stark sticks his arm out, pushing aside everything on the desk with a clatter before lying down. His teacher raises an eyebrow, patting his thighs. “C’mere, princess.”

Peter clambers over with all the grace of a newborn colt, going to straddle Mr. Stark’s lap when he tutts and grabs Peter’s hips, halting his progress. “The other way, gorgeous. Want the pretty view of your pert little ass in my face while you suck me off.”

Peter shivers at the heated, unadulterated want in Mr. Stark’s voice, offering a meek “yes, sir” that has Mr. Stark’s grip tightening, one hand sneaking down to smack the back of his thigh. He sits down and spins, blushing at the way his skirt shifts with him, rising till it barely skims the bottom of his ass as he leans down. The appreciative hum and the bruising grip tell him Mr. Stark doesn’t seem to mind.

“Need an invitation to get back to suckin’ sweetheart?” Peter’s blush deepens, and he shakes his head.

“No-o, Mr. Stark. Just…” God, it’s all happened so fast. It’s everything he’s wanted- lusted after for so long, that he’s trembling with desire, and his brain is firing off all his fantasies at once. Peter can hardly believe it.

“Just what, baby boy?” Mr. Stark runs his hand up and down Peter’s flank, touch soothing. “You can tell me anything, angel. My brilliant boy, you were so smart earlier, so brave. You can’t tell me what’s going on in that magnificent brain of yours?”

Peter tips over the edge, dizzy with desire. “Want you to fuck my face so hard I feel you in my throat for weeks. Want you to come in my mouth, paint my throat white.” He confesses, relishing in his teacher’s shaky inhale. Just for fun he tacks on a soft, “please, Mr. Stark?”

“Jesus Christ, you’re killin’ me, kid. Go on then, put your mouth on me so I can fuck your throat open.” Peter does as he’s told, leaning down the rest of the way to swallow his teacher’s dick. As soon as his lips close around the base Mr. Stark starts fucking his hips up, forcing Peter to take it, hitting the back of Peter’s throat with every thrust. All he can do is brace his hands against Mr. Stark’s thighs, tears streaming down his cheeks, spit drooling down his chin and his teacher’s length, smearing across his cheeks. He’s losing coherency embarrassingly fast, blood rushing down south, his own cock harder than it’s ever been in his life.

Mr. Stark notices, feels the hardness against his stomach. “Ooh baby boy, is that your pretty little baby cock that’s rubbin’ off against my stomach? Hard and achin’ from letting your teacher fuck your face?” Unable to nod his assent Peter moans, loving the answering groan from his teacher as he feels the vibrations around his dick. “Such a perfect boy, couldn’t have asked for anythin’ better if I’d trained you myself. My wife-” And Peter growls, angry that Mr. Stark still even remembers her with his cock down Peter’s throat. “Mm, possessive are you? Green with jealousy, Petey? You don’t need to be, ‘cause I was gonna say been married to my wife for fifteen years and she still doesn’t
know how to suck cock like you, sweetheart. God, that mouth, this ass-” punctuated with a smack and a particularly rough thrust of his hips, so hard Peter chokes- “your face, shit you’re gonna be the death of me, baby.”

Before Peter can respond, he feels cool air against his ass as his skirt is flipped up, the punched out groan Mr. Stark releases when he catches sight of- “These panties for me, you gorgeous thing?” Peter nods as best as he’s able, his teacher’s thrusts slowing down as he presses kisses across Peter’s ass, nipping and sucking along the way. Peter whines, high and questioning when Mr. Stark pulls his panties aside, but the man offers a shushing noise in return. “Relax princess, ‘m gonna make you feel as good as you’re making me feel. Just relax.”

Peter’s still confused when he feels something cool and wet against his hole, moaning around the cock in his mouth when he realizes Mr. Stark’s tongue is tracing his rim, laving open mouthed kisses across his hole. Peter gets lost in the sensations, Mr. Stark’s cock slipping from his mouth. He whines pitifully when Mr. Stark pulls away, mourning the loss of his tongue when the teacher bites down on his ass. “I said as good as you’re making me feel, baby boy. Get back to choking.” His teacher’s hips begin moving again, fucking his cock in and out of Peter’s mouth, flicking his tongue lightly across Peter’s entrance at the same time.

Peter begins to cant his hips back in an effort to fuck himself on his teacher’s tongue while sucking him off, and Mr. Stark obliges, going harder, licking into his hole, fucking his tongue in and out like he would his cock. Peter can do nothing but swallow around Mr. Stark’s cock, muffled mewls and whines spilling from his mouth in pleasure as Mr. Stark’s tongue finds his sensitive spot over and over, drilling into it and making him see stars. He feels overheated, flushed and sensitive all over, and it’s not long before he’s ready to come, practically untouched. He pulls his mouth off Mr. Stark’s dick.

“Fuck, Mr. Stark, ‘m gonna come, you’re making me, ah, making me feel so fucking good, holy shit, please-”

“Nuh uh, baby boy, you come after you make me come, got that? That’s what good boys do. Gonna paint your throat white, then I’ll make you come on my tongue.” Peter leans back down, taking his teacher into his mouth, letting the man set the pace as he thrusts his hips up, swallowing and moaning where he can, letting Mr. Stark take his pleasure. It only takes a few more thrusts before the older man is coming, gripping his hips and canting up sharply once, twice, forcing Peter to take his cock to
the base as he comes. He comes for what feels like ages, and Peter desperately tries to swallow what he can, but what he can’t swallow spills from the corner of his lips. He works Mr. Stark through the aftershocks, suckling lightly at the head, tasting the last of his teacher’s come. “Fuck, sweetheart, haven’t come that hard in years. Guess I should let you experiment more often.” Mr Stark pants from beneath him.

Peter flushes in pleasure, the praise making him needier, his cock throb harder, and he wiggles his hips in vain. “Please, Mr. Stark,” he gasps wetly, “needta come, ’m so hard, fuck, make me come sir, please.”

“Your wish is my command, gorgeous.” Mr. Stark’s tongue returns to his entrance and Peter nearly wails at the sensation, bordering on overstimulated with how sensitive he feels. He finds Peter’s prostate with unerring accuracy, and Peter nearly buckles under the weight of the pleasure. He feels his orgasm building, whiting out at the edges when he comes, feeling the warm wetness pool in his panties, dripping onto his teacher’s shirt.

He gets a few moments of hazy, delirious bliss before Mr Stark’s fond voice cuts through the fog-

“How am I gonna explain those stains to my wife, baby?”

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_The three of us would like to say thank you so much for being the best fandom ever. We feel very good, Mr Stark, and we hope you all do too. Here’s to this, and many, many more things to come._
“Oh, babygirl,” Tony chuckles, taking firm hold of Peter’s wrist and yanking it up towards his chest. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Peter half-sobs, turning to cuddle into Tony’s chest, his little cocklet still rock hard and angry. “Daddy,” he hiccups desperately, “I need to- I’ve been good, haven’t I? I’m good, please.” Big brown eyes blink up at him and Tony leans down to peck a kiss onto his boy’s nose.

“Goddamn, I’m weak for you, sweetheart,” he mutters into Peter’s curls, scooping him up into his arms and carrying him to the bed. “But if you’re gonna get off, you’re gonna get off properly.”

Peter nods eagerly, docile but enthusiastic, and Tony leans against the headboard, and arranges his boy to straddle him. Peter’s cock bobs temptingly, but Tony ignores it, instead, unbuttoning his own pants and freeing his rock hard dick.

The size difference is ridiculous. Tony is long and thick, deliciously fat and dark, whereas Peter’s is a tiny, barely there little-thing.

“You see that, babygirl?” Tony croons, stroking a loving thumb across Peter’s cheek. “That’s what a real cock looks like. This thing-“ he skirts his palm across Peter’s tip and the boy jerks despairingly, “this is a little clitty, and you don’t jerk a little clitty. That’s not how good girls get off, is it?”

Peter shakes his head, lashes clumpy with tears, and he leans forward to nuzzle into Tony’s beard. “Daddy,” he pleads beautifully, “daddy, daddy…”

“Shhh, doll, daddy knows what you need.” He spreads Peter’s slim, girly thighs wider, so Peter’s babycock slides against his own. Jesus, Peter’s cock is so fucking small, Tony throbs with want. “Good girls grind against their boyfriend’s dicks to get off, don’t they?”

He squeezes Peter’s hip reassuringly, but Peter doesn’t need anymore encouragement, and he takes the hint immediately, shifting his hips and grinding perfectly against Tony’s dick.

It feels exquisite. Peter’s panting like a little whore, eyes screwed shut as he works down harder and harder, desperate for friction.

It’s so fucking cute, Tony has to coo at him. It’s one thing to have a 20 year old fiancé, but it’s another thing for that fiancé to be such an adorable little minx. “Isn’t that better, sweetheart? Your little clitty is so wet, you’re making such a mess, aren’t you?”

Peter mewls, rhythm getting clumsier and clumsier, his hands tangled in Tony’s hair, and each thrust is sending sparks of pleasure up Tony’s cock before Peter cries out, spilling everywhere, and goes as limp as a noodle.

Tony peppers his face with kisses, giving him a moment to enjoy the comedown before coaxing: “What do you say to daddy, baby?”
“Thank you, daddy,” Peter whispers obediently, big eyes blinking sleepily.

“You’ve been a very greedy little girl, taking your own pleasure. Daddy should get to enjoy himself too, hm?”

Peter scootches forward, till Tony’s dick notches against his hole. “Can I sleep, daddy?” He asks sweetly, and Tony kisses him again because he’s so goddamn cute.

“Lazy girl,” he admonishes fondly, “You sleep. Daddy’ll do all the work. Use your perfect pussy till it’s completely wrecked. You sleep, sweetheart. Dream of me.”

Peter smiles, looking perfectly content. “I always do.”

Chapter End Notes

Sun is shining in the sky, there ain’t a cloud in sight...it's stopped raining. Everybody's stopped complaining, don't you know, it's a beautiful new day-aayyy.
Tony can’t help the slow, predatory grin that sweeps across his face as Peter twists away from his friends in the brilliantly executed double cross and comes to sidle up to Tony’s side instead. He wraps his arm around the boy’s dainty waist, and his blue nanotech retreats so he can kiss those rosy lips, and one hand squeezes appreciatively at Peter’s plump little ass. His boy giggles against him, tiptoeing to nuzzle against Tony’s beard. It’s obscenely adorable.

Peter’s stupid friends make noises of horror and betrayal, and MJ, quite the little deviant to his system of rule over New York, steps forward. “Peter,” she whispers in cold fury, “what are you doing? What are you doing? Have you been playing us? You’re giving in to Stark’s rule? He’s destroying New York! You pretended to be our friend-“

“No, MJ,” Peter whispers, shaking his head so adamantly that his tousled hickory curls tussle enthusiastically. “No, it’s not like that! I just- I needed to get you to trust me because- you don’t understand. Tony is good for New York. He’s what we need-“

“Oh my god,” she spits in disgust, her black-rimmed eyes narrowing in derision. “He’s completely taken you in. How can you think that? With all the things that he’s done-”


Flash is lost for words.

Peter looks sad, and Tony can’t have that. His princess shouldn’t ever be sad. He draws him closer to his side and presses a gentle kiss to his temple. “Don’t listen to them, sweetheart,” he coos, and Peter nods, but his eyes don’t sparkle like they do when he’s really happy.

Tony vows to restore it later.

For now- “I’m going to enjoy killing you.” He hisses, stalking forward, and MJ lifts her head defiantly, but Extremis coils bright and blue around Tony and he can see her flinch just a little. The others are cowering, and he’s lifting a hand- he’ll snap her little neck-

When a soft gasp and a hand at his elbow stops him. “Daddy!” Peter cries in surprise and dismay, “What are you doing? You said you wouldn’t hurt them! You promised!”

Tony grits his teeth, and MJ looks triumphant.

“Peter, baby,” Tony says as gently as he can, “that was a lie. I lied to you so you’d help me bring them here. I’m going to kill them all now, and I’d rather you didn’t see it. Go up to the tower, sweetheart.”

Peter comes even further forward, and Tony swallows hard. His Peter is perfect, and beautiful, with his dainty frame and slim, elegant limbs. He’s Tony’s finest possession. The only thing that Tony would risk anything for- but Peter can’t get in his way. “Daddy,” Peter shakes his head, standing between Tony and his friends, “you promis-“
Tony grips Peter’s chin gently, and his eyes flash blue and the nanotech slithers onto Peter’s skin across their bond. “I explained things to your friends,” he whispers hypnotisingly, watching as Peter’s eyes glint sapphire, “they understood that I am superior. They happily went back to work, but they don’t want to contact you- they’re too busy being completely happy in their new roles. You don’t miss them at all. Now go up to bed, get yourself ready for me, daddy wants to wreck your glorious little hole tonight, and you love it.”

He pulls away and Peter’s eyes recede back to warm brown.

Peter wriggles in excitement, as Flash and Ned make retching sounds. Tony watches his boy scurry away fondly, and then he turns back to the little rebels.

He grins at them: vicious and deadly.

“Time’s up,” he snarls, spraying their blood across the walls.

By the time he gets upstairs, he’s clean and eager. As is Peter, his precious angel, who’s writhing on the bed, two fingers buried in himself and calling for his daddy.

“Daddy’s here, baby,” Tony clucks, already pulling himself out. He’s rock hard, and he kneels on the bed, sliding in in one smooth motion, all the way to the hilt- Peter’s velvet walls gripping him exquisitely, as he runs his hands up and down Peter’s sides, crooning lovingly to him. “My little angel, fuck, baby, you feel so good. You’re such a good boy for daddy, aren’t you?"

Peter pants, nodding helplessly, rocking his hips back tantalisingly. “Daddy, daddy, daddy,” he pleads, “feels good- need it-”

Tony chuckles, gripping Peter’s hips and setting a brutal pace, making sure to hammer his baby’s sweet spot with each bruising thrust.

Peter’s got a new truth embedded into his brain. Hypnotism isn’t Tony’s first port of call. It’s more of a last resort. He’d wooed Peter properly. Wined and dined him. And Peter had fallen in love with him honestly, beautifully, like a little flower. But then Tony had become more and more powerful, filled with darker and darker desires to rule, and Peter had needed slight tweaking- here and there- so he could see Tony as benevolent and kind, and good.

And Tony likes it that way.

He likes that Peter thinks Tony is perfect. Kind and admirable. He likes that Peter brags about him. That his boy doesn’t know the truth about what happens down in the dictator-ruled streets of New York. About the chaos Tony enjoys causing.

Besides, he treats his boy right, as Peter cums with a delighted squeal, clenching perfectly around him and Tony spills into him, he peppers kisses onto his face and holds him close.

He’d never let any harm come to him.

Peter yawns and snuggles into Tony’s chest, sated and beautiful. “I’m so glad MJ saw you for what you really are, daddy,” he whispers contentedly, and Tony grins into the dark.

He trails his fingers up and down Peter’s spine and thinks of the blood downstairs. “Me too, baby,” he chuckles, “me too.”

Chapter End Notes
I honestly love naive Peter. I would write all the smut with naive Peter. Give me Peter getting pulled over by dirty cop Tony and getting felt up as he's "searched" and he doesn't even realise. Or a strip search in an airport that he thinks is routine.

I want Peter trying clothes on in a shop, and personal shopper Tony "helps" him in the dressing room. Featuring: ridiculously tight underwear that requires Tony fondling Peter's tiny little cock to make sure it sits right.

I want gymnastics teacher Tony helping his best and most flexible student stretch.

I want personal trainer Tony getting Peter into all sorts of yoga positions just to rut against him.

Wrestling coach Tony assuring Peter it's normal to get pinned and grinded against- or to grab your opponent by the cock-

Yeah, I'm...this got away from me. But that's like my ultimate kink. If you guys like any of those ideas, please lemmie know! Or if you have more- inspire me! Or if you wanna elaborate- I'm here! I love it!

MWAH

x
Charles knows the second they walk in, that they won’t stay.

He comes over anywhere, in his sleek silver wheelchair, and greets Tony Stark and his son with a smile. “Tony, Peter,” he beams, smiling up at the chubby little toddler in Tony’s arms.

The older Stark smiles, but his eyes are tight, and his mind says: He knows Peter’s name-right, He’s probably reading our minds right now, aren’t you? Damn, Charlie, it’s a damn fine looking school.

Charles smiles, and nods because he does remember their younger days. Charles Xavier and Tony Stark- drunk and sleeping with women (and men) through most of their college experience- but they’ve both changed now. Tony especially. His mind is a thrum of a thousand different things- like it always was- but above new inventions and technology and paranoia, is endless love for his son, and ever-present worry that Peter doesn’t have everything in the world.

The three year old, however, is the most contented ball of sunshine Charles has ever had the privilege of meeting. In his designer button-ups (that match the colour of Tony’s shirt, it’s too cute) and adorable shoes. He’s looking around with his big brown eyes; taking in the people and the colours, and his mind is a whirlwind just like his father’s of I wanna play- I like that girl’s hair- can I have pink hair- daddy is the best daddy in the whole world and I hope we eat orange slices with Happy

“He’s special,” Charles says, as soon as Tony is seated at the desk, and Peter is settled on his lap.

Tony bristles. “He was always-“

“I know,” Charles smiles, “but he has abilities.”

Tony nods once, and he strokes his fingers through Peter’s flouncy curls and his arm trembles. Peter gazes up at his father and giggles- reaching up to scrunch his little fingers in Tony’s goatee. Tony nips playfully at the pudgy fingers. “He just started- climbing up walls and-“

Charles can see the memories. Beyond the horror and surprise, they’re a little funny. Peter stuck upside down to the ceiling while Tony frantically calls one of the suits to fly up and get him.

“Anyway,” Tony clears his throat, looking out of the window to the fields filled with happy students. “I thought maybe- I just want what’s best for him- and your little school- for the gifted youngsters, maybe that’s what Petey-pie-“ needs. Maybe he shouldn’t stay in New York. But I’d miss him- Peter looks up, delighted at hearing his name, and he squeals:

“Daddy! Can we play outside later? And have maybe um some orange slices? Please?”

Tony smiles through the pain of being separated from his boy, pressing a kiss to his son’s head. Anything for you. He thinks, “sure, baby,” he promises, and Peter’s mind alights with contentment.

“Tony,” Charles grins, shaking his head, “you’re mad if you don’t think the perfect place for him is right there with you.”
Tony frowns, but his shoulders relax a little. “But- what about his powers-“

“Tony,” Charles leans forward, resting his elbows on the desk, “his mind is essentially an ocean of adoration for you. I’ve never seen a happier child.”

At that, Tony looks like he might cry tears of joy. Instead, he jerks his chin forward and shrugs. “Obviously, I’m amazing.” He says nonchalantly. “Kid knows it.” But Charles knows better. Tony’s mind is a buzz of bliss, and he hugs his son and nods, standing up and saluting Charles.

*My boy- he’s happy- I make him happy-

“I love you, daddy!” Peter chirps, and Tony’s mind glows, and Charles smiles, and thinks of Raven.

Chapter End Notes

Chubby baby peter is my life. I want a baby. Or a dog. Golden retriever please and thank you.
Starker, Poor Single Dad Peter

Chapter Summary

Poor Single Dad Peter x Tony who has a plan

Chapter Notes

So I wrote this in February and thought I posted it. I decided I'd like to re-read it, only it wasn't on here. So after much fruitless searching and increasing despair (mama was NOT in a good headspace), @starkerchemistry (who you should definitely follow on tumblr) scrolled through her tumblr to find it, and lo and behold, because of her, here this is:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony’s gonna be rich some day.

He really is. He’s gonna have it all: the penthouse that towers above New York, a dozen cars each one more beautiful than the one before. He’s going to have a wine cellar and bottles of the finest scotch and perfect suits and a tailor. He’s going to be able to have the lab he wants and the ability to roll out whatever new piece of tech is damn sure going to change the world because he is Anthony Stark and he has a vision.

He’s had this plan since he was a boy. But he’s not like the other mud-smeared children running around dreaming of winning reality shows, no, he’s known how he’s going to earn his money and he’s serious about it. He’s going to use his brain. Oh sure, maybe he could have used his looks because let’s face it, he’s no stranger to a handsome reflection, but no no, the brain, his brain is the ticket. So far, everything’s going according to plan. MIT graduate with a full scholarship, check.

Now, just a few years on Wall Street to earn some seed money (it’s just math, and math is just numbers and numbers are just easy to understand) and then he’s going to do it. He’s not going to need investors, no Sir, that’s not the way for him.

There are grittier realities to dreams like this, but Tony’s thought of all of them. He lives in a cheap rented apartment in an ugly block on the outskirts of New York and the commute is a bitch but that doesn’t stop him from showing up everyday with a smirk on his face and a win in his pocket. Everyone’s impressed by him but he knows better than to step on toes at this point. Later in the game, when he’s powerful enough to take them on he can have all the enemies he likes, but for now, allies are the way forward.

He’s thought of everything. He eats cheap, he saves, he scrounges, and even though he has a taste for the finer things he learns to curb his desires because now, now being twenty three years old- now is not his time. His time will come soon. According to his plan, five years should do it. Maybe less if he gets that promotion that Bryson should give him.

But rule number three is not to trust anyone. Bryson might give him that promotion but humans are changeable and Tony doesn’t give anything the benefit of the doubt.
Impressed? Like he said, he’s thought of everything.

Except-

He hasn’t.

It’s a rainy Tuesday night and Tony’s won four new clients and turned a three million dollar profit on medical stock. He’s collected the cheapest takeout on the block and is trudging up the stairs to his apartment, careful not to get anything on his suit—when he hears crying.

He winces. “Keep walking,” he mutters to himself, his shoes echoing a touch too loud against the stone steps. But the crying continues, and it’s earnest crying. It’s the tears of someone who can barely keep it together, but quiet enough that they want to, they really want to—

He stops on the landing one beneath his own and peers over the bannister.

A young man is standing in front of an apartment door, sobbing into his hands. His shoulders are hunched over and he keeps taking in these huge gasps of air, and he’s small and skinny and—something churns in Tony’s stomach. He should just keep going, but he can’t.

Instead, hating himself with every step (this is not in the plan! his brain screams), he approaches the cryer. “Hey,” he greets gently, “are you…okay?”

The man—scratch that, the boy—looks up immediately, hurriedly wiping his eyes and sniffling but Tony is a little blown away by that face. Jesus, it’s gorgeous. Huge honey doe eyes blink up at him, cheeks glistening in the dim light and the part of his brain that was yelling at him to keep walking is suspiciously quiet now. “I’m sorry,” the boy whispers, wrecked. “I’m sorry if I was disturbing you—“

“Hey, no, no,” Tony reassures, reaching out as if to touch his shoulder but unsure quite how to do it. “I just wanted to…what’s wrong?” It sounds a little lame, but the boy doesn’t notice.

“I don’t think I can make rent this month,” the boy chokes out, shaking his head. “The newspaper’s gonna— I know they’re gonna let me go, and— we’re barely getting by as it is—“

“We?”

“My son,” the boy admits, sounding more self-loathing than before.

His son. Fuck. Tony reassesses him. Skinny not by choice or metabolism, the clothes are old and faded and the quiet crying—his son must be inside. Christ, how old is this boy? “How old are you? How old is your son?” He finds himself asking even though he really, really shouldn’t. This is not a part of the plan.

“I’m uh, twenty,” the boy sniffles, wiping his nose with the back of his hand. “And Harley is— he just turned one.”

Fuck. He’s just a few years younger than him—“Is it just the two of you?” Where’s his mom? Or dad? Or— or anyone?

“It’s just the two of us,” he whispers, like saying it aloud is scary and Tony wishes he hadn’t asked because the boy looks even sadder than before. “I know it’s irresponsible of me, maybe I could’ve—maybe I could’ve saved better, or tried harder to find another job but I can only work the night shift and unless I leave him— all alone, and it’s awful, so-so, at least the newspaper lets me work from home and I could….” fresh tears brim over, and stream hotly down his cheeks and Tony blinks back the mist from his own eyes.
“How short are you?” The words slip out and he can’t believe he just said that.

“Two hundred dollars,” the boy sniffles, shaking his head. “I heard- I heard there’s um…” he hugs himself with gangly, bony limbs and his next words are so quiet that Tony has to strain to hear them. “I heard that the girls who…who work the streets, that sometimes they make-“

“No,” Tony breathes, eyes widening in horror. “No, you don’t- don’t do that.”

The boy bites back a wail, and his knees tremble like he can barely keep himself still standing up. “I don’t know what else to do!” He weeps, and Tony’s heart is thundering hard in his chest and sweat is starting to bud at his temples. He’s not going to let that happen, he’s not going to- he’s not going to let this boy sell his fucking body to make rent for this shitty building. Tony’s life here is a choice, the boy’s is a necessity and fuck no-

“I can give you the two hundred,” he offers, “to tide you over.” What the hell are you doing? His brain screams, furious over the betrayal of the plan.

The boy looks up in awe, lips parting in amazement. “Sir…” he whispers doubtfully, but Tony just nods thickly.

“I can go to an ATM tonight. Get you the cash.”

“I…I wish I could have the dignity to at least try and refuse your offer, but I…” he shakes his head helplessly, and his fingers are shaking with gratitude as he leaps forward and wraps his arms tight around Tony. His words are whispered in reverence against the older man neck. “Thank you so much.” He whispers, tears still falling.

Tony holds him awkwardly, but nods. “Don’t worry about it.”

He dumps the take out in his apartment and then heads to the nearest ATM. He bites his tongue at what he’s doing. This is a good thing, he’s doing a good thing, and yet it goes against it all. At proving himself. Against the plan.

The cashpoint spits out the money, and Tony thinks of honey-dew eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Mwah love u and your comments xxx
Peter hates hide and seek.

Tony only tries to play it once, but then his little three year old toddles up to him- chubby little face all streaked red with tears- and grabs onto Tony’s collar with all the despair of someone who’s recently lost a loved one. “Daddy!” He screeches, as Tony lifts him up onto his chest and lavishes him with kisses and strokes his curly hair. “I-I couldn’t find you! You were gone!” He wails.

Tony chuckles, sympathetic and fond, as he coos at his little baby. “We were playing hide-and-seek, bud,” he reminds, “that’s the point, I was hiding and-“

“No!” Peter bawls again, nuzzling into Tony’s neck like a cat, “no! I don’t like this game! I don’t wanna play!”

Tony wipes his tiny face, and pecks his cheeks. “We won’t play it again,” he promises, singing to Peter in Italian until the boy calms down.

***

“Dad,” Peter whispers, and Tony feels the blood run out of him. His face drains, and he turns in horror and denial, to see his son trembling.

“No,” he hisses, already striding over, wrapping his boy up in his arms. Fifteen. Peter is fifteen. Tony can’t- it won’t-

“Dad,” Peter croaks out again, and he’s crying, and Tony holds him tighter, and turns to Strange with venom on his lips- only to see the wizard start to disappear.

“Tony,” Strange promises, “it was the only way,“

“Bullshit.” Tony screams, but his son is clutching at him, and Tony can’t think. He can’t hear over the roaring in his ears.

“I don’t, I don’t feel so good, dad,” Peter trembles, and Tony lowers them both to the ground, shaking his head.

“You’re okay,” he repeats, “you’re okay, you’re gonna be fine, Petey-pie, I’ve got you, bambino”

A tear rolls down Peter’s cheek into the sandy dirt. He looks up and smiles. He can see through his father’s lie. Tony sobs. “I’m sorry,” Peter whispers, and Tony shakes his head- even as his world crumbles into dust beneath him.

***

He blasts Steve so hard that the super soldier singes his chest, but Steve doesn’t say a word.

None of them do.

Tony can’t look at them without thinking why are you here? Why are you here but Peter isn’t? Why am I here?
He finds himself going to his son’s bedroom, and seeing half-finished homework assignments and lego strewn all over the floor.

He sits on the bed and he cries.

***

The sun streaks the sky like samfire, and Tony looks up at the horizon and remembers his pudgy little five year old, following his dad around with big wide eyes and repeating why? why? why? He remembers DUM-E and Peter almost setting the kitchen on fire.

He remembers his three year old crying when he couldn’t find his dad.

He looks up at the sky and he clenches his fists and whispers, “I’m gonna find you, baby.”


Tony turns to look up at him, and hardens with alliance. “Me too.” He vows.

Thor smiles, but there’s no humour in it.

***

On the battlefield, they’re losing.

But Tony doesn’t care.

If they can’t get those stones, Thanos will just do it all over again and-

“Dad! Dad!” Someone is yelling across the blood-soaked land.

It’s like a little lamb bleating, and Tony follows it wildly, eyes desperately searching the fighters on all sides-

until he sees his boy.

Peter flings himself at him, and Tony holds him tight enough to bruise. It’s been three years. He cards his fingers through those fluffy brown curls, pulls back to search his son’s skin for any hurt- to search his eyes for any sadness-

“Old man,” Peter teases, eyes wet with tears, “you’re going grey.”

“Smart-ass,” Tony whispers, pulling him back in for a hug. For the first time in three years, he feels like he can breathe.

He’s never going to let him go.

Which is why, when he gets the gauntlet, he knows he’ll have to put it on.

He won’t let Peter go again. Even if that means-

A thwip and then the gauntlet is gone, and Peter has it.

Tony feels his stomach lurch. “What the hell are you doing?!” He yells, and Peter looks at him: distraught.
“You were gonna put it on! It’ll kill you!”

“I have to!”

Thanos lets out a roar, overpowering the others holding him down-

“Peter,” Tony cries, “give it to me-“

“I won’t lose you!” Peter sobs, and then he’s- he’s putting his hand in it-

Tony can’t. He fires his propulsters and Peter is blasted backwards, losing his grip on the stones as the glove lands on the ground with a smack. Tony flies over, and picks it up. Peter looks up at him in betrayal-

“Dad,” he chokes, “Daddy, don’t-“

“Peter,” Tony shakes his head, he can’t bear it, he doesn’t know what to do, he- “I-“

Nebula snatches the gauntlet, puts it on, and snaps her fingers.

***

Peter makes lasagne for dinner, and they eat it in the lab.

It’s getting back to normal.

They cherish each other.

Tony’s almost overwhelmingly over-protective. He hovers close by all the time, watching Peter like a hawk. Doesn’t like it when he’s out of his sight.

But Peter doesn’t mind.

He likes to stay close by, and watch old movies with his dad, and they adopt a cat and DUM-E is scared of it.

“I love you,” Tony whispers, ruffling Peter’s hair, and Peter beams-

“I love you too, dad. One day I might even forgive you for almost sacrificing yourself.”

Tony smiles softly, “anything to keep you safe.”

Peter ducks his head, “ditto.”

***

“There are other games.” His three year old says eagerly, “we can play other games!”

“True,” Tony grins, setting him down on couch and tickling his sides so Peter kicks his legs in delight. “What did you have in mind?”

“Ummm…we could play um…” he scrunches his nose thoughtfully, “we could play tea-parties!”

Tony snorts, but less than two minutes later, he’s sitting at a table drinking make-believe tea, and he wouldn’t have it any other way.
everybody everybody get out on the floor, it can get a little crazy when the beat hits the-
make a scene make a scene nobody can ignore
“Tony,” Natasha says with a sympathetic smile. “He’s got you absolutely *whipped.*”

“I resent that phrase.” Tony quips lightly, as sweat rolls off his body. “And I am not-“ he sets down the bench press, “-whipped.”

Nat raises her eyebrows, casting her gaze across the gym. “So, you’re telling me that this extra working-out *isn’t* for Peter?”

“Peter loves my body just the way it is, thank you very much.”

“Then why are you in the gym?”

“What if I’m just trying to get healthy? I have a new 22 year old ballerina boyfriend, maybe I’m just inspired.”

Natasha frowns at him, her gaze dragging over his figure, before shaking her head. “Nope, sorry, don’t buy it. The Tony I know loves scotch and cigars. Tell me the truth.” She turns to look menacingly at the boxing ring. “Don’t make me beat it out of you.”

Tony sighs, collapsing in a heap on one of the benches. “I’m trying to work off a little pent up energy.”

“Stress?”

He winces. “No, not stress exactly. Just- look, it doesn’t matter, it’s-“

He feels the warm presence of Natasha by his side, and can feel her expectant glare boring into the side of his head, so he sighs and lets it out: “Pete thinks we should wait to have sex, and I agree, so I’m just- I haven’t had sex in a while…”

There’s silence for a beat, before Natasha bursts into fits of laughter and Tony rolls his eyes. He’s a goddamn 45 year old man and-

“I take it back. You’re worse than whipped- oh my god, he’s got you right around his finger- I have to give him credit!” She screams between fits of laughter. “*The* Tony Stark- sex god, and you’ve been dating for like three months!”

“We’re taking it slow,” he scolds lightly, “besides, Peter’s different. If he- I want to wait.”

She softens a little at that. “Well, that’s good. He’s sweet. And beautiful.”

Tony groans. “He *is* beautiful. I need to do another set of sit ups.”

Natasha laughs. “I’ll spot you.”

***

“And what’s really beautiful about this sequence is that those two dancers are doing the exact same dance- but Miguel is doing it in reverse, as a reflection on their characters,” Peter murmurs, snuggled up against his boyfriend on the couch.

Tony hums. The dance is pretty, sure. But he’s only really interested when he’s watching Peter on stage. Besides, it’s hard to focus when his boyfriend is pressed up against him smelling of
strawberries and the chocolate cake he had for dessert.

Peter peaks up at him through his tumbling locks, face so close that Tony can’t help but lean down and kiss him gently. Peter smiles against him, before pulling back. “What’s wrong? Don’t you like it?” He asks innocently, and Tony wraps his arm around the boy’s slender waist and noses at his temple.

“It’s fine, sweetheart. I mean, I don’t have a thousand dollar bet on the ballet.”

Peter giggles, before reaching for the remote. “You don’t have to watch this stuff for me, Tony,” he says sweetly, and Tony’s heart bursts with fondness. “We’re a team. We should do stuff we both like.”

Tony grits his teeth a little. There are lots of things he’d like to do with Peter. One specifically. His hand on Peter’s waist catches a little sliver of skin from where his t-shirt has ridden up, and Tony just wants to drag the boy onto his lap and ravish him and-

“Baby, listen, there was something I wanted to talk to you about,”

Peter looks up brightly, wetting his soft plush lips. “What’s up?”

How best to do it? He can’t think of tactful way- and besides, actions speak louder than words- so he cups Peter’s face in his hands and kisses him.

Peter makes a pleased sound of surprise, and before long Tony has him pressed into the couch, one hand snaking up his shirt and the other curled firmly around his waist. Peter’s hands are tangled in his hair, and he’s moving his hips in a way that should be illegal when-

“Wait, Tony,” he breathes, lips red and cheeks flushed-

Tony peppers kisses up his throat. He’s painfully hard already- it’s been so long since-

“Tony,” Peter says again, and he pecks Tony’s nose with a sweet little kiss. Tony bites back a groan. How can this boy be so Disneysque? Like a little princess, but at the same time he’s so flexible and-

“Tony,” he whispers again, and his hands are on Tony’s belt and Tony feels his brain fry a little. “I know we said we wanted to wait, but- I- I want you,”

He can’t hold back his smile, and lets his teeth graze over Peter’s pulse point- already thinking about hoisting him up and carrying him to the bedroom when-

“That’s why you need to make the decision,’ he finishes, and Tony frowns.

He pulls back a little in confusion. “Wait, what?”

Peter half sits up, sweet and trusting, “if you think we’re ready, Tony, I trust you. If you think our relationship should get stronger first- I’m with you too. I just can’t be impartial anymore.” He leans up to nuzzle Tony’s scruff. “You’re too sexy.”

“Well, hell, Pete,” Tony mutters, flushed warm all over by the compliment, and awed by the trust. “I can’t- have you seen you? I can’t- I want it too and…”

Peter blinks up at him, adoring and sweet and-

“Fuck,” Tony sighs, pulling away. Because Peter is different. And Tony doesn’t do relationships- he dates models and actors and singers, the occasional porn star, but Peter is- Peter- “We should wait.”
He decides, even as his cock calls him a traitor.

Peter beams, “we can make pancakes and then you can show me who you bet on!”

Well, eating chocolate covered pancakes and watching the Lakers win with Peter in his lap isn’t as good as sex- it’s a very, very close second.
The person who opens the door is not Peter Parker.

Peter is the adorable, bumbling, and over-enthusiastic sweetheart in Tony’s Advanced Electronics class.

The person who opens the door is tall, unimpressed and blonde.

He smiles anyway, “Uh hi, I’m here for Peter-“

“So, you’re Tony Stark, huh?” The girl asks; her eyes looking him up and down scrutinisingly. Tony nods; his throat a little dry. “Flowers?” She leans forward, and she’s so tall- “Are those blue roses?”

Tony blushes as his voice breaks over the stuttered: “yes.” He barley manages to resist the urge to tack on a ‘ma’am’.

The girl, who must only be a few years older than him- a senior, maybe, beams suddenly. “Those are Peter’s favourites.” She says, and beckons the door for him to come in like he’s passed some sort of test.

He flushes, ducking his head. He knows that, of course. He’s not about to show up here for their first date with the wrong flowers. It’d taken a lot of coaxing for Peter to accept Tony’s invite. The boy was a blushing mess, sure that Tony could do better- but Tony had protested- there was no one better than Peter Parker.

“I’m Carol. Aeronautic’s senior.” She greets, leading Tony into a neat kitchen in the nicely sized, neat apartment. Peter had mentioned a roommate, but Tony certainly hadn’t expected-

“How do you know Peter?” He asks, casting his gaze around. There’s a sofa crammed with cushions and a tidy workspace and he can picture Peter sprawled across the couch or hunched over and studying there.

“We take ballet together. Would you like some water? Peter’ll be out in a few minutes. He’s deciding on what to wear.” She winks at him, but Tony can’t open his mouth to answer because what- Peter takes ballet? Just the mental image is enough to send his heart into overdrive. Does he wear a leotard? Tights? Oh god, could Tony come and watch-

“Tony?” Carol prods, an amused glint in her eyes, “water?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, please,” he nods, taking a seat at the breakfast bar.

“Peter is so nervous, it’s so cut- “ comes a voice, before it cuts off, and Tony is greeted with a pretty, dark skinned girl with dark hair braided back. God, how many girls does Peter live with?”

“Tony, this is my girlfriend Valkyrie, Val, this the long anticipated Tony Stark.”

“Ah,” Valkyrie drawls, she glances once at the flowers, but isn’t nearly as impressed, as she strolls into the kitchen and pulls open the fridge. “Tony Stark, we’ve heard a lot about you. You know your little Vanessa stunt was hilarious.”

Tony winces, and Carol nudges her girlfriend warningly. “Val-“

“That was a mistake,” Tony blurts earnestly. Carol nods at him encouragingly, but Valkyrie glares a
little. “Vanessa was- she didn’t- she came out of nowhere and kissed me I swear- I would never have-“ he can still see Peter’s face- the hurt in those big brown eyes-

“Don’t worry, Tony,” Carol reassures, “it was before you had asked Peter out-“

“So he can just flirt with as many people as he likes?” The shorter girl snaps, and Tony buries his miserable face in the flowers.

There’s silence for a moment, before Valkyrie sighs. “Sorry, you’re right- if Peter can forgive you- let’s start again.” She reaches out a hand, and Tony takes it gratefully. “I’m Val, I’m a senior, I take architectural engineering. You take math and engineering with Peter, right?”

Tony smiles, “uh- I take computer and technical engineering- we just share a few classes.”

“You’re a first year though, right?”

“Yeah.”

“So, how do you like it? MIT?”

Tony nods, thinking of his mother’s proud smile. “It’s good.”

Valkyrie smiles. “Great, well, now the small talk’s out the way, let’s talk intentions.”

“Val,” Carol warns, setting down Tony’s water.

He drains half the glass in one gulp.

“What? I just wanna know if Peter’s gonna be a fling or something more serious?”

Carol pauses, and looks at Tony curiously. “I’m a little curious about that too. Peter says you’re very popular-“

Tony shakes his head, sweat budding across his forehead, “no, I’m not- really-“

“You know he’s about the sweetest thing in the universe, right?” Valkyrie presses, “and that if he was hurt- I’d just have to do something about that.”

Carol nods. “We take karate in the evenings.”

Tony thinks he might faint and then-

“Tony! You’re here!” Comes an excited little chirp, and he turns on the seat to see Peter, in a pastel blue sweater and jeans that look painted on- “are those flowers?” He beams, and his face flushes all red, and Tony feels a swell of relief flood through his system.

“Yeah, for you, Petey,” he murmurs, and Peter takes them and looks delighted at the blue roses, tiptoeing to peck Tony’s cheek and immediately hurrying to get a vase.

“You didn’t have too! Oh, this is so sweet- did you meet Carol and Val?” He sets the vase down and pets one of the flowers. “You weren’t mean to him were you?” He asks them, and the two women shake their heads in unison.

“We were utterly delightful, weren’t we, Tony?” Val grins, with a few too many teeth.

Tony gulps. “Super nice.”
Peter giggles. “Great! Um, I got you something too, if you-“ and he’s holding out a little piece of felt and-

Tony looks down at the handmade friendship bracelet, and feels something tight in his throat. It’s a little ugly, a clash of rainbow colours and not quite even, and he’s never loved anything more.

“I made it, but it’s not very good,” Peter frowns, rubbing the back of his neck, “you don’t have to wear it, but I thought-“

“I love it.” Tony blurts, already fastening it next to his watch.

Peter rocks on his heels. “Really? Great! Should we go? I think the movie starts soon.”

Tony thinks he’d follow Peter anywhere. He nods, waving weakly at the two women who are looking at him with very knowing glints in their eyes.

“So,” he manages, once they’re out into the cool evening air and some of his courage has returned to him, and his fingers are threaded with Peter’s. Peter looks up at him with a beam and Tony grins: “you do ballet, huh?”
Superior Iron Man x Peter, Superior comes to our World after our Tony dies

TW dark Tony, fake identity

After the uprising, Tony isn’t sure exactly what he should do.

This world is too hostile now, and he’s made too many mistakes with Extremesis. The power is being harnessed by people who know how to use it- he’s no longer as effective a dictator as he used to be. He’s no longer the god who wielded power over the world.

The uprisings are too powerful, and Tony realises with a snarl that this world doesn’t want him. They call him things like tyrant king and murderer.

So, he finds another world.

It takes a little bit of tinkering, but then he’s slipping through the cracks in the galaxy and he’s blinking at the warm, bright sun, and a New York still brimming with life and prosperity. With skyscrapers and happiness.

A New York that, for some reason, is brimming with murals of him.

Ironman paintings are on every building, decorated across the streets and on flags- the suit’s a little cruder than his own but- this Tony is dead, and he is worshipped- like a god.

Tony’s fingers tingle with excitement when-

“Mr Stark!” Comes a half-sob, and then someone is flinging their arms around him, a lovely, lithe boy is pressed against him and Tony can’t remember the last time someone came so close so willingly. So enthusiastically.

In this world, it appears, he is loved.

How quaint.

When the figure pulls back, Tony’s pleasantly surprised to see big brown eyes and fluffy hair and a mouth that would look absolutely perfect stretched around his-

“Mr Stark,” the boy begins to cry, visibly shaking, “I knew you weren’t dead- I knew- I knew- I knew you were okay- I missed you so much, I- oh god-” and then he’s hugging Tony again, and Tony hugs him back tightly, breathes in the scent of him and thinks yes, this’ll do nicely.

Peter Parker was evidently some sort of protégée to the old, inferior Tony. The Tony foolish enough to die. To sacrifice himself for lesser beings. No matter. It takes a few coaxing words and a firm hand, and he has the boy sprawled out on his bed in his tower in the sky. His hole utterly wrecked.

Things are mostly the same as his old world. He’s had to spin a few white lies here and there- pretend he’s their Tony, that somehow managed to survive, and the world flocks to him. He’s sent gifts everyday. He saved the world. They love him. They revere him.

Tony can’t help but grin. Oh, it’s absolutely perfect.

He can look down on his New York and relish in their adoration. Peter is loyal and fierce, but more importantly- beautiful, and a tight little hole for Tony every night.
This was always the way to get power and respect—sacrifice and love. It’s a good thing another Tony has done all that for him, because this one isn’t so sure he’d have the patience.

Oh, there are hiccups here and there, sure. A Doctor with a red cape and too much knowledge in his eyes simply had to go, for example. And then a woman named Pepper—she’d had to go too, but the daughter. His daughter. Little Morgan.

Tony takes her in even though she’s not his. Because Peter makes the cutest little mother, and he needs an heir. King, queen, princess. That’s how it should go. He doesn’t help raise her, but he doesn’t need to. Peter does all that.

He flies over New York and smiles—it’s absolutely perfect.

Let’s hope it doesn’t have to go to ruin, or he’ll have to find another world. And he doesn’t want to, really. Not with his pretty queen, and his tiny daughter. Not with the paintings and dedications to him all over the world.

Not when he gets the president to bow to him.

Yes, this world is the one he’d like to keep.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**TW: naive peter, abuse of authority, dub con, mind control, hypnosis**

When the fairy lands, Tony’s breath catches.

Oh, it’s one thing to know it’s coming, to plan, to trap, to embed magnets deep into the ground, but it’s another thing completely to see it in front of him. It’s something else entirely.

The fairy doesn’t look the way Tony imagined.

It’s not small and pink and glowing light.

It’s a young man- elfin, beautiful, shimmery and petite but ostensibly human if not for the half-translucent gossamer wings that catch the sunlight as it filters, fragmented, through the canopy.

The soil is rich and dark, and the dainty feet land on it, and gravitate towards the warm milk Tony’s laid out.

Little kids are told fairy stories. Tony never wanted to fuck tinkerbell, though.

As soon as the pretty brunet ambles gracefully into the trap, Tony flips the magnets on, and iron juts up an inch or so through the ground in a circle around the poor creature, and the boy makes a startled sound, immediately trying to fly away- only to crumple onto his knees and cry out.

His skin looks like cream.

Tony wants to bite.

The little fairy is so cute, the way he cringes away from the barriers, stuck in his little circle, desperately looking around the forest for a way out.

Tony’s more than happy to oblige.

He arranges his face accordingly, and plays the worried passer-by, who stumbles out of the long grass.

“Oh my god,” he murmurs, and the fairy looks up in startled relief, “what happened? Are you okay?”

The fairy makes the sweetest little chirping sounds, like a little bird stuck in a tangle of branches, and he gestures weakly to the bowl of the milk and the little iron forcefield. “I’m stuck,” he pleads, “help me- please, and-and I can give you a wish!”

God, he’s so pretty. All sparkly and soft with his pink, *pink* mouth.

Tony looks down at him hungrily. Sure, one wish. But if he finds out the creature’s name: *infinite* wishes.

He’s done his research.
He crouches down and pretends to exam the iron shielding. “I don’t know,” he sighs, “I don’t think I can.”

The fairy’s big honey-suckle eyes swim. “Please, sir! I’m a fae, and I can offer you a wish for your kindness, is there- is there nothing you can…” his voice wavers, and he looks like he’ll burst into beautiful little tears.

Tony pretends to consider it. He thumbs one of the sharp edges of the barrier. “What’s your name?”

The fairy stills. “M-my name?” He repeats.

“I think I need it. The barrier it looks- magic.”

The pixie creature cocks his head. “Have you come across beings such as me before, sir?”

Tony lies. “A few times.” He murmurs, rubbing his chin. “I think there’s a spell, I just need your name. That’s not a problem, is it?”

The fairy wavers, and Tony can see the exact second the sweet thing decides to hedge his bets. “Alright,” he says slowly, “I’m Peter, kind sir. Can you free me now?”

“Oh yes,” Tony grins, trying not to get too excited. “I definitely can.”

He presses the button and the magnets drag the iron back down beneath the earth and precious Peter sags in relief: sparkling back to life. He stands, shaking himself off and wings glinting. “Thank you so much! And now, you may have anything your heart desires-“

“Peter,” Tony cuts him off, loud and testing, and the fairy immediately goes still, his eyes shine gold, and Tony grins. “You’re mine now, do you understand? Under my control. No one else’s. You will never leave unless I give you permission.”

Peter thrums, the little fairy already following Tony. He hovers like a humming bird a few inches off the ground, but Tony doesn’t mind that. He reaches up to cup that dandelion-soft cheek, and Peter nuzzles into him. “Yes, sir.”

Tony shivers with power. “And you’ll grant me every wish I want, won’t you, Peter?”

The command of his name works a treat.

Tony’s lucked out. What a naive little fairy this was. Too young to know the dangers of what lurks in the woods.

No matter.

Tony will protect him.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, your comments are gorgeous. I'm sorry I don't reply to all of you but I do love you all and I check my comments every single day because it's so motivating and ugh honestly, I love you. I'm almost finished with my exams and then I will be free to write and dream up more starker.
I have an idea I'm VERY interested in for perhaps a separate multi-chapter story (loosely based off Duchess of Malfi, ft Ferdinand Tony x Duchess Peter in that taboo incestuous strain, Peter doesn't realise just how INVESTED his brother seems to be in him remaining "chaste" and "pure" and when he starts to realise it might be more than just brotherly protectiveness, it's a little too late) I think that could be fun???

Let me know what you think, gorgeous people.

Mwah, I appreciate you and love you :) x
They call him the Angel King.

He’s barely seventeen, the *child* king would be more accurate, except- no. Because the gods have bestowed him with tousled curls and cherub cheeks. He’s slim and elegant and has skin of warm marble. When he smiles- and the rose bud of his lips part to reveal the sharp white pearls- all those who are around him feel at peace.

His Kingdom is the wealthiest, the most prosperous, the happiest.

The Angel King wins any war. His troops are loyal and fierce and after meeting him- no other leader in their right mind would want to go against him.

How could you? With eyes the colour of the bark in the encroaching forests. His skin as smooth as the petals that bloom around the wildflowers that populate the village. His voice like the song lark that graces the palace turrets every morning and evening.

The Angel King is sweet and serene and wise beyond his years and everyone who knows him; loves him.

But Tony knows what everyone else doesn’t know.

He sees what the others don’t see.

The door heave open before him and the guards nod at him respectfully, as Tony strides inside, ignoring the shooting pain his wounds send spiralling up his body. His armour is soaked with blood and his beard is just a little too long, not as groomed as he’d like, and his hair is shaggy.

He walks through the hall, towards the throne.

King Peter is sitting on it, one knee drawn up his chest, the other swung over one of the arms. He’s spread obscenely, framed by the cold chair and fringed by his thick, deep red cloak. He’s the picture of nonchalance, of decadence, of victory. But Tony knows better.

King Peter’s crown, embedded with crystals and sapphires, glitters silver.

Tony’s the General of the Army, decades older than this boy, but he has no qualms in taking orders from his king.

He collapses onto one knee and bows his head when he reaches the throne.
“Your highness-“ he croaks, voice rough. He hasn’t had water for days.

“The troops were three days late in getting back.” Peter murmurs, toying idly with the cuff of his white blouse.

He’s just as beautiful as he was before Tony left for battle. But then again, Peter is always beautiful. Tony ignores the blood trickling down his temple and tries not to tremble. “Sire, there were unexpected delays. The Mountaineers know about our short cut.”

At that, Peter’s eyes are sharp and vicious and Tony knows that there’ll be another siege and all the Mountaineers will be slaughtered.

Peter will claim some natural destruction fell upon them and the people will believe him and rejoice.

Tony knows better.

“How was I to know you hadn’t fallen?” Peter whispers, hot fury in his voice, and Tony’s injuries fade into meaningless stings as his heart beats.

“I’m okay, your majesty,” he promises, taking in the slight shake of Peter’s hands. He longs to reach out and clutch those hands. Whiter than lilies. Dainty. Quick. “I’ll always come back to you.”

Peter swallows hard, looking away stubbornly, infuriatingly gorgeous and still just a boy.

“Get tended to. Clean yourself up. I’ll see you tonight.”

Tony smiles so hard his cheeks hurt, and King Peter huffs, but smiles a little too.

* Three attendants aid him. They wash him, clean him, and bring him food. The mutton is rich and delicious and Tony knows it’s from the King’s rack. He drains three jugs of water. He knows these attendants are here on Peter’s orders. He’s bandaged, and his hair is cut and his beard is trimmed, and he knows this is how his King shows his love.

* Later, as the king rides him, Tony can only gasp and restrain himself. It’s not his place to thrust or buck or try to get any pleasure- that’s a gift Peter bestows on him. He just lies there- lies there and lets the pleasure wash over him and wishes, wishes and craves that he’ll be allowed release tonight. He can only stare as the light forms a halo around those tousled curls, how gorgeous- how serene- Tony’s cock spurts traitorously.

The king is beautiful. Peter. His Peter. At least, he can imagine so in this moment. In these chambers. Hidden from the rest of the world.

“You’re mine,” Peter hisses, his forest eyes sparkling, and he lays his hands flat on Tony’s scarred chest. “Your mine,” he says again, grinding his hips down in a way that has Tony clenching his teeth so hard he’s afraid his jaw will snap. “Nothing can happen to you. No more battles. You’ll stay here. You’ll move to Strategic Defence. You’re not leaving these walls, you’ll stay here-“ his voice is cut off by his own moans. He’s impaling himself almost angrily onto Tony’s aching cock- Peter’s stretched open so deliciously tight-
“Peter,” he whispers, a caress and an acceptance of his new role, a gesture of love. “Peter.”

The cocky little boy smirks, swivelling his delicious body just a touch till Tony can’t hold out. He bites back a tense groan. “Say my name,” Peter orders, leaning down to nip at Tony’s ear and Tony does. He cries it out until he’s shaking all over and spilling- spilling deep inside and Peter’s making a mess all over himself.

When Peter flops back down onto the bear skins, flushed warm and rosy and looking utterly delighted, he waves his hand. “Clean me up,” he drawls, and Tony catches his breath as best he can, before leaning down to lick up the still hard cock of his boy. His king.

Peter twitches here and there with sensitivity, but curls his fingers through Tony’s hair in fond approval, and once he’s done, Tony is allowed to lie beside him and Peter kisses him softly; tenderly.

Tony would die for him.

Everyone would.

It’s why they call him the Angel King.

Chapter End Notes

Imagine if he’d been the Angle King. Hehehe. He's sharper than a 90 degree angle.

Your comments are lovely and you are lovely and I love all of you.

Especially YOU. Yes you the one reading this right now. You are a gemstone and I adore you. PS, you look extra-beautiful today.
Starker, noncon incest Mafia Dad Tony

Chapter Summary

Peter wakes up one night to find out that his dad is a lot more possessive than he thought.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

TW: noncon, incest, somnophilia, extremely dubious consent, forced orgasm, multiple orgasms, abuse of authority, praise kink, humiliation, size kink, plushophilia, dark Tony, mild feminization. Watch out, sweethearts! Also, even though it's never specified, let's say Peter is 17+, but in your mind, he's whatever you'd like

Peter’s dreaming of Harry again.

Of being cramped and hot in the backseat of his car during free period, or Harry between his legs, mouth on his throat, rough and demanding. Peter mewls in his dream, feeling flushed and excited all over. Harry’s hands are bigger than he remembers, stronger too, but they feel so good pushing up the smooth skin of Peter’s thigh, forcing his legs apart.

Peter whimpers, desperate with desire, and urges the dream to continue.

He and Harry have never gone all the way. Peter wants to, but he also knows that his dad would go insane if he ever found out. Peter loves his dad, but if he wants Harry to live- which he does- it’d be best not to aggravate the leader of the Mafia.

Tony would never hurt Peter, obviously, but he’s waved his gun around before when Harry put his hand on Peter’s thigh during dinner.

So here, in the dream, he grinds his hips just a little and whispers: “Harry,” as a plea, tossing his head back against the seat of the car.

As soon as he says it, there’s a sharp nip to the inside of his thigh and Peter frowns a little. The remnants of sleep, the shadows of the dream, are leaving him. That small spike of pain felt a little bit- a little bit real- and suddenly Peter gasps- opening his eyes and blinking rapidly to adjust to the darkness of his bedroom when he feels the scrape of a beard against the soft skin of his hip- a beard that definitely doesn’t belong to Harry.

Slowly, the shapes in his room come into focus. His desk, his window, it’s still so dark outside- and the large figure between his legs.

Peter lets out a cry of fear, jerking instinctively, only to realise his hands are tied up to the headboard.

His legs, however, are free, and he kicks desperately, fear coursing through him as he yells as loud as he can: “Daddy! Dad! Daddy!”
Tears, hot and petrified, are streaming down his cheeks and he stares at the door as his heart jack hammers, waiting for his dad to burst in with his gun and to make everything better. To hug Peter and soothe him and make him feel safe just like always but-

The figure between his legs stills, and suddenly those big, coarse hands are sliding up his torso as Peter gasps for air, still screaming- where’s his dad-

When he receives a gentle kiss on the forehead.

He shrinks back into the pillows, only to choke at the sight of his dad leaning over him.

“Baby,” his dad coos, warmth and love in his eyes, as he noses at Peter’s temple. “Shh, shh, sweetheart, daddy didn’t mean to scare you. It’s me, it’s just me.”

Peter gulps in air as quickly as he can, eyes wide with confusion, as his dad cards his fingers through Peter’s hair and whispers soft words of encouragement. “Dad?” Peter sniffs, as Tony nods and wipes his son’s tears away. “I don’t- what’s h-happening?”

“Oh, bambino,” his dad chuckles warmly, peppering bristly kisses all over Peter’s head. “You call for the wrong name in your dreams, but as soon as you need help, as soon as you need to be protected, you always call for me. You know who’ll save you, don’t you, my precious little boy?”

Peter’s still hiccuping, and Tony breathes with him for a while, trying to slow the ferociously fast pitter-patter of his heart. “I don’t…I don’t understand.” Peter whispers, small and afraid, and his dad kisses him again.

This time, very gently, on the lips.

Peter freezes.

“You’ll always be daddy’s perfect little boy, won’t you, Petey?” Tony whispers, and one hand trails down between them, to grope at where Peter’s still hard and aching from his dream-

Oh god. Not his dream. His dad had been- had been touching-

“Still my darling angel. Daddy’s perfect baby. You’ve got the cutest little cock, Petey. I’m not sure why I’m surprised.” Tony murmurs, his voice low and gravelly with desire, as his hand curls around Peter’s dick and strokes gently.

Peter lets out a squeak. “Dad, what are you- dad-‘ he yanks at the restraints a little more harshly, his mind reeling when he realises they’re satin. Even now, even now, his dad won’t really hurt him. “Let me go- daddy, please-“

He’s cut off by his own cry when Tony pinches his nipple, and his body is shuddering and confused and-

“I let you have your fun with Harry, didn’t I, Peter? I tried for god’s sake, to like him. But no one- no one is good enough for you.”

Peter was already on the cusp of orgasm in his dream, and as his dad works him (oh god his dad) he can feel the familiar tingle in his spine, his body fraught with adrenaline and lingering arousal and-

“No one will ever love you the way I do. No one could provide for you, protect you, the way I can.”

It’s so wrong. Peter pulls his arms forward with all his might but nothing happens, and his dad is
drinking in his reactions.

The room is clearer now, moonlight streaming him, and his dad is still in a black suit- he must have come straight from work. And what? Just walked in and-and started-

“You need me, baby,” Tony drawls, and he’s removing his hand and instead- sliding down and-and-

Peter arches into a perfect bow at the feel of his dad’s tongue against the leaking tip of his tiny cock. He can’t even- he can’t- god, it’s bliss-

“You’ve been on the edge for a while, sweetheart,” Tony chuckles, “sorry. You’d just make the cutest noises right when I stopped.”

Oh god, how long has he been in here? “Dad,” Peter tries, with as much energy as he can muster, even as his dad’s tongue scalds like fire across Peter’s most sensitive region. “Dad, this isn’t right. I’ll break up with Harry, I promise- but this is- this is wrong-“

His dad takes all of Peter into his mouth and sucks as if he hasn’t heard a word.

And Peter can’t- it feels so- fuck-

He comes with a loud cry, waves of pleasure crashing over him, and it’s so much and his dad swallows him all down, keeps him in his mouth until Peter is trembling with over-sensitivity.

He tries to pull his hips away, and finally his dad pulls off, but there’s amusement in his eyes. Peter’s seen that look before.

Normally it’s right before he pulls the trigger.

“You called the wrong name in your dreams, baby,” Tony reminds, and Peter feels a spike of fear, before his dad brings out a-a-

He can feel his face go bright red, even as the head of the vibrator is placed right against his spent dick.

“And that has to be corrected. Harry-“ and he sneers the name, “-gets absolutely no place in you. Not in your subconscious, and not here-“ a bold finger presses right against Peter’s hole and he jackknives in surprise- “you’re for me, Peter, do you understand that? I’ll give you everything in the world, anything you could ever desire- but you have to remember who you belong to.”

And with that, he turns the vibrator on.

It’s like- it burns like white hot pleasure, but it burns. His body spasms, not knowing how to react, but his dad holds his thighs down in his huge hands, and Peter can’t do anything but writhe and writhe, even as his dick plumps back up to full hardness.

It never even got fully limp.

But it hurts.

“Dad,” he pleads, tears forming in his eyes, “it’s too much, dad- p-please, I’m sorry, I won’t-“

His dad is right by his side, cooing as if Peter is adorable, even as he holds the vibrator punishingly to Peter’s dick. “I would never hurt you,” he vows, “I’ll never give more than you can take, I promise. I’ll take care of you, baby, just give in.” And there’s another kiss to his cheek.
Peter can hardly hear him over the buzzing of the vibrator and the muffled shrieks of pleasure in his head, his hips jerk, once, twice- and then he’s screaming: “Daddy!” At the top of his voice, before spilling all onto his stomach.

“Very good,” Tony beams, pulling the vibrator away and kissing Peter hard on the mouth.

He just lies there, limp, and lets his dad force his tongue in, taking everything he wants.

He’s exhausted, he’s confused- he’s utterly drained- “Sleep, bambi,” his father urges, and he’s scratching his fingers across Peter’s scalp in the way that always makes him so, so sleepy…

* *

When Peter wakes up, he’s hard, and sunlight is streaming in through the windows.

He pauses for a moment, wondering if everything was a dream, before he realises he still can’t move his arms and now- he’s stomach down and his mouth is full of-

“Fuck, sweetheart,” his dad groans, hands cradling Peter’s neck as his cock stretches his mouth, “you look gorgeous. I’m the luckiest man in the world. Your pretty pink lips are stretched so wide over your daddy’s cock.”

Peter chokes, struggling viciously, but his dad’s grip is impossible to escape, and as he tries to move, he realises his legs are spread wide over something.

He tries to look- tries to wonder what his aching dick is rubbing against- tries to get a glimpse of the thing that has his hips raised up and his legs spread and he can feel the air on his exposed hole- his hole feels weird- it feels-

but he can’t turn at all, and his dad’s fingers are in his hair, and he’s thrusting softly into the wet heat of his son’s mouth.

Peter can feel drool all down his chin.

His dad strokes Peter’s eyelashes gently and clucks down at him. “It’s your hello kitty plushy,” Tony chuckles, “good thing it’s machine washable, because your little cocklet has been making such a mess. You get so wet, Petey,”

Peter feels like he might burst into flames. Oh god. The Hello Kitty Plushy his dad bought him- like a huge pillow- a birthday present- it’s so soft and it feels so good against his- this is so humiliating- he tries to speak, to beg, but his tongue just laves against his dad’s enormous cock.

“Don’t get embarrassed,” his dad soothes, even as he grunts and Peter feels precum leak down his throat. “You’re absolutely perfect. You came so many times in your sleep, baby. I think you’ll be coming dry this time, but that’s okay. Daddy just wants you to feel good.”

Peter stares up at his dad; speechless.

“I stretched you out a little too. So tight. I knew you’d never done anything. My perfect Peter,” Tony gives him a look of such pride- the same look Peter’s seen from his dad after a great report card, or a first place in the science fair-

He hates that it stirs up a lick of arousal in him. He hates how desperate he is for praise-
“Absolutely stunning. My perfect boy. So smart, so clever, you’re so brilliant, Peter. The best thing in my life.”

Peter whimpers, his hips bucking without his consent, grinding onto his toy as humiliation and praise soaks into his skin in a heady mix that leaves him desperate for more.

“There you go,” his dad encourages, his eyes on Peter’s ass, “you grind your baby cock into your toy as much as you need, I’ve got you.”

It’s so demeaning, it’s- it’s-

Peter does cum dry and it hurts- just as his dad pulls out of his mouth- so he can hear the embarrassingly loud moan that shudders through his son’s body.

As Peter lies there, his jaw aching, he feels his dad get up and stand beside the bed.

Suddenly, there are fingers touching his jaw and Peter sniffles. His throat feels so hoarse. “Here, baby,” his dad murmurs, and there’s a straw against Peter’s lips and he sucks greedily, as refreshingly, blissfully cold water trickles down his throat. He drains half the glass, eyes drifting shut.

“Thank you,” he murmurs, out of instinct, and his eyes snap open after he’s realised and he wants to correct it- wants to say fuck you-

But his dad looks so proud and he’s strokes Peter’s cheek with his thumb. “You’re welcome, my little princess. You’re gonna be sore, okay? You were suckling like a little baby on my cock, nursing so good almost the whole night.”

Peter hates himself for the way he seems to shiver.

“You can go back to bed, baby. Daddy has to finish inside his baby’s pussy, though.”

And then he’s out of Peter’s eye line, and there are appreciative hands spreading his cheeks and and the intoxicating feeling of a tongue dragging across his hole.

“Daddy,” Peter chokes, when he feels the head of his dad’s cock notch against his hole. “Daddy what happens- what happens after?” Has everything changed? Is he going to be tied to this bed forever-

“I’ll help you with your homework and maybe we can go to the zoo,” Tony says instead, as he starts to slide in.

The stretch is almost unbearable.

“Would you like that, baby?”

Peter can’t find the words, so he nuzzles into his pillows, and cants his hips a little further up and hopes that’s answer enough.

Chapter End Notes

How are we all doing? Did we like that? We are some sick puppies.
Starker, Alpha Tony x Omega Son Peter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

starker, a/o incest, peter is 17, possessive/jealousy on both ends- i mean- it’s the best right? ;)

Peter’s eyes are wet and angry with tears, and he blinks up at his father: betrayal written all over his face. “So you- you love her? I thought- I thought I was the most important thing in your life- I thought you.” another sob forces its way out and Tony holds his son tightly, distraught at seeing him this upset.

“Baby, shhh, baby stop crying, please,” Tony urges, pulling his son in for a hug. “It’s different, you have to understand. Omegas form attachments to their Alphas, okay? I’m your Alpha but- I’m your dad. We’re not bonded that way.” He runs his hands up and down his son’s slender back. He feels so small and fragile in Tony’s arms. Seventeen but still so clueless as to how his biology is going to work.

Tony understands, he does. They’re Alpha and Omega, it made sense that Peter has projected some feelings onto his old man inappropriate ones- and Tony has been meaning to talk to him about it, but then Peter had walked in on him and- “I thought you- I thought you loved me most in the world.” Peter wails, and Tony hugs him harder, and presses a firm kiss onto his fluffy curls.

“I do, sweetheart,” he promises, his own eyes watering at his son’s distress. Because he does. Peter is his whole world. “But it’s not like that. You’re my omega, I wouldn’t trade you for anything, but-“

His son falls stiff in his arms, and suddenly Peter is jerking away. Tony stares at him, lost for words. Peter reaches up and wipes his face roughly with his sleeve; tears smearing and shiny over his nose. “I get it.” He hisses coldly. “You’re not my alpha.”

Tony growls. “Hold on a damn minute, Pete-“

“No, dad.” Peter scowls, heading for the door. And it’s a testament to how angry he must be, that he’s calling Tony dad but not daddy like he always does. “You can’t have it both ways. You’ve got an Omega, fine,” he sniffs, “I can get an Alpha that actually wants me.”

Tony opens his mouth to say it’s not like that. Peter just doesn’t understand. It’s been the two of them for so long, he hasn’t had an Omega mother to waylay some of those hormones. But he doesn’t get the chance to, because his son has stormed off to his room and slammed the door.

He pinches the bridge of his nose and sighs.

* He doesn’t think anything more of it.

Peter’s had tantrums before. His boy is the sweetest, prettiest omega and despite the fact Tony spoils him lavishly, Peter is good natured and eager to please. Not to mention smart to boot. He’ll understand soon, Tony reasons.

That’s why he’s woefully underprepared when he walks into the gala that evening. He’s in his tux handsome and radiating power- he gets a lot of adoring stares, before he picks up a scotch at the bar, makes a bit of small talk, and wanders out onto the balcony to inhale the cool, crisp night air.
He hasn’t seen Peter yet, but his son is probably a little late, caught up in homework or something.

And that’s when he sees Peter—his baby, his omega—perched on the ledge of the stone balcony, with a tall, sleek-suited Alpha between his legs, hands on his hips.

The glass smashes in Tony’s hands and scotch pours onto the deck.

Peter looks…debauched. Even in the moonlight, Tony can see his lips are pink and swollen, and his top few buttons are undone to reveal that lovely expanse of neck and collarbones, milky white and so biteable and—

Peter lets out a gasp as their eyes meet, and the Alpha turns and Tony bites back his growl.

It’s Stephen Strange.

The other alpha looks surprised, and his hair is ruffled like Peter’s dainty little fingers were running through it, but he composes himself quickly, and nods. “Stark,” he greets politely, clearing his throat, “lovely event.”

Tony can taste bile.

Peter slides down, and tucks himself into Strange’s side.

Stephen wraps an arm around him.

Tony thinks he could rip that arm right off and send it flying.

“Thank you.” He manages, his voice cold with fury, “Peter, what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Peter trembles, but huffs, and sticks his chin up with all the stubbornness of a Stark. “I found my own Alpha, dad. Like you found your own Omega. I’m of age.”

The words cut into Tony like shards of ice. They pierce his skin with coldness and he has to take a second to process it. Sure, the legal age is 16, but Peter had never shown any interest—Tony had thought maybe his baby would want to go to college first and he wouldn’t have to worry. He thought he’d have more time—time to watch Peter grow into a supple, gorgeous, primed Omega—thought maybe he could have a few more nights of them snuggling in front of old movies, with his boy in his arms, scratching the scruff of his beard across Peter’s sensitive neck and feeling his little prince giggle and squirm.

Oh shit.

He realises, with a jolt, that Peter is far more perceptive than his old man. That Peter had seen the fledgling bond between them. Had recognised it, as inappropriate as it was, for exactly what it was.

And then Peter had seen that woman with Tony—bent over his desk—and he—his boy thought he’d been rejected, but Tony would never—he loves—

“I’m sure this comes as a surprise, Tony,” Stephen says gently, breaking Tony out of his daze. “And I would have discussed everything with you before hand, but Peter here…” he shakes his head, pleased, “well, I’ve had my eye on him for some time. He’s perfect. I’m happy to claim him this Saturday, if that—“

“You are never, ever, going to mate my son.” He whispers, and his voice is so low it’s dangerous,
and Stephen swallows thickly.

“With all due respect, Tony. Isn’t that up to Peter?”

Tony turns to look at his son, who’s staring at him with wide, disbelieving eyes. Peter looks… confused. Tony can understand that. “Maybe…” Peter whispers, touching Stephen’s elbow with all the grace of a mature Omega. It’s so refined. So elegant. Oh god, he’s been there this whole time—waiting for Tony to realise that he’s had the perfect omega for seventeen goddamn years? “Maybe I should talk to my dad.”

Stephen nods, ever gracious, and nods at Tony before walking back into the ballroom.

Tony cross the balcony in two long strides, and wraps his son up in his arms.

Peter smells of another Alpha, but he ignores it, just holding his boy. “Baby,” he chokes, “I didn’t realise. I didn’t—”

“Oh,” Peter whispers, cuddling into his father’s chest. “I thought you didn’t want me—“

“I do. I do, I do.” Tony promises ferociously, leaning back only to kiss his son hard on the mouth. It’s wet and forceful and perfect, and Tony can’t believe he ever threatened this. Can’t believe he almost ruined—

Peter moans, his perfect little kitten, and holds him tight. “Daddy,” he whispers, when they pull apart; breathless, and Tony presses their foreheads together and smiles.

“I love you, baby,” he promises and Peter beams.

Fuck, it’s messed up. But Tony’ll make it work. He wouldn’t trade his son for anything in the world, after all.

Chapter End Notes

How was that? Are we having fun? ;)

I love your comments! And am still looking for someone who lives in America to marry me for that sweet sweet visa. I swear I’m nice and not a murderer
Starker, Tangled AU

Chapter Summary

TANGLEEEEEEDDDDD!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Based off @starker-au's gorgeous aesthetic to be found here ft Evil witch Hela, hired bandit Tony, and lost prince Peter

TW Peter is 17, obviously some background mild stockholm syndrome (Peter loves Hela at first) and mentions of kidnapping.

Tony’s been lying on the roof of the spire all morning.

As damp and dewy (read: slippery and difficult) as it had been to get up here, now that he’s in prime position, it’s all about waiting.

He has a pretty good view of the inside of the room if he hangs down low enough. The midday sun is beating hot onto his back and he can see the boy inside- nose buried in a book of poetry- but he knows better than to try and take him now. He’s been staking this place out for a while, and soon enough- the witch will come.

He resits the urge to scratch the sunburn forming on the back of his neck, instead he keeps poised and still, because right on time the witch arrives.

Tony grins, shaking his head. goddamn this was almost too easy.

A few months of searching and he’s found the lost prince- the King and Queen are going to lavish him with money and he’ll leave the Kingdom, maybe buy his own, become the ruler of the land.

It’s not bad for a 25 year old outlaw.

Of course, he’d been surprised when King Richard and Queen Mary had summoned him. Although, ‘summoned’ was a little…alright, fine, they’d caught him. And Tony had thought for sure he was going to be executed, but instead, he’d been taken to the Royal Court and told that if he were to find the missing prince, not only would he get his freedom, but he would be gifted with a thousand jewels.

Turns out that 15 years of the most intense search by the royal guard hadn’t turned up anything.

And it’s taken Tony two weeks.

He’s feeling pretty smug about it.

Oh, sure, maybe it was lucky that he fell down that ravine in the woods and ended up here- but it’s not about how, it’s about the fact that he’s here.
He’s pretty sure the 16 year old he’s been watching for a few days is the lost Prince.

Well, this is the first time he’s close enough to really see. He’s been staking out in the shrubbery, hidden amidst the long grass and near the creek. But now that he’s scaled the tower, spent the whole night doing it and nearly broken his leg, he can see the boy up close. He’s a gorgeous little slip of a thing, and he seems well cared for, and the witch that comes up into the tower treats him well.

Tony’s glad of that, at least. He wasn’t sure what he thought he’d find- wasn’t sure if the prince was even alive, but this boy is beautiful and he has his mother’s curls.

Even if he’s not the prince, by some obscure chance, Tony’s pretty sure he could convince the parents that he is.

Right on time, he catches the long dark hair of the witch.

Tony cringes back a little on the spire, and watches as she comes to the foot of the tower and calls up:

“Peter, darling! Mommy’s home!”

Not a second later, Peter- dressed in silky lavender robes- comes smiling and red-faced to the window. “Mom!” He chirps happily, and throws down the rope.

This woman cannot be the boy’s mother, Tony thinks. As she rises, he sees her more clearly- there’s magic radiating off her- green and sickly- and Peter is so pure and sweet-

When she steps into the room, Tony waits a beat, before poking his head down just a little to try and see.

Peter’s room is perfectly circular, and utterly gorgeous. With grey brick and vines everywhere, there are flowers well cared for, and paintings everywhere- all of landscapes and lights- and a dark wooden wardrobe and a small bed absolutely bursting with pillows.

Tony watches as Peter and the witch talk. She fusses over him, almost lovingly, which is… confusing. She cards her fingers through his hair and urges him to eat the berries she’s brought him from her basket.

Tony watches as Peter sits cross-legged on the chair by the table, his mother (not mother, the witch) opposite him, and tries not to make a sound.

“Tell me, darling,” the witch croons, even as she’s grinding up some sweet smelling fragrance into a little copper mug. “It’s your birthday next week. Whatever you want, it’s yours.”

Peter sucks on the red juices staining his dainty fingertips, and Tony tempers down any attraction he feels because that would be- just no. The boy shrugs a little, looking shy. “Nothing, mom,”

“Oh come,” the witch urges, evidently done with her little concoction, and she turns to the mirror, and starts smearing it onto her face. “There must be something, darling. Mommy just wants to make you happy.”

Peter glances at the window, and for one horrible moment Tony thinks he’s been spotted, but the boy sighs and turns to her. “I was thinking, maybe…” his voice is sweet and quiet, “for my seventeenth you could take me to…” he looks down at the berries and Tony leans forward; intrigued, “…see the lights?”
The witch stops her movements immediately. There’s a suspenseful stillness. Before she turns, slowly, and her glance is cold. “Peter.” She chides, patronisingly, “you know you can’t leave here. They’d hurt you terribly and you’re out of your mind if you think I’m letting my darling boy get hurt.”

“We don’t have to talk to anyone!” He hurries eagerly, “I swear, just me and you- we can- we can hide! Somewhere out there, just to watch them! They always come on my birthday, mom, surely we can-“

“Peter.” She snarls, and there’s no room for argument in her voice.

Tony hates her. The boy sinks into his seat and nods sadly, picking at his food.

She seems to deflate after a moment, standing and wrapping her arms around him as he nuzzles into her stomach. “Sweetie, you know I’m just trying to protect you. You know I love you, don’t you?”

Peter nods, but doesn’t look up.

Tony watches as she cups his small face in her hands and forces him to look up at her. “My darling boy,” she sighs, “look at mommy. Give me a kiss on the cheek, sweetheart,”

Peter dutifully cranes upwards, and presses a delicate kiss onto her cheek and-

Tony nearly falls off the roof.

Where Peter’s lips touch her skin, streams of gold spread under the witches skin, and before his eyes- she seems to get younger. Firmer, more beautiful, and it spreads over her, until she looks as if she’s lost ten years.

Tony can’t close his mouth.

What the fuck?

The kid is- magic- what the fuck? This doesn’t- he must be the witch’s son, then, the boy’s a wizard or something, but-

But no. His birthday is the day they do the light memorial in the Kingdom. He has Mary’s hair and Richard’s eyes. He’s kept locked in a tower-

Tony stills.

What if this was why the boy was taken?

The witch had said people would want to hurt him- she’d taken him- to stay young-

And the boy doesn’t even know.

Doesn’t know he was taken- that he’s being lied to- used-

Tony tightens his hands into fists and grits his teeth. This isn’t right. He has to- he has to take this boy home. He has to save him.

He watches as the witch coddles her captive, and Peter bids her goodbye as sweet as a humming bird, before she’s lowered gently to the ground with the rope.

He watches as Peter tides the rope away, and then goes and sits by his easel, foregoing the
paintbrushes, and just dipping his fingers straight into the paint, and setting to work.

It’s hypnotising to see, but Tony has to make his move. He lowers himself onto the ledge, grunting-grip excruciatingly tight so he won’t fall-

and by the time he manages to flip inside, he’s so cock-sure and arrogant, so relieved to be out of the heat, a smug grin on his face- that he doesn’t even see it coming when the frying pan whacks into his head.

***

There’s a sharp pain on the right side of his head when Tony blinks to awareness, but as he takes in his surroundings, everything’s dappled in an early afternoon light so he figures he hasn’t been out for too long.

And then he flexes and he nearly snorts. The bindings aren’t very good, but that’s okay, he looks around and catches sight of Peter, still brandishing his frying pan, and half hidden behind a painting.

It’s a good painting. Tony’s a little distracted by it.

There are splotches of gold lighting up the night sky, but they’re too big to be stars-

_oh._

“Who are you?” Peter says, voice quivering a little, but he’s clearly trying to be brave and Tony just…god, he feels bad for him. But he’s a little impressed by the kid’s moxie. “Have you come to steal my magic? Well you can’t have it!”

A ginger cat hisses at Tony and he jumps a little in surprise. “No, kid, listen,” he tries, wincing when the movement of his jaw makes him a little dizzy. His voice is a little rough too. “I’m here to-

“My mom’s gonna deal with you when she gets back.” Peter informs primly, all cream skin and huge hazel eyes and-

_mom._ Oh god. Tony…he’s not sure he can. He’s not sure he can say it all and have Peter believe him, so-so- he does what he’s done best for a long time. He lies. “Listen, kid,” he tries, “I was just out for a walk when I saw this tower, thought it might have a few supplies, I thought it was abandoned. It clearly isn’t, so, I’ll be on my way. Back to town.” He waits a beat. “Gotta get back in time to see the lights.” Too thick?

Peter’s eyes snap up, and Tony bites back his smirk. Hook. Line. And sinker. “The lights?”

“Yeah, the lanterns.”

“Lanterns!” Peter gasps, turning to look at his painting. “That’s what they are! Oh, sir,” he turns back, eyes alight with a thousand ideas and it's- _goddamn_, it’s a little endearing, “will you take me?”

Tony opens his mouth to say ‘yes’ when Peter cuts him off-

“No, you have to take me, or I’ll tell my mom you broke in and she’ll turn you into a frog.” He beams, rosy cheeks and sparkly eyes, and curly hair, and Tony thinks:

fuck.

Chapter End Notes
Anyone living in England and wanna be my friend and hang out with me?

A) Yes

B) Double Yes
Starker, City Boy Tony x Country Boy Peter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Inspired by @reniisbooks amazing post.

Also I know nothing about anything, so let’s assume this takes place in some alternate universe where it all makes sense

“C’mon Tony,” Peter beams, tossing another stack of hay onto the back of the pickup. “Stop clowin’, I gotta drive this to town back in time for Mama. She’s just fixin’ to drive over to Mr Bailey’s tonight.”

Tony grunts, sweat dripping down his forearms as he struggles to heave another stack up. He gives up half way, doubling over and cursing the torture of the noonday sun. “I don’t know what you’re saying, you little country sunflower. Speak English.”

Tony doesn’t even have to look up to see that Peter’s probably grinning. That annoying little twist of his pink lips, his huge doe-eyes all smug and shining like honey in the sun.

“I’m serious, Pete,” he sighs, collapsing onto the grass and blinking up at the sky. “I can’t stay here, this is killing me. I can’t believe this is how I’m spending my summer. Fuck. There are extra aerospace lectures I could be going to, and instead-“

“Ah, none a’ that ain’t worth a hill of beans,” Peter consoles, and Tony groans loudly, but turns to watch Peter’s lithe little body easily toss up yet another bale. He’s in these denim shorts and oversized flannel, all bare chested and he looks soft but firm and Tony doesn’t understand how this grass isn’t making Peter’s skin all itchy and red and how come Peter can lift all this stuff when he’s half Tony’s size- “C’mon, Tony, this is fun, if you just let yourself have some fun! I’m blowing up a storm over here, and you’re over there dreamin’ about your…what’s it- your little black doohickey.”

Tony leans back on his hands, and laughs, watching as those fluffy curls bounce as Peter moves. “It’s a mobile phone, and it’s going to be big. It’s like your landline, but you can take it around with you.”

Peter scrunches up his little face at that, freckles coming out to play in the sun. “Why’d I wanna carry round a brick, anyhow? I can just go see my friends.”

Oh god, how can they both be eighteen? Tony misses the loud thrum of nightclubs, and the call of greasy pizza.

But Peter’s so fucking endearing. Tony had thought he’d have hated him. The son of his dad’s old family friend- god, how could his dad be friends with people who lived way out here? With no internet! But then Peter had smiled, and taken Tony to go down paddling in the river, and pick fruit off the trees and Tony had-

Goddamn, he can’t fall for this-

“Since you’re so down, I’ll make you some buttermilk chicken with some greens when we’re home,” Peter chirps, sweet and energetic as a little bird, as he finishes up the last of the work. “That’ll fix you!”
Tony can’t help his smile, as he pulls himself up and slumps into the passenger seat.

Peter drives like a goddamn maniac, with the windows all rolled down and some weird stringy music coming from the radio. But hell, if Tony doesn’t just sit there and watch him. The wind whipping through his hair and shaking the collar of his plaid.

All the locals like Peter, and Tony hangs back; a little shy, as his country sunflower enthusiastically volunteers to judge some children’s mudpie competition over the weekend- before skipping back over to him and asking if he wants to come.

Tony wants to say no. That this whole summer is a punishment for the fact his dad found the tiniest little bag of drugs in his dorm room on a surprise visit, but-

Peter has eyes like amber, and he listens to radio dramas, and he talks like the characters from Huckleberry Finn.

He kisses his mom every morning and every night, and he works so hard like it’s all second nature. He’s content under the endless blue sky, and he can climb trees and swim like an animal- and he’s so sweet and polite and he makes Tony feel inferior.

Tony can’t remember the last time he kissed his mom, let alone even the last time he saw her. Or the last time he helped his dad. Or volunteered for a community get together. Or took a walk into nature and-

even though he’s breaking out in fucking hives in this weird-ass place, he finds himself nodding. And when Peter holds his hand, and tugs him back to the pickup, Tony thinks he likes it here. Maybe just a little.

May kisses Tony’s forehead before she leaves, and Peter makes dinner, and they eat it at the table and then they sit on the brown couch that’s way too soft and more lumpy than in any sort of shape, but Peter cuddles into Tony’s chest, and Tony can hear the quick pitter-patter of his heart and he cards his fingers through Peter’s hair, only when he’s sure the boy’s asleep.

And he thinks tomorrow- he’ll work a bit harder.

If only to see Peter’s smile.

Chapter End Notes

Your comments are darling, and so are you x
As soon as Morgan sees him, her eyes light up.

She’s pulling hard on Tony’s arm, and he spots what she’s so excited about.

It’s a young man on a skateboard. He’s a way off, but it’s clear he knows what he’s doing, and he goes up and down the ramps almost too quickly for Tony to track, and he does nimble flips and tricks and Morgan is jumping up and down on the spot.

“I wanna be that good!” She’s gushing, and he looks down at her.

She’s only six, and she barely reaches his hip, and she has knee pads and elbow pads and a helmet because goddamn, he’s protective, and her bright pink skateboard with little rocker stickers all over it glitters in the afternoon sunshine. Tony taps her helmet fondly. “I’m sure you will be, sweetheart.”

But an hour later, and many, many attempts at getting both her feet on the board and going as fast as she can- has proven fruitless.

Tony has to sit down on the bench, coaxing her away from getting angry as she gets visibly worked up. “I can’t do it!” She wails, falling over for the umpteenth time. But still, she gets back up, neatens her skateboard, and tries again.

She falls.

Tony’s about to call it a day, because even though he loves how tenacious and resilient she’s being about this, he can only watch his baby girl fall over so many times before his heart can’t take it anymore-

“Woah, rad skateboard! Where’d you get those awesome stickers?” Comes an enthusiastic voice, and Tony’s eyes snap up to see the skater from earlier on his board, rolling up to them.

His mouth goes a little dry. The boy is young, maybe early twenties, all long, lean lines and messy hair. There are tattoos all along his arms but they’re- they’re tattoos of dandelions, roses, trails of wildflowers winding in pastel colours all soft and beautiful around his forearms.

The ends of his fluffy, curly chestnut hair are tinged lavender, and he’s wearing some skinny jeans that are so tight they look painted on- and an oversized rainbow flannel.

Tony registers all of that, and then he also registers that a stranger is talking to his child and that won’t do. He gets up, rushing over to Morgan and hovering behind her, but she pays him no mind, only looks up from where she’d fallen with eyes only for the skater. “My daddy bought them for me!” She gasps, excited. “Hey! You can- I like your skateboard!” She hurriedly gets to her feet, clumsy with glee, “can you teach me how to skate? My daddy doesn’t know how.”

She throws Tony an accusing glare.

He sighs.

The boy laughs, tossing his head back and beaming, it’s a wholesome, unworried kind of laugh.
Tony listens to it greedily. Then the boy smiles at him, waves with his stupid fingerless gloves- he’s not wearing a helmet or anything! And his eyes are the warmest shade of amber. “I’ll give you a few tips,” he says happily, before looking at Tony with a little grin. “If your dad doesn’t mind.”

“He doesn’t mind!” Morgan insists, and Tony rolls his eyes.

“Excuse me, little miss, but I do mind. We don’t talk to strangers.” Even if they are exceptionally pretty.

Morgan looks up at her dad like he’s a moron, and Tony wonders who taught her that look. “I’m Morgan,” she says, sticking her little hand up to the stranger.

He looks delighted, and he takes her hand happily. “I’m Peter. Pleased to meet you. Does your dad have a name?”

Tony doesn’t need this level of sass. “I’m Tony,” he grumbles, moving to stand on the grass rather than the path. “Go ahead,” and he waves his hands in acceptance. Peter doesn’t seem evil. Not with his rainbow flannel and fingerless gloves. Not with the trail of foxgloves that dance away into his sleeves.

He watches as Peter tightens the straps on Morgan’s velcros, and then sets her feet properly on her board. He doesn’t step off his own- it’s big and black and it looks expensive but well worn.

“Just rock back and forth a little,” Peter guides as Morgan balances on her board. “Just get a feel for it. You feel how the wheels kinda move underneath you?”

Morgan scrunches up her little face, focusing very hard, and she nods. “Ya huh!”

“Great,” Peter laughs, “now I’m gonna push you a little, you just balance, yeah? Grab me if you need.”

He’s good with her, Tony thinks, in a way that not a lot of people are. It’s easy to slip into condescension with children, and for Morgan especially- a little genius- that won’t be taken well. But Peter is good-natured, and funny, and eager to make a fool of himself, it seems, when he flails his arms dramatically to show her how not to regain balance.

It takes about ten minutes, before Morgan can glide down their little patch of path with only a few wobbles.

Tony gasps, hoisting her onto his hip and kissing her face. “You did it, kiddo!” He exclaims proudly, as Peter kicks his skateboard out from under him and picks it up, jogging over.

“That was awesome, Morgan!” He cheers, holding up his hand for a high-five. She gives it to him: a very accomplished expression on her face.

“What do we say to people who have helped us?” Tony reminds her, and she flushes, but turns dutifully to Peter.

“Thank you, Peter! Next time, will you teach me how to use the ramp?”

Tony’s heart leaps into his throat at the thought of that, but Peter just hums thoughtfully. “The ramps can be super hard, I’m still not great at them. How about next time we try an obstacle course. Get you good at manoeuvring? I have a bunch of little cones at home I can bring.”

She practically squeals with excitement, and Tony feels fondness swell up inside him, but-
“We can’t ask that of you,” he says instead, “you’ve been great, Peter, thank you, but really—”

“Yes we can!” Morgan insists, “he has a bunch at home! He said so!”

Peter looks between them, and there’s some fondness in his eyes. He also lets his gaze linger on Tony for a second and the older man feels a flash of lust go through him. But it can’t be. Peter’s so young, he’d never look at— “I’m happy to do it, really. I’ve kinda always wanted to start my own little skateboarding school. This is a good way to get practise.”

“We’ll pay you for your time.” Tony vows, and Peter laughs again- full bodied and lovely- and shakes his head.

“Oh god, there’s no need, honestly!” His smile turns cheeky, “But I do co-run a little coffee shop just around the corner- you’re free to come in and give us your business.” He turns to Morgan, “We serve hot chocolates with marshmallows shaped like bunnies.”

Morgan turns to Tony with a face of complete seriousness. “Daddy,” she says firmly, “we have to go there. Right now.”

Tony chuckles. “We’ll go tomorrow, pumpkin,” he promises, because he can feel himself flustering under Peter’s eyes and he doesn’t remember the last time he’s even thought about someone in a remotely romantic way, and it’s completely one-sided. It must be. The boy is gorgeous.

“I’ll text you the address,” Peter chirps, pulling out his phone. It’s a little beat up, definitely not the newest Stark Model, and Peter clearly doesn’t know he’s talking to the Tony Stark, owner of the biggest tech company in the world, but then again, that’s how Tony’s orchestrated it. Not many people do know his face. “That is,” Peter goes on, a little red creeping up to his cheeks, “if I can have your number?”

Oh. Oh. Morgan looks on cluelessly, but Tony takes the phone a little dumfounded. Surely not, there’s no way Peter can be-

But yes. Peter’s pupils are dilated, and his eyes are on Tony’s lips and Tony-

He feels damn smug in a way he hasn’t for quite some time. He types in his number, and Peter waves goodbye. When they get home, Morgan is exhausted, and she collapses into bed with all her favourite toys. Tony kisses her forehead lovingly and tucks her in.

Then he walks about the penthouse idly, thinking about the boy with flowers on his arms. He thinks about Morgan drinking hot chocolate, and Peter giving her extra helpings of marshmallows. He thinks about sucking frothy whipped cream off Peter’s lips- he thinks about tracing those flowers with his fingers, about that lavender-fringed hair in his fist. About Peter tossing his head back- but moaning, Tony’s name on his lips-

He thinks about the way Peter had looked at him- the flush that had crawled down that long, slender neck-

and then, for the hell of it-

Tony buys a skateboard online.

What? It should be a family activity.
He was a skater boy, she said see you later boy

those are the only lines of that song i know. but what a beat am i right

also i have bad cramps. send help*

also: love u guys

MWAH

* Help = Chocolate
Tony discovers the kink quite by accident.

And it surprises him. He’s into his 40s by now, and after an exhausting, highly-exciting and ever rambunctious set of adventures in his youth, he was certain he’d tried everything there was to try and found out everything he liked and didn’t like.

Ultimately, he found he liked Peter. Everything about him. His big eyes, his soft smile, his thoughtful everyday gestures and his impossible clumsiness.

Sure, there’s the age difference. Peter’s just twenty, but it’s not a problem. If anything, it means they have an endless amount to talk about. Peter keeps leading Tony into all the new, millennial subcultures, and Tony introduces Peter to fine wine and old treasures.

And the nights, god, Tony has a kink for that.

For the two of them, side by side, shoulders bumping down in the lab as the clock strikes three, nothing’s sexier.

Peter in Tony’s old MIT shirt, and nothing else, and Tony sweaty and focused, eyebrows furrowed as he pieces wires together-

the night typically ends with a breakthrough- and then victory sex on the desk- or against the wall, or the floor or-

So yeah, anyway. Tony thought he knew what he liked and didn’t like.

Until he walks into their bedroom one night, eager to cuddle up with his boy, to find Peter sitting crossed legged, perched on the expensive seat of the dresser, moisturising his face.

Not unusual.

What is unusual is the alice band he’s got on, a neat black frame with kitten ears.

It stops Tony in his tracks.

He can see what it’s for, of course. Peter’s hair is longer now, tumbling hickory curls that fall into his eyes. He hasn’t got in cut in ages, and Tony suspects it’s because he rather likes it when Tony fists his fingers into it and uses it to pull Peter back against him. Tony likes it too. A lot.

But fuck. The thought of Peter as his little kitten, that’s just…his blood is running hot.

“You okay, Tony?” Peter asks sweetly, skin glowing radiantly as he turns from the mirror. He’s a picture of beauty, tiny and gorgeous-

Tony can’t look away from the cat ears.

Peter’s in some of Tony’s boxers and an oversized sweater, he’s adorable, he’s perfect, but-

Tony can’t look away from the cat ears.
“Are those new?” He manages; voice a little hoarse.

Peter blinks at him slowly, not quite sure what he’s referring to. Tony makes an aborted motion to his head, and Peter beams. “Oh! These? No, I’ve had them for ages! Haven’t had to use them for a while, though, my hair’s not been long enough- do you like them?”

Tony likes them a lot.

Which is why, a while later, sweaty and sated and lying in bed, Peter still has them on his head.

“So,” Peter murmurs, surprised and pleased, nuzzling under Tony’s chin like a goddamn cat, “the ears, huh?”

“Yeah,” Tony breathes, his dick valiantly twitching, “the ears.”

But Peter is like Tony in nearly every way, so of course it doesn’t stop there.

And when Tony comes home to see his boy sprawled out on the bed in cat ears, a velvet collar, some stockings and a sleek, fluffy tail attached to a plug that’s buried deep into his hole- he just about loses it.

Peter squeals delightedly as Tony pretty much pins him to the mattress.

Afterwards, Peter sighs happily, and stretches- his neck is littered with hickies and Tony is defying the laws of his age because he could go again. He scratches Peter behind the ear and chuckles. “You look like you could purr.”

Peter rumbles in agreement. “I am the cat that got the cream,” he teases, licking his lips.

Tony groans, “you’ll be the death of me, kitten,”

But he doesn’t do anything to stop him when Peter straddles him, beautiful and cheeky. Instead, he settles his hands on his waist and looks up at him. “I think I like it,” Peter mumbles, a little shy, and Tony cocks an eyebrow curiously. “That this isn’t something you’ve done before,” he elaborates, “that it’s- a first. For us.”

Tony melts. He sits up a little, to cup his boy’s face and kiss him slowly. “Sweetheart,” he promises, “everything I do with you is a first. You make it different and better and special, and I love you.”

As red as a rose, Peter flushes, and takes Tony for the ride of his life.

Chapter End Notes

This got away from me. Basically, I want to wear cat ears.

I also love you guys!

x
This spider is bigger, grander, than all the others.

Tony has to take a second to stare at it. At the scarlet lines of its legs, at the molten detailing, and finally at the sheer size. It’s enormous, fifty feet high, and he has to crane his head up, shield his eyes from the sun to see the pincers.

He looks around the dusty, abandoned section of town, and sure enough, there’s Peter.

He’s a small, sad blob, sitting hunched over on an old steel bar, and Tony heads over.

There’s a discarded can of red spray paint bleeding out onto the ground.

Peter doesn’t look up at him this time, and Tony swallows hard. He knows it’s the anniversary of — “Building’s scheduled for demolition, kid,” he says, trying to go for light-hearted. “You can do what you like to it. I don’t have to write you up.”

Peter’s voice is quiet and dry. “Yippee.” He whispers.

Tony comes closer, trying again. “Peter, look at me, kid, please.”

Two honey flecks stare up at him through rimmed eyes, and Tony’s hit with the agony and torment all over the boy’s freckled face. It has him coming even closer, and sitting down on the dirty steel beside the teenager.

“Kid, I know-“

“You don’t know anything.” Peter spits, but his voice is weak, and Tony misses the fiery little spitfuck who would sass him all the way down to the station.

“I do know something,” Tony insists, “I know your Uncle was the best damn cop in Queens, alright? I know you miss him. I know everyone in this town gives you a free pass because of it. And I think that’s been bad for you. I think you need someone to show you how good you can be-“

Peter scoffs at that. “Is that right, dad? Well, get right fucking on it. May knows I’m a lost cause-“

“Well you’re not.” Tony snaps, reaching out to grab the boy’s shaking hands. “You’re not, okay? I know you’re not-“

Peter’s lips are warm and dry and Tony’s whole body shoots forward in arousal.

And he swiftly backs away in horror. He stumbles to his feet, back in the direction of his car. What the fuck- no- Peter is seventeen-

Peter is staring up at him. Lips parted, breath shaky, eyes blown wide with arousal. “I thought you wanted to show me,” he whispers, licking his lips. “How good I could be?”

Oh shit. Tony opens his mouth but nothing comes out, and he staggers towards the car. He has to get out of here, this is- he could lose his fucking job-
The honey-eyed boy doesn’t move. Just stares after him. He still looks sad and small but there’s something else in his face now. Something like determination.

***
The spiders are getting out of control.

All over town they appear over night, different colours and sizes, marking everything up.

Everyone at the station refuses to talk about it. They love Peter so much, Tony thinks. Even the owners of houses with spiders stained into their walls don’t call up to complain.

Tony thinks it’s probably driving Peter mad. All the sympathy. Even after all this time.

But when Tony wakes up to the black tarantula charcoaled onto the front of his apartment block, he’s had enough. Enough of hiding. Enough of suppressing whatever it is he’s feeling. He’s not scared of a teenager.

A teenager, he reminds his hardening cock.

He finds Peter early in the afternoon, cuddled into a booth in a diner near the edge of town. There’s a heaped plate full of pancakes in front of him, and he’s buried under a great many layers of hoodies. They look old. The rings under his eyes are dark.

Tony eases into the vinyl seat and steals some of Peter’s milkshake. “You haven’t been home in a while, huh?”

Peter grins at him, all pink-lips and mischievous. “Finally got over yourself, have you? Your apartment building is nice. Is your apartment that nice? Wanna show me sometime?”

“May’s been calling.” Tony barrels on, and Peter falters just a little. His face shutsters off.

“It’s better for her if I’m not there. I just- I mess everything up.”

“That’s not true,” Tony whispers earnestly, wondering how he came this far. From hating the little brat that defaced public property into trying to build up a lost teen’s sense of self worth. “Peter, there’s so much you could do. Do you wanna join the force? Be a cop like your Uncle? There are programs, I could get you in, and a dozen officers would vouch for you in a heartbeat-“

“What I want,” Peter cuts him off, mouth full of chocolate sauce, “is to see the inside of your apartment, Detective Stark.” He bats his eyelashes and Tony’s throat goes dry.

***
He takes him there.

All the while he’s convincing himself that it’s for coffee and a talk about how Peter’s life is about to change for the better. But the second they step over the threshold, Peter’s lips are on his, and Tony is just reminding himself that the age of consent is seventeen, and that technically- technically- he can’t go to jail for this and that Peter tastes like chocolate and hope.

Peter’s still there in the morning, much to Tony’s surprise. He’s wearing one of Tony’s shirts and nothing else, buttering toast and humming a song Tony doesn’t recognise.

Because he’s so far gone, Tony kisses his neck and Peter melts into him. Soft in all the ways he normally isn’t. Cuddly where there was once defensiveness.
“I wanna do- the cop thing.” Peter stutters out. “That you said yesterday. That was real, right?”

Tony smiles. “That was real.”

“Okay.” Peter nods, and his lips curve up in a little grin.

***

Later, much later, a long time down the road, Tony lets Peter tattoo the little spider onto his shoulder.

He has a high pain tolerance but it burns like hell, but Peter just got his gun and badge and everyone in town has long since accepted that the two of them are meant to be together.

“There,” Peter marvels, as he bandages it up, “I’ve finally marked you as mine.”

Tony traces the ring on Peter’s finger and snorts. “Took you long enough.” he smiles.

Chapter End Notes

I really wanted to use spider emojis as the time gaps, but alas. At least you can imagine it.

ALSO! Anyone super rich and wanna marry me? Happy to be a work at home wife, cooking, cleaning, writing, looking after kids.

I'm super great and will only steal all your clothes every other day.
Peter keeps eyeing Tony’s devil food cake.

Tony sighs, and pushes the plate towards him. Peter looks up with big, guilty, honey eyes and shakes his head insistently. “No! I couldn’t, you eat it, Tony-“

“I’m not even hungry,” Tony insists, pushing the plate even further towards his companion. Peter’s cheeks go all pink and lovely and Tony wonders how he lasted the last few decades without seeing him. The last time must have been- oh god (ouch), it might have been the Second Industrial Revolution.

Peter’s just as pretty. With his huge eyes and his chestnut curls and his cream skin. He’s in a white floral printed suit, trimmed with gold, and it fits him perfectly. The tie is a faded pink, and it matches the rose hue of his lips.

“But it’s called devil’s food cake,” Peter points out, reaching for his fork anyway. He takes a heaped forkful into his mouth, all chocolate and cream and icing and Tony wants to kiss him.

He wonders what would happen if he did. He’s loved Peter for centuries, there’s no doubt about it, but Peter’s never shown any interest. He’s all naive and wonderstruck, Tony doesn’t think Peter quite knows about sex, if he’s honest.

Tony’s clad in a sleek black suit, and there are streaks of rouge through his dark hair. The sunglasses look a little odd, but no one is looking twice.

“I thought you had something to do with that horrible war,” Peter says, chocolate crumbs on his lips as he drinks the sweet, fruity cocktail Tony ordered for him. “I was so happy you didn’t!”

“That’s all the humans, I’m afraid,” Tony sighs, easing back in his chair. His whole body itches. Being away from Peter for so long has just reminded him how much he loves him. How much he wants him. “Come back to mine. It’s been too long, angel.”

Peter blushes again, and dabs his lips with the handkerchief. “I can’t, Tony. If the others-“ he glances up towards the ceiling, “-found out that I was hanging out with you-“

“Screw the others,” Tony insists, and he makes his voice soft, and thinks about the time he and Peter both tried to distract King Arthur so he wouldn’t find the fountain of eternal youth. He thinks about the way they laughed in the forest, surrounded by animals that were so much bigger than they are now. “C’mon, it’s been an age. Let me tempt you. I was just in Belgium. Scrumptious little truffles, you’d love them.”

His angel looks tempted, and if that isn’t Tony’s job, he’s not sure what is. There are little freckles dappled across Peter’s nose, and he leans forward, the white cotton of his suit touching Tony’s black velvet. “Maybe. They’re not too happy with me anyway.” He lifts his eyebrows up towards the heavens. “I accidentally performed a miracle again.”

Tony pinches the bridge of his nose. “How many times do we have to talk about that?”

“It was an accident!” Peter exclaims, “The King has these gorgeous little girls, Tony! They just wanted a little freedom from the palace, that’s all-“

Damn it all to hell, Tony adores him. Peter’s sweet breath fanning over his face, those excited eyes,
the stray white feathers here and there. “Come back with me.” Tony asks again, and his fingers shake with the urge to touch Peter’s cheek. “Please, angel.”

Peter beams, all pleased, and he nods. “Since you asked so nicely.”

***

Tony has a townhouse in the city, stained black here and there with ash and soot. Peter’s little cottage in Northumberland is almost overgrown with violets and honeysuckle. Don’t ask Tony how he knows that.

Peter looks around in amazement, touching all of Tony’s souvenirs. He stops at a chalet of poison. He turns and frowns at Tony who does his best not to look too sheepish. “Tony,” he warns, “I hope you didn’t have anything to do with Rasputin.”

Tony shrugs, snapping his fingers so the kettle boils instantly. “Who can really tell, Angel? Here, have some tea. I have your favourite.”

Peter lingers a little by the poison, but is easily swayed, and sits down amidst the cluttered collection of burnt Bibles and stolen treasures. Tony takes the opportunity to sit right beside him, their legs brushed together.

He thinks he sees Peter blush, but he’s not sure.

“If I find out you had something to do with Rasputin, Tony…”

“If a crazy man wants to make a deal with a demon, Petey, what do you want me to do? You perform your little miracles, am I not allowed to break a few rules here and there? Besides, what’s the harm. He’s dead, isn’t he?” Tony had made quite sure of that.

Peter scowls at that, but nibbles on the biscuits Tony’s provided, and settles in.

They talk about their recent travels, and Tony puffs out his chest when Peter leans in: fascinated, as he regales his adventures in South America. He, of course, makes sure to leave out any evil-doing, and just watches as Peter gives him all of his attention.

Night comes too quickly, and Peter yawns—surprising himself—and it’s so cute Tony almost leans forward and kisses him right then and there.

“Good heavens!” Peter exclaims, “I should be getting back. Tony, this has been lovely!”

“Don’t go,” Tony urges, because he’s not sure he can bear to be without him. “I have a spare room.”

Peter hesitates, but nods slowly. “Maybe that would be best. No turning into a Serpent or anything, okay?”

Tony laughs, full bodied and delighted, and he sticks out his hand to shake. “I promise.”

Tony goes to bed that night—alone—but also not alone. He may not have his angel’s love yet, but give him time— and he will.
Starker, Single dad Tony, Peter saves Morgan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony doesn’t see the car coming.

There are a number of reasons he doesn’t. He’s preoccupied, wondering where Happy’s parked to pick them up, trying to squint past the sun- hand shielding his eyes as he gazes up across the line of parked cars. His attention is split between his daughter: skipping and singing at his side, and wondering if he’s put enough suncream on her because goddamn it is hot today.

He’s irritated that he can’t find Happy, he’s irritated that Morgan has asked him three times already if he likes her song, but he can’t hear her over the roar of people talking, and the rush of the crowd and the distant honking of horns and-

He doesn’t see it when the car comes, too fast, round the corner.

He doesn’t see it when Morgan huffs away from his side, content to skip across the street.

He only sees it when he can’t do anything.

His body moves- jerks- heart pounding out of his chest, a scream dead in his throat-

Morgan screams. He hears it. It’s all he hears, played on a loop. His daughter, his little girl- five years old- screaming.

Everyone stops- the car crashes to a stop- there’s a thud and a body on the floor.

When everything comes back into focus: sight and sound and the thudding of his heart, Tony races across the tarmac because he’s half-hoping what he thinks he saw is what happened.

People are gathering, murmuring, coming nearer, but he pays no mind to any of them- only jumping over the car’s battered headlight to see his little girl, cradled in the arms of a stranger.

The young man is- Tony’s heart seizes- he’s young. Maybe a college student. His arms cradled protectively around Morgan, and she’s crying, but she’s okay- she’s okay- and he’s on the floor, blood trickling from somewhere in his hair, and gaze unfocused. There’s a bruise already forming near his eye.

“Oh god,” Tony chokes out, falling to his knees, and Morgan cries and reaches for him.

“Oh okay,” the boy slurs, helping Morgan towards her dad, “I got you,” he whispers.

Tony’s crying and the crowd are taking photos- but when Happy arrives, Tony holds his little girl and orders them to take the boy back to his private medical wing.

***

A few hours later, Tony knows everything there is to know about Peter Benjamin Parker.

He’s also talked to Morgan about running into roads, apologised for not being more focused, and fed her some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. She seems fairly unscathed by the whole thing, as resilient as children are, but she sits on the counter as Tony swipes through his holographic SI database and finds everything he can on the boy. She’s unscathed, but Tony’s still shaking a little.
He’s desperate to focus on something else, like the boy, and he’s fairly sure he’s going to be a helicopter parent for a few weeks.

Peter Parker: Born and raised in Queens, attending NYU on an art course. He’s twenty-two, despite looking younger, and he volunteers at an animal shelter on the weekends.

“He’s a hero!” Morgan exclaims delightedly, licking jelly off her lips.

Tony nods, ruffling her hair. He’s watched the video enough times already. It always makes his heart jump. The boy looks up from his phone just in time- sees Morgan in the road, and doesn’t seem to think about it. He just runs, grabs her, and the car nicks him hard before swerving into a hydrant.

Tony owes him his life.

“Are we gunna make him a pb and j to say thank you?” Morgan asks sweetly, and Tony brushes her hair behind her ears as she gazes up at him.

“Oh, we’re gonna do a little more than that, kiddo,” he grins, kissing her head, before looking back at the hologram. He’s already payed off the rest of the boy’s tuition and accommodation fees, made an anonymous donation to the animal shelter, and hacked the boy’s resumé to add a number of years as an SI intern. He should have no problem getting a job to do anything now.

“Tony,” Bruce murmurs softly, walking into the kitchen and smiling at Morgan. He looks almost as shaken as Tony at the close shave. “He’s starting to wake up. Mild concussion, bruised rib, swelling here and there, but he should be okay. Strong, kid,”

***

Even a little battered, Peter Parker is a handsome young man.

Tony tries not to think it, but then, what the hell, he can’t help something like that. And maybe it’s a bit wrong to find the college student in bandages attractive, but sue him.

Peter has fluffy curls and a sharp jaw and pink lips and-

“Oh- ow.” The boy hisses, brows furrowing, and he blinks slowly, long lashes parting to reveal lovey whiskey eyes. He looks around, seems confused, and Tony waves at him.

Peter’s eyes go comically wide.

“Oh my god,” he whispers, sounding like he’s about to hyperventilate. “Are you Tony Stark? Oh my god, you’re Tony Stark- Mr Stark- I’m a huge fan-“

His pulse rate starts to spike and Tony’s heart has had enough worry for today, so he comes forward and places a reassuring hand on Peter’s chest. He breathes with him and offers him some water. “Take it easy, Peter. It’s okay. You saved my daughter’s life today. I’ve called your Aunt, it’s all good. Relax.”

Peter gulps down the water too quickly. It dribbles down his chin and makes it slick and shiny and Tony’s mind is in the gutter. “Your daughter?” Peter frowns, piecing it together. “That girl was- oh god, is she okay? That car came out of nowhere!”

“She’s fine,” Tony murmurs, warmth curling in his chest. “You’re a regular superhero, aren’t you? Saving kids, volunteering with animals- working two jobs to pay off your tuition fees- which, you don’t have to worry about anymore. All taken care of.”
Peter goes slack-jawed. “Taken care of…”

“Least I could do, really.” Tony shrugs, secretly pleased that Peter looks so awe-struck. “Had a dip into your Aunt’s finances- you’ll have to forgive my snooping. A few years worth of rent paid in advance sound good to you?”

Peter-

faints.

***

When Tony comes home on Wednesday afternoon, it’s to see Peter, with Morgan on his lap, perched in front of an easel. They’re both a little smeared with paint, and Tony smiles at the sight of them.

“Daddy!” Morgan screeches, launching off Peter towards her dad. Tony lifts her up, and Peter looks up, a shyer smile; but no less pleased. “We painted you!”

Tony lifts his eyebrows in surprise. “You did?”

Peter goes a lovely pink. “Morgan’s got a really good eye for art, Mr S- Tony.” And he spins the easel.

The painting is enough to make Tony’s jaw drop. It’s him- in hyper-realistic detail- crouched over DUM-E and tinkering with him. It’s clear it was essentially all Peter’s doing, but there are a few smudges of charming colour here and there, that are all Morgan.

It’s hard to ignore the way each line of his face has been lovingly rendered; the attention given to his eyes and lips and muscles-

He smiles at Peter, and licks his lips, and Peter flushes.

**

Later that night, when Morgan’s asleep, Tony hands Peter a few hundred dollars. Peter pushes it back across the counter.

“Honestly, Tony, no. Babysitting Morgan isn’t a job, I love doing it. And with all the money I’m saving from not having to pay tuition- really, I’m fine. Besides,” Peter grins a little, “getting paid hundreds of dollars for a few hours of babysitting looks very suspicious.”

Tony leans against the counter, and admires how the New York skyline frames Peter’s body. At the smudges of paint along Peter’s arms. “Is that so?” He drawls, voice low. It’s late, and Peter’s been unofficially babysitting for a few months now. They’ve been dancing around each other, but now Peter has nothing to show for the accident bar a little scratch on his arm.

The painting is still in the living room, and Tony thinks about it, as he reaches forward, takes Peter’s elbow and gently pulls them together.

Peter surprises him- surging up onto his tiptoes- and kissing Tony, very gently, on the lips.

Tony closes his eyes, resting their foreheads together and sighing in contentment. “You’ll never stop surprising me, my little artist,” he breathes, and he feels Peter wrap his arms around him and sigh happily.

“Finally!” Morgan exclaims from the hallway, and Tony and Peter jump apart in surprise to see her standing there, hands on her hips and looking very smug indeed. “Slowpokes! I want hot chocolate!”
Tony and Peter look at each other. Peter bursts into a fit of giggles. Tony joins him, fond and exasperated, and he watches as Peter scoops Morgan into his arms, as he turns on the kettle. “Gourmet hot chocolate coming up,” he promises, setting out three mugs.

Tony looks at the mugs. The three of them, sitting there on the polished counter, waiting to be filled with hot chocolate and marshmallows and he feels-

whole.

Chapter End Notes

Your comments never cease to make me the happiest pancake at ihop

mwah

stay being you!

x
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

TW: dubcon, incest, Peter is 17, darkish Tony, power imbalance, naive Peter, possessive Tony, controlling/manipulative Tony. God help me, I’m a spicy bitch.

Power isn’t that difficult to acquire. Not really.

Tony knew it was what he wanted. Knew it when he would sneak into his dad’s lab after hours, peak at all the new innovations, so ahead of their time. He knew that power and technology were linked. He knew he wanted it. He wanted it teeming from his fingertips. He wanted to be able to wield it around him- better than the shield his dad idolised, something more encompassing. Something that stemmed almost from within.

The press- the few offices he very graciously allows to operate- call him: Superior Iron Man.

Watching people cower in the streets as he soars above them- eyes shining ice blue, beard perfectly groomed and smile feral- will never get old. The ones that know what’s good for them get on their knees and whisper: Praise Superior!

Praise indeed, Tony thinks with a wry grin.

His father never could have dreamed of the level of power Tony has. Never could have known that someday, Tony would slaughter his precious golden haired American, tear the shield from his bloody fists and melt it down to pour into his iron man suit. Molten metal, perfectly attuned to him, it caters to his every whim. And sometimes, they are whims indeed.

New York is his not his Kingdom. The world is his Kingdom, or most of it, anyway. The parts that he cares to have. New York is his palace.

Honestly, Tony thinks he has it all. He thinks that for a very long time, and then-

A sexy young woman, a casual fling, and nine months later turn into-

Peter Stark.

Tony has never loved anything so ferociously, and it startles him at first. He’d thought that somewhere along the way he’d forgotten- that maybe he’d forgotten how to love. But when those chubby little fingers wiggle towards him, and Peter drools and babbles happily in Tony’s arms, he knows- there is nothing better than this.

Peter grows up beautifully.

Into a sweet, unnaturally kind slip of a thing. With untameable forest curls, and skin like fresh cream. His eyes are amber flecks of honey and he’s all long legged and dainty.

He’s smart to boot. But of course, Tony knew that was a given. Some things are hereditary.

The people of the world had tentatively peeked their heads out. A little braver at knowing that Tony had a son. They grew calmer, a little more hopeful, that maybe Tony would ease up on them.
And they were right. So long as everything goes according to plan, Tony’s much calmer than he used to be.

It’s all Peter’s fault. His precious boy. He coddles him, spoils him, and the urge to maim and kill reduces significantly.

Of course, he still does it. But it’s far less frequent, and really, Tony thinks, he only does it when people deserve it.

For instance, if they look at Peter too long. Or they don’t show his boy the respect he deserves.

Whenever Peter leaves the penthouse after dark, Tony insists on having his boy wear the suit. With the matching gold trim and blue metal-like his old man’s. Peter always does with a bashful little smile, and people on the streets look up and say:

There goes the prince.

Peter doesn’t really bat an eye at the order of things. It’s been this way all his life, after all. All the channels, all the news outlets, and everything online-all Stark approved. There’s never been any other way he’s known.

*

On a rainy Tuesday, Tony wakes up with a jerk.

The remnants of his nightmare claw at him, and his heart is seized with something unfamiliar- it’s-fear.

It’s the first time he has the dream. A dream of a planet. Far away. Of a man. Of his boy in his arms, fading, into dust.

He’s dripping with sweat as he stumbles into the shower, and JARVIS worriedly asks if he’s alright, but Tony just breathes because for the first time in his life he feels-

Powerless.

Still. It’s a dream.

He walks into the kitchen and Peter is perched by the counter, in floral shorts that show off his long legs, and a cozy pink sweater. “Daddy!” Peter beams, sixteen years old and sweet as honey. “Will you make me your special chocolate chip pancakes? With lots of maple syrup? Pleasee?” He bats his eyelashes, and despite the fact he’s perched on the counter, he’s so small, and Tony’s so tall, he has to lean down to kiss his son’s forehead fondly.

The nightmare seems ridiculous compared to this. The pitter-patter of rain against glass. The muted grey of the sky. Peter blinking up at him hopefully. “Anything for my baby,” Tony murmurs, shaking himself off. Peter could make his own pancakes, of course, but Tony spoils him. Likes to spoil him.

As the batter heats up, he stands between Peter’s legs, and trails his fingertips from the boy’s slim ankles to his shapely thighs. Peter shivers a little, puffs of warm air against his neck. His legs are so smooth, Tony wants to wrap them around his hips and-

“Daddy,” Peter pants a little, nosing at the line of Tony’s jaw, and a few flowers on the pattern of his
shorts are off, as his boy’s pretty little erection—“The pancakes are burning,” Peter murmurs, cheeks rosy red, and Tony smirks, kissing his boy’s cheek; letting the scruff of his beard scrape gently against that sensitive skin before turning to flip them.

They’ve danced around each other for a year now. Tony isn’t sure Peter understands exactly. Peter’s never known any other way—doesn’t know that it’s wrong. Tony knows, of course. He just doesn’t care.

He drinks black coffee on the couch as he watches an old gangster movie from the 50s. His son cuddles into his side, moaning sinfully around each bite of breakfast.

It’s a long, drowsy day, and they fall asleep there on the couch, and Tony is content.

* 
His hands slip-crashing into nothing-his son is gone-dust fills the air-a sun he doesn’t recognise beats red on the back of his neck and-

Tony wakes up with a gasp, heart pounding.

The same dream. Again. He looks around wildly. The room is dark, the sunrise a few hours off yet, and his back is a little stiff from falling asleep on the couch.

He calms, once he sees Peter, his boy’s head on his lap, the throw clumsily thrown over them both. Tony cards his fingers through Peter’s thick hair and tries to get his breathing under control.

The same dream. Again. His son, of his baby, slipping through his fingers.

It feels like the power he’s worked to get is-sliping away.

He can’t shake it off as easily as he did yesterday. So, he spends the rest of the dark, early hours, tracing the curve of Peter’s jaw, nose, hairline. Of brushing his thumb against those feather-lashes, of listening to his boy’s humming bird heart beat and soft breaths.

When Peter wakes up, he yawns and stretches like a puppy, and blinks up at his father adoringly. “Da-ad,” he giggles, going all red at Tony’s heartfelt gaze, “stoopp. Wha’ time is it?”

“She am, baby. You go back to sleep, if you want.”

“Ugh, no,” Peter sighs, nose wrinkling in distaste. “I need to shower and get to school. Flash and I are-”

The dream flares in Tony’s mind, and he’s shaking his head, and his voice is almost desperate when he says: “No school today. Just me and you, bud, some quality time together. I’ll make you pancakes and we can order that horrible pizza you like.”

Peter’s eyes go wide, and he sits up, perching on his knees on the couch cushions. “Dad,” he whispers, giggling, “that’s against the rules! I’ll get in trouble.”

That’s certainly not the case. Tony owns the education system. He can’t imagine any teacher ever giving Peter anything less than an A or even raising their voice-

“My gorgeous boy,” Tony murmurs, cupping Peter’s face in his huge hand. “Darling sweetheart, my precious baby, stay home with daddy today. Please?”

Peter is unable to resist him, and he nods, excited. “I’m gonna put my pyjamas on! We can build a
Tony chuckles, heart settling, and pushes everything off the calendar for the day.

And it’s a great day. They feast on pancakes and sliced strawberries, and watch old movies, and then eat some ice cream, and then under the hidden blankets of their fort, Tony lets his teeth graze, ever-so-gently, over Peter’s pulse point. Feels his boy shudder against him, all inexperienced and delicious.

When night falls, Tony is afraid to sleep. But Peter is half-sprawled over him, thigh strewn over Tony’s legs, and Tony cups his boy’s plump ass and let’s himself drift off.

* 

This time, the dream doesn’t seem so much like a dream. It seems like something else. Something like- like a vision.

There’s a gauntlet, made of gold, and his son- and the wild heat of another planet, and Tony is bruised and aching all over. His boy calls for him- falls into his arms- and Tony holds him as he falls to pieces.

When Tony wakes up, he’s jittery. Shivering.

He looks down at his sleeping son and knows- measures have to be taken.

* 

It’s easy enough to orchestrate a snowstorm over New York. To shut down major roads. To have the schools closed, for a week, at least.

He gets the news to advise people not to go outside.

He needs Peter here, in the penthouse, safe, with Tony.

Bruce looks at him worriedly over some test tubes, and frowns. “Tony,” he murmurs, voice soft, “are you getting enough sleep?”

There are rings under his eyes. Tony pulls up his hologram of the earth. Zooms out. He looks at all the nearby planets. None of them will have a different sun. It would need to be- a different solar system. “Have you ever had a reoccurring dream?” Tony asks, and Bruce takes off his glasses and rubs the indents on his nose.

“Sometimes, yeah. When the other guy gets to be too much. When he wants more than I can give him. When I’m scared.”

Tony doesn’t love Bruce, but it’s a near thing. He nods. Then he looks back at his holograms. “A suit of armour,” he begins, half-musing, “around the world. Any ideas on how we might do that?”

It’s not a question, really. And Bruce gets to work. That’s why he’s one of Tony’s favourites.

* 

Peter loves it, at first.

Being cooped up in the enormous penthouse with his dad. They cook homemade meals, old family recipes. Eat cookies still warm straight out of the oven. They sleep in the same bed, tucked into one
another, and Peter relaxes. He always stresses himself out so much when it comes to school work, it’s nice to have the reprieve.

The snowstorm doesn’t let up, and seeing the ice and hail outside looks like a winter wonderland, and he bemoans how it’s too dangerous to go outside.

“Not even in my suit?” He asks his dad, batting his bambi-eyes hopefully.

Tony never wavers. “If you think I’ll let anything happen to you, bud, you’re sorely mistaken.”

Peter grumbles, but it’s all good-natured.

He gets to sleep in, spend time with his dad, and lounge around. What’s not to love?

*

After a month of no school, Peter frowns over his spaghetti.

Tony looks up immediately- worry coiling in his gut. “What’s wrong? Something wrong?”

Peter shakes his head, half-smiling, “no, dad, I just- I haven’t seen my friends in ages. I was wondering if I could go out this Saturday? Just to see MJ for a few hours-“

“Peter,” Tony cuts him off, his voice brooks no room for argument. “You saw what the news said.”

His boy shrinks in a little, and looks down at his meatballs sadly.

Tony’s chest seizes. His boy must be lonely, with only his dad for company.

No matter, Tony can fix that.

*

Peter’s squeal of glee at the golden retriever puppy is all Tony needs to relax.

His boy forgets, instantly, about those pesky friends of his, and spends the whole day completely absorbed.

Tony smiles, and keeps working with Bruce, and tries not to think about the fact that he dreams of Titan nightly.

*

Sometimes, the urge gets too much to bear.

The thought that something could happen- to his boy- to his son-

It’s so desperate and all consuming that he slides across the mattress, and tugs his boy into his embrace.

Peter flushes. He’s so warm all over, and Tony can feel the hard outline of his baby’s little cock. “Are you hard for me, gorgeous?” he whispers, and Peter goes bright pink, Tony can tell even in the darkness. They’ve never gone this far before. Never stated outright what they’re doing- or rather, what they’re flirting around doing.

But when Tony’s calloused hand slips into his boy’s pretty little panties, Peter’s mouth drops open,
and he tosses his head back into the pillows. “Daddy,” he whispers; panting.

“So wet for me, sweetheart,” he coos approvingly, jerking his wrist a little faster, drinking in the sight of his son writhing on the bed- “Go on, baby, come for me. Spill your little load for daddy, make a mess, you’re such a good boy-“

Peter lets out a wail, eyes screwed shut, and he spills into Tony’s palm.

*

After that, Peter doesn’t question being in the penthouse at all.

Tony’s not surprised. After all, he has everything he could ever want. His little prince is a teenager, what more could he need? Every food his heart desires, the ability to video-call his friends, a puppy to raise and train, a lab to tinker and explore, and sex available 24/7.

Tony’s had him everywhere. The tight heat of his son: on the kitchen counter, in their pillow forts, up against the glass looking out over the permanent snow storm.

Tony’s had to clear the roads. Had to let the snow recede for businesses to continue down there, but up here in the penthouse the glass makes it look ever-frosty, and everyone knows better than to tell Peter otherwise.

He’s had Peter sobbing in his bed, Tony’s head between his thighs, tongue thrusting into his hole-hands fisted in his dad’s hair.

He’s had him in the suit, had him strung out for hours and hours-

It’s bliss.

Peter’s so sweet, so content, never asks to go outside, and why should he? He has everything he could ever want.

*

One day, the world’s armour is complete.

Tony pats Bruce on the shoulder. The world shudders, but somehow, feels safe.

The nightmares don’t go away, though.

Tony keeps Peter tucked into his side. Rarely lets him out of his sight.

Peter just beams and calls his dad a softie, and kisses him on the lips.

And then another day-

that armour is tested.

Tony watches- baited breath- but the armour doesn’t give. Whatever’s on the other side tries and tries and eventually- stops.

So too, do the nightmares.

*
It’s summer again in New York, but Peter spends the whole day in bed with his dad, pretty pink mouth stretched wide around Tony’s aching cock and really-

He wouldn’t have it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

I have two settings: Extreme Fluff or Extreme Spice.

tbh I just want to be Peter in all the fics I write, okay? I mean, as a girl, but you know what I mean. To be honest, I wouldn't mind being Tom Holland. He's a beautiful creature.

BUT WELL DONE!

You just read like 2000+ words and that's nothing to sniff at. Loads of people go entire days without reading anything, but you have! And it's made you a better person. or a spicier person. Either way, be proud. Drink water, get some sleep, and if you eat celery, dunk that shit in peanut butter.

I love you guys

x
“Keep it down tomorrow tonight, short stack. My boyfriend’s coming over after school and I’m not sure he wants to hear you mangling the violin.”

Natasha looks up from her homework and stares at her brother in the doorway; lips parted in surprise. Tony’s going for nonchalant, which of course, she can see through in an instant. He may be two years older than her, but Natasha is a particularly observant fifteen year old. “Your boyfriend?”

She says, a grin spreading across her face when Tony shifts a little uncomfortably. “Yes.” He bristles, not quite making eye-contact. “My boyfriend.”

“Since when do you-“

“Since none of your business. Gonna be chill about this or not?”

She lifts her eyebrows and mimes zipping her lips. Tony half-smiles at her: soft and gentle, the sort of smile that says she’s the only one he’s told about his boyfriend, the sort of smile that lets her know that even though he’s a complete dick, he’s a good guy at heart, and a good brother too. She loves him, really. So she says: “My silence will only cost you thirty dollars.”

He smirks at her, and tosses some cash onto her bed. “Jokes on you, short stuff, I was prepared to go to fifty.” And then he wraps his knuckles against her doorframe, and disappears down the hall.

She huffs, rolling her eyes, and turning back to her notebook.

But she doesn’t stop thinking about it. Tony, her brother, Tony has a boyfriend.

Tony doesn’t do boyfriends. He does hook-ups at parties that become the talk of the school and Nat tries not to listen to the gossip or the rumour mill as it goes around and around. A few times, older kids have come up to her, tried to ascertain the truth over a certain one-night stand and she’ll glare at them until they turn away.

But a boyfriend. He must be special. She taps her pencil against her desk and thinks. Is it someone from school? Maybe. She wonders who.

She wonders what they might be like and shudders a little.

Tony dresses like a complete douchebag. He rides his stupid motorbike to school (and okay, yes he does give her a ride from time to time which is pretty cool, but also, no, he’s her big brother, so he’s not cool at all), and he wears black leather jackets and sunglasses inside. He thinks he’s better than everyone else and brags about all his science fair trophies with no degree of humility.

He’s cocky, arrogant and constantly sarcastic.

She can only imagine what horror his boyfriend will be.

Still, she rolls her neck and turns back to her work, it’s only a high school romance, and she knows from experience that those don’t last.
“Your hair looks-“ Bruce trips over his shoelaces and hastily rightens himself “-really nice. R-really good.”

She smiles, flicking the vibrant red for effect. “Scarlet suits me, right?”

Bruce nods eagerly, and nearly careens right into an open locker. She catches him by his backpack last minute, and he smiles gratefully.

“So, your brother’s in my brother’s grade, right?” She asks.

Bruce nods as he starts slotting in his textbooks. “Sure, why?”

“Apparently,” she drops her voice into a whisper, not trusting the roaming ears of the hallway, “Tony has a boyfriend?”

Bruce blinks in surprise, before shaking his head and grinning. “Your brother is so cool, honestly, I want to be just like him when I-“

Natasha resists the urge to throttle him, and decides that since Bruce is in science-infatuation mode over her brother’s lame AI tech, that maybe the best person to ask is Clint. She shoots him a text and he replies by saying he’s got a free period later.

The bell rings and Bruce locks up. “Good luck on your recital this Friday! I wish I could make it!”

Nat shrugs, slinging her backpack on. “It’s just another violin thing. You’ll catch the next one.” And then she reaches forward and ruffles his hair.

Bruce bats at her, and scurries away.

* 

Clint, as it turns out, has information.

It’s not a boy from this school, but-

“Murberry Academy across town,” he says, mouth full of chips. The teacher on duty keeps glaring at him, but he hasn’t noticed. “That’s what I heard.”

Natasha leans back in her chair, thinking. She doesn’t know anyone from Murberry Academy. But she does know about it. “Super preppy school- the one with the blue blazers?”

Clint nods, licking cheesy dust off his fingers. She tries not to make a face. Boys are gross. “Yeah. So, your brother probably met his bae at a party or something.”

She does make a face at that. “Not bae. Never say that again. You’re banned.”

“Hey, Nat?” Comes a whispered voice, and Natasha turns only to feel her whole face bloom bright red as Pepper leans over with her stupid gorgeous face- “Do you have a pen I can borrow? Mine ran out?”

Natasha hands one over with sweaty fingers and what she hopes is a smile, but might be a grimace-

“Well that,” Clint mutters, laughing and choking on his snack, “was smooth.”

Natasha hits him, and it’s worth the apology the teacher makes her give.

*
There’s a big part of her that wants to play really loud music that night. Howard and Maria are out, like normal, and she knows Tony is getting ready. She wants to blast Taylor Swift or one of her podcasts, or maybe practise for her recital- but there’s thirty dollars in her purse, and she doesn’t want Tony to chicken out.

She’s curious.

So, when she hears Tony leave his room, she bolts out of hers, and follows him to the kitchen.

He’s wearing a tight black tee and dark jeans, and his hair is messy in that bedhead kind of way that meant he spent ages on it-

“Oh god,” he groans when he sees her, shooing her away. “Go. You’re banished.”

She laughs, sitting up at the breakfast bar in her pyjamas and shakes her head. “No way. I wanna meet him. What’s his name?”

Tony rolls his eyes, and he starts pulling stuff out of the cupboards. Flour, sugar, eggs- Nat frowns and wonders just how nervous he is. “Oh, right, his name, how could I forget? It’s- none of your business.” And then he pats her head with the newspaper.

She reaches forward and grabs the pot of frosting he’s taken out, popping the lid and digging out some with her finger. She’s watching her brother through her lashes, trying to be discreet, because he’s agitated, pacing, he’s a little sweaty, which is- weird. He must- the thought seems odd, he must really care about this guy.

So, she swallows her frosting, and goes for casual: “You know, Spongebob-Uglypants, I’ll probably like him, right? I like Clint, and Clint is a piece of garbage sometimes.”

Tony relaxes, just a little. “He’s uh- special.” He admits, rubbing the back of his neck.

Natasha wants to say: *high school relationships don’t last* and *how long have you even known him?* But she doesn’t. She just offers the chocolate icing to Tony who takes some gratefully.

And then the doorbell rings.

Nat beams and Tony groans, and goes to answer it.

There’s silence for a moment and then-

“Oh my god, you taste like chocolate!” Comes a bubbly voice, and Natasha frowns, because that doesn’t sound like a motorbike riding, black leather wearing piece of boyfriend material-

And then they walk in.

She can’t help but sputter.

The guy next to Tony is- he’s- what the fuck.

He’s all small and dainty, with pastel highlights in his curly, light brown hair. He’s wearing a pink sweater and beige corduroys and he looks like- he’s- sweet- and friendly looking and- he smiles brightly once he sees her, and Natasha cannot compute because her brother is all in black, stone-faced and sarcastic, but this boy is-

“You must be Natasha!” He squeals delightedly, bounding forward with an outstretched hand. She
shakes it in disbelief, eyes flitting to Tony for confirmation that this is a joke. It must be. “Tony’s told me so much about you! Oh my gosh, you guys look so alike!”

At that, both Tony and Natasha recoil.

Tony grabs Peter’s wrist, tugs him into his side and settles a hand instinctively onto his waist and Peter cuddles him automatically.

Oh god. This isn’t a joke.

This is- this is Tony’s boyfriend, this is-

“Peter,” Tony introduces, “this is my sister. She’s promised not to be annoying today.”

“Don’t think I promised that,” Natasha quips, finally dragged out of her stunned silence. She looks over Peter again, at the bright colours and big honey eyes. “Peter, how did you and my brother meet?”

Tony looks pained. “We don’t have to-”

“Oh, it’s so sweet!” Peter gushes, “I go to Murberry and we were having a decathlon contest against your school and I got lost on my way back from the bathroom and I ran into Tony! He was so sweet and funny! And we just hit it off, right, my gorgeous scientist?” Peter nuzzles Tony’s neck and presses a sweet kiss to his cheek and Natasha bites back her laugh because this is brilliant.

She needs to start recording this.

Tony looks like he’d kill her if she tried.

“That’s right, babe,” Tony sighs, sounding resigned to his fate.

Peter pouts up at him. “No, call me by the nickname you call me all the time-“

Natasha can’t help the giggle that slips out, and Tony glares at her without any heat before whispering: ‘bambi’ right into Peter’s ear.

Oh god. This is everything. Her brother is a softie. Oh god. His weakness is pretty boys who are on decathlon teams-

“We’re about to make cookies for the charity fun run winners, Nat!” Peter exclaims, as he and Tony walk around the counter. “Do you want to join us? Oh Tony! You got the white flour just like my Uncle- you didn’t have to! You are so sweet!” And he’s tiptoeing and kissing Tony again and- This is brilliant. Her brother is a sweet, thoughtful softie. He’s not a cool guy at all. And all the ingredients on the counter now make sense.

Tony gives her a look that says: stay and die.

So, she decides to do him a favour. “I would, Peter,” she smiles warmly, because Peter is sweet and she likes him enormously. “But I have a lot of homework to do. Say bye before you go though, okay?”

“Okay! Good luck on your homework!”

“Yeah, yeah,” Tony mutters, practically shoving her out.
For the rest of the evening, she hears Peter’s giggles and her brothers own, softer laughs. Laughter she’s never heard from him. She hears the low murmur of their conversation, and then silences where she tries not to think too hard about what’s happening.

When it hits midnight, and she needs to go to bed, she leaves her bedroom to tell Peter goodnight, and she finds her brother and his boyfriend on the couch, snuggled into each other, watching an old Friends episode.

“Natasha,” Peter blinks drowsily, sitting up. He’s so cute, he’s like a deer- oh. Bambi. “Hey,” he smiles, “wha’ time is it?”

She smiles back, “it’s almost midnight.”

“I need to be heading home,” Peter sighs, and Tony grumbles, half-asleep.

“Stay the night, bambi, please.”

Peter blushes a little, and kisses Tony’s nose. “I wish I could, handsome.”

Tony yawns, forcing himself up. “I’ll pick you up after practise tomorrow,” he promises, kissing Peter on the mouth, and Nat looks away politely.

“Only if you bring a spare helmet,” Peter chirps, and Tony swats at him but misses. His fingers are curled into Peter’s sweater, like he doesn’t want him to go, and Natasha can’t-

It was funny, before, with the flour in their hair and the pet names, but now- it’s just sweet and soft and warm and-

She thinks of Pepper and feels a little lonely.

After bidding Peter goodnight, Tony stares at her, as if waiting for the jokes to come, but she doesn’t have any. Okay, she does, but not for tonight.

“He’s nice,” she says, as lightly as she can, “I like him a lot. Plus, the house smells like cookies. It’s a yes from me.”

Tony scratches his chin where his awful, patchy, teenage stubble is starting to make an appearance.

“It’s a yes from me too, squirt,” he says fondly, and they both go to bed.

* 

Natasha’s a protective little sister, just like Tony can be a protective older brother, so she stalks Peter’s facebook a little.

It’s all just gut-wrenchingly charming.

He posts an inordinate amount of cat memes but also lots of photos of him and Tony, and in all of them, Tony is a stoic-faced figure, effortless suave and leaning back with perfect hair in dark clothes, with Peter as his rainbow-splashed companion, with his huge smile and sun-dappled freckles.

Peter tags Tony in pretty much every post she sees and Tony replies to them all without fail.

Her brother is a sap, and honestly, Natasha’s kind of here for it.

Peter adds her on facebook and she hits accept- and then suddenly she’s getting tagged in stuff.

Stuff like tag the prettiest girl you know and who rocks red hair the best and- damn it, she’s
getting more and more fond.

She hopes they don’t break up. She hopes high school relationships last.

Peter even comes to her recital. Rushes up to her back stage afterwards, flushed with glee, and gushes over how “amazing you are- oh god, you’re just- you’re amazing! Please tell me you want to be a violinist when you grow up.”

She laughs, glowing with pride and the rush of the performance, and shakes her head. “I don’t think so, it’s just a hobby. I’m glad you liked it though, Peter.”

“I just- Tony said how good you were, but you blew me away and-“

“Wait.” She cuts him off; surprised, “Tony said I was good?” Her arrogant, know it all brother said-

Peter rolls his eyes like she’s being silly. “He’s always talking about you! I feel like I already know you! He brags about you all the time. How you’re a black belt already, and how you stood up for that girl by punching that waiter in the face! And that he loves listening to you play- he’s come to all your recitals!”

She shakes her head, heart pounding with emotion. “That’s not- he hasn’t-“

Peter laughs, eyes crinkling, “he has! He takes a photo of you each time, he has an album on his phone- oh wait.” Peter suddenly looks worried, “that might be a present for you- oh no! Act surprised? Please?”

She can’t find the words.

She pulls Peter into a hug and shakes her head. “Tell my idiot brother I love him okay? And tell him to never let you go.” She says into his ear.

Peter beams, and kisses her cheek. “Okay! And there’s someone waiting to talk to you outside! They asked me to tell you!” And then he’s gone, no doubt to his very-in-love boyfriend aka her brother. Will wonders never cease?

Natasha puts on her coat, and goes out into the cool, crisp air of the parking lot.

Pepper’s standing there, holding a rose.

Chapter End Notes

It was fun when we were young but now we're older....something something something California...

I've been listening to the Jonas Brother's album on repeat.

Also, does anyone wanna give me a job? I'm fun!!

Or anyone wanna go to London Pride with me tomorrow? Probably a bit late to ask :( (I'll get it next year
ALSO I LOVE YOU ALL AND YOUR COMMENTS WHEN YOU SAY STUFF LIKE "I love this/you" it just- my heart

MWAAH

End Notes

Hope you liked it, gorgeous people.

Come tumble with me starkerforlife6969

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!