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**Little Patients**

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

**Summary**

A collection of stories where littles Peter, MJ, Bucky and Loki are cared for by nurses Steve, Thor and Nat, as well as doctors Tony, Stephen and Pepper. There's lots of tears, pull-ups and sedatives. This is mostly centred around Peter/Tony/Stephen, but the other pairings also get their moments.

(An amazing universe that spiderbun and I created together in a mess of headcanons and rping)
Chapter 1 - Orchiectomy

Chapter Summary

Orchiectomy: testicle removal surgery

Chapter Notes

Just a little disclaimer: Everything the caregivers do cannot be considered entirely consensual, because the littles are so deep in their little spaces. And the littles are physically smaller, while the caregivers are bigger.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony and Stephen will set out whatever they want Peter to wear for the day and that's it. If he doesn't get underwear or gets a little training bra with a dress, then he has to wear it down to breakfast, or he gets stripped down until he learns how to keep his clothes on like a big kid. Clothing easily becomes a power tool and one that informs all the other littles about punishments and treatments.

The biggest humiliation is getting catheterised and having the catheter strapped to the inside of their thigh and not being given pants or a dress long enough to cover it up. Everyone can see that Peter has been taken away bladder control and the doctors have to bring him to the bathroom each time. And all the caregivers of the facility know about the humiliation and are not afraid to add to it if necessary. During playtime, Tony will come to the big playroom where Peter is sat with other littles and announces that it's time for “Peter's potty break” because he can't manage it on his own. The little boy can’t even be trusted to walk down the hall by himself and Tony holds his hand firmly and makes them pass as many littles and caregivers as possible.

Another aspect that makes catheterisation so horrible, besides the humiliation, is the fact that Peter cannot cum and he has no idea when the catheter will be removed so that he can. However, his best friend MJ can cum with a catheter, which Peter finds incredibly unfair when they whisper to one another after bedtime. Other things that are also whispered about by other littles is how Peter needs a plastic sheet on his bed because he cannot control himself. Peter tries to ignore those rumours, which isn’t too hard as they are false but also because he is far too occupied with the ache in his private area because he isn’t allowed to cum while catheterised.

“Why can’t I cum, but MJ can?” Peter asks Pepper one day as he grabs her lab coat in one of the hallways. The female doctor just laughs and gives the boy a little kiss on his nose before turning to leave. “You said we are both pretty girls with special parts!”

And Pepper can’t help but feel sorry for the sweet boy. She would never tell her colleagues, but she does question how long it is necessary to make Peter all frustrated and mopey with catheterisation. A short while later, Peter is sobbing happy tears as the kind doctor milks him dry, letting him cum over and over with her skilled fingers inside of him teasing his prostate and her other hand wrapped around his freed cock. However, the happy tears turn into sad ones when Pepper brings out a fresh catheter.
“Doctor Stark and Strange only want what’s best for you, handsome.” She reminds as Peter becomes whiny when he is catheterised again. “If they think you need a catheter and 24/7 monitoring, then that’s what you get. There, all done, and remember to tell a grown up when you need to tinkle, yeah?”

Peter’s desire to be a pretty girl, like MJ, makes him break the rules on more than one occasion. During playtime, the two little ones will often switch their assigned clothes, but they are quick about it so that they are not caught red-handed, or at least try to be quick. One day, they are caught by surprise when Tony walks in to carry out an inspection.

“We were just playing!” MJ tries to explain, stood in a striped t-shirt, short overalls and knee high socks, which was not the outfit that Pepper assigned her that morning. The little boy by her side, however, breaks into tears at the unimpressed look that the doctor gives him.

“I just wanted to be pretty cause you won’t let me be!” Peter accuses and rubs the tears away from his eyes where he is stood in a short and pale pink chiffon dress and with a bow in his hair. Peter cries even harder when he is put over Tony’s knee and spanked before he is put into the correct clothes. That night, MJ whispers to Peter that she got the same punishment from Pepper and both littles grow just a little aroused at the fresh memory and their still sore behinds.

As much as they like to keep the little patients obedient and quiet, Stephen and Tony consider what the little boy said about wanting to be a pretty girl like MJ, and so the two doctors start planning Peter’s first surgery to remove his testicles.

Peter has been given sedatives numerous times when he has been unruly and fussy during examinations or minor procedures, but being anaesthetised is a whole new experience for him. He panics when his legs are put into stirrups and restrained along with his arms and torso and he begins to choke on the anaesthetic gas because he is crying. However, Stephen will not budge and holds the mask to his face firmly.

“Shh, Peter, this is happening no matter how much you struggle.” Stephen explains firmly, but strokes the boy’s cheek in a comforting gesture. “It’s okay, you’re just going for a nap, but this important.”

“Peter, if you’re good for us, then you’ll wake up in a few hours all comfortable and cozy. If you aren’t good for us however…”

In the back of his mind, Peter knows that Stephen and Tony are the best doctors he could ever have caring for him, but he isn’t entirely sure they want him to be okay after the surgery. The situation is only worsened by the fact that the two doctors are gowned and masked, so Peter can barely see them. He can recognise their eyes and voices, but his senses are all over the place with the bright lights above him and the beeping machines around him. Until now, Peter has always referred to the doctors by first name, even when far down in his little headspace, but now the fear takes over and he whimpers.

“Daddy…” The boy settles down just a little bit when Stephen strokes his cheek and murmurs back.

“Daddy is right here, Peter. You’re doing so good.” And with that Peter drifts off more or less calmly and Stephen gives a nod for the rest of the medical staff to continue preparing their patient and start the surgery.

Once Peter’s surgery is over and he is placed in the recovery ward, MJ gets to visit him when he starts to wake up from the anaesthesia. Stephen explains very simply to MJ that Peter had a little surgery to help him be a good little girl and that they expect her to teach him how big girls are
supposed to act. He particularly stresses the fact that grown ups will always know better when MJ starts talking back or asking too much. The little girl gets to sit by Peter’s beside until Tony comes in.

“MJ, darling, visiting time is over now. You be good now and return to the playrooms while I check how Peter’s stitches are looking.”

While getting lifted off the bed by Stephen, MJ gets the tiniest glimpse when Tony lifts Peter’s hospital gown to expose the bandage in between his legs. The little girl isn’t entirely sure if she saw it right, so she spends all night saying she feels like she is going to throw up to get brought back to the medical ward in the facility. However, Pepper sees through the lies and just puts her to bed early.

The next day, MJ tries to investigate further and grabs Stephen’s lab coat during breakfast in the canteen area and demands answers.

“What did you do to Peter?”

“Baby girl, you know that’s confidential.” Stephen explains simply, patting a baffled MJ on the head.

The rule about littles only getting to wear their assigned clothes is not strictly related to their health and safety, but more so for order and a little bit for the caregivers’ pleasure. However, the rule against pealing away any casts, bandages or touching catheters or IV needles is very much in place for the littles’ safety. If they are caught touching anything they aren’t allowed to, the little one will have mittens on their hands for two whole days, which also leads to less time spent alone independently because they require more assistance.

Still, the littles will often peal back bandages to show off their stitches proudly and compare with each other. And Peter is no exception from this bad behaviour and pulls his pants down and peals back the bandage between his legs to show MJ, who’s very gentle and concerned for her best friend. However, they both become very sorry when Stephen catches them in the act and makes them stand in front of him and explain themselves. They are both punished for touching bandages and for looking at each others privates, which includes two days in mittens. The two little ones get help with everything and the other littles snicker at them when they have to be fed by a caregiver during meal times.

For Peter, however, his bad behaviour leads to even more frequent check ups of his healing privates to ensure that it does not get infected. To give themselves easy access, Stephen and Tony dress the boy in skirts to that they can just flick it up and push his underwear to the side to check the bandage for any bleeding. Peter blushes the most when they do it in front of other littles of caregivers.

“Good job keeping those, little one, Daddies are proud of you.”

And Peter blushes even more and smiles shyly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! That was an easy start, wasn't it? Trust me, it is going to get fluffier and more lighthearted. Please don't hesitate to leave kudos or comments. Spiderbun and I have worked on this AU for nearly two weeks and would love to hear what you guys think of it xx
Chapter 2 - Radius bone fracture

Chapter Summary

Radius: a forearm bone, it runs from the elbow to the thumb side of the wrist
Bone fracture: a partial or complete break in the continuity of the bone

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It isn’t just the caregivers that seek out the littles, but the littles will also seek out the caregivers in the “grown up” areas, like for example the doctors in their big scary offices. One part of the office is clinical and sterile for examinations, minor treatments and procedures. The other half is more up to the doctors with either a modern looking office or more of an old fashioned one. There’s a desk with an office chair and on the opposite side here’s two other chairs. In addition, there is a sofa, a bookshelf and safe for confidential data and files. However, what interests the littles the most is the special toys that each doctor has in their office, but they will only be granted the privilege to play with them if they have been on their best behaviour.

Being brought to the office could mean two different things. Either the little one is getting special one-on-one time with a purpose, which often ends in orgasms, or it could mean scoldings and punishment. Other times it is more laid back as the little gets to sit on the carpet with a puzzle or colouring supplies while the grown up is sat by the desk working.

Most of the time a little has to be brought to the office, but the littles are still reminded often that they need to find a grown up if they feel like something is wrong. The grown ups mean physical when they say this, but still they can’t resist when a little knocks on their office doors teary eyed and sniffling.

One time after getting a scolding and injection from Tony, Peter padded over to Stephen’s office, trying to wipe his tears away and appear unbothered when the doctor told him to enter.

“What’s the matter, Peter?” Stephen asks, beckoning the boy to come closer, which he does. The doctor already knows the reason behind Peter’s tears, as he is always talking with Tony about the little boy’s care.

“I just… Can I play with your puzzles?”

Kissing the boy’s head, Stephen gives him permission and gently nudges him over to the shelf where the puzzles are. After 20 minutes of playing by himself, Peter will ask his Daddy to come over and help him. With a little chuckle Stephen will join Peter on the floor, pulling the boy onto his lap and together they finish the puzzle. While Stephen’s got fun puzzles and games, then Tony’s office is a nice place to nap. Peter remembers fondly the one time he was wrapped in a fluffy blanket and got to sleep on his Daddy’s lap as he worked on his iPad. Office time makes Peter become a Daddies’ boy in just a month.

The next time that Peter comes to one of his Daddy’s offices, he isn’t alone, but rather accompanied by Thor. The nurse has got a sobbing Peter in his arms and he explains to Tony that he suspects that the boy sprained his wrist from falling off the swings outside.
“Peter, haven’t we told you that you shouldn’t play on the swings by yourself, hm?” Tony reminds the boy, but strokes his curls to try and calm him as they head to get x-rays. It turns out that what Thor suspected was incorrect and Peter has a fracture in the radius bone in his forearm. However, Peter is confused when he gets prepared for surgery, even though he is sure he just sprained his arm and it aches just a little.

“But, Daddy, it doesn’t even hurt that much.” Peter tries to argue when Thor begins to undress and wash him before being brought into the OR. Tony scolds him as he puts a cap on his head, tucking his curls in.

“Don’t be a brat, Peter. You think you are a know-it-all? But who in this room actually is a grown up with a medical degree?”

Then the waterworks start as Peter becomes incredibly anxious because things start to move quickly and he is brought into the cold and dark OR where he is laid down and restrained to the operating table. He can hear his Daddies talking, but he cannot distinguish them as they are all dressed in surgical gear with caps, gowns, gloves and masks. Peter can’t stop himself from outright sobbing so hard that he can barely breathe and a nurse, that he suspects is Thor, rubs his tummy to calm him down.

“Peter, you’ve had surgery before, remember? This is nothing new and you won’t feel a thing. But what happens after the surgery really depends on whether you decide to be good for us or not. Understood?” Tony’s tone is one that no little dares to mess with and Peter tries his hardest to hold back his sobs, but he is unable to now that his head is spinning with all the scary scenarios that could happen after the surgery. Throwing his head back and letting himself properly cry, Peter knows that Tony has the power and ability to truly make recovery hell for him, even down to the way he does his stitches and what kind of pain relief he gives him afterwards.

With a sigh, Tony continues as he gets gowned and gloved with Steve’s assistance.

“Stop being disruptive, Peter. You know that Daddy’s choice is always best.”

But the stern words don’t bring Peter any comfort and he lets out a choked off sob when a strong smell hits his nose. Looking to his injured arm, he sees his Daddy spread an orange liquid over his forearm. It feels cold and no matter how much he tries to get away, the little boy is firmly strapped to the operating table and has no choice but to watch as Tony sterilises his arm. With a wordless command and not even looking up, Tony is handed a marker and Peter watches in panic as he draws little lines on his skin before he is handed a very scary instrument.

“Scalpel.”

“No, no, no, NO!” Peter babbles incoherently in between sobs, sheer panic taking over him as he thinks they are not going to put him to sleep before cutting him open. Suddenly there’s a firm hand on his jaw, tugging his head back and a mask is placed on his face. Peter welcomes the funny smelling anaesthetic gas, heaving it in as he continues to cry. Somewhere deep inside, Peter knows that it is his Daddy Stephen putting him to sleep like last time he had surgery, but he isn’t entirely sure. There’s a thumb stroking his cheek, but with the gloves on, Peter can’t be sure it really is his Daddy. He isn’t sure Tony is his Daddy either as his voice was so devoid of emotion and that is his last thought before he drifts off, with his tear stained eyes falling shut.

For Peter, it barely felt like he got to leave the recovery ward to go back to all the other littles before his Daddies start preparing him for another surgery. In reality, it has been four weeks and Tony and Stephen have studied Peter’s x-rays and see that it is time for another surgery. They used bolts to aid the healing process of the broken radius bone, but Peter does not know that. The two doctors have
kept their little patient in the dark, preferring it when he knows as little as possible about his own care.

That, however, leads to a very confused Peter and rumours being spread about him among the other littles. All the littles try to comfort him, but they all secretly make sure to be on their best behaviour, because to them it sounds like his caregivers are punishing him. Peter thought he already had surgery and that his arm was fixed, but his Daddies don’t answer any of his questions and he is swiftly put to sleep before he can throw a tantrum.

A couple of hours later, Peter wakes up on the recovery ward, his mind all foggy and body heavy with the anaesthesia still lingering in his system. He sees Stephen stood by the window, studying some x-rays and tries to call out to him, but can’t find his voice. Looking down at himself, he sees the air cast on his arm and thinking it is never coming off, he starts crying.

“Baby, do you really think Daddies would hurt you like that? We love your little hands.” Stephen says, kissing Peter’s fingers on his good hand for emphasis. The loving gesture lulls the boy back to sleep easily with the help of the drugs still in his system.

The next time Peter wakes up, he is alone, but not for long as Pepper walks in. The doctor has a lemon popsicle in her hand and offers it to Peter to help with the nausea from the anaesthesia and everything else that’s been pumped into him. Pepper helps the boy sit up and he gets to lean against her as she holds the popsicle for him, as he is too tired to hold it himself. As he laps at the cold and sugary snack, Peter wishes Pepper was his Mommy, but not for long as he feels guilt wash over him at being so ungrateful for his Daddies and all that they do for him. Noticing Peter’s mopey mood, Pepper tries to cheer him up and strokes his curls.

“You’re such a brave boy, Peter. Two surgeries in one month? But you handled it like such a champ. Your Daddies are so proud of you.”

Peter starts crying then, overwhelmed with gratefulness and love for his Daddies and guilt for questioning their intentions with him. Thinking the boy is just tired and dopey from all the drugs, Pepper shushes him and holds him close until he calms down. Eventually, Tony enters the ward to check on Peter and sees that the boy is upset, but he does not mention it.

“Our brave little boy.” Tony says, moving to sit on Peter’s other side and stroking his cheek before he starts reminding him what he cannot do while the cast is on. “If you’re good, then once you leave the ward you can sleep with me and Daddy in our bed.”

Peters stomach does a happy flip at that.

The next two weeks consist of a lot of reminders. Whenever Peter is good and doesn’t make a fuss about check ups, medication and nap-time, he is reminded that good boys like himself get numbed before stitches are removed. However, when he is about to do something bad, his Daddies will whisper in his ear that bad boys do not get any numbing. This causes Peter to submit further than before, sometimes to the point where the little boy will not do anything without asking a grown up for permission first. He even surprises his Daddies with his extraordinary good behaviour when he will not even leave bed before he is given permission to do so.

When the times comes to take the stitches out, Peter is so nervous where he is laying on an exam table with his still healing arm stretched out. He knows he has been good, but his Daddies haven’t told him beforehand if he was getting numbed or not, until Peter sees the syringe in Stephen’s gloved hand. The injection bites a little, but Peter doesn’t cry tears of pain, but rather of relief knowing he’s getting numbed.
“Now, now, Peter, it’s just a little pinch, no reason to cry.” Stephen tells him and with that the little boy pulls himself together and lets his Daddy do his work and fix him up. When the stitches are out and everything is good, Stephen takes out a paw patrol bandaid and puts it over the spot the needle went into. Once he is free to go, Peter dashed to Tony to show off his cool bandaid. With a chuckle, the doctor leans over to kiss it gently.

“Our good boy was so brave. We’re proud of you, puppy.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Any sort of feedback is much appreciated xx
Chapter 3 - Drug overdose

Chapter Summary

Drug overdose: the ingestion or application of a drug or other substance in quantities greater than are recommended or typically practiced

Chapter Notes

Soph and I really put Peter through a lot ahah buckle up babes!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

No little can always be on their best behaviour, not even Peter. It’s been a week or so where the little boy has gotten less attention from his Daddies than usual and seeing a bottle of pills on the kitchen counter, Peter comes up with a plan. His Daddies always seem to care for him when he is sick or injured, so then he will make himself sick for their attention. And Peter really does get their attention when 20 minutes later, he collapses in the playroom among all the other littles, much to their horror as they see him seizing and throwing up on the carpet. The caregivers arrive quickly, placing Peter on his side before bringing him to the ward.

Rather than panicking like the littles, Stephen and Tony are perfectly calm as they pump Peter’s stomach, more so annoyed over the inconvenience than anything. They just sigh that he threw up on the carpet, talking to each other about mundane things as they are treating Peter, not bothering to see if he’s conscious enough to hear what they’re saying.

Even though they were quick to pump his stomach, enough of the medication was already picked up into Peter’s blood system so that his breathing becomes irregular, causing him to panic and cry. Still, the two doctors aren’t too disturbed as they continue monitoring him and talking over his head. However, they do start moving quickly when Peter’s breathing become dangerously slow and shallow. Tony intubates Peter while he is still awake because he suspects that he took the pills on purpose and now he is suffering the consequences.

As Tony slides the laryngoscope into Peter’s throat to visualise his airways, Stephen does not give the boy his usual little comforts, but just assists the other doctor by handing over the tube. Despite the highly uncomfortable procedure, that is usually performed on unconscious or anaesthetised patients, Peter is far too out of it to struggle much, but still he makes a pained expression at the invading instrument and chokes on the tube. The two doctors still don’t give him any comforting words, but instead talk medicine over his head and about a little at another facility who did the same as Peter, ate pills for attention, and how it was used as a teaching opportunity for the other littles. So, the two doctors let every other little know about what happened, giving them details of just what happens if they make the same poor decision as Peter.

Peter’s little stunt leads to a whole week on the ward, away from all of his friends, and two of those days he is on a ventilator, unable to talk at all and just blinks at his Daddies when they check up on him. When he is finally extubated, Peters throat is raw and everything hurts, but what really upsets
him is that he’s still wearing the scratchy hospital gown and smells like generic soap, which signals to him that this is all a punishment for his bad behaviour.

Just like when he was treated for the initial overdose, Peter does not get any comforts while he recovers either. He does not get to have a stuffie, nor a paci. His Daddies and the nurses Steve and Thor are cold and clinical when they take the frequent blood and urine samples to see if he suffered any organ damage from the overdose.

However, on the fourth day, Peter wakes up to MJ sleeping next to him on a chair next to his bed. The boy doesn’t get any comfort from the caregivers, but at least they let MJ be with him for an hour or so, and Peter feels a little bit better. The visit is far too short in Peter’s mind and his heart breaks when Stephen comes to the ward and sends MJ back to the main areas. Peaking to his left, Peter sees a paci that MJ left him and just about cries happy tears when he pops into his mouth, finally finding some comfort. Stephen notices the paci, knowing MJ had sneaked it in, but he lets it be and even numbs the crook of Peter’s elbow with a cream when he takes the next blood sample.

Slowly, but surely, little comforts are brought back as Tony gives Peter a sippy cup with warm milk in it, brushes his hair for him and leaves a nightlight for him. On the sixth day on the ward, Stephen holds Peter in his arms as a nurse changes the sheets on his bed and he is changed into a new set of soft pyjamas. Stephen can’t help but dot on him as he holds his boy, checking his eyes and the colour of his nails and asking him how he feels, but Peter doesn’t answer much because he is so happy to finally get some human contact. The nurse finishes changing the bed too quickly for Peter’s liking and he clings to Stephen when he moves to put him back in his bed, so the doctor climbs into bed with him and holds him until he falls asleep. Tony walks in a little while later to check if Stephen wants to trade off for the night and finds them both asleep and cuddled up together, with Peter laying on Stephen’s chest.

The awfully long stay at the ward, which was mostly a punishment, seems to come to an end the next day, when Peter wakes up to no electrodes on his chest and to all the IVs and such removed. He sits up slowly and looks around in case he’s being tested, but then Stephen walks in wearing casual clothes for once.

“You ready for a nice bath, baby?” Stephen asks and lifts Peter up, peppering his face with kisses and adds that Peter can choose his own clothings today. After a very bubbly bath with both his Daddies tending to him, Peter is let back into the main areas with all the other littles. However, it is an overwhelming return as the littles look at him all weird. After just an hour, Peter pads to Tony’s office and asks to lay on the sofa while he works.

“I’ll be super quiet, I promise!”

MJ seems to notice that Peter is missing all of a sudden and being a clever little girl, she finds him in Tony’s office. After asking very politely, MJ gets to sit on the sofa with Peter and reads to him as Tony watches them from his office chair. When lunch times comes around, Tony has to send MJ back to the others while Peter stays. Due to the pills damaging the lining of his stomach, Peter gets special meals from his Daddies. He will sit on either Tony or Stephen’s lap, while the other one feeds him soft and bland foods that are gentle on his stomach. However, some days are worse than others and Peter simply cannot handle food, so then his Daddies will feed him intravenously.

The procedure of getting Peter fed intravenously with a banana bag is one that Stephen and Tony are very careful with. They will distract the boy with kisses and praise, so that he does not confuse being fed with punishment.

“You’re our good boy, Peter, yes, so good for us. Daddy’s just fastening the needle now and then he’ll put the tubing in. Yeah, I know it’s not pleasant, baby, but this is important, okay? You’d be
really sick if you ate normally now, so you are getting fed through your arm.”

To ease the process even further, Stephen and Tony make it all child friendly, wearing scrubs with cartoon printings and placing a tiny stuffie in the breast pocket of their lab coats. When Peter stays calm and lets them do what they need to, he gets special treats like a new toy or he gets to wear pyjamas all day the next day. Instead, Stephen and Tony are surprised when Peter asks if he’s allowed to have a bottle before bed, which he has never asked for.

And Peter gets the bottle that he asked for, although not a full one and it tastes odd because it has to be gentle on his stomach. But, Peter does not mind and is so content when he’s held in his Daddies arm and gets fed the bottle in their big bed. Stephen and Tony both cuddle him after, not minding when he starts to fall asleep earlier than his usual bedtime.

The next morning, Peter wakes up early and wakes his Daddies with cuddles, all soft and warm and rabbling about his dreams. While still in bed and only dressed in their underwear, Peter gets his routine check up from his Daddies. They try to move swiftly with the listening of chest and back, palpation of abdomen, blood pressure and temperature, but Peter is in a playful mood and reaches his hands up to play with his Daddies as they attempt to examine their little one.

“Okay, okay, baby.” Stephen winces a little, grasping Peter’s hand and untangling it from his sensitive hair. “If you can stay still for us a little longer, then you can shower with us, deal?”

Nodding eagerly, Peter tries his hardest to be good and still as his Daddies take care of him, but he can’t help but kick his legs just a little bit while he is over Tony’s lap getting his temperature taken rectally.

In the shower, Peter spends the whole time laughing and splashing water while Tony washes him with a mitten cloth gently. He also gets held by Stephen for a while who washed his hair so that it is all soft and silky from the shampoo and conditioner. The little boy lays his head on Stephen’s shoulder and watches in awe as his Daddies kiss one another on the mouth.

When they step out of the shower, all clean and smelling faintly of oak, Peter gets laid down on a mat on the floor, getting his skin and hair dried off with fluffy towels. However, before he can get dressed, Tony rubs a special cream on Peter’s two surgical scars, which the boy does not mind, even though it is little cold, and just entertains himself by singing the theme song of a cartoon.

Once Peter’s dressed in a long sleeved shirt, dungarees and fluffy socks, Peter gets to join the other littles for breakfast. But, instead of getting solid food like all the others, Peter gets a special protein shake in a sippy cup, but at least his Daddies let him sit with MJ as they eat. As Peter watches MJ eat her sandwich and grapes, he cannot help but miss eating the same things. Not thinking much of it, he takes the few grapes that MJ offers him, but regrets it deeply when he starts feeling sick half an hour later. He goes down the hall to Tony, rubbing a balled up fist against his eyes and can’t help it when he starts to cry.

“I-I ate grapes from MJ and- and now I’m dying!” Peter hiccups, feeling so sorry for himself as Tony shushes him, putting a hand on his forehead to feel if he’s got a fever.

“Pukey sick or potty sick?”

“P-pukey…” And Peter continues to cry and hiccups as Tony helps him out in the bathroom as he throws up his breakfast. The little boy is expecting his Daddy to be angry with him, but instead he just rubs Peter’s back and comforts him until he is done.

“There, there, you’re okay, baby boy. I think a lay down is in order, hm?”
Peter thinks he’s getting a nap in his own bed, or even better in his Daddies’ bed, but instead Tony brings him to the ward, assuring him it is just till he feels better. And then it’s another round of intravenous food and ultrasound of his stomach, which hurts because Stephen has to press the probe firmly into his abdomen. But, Peter is trying his best not to cry and be good and brave to make up for his mistake. His Daddies keep babying him, so that he will stay calm and meek in his little headspace. Once Stephen is done with the ultrasound and the banana bag is up and flowing once more, Tony hands Peter a sippy cup of water, telling him to take small sips.

“Peter, you have to come to a grown up when you get hungry, okay? Then we will decide what’s best for you or this could happen again. Understood?”

Peter is not pleased when the bedrails go back up on the hospital bed when he’s told to get some rest, but he trusts his Daddies and accepts the paci that they offer him before he closes his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Is this too rough for you guys? How are we doing ahah Fluffier moments are coming as Peter will become more and more like a good Daddies’ boy so be patient with us xx
Chapter 4 - Upper gastrointestinal endoscopy

Chapter Summary

Upper gastrointestinal endoscopy: procedure that allows to look at the inside lining of the esophagus, the stomach, and the first part of the small intestine with a scope

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Even after two weeks of trying to introduce solid foods into Peter’s diet, the boy can’t keep it down and his Daddies decide to perform an endoscopy of his stomach. The boy is given a light sedative beforehand and while in the OR his Daddies aren’t masked, so that he can see their reassuring smiles, which all makes for a smoother process compared to many of Peter’s previous procedures. The little boy also has a stuffie in his arms, which he clutches hard to his chest when he is given a numbing spray in his mouth, and then his Daddies position him on his side on the operating table.

“Can you open up for me again, Petey? Yeah, there’s a good boy.” Tony praises as he puts a plastic device in the boy’s mouth, which pushes his tongue out of the way. Even with the sedative, numbing spray, plastic in his mouth and Stephen’s hand in his curls, Peter gags on the scope which Tony pushes down his throat.

“Breathe through your nose, baby, nice and easy.” Stephen shushes and Peter manages to relax a little, but still clings to his stuffie for dear life as the scope goes further and further into him. The little boy feels quite woozy and lets his eyes fall shut multiple times, finding comfort in his Daddies’ voices as they talk. Tony is studying the footage from the scope with keen eyes, narrating what he sees to Stephen. Every so often, they will stop with the complicated medical terminology and address their little boy.

“We’re just looking into your tummy to make sure it’s happy, Pete. We don’t anymore ickiness, now do we?”

Peter is looking a bit cross eyed and does not reply, just holds onto his stuffie and tries his hardest to breathe through his nose. He trusts his Daddies and they always fix him up, no matter what. Finally, Tony finishes the exam and instructs Peter to cough as he pulls the scope out, and once it is out, the little boy spends a few minutes dry heaving and coughing as his Daddies hold him steady and comfort him.

“Here did so good, baby. Daddies are so proud of you.”

A little teary eyed and shaken, Peter clings onto both of them and once he seems to find his voice, he asks croakily.

“C-cuddles, please? And a popsicle? It’s really owie, Daddy…” He says quietly, pointing at his throat. Considering how he was so well behaved during the uncomfortable procedure, Peter gets lots of cuddles from his Daddies and a popsicle, but only one, as his stomach cannot handle much.

Among the other littles, rumours spread fast. No other little gets as much medical attention as Peter, nor spends as much time away on the ward either. They start to tease him for it, assuming that he is
being punished and not actually cared for and treated for medical concerns like his stomach. Loki is one of the most active spreaders of rumours at the facility.

One day, after Loki gets a bee sting when playing outside and is brought by Thor to the ward to remove the rod and get him a painkiller, he gets a glimpse of Peter there too, being cared for by Stephen. Once the bee sting is cared for and Thor doesn't see a reason why Loki can’t return outside to play, the little boy gathers all the littles around him by the sandbox.

“Peter wet himself like a baby in front of everyone! I saw it with my own eyes how his Daddies shouted at him, calling him a crybaby and a bedwetter. And wait! There’s more! Because he wet himself, he had to get changed and I saw that Peter has princess parts and not prince parts! His Daddies said that he is gonna stay on the ward forever because he is such a baby.”

MJ hears what Loki is saying, but does not think he is being entirely truthful. Still, she hasn’t seen Peter in a long time and can’t help but grow anxious. She begins to wonder if Peter is going to move away to where the very little girls are staying, because Loki had been almost convincing when he had said that Peter was very, very little and wasn’t allowed to play with anyone. MJ dreads the thought of losing her best friend and during breakfast the next day, the little girl tugs on Stephen’s lab coat to get some answers.

“Is Peter gonna come back?” She asks first, still clinging onto the doctor’s coat. Crouching down to her level, Stephen takes both of her hands in his.

“Of course, darling. We are taking care of him, but it’s gonna get a bit worse before it gets better. He will be back playing with you in no time.” The grown up assures, giving the little girl a peck on her forehead before getting up. However, MJ isn’t comforted and blurts out.

“Is Peter a girl now?”

“What makes you say that, baby girl?”

And then she tells the doctor everything that Loki has said about Peter. Overhearing the conversation, Tony comes over and rubs MJ’s back as she continues to explain.

“Thank you for telling us, sweetheart. That was very brave and good of you to do and we will take care of this, so don’t you worry your pretty little head.” Tony assuures and Stephen nods in agreement, causing MJ to blush before turning serious again.

“And what about Petey?”

“It’s nothing serious and the pull-ups are just a precaution while his stomach settles down. And Peter’s not the only little darling who sometimes needs a little padding, hm?”

After MJ seems to calm down, Tony and Stephen leave her with a little kiss on the head and go to gather all the caregivers for a meeting to figure out what should be done with Loki. Still, it takes a while for Peter’s crybaby reputation to disappear as some of the littles see Tony holding a dozing Peter, who’s dressed in a pink sleeper and pull-up, on his hip as he warms up a bottle in the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Can you guys tell yet that we love a drugged up and
whimpering little Peter? ;-; <3 Anyone else who does too?
Chapter 5 - Dual treatments

Chapter Summary

Peter and MJ get treated together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When MJ asks very nicely, she will get to join Peter when he gets fed intravenously. The little boy is quite used to the procedure now, and he has had the needle in his hand for quite a while now. He is so used to it in fact, that he has to comfort MJ when she watches the two doctors fix the tubing and everything. Once Peter is getting fed and laps at a special popsicle, MJ will get a plate with a PB&J sandwich and some raspberries. As the two littles eat together in Stephen’s office, they will make some light conversation.

“I think it’s cool.” MJ says, popping a raspberry into her mouth and Peter turns to look at her with a puzzled expression.

“Huh?”

“That you get food through your arm. Like you can focus on other stuff. Like a movie or a book and you get special time with grown ups.” MJ explains and Peter blushes a little, busying himself with eating the last bit of his popsicle. However, something that MJ does not envy when it comes to Peter is the frequent vitamin injections that he gets in his bum.

“Feeling all right, baby? No pukey sick?” Stephen asks, crouching down by Peter when he finished his popsicle and placing a gentle hand on his stomach. When the boy shakes his head, the doctor ruffles his curls with a smile. “That’s good, baby. Then we can try something a little more solid for dinner. But, I still want you to have a vitamin shot, okay?”

“Okay, Daddy.” Peter nods obediently, even though he hates the bite of the needle in his bum, but he does not argue with his Daddy.

“There’s a brave boy.”

Watching Peter get fed through his arm was okay, but the mention of a shot has MJ growing a little anxious. She gets up to leave while Stephen readies the syringe, but before she can leave the office, Tony walks in and stops her in the doorway. Putting the pieces together in his mind, Tony chuckles and grabs the little girl by her upper arm.

“Not so fast, little missy, you are getting one too.”

“No, but I have a tummy ache, I can’t have the shot! And I have to go potty and I think I got my period and I have to find Mommy, so-“

“Baby girl.” Tony says firmly, cutting MJ’s rambles off with a finger on her lips. The little one holds her breath at that, looking at the doctor with wide eyes. From the corner of her eye, she can see that Stephen is preparing another syringe. “Stephen and I are busy doctors, which means we don’t have time for little girls and boys who act silly. You are getting this shot too, because your Mommy said
so. And after you’ve had the shot, I will take a look at your princess parts and see if you were lying."

Soon enough, the littles find themselves bent over the caregivers’ laps with bare behinds, with MJ over Tony’s lap and Peter over Stephen’s. The littles get injected at the same time and they both yelp and cry out in unison. After the shot, Stephen moves onto check Peter over like normally, while Tony orders MJ to lay back on the blanket on the floor. MJ knows what’s coming when she lays back, but still keeps her knees together while Tony snaps on a pair of gloves.

“Spread your legs for me, sweets.” Tony orders, but the hand on her thigh is gentle and MJ wonders what he is capable of with his large and thick fingers. So far, she has only had her princess parts examined and looked at by her Mommy Pepper, and she has very slender and nice hands.

The little girl bites her lip anxiously as Tony slips a finger inside of her and feels around, working a second finger in. She begins to wonder if she really did get her period, because she feels so wet when Tony pulls his fingers back, but there is no blood. MJ expects a punishment for lying, but instead she is surprised, and very happy, when Tony slips his fingers back inside of her, knowing exactly where to touch her to make her feel good.

In the meantime, Stephen is checking Peter over, but the boy is far too distracted to answer the questions about aches or anything that feels wrong when MJ is making weird breathy noises. With a smirk, Stephen picks up the boy and places him on the blanket next to his friend, slipping on some gloves too and slicking his fingers with lube before he begins to finger Peter too.

The littles become non-verbal quickly, only making little huffy whimpers and shy moans as their orgasms build steadily with the help of the doctors’ hands. MJ cums just a moment before Peter does and they make such pretty noises as they do, making both Stephen and Tony smile with pride as they help the littles ride through their climaxes.

The accidental dual treatment gives Stephen and Tony ideas, dual anal stretching more specifically, and soon enough the two littles find themselves strapped down and placed in stirrups next to one another. Peter’s got Stephen between his spread legs, while MJ’s got Tony between hers, and he is quite anxious and scared. But, by turning his head just a little bit, he can see MJ next to him and it brings him comfort knowing she is going through the same as he is.

Both doctor use the same cooing voices and babying language as they work their little patients’ rosy buds open with their fingers. Peter and MJ can’t decide if they are scared and want it to stop, or that they like it and want it to keep going. Suddenly, there’s a metallic sound and both littles turn to look at one another in frightened anticipation, not knowing who is going to get it. A few seconds pass and then it is MJ who whimpers and squeezes her eyes shut in a pained expression.

“Just a speculum to open you up, baby. I know, I know, it’s cold and stretchy, but you’re being such a good girl for me.” Tony shushes, working the blades of the speculum into MJ before fastening it. The little girl tries her hardest not to tense up and a part of her wants to fight, but then Tony touches her little clit and she doesn’t want it to stop, ever.

Meanwhile, Peter begins breathing quicker, because he knows he is next. Unlike MJ, Peter starts crying when he feels the invading pressure and coldness of the speculum blades, but Stephen does not stop. However, when Stephen brushes his fingertips against Peter’s prostate, the boy forgets all about his fears and moans in pleasure.

The next week, Peter and MJ are put through another dual treatment, and this time is it enemas. The procedure is just as rough as the previous one, but it is another type of discomfort that has the littles going non-verbal again at the stimulation.
Stephen and Tony make it a competition, although they do not explicitly say so, but they do urge the littles to take more and more of the cold and soapy water. Once they actually believe they have taken as much as they can handle, despite both MJ and Peter begging them to stop for the last ten minutes, the two doctors stop the water and plug them up securely.

“Are you two adorable with little soft tummies, hm?” Tony teases, rubbing a firm hand over MJ’s bulging stomach, making her cry out and try to squirm away, but he holds her steady and keeps massaging.

“No, Daddy, stop! I-I can’t!” Peter screams into his pillow and also fails to squirm away from Stephen’s steady massaging hand as he keeps him in place with the other.

“If you can’t hold it like a big boy, Petey, then you have to get surgery to fix it. Daddy and I will have to make you fall asleep and then we will fix your little bottom with sharp instruments. Is that what you want?”

Peter cries even harder, babbling incoherent nonsense as the cramps get worse and worse. He wants to let go, so bad, but the threat of surgery terrifies him and with the last bit of his strength he holds on, trying to take deep breaths like his Daddy tells him to. MJ does not have it any easier, as Tony beings to tease her nipples, making her arch her back and cry out.

The littles manage to hold on until Stephen and Tony decide that it is enough and let them relieve themselves. The following cleansing enemas are warmer and nicer and the littles start to enjoy it a little, sighing in content as the doctors keep massaging their stomachs. Peter and MJ smile shyly at one another, too tired to say much else, but still comforted with knowing they aren’t alone. Once they are done with the procedure and good to go, Stephen and Tony suggest a bath, to which the little ones perk up at with smiles and eager nods.

Considering how brave they were doing the enemas, Tony and Stephen let Peter and MJ share a bubbly bath together with plenty of water toys and getting carefully cleaned and scalps massaged when they get their hair washed. Once their fingers start looking like raisins, the littles get lifted out of the bath and dried off on a soft mat on the floor. While Stephen and Tony fetch them some soft pyjamas for nap-time, Peter and MJ share a quiet and gentle moment. With gentle fingertips and slow movements, they touch each others scars and compare quietly.

“It’s pretty.” Peter says softly as he runs his pointy finger over MJ’s scar from when she had her appendix taken out. The scar tissue is a pale pink and Peter loves how soft it feels. He lifts up his arm to show the scar on his forearm from when he broke his arm. “Mine’s not pretty.” He pouts, not liking how his scar was nearly white and felt rough.

“I think it’s pretty.” MJ says and leans over to kiss it gently, making Peter blush.
Chapter 6 - Hysterectomy

Chapter Summary

Hysterectomy: surgery to remove all or parts of the uterus

Chapter Notes

Now it's MJ's turn to be put through some rough times poor bby

Peter has not seen MJ for three days and he cannot help but grow worried. The little boy tries to ask Steve where his friend is, but the nurse does not give him a satisfying answer.

“She's with Pepper, buddy. Why do you ask?”

However, what Steve does not tell Peter is that MJ is at the ward because of her intense period pains. So intense that Pepper suspects that something serious might be going on, but they cannot run tests until the painkillers start taking effect. In the meantime, MJ is crying in pain, blabbering about how her stomach hurts so, so much while Tony holds her and places a heating pad on her lower stomach to try and soothe her.

Steve's answer is so unsatisfactory that Peter decides that he has to investigate for himself. Everyone knows that if a little is gone for a long time, they are most likely at the ward and that is exactly where the little boy is headed. Due to spending a lot of time on the ward himself, Peter knows the place well and manages to sneak in undetected. The sight that Peter is met with on the ward horrifies him and he freezes in place.

MJ is crying and screaming on a bed with Stephen and Tony holding her legs open while Pepper sits in between them with blood all over her gloved hands. What Peter does not know, or understand, is that MJ has a cyst in her uterus which has thrown off her hormones completely and her period is much heavier and more painful than usually. Pepper is just cleaning her up after another manual exam, but Peter fears the worst and believes that MJ has been hurt and dashes over to try and help her.

“MJ! What happened?” The boy cries out and tries to jump up on the bed, but Stephen catches him before he can cause MJ any more pain. “No, Daddy, let go! Gotta help MJ!” Peter tries to protest, but it turns out to be futile as he gets carried out of the ward by his Daddy.

“Peter, listen.” Stephen says and sets Peter down, crouching down to be more level with him and tugs his gloves off. “I know it looks bad, but little girls bleed from their princess parts every month and it is completely normal. Sometimes though, it hurts a lot, but grown ups know how to help little girls through that. Daddy and I have helped you when you’ve had tummy aches, right? This is almost the same.”

“But, I can help! I can kiss it better!” Peter argues and tries to get back inside to be with his best
friend, but Stephen grabs him by the elbow. “I want to see MJ, Daddy, please…”

“You will, darling, once she’s stable before the surgery, then you can see her.” Stephen promises and sends a quick message on his pager to Thor while still holding Peter back. At the mention of surgery, Peter whips his head around and looks at his Daddy with a horrified expression.

“Surgery?! Is MJ dying?!” He cries out, conflicted between dashing back inside the ward or into his Daddy’s arms for comfort. Thor arrives quickly and Stephen sighs a little in relief seeing him walk over.

“Did you die when you had surgery? No, you got better. That's what we're going to do, baby, make MJ feel better.” And with that Stephen lifts Peter up and into Thor's arms, giving the boy a quick kiss before heading back inside to help the two other doctors with MJ. Peter tries to protest, but he can’t even try to fight the muscly nurse.

“How about we make some yummy hot chocolate together, hm? And then we can make a 'get well soon’ card for MJ with lots of glitter and stickers.” Thor suggests and Peter whines in response. Hot chocolate and card making sounds nice, but he would much rather be with MJ.

The card turns out very glittery and beautiful, but Peter is still restless when Tony comes to carry out his nightly check-up before tucking him into bed. The little boy tries to ask his Daddy about MJ, but Tony does not answer much. Still, Peter manages to sleep with the promise that he will get to see MJ before her surgery the next morning, which he does, but MJ is loopy with medication to prepare her for the surgery.

“And then Daddy’s gonna put a mask on your face and it smells a little funny, and feels funny, but then you fall asleep and then you wake up when it's over!” Peter explains, trying to be cheerful and reassure MJ before her procedure.

The little girl smiles at Peter lazily, too exhausted and drugged up to do much else, but she does feel better with Peter by her side rambling about anything and everything. Soon, Stephen, Tony and Pepper come in dressed in scrubs to take MJ to the OR, which is now ready.

“All right, let’s get this over with, yeah?” Pepper coos at her little girl, stroking her cheek.

MJ has had surgery before to remove her infected appendix, so she is familiar with the drill and does not panic. Instead, it’s Peter who throws a fit and begs the caregivers to come with MJ. For some reason, they let him and Tony dresses Peter up in surgical attire as not to compromise the sterile OR. The surgical outfit is too big for Peter, but he does not care as he is far too wrapped up in holding MJ's hand as Stephen begins to put her to sleep.

“There's a good girl. Deep breaths for me now and count backwards from ten.” Stephen instructs MJ as he holds the mask to her face. The girl grows droopy eyed rapidly, but tries her hardest to keep eye contact with Peter. The littles count together till seven until MJ's eyes flutter shut. Peter finishes counting to zero and then he is brought out of the OR by Tony.

“Thanks for helping put MJ asleep, our little helper.” Tony praises as he removes the surgical gear from Peter to reveal his overalls and socked feet. “But, now the grown ups will take over. We'll come get you when MJ's waking up so you can help her through that too.” Tony assures Peter before Thor brings him back to the playroom where all the other littles are. Peter is still restless, and perhaps even more so after seeing MJ in the scary OR, so Thor gives him a task to occupy his mind.

“Shall we make some notes that we can put in MJ's file? Doctors and nurses do that all the time, you know.” Thor suggests and Peter goes along with it. The notes turn out just as glittery as the ‘get well
soon’ card that he placed on MJ’s bedside table.

A couple of hours pass and when Stephen comes into the playroom, Peter dashes over to him because he knows he will get to see MJ. The little girl is still slipping in and out of consciousness while she recovers from the anaesthesia, but when she sees Peter walk in, she perks up a little.

The littles play doctor together, with Peter as the doctor with his own play kit and some real supplies that he got from his Daddies, and MJ as the patient. They play for a short while, until Pepper comes in to check up on MJ and Peter returns to the other littles for dinner. Peter gets to see MJ every day while she recovers from the surgery and soon enough the little girl gets to leave the ward.

However, it is a short return because when Peter and MJ are playing together in one of the playrooms, the little girl suddenly collapses and Peter has no idea what to do. She won’t wake up when he shakes her shoulder and he sits frozen in place. All he can do is start screaming and soon enough, Tony arrives and immediately crouches down by an unconscious MJ, checking her pulse and breathing. The doctor does not have time to comfort his boy, as much as he wants to, but instead he alerts the rest of the caregivers with a ‘911’ page.

Pepper and Natasha arrive first and Tony has already found the cause of MJ’s collapse, as he has flickered her skirt up to reveal her pull-up which is stained red with blood.

“Daddy!” Peter cries, having worked himself up into a panic and tries to get close, but as much as it breaks his heart, Tony has to push him back so that they can help MJ.

“Stay back, Petey, Daddy’s coming.”

Stephen arrives a little out of breath and goes to pick up Peter to give the other caregivers space to get MJ back to the ward on a gurney.

“Daddy, MJ!” Peter sobs and reaches his hand out to her. Stephen tries to shush him and shield him from the sight of seeing his friend so sick and pale looking until they finally get her on the gurney and transported to the ward swiftly for a blood transfusion.

Peter stays with his Daddy who keeps a close eye on his breathing, as he got really worked up and began hyperventilating. However, Stephen cannot stay with Peter for too long as Tony alerts him that they need him, so the doctor does not have much choice but to give Peter a sedative so that he finally settles down and has a long nap in his bed in the dorms.

When Peter wakes up, the room is dark and he is all by himself in the dorm. He does not remember how he got to the dorms or falling asleep at all, so he cannot help when he becomes overwhelmed with fear and starts bawling his eyes out. After a moment or two, Tony arrives and lifts Peter into his arms, rocking him gently from side to side to comfort the boy.

“That was a long nap, honey. Did you forget that you fell asleep?”

Eventually, Peter calms down and is only sniffing quietly, so Tony lays him back down on the bed and goes to fetch a bag of supplies to carry out a check-up. Peter lets himself be checked over, as he is still sleepy from his long nap and tired from his crying fit. While Tony checks his blood pressure, Peter is suddenly hit with an urgent question.

“Is MJ dead?”

Tony has to use all his control not to laugh at how dramatic Peter is being. He also gives the boy a pass for underestimating how good they are as doctors that a patient would die in their care.
“No, baby boy, MJ is alive, but she’s resting.” Tony assures with a little grin on his face as he takes a look at the measurement from the cuff before tugging it of Peter's arm. “But, what about you? You got anything achey or owie?”

“’m fine, Daddy.” Peter whines and tries to push Tony's hands away to sit up. “Can I see MJ?”

Tony holds Peter steady, towering over him where he sits on the side of the bed where Peter's laying. “Not now, Petey. MJ is really sick because we found another bad and icky bump in her tummy and we are going to fix it tomorrow. She needs to rest now, but you’ll see her tomorrow evening, all right?”

What Tony does not tell Peter, however, is that they are planning on removing her entire uterus to avoid any new cysts from forming. Pepper is also keeping MJ more or less in the dark about how drastic the surgery will actually be.

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“Just the bad bump that's making your tummy hurt and some of the area surrounding it so another one can't form, okay?” Pepper explains and adds that MJ’s periods will stop after the surgery, which the girl is happy about.

What she is not happy about, however, is the scar she will have after. Her Mommy explains that they have to make a bigger incision this time, but she also adds that it won’t be a scary and ugly scar and that she will put a special cream on it so that it heals nicely. MJ is somewhat comforted and distracted by her Mommy’s promise that she can still wear bathing suits and crop tops in the summer without anyone asking about her scar.

MJ’s surgery goes smoothly and Peter gets to visit her every day while she recovers. The girl is still a little bummed about the scar on her lower abdomen, but Peter tries to look on the bright side.

“You got more than me now!” Peter points out with a wide smile, thrilled that his best friend is okay.

Even after leaving the ward, MJ is monitored closely and has her remaining reproductive organs examined frequently and thoroughly with manual exams, ultrasounds and MRIs for any new cysts. They become so frequent that Peter picks up on it and asks Stephen if he could have any bad bumps inside of him too. The doctor just laughs at the boy and ruffles his curls lovingly.

However, when Peter genuinely seems to have a stomach ache, Stephen does examine him more thoroughly with palpations, an ultrasound and takes a blood sample. Peter is teary eyed throughout the process.

“D-Do I need a big surgery like MJ?” Peter asks with a small voice when Stephen wipes off the gel from the boy’s abdomen after finishing the ultrasound exam.

“No, baby.” His Daddy assures and pulls his t-shirt back down. “I couldn’t find anything, so it’s probably just a tummy ache. Little boys and girls just get that sometimes and it’s no big deal. You want some medicine to make the owie go away?” Peter nods and wipes away the tears from his eyes as his Daddy fetches the painkiller. Once Peter’s taken the little pill with some water, he gets cuddled by Stephen.

Despite his Daddy’s explanation that he does not get the same stomach aches as MJ, Peter still wonders how that is possible. After all, Pepper calls both MJ and him pretty girls, so why aren’t their bodies the same? Peter does not get far with his pondering, however, as the painkiller is making him sleepy and Daddy’s hand stroking his curls and back is making him even sleepier and before he knows it he’s fallen asleep on Stephen’s chest.
Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! As always, feedback is very much appreciated xx
Chapter 7 - Concussion

Chapter Summary

Concussion: a head injury that temporarily affects brain functioning

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Just when Tony and Stephen think that Peter’s eating habits have returned to normal so he can eat like all the other littles and he is out of the ward for good, Peter has an accident on the playground outside. The little boy is climbing on the monkey bars, to prove that he is a big boy, but he is unlucky and falls down, bumping his head in the process. Peter is dazed and dizzy and doesn’t understand why everyone is so loud. He barely registers how Thor picks him up and brings him to the ward to his Daddies quickly. The lights seem too bright and Peter shields his eyes so that it doesn’t hurt.

Stephen and Tony both feel their stomachs drop at the sight of a cross eyed Peter with blood running down the side of his face from an open wound above his left ear, but they stay calm for their baby boy as not to frighten him. Stephen keeps pressure on the wound while Tony begins a neuro exam.

“Peter, Peter. Eyes here.” Tony instructs, but Peter turns his head to the side to get away from the bright light of the penlight.

“What day is it today, Peter?” Stephen asks and Peter grows fussy. He already answered that question and his Daddies just keep bombarding him with the same one over and over again.

“Peter, sing the alphabet for me, baby.” Tony prompts and steps back a little to let the boy think.

“A, B… E…K… A, O…” Peter muddles through and Tony and Stephen share a concerned look. They know that Peter knows the alphabet as he was just singing it that same morning when Tony was getting him dressed. They only grow more concerned when Peter goes even more cross eyed and coughs. Tony and Stephen get him upright swiftly and get a bucket for him to throw up in.

“Da…” Peter mumbles, his eyes falling shut and body going lax.

“Hey, hey, Peter. Stay with Daddies.” Tony says with a raise voice, slapping Peter’s cheek to keep him awake but with no success as the boy loses consciousness.

After an MRI for a head scan and further examination, Stephen and Tony are more or less comforted with knowing that Peter only suffered a moderate concussion. They decide to sedate him so that he gets a much needed rest while Stephen sutures the wound on his scalp while Tony keeps an eye on his heart and breathing. However, to get to the wound and suture it properly, they have to shave Peter’s head, which he is very upset about when he wakes up a couple of hours later.

“Baby, it’s okay. It will grow and you’ll have your curls back in no time. You look adorable.” Tony assures and strokes Peter’s buzz cut hair gently while avoiding the fresh bandage, but the little boy is not comforted and just babbles that he isn’t cute anymore and never will be again.

Due to his concussion, Peter becomes very sensitive to triggers and stimulation, so Stephen and Tony keep him more or less isolated from all the other littles. It becomes a very lonely and boring recovery,
because the boy cannot look at screens nor be out of bed for long periods of time to play. So, Peter sleeps a lot, and not just because he tires easily while he recovers, but also out of sheer boredom.

Stephen and Tony try their best to keep Peter entertained, but their options are limited because they do not want to compromise their boy’s recovery. They have to be strict about staying in bed, no fun activities nor loud noises and eating and taking medication without a fuss. The two doctors won’t hesitate to use sedatives to force Peter to settle down when he becomes troublesome, however they only have to do that once as Peter is well-behaved most of the time.

When Peter seems to be recovering well, Stephen and Tony let MJ and Bucky visit him, but only for a short while and after a stern reminder to be quiet and not get Peter excited as that can make him really sick. Bucky and MJ nod their heads obediently.

“Baby boy.” Tony says quietly, placing a hand on Peter’s shoulder to get him to turn around on his bed. “Bucky and MJ are here.”

The two littles get to sit by his bedside while Tony sits in the back of the room with some files in his lap to write notes in, but actually he is keeping an eye on the littles and Peter’s vitals.

“You got a new haircut. You look like an egg.” MJ points out with a little giggle, her voice quiet and gentle. “Can I touch it?” The little girl asks and turns to Tony who nods his approval.

“Just don’t touch the bandage.” Tony reminds.

Both Bucky and MJ spend quite some time stroking and touching Peter’s short hair, giggling quietly at the odd sensation.

“You look like a soldier, that’s really awesome.” Bucky smiles and Peter blushes, lowering his head shyly.

However, when the conversation moves on from Peter’s condition to what Bucky, MJ and the other littles have been up to, Tony cuts the visit short and says that Peter needs to rest. The doctor fears that if Peter gets to hear about the things he is missing out on, he will become upset and fussy, which is not good for his recovery. All three littles whine in protest, but shut their mouths when the doctor gives them all a stern look. Thor brings the two older littles back to the main areas while Tony checks up on Peter.

Still, while shielded away from everyone else, Peter knows that he is missing out on TV time and movie night in particular is an event that the little boy cries about missing out on when he knows that it’s Friday. When this happens, Stephen will check what movie the others are watching and tries to find the book the movie is based on and reads it to Peter.

When Peter has gained back most of his strength and Stephen and Tony find it appropriate, they take him out for a stroll outside. However, they pay close attention to the weather and go out on cloudy days so that the sunshine does not hurt Peter’s head. The two doctors take their turns carrying their boy and hold him close while asking him about what he sees while they walk outside.

“Birdie…” Peter points out and lifts a hand to point up at a tree branch.

“That’s right, baby. Is it a tiny bird? What colour is it?” Stephen asks and stops to let Peter study the bird closer from where he’s sat in his Daddy’s arms. Their stroll isn’t a long one and by the time they are back inside, Peter is dozing off on Tony’s shoulder.

Once Peter is well enough to leave the ward, but still in need of close monitoring by his Daddies, Peter gets his own bed in Stephen and Tony’s bedroom. It is a hospital bed with bedrails and such,
but Peter gets his own sheets on the bedcovers which are light blue and have a galaxy theme with spaceships, planets, stars and little aliens floating around, so the little boy grows to love his bed quite quickly. He sleeps through the night until one of his Daddies wake him up with kisses all over his face and tummy rubs.

While Peter still recovers from his concussion, his Daddies keep up a strict and organised daily routine. He gets woken up at the same time in the mornings, fed the same healthy meals, naps and playtime at specific times and in between there is check-ups and medication until it is bedtime again and Peter gets a bath before he is tucked into bed. Sometimes, Peter grows frustrated with the same strict routines and lack of fun, but his Daddies are quick to settle him down to avoid getting him worked up.

"Playing rough outside got you hurt in the first place, baby. We just don’t want that to happen again, okay?" Tony reminds and pats Peter’s cheek to get him to cheer up, but the boy is not having it.

"I wanna watch TV, Daddy, please…" Peter pouts.

"If you watch TV now, you might have a seizure and that means you might have an accident. I don't think you want that to happen in front of everyone, now do you?" Tony argues and Peter snaps his mouth shut at that, blushing furiously and turning his head away. “Your head is very delicate at the moment, Petey, and Daddy and I only want what’s best for you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy…"

The lack of screens and toys that cause too much stimuli for Peter is also an excuse for Tony to bring out the vintage toys that he has in his office, which includes wooden trains as well as dolls. Tony has a thing for vintage toys and it warms his heart to watch Peter play with them. Peter also spends quite a bit of time listening to low frequency music that doesn’t excite him while he does arts and crafts.

After ten days with the wound healing nicely, Stephen and Tony decide to remove the stitches from Peter’s scalp. His brain is still sensitive and there is a seizure risk, so Stephen and Tony decide to sedate Peter with anaesthetic gas to ensure that he is calm and still during the minor procedure.

“It’s time for a little nap, baby.” Stephen explains and Peter, who is very familiar with the drill by now, offers his hand so that his Daddies can inject him. However, the little boy frowns when both Stephen and Tony chuckle in response.

“No pokey needles this time, just some sleepy gas.” Tony smiles and helps Peter to lay back before placing the mask on his face. Peter doesn’t protest, but does scrunch up his nose at the funny smell until he relaxes when the gas takes its effect after a few inhales.

“Sleep tight, baby boy.” Stephen whispers and pushes the curls out of Peter’s eyes to place a kiss on his forehead. After watching their little boy sleep for a while, they strap the mask to his face and start to remove the stitches.

The anaesthetic gas has its pros, with Peter going under calmly and without a fuss, but the two doctors discover the cons when the little boy starts to wake up on the ward and starts babbling incoherently in his loopy state.

“Socks, Da…” Peter mumbles and points at his feet.

“What about your socks, Petey pie?” Stephen asks as he checks the boy over.

“Socks, Da… Falling off…” Peter explains and giggles, wiggling his feet under the covers.
Ten minutes pass and Peter groans a little again and catches Stephen’s attention, who’s moved to sit by his bedside to write in his chart.

“You’re okay, Petey.” The doctor comforts, but Peter shakes his head and points at his feet again.

“Socks ‘re falling off, Daddy…”

And Peter keeps babbling about his socks falling off for nearly an hour. Stephen and Tony finally sigh in relief when they think their boy has fallen asleep and they get some peace and quiet, but then Peter perks up and starts bombarding his Daddies with a million questions about the colours on the ward.

“Why’s that red, Da? That’s a pretty blue… Blue, blue, blue. I don’t wike blue, Daddy. Want green, like dinos… and… I don’t like green.”

Stephen and Tony have to try their hardest not to laugh too hard and excite Peter, but instead be quiet and not encourage further questions so that the boy will hopefully grow bored and tired. Eventually, to the doctors’ relief, Peter falls asleep again as he continues to recover from the anaesthesia and they get some peace. An hour or so later, Peter is out of his loopy state and grins up at Tony who’s checking up on him. The boy feels the bandage on the side of his head with gentle fingers before looking up at his Daddy with sadness in his eyes.

“How happened?” He asks quietly. Amnesia and confusion after anaesthesia is not uncommon and Tony is quick to comfort Peter before he gets himself worked up.

“Nothing happened, baby, you just had a long nap and Daddy and I removed the stitches.” Tony explains simply and grasps Peter’s wrist to pull his prying fingers away from his still healing injury.

“Can- can I see, please?”

Even though Tony is usually very strict with the rule against touching bandages and his preference to keep Peter oblivious and meek, he goes along with the boy’s request when he asks so politely. It isn’t a large scar and once Peter’s hair grows out, it will be hidden, but he still scrunches his nose up at the sight of his scar in the mirror that Tony is holding up for him.

“Does it…” Peter says and points at his scalp. “Does it mean I’m better now?” He asks shyly, biting his bottom lip as he averts his gaze from the mirror.

“Yes.” Tony smiles, feeling how his heart is breaking in his chest. “You’re all better now and Daddy loves you so much, Petey pie.” He adds and moves to embrace his boy, holding him tight and close.

Chapter End Notes

Almost 5000 hits! Thank you so much to everyone who's been reading. It makes me so happy to see people that have the same niche interest as me, which of course is medkink and ageplay combined.

As always, feedback is much appreciated.
Chapter 8 - Appendectomy

Chapter Summary

Appendectomy: surgery to remove the appendix

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once the stitches from Peter's scalp are out and he seems to be doing well, Stephen and Tony start to introduce more stimuli and after a couple of weeks, Peter is fully recovered and goes back the normal routine with the other littles. MJ still gets to call Peter 'egg head' for a while his hair grows out and he loves the sensation of his friend’s gentle hand stroking his buzz cut hair up and down. However, it’s no fun and games anymore when Loki starts a rumour that Peter had his hair cut off because he has lice. Loki gets put over Thor’s knee for spreading such nasty rumours.

Peter has not only grown self-conscious of his hair, but overall cautious and maybe even a bit anxious, due to the nature of his concussion treatment. He was isolated for so long and his days were strictly controlled by his Daddies, so when he is allowed to play and move more or less freely, he always seeks his Daddies' approval before doing anything.

Peter is on his best behaviour and does not even make a fuss about check ups or medication, which catches Stephen and Tony’s attention. They assure Peter that he is fine now and that he can in fact watch the movie with the others later during the day. However, half way through the movie Peter goes looking for Stephen and asks if he can read to him.

Peter finds himself getting more attached to the other grown ups too. He often asks Thor to help him with arts and crafts and asks Pepper to hold her hand when they're walking down the hallway in case he falls over. Peter’s cautious behaviour is mostly due to fear of being hurt again and being so used to being cared for closely during his concussion recovery, but it is also due to him simply enjoying the attention.

Stephen and Tony get reports on Peter's behaviour and they try to set up situations where Peter can find his boundaries of what he can actually do by himself and what he should ask grown ups to help with. One test includes the caregivers not making Peter his usual snack, giving him the options of sorting it out himself, going hungry or asking a grown up for a snack. The last option is of course the right one, and Peter choses that one and asks Tony to make him a snack because he is hungry.

Another thing that all the littles have been told to do is to seek out a grown up when they are in pain or feel like something is wrong. However, when Peter feels sick and whimpers from the pain in his lower stomach, he does not tell a grown up about it. He just left the ward and he does not want to go back. Besides, his Daddies have said that little boys and girls get tummy aches now and then, so he does not tell anyone. However, later in the day the pain becomes unbearable and Peter collapses into a screaming and crying mess in one of the playrooms. A blood analysis and palpations of Peter’s abdomen confirms his Daddies’ suspicions, which is an infected appendix that needs to be removed right away.

Peter thought that things moved fast when he fractured his arm, but things are moving even faster now as he gets transported to the ward and prepared for surgery. Peter is begging his Daddies to
make it stop and to make the pain go away. He is terrified and fights against Stephen who’s trying to put him under more or less gently, but the boy’s throwing his head back and forth.

Tony has to restrain him for long enough that they can safely sedate him, as the last thing they need is to miss the vein and cause him even more pain, so it’s a necessary evil. Once Peter is under and they start the surgery, they find his appendix to be really inflamed. Because Peter has been putting off telling anyone about it, the doctors have just about got it in time, but it is still going to be a difficult recovery with Peter’s pre-existing stomach conditions.

And because it was an emergency surgery, Peter was not prepped long term, so when he comes around from the anaesthesia he throws up and is just beyond sick and miserable. Stephen and Tony help him through his recovery to their best ability, but even they cannot stop Peter’s fresh surgical site from getting infected after the surgery. However, it is nothing that cannot be fixed with some antibiotics, but Peter is beyond devastated. He cries every time one of his Daddies checks his healing wound and they have to clean it often, which stings terribly, and so does the antibiotic cream that they put on top of the wound.

All in all, Peter feels the farthest away from cute he ever has felt, which surprises Stephen and Tony considering all the stomach upsets, pull-ups, bleedings, seizures, surgeries and stitches Peter has dealt with, he never worried about something being gross.

“We have the infection under control, baby, you don’t have to worry. It’s looking better everyday, come one, look.” Tony says as he gently applies the antibiotic cream during the morning check up, but Peter is not having it and cries quietly into his stuffie with his head turned away. He does not want to look at the disgusting wound.

“Is there another reason why you’re upset, Petey?” Tony asks as he fastens a new bandage on top of the wound before taking his gloves off to runs his fingers through Peter’s curls. The boy still refuses to look at his Daddy and only shakes his head in response.

What Peter is not telling his Daddies is how he is scared that his wound will always look disgusting and sort of smell bad. He hopes that his will be as pretty as MJ’s appendix scar, which is pale pink and soft, but the boy doubts that will ever happen. However, Peter dares to look when Stephen is changing his bandage a couple of days later and is relieved to find the wound not so red and angry looking anymore, but turning more pink as the skin grows back.

Peter begs his Daddies to let MJ see next time the bandage is changed, but they don't think it's a good idea to let a little see a friend with a wound that isn't completely healed, let alone for sanitary reasons, so his Daddies always find excuses or distract him by asking what he wants to do when he's all better.

“Swim! Wanna go swimming with MJ and wear a pretty swimsuit, like MJ.”

Once the infection is gone, Peter gets to leave the ward and joins the rest of the littles. He is still on antibiotics, which he gets from his Daddies every morning, however, the boy thinks he is completely fine and does not think much of it when he peals one side of the bandage off to show MJ his fresh appendix scar and compare it to the little girl’s scar.

“Peter Benjamin! What are you doing?” Tony asks sharply and both littles flinch. Crouching by his boy, the doctor puts the bandage back on.

“Just- I’m showing MJ that I’m okay!” Peter defends himself.

“Haven’t Daddy and I told you multiple times not to touch bandages? Why do you think you know
better than two people who have studied medicine for years? We just got the infection under control and that’s why we let you out of the ward. Now you’re gonna risk getting another? What were you thinking, Peter? I’m starting to think you should be put back on the ward until we are sure you are completely healed, and that means no playing with MJ here.” Tony lectures as Peter’s bottom lip sticks out and he starts sobbing.

The boy hates the idea of ending up back on the ward so soon and he doesn't even consider that MJ is seeing him act like a baby when he plops down on his bum and starts wailing.

“Baby girl, go find your Mommy.” Tony instructs and the little girl obeys and leaves the room, while he moves to sit on the sofa in the playroom and waits for Peter to be over and done with his fit. The boy thrashes around for a while, kicking his legs and hitting the carpet in anger as he cries.

Only when Peter has more or less calmed down does Tony go to pick him up and sets the boy on his lap. Peter clings onto Tony like he's a lifeline and continues to cry.

“I’m- I’m sor-ry, Daddy…” Peter mumbles and hiccups in between sobs. “I p-promise I won’t touch… Not ever again!”

“Apology accepted, little one, but I think you shouldn’t watch TV for the rest of the day. Just so that this doesn’t repeat itself, yeah?” Tony says, rubbing a hand up and down Peter’s back to soothe him. Having TV privileges taken away so late in the day is a mild punishment, so Peter is getting away easy and he knows it, so he nods eagerly.

“Y-yes, Daddy…”

Chapter End Notes

Appendicitis is obligatory when it comes to whump isn't it? Have to write a chapter about that ahah
As always, thank you so much for reading! The support with kudos and comments means the world to me. I hope you stick around as there is some really good stuff coming up :3
Chapter 9 - Rabies vaccine

Chapter Summary

Rabies vaccine: an injection that provides protection against the rabies virus that can be transmitted to humans via the saliva of an infected animal

Chapter Notes

Some asked for more detailed injection scenes. I hope this is all right! And thank you for leaving the suggestion, would love to hear more if anyone has some ideas xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter is still having stomach issues, so he gets fed carefully and sometimes intravenously, but he gets to be with the other littles during group activities which includes playtime outside. One day, there is a strange dog roaming the area and while fetching a ball that bounced away, Peter comes close enough to see the dog's eyes. It is all black and sort of scary looking, but Peter is determined to help, even with the weird bubbly stuff coming out of its mouth.

“Hiya, doggie! Are you lost?” Peter approaches the dog with his right hand stretched out to let the dog sniff him, because he knows that is what one should do when meeting animals like dogs, cats or horses. Expecting a friendly sniffle and lick, Peter screams in horror and shock when the dog bites his hand, frightening the dog in the process so that it runs off.

Peter runs off too, but instead of going in the bushes like the dog, the boy goes to Thor. All the littles start screaming when they see Peter's hand all bloody and torn and Thor picks up a sobbing Peter to bring him to the ward.

Stephen and Tony put Peter on an exam table and get him hooked up to pain relief through an IV right away before they examine his hand more closely. It is quite a mess, with the dog’s teeth having ripped up the skin in multiple places and they decide to clean it up the wounds a bit before getting an x-ray, but either way Peter is going to need surgery to fix the hand. Stephen asks what happened and Peter explains in between hiccups that he just wanted to help the dog.

“Why’s that, baby? Because it looked lost?”

“Y-yeah and it looked sick. Like- it was drooling and all bubbly, like a bubble bath in his mouth…” Stephen and Tony exchange a look and with a nod, Tony goes to fetch a rabies vaccine while Stephen wraps up Peter’s hand temporarily until they can fix it in the OR.

“Get all the littles inside and call animal services. That dog needs to be put down.” Stephen says to Thor who nods before following the doctor’s orders.

“No, Daddy! It didn’t mean to hurt. I want to be friends with the doggie.” Peter protests, getting worked up again.
“Baby, the dog bit you because it was very sick and now you might also get sick. The dog has to be put down, Petey.” Stephen explains and grabbing a pair of scissors, he cuts Peter’s bloody and ruined t-shirt off, as the boy is going into surgery either way, but also to give them access to his upper arm to inject the vaccine.

“But-but…” Peter stutters out his poor protest until Tony walks in and all of the boy’s attention is on the syringe his Daddy has in his hand. Stephen wipes Peter’s upper arm clean with an alcohol pad and takes the syringe from Tony. He removes the cap and Peter tenses at the sight of the sharp needle.

“Eyes here, baby, look at Daddy.” Tony instructs and grasps Peter’s chin to turn his attention away from what Stephen is about to do. “Relax your arm, there’s a good boy.” Tony praises as Stephen sticks the needle in, pushing the top to inject the vaccine before swiftly removing the needle again and covering the tiny puncture wound with a cotton ball. Peter tenses at the bite and painful pressure of the needle and lets out a sob. He is more than used to injections, but still they make him cry nearly every time. But, this time he isn’t crying only due to the pain.

“Are- are you pu-putting me down too?” Peter hiccups as a fresh set of tears run down his cheeks, but he can’t lift his hands to wipe them away.

“No, no, baby.” Tony assures and cradles Peter’s head while Stephen fastens a Paw Patrol band-aid over the tiny wound. “That was just medicine so that you won’t get sick from the nasty dog biting you.”

“It-it wasn’t nasty… We could be friends…” Peter mumbles sadly and continues to cry quietly for another hour until he is brought into the OR and put under for another surgery.

During the next day, Peter is still on the ward. The surgery the day before was not drastic, just stitches to fix his hand, but Stephen and Tony want to keep an eye on him because of the rabies vaccine. The boy develops a mild fever due to the vaccine, which is not uncommon and nothing to worry about, but Peter panics and thinks he’s sick too and must be put down like the dog.

“Baby, baby, you’re not sick. You’re just running a little hot due to the shot yesterday. It’s just like with the flu shot last year, remember?” Stephen tries to reason, but Peter keeps crying and trashing in his bed. Without warning and giving the boy a chance to settle down, Stephen injects a sedative into Peter’s IV and he quickly falls still. They rarely sedate their little without a warning, but this time Stephen does it so that Peter will not hurt himself and make his fever worse.

“Da…” Peter pleads as he tries his hardest to keep his heavy eyelids open.

“It’s nap time now, baby boy. Close your eyes now.” Stephen commands, popping a pacifier into Peter’s mouth as his eyes fall shut. Leaning down to kiss the boy’s warm forehead, Stephen murmurs. “Sweet dreams. Daddy loves you.”

Peter’s fever breaks in a couple of days, but the injections continue on day three, seven and fourteen after the bite to ensure that the boy gets immune to the rabies virus. He is asleep during the follow-up shot for the vaccine on day three, but the day seven and fourteen ones he is up and awake to cry about.

“You promised I wasn’t sick, Daddy!” Peter screams and uses his good hand to push Tony away, as his injured hand isn’t of much use and tucked up to his chest in a sling. Tony and Stephen decided to use a sling so that Peter would not use his hand and let it heal nicely.

“Baby boy, you aren’t sick and this medicine will keep it that way. Now, be good for your Daddies.
It’s just a little pinch.” Tony argues.

After some more crying and fussing while Tony gathers the supplies, the two doctors share a look and Stephen picks Peter up from the exam table in Tony’s office and sets him on his lap. With one hand, Stephen keeps Peter on his lap, while using the other to tuck the boy’s head into his neck so that he cannot see what Tony is about to do. However, Peter still knows what is going on and tenses when he hears the alcohol pad being ripped open from its airtight packaging.

“Shh, it’s only going to hurt more if you tense up, baby.” Stephen warns, bouncing Peter on his lap to get him to relax while Tony wipes his upper arm clean. It helps slightly, but the boy still whimpers when he feels Tony’s gloved hand taking hold of his upper arm before the sharp bite of the needle sliding into his muscle.

“Ah-AH!” Peter yelps, but stays perfectly still in Stephen’s lap while Tony injects him. Tony caps the needle and sets the syringe aside on the instrument tray and then holds a little cotton ball to the tiny wound.

“There, there, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Stephen coos to Peter, bouncing him on his lap again. “Only one more icky shot left next week.”

Peter whimpers again at that and cuddles closer to Stephen while Tony fastens a band-aid on his upper arm.

After getting bitten by the dog, Peter develops a phobia of dogs and thinks they are all sick and scary. He cries anytime they watch a movie that has a dog in it, real or animated, or read books at story time that feature dogs and illustrations of them.

Stephen and Tony are aware of Peter’s fear of dogs and try their best to make sure whatever media he is consuming does not feature them, but they cannot control what Peter is watching when one of the littles get hold of the remote during TV time and chooses their own show to watch on the kids section on Netflix, which so happens to feature a dog of the same breed that bit Peter.

The little boy panics right away and begins hyperventilating. He gets up on shaky legs to find his Daddies, but instead finds Pepper in the hallway and collapses into a teary and breathy mess. Pepper alerts Tony and Stephen right away and the two doctors arrive quickly to tend to Peter together. It’s a panic attack, the two doctors diagnose that swiftly and they begin working on calming Peter down again. It takes a while, and an oxygen mask being held to his face by Stephen, but eventually Peter slumps against Tony’s chest in exhaustion after his fit.

In addition to the phobia, Peter begins outright sobbing every time he feels any sort of twinge or pain in his body, because he thinks he is sick and must be put down. Brushing of teeth in the morning and at night becomes a nightmare for Stephen and Tony as Peter begins crying and fussing due to the toothpaste creating foam in his mouth, which also reminds him of the rabid dog.

Many of the littles saw Peter right after he got bit and everyone notices that he is at the ward again, so they begin gossiping amongst each other. Most of the gossip and rumours go back to Loki as he is the one who comes up with it all and spreads them around. This time, he spreads a rumour that Peter is turning into a werewolf and play time in the big playroom becomes very uncomfortable for Peter. Usually, the boy would be playing with MJ and finds comfort in being with a bigger little, but she is going through her monthly exam for new cysts in her remaining reproductive organs and cannot play. Bucky is no where to be seen either and Peter is left alone to feel everyone’s eyes on him and hearing them whisper about him. Peter tries to focus on the tower he is making out of building blocks, but then he hears muffled giggles from behind him and he drops his head.
“Petey, time for a check up.”

Peter recognises Stephen’s voice in an instant and whips his head around before dashing over to his Daddy in a hurry. The doctor is standing in the doorway of the big playroom and crouches down to Peter when he sees him run over.

“Hey, you okay, baby?” Stephen asks, checking Peter over for any obvious reason as to why he is upset. The boy never dashes over to him like this when it is time for a check-up, and instead becomes whiny and tries to bargain for more playtime. Peter doesn’t answer his Daddy’s question, only lifts his arms up to be picked up, which he does get.

“It’s nothing scary, Pete, just a quick check and banana bag for lunchtime today.” Stephen explains, thinking that it’s the check-up that has Peter upset.

“I’m not a wolf, Daddy, am not!”

“What are you talking about, silly baby?” Stephen chuckles, bouncing Peter in his arms. As he carries Peter to his office, the boy tells him about what Loki has been telling everyone and what they are saying about him. Stephen can’t help but chuckle at the wild imaginations of the littles, kissing Peter’s temple to comfort him.

“Werewolves aren’t real. Besides, no baby as cute as you could ever be a monster anyway.” The doctor explains and taps Peter on the nose before setting him down on the exam table in his office.

Stephen carries out the usual check-up on Peter, asking about aches or anything that feels off as he examines him. He also checks Peter’s still healing hand and changes the bandage. It has been three weeks since the attack and the boy’s hand is nearly healed, but Stephen and Tony still want the hand bandaged as littles tend to get their hands dirty.

Peter knows the drill of the check-ups and when he sees that his Daddy is almost done, he starts asking about MJ and whether he can see her. Stephen decides to go with Peter’s wish, but not before getting an IV cannula into Peter’s hand and give him the banana bag. The boy behaves perfectly with the promise of seeing MJ, despite the pain of the needle and the boredom of sitting still while his Daddy fixes the tubing. Once the bag of liquid nutrition is hung up on a pole and flowing nicely, Stephen takes Peter onto his hip and brings him to the ward and the radiology area to wait outside the MRI room where MJ is getting a scan.

Peter cuddles up to Stephen, but it’s hard to hold onto his Daddy, hold his stuffie and suck his thumb at the same time and Stephen chuckles as he watches the boy struggle. When Peter finally seems to have found a good position with everything, his stuffie slips from his hand and Stephen has to hand it back to him.

“Daddy, can you take your top off?” Peter suddenly asks and Stephen frowns with a chuckle.

“Why do you want me to do that, silly baby?”

Peter thinks for a moment to find the right words to explain his wish.

“It doesn’t feel nice.” He pouts, taking a hold of the collar of the scrubs top Stephen is wearing. “Not good for cuddles.”

Finally understanding Peter’s wish, Stephen chuckles and kisses his cheek.

“It’s not supposed to feel nice, it’s supposed to be easy to clean because we can’t have you little darlings getting sick.” Stephen explains in regard to the texture of the scrubs, however Peter does not
care and flops down because his Daddy is talking about boring stuff again. All he wanted was some special cuddles, not a lecture.

A moment later, the door to the MRI room opens and MJ steps out with Pepper. Peter whips his head around and jumps down from Stephen’s lap to dash over to his friend, but before he can his Daddy grabs him by the elbow. Stephen sighs in relief as he caught Peter just in time before he could rip out the IV needle. Peter barely even notices the tug on his arm because he is so excited to see his best friend, so he just giggles and looks up at Stephen innocently.

“Daddy, MJ is here!”

Stephen brings Peter over along with the IV pole so that the tubing is not pulled on and the two littles hug for a really long time while Stephen and Pepper watch with fond smiles. Eventually, Peter pulls back and looks at Pepper.

“Is MJ okay? Did she hurt her head? Can she watch movies?” Peter asks with worry as last time he got an MRI, he had suffered his concussion and he thinks MJ has the same injury. Pepper crouches down to explain briefly with a smile.

“No, no, darling, we looked for bad bumps in her tummy and found none, so she is okay.”

Peter jumps up and down with excitement and relief over hearing that MJ doesn't have to be bored for a whole month until she feels better. Then, an idea hits him and he turns to Stephen.

“Can we have a movie night and sleepover, Daddy, please?”

MJ smiles widely at the idea of a sleepover in Peter’s Daddies’ big bed and looks at Pepper hopefully, but she worries that she won’t be allowed due to being treated like a baby all day during her exams. Sharing a quick look, Stephen and Pepper smile down at their littles and say that they can have a sleepover. Stephen knows that Peter will fall asleep first and MJ will ask to go back to her Mommy through the night, but he is fine with that. Pepper also agrees because she thinks her little girl deserves a treat after such a long day of exams and scans.

While the littles squeal and giggle and begin to plan their sleepover, Stephen and Pepper talk about scar tissue, manual exams and hormone levels. MJ’s hormones are still a bit off and Stephen gives his thoughts of the best combination of hormones which will cause the least side affects, while also giving MJ the best possible treatment. Pepper makes a mental note on what Stephen suggests, but points out that they will just have to try it out and see how it works for MJ.

Eventually, the littles begin to tug on their caregivers’ clothes, whining that they have to get moving to start their sleepover. Both of the doctors chuckle and guide their littles out of the ward. As they walk through the halls, Pepper offers to make snacks, which is even more excitement for the littles and they do not even realise that her treats are all super healthy and homemade versions of what the other littles get for treats.

While MJ and Peter begin to set their sleepover into action by gathering toys and a few Blu-rays to watch, Stephen tells Pepper about what Peter told him about Loki spreading nasty rumours. The female doctor agrees that something should be done about that and while Peter and MJ are busy with their sleepover, the two doctors get Thor and Tony to gather all the other littles in the large playroom.

The blonde nurse has all the littles in a half circle around him and begins a lesson on being kind. He hints heavily that he wouldn’t kiss someone who was mean to a person for any reason and Loki blushes furiously where he’s sat on the floor. Tony takes on the ‘bad cop’ role where he is leaning against the wall and adds that anyone who spreads nasty rumours or is mean to anyone will get
soapy and painful enemas with castor oil. All the littles gulp in fear and nod obediently.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Feedback is always much appreciated and so is ideas for scenes. Soph and I have made headcanons and rpéd nearly 30 chapters, but I can try to get your suggestions into a chapter in some way xx
Chapter 10 - Sleepover

Chapter Summary

MJ and Peter have a sleepover.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

MJ and Peter’s sleepover starts with playtime in Stephen’s office while the doctor does some paperwork by his desk. The two littles are sat on a blanket, playing with dolls and a set of furniture. They play for an hour or so until Stephen finishes his work and gets up from his desk to announce that it is time for another quick check up and medication. The littles’ whine in response, but quickly fall silent when Stephen suggests that they help him out with their doctor play kits.

Peter only needs to take one pill, which he does without a fuss, but MJ is not so lucky and has to take three pills and get an injection into her thigh. However, Peter is helpful and distracts MJ by doing his own check up on her with his play kit. While Stephen readies the syringe and taps the air bubbles out, Peter asks MJ to open her mouth to check her throat.

“MJ, you gotta say ‘ahhh’!”

Lifting MJ’s skirt with his now gloved hands, Stephen wipes a spot on her thigh clean before injecting her. The little girl makes a little whimper, but she is quite occupied with taking deep breaths as Peter listens to her back with his play stethoscope. Stephen smiles fondly at Peter and how he is helping keep MJ distracted and in a good mood. Peter notices his Daddy’s smile and beams back proudly.

“I’m a doctor like you, Daddy! I’m fixing MJ!”

“Yes, darling, you are.” Stephen chuckles, but does not take his gloves off just yet as he is not done with MJ yet. “But, scoot over now. I need some space to check MJ’s princess parts.” The doctor explains and gets MJ to lay back on the blanket and spread her legs.

Peter is more than ready to check those too, but he is not entirely sure how and he peaks over Stephen’s shoulder as he pulls MJ’s panties off. The little girl’s labia is still puffy and glistening with lubrication from her thoroughly exams earlier and she covers her face with her hands. She feels like a dirty girl, because she knows she is dripping, but it is due to all the surgical lube and Stephen is just going to check for any bleeding and clean her up a bit.

“I’m not a dirty girl, Uncle Stephen…” MJ says pitifully as her blush darkens when Stephen spreads her knees wider.

“Of course not, baby girl.” Stephen assures with a smile. “You had a long day today, sweetie, and you were so good for your Mommy. I’m just taking a quick look and the I’ll clean you up, all right?” The doctor explains and spreads MJ’s labia to get a better look at her opening. He also finds MJ’s clit to be enlarged, which is most likely due to all the irritation and touching from the long day of exams. Peter is still hanging off of Stephen’s shoulder and watches in awe.
“Why aren’t my princess parts like MJ’s? Hers are so pretty!” Peter says and MJ whimpers quietly in embarrassment as Stephen works a finger, then two, into her. “Daddy, you gotta check my princess parts too.” Peter decides, looking at his Daddy with determination.

“But, you don’t need your princess parts looked at, baby.” The doctor chuckles, glancing up at his boy before continuing with examining MJ, using his other hand to push on her lower abdomen.

“Why’s MJ so wet? Did she have an accident?” Peter asks more quietly now, but MJ hears nonetheless and lets out a small yelp. “Does she need wipes and a diapey?”

Usually, the grown ups try to keep the reasoning for the medical exams and treatments brief and simple to keep the littles in the dark, but Stephen sees that he has the chance to save some of MJ’s dignity and explains.

“She didn’t have an accident, baby. Little girls just need some slippery stuff to help us grown ups check their princess parts properly.”

Peter seems satisfied with the explanation and gets off his Daddy’s back to lay down next to MJ. The boy gives MJ a little peck on the cheek, telling her that his Daddy will make it all better and give her kisses when he’s done.

“Uncle Stephen…” MJ whimpers and squirms where she lays as Stephen cleans her up. The sensation of the wipes on her private area feels like too much and it is starting to hurt.

“Sorry, princess, I’m almost done.” Stephen apologises and moves quickly to get the girl sorted out. Once she is all ready with a pad in her panties in case of any bleeding or lubrication, Stephen helps her sit up and Peter claps his hands in glee.

“Yay! Can we watch a movie now? No more boring check ups!” Peter decides and MJ nods in agreement.

“All right, all right.” Stephen says, gathering all the supplies to throw them away. “Which movie do you guys wanna watch?”

Because MJ has had a really hard day, Peter decides to let her pick the movie after his suggestions get refused rather than pout about it, so after dinner and a bottle of hot chocolate each, the littles lay in bed and watch Matilda. The two littles cuddle together and watch the movie until they fall asleep in each other’s arms.

A few hours later, Stephen is ready for bed and Tony has returned from a long day of disciplining littles who where still spreading rumours, even after Thor’s lesson on being kind. Stephen and Tony get into bed on either side of the littles, and it is a bit more snug than usual, but they all fit in comfortably. Around midnight, Peter somehow ends up on top of Tony and MJ has her arms and legs wrapped around Stephen like he’s a very large stuffie, rutting against his thigh in her sleep.

Stephen wakes up from the movements and the little breathless whimpers that MJ is making. He checks really quickly to make sure the little girl is not in pain or distress, but it is clear she is just having a big girl dream. The doctor debates whether he should let her sleep or help her cum. He decides on the latter, as it would only cause her more discomfort if she cannot cum and she will wake up frustrated in the morning. Very gently, Stephen brushes her hair back and whispers.

“MJ, sweetie?” Stephen says quietly, trying his best not to disturb Peter nor Tony, but MJ is deeply asleep. Very quietly, Stephen retrieves a little vibrator from his bedside table and holds the girl steady in his arm as he brings her to an orgasm in her sleep.
The doctor knows that he has to be quiet, because if Peter wakes up, the boy will want to cum too and that will not do when Tony and he are trying to restrict his orgasms and are considering caging him or catheterising him for a while. He lets MJ press herself against him as her breaths get heavier and she is squirming before she finally slumps down after reaching climax. Setting the vibrator aside to be cleaned later, Stephen feels that MJ is wet and that she needs a good clean. While gathering MJ into his arms, the girl wakes up and rubs at her eyes clumsily.

“Mommy…?”

“No, it’s Uncle Stephen.” The doctor says quietly and kisses her nose gently, rubbing her back to help her wake up a little more. “I’m just going to clean your princess parts up, baby girl. Did you have a nice dream?”

The girl mumbles something incoherent, but doesn’t make a fuss about the idea of being cleaned up. However, she does get breathy again as the cleaning just stimulates her further and Stephen decides to rub a numbing cream onto her princess parts, so that she can sleep peacefully. When Stephen is done, MJ starts asking for her Mommy and he brings the girl to Pepper and tells her what happened.

When Stephen returns, Peter wakes up a bit due to the sound of the door opening and closing. The little boy asks sleepily where MJ is and Stephen shushes him, explaining that she is with her Mommy before pulling him close. Peter falls asleep again quickly, cuddled up to both his Daddies.

MJ’s hyper arousal and sexual behaviour is due to her hormonal treatment and it proves troublesome a few days later when the girl grows aroused during playtime with Peter. The littles have been play fighting on the soft carpets and they are both out of breath when MJ suggests what they should do next. She doesn’t know how to explain it, but she wants something inside of her princess parts to sooth the tingly feeling in her tummy.

“Just like your Daddy did, cause you’re a doctor too, right? Your Daddy said so.” MJ persuades Peter and not finding a good contradicting argument, the little boy goes along with the new game. Peter doesn’t really know what he is doing, just that it is wet, but it is not blood and MJ seems to like it, so he must be doing something to make her feel better. When Tony walks into the playroom, the boy grins up at his Daddy and puts another finger in MJ to show him how good he is.

“Daddy! I made MJ’s tummy not hurt!”

Peter just wants to make MJ feel good and he doesn’t understand why Tony pulls him away, alerting Pepper with his pager to take care of MJ. Suddenly, the grown ups are talking about surgery to fix them, but Peter doesn’t understand because they both feel good and not sick or hurt at all. The little boy keeps trying to explain that he was just making MJ feel better and Tony crouches down and explains with firmness in his tone.

“Little ones aren’t allowed to touch their private parts, nor anyone else’s, only Mommies and Daddies are allowed. There’s a surgery that Daddy and I can do that will make it so that you cannot get special touches ever again. Is that what you want?”

Tony takes pity on Peter as the boy shakes his head in reply with tears in his eyes. Picking Peter up, Tony brings him to Stephen to get their boy in a cock cage to avoid further misbehaviour. Stephen thinks a cage is a good idea and adds that Peter should have some bare bum time so that he can see his punishment.

As for MJ, her punishment is much more drastic because she thought she was a big girl and tried to involve a baby in grown up games. Pepper decides that it is best to suture MJ’s labia shut so that she
cannot achieve orgasm. The sutures are only temporary until her hormones stabilise so that the girl will be calmer and not bother other littles. MJ is obviously distraught and so apologetic, but Pepper stays stern and warns her girl that she will make the suturing permanent if she cannot behave. While MJ is dozing off the anaesthetic after her little procedure, Pepper meets with Stephen and Tony to discuss what more should be done with the littles and their unwanted sexual behaviour.

Chapter End Notes

I know you guys have been asking about a Bucky chapter and it is coming! The next one will be an aftermath to this chapter and in the one after that Peter will eat something that he shouldn't have. But, after that it is Bucky's turn, so I hope you guys stay tuned for that ahah
As always, thank you so much for reading and feedback is always appreciated xx
Chapter 11 - Penis reduction surgery

Chapter Summary

Penis reduction surgery: efforts or an assortment of techniques intended to decrease the girth or length of the penis, especially when erect

Chapter Notes

Or in other words, Peter's Daddies want to make their baby boy more like a baby girl

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the incident with Peter fingering MJ, Stephen and Tony keep Peter in the cock cage for longer than what is probably necessary. They love seeing how tiny his cock looks and the absence of his balls just makes it stand out even more. To admire their boy as much as they want while he’s being punished with the cage, they keep Peter either naked from the waist down when it is just the three of them or dress him in little skirts and dresses.

Because Peter is their baby boy, they don't want any other caregivers to have access to him the way they do, so they take it a step further and replace the cage with a catheter. That way, Peter has to go to them any time he has an issue with his privates or he needs to relieve himself. The cage is still used frequently, as there are days where the two doctors want to feminise Peter, making him blush so prettily by teasing him about how tiny his clit is in his panties.

The frequent use of catheters and cages gives Stephen and Tony ideas. They don’t want to remove Peter’s cock entirely, although they have threatened doing so multiple times when Peter has been particularly badly behaved, but they can make his cock smaller for their own pleasure. And so, Peter finds himself naked on the exam table in Tony’s office, having his little cock examined and measured carefully both when erect and limp. Tony also uses a marker to draw some lines on his cock, which feels funny to Peter.

His Daddies also use sounds during the exam, which is a new experience for the little one and an uncomfortable one. Peter is very conflicted as he squirms under his Daddies’ steady and gloved hands, because he wants to be left alone, but also loves it when his Daddies touch his cock, so he does not ask them to stop. The boy is sort of aware that they are planning on doing something to his princess parts, but he assumes it is like what MJ had done to her and that it is done to help him. Peter also remembers vividly how Tony snapped at him when he broke his arm and has never questioned his Daddies’ intentions with him since, so he just lets them do what they think it necessary.

“Good boy, Petey, just a moment now.” Stephen praises as he takes the last sound from Tony’s hands and gives him a wipe to clean Peter now that the exam is over. He keeps his other hand on Peter’s stomach to hold him steady, smiling at how Peter’s cock twitches in response to the praise. “You are a good little one, aren’t you?”

Peter lets out a sigh when he realises the torturous exam is over, but tenses when he sees Tony shake an icepack to activate the cooling effect. The boy knows what it is going to be used for.
“Do you want your bunny sleeper tonight or your Paw Patrol one?” Stephen asks, taking his gloves off now that Tony does not need his assistance anymore.

“Bunny.” Peter answers and Stephen goes to fetch it. Meanwhile, Tony wraps the icepack in a surgical towel before placing it on Peter’s cock to get him small and limp again so that the cage can be put back on. The coldness makes Peter shiver and he tries to wiggle away from it.

“Daddy, it's so cold!” He whines, but he also giggles at the odd feeling at the same time. Peter still has a tingly feeling in his tummy and he would like if his Daddies played with him more, but he senses that something important is going on, so he doesn't argue in case he gets into trouble.

“I know, baby, just a moment and it won’t be cold anymore.” Tony assures, pulling the icepack away now and then to check how limp Peter is getting. Once he is small enough for the cage, Tony fastens it back on in time for Stephen’s return and Peter gets put into his bunny sleeper. The rest of the evening, Peter gets babied even more than usually and gets a bottle while cuddling with both his Daddies in their big bed.

It is early bedtime for the boy, as he has a big day the next day and Stephen and Tony try their hardest to get Peter as little as possible, hoping that his baby headspace will make the upcoming surgery and the whole process it entails to go smoothly.

Peter feels very much content with his pacifier in his mouth, his stuffie in his arms and with his Daddies rubbing his tummy and scratching his scalp gently. Still, he is a little anxious and hates how he will be stuck on the ward again in a hospital gown instead of his own cozy pyjamas. He also doesn't like to be put under, but the boy falls asleep calmly despite his fears about the next day, thanks to the comfort provided by his Daddies.

The next morning, Peter is woken up by his Daddies and is brought to the ward for the usual pre-OP care. He takes the yucky medicine, despite its horrible taste, and lets himself be washed and changed without a fuss, his mind more or less empty thanks to everyone babying him. He’s got a paci in his mouth and stuffie in his arms throughout the preparing process, which includes getting hooked up to IV’s and getting a cap on his head to cover his hair.

Usually, Peter is brought into the OR on a bed, but this time he is carried by Stephen and clings onto his Daddy when he makes the move to lay him down on the operating table. He’s still got his paci, but the stuffie had to stay behind as not to compromise the sterile room. Peter makes a sad whine, but the pre-OP medication is making him drowsy and he can’t fight back much. Stephen shushes him as he lays Peter down and Tony straps him to the table, covering him with a blanket so he is more comfortable. Considering how the surgery is mostly for their own pleasure, Stephen and Tony are extra careful with Peter and make sure he is as comfortable and relaxed as possible.

“Hey, baby, look who’s here.” Tony coos, offering Peter a white cat stuffie, which the boy takes eagerly. The stuffie isn’t like an average stuffed animal at the facility, but one that is clean and kept in the ORs in case a little needs the extra comfort, which Stephen and Tony figure that Peter deserves.

While his Daddies busy themselves with preparing everything, Peter suckles on his paci and cuddles the stuffie, watching his Daddies, Thor and Steve. The boy recognises the two nurses by their voices even behind all the surgical attire.

“Okay, ready for anaesthesia.” Steve announces, having placed all the necessary instruments, equipment and medication on a tray by Peter’s head, but it is covered by a surgical towel, so that Peter cannot see what is on the tray. Stephen takes his place by Peter’s head, stroking his cheek and smiling down at him.
“It’s time for a nap now, baby boy.” Stephen coos and turns up the dosage of anaesthetic gas coming through the mask. Peter whimpers and tries to turn his head away, thinking that his Daddy is going to take away his pacifier, but to his surprise he doesn’t. Stephen guides Peter’s head back and places the mask on his face, enjoying how Peter’s eyes look so wide and innocent. Tony comes to stand by Peter’s side, rubbing his tummy gently.

“Deep breaths, Petey, there’s a good baby. So, so good for your Daddies. You’re gonna have a nice nap and then when you wake up, your Daddies will be right by your side.” Tony explains soothingly as Peter grows more relaxed and takes slower and deeper breaths. “And then you can have the iPad and watch movies all day while drinking hot chocolate. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

Peter just blinks in response as he can’t find the strength to talk, nor move his body. His vision is getting blurry around the edges and the last thing Peter sees before he goes under are his Daddies’ eyes. The two doctors know that their boy is fast asleep, but they continue to coo at him and stroke his cheeks.

“You’re such a good little boy, yes, you are. Daddy loves you so much.” Stephen says, bending down to place a kiss on Peter’s forehead.

“Sweet dreams, baby.” Tony says quietly, giving Peter a kiss as well before turning more serious. “Let’s get started.” He says to Stephen and the two nurses. Taking the stuffie away, Steve and Thor get Peter positioned and draped. Meanwhile, Stephen removes the pacifier from Peter’s mouth to intubate him and soon the surgery begins.

The next thing Peter remembers is that he is waking up in the recovery room, which he is very much used to. Looking at his left and right, he finds his Daddies next to him, just like they promised. Stephen is filling out some paperwork while Tony sends off emails, but neither of them notice that Peter is awake. For a moment, the boy just watches his Daddies, overwhelmed with love for the both of them and how much comfort he finds in them just sitting by his side.

Suddenly, Peter feels a wave of nausea and whimpers, catching both Stephen and Tony’s attention. Taking the oxygen mask of Peter’s face, they help him sit up as he dry heaves for a few minutes. The boy’s stomach is empty, which was part of the pre-OP care, so he has nothing to throw up and once the gagging reflex passes, Tony offers Peter a little cup of medicine. The boy takes it reluctantly, but calms down once Stephen turns his morphine up and he drifts off again quickly. Placing the oxygen mask back on Peter’s face, Tony gives the boy’s temple a kiss and together with Stephen, they bring the boy to a private room on the ward.

Once in the private room, Stephen and Tony give Peter a sponge bath and make sure the stitches are holding up okay. They can’t put anything on Peter’s lower half, just in case it irritates the freshly bandaged incision, so Tony dresses Peter in a pretty pink hospital gown while Stephen puts a pair of fluffy socks on his feet. The next time Peter wakes up he feels much better, but really hungry, so he asks for the chocolate milk he was promised. Stephen climbs into the bed to give it to him, lulling him back to sleep gently and easily as the boy is still very groggy and drowsy with pain medication.

Stephen and Tony decide to stay with Peter during the night, given that the surgery was all for them and how Peter has been so well behaved throughout. The two doctors get a thrill from having sex that night while their baby is asleep on the bed right next to theirs, his pacifier bobbing in his mouth and stuffie clutched against his chest like an innocent, little angel.

“Oh, fuck, Stephen!” Tony grunts, letting out a shaky breath.

“Shh, don’t wake our little patient. He needs the rest after we fixed his little cocklet…” Stephen reminds, biting Tony’s ear teasingly with a smirk on his lips. They both know that Peter is fast asleep.
and won’t wake up even with the noise in the room, but they both still get shivers from hearing Peter’s soft breaths and how he shifts in his sleep. They go even harder at it, moaning lowly in ecstasy at the reminder of Peter being so close to them and all theirs to do whatever they want with.

The next morning, Peter wakes up late and is pleased to find his Daddies with him, although he wishes they wouldn’t be wearing the dark blue scrubs as usual, but the soft sweaters instead. Peter’s breakfast mostly consists of liquid nutrition through the IV, but he also gets a bottle as his Daddies think he can handle it. After the meal, Peter watches two episodes of Power Puff Girls, the old version, before falling asleep again. Pausing the episode, Tony sets the iPad aside to check Peter over along with Stephen and hearing a knock on the door, the two male doctors turn to look Pepper enter the room. She is curious to hear how the surgery went, but most importantly to see the results, so she timed her visit perfectly as Stephen and Tony are going to check Peter’s stitches.

“I guess it all went well as I didn’t get a 911 page. Or is my pager broken?” Pepper jokes.

“Perfect vitals throughout.” Stephen says, looking at Peter as he sucks his pacifier lazily in his drugged sleep. “I think this has been Peter’s best surgery, actually.” Stephen adds and Tony nods in agreement.

“Well, that’s great to hear. Do you mind if I take a look?” Pepper asks and Tony takes a step back to give her some space. Snapping on some gloves, Pepper removes the bandage carefully and admires her colleagues’ work. Stephen and Tony share a look, getting a thrill out of showing their boy off to others and they are sure that Pepper felt the same when she let them see MJ’s sutured labia. Although, much to MJ’s embarrassment, she was awake while being shown off. In a way, Stephen and Tony like knowing that Peter is not in control, let alone aware, of what happens to him and watch with proud smiles as Pepper admires their work.

The next day, Pepper visits again, but this time she brings MJ with her. Both littles have been asking to see one another and Stephen and Tony let them do so after checking that Peter is in good enough shape for a visitor.

The girl is a little on edge, but much better than a week ago when her hormones were thrown off completely. The hormonal treatment is working well, Pepper tells the two other doctors in the back of the room while MJ sits by Peter’s bedside.

“You’re so brave, Petey.” MJ says quietly, stroking the hand that Peter doesn’t have an IV in. She tries to do all the nice little things Pepper does for her when she’s having a hard day. Peter smiles weakly in return, just happy to have his friend with him for a bit. However, Peter tires quickly and Pepper takes an upset MJ into her arms.

“He’s okay, princess, just really tired from the surgery. Let’s give him some peace and quiet and check the stitches on your princess parts, hm?” Pepper says, patting MJ’s bum soothingly as she brings her out of the room.

Once Peter is well enough to leave the ward, Tony and Stephen begin to dress their boy in feminine clothing more often, which includes a lot of dresses and skirts. The clothing makes it easy for them to check Peter’s bandaged and catheterised little cock whenever they like.

Tony has a thing for tennis skirts and matching crop tops, while Stephen loves Peter in dresses and matching socks, but what the two doctors agree on is that they don’t like it when Peter gets dirty from playing outside. So when playing outside, Peter sits on a blanket with his dolls or blocks with his Daddies or another grown up who keeps an eye on him while he plays. Sometimes, Peter is allowed to leave the blanket to play more freely by the slides, swings and monkey bars, but only under close supervision by Thor. The nurse is very strong and can help Peter play safely by holding
him and supporting some of his weight as he explores the playground.

Peter is a little fussy about it at first, but then he is reminded of the concussion and the dog incident.

“It’s this or nothing, Peter.” Stephen reminds as he passes Peter over to Thor. The boy stops his whining and quickly finds that he really enjoys playtime with Thor. His favourite thing to do with Thor is to sit on his shoulders and giggles that he is a giant. Sometimes, Peter drops little kisses into Thor’s hair or just leans down to cuddle his entire head. However, Peter still tires easily as he continues to recover and heal from the surgery. Moving the boy around, Thor lets Peter rest his aching head on his shoulder and brings him back to Stephen. Taking Peter from the nurse’s arms, Stephen coos to his boy.

“You’re all right, baby, just close your eyes and relax. I got you, Petey.”

After finishing a sippy cup of water, which Stephen mixed some pain relief into, Peter naps on his Daddy’s lap. It is a new thing and one Peter takes advantage of when he can. He loves being held by his Daddy and finds it much more cosier and nice than being put into his bed. He can hear Stephen rumbling voice as he talks and feels his chest move as he breathes and it lulls the boy to sleep easily.

Cuddling and napping on his Daddies’ laps is also Peter’s chance to hear about other littles’ conditions or planned procedures as Tony comes over and shows Stephen lab work or scans. Peter finds it soothing when they talk medicine in terms that he does not understand, but sometimes he catches something that frightens him and he rubs at his eyes and asks if he is going to have surgery.

“No, darling, we are talking about Loki. Don’t you worry your little head.” Stephen says and rubs Peter’s back so nicely that he dozes off again.

Peter likes knowing when other littles are having a tough time so that he can be extra nice to them, but sometimes it ends up scaring them more because they don’t know they’re getting surgery. And it seems like Loki does not know he is getting surgery as he bursts into tears after Peter reassured him that he shouldn’t worry because his Daddies are good doctors.

“Is okay, Lo!” Peter tries to comfort, but feels that his voice is shaky as he begins to panic too. Loki is really worked up and cries loudly in the playroom, which Thor hears from the hallway and comes in to investigate.

“Don’t wanna have surgery! Don’t wanna, please!” Loki begs, clinging onto Thor as soon as the nurse crouches down by him. Peter is too caught up in watching the other boy cry that he does not hear Tony enter the playroom. With a yelp, Peter is hauled up from the floor by his elbow and is brought out into the hallway to explain himself to his Daddy.

“But, they said you and Daddy are mean, but I said you’re not! I had to tell, Daddy!” Peter explains, bouncing on his feet with nervous energy.

“Peter, you have no business whatsoever with others’ care. That is a job for us grown ups and not for you.” Tony says sternly and Peter lowers his head. “If you hear grown ups talking about something, then it is not your task to spread that around. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter nods obediently, but still keeps his head down. Tony knows that Peter only had good intentions, but he cannot let the boy compromise another littles’ care again. They had decided to keep Loki in the dark for a reason, which is the boy’s fear of needles, and now the surgery to remove his tonsils would become more troublesome due to Peter’s loose tongue.

“You won’t be punished, Peter, considering this is your first time, but you will not get away with this
another time. Understood?” Tony asks and Peter nods again. The boy feels really bad, as he thought
he did the right thing, but he understands now that he tried to be a grown up. Peter opens his arms for
an apology hug, which Tony gives him, and chews on his lip anxiously.

“Now that’s out of the way, let's check your princess parts, hm?” Tony says and takes Peter into his
arms, bringing the boy to his office to examine his still bandaged and catheterised cock.

Peter is meek and obedient throughout the check up, but grows a little anxious when his Daddy
seems to be taking a long time. Removing his gloves, Tony goes to page Stephen while Peter starts
chewing his lip again.

“I think we should make an extra stitch. What do you think?” Tony asks Stephen once he arrives and
takes a look at Peter’s still healing princess parts. Peter grows more anxious and begins to squirm, but
Stephen places a firm hand on his stomach to hold him down.

The two doctors only numb the area with a cream, so Peter can still sort of feel, but tries his hardest
to be good. However, he cannot hold the tears back for long and looks at Stephen with the saddest
eyes.

“I didn't touch, Daddy! I promise!” Peter sobs, thinking his Daddies are punishing him for touching
his princess parts, which he has not done. While Tony ties the stitch, Stephen reassures Peter with a
kiss to his forehead.

“We know, baby boy. It’s not your fault, it’s just a quick fix. Daddy’s done already.” Stephen says
with a smile, but still hides the sight of what Tony is doing so that Peter does not see the scary and
sharp instruments.

Peter finds himself wearing a lot of dresses with no underwear when he’s healed. He thinks he looks
very pretty and so do Tony and Stephen, but secretly the dresses and skirts give them easy access to
their boy’s cocklet and can just slip it up and show everyone their little baby. Peter grows to like his
princess parts, as he can still cum just like before and his smaller cocklet makes it easier for him to
feel like a baby, and a baby girl at that. He feels more like MJ, which makes him very happy as he
looks up to her. Peter starts begging to dress like MJ who wears more casual, comfortable girly
clothes, but Tony and Stephen stand by their preferences for dresses and skirts.

“Do a little spin for Daddies, baby.” Tony prompts with a smile after zipping up Peter’s skirt in the
morning. The boy giggles shyly, taking a step back so that both Tony and Stephen can see him
properly.

Peter does a fast spin which causes his skirt to fly up, showing his Hello Kitty panties. Both Stephen
and Tony smile proudly and gesture for Peter to come to them for a hug.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Like always, kudos, comment and feedback in general
is much appreciated, as are ideas for scene or something like that. Like I’ve said, Soph
and I have rped a lot of chapters, but I can wiggle in your ideas while editing the raw
text into chapters, so feel free to leave your suggestions down below. I also have a
Tumblr, professional-benaddict, where you can hit me up with ideas on anon or just chat
if you want xx
Chapter 12 - Colonoscopy

Chapter Summary

Colonoscopy: a procedure in which a flexible fibre-optic instrument is inserted through the anus in order to examine the colon

Chapter Notes

Peter ate something he was not supposed to.
Also, I know this is not the most medically accurate chapter, but Soph and I just thought this scene would be cool to explore. I hope you guys enjoy nonetheless ahah

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter thought it was an odd challenge, but went with it nonetheless. How could he not when Loki was teasing him for being a baby? Peter doesn’t even know how Loki got a hold of a magnet, let alone two magnets. And before Peter knows it, the magnet is in his mouth and he swallows on reflex. The boy knows he has done something wrong because he feels the magnet inside of him and it hurts for a while, but then the discomfort passes for a while and Peter does not think much of it. A few hours pass and Peter does not tell his Daddies what sort of game he had played with Loki, but when Tony comes to get him for a check up, it is hard to hide the pain he is in.

Tony’s eyes harden when he palpates Peter abdomen and feels how tense he is. Peter is clearly embarrassed about something and doesn’t answer his Daddy’s questions, so Tony has no choice but to investigate further with an ultrasound exam. There is no hiding now, as the doctor can clearly see the foreign object in Peter and the boy bursts into tears.

Peter is very upset that there is a magnet in his tummy and he thinks he is going to attract things and make him stick to stuff, but Tony just sighs really deeply and thinks for a minute. Littles chewing on or swallowing things is not uncommon and it is a good indicator of where they are in their regression, but it is also very unsafe. He starts lecturing Peter about the dangers of eating things that are not food. When he’s done, he looks at Peter and sets down a few supplies

“You know the most common way to get stuff out of your tummy? Give you medicine that cleans your tummy out. Is that what you want?”

“Nuh uh!” Peter shakes his head fast. He does not want any medicine because anything that involves his tummy makes him anxious, due to all the trouble he has suffered due to his stomach.

“Or we go in with a scope and get it.” Tony says, giving the boy another option. He looks at Peter and decides to let him choose because, really, neither option is the better one, but the scope is at least a whole new level of embarrassment that the doctor doubts that Peter understands. He grabs a pen from the breast pocket of his lab coat to write down the treatment in Peter’s char, raising an eyebrow at the boy.
“Well?”

“Well…” Peter answers just above a whisper. The boy thinks he can at least avoid diapers that way, but what he does not know is that he is getting diapered either way. With a sharp nod, Tony writes in Peter’s chart before fishing his phone from his pocket to call Stephen.

“Hey, it’s me. Peter swallowed a magnet and I want to go in with a scope- Yeah, colonoscopy, it’s already in the large intestine. No, not general, I want him as awake as possible.”

Peter curls in on himself and cries quietly as he listens to his Daddies talking about him. He can hear by their tones that they are disappointed with him. It does not take very long for Stephen to arrive, already dressed in scrubs and going over to have a look at the notes Tony has made.

“Peter, do we need to have a talk about what you’re allowed to put in your mouth? If you’re too little to be trusted, then we need to consider limiting the time you spend without a caregiver. Is that what you want? To be in a playpen in the shade with the tiny babies because you can’t be trusted?” He goes over and checks Peter’s eyes and ears to make sure there’s no reaction to the metal as he is talking.

“No, no it was Loki! He dared me to do it and I didn’t want to. Daddy, I’m sorry!”

“Don’t start blaming others for your own poor decisions, Peter.” Stephen says sternly as he lifts Peter of the exam table, taking his hand to bring him to the ward while Tony checks which of the ORs is free. Before being brought into the sterile room, Peter is undressed and washed swiftly before he is put into a gown. Usually, Peter is brought into the OR in his Daddies arms, but this time he is only led by the hand and lifted onto the table by Stephen.

“It was Loki’s fault…” Peter tries again, but both his Daddies shoot him a disappointed look.

“Loki didn’t put something dirty into your mouth, Peter, you did. You know you’re not supposed to do silly things like that. What if you got sick or it hurt your tummy again? Is that what you want?” Tony scolds before looking over at Stephen. “Any suggestions for punishments? I think this one needs to remember who to listen to.”

“I think a pacifier gag would at least stop him from putting anything inappropriate in his mouth. It would stop the whining too.” Stephen suggests as he gets an IV cannula in Peter’s hand to inject a muscle relaxant and then a light sedative. Peter tries to protest about the punishments, but then the drugs hit him and he becomes all relaxed and a little cross eyed. After getting positioned on his side with his knees to his chest, Peter’s gown is lifted up to his waist and Stephen drapes him. Tony nods at the idea of a pacifier gag and goes through the process of getting everything ready.

“Do you want to do the honours? He’ll be sensitive after this so maybe diapers too.” Tony says and hold up the scope for Stephen. The doctors switch places and Stephen slicks two fingers with surgical lube to open Peter up. Meanwhile, Tony stays by Peter’s head and holds a mask to the boy’s face, giving him oxygen and some anaesthetic gas. The mask muffles Peter’s whimpers when Stephen eases the scope into his rectum and Tony smirks just a little bit, thinking about how he wouldn’t have been as gentle with their baby.

“Are you going to eat things that aren’t food again, baby boy, or do we need to keep you restrained so you can’t eat at all until Daddies say so?” Tony asks, smiling down at Peter.

“Daa…” And a little whimper is all Peter can get out as he feels the invading pressure and discomfort.

“Shh, shh, Peter, no reason to cry. It’s just a little tube.” Stephen shushes. Peter gets a little breathy
and panicky when he realises he cannot move, but that just makes him breathe in more of the anaesthetic gas and he becomes woozy.

“We’re doing this because you did something unsafe, Peter. If you hadn’t eaten the magnet, then you’d be okay. This is down to your own bad choices.” Tony lectures and when he sees that Peter is growing drowsy and sleepy, he rubs his forehead gently and watches the screen as Stephen moves the scope up through him. “It seems pretty healthy for a baby who eats stuff off the floor.”

Stephen chuckles at Tony’s comment and once he finds the magnet, he pulls it out along with the scope. Peter whimpered and whines with discomfort and Tony shushes him.

“Don’t be a crybaby now, Peter. The magnet is out and now we’ll put you in recovery where you can have a rest, yeah?”

Peter sighs and relaxes, but suddenly cries when Stephen puts his finger back inside of him along with a suppository. When Peter starts crying, Tony brushes his hair back.

“Peter, stop. You need medicine because you just had a treatment. This is going in your bum, because that’s where we had to treat you.” Strapping the mask to Peter’s face, Tony walks over and gets a diaper from one of the supply shelves and opens it up. “Can you lift your hips or does Daddy need to hold your legs up?”

Peter obviously cannot move, as he is still very much drugged up with muscle relaxants and sedatives, but Stephen and Tony want to humiliate him and make him feel like a baby to put him in his place. Peter continues crying as Stephen and Tony move him on his back and manoeuvre his legs and hips to get the diaper on.

Once he is padded, Stephen checks him over again while Tony administers some more medication through the IV cannula before taking away the mask and lifting the boy off the table. Since Peter is very much out of it and is practically boneless in Stephen’s arms as he is carried to the recovery ward for observation. The two doctors do give their little patient a stuffie when he is in bed and set a sippy cup of water beside his bed in case he wakes up when one of his Daddies aren’t with him.

Peter comes back around from the anaesthesia a few hours later and finds a little set of pyjamas next to his bed. Peter is not alone for long as both his Daddies arrive in the recovery ward and the boy gets changed into the pyjamas. Stephen and Tony bring him back to their room since the colonoscopy was a minor enough procedure that they just need to make sure Peter is okay through the night rather than make him stay on the ward.

Despite the much more relaxed atmosphere, Peter is still very apologetic and babbles over and over that he is sorry and that he will never put anything in his mouth without his Daddies’ permission, even if Loki’s being mean about it. They shush him and cuddle him close that night, patting his padded bum and stroking his hair, saying that the pain and embarrassment of the procedure was his punishment, but that he is forgiven now.

Tony keeps kissing the top of Peter’s head while Stephen spoons him and they even bring over one of Peter’s fluffy blankets for extra comfort, even though neither of them like sleeping with super heavy blankets. They keep whispering they’re proud of him for accepting what his Daddies said and Peter falls asleep with a little smile on his lips.

Stephen and Tony doubt that Peter will eat anything inappropriate, at least for a while, but they still want to keep an eye on him during mealtimes. The next morning during breakfast Peter does not get to sit with the other littles to eat, but he has to sit with Tony who feeds him something liquid that will not upset his stomach. Peter feels a bit like a baby, watching the other littles who get solid food and
get to feed themselves, but then MJ gives him a wave and smile from where she’s sitting with the others. Peter grins around the bottle that Tony is holding for him.

While feeding Peter, Tony tucks a cloth under his neck to make him feel even more little, as well as giving him little breaks to bounce him and let him process what he is eating. He points over at MJ when she smiles and coos into Peter’s ear.

“Look, baby, it’s MJ! Can you say hello?”

Peter waves back with excitement and bounces on his Daddy’s lap before focusing on the bottle again that Tony is nudging against his lip. Once both littles are done eating and Thor gives MJ permission to leave the table, the girl skips over to Peter and Tony.

Peter does not say much, because he is feeling very little, but he is very excited to see MJ. However, the little girl notices that something is up and asks Tony what is wrong with Peter.

“No, sweetie, he’s just fine. He’s just having a very little day today.” Tony explains and opens one of his arms and pulls her close so he has a baby on each arm. “Would you like to play with Petey in Uncle Stephen’s office?”

“Yes! I would like to!” MJ answers politely and Tony brings the two littles to Stephen.

MJ and Peter play together until lunchtime while Stephen supervises. Peter has got his pacifier as he lays on a soft blanket, watching with keen eyes as MJ plays with her dolls and shows them to him. The little girl narrates the story that she is creating with the dolls and Peter giggles in content. Before lunchtime, Tony comes over to check up on MJ while Stephen does Peter and both littles get to lay back on the blanket next to each other as the grown ups check their blood pressure, palpate their stomachs and listen to their hearts and lungs. Stephen is being extra thorough with Peter and takes a blood sample to ensure that he is not getting metal poisoning while Tony checks MJ’s healing labia from when the stitches were taken out.

When Tony sees how well MJ is healing up, he suggests to Stephen that they offer to give MJ and Peter a bath in a few days, so that the two littles can see each others genitals while supervised. It will be a little bit embarrassing for Peter and MJ, but it is a good way to re-introduce their bodies to each other as completely non-sexual. Stephen also adds that it may also satisfy MJ’s curiosity when it comes to Peter’s princess parts and to see that he is just as much a baby girl as he is a baby boy.

While he gets examined by Stephen, Peter babbles away happily, suckling on his pacifier and giggles as he gets eye contact with MJ next to him. He does not even mind that his Daddy is moving him around and stripping him down to his diaper when MJ is so close because they are friends. He has also accepted that he is littler today, so that means he requires more care than usually.

Before Stephen takes the blood sample, he numbs the crook of Peter’s elbow with a cream as not to upset him. Tony has to hold Peter down as he is all giggles and wiggling around happily.

MJ grows a bit concerned and sits up to watch as the two doctors fill up two tubes with blood, but she sees that Peter is not upset, so it does not quite make sense to her.

“Is Petey sick?”

“No, darling, but Peter ate something that he shouldn’t have yesterday, so we are just making sure he didn’t get sick from that.” Stephen explains as he puts the tubes aside and pulls out the needle, placing a cotton ball on the puncture wound. Tony bends Peter’s arm up to keep pressure on the tiny puncture wound, and the boy is still not bothered and just giggles as he looks at MJ.
With the check up all done, Peter is in need of a feeding and Tony goes to fetch a bottle for him. MJ gets to stick around and even holds the bottle for Peter while Stephen holds the boy in his arms. Peter just thinks everything is funny and tries to touch as much of Stephen's face as possible when he is close enough. With a light chuckle, Stephen will grasp Peter's prying hand and kiss his knuckles, keeping an eye on how much MJ is feeding Peter and makes her give him little breaks so that he does not get gassy or sick from eating too fast. Once Peter is fed, he gets to sit with his Daddy until he falls asleep and MJ is brought to the other littles for lunch.

When Tony comes back from his meeting with Pepper to plan Loki’s surgery to remove his tonsils, Stephen is laying on the bed with Peter sprawled out on top of him, fast asleep. Taking in the state of their room, Tony frowns at Stephen.

“Whoops?” Stephen laughs with a shrug, knowing that he was supposed to tidy their room, but got so preoccupied with Peter and how kissable his soft cheeks were. Flopping into bed with an easy going smile, Tony nudges Stephen to go clean up and takes Peter into his arms.

Laughing at how domestic they are, Stephen gets up and starts tidying up while his boys are resting. After getting Peter’s bedtime stuff ready, he asks Tony if they all should have a bath together, as they all fit in the sizeable bathtub. They also agree to order takeout and watch a movie, but one that does not have singing animals in it. Once they have all eaten, Peter gets cuddles from his Daddies as they watch a movie until it is time for bed. They all have a bath together and Peter is having the time of his life with both his Daddies and with so much skin on skin contact. After Peter is clean and soft, he is placed on a soft mat and gets lotion rubbed into his skin by his Daddies as well as the special cream on his scars, which tickles a little. The boy falls asleep for the night even before he gets a clean diaper on him again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Feedback is always appreciated babes xx
Also, the next chapter is about Bucky ;)

Chapter 13 - Arrhythmia

Chapter Summary

Arrhythmia: a condition in which the heart beats with an irregular or abnormal rhythm

Chapter Notes

Finally, it is Bucky's turn! Thank you guys for being so patient, because I know you have been asking for Bucky. I hope this is all right ahah xx

Thor is Peter’s second option for cuddles, after a shared first spot for his Daddies and so the muscly nurse is the one that Stephen and Tony pass Peter to when there is a medical emergency with another little. Peter picks up on the change in atmosphere easily with all the grown ups, but Thor bounces him up and down to distract him.

“Should we check out the sandbox outside?” Thor asks and Peter nods eagerly in response.

The little boy loves being carried by Thor, because he feels like he is up really high. When he sees the sandbox, the boy gets really excited and leans forward to kiss Thor’s nose. He points over at Loki and bounces up and down in Thor’s arms, so that he will come over and play with them.

Loki is unsure at first, but comes over eventually and begins to build a sand castle with Peter. They play surprisingly nicely together until Peter becomes tired and sways gently from side to side as he feeds Peter. When the bottle is almost empty, the boy grows droopy eyed and Thor brings him to the dorms for a nap. However, before Peter can rest he needs a check up, and surprisingly enough, he does not protest when Thor carries out the check up and not his Daddies. Peter falls asleep calmly and Thor goes to the ward to see if his coworkers need his assistance, because Thor did not lie to Peter when he said that his Daddies are busy.

Stephen and Tony have their hands full with Bucky who fainted on the playground and dislocated his shoulder from falling. A dislocated shoulder is already serious enough for an unruly little like Bucky, but they also have to investigate why he fainted in the first place. Steve, who is Bucky’s Daddy, is beyond stressed and worried. He is usually perfectly calm when it comes to injured or sick littles and can reassure them, but now that it is his baby boy, all bets are off. Stephen even jokingly
offers to give Steve a sedative to help calm his nerves.

Meanwhile, Tony is asking Steve about what Bucky has been eating, if he has been drinking, going to the bathroom normally, mentioned that he was not feeling well or anything that could narrow it down for them. But, they cannot get too wrapped up in the diagnosing yet as Bucky’s shoulder has to be put back in place. The little boy has a tendency to get aggressive when he is in pain, so he is shoving Steve away from himself instead of letting himself be comforted.

Tony decides that it is best to knock Bucky out completely to get his shoulder back in place and once he is unconscious, Stephen and Steve hold Bucky’s upper body up to so that Tony can get a good grip and angle on his shoulder. With a sickening pop, the doctor pops the joint back in place. Bucky does not even budge and once Tony gets his arm in a sling, they ease him back on the bed and begin discussing which tests they need to run to get to the bottom of why Bucky fainted.

The tests include an MRI, echo of the heart, ultrasound of the abdomen, blood and urine samples among other tests, so Stephen, Tony and Steve are quite busy. But, when Peter wakes up from his nap, he really wants to see his Daddies and considering how well-behaved he has been, Thor brings him to the ward to see Stephen and Tony. When he spots his Daddies, Peter starts calling out to them.

“Hi, love you!” He says on repeat until someone other than Thor pays attention to him. It is clear that Stephen and Tony are busy, but Peter really does not care what they are doing if it does not involve him and big cuddles.

Stephen is the one who gives in, putting aside the iPad with Bucky’s scans and comes over. He takes Peter into his arms for a while and holds him close as he asks Thor what they have been up to and how Peter has been. Peter does not pay much attention to the grown up conversation, and especially not the boring medical talk involving Bucky, but he perks up when Tony comes over and he gets lifted into his other Daddy’s arms. Tony thinks he found out why Bucky fainted as he has been studying his heart’s activity and suspects that the boy may need a pacemaker, but that they need to do further tests.

Peter does not register how worried the grown ups sound or anything that Steve is saying, because he is too busy trying to climb into Tony’s scrubs to get closer to him. He reaches over to put a hand on Stephen’s face so he can have both of his Daddies focusing on him and give him attention. The news about Bucky concerns all the grown ups, but Tony tries to maintain his usual calmness surrounding any issue. However, Bucky’s condition is quite serious and he is so little and the doctor cannot help but get an ache in the pit of his stomach, reminding him a bit of how he felt when he saw Peter seizing due to the drug overdose. However, both he and Stephen have adapted a lot and are able to treat Peter without emotions making them pause.

The grown ups are all wrapped up in discussing the plan of treatment for temporary relief for Bucky as well as more long term plans that it is Peter who notices that Bucky’s expression looks pained and he is throwing his head from side to side. Peter tugs on Tony's scrubs top.

“Daddy, Buck.” He says simply, but Tony just shushes him and reminds him that the grown ups are talking, but then the monitors start beeping angrily and they all turn to look as Bucky’s heart rate becomes jumpy and irregular.

“AFib.” Stephen points out quickly.

Tony puts Peter down and tries to usher him out of the ward, but he has to rush over to Bucky along with Stephen, Steve and Thor. Peter watches in horror as Bucky cries in pain and fright while the doctors and nurses examine him swiftly and administer some medication. Giving it a moment to
work, Stephen shakes his head.

“He’s not responding to propafenone.”

“Let’s shock him. Knock him out.” Tony says and both the nurses get everything ready. In between the quick medical talk, someone will comfort Bucky, but Peter is still crying by himself.

“Just try and breathe, Buck. We got you.” Tony reassures as he takes two pads from Thor and places one on the right side of Bucky’s heart and the other just below it on his chest. While Stephen readies the paddles and gets them charged, Bucky’s eyes flutter shut, but the heart monitor still beeps irregularly. Placing the paddles on the pads on Bucky’s chest, Stephen warns and everyone takes a step back.

“Clear.”

The electrical shock is mild, but Bucky’s back still arches up from his muscles tensing before he falls back on the bed limp. All four of the grown ups turn to look at the monitor and find that Bucky’s heart rate is evening out and becomes regular.

“He’s got a sinus rhythm.” Tony sighs in relief and with help from the two nurses, they get Bucky settled while Stephen goes to Peter. The boy is sat on the floor, hiccuping and sobbing loudly and clings to his Daddy for dear life when he gets picked up.

“It’s okay, baby, Buck’s okay.” Stephen assures and presses kisses onto Peter’s face. They all know Bucky could have been the opposite of okay and they will have to monitor him closely to make sure he does not go into AFib again. Stephen rubs Peter’s back firmly and plasters on a smile, suggesting they get Peter’s pull-up changed and go put together a little overnight bag for Bucky, with a stuffie and some books so he is cosy.

Peter becomes more quiet than usual after the fright of seeing Bucky get shocked, but he is very eager to be helpful and finds Bucky’s favourite things and gives them to his Daddy to put in a bag. When Stephen brings Peter back to the ward along with the bag for Bucky, Tony is checking up on the little boy. Peter barely recognises his friend, as he is covered in tubes and wires and with the two large blue pads still around his heart as well as the electrodes scattered over his torso. He also has an oxygen mask on and smiles weakly at his favourite wolf stuffie that Peter offers him shyly.

Both Stephen and Tony talk to the littles with soothing voices, reassuring them that everything is fine and explain what they are doing in very simple terms. Stephen also tells Bucky that Peter had to have pads on his chest when he was going through a rough time. Bucky grows tired quickly and Stephen brings Peter out of the ward so that the boy can rest.

“Shall we make you some dinner? And then we can go see Buck again before going to bed.” Stephen says and bounces Peter in his arms to get him to cheer up.

Once Peter is fed, bathed and changed into a fresh pull-up and pyjamas, he gets to see his friend again. Bucky’s very drowsy from all the medication and tired from his episode earlier, so Peter wants to lay next to Bucky to comfort him, but Stephen says he cannot do that because Bucky’s arm is hurt and he has too many wires and tubes. However, Peter does get to sit by his side for a little while and gives Bucky’s forehead a kiss when he falls asleep before Stephen picks him up and brings him to bed too.

During the middle of the night, Bucky goes into AFib again and Tony and Thor have to shock his heart back into sinus rhythm again. Bucky does not regain consciousness until late in morning and Steve is sat by his side and calms him down with a sedative when he panics. Peter gets to come in
and see his Daddies and Bucky again later in the day, but his bottom lip becomes wobbly when he sees his friend and everything he is hooked up to and how his skin is almost grey.

“Is Bucky dying?!” Peter cries out, but luckily Bucky is sleeping and does not hear what Peter is saying. Tony picks his boy up and kisses his forehead.

“Bucky is not dying, he is just sick, but Daddies, Uncle Thor, Uncle Steve and everyone else is going to fix him up. He’ll be back playing with you in no time.” Tony promises, but he knows he should not be promising things when Bucky is so unwell. However, panicking other little would just mean they will have to stretch their focus even more and that is even worse for Bucky. He pats Peter’s bum and bounces him a little. “What have you done today, little one? Did you get big boy undies today or a pull-up? What did you have for breakfast?”

“Pancakes. Auntie Nat- she made them with blueberries…” Peter stutters out his answer as he is far too distracted with looking at Bucky, so Tony decides to bring him outside until Bucky is better and has less things hooked up to him and less machines surrounding him.

During the next week, Peter wanders in and out of the ward because everyone who usually takes care of him is so busy with Bucky. Pepper and Nat have to cover the treatment of every little with minor ailments, so Peter gets care from whoever picks him up first. It means Peter gets more than one treat a day, but also that it is past his bedtime and no one has even given him a bath yet, so he plops down in the middle of the room and starts sobbing over the noise of Bucky’s monitors beeping steadily.

Bucky wakes up due to Peter’s crying and tries to sit up, feeling like he has to help his friend because he is older. But, the moving hurts his shoulder and he cries out in pain, which causes his heart rate to pick up and Tony rushes in. The doctor calls for more help and as much as it breaks his heart, he has to tend to Bucky first to avoid more arrhythmia. He administers medication and holds Bucky steady, talking calmly to him and massaging the artery on his neck to get his heart to calm down to avoid the need of another shock. Thor arrives quickly, but when Tony says that he has got Bucky, the nurse goes to pick Peter up and comforts him.

Peter is quite upset and he hates how he cannot do anything to help like he could when MJ was sick. He is sure he is a good doctor and could fix Bucky right away, but instead he wraps his arms and legs around Thor. Stephen arrives too and takes over for Thor, bringing Peter to their room and giving him a quick bath before putting him to bed. Peter sees his Daddies even less the next day and is cared for by Pepper because Tony, Stephen, Thor and Steve are all busy in surgery getting Bucky his much needed pacemaker. But, the boy does have a pleasant day with MJ playing salon.

When Bucky is settled and stable in recovery after the surgery, Stephen and Tony walk down the hall like zombies from how tired they are. They get Peter from where he is sleeping with MJ and Pepper in their room as they want to hold their baby boy close and be thankful that he is okay. The boy stirs slightly when he is lifted from the bed by Stephen and rubs at his eyes.

“Daddy?"

“Yeah, it’s me and Daddy, baby. You’re sleeping with us tonight.” Tony murmurs and Peter does not protest in the slightest. The boy can tell that his Daddies are not like themselves and he holds them close once they are all laying together in their shared bed.

“I love you, Daddies.” Peter whispers into the darkness and he feels how both Stephen and Tony hold him just a little tighter and when they kiss his cheeks, their cheeks are wet from silent tears.

“We love you too, baby boy.”
“We love you so much.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! The next chapter will be a follow-up to this, but the attention will be mostly on Peter again. But, don't worry, as Bucky will feature plenty in future chapters.
Chapter 14 - Peptic ulcer

Chapter Summary

Peptic ulcers: open sores that develop on the inside lining of your stomach and the upper portion of your small intestine

Chapter Notes

Peter's stomach issues are never ending, poor little baby :c

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Not only does Bucky have to recover from dislocating his shoulder, but he also has to get used to the pacemaker, which makes his recovery a long and hard one. He spends weeks on the ward and Peter gets to visit him often, both for his sake but also because Peter’s Daddies are spending so much time at the ward, so that is the only way they can keep an eye on their boy.

However, there is a downside to Peter spending so much time at the ward with Bucky and that is sympathy pains. The little boy sees himself in Bucky and thus he also starts showing some symptoms of illness. Peter complains of a sore tummy and says he feels warm, so Stephen takes him to their room, as there is nothing actually physically wrong with him. Still, he checks Peter’s temperature to be sure, but finds it to be normal, so he figures Peter just needs some attention and closeness.

Stephen takes his top off and does the same with Peter, so that he can lay the boy on his chest for skin on skin contact, hoping that will soothe Peter and make his psychosomatic symptoms go away. It seems to do the trick, as Peter relaxes quickly and says he feels fine again. It is a win-win, as Stephen also gets some proper rest before returning to the ward to help with Bucky.

A couple of days later, Peter’s stomach starts acting up and he complains of nausea, so to avoid vomiting Tony and Stephen decide to give Peter nutrition intravenously. The boy gets placed on the ward, on the bed next to Bucky’s with an IV cannula taped securely to his left hand. The boy is sat up on his bed with his legs tucked under him and watches with wide eyes as Tony cares for Bucky.

Bucky has been in diapers for a couple of days to give him a break from the catheters, but Steve thinks it time to put it back in, which Tony agrees with. Peter watches as his Daddy gathers the supplies and Bucky, recognising the long yellow tube, becomes worked up and whiny. Much to Peter’s annoyance, Tony pulls up the curtain in between the two beds so that Peter cannot see what his Daddy is going to do to Bucky, but he can still hear him speak.

“Bucky, you need to settle down or I am going to have to sedate you. Your heart can’t handle much right now, young man. It will be over with quickly and then you can rest.”

“I don’t like it, Uncle Tony.” Peter hears Bucky whimper.

“I know, bud, but this is for your own good. Takes some deep breaths for me and you’ll be okay.”
Peter tries to see and hear as much as he can without getting off the bed, because he knows that is a big no-no. When Bucky lets out a pained cry, Peter moves a little too quickly and tugs at the IV, making him cry out too at the little jolt of pain. He looks at the curtain and expects Tony to come to him right away, but the doctor has to finish up with Bucky first.

“Just a moment, Peter.” Tony assures and once he is done, he pulls the curtain back and Peter sees that Bucky is rubbing tears away from his eyes with his good hand. Eager to comfort his friend, Peter speaks to Bucky brightly while Tony clears away the used supplies.

“Is okay, Buck, is okay. Don’t cry!” Peter says and Bucky gives him a shy smile. Bucky tenses a little when Tony returns, but relaxes when he sees that the doctor is going to Peter instead.

“Now it’s your turn, Peter. How are you feeling, baby?” He asks and rubs a hand on Peter’s head.

The boy holds his hand up for his Daddy to see as it is a little red and sore around where the cannula went in, but he is still looking at Bucky and trying his best to reassure him using whatever phrases he knows his Daddies use when he is sad. He blows Bucky a little kiss and smiles as bravely as he can.

“You okay, little one!” Peter cheers, even though Bucky is always bigger than him.

Tony smiles at Peter because he is being so sweet and gives his hand a little kiss, as there is not much he can do until the banana bag is empty and the cannula can be removed. Steve walks in then and tend to Bucky, feeding him some jelly and stroking his hair so Tony can focus on Peter. He grabs the boy’s legs to make him lay back.

“Baby boy, you didn’t answer my question. How are you feeling? Anything icky or hurt?”

“Uhh…” Peter trails off his thinking so he can keep looking at Bucky until he is sure his friend is eating. Only then does Peter look back at Tony.

“Tummy’s icky and hand hurt.” He says, showing Tony his hand again, just in case his Daddy had not realised it needed to be fixed immediately, even though it was just a little warm and the pain has passed.

“We’ll rub some cream on that once we take the needle out. But, your tummy, is it icky as in nauseous or does it hurt?” Tony keeps asking, but Peter is so distracted with Bucky that he has to pull the curtain back again. Tony really is concerned about Peter’s stomach issues and lifts the boy’s shirt to feel his stomach. Peter whimpers a little and tries to curl in on himself.

“Hurts…” Peter admits, trying to hold Tony’s hand so that he cannot touch him anymore. The boy does not know if it is just the usual pain he gets when he is not eating as much food as he does normally or if it is a bad pain, but now that he is thinking about it, it seems to be getting worse. He pouts at Tony and shakes his head. “No touch, please!”

“Shh, shh, Petey, I gotta have a look at it to fix it, baby. Just a little longer and don’t clench. Deep breath for me, yeah?” And Peter still tenses up and whimpers whenever his Daddy presses hard and deep to get a good feel if anything feels abnormal.

When Peter tenses up, Tony tries to distract him and reassure him before finally taking his phone out of his pocket and putting on one of the few shows Peter’s allowed to watch. He hands it to him and continues to feel around gently, giving gentle reassurances and instructions so Peter does not hurt himself further by clenching up his muscles.

The doctor does not quite figure it out and so he brings over an ultrasound machine while Peter continues to watch a Paw Patrol episode. Peter shivers at the cold gel and makes a little noise, so
Tony reassures him gently before starting the exam.

“Turn over here, Petey.” Tony instructs and Peter obeys with a pained little noise. The boy continues to watch the show while his Daddy takes a look at his left kidney, then the right one along with the rest of Peter’s abdomen to see if he can get to the bottom of his boy’s stomach pains. However, he cannot find anything that is abnormal or something that would justify the pain Peter is experiencing, so he hums and looks at the little as he wipes the gel off.

“We’re going to take some samples, baby, think you can be my brave helper?”

Tony lets Peter tighten the rubber band around his upper arm himself and he even gets to rub the alcohol pad on the crook of his elbow before Tony picks up the needle to take the blood sample.

“Thanks, baby, you were such a good helper. But, Daddy has to do this part. You just keep watching on my phone, yeah?”

Getting the sample is easier than usual because Peter is distracted and Tony gets three vials filled up. He puts the little cotton ball over the tiny wound and wraps a bandage around it to keep pressure on it. Snapping his gloves off, Tony kisses Peter’s head and smiles at him.

“I’m going to pass these over to the lab, okay? They’ll let me know what the results are and we can talk about how you’re feeling some more and what we can do to make you feel better. You can keep my phone while I’m gone, but please don’t change the video or go into any of Daddy’s things.” He says, patting Peter’s shoulder before leaving the ward with the samples.

Once he has brought the samples to the lab, Tony finds Stephen in his office and talks to him about Peter’s condition and what could be going on. The two doctors also go to ask Thor, because Peter cannot be entirely trusted with knowing what his Daddies need to know to make a diagnosis. The nurse says that he has not noticed anything odd when it comes to Peter and Stephen and Tony are about to return to the ward to examine their boy further when they get a 911 page from Steve. Sprinting to the ward, the two doctors find Peter sat up in his bed with Steve’s help throwing up blood.

They get Peter transported to the OR in an instant, examining him quickly while getting him prepped for surgery. The boy is terrified and shakes where he lays restrained on the operating table with blood all over his mouth. He tries to call out for his Daddies in between sobs, but they do not have time to comfort him and put him under swiftly. Once Peter is unconscious, Stephen and Tony go in with a scope through his mouth and quickly find the source of the bleed. It is a peptic ulcer and the two doctors get the bleed cauterised swiftly, causing Peter’s blood pressure to improve and both doctors sigh in relief as they do not have to operate further. After cleaning Peter up and making sure he is stable, they transport him to recovery to wake up from the anaesthesia as well as monitor him closely for complications.

The blood test results come back and both Tony and Stephen’s eyes go wide at the numbers shown on the paper. Peter has traces of strong medication in his system, which is not listed in his chart as being administered by any of the doctors nor nurses.

Stephen and Tony do not even question if Thor or Steve made a mistake, because they know that would not happen, but they wonder how Peter got access to more medication, and the wrongs ones as well. Usually, they have to make taking medication into a game for Peter to take it without a fight. Investigating further, they bring in every little to question them. Everyone seems to be telling the truth, except Loki who becomes nervous and Thor questions him in private. It turns out that the boy had placed his medication into Peter’s cup when he was not watching, so that is how he ingested the wrong medication which caused the ulcer in Peter’s sensitive stomach.
Satisfied with an explanation for Peter’s medical emergency, Stephen and Tony return to the ward to check on Peter, even though he will not even start waking up until two hours after anaesthesia. However, the sight of their baby boy covered in his own blood was horrifying to the two doctors, so they want to be close to their baby. Before they can go though, MJ tugs on Stephen’s scrubs and the girl is looking very concerned.

“Where’s Petey? We were supposed to play outside.”

“Oh, sweetie.” Stephen considers telling her that Peter is asleep or something easier to handle, but instead brushes her hair back with his hand. “Petey has an upset tummy right now, so we have to keep him inside for a bit. I’m sorry he won’t be able to play outside with you. Maybe when he’s feeling a bit better we can have a movie night?” He suggests with a smile.

“But he’s had an upset tummy for a long time. Why isn’t he getting better?” MJ starts asking even more and both Stephen and Tony are a bit lost for words, wanting to tell MJ what is going on considering she is one of the oldest, but also wanting to spare her from horrible details.

“Stephen and I are taking care of him, so don’t you worry, baby girl. You can come see him in a couple of days, okay?” Tony adds and strokes the girl’s cheek. Giving MJ a kiss on her forehead, Stephen suggests that she heads over to the big playroom as he overheard that they were cookies and milk for snack time.

Returning to the ward, Stephen and Tony change a still sleeping, but stable, Peter out of the plain hospital gown he is wearing into a pink and softer one that has floral printing on it. They also change him into a diaper, as they suspect Peter’s stomach will be upset for a while. Tucking a stuffie in his armpit, Stephen watches with a sad smile as Peter sleeps, a little pale looking and his breaths shallow and foggy with the oxygen mask on his face.

An hour or so passes and Peter begins to wake up, muttering nonsense and whimpering quietly as another emergency procedure has him feeling sick and miserable. After a few minutes of pitiful whimpering from Peter, Tony lowers the bedrail on one side of Peter’s bed and climbs in beside him, careful not to jolt his boy too much. He kisses the side of his head and whispers how brave he was when his tummy was upset and how they fixed it. Stephen gets a soft, fluffy blanket and puts it over his two boys before going over to Steve and helping him check Bucky over.

The good news of the day is that despite working himself into a panic and crying fit due to watching Peter throw up blood, Bucky’s heart and pacemaker handled the stress of it without the help of medication nor sedatives. To distract Bucky, but also get him tired so that he will sleep peacefully, Stephen suggests that Steve takes Bucky for a walk down the hall. The boy walks down the hallway, but has to be carried back to bed by his Daddy when he tires quickly. Steve mutters praise to his boy as he brings him back to bed and Bucky blushes a light pink. Stephen’s plan worked, as Bucky falls asleep quickly and is doing well, despite the scare he had earlier.

When everyone seems settled and comfortable, Stephen sits on a chair next to Peter's bed and starts reading a few of Peter's favourite storybooks to both the boy and Tony. To make sure that Peter does not get another ulcer, they monitor his blood pressure closely and that means the cuff around his upper arm will take a measurement every five minutes automatically. Each time the cuff is at its tightest before it deflates, Peter makes a little noise of distress. Stephen pauses his reading while Tony shushes the boy until he dozes off again and falls quiet. Even when Peter is sleeping somewhat peacefully, Stephen keeps reading because he can tell that Tony’s mind is still racing. He waits until Tony falls asleep as well before kissing both of their heads and settling in to get some paperwork done.
Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Are we putting Peter through too much? What do you guys think ahah?
Chapter 15 - Tantrum

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

During the next day, Peter is not in as much pain, but still drowsy and very tired from the blood loss and sleeps all morning. Meanwhile, Bucky is busy with his daily exercise, which is walking down the hallway. Steve moves to pick his boy up once he tires to bring him back to bed, but this time Bucky gets fussy and wants to be put down again and walks over to Peter’s bedside, watching him with worry.

“Buck, he’s all right. He’s just really tired from being so sick yesterday. We gotta get you back in bed or you might faint, buddy.” Steve tries to argue, but Bucky is not having it and stays by Peter stubbornly. That is until he grows too tired and his blood pressure drops, causing him to nearly faint, but Steve catches him and brings him back to his bed.

When Bucky is settled and resting, Stephen suggests giving him some orange juice to increase his blood pressure normally, so that he does not become dependant on medication when he has such a serious condition. The doctor gives Steve a little tray, warning him that it could potentially come back up and laughs when Steve gives him a sarcastic ‘thanks’ and rolls his eyes.

When Peter comes around, he feels like everything is spinning and he is not sure how long he has slept, but guesses it was a while. He scrunches up his nose and tries to work out what he is feeling. It is not pleasant, but he does not want to start crying either, so he settles on whimpering for his Daddy.

”Da...” Peter whimpers and Stephen turns to look at the bed next to Bucky’s where Peter is trying to sit up, but he quickly comes over and pushes him back down gently.

”Baby, lay back, it’s okay.” Stephen can clearly tell that Peter is confused as he is wearing new clothes and probably feels like he has slept for far too long, so he explains. “You accidentally ate the wrong meds, Pete, and it really upset your stomach. You’re okay now though, Daddy and I fixed you right up. How are you feeling, hm? Feeling icky? Come on, help Daddy out.”

The boy thinks for a while before answering.

”Thirsty?” He suggests, hoping that would help his Daddy.

”Yeah, that’s good, baby.” Stephen says with a smile and reaches for the cup of water on Peter’s bedside table. He helps the boy take a few sips through the straw, but pulls the cup away quickly. Peter whines in protest.

”Ah, ah, we gotta go easy on your tummy, Petey. I’m just gonna feel around a bit, okay? Don’t tense up, but let me know if it hurts.” Stephen instructs and pulls the blanket down and lifts his gown up to very gently feel his stomach.

”No touch! Daddy, drink.” Shaking his head, Peter whines again when his Daddy touches him and
he pushes his hands away. A few tears roll down his cheeks as he continues to grow frustrated, maybe even a bit scared.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay, Petey, it’s okay.” Stephen says and grasps Peter’s smaller hands in his own, kissing his knuckles. “But, I gotta have a look at you, otherwise you could get really sick again. It’s just a little longer, yeah? Be a brave boy for Daddy? Then you can have some more water.” And then he guides Peter’s tired arms to wrap around and hold onto his stuffie instead so that he can continue palpating his stomach gently.

When he is given his stuffie and holding it close to his chest, Peter continues crying and looks at Stephen with as much anger and frustration as he can manage, which is a pout and sad eyes. He kicks his legs out in frustration, then winces at how uncomfortable and achy he feels.

“No more bed!” He decides suddenly, trying to kick the blankets down so he could move a little and get away from Stephen's hands, even though they were gentle.

“Peter, you need to settle down. I know you don’t like this and neither do I, but this is for your own good. If you won’t settle down, I’ll have to sedate you. So which is it gonna be? You going to be a good boy or a sleepy boy?” Stephen says, hating that he has to be stern, but he would really like to avoid sedation to get Peter more or less back to normal as soon as possible. He also dreads the thought of how he needs to take another blood sample, considering Peter’s mood, but it has to be done to see how much of the wrong medication is still in his system. Shaking his head, Peter drops his stuffie and folds his arms tightly.

“No! No sleepy!” Peter is so overwhelmed and scared from all the hurt and things he does not understand happening to his little body over and over again. He is tired of being sick, itchy hospital bedsheets and his Daddies wearing scrubs when he wants them to wear something soft to cuddle into, but he cannot verbalise it, so he ends up just pushing at Stephen’s hands again. “Go ‘WAY!”

Steve has been sitting by a sleeping Bucky until now, but he hears that Stephen needs some help and just with one shared look, he goes to fetch a sedative while Stephen holds Peter’s hands to his chest so that he can’t hurt himself.

“Peter, baby. You have to calm down. You’re safe here and Daddy’s here. I’m here, it’s okay.” He tries, giving Peter one last chance to settle down. Steve is standing ready with the sedative, but they both know it’s a last option. Taking a shaky breath, Peter shakes his head again.

“Please.” He finally begs, bottom lip jutting out when Stephen tries to reason with him rather than agree and help him off the bed. He opens his hands so his Daddy is not holding on as firmly and looks at Steve. “No sleep, please.”

“If you don’t want to sleep, then you have to be good for me and be still as I check you over, yeah? Or Uncle Steve’s gonna make you nice and still for me. Understood?” Stephen says and with a little nod, Peter lays back and lets out another shaky breath as he cries quietly, but otherwise does not make any further attempts at getting away. When Stephen is finally done with examining Peter and getting a blood sample, Peter looks over at Steve and reaches his arms out.

“Uncle Steve, please.” He says, deciding that he is not speaking to his Daddy until he gets out of bed. He chews on his bottom lip and considers telling a lie to get out of bed, but figures that would only make things worse. Though, it is not technically a lie that he wants to go to another room. “Have to potty?”

“You’ve got a diaper, buddy, you can just go.” Steve assures, patting Peter’s thigh and rubbing it gently as Stephen busies himself with labelling the vials with Peter’s blood to be sent to the lab.
However, that does not please Peter and he squirms on the bed, kicking his legs with the little strength he has got.

“Nooo…” Peter whines, starting to get frustrated that no grown up was listening to him. “MJ and Buck don't have to just go.” He complains, keeping his arms raised up for Steve to lift him. Stephen sighs at the sound of Peter's whining.

“Peter, we can't hear whiny babies. If you want someone to listen to you, you need to use your words.”

“Uncle Steve!” Peter cries out and even points at his Daddy to emphasise the ridiculousness and unfairness, but he is not listening either.

“Buck’s used diapers plenty times, Petey, but he was a big boy about it. Come on, I know you’ve done it before and it’s no different now.” Steve even lifts his hand and places it on Peter’s lower stomach, rubbing gently with just a little pressure to encourage the boy to let go.

Frowning deeply, Peter puts his hands below the covers and with a little struggle, manages to separate the sides of the diaper so he could pull it out from below him. He offers it out to Steve and huffs.

“No, diaper.” He says, pointing towards the bathroom. “Need to go! Please!” The more worked up Peter gets, the more he wants to scream and throw stuff and maybe never speak to a grown up ever again. “I want my Daddy!” He finally wails, throwing himself back onto the bed and curling in on himself.

“Okay, we’ll get your other Daddy.” Stephen finally says, leaving the ward along with the blood samples. Peter thinks he has won and looks at Steve with some hope, putting his arms up again, but the nurse just shakes his head, knowing what is to come.

When he is told how Peter is acting, Tony sighs and tells Stephen to take a few minutes. The little boy can be impossible when he is in a fighting mood, but they come so rarely after he had stopped fighting regression that Stephen struggles to deal with it. However, Tony is the one that is called when a little is causing issues and he is more than used to punishing Peter for being difficult, so he already has a plan in mind by the time he reaches the ward.

“Uncle Stevie... I need to go, please. I’ll be good.” Peter whimpers, feeling just a little bit desperate now, but before Steve can answer besides shaking his head, Tony walks into the ward and comes over to Peter’s bed to tower over him.

“Please, explain what you think you're doing.” Tony starts coldly. “You removed your diaper, raised your voice, made demands and kicked and hit. How many big no-nos is that, Peter?” He asks and places his hands on his hips.

“Don’t care, Daddy! I just wanna go potty, like MJ and Buck!” Peter whines back, pointing at the bathroom again and bouncing on the bed with the energy from his anger. ”Daddy treats me like a baby and I’m not a baby!” Peter explains further, hitting the mattress with a weak fist.

“Can you really go potty like MJ and Buck?” Tony asks, deciding to test Peter's little protest to see how far he is willing to take it. “Because that means using the big potty all the time, wiping your bum, flushing by yourself and washing your hands without help. Can you do all of those things?” He knows Peter has a thing about the toilet being flushed when he is in the room and it is somewhat mean to use that against him, but Tony is not in the mood to deal with a half-trained little only half-using the bathroom. He shakes his head when Steve shows him the sedative, deciding he will deal
with Peter himself rather than sedate him and have him forget this ever happened when he wakes up.

“I- but Uncle Stevie could help!” Peter says, pointing at the nurse on his other side. “He helps Buck a lot too.” Peter argues, feeling quite confident until his Daddy’s eyes hardened. ”Please, Da... I need to go potty.”

“It's not Uncle Stevie's responsibility to help you, Peter. Your Daddies put you in a diaper because we don't think you're capable of using the potty while you recover. It's also easier on your stomach to let go when you need to, rather than holding it or running to the bathroom.” Tony notices Peter's temper slipping a little and crosses his arms. “You can either apologise and promise to never remove your padding by yourself or we can wait.” He decides.

“Wait- what wait-“ And then it seems to click and Peter’s mouth falls open as he looks at Tony in disbelief. In the meantime, Steve goes to fetch a thick changing mat and a fresh diaper. Tony lifts Peter just for a moment, so that the nurse can get the mat under the boy. The diaper is placed in front of him and Peter takes his wobbly bottom lip in between his teeth.

“Thank you, Steve.” Tony says, taking the diaper and showing it to Peter. It was admittedly thicker than the ones Bucky or any other little got in the ward, but that was on purpose. “I said, you can either promise to never take off your padding by yourself and apologise, or we can wait. I have all night, Peter.” He warns, keeping the diaper in Peter's line of vision.

The little boy avoids looking at his Daddy, the diaper, the mat he is sat on and Steve, so he looks at the bedrail beside him. He has gotten this far and he feels so angry, which gives him confidence that if he just waits, his Daddy will get tired and let him go to the bathroom. But, he lasts about ten minutes before he starts to get lightheaded and dizzy and much to his annoyance, he cannot fight back when Tony and Steve guide him to lay down on the bed with the mat still under him.

“Peter, if you don't take either option, the third is a catheter and a spanking. Please, make your mind up.” Tony says, making it clear he is not in the mood to play around. “You're going to lose all bathroom privileges if you keep this up, which also means sponge baths in front of anyone who happens to be in here.”

Peter hates how sick and exhausted he feels and how his body betrays him by forcing him to relax, as he literally does not have the energy to fight back. Lifting his arms up to cover his blushing face, Peter begins sobbing loudly as his body betrays him and he wets the mat under himself. Tony gestures for Steve to give them some privacy. The doctor waits until Peter seems to be finished before tapping his arms so he can see his face.

“I see you decided to wait.” He says, going to get an absorbent pad and dabs it around Peter to wipe up the majority of the puddle and moves him carefully. “Peter, I want you to understand that you can't scream and get your way. There are rules in place for your safety and health, and letting you ignore them would make us bad Daddies. We put a diaper on you because you are sick and tired, but also to monitor how much you are peeing, so we'd know if you needed more fluid. Nothing we do is to embarrass you or make you feel like a baby, but you do have to recognise that you are smaller than MJ and Bucky.” He takes Peter's gown off since it had gotten wet in the process and sets it aside, “Would you like to apologise for your behaviour and have a bath?”

Peter still is not done crying and lifts his arms up to his face again once his Daddy is done with his lecture. Tony gives him some time, stroking his back gently until his hiccups and sobs quiet down.

"I'm- I'm sowry, Dad-dy...” Peter whimpers quietly, too exhausted to even cry more and just lays limp on the bed.
Usually, Tony would have asked for a more thorough apology, but decides to let it be for now considering how sick Peter is and instead lifts him off the bed. Peter is still damp from the accident and limp from how tired he is, so Tony carries him into the bathroom and starts filling the tub.

“Are you all done or do you need to sit on the potty before you get into the water?” He asks, bouncing Peter as he waits for the tub to fill up a few inches for a quick wash.

“D-done…” Peter mumbles back, feeling like he could cry again at how nice it is to be held close by his Daddy and he whines a little at the loss of contact when he is put in the tub. "Is Daddy mad at me?” Peter asks quietly, meaning Stephen who has not returned yet as Tony begins washing him off.

“Daddy is disappointed that you didn't listen to him. It was rude and disrespectful and you have to apologise, Peter. Daddy was just trying to make sure you weren't going to get sick enough to need another surgery.” After cleaning Peter's body, Tony decides to forget about his hair for the time being and lifts him out of the water, "You're getting diapered and I do not want to hear a single peep about it. If you have to go, go in your diaper. If you have to be changed, tell a grown-up. We'll check you regularly if you don't realise you've gone or forgot.” Tony says firmly, leaving no room for argument.

Swallowing thickly, Peter just nods in response, but then his Daddy stops the rubbing motions with the towel he has wrapped around him and gives him stern look.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Now, that’s a bit better.” Tony says and Peter laps up the little praise he gets, although he notices that his Daddy is far more clinical than usual and he tries his hardest to stay still as he gets dried off, despite his exhaustion. With the towel still wrapped around him, Tony carries Peter back to his bed where Stephen is now waiting with a banana bag, diaper and a clean hospital gown. Stephen takes Peter out of Tony's arms and presses a light kiss onto the side of his head.

"Please never disrespect me, your Daddy or anyone else like that ever again, Peter." He says, laying him down on the fresh sheets and diapering him securely, then sliding the gown on him and tying it at the back loosely.

“I'm sorry, Daddy…” Peter mumbles, doing some lazy grabby hands and let's himself be handled as he is far too tired and beaten down by embarrassment to fight back.

“I know, baby, and you’re forgiven, but we will not tolerate such poor behaviour in the future.” Stephen stresses as he fixes the IV, making sure it is flowing nicely before telling the boy to get some rest. Peter drifts off in just a minute.

Chapter End Notes

A little different than the other chapters, but I hope you guys enjoyed nonetheless. As always, thank you for reading and feedback is always welcomed xx
Chapter 16 - Tantrum aftermath

Chapter Summary

A short little sweet thing c:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Waking up the next day, Peter rubs at his eyes and nuzzles into the hand that is in his hair.

"Wakey wakey, baby boy. Can you turn on your back for me so I can check you over? I’ll be very gentle and then you can have some applesauce for breakfast, yeah?" Stephen offers, running his fingers through Peter’s curls to get him to wake up.

Peter scrunches up his face and keeps his eyes closed for a few moments before slowly opening them. Smiling up at Stephen, he almost forgets about the events of the previous day until he looks around and realises he is not in his bed. He rolls over onto his back and makes a little face when he remembers he is wearing a diaper, but still tries to be good so he will get his applesauce. However, exhaustion gets the better of Peter and he continues to doze as Stephen checks him over, mumbling back his answers to his Daddy’s questions.

"Did you sleep well, Petey? Was it like a cloudy sleep or a soft sleep?" Stephen asks, because Peter has experienced so many different types of anaesthesia that he can almost tell the difference now.

"Is soft... ‘s good."

"That’s good and the labs show that you’re much better too. Wanna sit up a bit and have some food? And then maybe we could go outside for just a little bit of fresh air?" Peter perks up at this and really tries to be on his best behaviour to get to go outside. It is nothing drastic and Peter does not get to walk by himself unless his Daddies think he can handle it. But, it is still nice to be hooked off all the machines and such, get wrapped in a blanket, lifted into his Daddy’s arms and brought to one of the balconies where he gets some sun and fresh air.

Peter takes steady breaths like Stephen has taught him to, not counting in, but just inhaling until his tummy feels full, then exhaling again. Stephen presses a kiss to the top of Peter’s head and cuddles him close. It is warm enough outside and Peter is bundled up, so the doctor lets them sit outside for a bit longer than he normally would have after such a rough night before finally smiling at his boy.

“What should we do today, honey?”

For a few seconds, Peter just gapes at the question, a bit overwhelmed with getting on the good side of his Daddy so quickly.

“Can I see MJ?” He asks quietly, almost certain his Daddy will not let him.

"Of course, darling. What would you like to do inside?" Stephen asks as he bounces Peter in his arms soothingly. "The finger paint supplies arrived a few days ago. Maybe you wanna play with those?" Stephen suggests and Peter squeals in excitement, trying to squirm out of his arms to get back inside. Stephen holds him a little tighter and tuts.
"Ah-ah-ah, Peter, listen to me. You can play with MJ, but you have to promise to let us know when you get dizzy or lightheaded, yeah? So that Daddy or I can bring you back to the ward for a check up and rest. It’s very important that you recover properly from your icky tummy episode. We only want what’s best for you, okay?"

Nodding his head, Peter pauses in case Stephen changes his mind and puts him back to bed instead. He wraps his arms around his Daddy and kisses his cheek gently.

"M sorry." He says, drawing a little pattern on Stephen’s shoulder with his finger. He uses his free hand to suck on his thumb, but it is quickly covered by Stephen’s hand.

“No, baby, there are germs on your hands. Do you want a paci?” He asks, heading back inside so he can get Peter ready for the play date. Once Peter is dressed in some soft pyjamas, Stephen brings him to one of the smaller playrooms where MJ and Pepper are waiting.

"Peter!” Stephen barely has time to set the boy down on the mat by the little table with all the supplies before MJ dashes over to hug her friend. "Buck said you threw up blood! How are you alive?" MJ asks, hugging Peter tight to her.

Wrapping his arms around MJ, Peter shrugs and tries to think of an answer.

“My Daddies fixed me!” He finally decides, letting her lead him to where the paint supplies are set up.

“Remember to keep the paint on the paper, baby.” Stephen reminds, putting a little plastic apron on Peter and then MJ to keep their clothes clean.

Stephen and Pepper have to stop the littles multiple times from painting on each other instead of the paper, but they seem to have fun and create a few pictures. Half an hour later, Peter becomes a little more quiet and less energetic, which Stephen notices. However, it takes another two minutes before the boy speaks up like he had promised to do when he grew tired.

"Daddy…” And Stephen is right by his side, kissing his temple and helping him clean his hands.

"That’s a brilliant painting, baby. Shall we bring it to Daddy? He would love to see your masterpiece. And what a good boy you were for telling me when you became tired, such a good boy for me.” With a quick goodbye to MJ and Pepper, Stephen carries Peter back to the ward along with his painting. When they get back to the ward, Tony is doing some work and glances up when he hears Peter make a very sad sound. He gets up to meet them and smiles at Peter, gently taking him to give him a cuddle.

"Hi, sleepyhead, what were you up to?” He asks, rubbing Peter’s back firmly and smiling at the artwork Stephen is holding.

"Is for you Daddies…” Peter mumbles into Tony’s neck and the two doctors just about melt on the spot.

"Thank you, baby. Gosh, you’re a little artist aren’t you? Our little darling boy.” Giving the boy’s cheek a good kiss, Tony holds him a little longer, just swaying him back and forth while Stephen gathers the supplies for an IV feeding.

Despite being so tired, Peter still blushes and smiles at the praise, cuddling closer to Tony. He lets himself be put into the bed without a fight, holding his arm out for Stephen to attach the tubing while keeping his eyes on Tony. Once the tubing is fixed, Peter points at the fluffy blanket folded up at the bottom of his bed.
“Cuddle?” He asks, smiling when Tony gets it and bundles him up warmly.

“You're so sweet, baby.” Tony says, pressing a kiss to Peter's head and sitting down next to the bed as they wait for his feeding to be done. Peter gets his arm rubbed and hair stroked until he falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! The next two chapters will involve dental care for the little babes!
Chapter 17 - Dental check up

Chapter Summary

It's time for all the littles to have their teeth checked up on

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Every six months, all the littles will have their teeth examined, some even more often if they have a habit of falling asleep with bottles and pacifiers. It is announced during breakfast one day that everyone is getting their teeth check and that everyone needs to brush their teeth very carefully. The breakfast meal becomes very tense, as all the littles start speculating about the upcoming check up and whether or not the grown ups have called in the scary dentist.

The dentist that Tony requests now and then is Bruce Banner, but only to do dental procedures for the littles if that is needed. However, Stephen, Tony and Pepper will carry out the dental check ups as they have enough training to clean the littles’ teeth, get x-rays and most importantly see if something needs further treatment by Banner.

Loki is the first one to get called in, as Thor suspects that he has a bad tooth, which Tony confirms and arranges for Banner to fix the next day. When the raven-haired boy returns to the rest of the littles, he is teary eyed due to nerves about his upcoming dental procedure, which causes all the littles to panic and Steve, Thor and Natasha get their hands full as they have to comfort everyone.

“They are gonna pull out everyone’s teeth!” One little says in a cry and another shouts to add. “Then we can only eat mashed banana for the rest of our lives!”

Secretly, Peter does not mind eating mashed banana forever and he calms down when he sees MJ returning from her check up with a smile and a sticker. However, Peter is in a false sense of security when it is his turn to lay back in the dental chair and Stephen places something huge in his mouth so that he cannot talk. It is a dental spreader and Stephen is using it as he suspects that Peter is too little to keep his mouth open to let him work.

“Shh, it’s okay, baby. Just breathe through your nose and hold your little buddy, yeah?” Stephen coos. His Daddy means the stuffie he is holding and Peter tries his hardest to do the breathing exercises that his Daddies have taught him. Still, the sharp tools do not feel nice and Peter whimpers a little every time Stephen gets too close to his gums.

“I know, honey, I'm sorry.” Stephen says softly, focusing on checking Peter more than comforting him as the important thing is to get the exam over with swiftly. He places his hand on Peter’s tummy and rubs it gently when he is reaching over for another tool.

“You're being so brave, honey. Maybe we can ask Daddy if he'll make something extra special for your dinner tonight, huh? Can you think about what you'd like for me?” He tries to distract Peter as he reaches for the cleaning tool and starts it, knowing the noise and coldness of the deep clean will be another scare for Peter. “This toothpaste tastes like bubblegum, baby, have you ever had bubblegum?”
Peter tenses up at the loud noise and whimpers at how his entire skull feels like it is vibrating. He clutches his stuffie even harder.

“Shh, shh, it’s all right. It’s a little scary, I know, but I have to do this, baby.” Stephen assures, speaking all the time to keep Peter’s mind off it all, but also because he is wearing a mask and protective glasses, so he knows Peter cannot really see him. However, Peter can still smell his Daddy because he is so close and his hands feel familiar on his face, even though they are gloved. When the deep clean is finally done, Stephen removes the dental spreader and helps Peter sit up, letting him spit and rinse his mouth before wiping his face.

“You are such a brave boy, honey.” He praises, lifting Peter of the chair and giving him a close cuddle. “It’s all done and your teeth are all nice and clean, but Daddies are going to help you brush and floss, okay?” He spends a few moments bouncing Peter playfully before kissing his head. “Do you want to sleep in Daddies’ bed tonight, honey?”

”Uh huh!” Peter whines, holding his Daddy close as he sniffs a little from the scary exam. Since Peter needs a distraction to get in a better mood, Stephen shows the boy the x-ray of his mouth which they took at the beginning of the check up. Stephen gets Peter to count his own teeth and he giggles at how odd the black and white image looks.

“Those are your teeth, baby!” He smiles, kissing Peter’s temple when he is finally smiling. After a few more minutes of getting Peter in a better mood, Stephen holds the boy’s hand as he skips along the hallways. Stephen gets a message from Tony that he is taking a break, so he brings Peter to his office.

“Daddy's getting some coffee and taking a little break. Why don't you show him your pretty teeth and tell him how brave you were for me and have earned a treat, yeah?” Stephen sets Peter on Tony’s lap before heading to the ward to tend to other littles.

While on Tony’s lap, Peter explains the dental exam all animated with hand gestures and over the top facial expression, which includes showing his shiny teeth. Tony bounces the boy on his lap, gasping in response to Peter’s narration and taking some sips of his coffee in between. He knows the drill of the exam, as he did Bucky earlier, but he goes along with Peter’s dramatic story nonetheless.

“Really? Like your whole skull was shaking? I bet your brains are all mushy now, huh?” Tony teases with a pinch to Peter’s cheek, making him giggle and bat his Daddy’s hand away.

“No, Daddy! My head isn’t mushy!” Tony laughs in response and drinks the last of his coffee before setting the empty cup aside. Now that both his hands are free, Tony pulls Peter closer and gives him a cuddle.

“What are we gonna do next, baby boy? Are you sleepy? Hungry? Need anything?” He asks, keeping his arms around Peter snuggly and bouncing him. The boy thinks for a second before answering.

“Hungry.” Peter says simply, eyeing the empty coffee cup on Tony’s desk. He would also like to get the weird taste out of his mouth from his dental exam.

”Kitchen it is then!” Tony announces and with a playful growl, he stands up and hauls Peter up, to which the boy squeals in joy and then brings his thumb to his mouth to suck on. “No, no sucking on your thumb, please.” Tony says, pushing Peter's hand away gently. Bringing Peter into the kitchen, Tony bounces him as he decides what Peter should have for lunch. He paces around the kitchen, humming thoughtfully.
“We can eat...pasta, or mashed potatoes, a sandwich, or... Peter!” He says with a growl, making animated eating noises into Peter's neck and tickling his stomach while still supporting him with one arm.

“No, Daddy!” Peter squeals loudly, his cheeks all rosy from laughing so much. Stopping his teasing, Tony gives him a kiss on the cheek before setting him on the counter.

“So, what’s it gonna be?” Tony asks again and shows the options. Peter points to the sandwich and asks for it to be a PB&J sandwich. While Tony prepares the sandwich, Peter sits on the counter and waits patiently, swinging his legs back and forth. After a moment, Stephen joins them in the kitchen and goes over to pepper kisses on Peter’s face.

“Pepper thinks MJ should get her wisdom teeth extracted.” Tony says and Stephen chimes in with his thoughts on anaesthetics and which one would be best for MJ.

Peter totally ignores all the medical talk when he is getting attention from one of his Daddies, giggling and trying to give Stephen kisses while his mouth is still open wide. He laps up all the attention until Tony sets a little plastic plate down at the table in front of the booster seat that is strapped in the chair. Peter decides that he wants to sit with Stephen and wraps his legs around his waist, but frowns when he gets strapped into the booster seat anyway. Tony presses a kiss to the top of his head and sets a sippy cup of water down next to the plate.

“Eat up, sunshine.” He prompts, going to fix lunch for Stephen and himself.

Peter is not that interested in eating and only nibbles on his sandwich, but instead he is far more interested in watching what his Daddies are making. However, when Stephen comes over and steals a little bite for his sandwich, Peter shoos him away.

“No, Da, mine!” And then Peter eats and Stephen and Tony chuckle quietly.

Tony and Stephen deliberately decide to make salads for their own lunches, knowing Peter either will not be interested in tasting it or will get something good out of it if he does. The boy leans forward with his mouth open when Tony sits down, expecting to be fed if his Daddy has a bowl, but frowns when he gets offered a slice of pepper.

“No, thanks...” He mumbles, going back to his own sandwich. Stephen and Tony share a look and chuckle quietly again. Peter finishes his lunch first, as he got a head start, and becomes bored quite easily and tries to get out of his seat.

”Daddy, don’t wanna!” Peter whines, but both his Daddies frown at him.

”Use your manners, baby, come on.” Stephen urges and also checks that Peter drank all his water, which he did. Huffing a little, Peter pouts and reaches his arms out to both of his Daddies.

“Please, out.” He whines, bouncing a little in the seat as he waits to be freed. Guessing it is the best they are going to get, Stephen stands up and opens the straps so he can lift Peter out, sitting back down with his baby on his lap. He bounces him on one knee as they both try to finish their own food before Peter really decides he is bored.

“Do you want to have some quiet time and cuddles, baby?” Tony asks, knowing it is around nap time and given Peter has a full tummy, he is probably ready to lay down for a while. Even before he can answer, Peter yawns and rubs at his eyes, which is more than enough for Tony. Stephen stays behind to clean up and put the dishes aside while Tony brings Peter to their room. Laying him on the bed, Tony starts undressing him and gets him in a fresh pull-up as he talks quietly.
“You had a big day, didn’t you, hm? But, you were so good for Daddy earlier and now you ate your whole sandwich. We are so proud of you.” Tony coos and Peter blushes at the praise, hiding his face by grabbing one of the pillows as Tony gets him in the pull-up.

When Stephen arrives, he and Tony both strip down to their boxers and get Peter situated between them in the bed. Tony pulls him close and rubs Peter’s bare tummy gently as Stephen quietly reads a storybook about unicorns to them. It does not take very long for Peter and Tony to doze off, so Stephen gets his own book and reads it quietly, happy to just spend time with his boys and make sure they are both comfortable.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Peter is going back into the dental chair in the next chapter and it's one of my favourite scenes that Soph and I have made together honestly c:
As always, feedback and ideas for scenes are always welcomed xx
After two months has passed since Peter’s last dental check up, Tony notices that the boy is chewing on the left side of his mouth, which is odd as he is right handed and thus usually chews on the right side. Stephen and Tony try to bring it up casually, asking Peter if he is hurting or if he has got a sore mouth, but the boy shakes his head and continues doing whatever he was focused on before. Finally one morning when Tony is helping Peter brush his teeth, he asks him to lean back and open his mouth, checking for anything abnormal. He can see there is at least one tooth that needs to be sealed, if not filled, and calls Doctor Banner to ask if he can swing by and help him with the procedure before it gets an infection.

Peter goes complete panic mode, begging his Daddies not to call the scary dentist and tries to convince them that he feels fine and that he can just chew on the left side of his mouth. His Daddies of course will not budge and they arrange the procedure for the next day. Because it is a planned procedure, which is almost rare for Peter, Stephen mixes a sedative into Peter’s breakfast the next morning. After breakfast and getting his teeth brushed by Stephen carefully, Peter is brought to the dental care room on the ward where Bruce is waiting.

The first ten minutes Peter just spends on Tony’s lap, listening to the grown ups make small talk until he grows drowsy and lets himself be placed in the dental chair. Bruce tries to tell Tony and Stephen that it is not necessary to sedate Peter and that they could have calmed him down using lights on the ceiling or an audiobook. Both Tony and Stephen chuckle and shake their heads in response.

“That’s a nice idea, but he pissed himself so he didn't have to admit he was wrong and we were right.” Tony says.

“Just wait until you get a little and find out how many sweet ideas don't work. Sleepy time bottles work even better when they have muscle relaxers and a dash of honey.” Stephen adds.

Tony assists Bruce with the procedure, while Stephen sits next to Peter and holds his hand, keeps an eye on his breathing. They get the dental spreader into Peter’s mouth and Bruce agrees that one of the teeth needs to be filled, while some others can be sealed. Thanks to the sedative, Peter only makes a little whimper at the numbing injections and is otherwise calm. Taking the syringe from Bruce, Tony mutters to the dentist.

“Told you so.”

During the whole procedure, Stephen focuses on Peter and listens close to make sure he is breathing normally. When they have to aspirate Peter's mouth, Stephen leans down and presses kisses on his hand to keep him calm. Meanwhile, Tony continues to help Bruce, but is actually trying to get as much detail out of him as possible.
“You single? Married? Got a little? Are you a sub? Do you need a qualified nurse to help you? Did you see the bigger, blonder nurse? He's single.”

Bruce tries to ignore all the questions and instead focuses on getting Peter fixed up. He seals a few more of Peter’s teeth, but he does not do a deep clean as Stephen did it just two months ago. They begin to remove all the tools and equipment from Peter’s mouth and Bruce announces cheerfully.

“All done, buddy. You were so good for us. Your Daddies must be really proud of you.” He says brightly and finally removes the dental spreader. The boy works his jaw a little with a whimper before his Daddies help him sit up. Once Peter has rinsed his mouth, Stephen sets the boy on his hip, rubbing his sore cheek gently and smiling at Bruce.

“Thank you so much for your help, Dr Banner.” He says on Peter's behalf, deciding not to force Peter to speak when he is so disorientated and just not feeling the greatest. Tony nods and goes over to lean against Stephen's other side so they can walk out together, smiling at the dentist and saying they would be in touch.

“I think a little painkiller and nap is in order, hm? You were so good for us, Petey baby.” Stephen praises as they leave the wing with all the wards and such to go to their room.

“Daaa...” Peter lisps multiple times and Tony cannot help but chuckle how cute he looks with a swollen face.

"I know, baby. It’s all achy and icky, but a little lay down will help.”

When they get back to the room, Stephen lays Peter down on their bed and goes to get a clean pull-up and one of his own t-shirts for Peter to nap in. While Stephen’s off, Tony sits down on the bed with their little boy and draws little patterns on his tummy, telling him he was so good and so brave for them. Peter is dozing before Stephen can even get back to the bed, so Stephen has to brush back Peter’s hair a little to bring him back for a minute.

“Daddy’s just going to change you, okay? It might be a little cold, but it’s just for a second.”

Peter mumbles ‘Daddy’ and ‘owie’ over and over and his Daddies just shush him and rub his tummy or arm as they do not want to hurt his face by kissing him too much. They also place an absorbent mat on top of his pillow because they know he will be drooling with his mouth all numb.

As Peter tries to fall asleep, he keeps lifting his hands up to his mouth, which Tony nor Stephen like. Eventually, they put a pair of mitts on him and secure them around his wrists, as they are freshly washed and a lot more hygienic than a thumb, so it means one of them does not have to be looking at him constantly to make sure he is not going to disturb his teeth. They do still stay close, wiping his mouth as he sleeps and adjusting the mat when he manages to get his mouth just off it to droll on their pillows. After a long nap of two hours, Peter finally begins to stir and whines in pain.

“Hey, baby, did you have a good nap? There we go. Let me see your cute face.” Stephen says softly and guides Peter over on his back, grasping his chin gently. “The swelling is almost gone.” Stephen says, but more so to Tony who comes over. Going over to inspect, Tony nods and hums thoughtfully.

“Maybe an icepack in a few minutes, we should give him some time to wake up." He decides, leaning down to press a kiss into Peter's soft hair and coos to him. “Hi, brave baby. We’re so proud of you. Do you need anything, honey? A drink? Do you have to potty?” He asks, helping Peter sit up so he would not be as groggy from his nap.
“Thirsty...” Peter slurs and rubs at his eye with the mitts still on his hands. Tony gets up to fetch a bottle as well as an ice pack while Stephen takes a closer look at the boy with his penlight, opening his mouth to take a peak.

“How achey is it, baby?” With his other hand, Stephen rubs at Peter’s tummy and then gradually goes lower to check his pull-up and finding it a little wet. Considering it for a moment, Peter shrugs.

“Stingy, Daddy.” He says, not knowing how to explain how his mouth is numb in parts and not in others, which gives his mouth an uncomfortable tingle. He covers his face with his hands while Stephen changes his pull-up, trying to roll away from the coldness, but suddenly there is a strong palm on his tummy, holding him in place. When he uncovers his eyes, Tony is there and offers him a bottle of cold water, which has some pain relief mixed into it. After Peter is all snug in a fresh pull-up, he gets to sit up and lean against Tony as he finishes his bottle. Once he is done, Stephen offers him an ice pack which is wrapped in a surgical towel. Peter spends the rest of the day dozing in bed with cartoons and the ice pack on his cheek.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading babes! Next chapter is slightly angsty, not gonna lie. Poor Petey just keeps getting hurt and needing his Daddies’ medical attention :c
What has been your favourite chapter/scene so far? Do you prefer the medical stuff or the more mundane ageplay? Would love to hear what you guys think xx
Chapter 19 - Tracheostomy

Chapter Summary

Tracheostomy: an incision in the windpipe made to relieve an obstruction to breathing

Chapter Notes

Baby boy can't breathe so this is a lil angsty ;-; but it all works out in the end of course!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Spring is finally here and all the littles are really excited about the fresh grass, pretty flowers and warm sunshine. It is playtime outside and Steve, Thor and Natasha are keeping an eye on them. Thor becomes a little nervous when he sees Peter and MJ wander off further than he would like, but he knows that MJ is one of the biggest littles and trusts her more.

“Peter and MJ, don’t wander too far away!” Thor shouts, just in case.

”We won’t!” MJ shouts back and Peter waves to the nurse as he skips along with his friend.

The two littles are on a mission to find the prettiest flowers to show Pepper, as the doctor is very fond of flowers and sets them on the tables inside. It is MJ’s idea to go flower picking, as she wants to make her Mommy proud of her, and Peter is more than happy to come along and help.

“Oh, these are pretty!” Peter gasps and grabs a few of the flowers into his hands, adding them to his little bouquet. What Peter does not know, however, is that the flowers he is picking are highly poisonous and as they walk back to the others, his throat begins closing up and he gasps for breath. MJ screams for the grown ups to help and Steve runs over, quickly assessing Peter’s condition before paging Stephen and Tony. He picks up the gasping boy into his arms and rushes inside. The nurse meets Stephen and Tony in the lobby area and both doctors are a little out of breath, with a first aid bag each in their hands. Peter loses consciousness as he is laid down on the floor by Steve. The boy’s skin looks grey, unlike his usual healthy shade of light pink, and his lips are blue from complete lack of oxygen.

“Christ…” Stephen curses and Tony swallows thickly as they work quickly. They do not have time to get to the ward and the doctors have to perform a tracheostomy to ventilate Peter right away. Steve and Thor assist with the procedure, but Thor has to get up to help Nat with keeping the other littles away, not just to let Stephen and Tony do their work, but also to spare them from the sight of Peter getting his throat cut open and a tube inserted into it.

Once the airway is secured and Stephen ventilates Peter with the ambu bag a few times, the boy gets some of his colour back. However, they do not want Peter to regain consciousness quite yet, as he would be overwhelmed with pain and fear, so Steve administers a sedative along with some other medication after getting an IV cannula secured. When Peter is more or less stable, he is transported to the ward for further treatment.
When Peter comes back around the next day, his throat hurts terribly and he feels like he cannot breathe, although he can, but it is the ventilator that does it for him and he begins to struggle against it as he panics. Peter has no idea what it going on, why he cannot talk, why he is in pain and why neither of his Daddies are with him. Steve rushes over first when he hears how Peter’s monitors are going off angrily and beings to calm the boy.

“Peter, Peter, stop fighting.” The nurse instructs, holding Peter down by placing his hands on his shoulders. “You’re safe, you’re safe, buddy. Your Daddies are coming, it’s okay. Shh, there we go.”

Peter cannot speak with the breathing tube sticking out from the base of the throat, as no air is passing through his vocal cords. All he can do is make tiny noises and thrash around until his Daddies arrive.

“Baby boy…” Tony breathes out, rushing over with Stephen a step behind. They both lean over Peter so that the boy can see them well and smile reassuringly at him.

“Daddies are here, it’s okay, but you have to let the machine breathe for you, Peter.” Stephen explains, not liking how Peter’s vitals are up due to the stress of panicking. “Just let it breathe for you, it’s okay.” Eventually, Peter calms down and stops fighting the ventilator. His eyelids grow heavy and he falls asleep again swiftly.

The next time Peter wakes up, he feels Tony’s hands on him and does not panic. However, he looks at his Daddy sadly, demanding an explanation by tugging at his lab coat. Tony places the stethoscope around his neck and plants a kiss on Peter’s forehead before explaining.

“You and MJ were outside picking flowers, remember? Well, you found some dangerous flowers and they made you really sick.” Before Peter can panic, Tony continues. “But, Daddy and I fixed you right up and you’re okay. It’s just that it will take some time for you to get better, so that is why you have the tube in your throat.” Peter tries to move his lips to talk, but there is no sound and Tony places a finger on his lips.

“It’s really important that you don’t try to talk, baby, because if you do, that could hurt your throat. Understand? But, Daddy and I made a little board for you, see? So you can point at whatever you need and we’ll get it for you.” Tony says, picking up the board he and Stephen had made while Peter was asleep.

The board is full of pictures which illustrate simple things like ‘stuffie’, ‘book’, ‘music’, ‘movie’ among other things. There are also some words written on the board, like ‘kiss’ and ‘cuddle’ as well as names like ‘Steve’, ‘Thor’ and most importantly ‘Daddies Tony and Stephen’.

Even with the helpful board of pictures and words, Peter’s recovery becomes an incredibly dull and lonely one, and sometimes even miserable because he cannot talk. And the fact that his Daddies cannot climb into bed with him to cuddle only makes things more frustrating and upsetting. Stephen and Tony are not withholding cuddles to be mean, but it is for Peter’s own safety as he has so many tubes and wires attached to his little body. On one side of the bed, there are IVs and monitors and on the other there is the catheter and breathing tube, so they cannot disturb either side. Peter also has a pulse oximeter clipped to his finger and a feeding tube in his nose. However, they try to comfort Peter as much as they can with holding his hands, rubbing his tummy and stroking his head.

Stephen and Tony want to avoid IV feedings as much as possible and continue with Peter’s diet more or less normally, so they put a feeding tube through his nose so that they can feed him without him having to chew and shallow, but also because his throat is still swollen. Peter’s lips get really sore and chapped from being open for days, so his Daddies put balm on them, but not the pretty, sparkly kind he has in his little make up kit. It is just standard Vaseline to stop them from cracking
and bleeding and Peter pouts as hard as he can.

Because Peter's reaction to the poisonous flowers was so severe and he is in such a vulnerable state, the boy needs round the clock care and there is always someone by his bedside. Stephen and Tony hope it will make him less lonely, but there are only so many storybooks and calming lullaby albums that can be put on before they can tell he is bored. Peter cannot even have friends stop by to visit, because the breathing tube in his throat, feeding tube in his nose and all the other wiring and machines look so extreme it will scare another little.

The boy is beyond bored and Tony and Stephen, or whoever is sat by his side, catch him crying a lot more than during any of his other recoveries. They add a low dosage anti-depressant in with Peter's medication and keep track of his emotions to make sure he does not develop any further conditions due to his lonely recovery. Peter clearly misses his friends and is growing frustrated with the grown ups. However, he cannot fight back and lets himself be handled by his Daddies and the nurses when they change his sheets or move him to avoid bed sores.

When it is time to move Peter, four staff members are needed to do so, despite the littles being so much smaller and lighter than the grown ups. The issue is all the tubes and Peter’s weak state, so they have to hold him up and support him. After a bit of planning, Tony holds the breathing tube so that it is not tugged on, while Stephen and Steve support Peter and hold him up. Thor makes quick work of changing the sheets as well as rubs and massages the boy’s muscles to avoid bed sores.

They are extra careful with Peter, moving his legs and arms every day so they do not get stiff. Sometimes when Peter needs to be washed, Stephen and Thor ask Thor or Steve to leave him on an absorbent mat for a little bit, so he can have a break from the catheters and diapers. The nurses always add some sweet baby wash into the washing water, so Peter smells nice and it is a bit of normality for Stephen and Tony too.

Despite being strictly told to not talk, Peter will still attempt to do so. He will make little whimpers and other noises, but they are barely whispers because air is not going past his vocal cords. When they catch him trying to talk, Tony taps his nose gently as a reminder to keep quiet while Stephen kisses each of his fingers individually to try and distract him. Most of the time, Peter just needs someone to be there with him, so they are understanding when he tries to talk and do not threaten with punishment for disobeying.

Each morning, Stephen and Tony examine Peter’s throat and he makes a pained expression every time they feel how much the swelling is going down. And finally after a week, Stephen and Tony bring Peter to the OR to remove the breathing tube and close the incision on his throat. During the surgery, both Stephen and Tony worry enough that they ask Pepper to join them, so that she can take over if there is a complication. However, it all goes smoothly and soon enough Peter is in recovery where Thor made the bed up with super soft, fluffy sheets. Tony and Stephen sit with Peter while he sleeps, not wanting him to wake up alone and so that they can help him through having a drink and speaking. After one and a half hour, Peter's heart rate starts to pick up as he begins to wake. Stephen and Tony are both quick to hold his hands and rub at his tummy.

“Petey, open your eyes, baby.” Stephen encourages.

“Wakey, wakey, little one.” Tony coos and with a little whimper, Peter cracks his eyes open as the pain in his throat hits him, as well as the sound of his own whimper. He looks bewildered and opening his mouth, he whispers in a croaky voice.

“Da…?”

“Yeah, baby, we’re here.” Stephen says, kissing Peter’s forehead gently and smiling at the adorably
confused look on his face. “The tube is out of your throat, so you can talk, but it’s going to hurt for a little bit. Take your time and don’t talk unless you have to, baby.”

Tony comes over with a plastic straw topped cup, offering it to Peter.

“Just take a tiny sip. It might feel a little weird, but remember to take it slow, like Daddy said.” He reminds, holding it up to Peter's lips. Peter takes a few sips and luckily he does not choke on the water, but Stephen and Tony can see that he wants to swallow and work his throat, but it hurts with the fresh stitches. Pulling the cup away, Tony shushes Peter when he whines and picks up a penlight from the breast pocket on his scrubs.

“What can you say ‘ahh’ for me, baby? Just gonna take a quick look.” He explains.

Opening his mouth, Peter brings up his hands to clutch Tony’s arm at the same time for comfort. He cannot say ‘ahh’, but manages to make some soft noises. Stephen lifts a hand to stroke at Peter’s brow while Tony examines him.

“Good boy, what a brave boy.” Stephen says softly, shooting Tony a quick look. Tony gives a nod to Stephen, indicating that everything looks good and places his penlight back in his pocket. Peter makes a little noise as he slumps against Stephen.

“You're okay, Petey, You're okay. You'll be aching for a while, but you're okay.” Tony assures and leans over to rub Peter’s back while he clings to Stephen with the little strength that he has got. Now that Peter is finally off of the ventilator, his Daddies can climb into his hospital bed and take turns on cuddling him. Even two days after the surgery, it seems like the recovery is still taking a toll on Peter, as he is very quiet compared to his usual chatty and animated self.

“You know you can talk now, baby? You just have to be careful and stop when it hurts though.” Tony tells him when he cuddles Peter. Stephen is sat next to the bed with Peter’s chart in his hands.

“I know…” Peter replies very quietly.

“Just feeling a little quiet?” Stephen asks, reaching over to brush Peter's hair back. Since the boy has been spending most of his time in bed and the few times his hair has been washed, it has been done so with a basin of water, so his hair is fluffy and messy. Stephen loves it and presses his face into Peter’s curls as often as he can, breathing in the smell of baby shampoo, softness and Peter. Stephen smiles when he gets a little nod, but keeps asking. “Are you scared to talk or do you not have anything to say right now?”

“Dunno…” Peter shrugs, meaning a bit of both. Stephen and Tony both nod and share a look, agreeing to keep a close eye on Peter’s mood. The boy clearly needs a bath, but it will have to wait a little longer until he is more alert and less drowsy.

“Just sleep, baby, if you feel like it.” Tony encourages and with a little sigh, Peter snuggles up to his Daddy and closes his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! What do you guys think of a more angsty scene for a change? Would love to hear what you guys think:

Also, thank you to all who commented on the previous chapter and told me which
chapter was their fave. It gave me so much motivation to continue editing, so thank you xx
The next chapter will be more fun and horny ;)

Chapter 20 - Ambulance ride

Chapter Summary

Peter gets some special playtime with his Daddies ;) And we get a little insight into how Tony and Stephen feel about their baby boy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter has been really good and without any health complications, for once, so he starts to get almost a little bored and very aroused. So, Stephen and Tony plan a little scene for some fun. When Peter is outside playing with the other littles, one of the two ambulances that they have at the facility pulls up to the playground with the sirens on and all the littles turn to look. Stephen and Tony exit the ambulance, dressed in EMT uniforms and carrying a first aid bag each. All the littles take a step back to let the two doctors through and head straight to Peter, who is stood by the swings. Peter wonders what he has done wrong and why his Daddies are coming to get him, but then he sees them in their uniforms and starts to get hard. Before he knows what is happening, he is placed on the gurney and gets strapped down.

Stephen and Tony are talking quickly and all in medical terms that their boy does not understand. Peter does not understand why he is growing so hard and flustered when everyone is watching him being handled by his Daddies. Stephen and Tony bring Peter into the ambulance and once inside, his Daddies cut his clothes off with scissors and he yelps a little. They deliberately dressed Peter in a little overall and long-sleeved shirt combo that he did not really wear much, so that he would not get upset over the clothing being destroyed. Peter tries to lift his hands up to suck on his thumb, but every time he is reminded of how he is tied down and cannot move.

And then Peter is getting examined thoroughly and quickly with a heart monitor, blood pressure cuff and pulse oximeter. They palpate his stomach and listen to his heart and breathing and Peter’s just a little panicky and tries to rut in his pull-up.

“Baby boy, you gotta be still or we’ll have to sedate you.” Stephen threatens and Peter whimpers a little when Tony opens his mouth and shoves two fingers into his mouth to check his airways, but actually he wants to see if Peter will suck on his fingers. Peter puckers his mouth around Tony’s fingers, noticing how his Daddy’s smile looks different compared to normal, but does not ponder on it much as he feels how Stephen spreads his legs and brings a hand to his princess parts. He closes his eyes and sucks harder on Tony’s fingers as Stephen’s fingers being stretching him.

Peter is so good for his Daddies, because he obviously trusts them completely by now and Stephen’s fingers feel so good inside of him and Tony is jerking him off, keeping him more or less pacified with the two fingers in his mouth. He opens his eyes to look at his Daddies and they both look so professional and grown up, while he is a little boy laying on a torn open pull-up, sucking on fingers. The contrast is huge and Peter is just a little overwhelmed with how his entire life is in the hands of two highly skilled doctors and loving Daddies. He knows deep down that they could go as far as they want. They could paralyse him and leave him laying somewhere until they decide they want to see him or they could change his medication so that he does not remember large chunks of the day, but still he trusts them no matter what. The boy does not last very long before he cums over Tony's
hand while Stephen teases his prostate. As Peter calms down from his orgasm, his Daddies shower him with praise and speak softly.

“You were so good for us, Petey. Yes, you were, such a brave boy.”

“So nice and still while Daddies fixed you up. Don’t you feel so much better?”

They clean him up and remove the restraints, but leave the wires on a little longer and help him sit up, holding him steady as he is growing sleepy from the ‘playtime’. Tony lets Peter lean against him with his head tucked into his shoulder, while Stephen goes to find supplies in the ambulance. They always keep pull-ups and gowns just in case a little has to be changed on the way or they were not dressed when the emergency happened. Peter ends up in a pale pink gown with little bunnies and flowers patterned over it and gets carried out of the ambulance by Tony with the back still open so everyone can see his pull-up. Peter rests his head on Tony’s shoulder, already dozing off and not paying any mind to the littles or other caregivers that they pass on their way to their room. Tony and Stephen look so powerful in the uniforms, with their heavy duty black boots, which makes Peter look even more tiny and vulnerable in comparison. Steve stops by them in the hallway and strokes Peter’s cheek.

“Did you have a fun time with your Daddies, Petey?” He coos, knowing exactly what the two doctors have done to their boy. Peter blushes a little at Steve’s question and nods slowly, pointing at his new outfit like it would suggest what had just happened. Stephen and Tony get Peter back to their room and lay him down in their bed. Stephen gets in beside him while Tony gets some juice to start their aftercare process, but Peter nods off before they can really get into it. With a light chuckle, Stephen pops a pacifier in Peter’s mouth while Tony tucks him in. Once they are sure their boy is fast asleep, Tony growls and grabs Stephen’s collar, pulling him close and kissing him roughly.

“Fucking hell…” Stephen groans and pushes their hips together, grinding against each other. They lay on the bed beside Peter, fully aware their little one is inches away and dreaming about whatever sweet baby thing is going through his mind.

“I bet he's dreaming about us... Christ, look at him.” Stephen moans out in between rough kisses.

“Shh, he might wake up…” Tony reminds and together they fumble to get their cocks out and rub against each until they reach orgasm while still dressed in the EMT uniforms.

Stephen and Tony also have their headspaces. Sometimes, they are more dominant and sometimes more of a caregiver, but they always choose what is best suited for Peter. There are times when they can really dominate him and have scenes like in the ambulance and other times, all they want to do is make their baby warm milk with vanilla or honey and feed it to him in a bottle. Peter does not always see the different headspaces, but the two doctors are often gentle with one another, especially when Peter is really sick or badly injured. They tell each other that their baby boy will be okay and kiss sweetly to get each other to smile.

Whenever Peter is stable and ready to be brought to recovery after surgery, Stephen and Tony will pull their caps and masks off and kiss passionately. They do not even realise how much they miss each other until Peter is stable and they feel okay leaving him in Steve or Thor’s care to go back to their room. They take some of their anger at the world for hurting Peter out on each other before easing into it properly and taking care of each other. They also try to remind each other to rest and eat and not be by Peter’s bedside constantly, arguing that they cannot help their boy if they work themselves sick and exhausted. It is not that they do not trust Steve and Thor, but after everything Peter has been through, they have become more overprotective than they care to admit.
Thank you for reading! Sorry that this was a bit short, but I hope you guys enjoyed nonetheless.
What do you think of Tony and Stephen? Are they good Daddies to Peter?
Also, thank you so much for all the brilliant comments on the previous chapter. You guys are amazing and give me so much motivation to keep editing and posting!
Chapter 21 - Princess parts privileges

Chapter Summary

Peter wants to be a big boy, but his Daddies won't let him. He grows frustrated and maybe a little horny ;)

Chapter Notes

Hello! Sorry for missing an update on 19th, I was very busy with school and such, but here's another update!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It is almost snack time and the littles are wandering in the hallways as well as dashing in and out of the different playrooms, the little library and TV room. Bucky is doing cartwheels in the hallway while Peter watches in awe.

“You can’t keep up with me cause you’re a baby!” Bucky teases Peter as he runs away from the other little in a game of tag.

“Am not!” Peter cries back, running after Bucky as fast as he can, but he cannot keep up with the bigger little. Stephen comes around the corner just in time to see Peter slip on the floor with his fluffy socks. The boy lets out a yelp and cries out from the shock of falling, but Stephen can see that Peter did not hurt himself, just got a little scare. The doctor walks over, shaking his head fondly as he sees Bucky run off and round the corner, but ends up bumping into his own Daddy Steve.

“Isn’t there a rule that says no running inside, only outside, Peter?” The doctor says, crouching down by his boy and helping him sit up. Peter whines and pouts in response, pointing to his knees which have carpet burns. With a chuckle, Stephen moves to pick Peter up into his arms. Bringing Peter to his office, Stephen cleans the carpet burns and places a bandaid on each knee, as well as a kiss to make the owie go away, before returning with Peter to the canteen for snack time.

On their way, they meet Steve who has got Bucky in his arms. The boy is sniffling quietly from getting a few swats on his behind for running inside and for making a baby break the rules. The two grown ups share a knowing look and both hold their boys a little tighter. It is not the first time that week that Peter has been led astray by bigger littles, and Stephen nor Tony like it one bit. So, they have told the other staff members to keep an extra close eye on their boy when they are not around. Peter is not pleased about this, as he feels he cannot play like everyone else, which is deeply unfair.

Just an hour before, Bucky had been playing with Peter on the monkey bars outside and encouraged the baby to come along with him. Peter had squeaked in surprise when he suddenly felt a strong pair of hands under his armpits and he got pulled off the monkey bars.

“Oh no, you aren’t!” Thor said with a playful growl, but Peter was not having it and whined.

”Nooo!”
Thor had bounced Peter in his arms to try and keep him happy, but it had not working, so the nurse had made a compromise and held Peter around his waist and supported most of his weight while the little boy climbed from one bar to the other with his arms.

Peter tells Stephen about his monkey bar adventures while they walk to the canteen, then squirms out of his arms to skip over to Tony when he sees him.

“Daddy, I was climbing on the monkey bars like a big boy!” Peter grins up at Tony while Stephen goes to help the other caregivers with getting all the littles their snack.

“Really? Wow, baby!” Tony gasps and picks Peter up on his lap. He trusts Thor enough to know he did not let Peter be on the monkey bars by himself, but he can see that Peter has bandaids on both his knees. He shoots Stephen a puzzled look when the other doctor comes over with Peter’s snack.

“Just some carpet burns from running in the hall.” Stephen explains with a hushed voice as not to upset Peter. Tony nods in response before taking the snack from Stephen. The other littles are getting PB&J sandwiches and fruit, but Peter gets a bottle and yogurt. The little boy also gets to sit by the grown up table, and not with the other littles, because he needs the extra care due to his sensitive stomach and his strict diet.

“Bottle or yogurt first, baby?” Tony asks.

“Bottle!” Peter squeals and claps his hands, taking the nipple of the bottle into his mouth and drinking eagerly. Tony keeps Peter still on his lap while he drinks and makes him take little breaks as not to upset his stomach by eating too fast. During the breaks, Peter tries to make a grab for whatever food is in his reach, but the grown ups always bat his hand away.

“No, no, baby, that’s not yours.” Tony chuckles, pulling Peter’s hand back when he tries to steal some of Thor’s food. Tony gives Peter his bottle again for a moment before pulling it back for another break. Peter whines in response, but then realises he can start giving kisses and wants to be passed around the entire table so he can show everyone how much he loves them.

”Hey, hey. You haven’t finished yet, Petey.” Tony says as he gets a tighter grip on the boy in his lap, but Peter just struggles even more.

”I gotta kiss Daddy!” Peter explains and pushes Tony’s arm off of him and gets on his feet to pad over to Stephen, who of course cannot help but grin and take the boy onto his lap. When Peter is on Stephen’s lap, he starts pressing little kisses across his face and giggles softly. Stephen holds him securely and pats his lower back while he waits for Peter to get all his kisses out. It goes on for a little while before he turns himself around and gets settled on Stephen’s lap, pointing for his bottle until Tony passes it over and he can finish eating.

”Thor said you were on the monkey bars today and it sounded like you had lots of fun.” Steve comments while Stephen dabs at the drop of milk that slips out of the corner of Peter’s mouth with a napkin when he grins around the nipple of the bottle.

”I was climbing up and up and up high like Buck and MJ!” Peter squeals and puts the bottle back in his mouth to drink the last drops.

“Wow, buddy! Were you up in the sky?” The nurse asks and Peter grins around his bottle again, which is now empty. Stephen takes the bottle away before Peter can start sucking air and upset his stomach. The doctor rubs Peter’s back gently out of habit and smiles when the boy nods enthusiastically at Steve.
“I was up high!” Peter says, but turns his head when there is a ‘woah’ and a cry from the tables were the other littles are sat at.

“Uncle Stevie, Bucky spilled his juice!” MJ cries and Peter perks up, trying to get up and see the mess, but Stephen holds him steady and distracts Peter by offering him some of the yogurt. Steve and Pepper go over and clean up the mess. When everything is cleaned up and the littles are all settled and have been instructed to finish their snacks, Bucky is brought over to the grown ups’ table because his clothes got wet. He is not upset, just uncomfortable, because it is sticky and cold. The boy makes a whine when Steve starts stripping him off in front of everyone. Peter points over to him when he is down to his underwear and looks at Stephen with a frown.

“Buck got undies?”

“Yeah, he does, baby.” Stephen says simply and offers Peter another spoonful, but the boy turns his head to look at Bucky.

“I wanna too!” Peter cries as Pepper returns with dry clothes for Bucky and Steve starts to dress him up again. Looking between each other, Stephen and Tony consider their options silently and try to prompt the other one to speak first. Finally, Tony moves over to crouch beside Stephen’s seat so he can see Peter properly.

“Honey, I’m not sure if that is a good idea. Pull-ups are just in case you have an accident and they mean you won't have to get a bath and change your clothes. If you have undies, you'll need to go to the potty every time.” Tony explains, holding Peter's hand and rubbing his thumb against the soft skin in the hopes of distracting him.

“Pull-ups are nothing to be embarrassed about, baby.” Stephen adds and then Bucky is dressed again and comes over, having heard their conversation.

“Is okay, Petey. You’re still a big boy in pull-ups, my Daddy says so.” He says and points at Steve, wanting to comfort Peter, whom he sees as a little brother. Peter's cheeks flush a bright pink and he turns his face to hide in Stephen's chest. Deciding he does not want to listen to people talk about this anymore, he pretends to fall asleep immediately. Tony and Stephen look at each other and grin before Tony rubs Bucky's back gently.

“Thank you for helping, buddy, Pete’s just a little sleepy. We're going to go put him to bed, but you can play when he wakes up.” Tony promises, waiting for Stephen to stand up so they can bring Peter to their room and actually get him to go over for a nap. Bucky nods and waves them all bye-bye before following Steve for TV time with the other littles before nap time. Stephen carries Peter to their room, but he can tell by his breathing that he is not asleep.

“Baby boy, I know you’re not sleeping.”

But, it is not until Tony tickles Peter under his chin that he opens his eyes, unable to stop giggling. Peter is clearly wide awake and not ready to sleep at all. He keeps one hand on Stephen’s face and the other on Tony’s arm, so that he can keep his Daddies close to him. Stephen looks over his shoulder at Tony.

“Are you in the mood for a nap or should we put up the bars on baby boy’s bed?” He asks Tony.

“Considering how he wants to be a big boy today, I say we let him nap in his own bed.” Tony says, but they put Peter on their bed first for a quick change and a check up. They keep their voices soft and stroke Peter’s skin to lull him to sleep as they get him changed and examined. Peter’s eyelids are growing heavy rapidly as he gets sleepy, but he yelps a little when the blood pressure cuff around his
When Tony is almost done checking Peter over, Stephen starts pulling back the covers of the boy’s
bed in their room. Usually, they put the bars up to stop him climbing or falling out, but this time they
deide to just raise them enough that he cannot roll off the bed. Tony lifts Peter and lays him down,
tucking him in carefully and putting a pacifier in his mouth.

“We love you so much, baby boy.” Tony says quietly as he leans down to kiss Peter’s forehead,
followed by Stephen who does the same. Peter just blinks up at them before turning a little on his
side and cuddles a stuffie to his chest. Sneaking out of the room quietly, Stephen and Tony start their
rounds on the ward.

Peter sleeps for a little less than his usual nap time before he is awake and looking around the room.
Normally, there is a grown up waiting for him who gets him out of the bed and tells him it is time to
be awake, but today the bars are lower than usual. Deciding this maybe means his Daddies think he
is a big boy like Bucky, Peter climbs out of the bed and sits down on the carpet. He plays with his
toys for a while before smiling and double checking that he is alone. He can be a big boy and will
prove it, and after some struggle, he manages to get his clothes off and drops the pull-up on the
ground before going back to his pretend game.

Entering their bedroom quietly, Stephen and Tony are very much expecting to find their boy tangled
up in his blanket fast asleep. Instead, they sigh at the sight of Peter on the floor with a train set around
him and the pull-up on the floor along with his sleeper.

“Peter, what have we told you about leaving bed without our permission, hm?” Stephen reminds as
both he and Tony crouch down to look at their boy.

“Not to...” Peter says softly, looking up at Stephen and chewing on his lip. “Was alone and no bars!”
He tries to argue, pointing at his bed for emphasis. The bars help keep him safe, but also in place if
his Daddies are not in the room with him, so he guesses the rules changed because the set up did. He
points at his clothes too, hoping his Daddies would notice that he had gotten them off himself. “Big
boy?”

“Big boys listen to their Daddies, Peter. And they don’t make a fuss about what their Daddies dress
them in, because they know their Daddies only do what’s best for them.” Stephen explains, lifting
Peter up from the floor by his armpits so that Tony can pick up the pull-up, holding it so that Peter
can step into it again. When the pull-up is offered, Peter shakes his head rapidly and fights to turn
himself around so that he can cling to Stephen.

“No, Daddy!” He says, tears starting to fall down his face. “Big boy, please.” He coughs through a
few sobs and keeps his hands firmly on Stephen, squealing and moving his feet away when Tony
tries to put the pull-up back on him. Stephen does not budge and holds the boy firmly, but the two
doctors really need his cooperation to get the pull-up on him in this position.

“Peter! Settle down or you’ll be very sorry when I put you over my knee.” Tony threatens and gives
Peter’s ass cheek a firm swat once.

“No!” Peter cries, getting more worked up when he is swatted. He manages to climb up just enough
on Stephen so that he can wrap his arms and legs around him. “Daddy, please!” He is burying his
face as deeply as he can into his Daddy’s neck, wiggling to get as close as he can. It seems like what
the boy needs is some cuddles, and not a punishment, so Stephen takes Peter into his arms properly,
holding him close and rocking him gently.

”Da!” Peter sobs and hiccups as Tony rubs his back. When Peter’s sobs eventually slow, Tony gives
him a kiss on the cheek and takes him out of Stephen’s arms to bring him over to the big bed.

"Honey, it’s just a pull-up. No one is saying you’re a baby, we’re just trying to help you. Sometimes it’s tough to get to the potty or hold on if you’re asleep, so we got them for those times. Would you be willing to put one on and we can put your big boy undies over the top of it?" He asks, using his thumbs to wipe away the stray tears.

“O-okay...” Peter barely whispers and just lays back and lets his Daddies get him dressed.

“There’s a good boy.” Stephen praises as Peter lifts his hips by himself. The boy seems a little happier once he has his Paw Patrol undies on, but still clingy when Tony picks him up. He lays his head on Tony’s shoulder and after a moment, he speaks quietly.

“M sorry, Daddy, love you.”

“It’s okay, baby boy. You’re forgiven. And we love you too, so, so much." Tony stresses along with a long kiss to the boy’s cheek. "Now, shall we find your friends and see what they’re up to?"

Nodding, Peter points to the door helpfully. He keeps his head tucked into Tony's neck as he directs him to the playroom, just in case his Daddy had forgotten where it was. When Peter sees MJ in the playroom, he squirms out of Tony’s arms and skips over to his friend.

“MJ! Got undies!” He says, clapping excitedly when he sits down beside her. He tugs at the leggings he is wearing until she can see the front design, beaming proudly and feeling like a big boy.

With a reminder to be good, Tony leaves Peter with MJ in the playroom. However, the littles are not left unsupervised as Steve is with them. Bucky comes over too and the three littles try to agree on a game, but Peter does not like the suggestion about playing house, because he always ends up as the baby. Considering it for a minute, Peter finally suggests playing puppies instead. He tries to tell them that it would be fun and that they can run around, but Bucky is not convinced.

“Um, I don’t know how to play puppies, Petey. Is it a game for babies?” Bucky asks.

Not knowing either, MJ nods and reaches out to hold Peter’s hand.

“Maybe you could show us how to play.” She smiles and Peter begins to explain.

“One’s gotta be owner and then there’s two puppies.” Peter explains, showing the numbers with his fingers. “The owner’s gotta take care of the puppies.” Peter adds before Bucky joins in.

“Like feed and walk. Like that?”

Together all three start to get the hang of some rules and MJ ends up as the owner of puppies Peter and Bucky.

“I’m a German Shepherd!” Bucky exclaims and paws at Peter.

“I’m a white puppy!”

“Pete, that’s not a breed!” Bucky says.

“Is so!” Peter argues. “I’m a white puppy.” He repeats for emphasis. Crawling over to MJ, Peter giggles and licks her hand gently, making little dog sounds and sticking his tongue out to pant. He nuzzles into her and plays around, mostly like he plays with his own Daddies, but with more noises thrown in and not talking as often.
“Who’s a good puppy?” MJ coos and laughs as Peter rolls onto his back, lifting his limbs up as if he really was a dog.

“I’m good too!” Bucky points out and rolls onto his back too next to Peter and nuzzles his nose into Peter’s ear.

“Good puppies don’t talk, only bark!” MJ points out and moves to rub both boys on their stomachs. After a while, Pepper comes to fetch MJ for some ‘little girl time’ and then it is just Bucky and Peter left in the playroom as Steve has to tend to some fighting littles in another playroom. The two boys begin to wrestle with one another as they make growling and barking noises. Before they understand what is going on, both littles are growing aroused.

They are rolling around on the carpet and Bucky ends up on top of Peter and they are so close. Then, Peter's leg brushes between Bucky’s legs and suddenly they are not sure what they are doing, but it feels good. Peter is very relieved that he has a pull-up on, because his parts feel all tingly. The littles continue to rut against one another all the way to climax. Peter is okay, because he’s got a pull-up, but the front of Bucky’s pants become dark with the wetness and both littles look at one another with wide eyes.

Bucky scrambles to stand up and hides his groin with his hands while Peter panics and runs to a grown up for help. He tugs on Natasha’s clothes and starts babbling that he had an accident and Bucky did too and that they are all gross and need help. Natasha nods understandingly and smiles, telling him it is okay and they can deal with accidents, but then she realises that they did not in fact have accidents. Natasha alerts the boys’ Daddies and soon there is three sets of heavy footsteps in the hallway and Peter and Bucky gulp in fear.

Both littles have bright red faces and wait to find out what their Daddies have to say as they all step into the playroom. Peter wonders if he is in trouble for having an accident after insisting he was a big boy, while Bucky knows exactly what happened, but is just scared to admit it. Stephen, Tony and Steve all stand in front of the little boys and wait in silence for them to explain themselves.

“I didn’t have an accident, Daddy! I swear! I don’t want the icky tube, please!” Peter begs and bounces on his spot anxiously, wanting nothing more than to hug his Daddies, but they look so stern with their hands on their hips, so he does not run over to them. Meanwhile, Bucky hangs his head down and pouts because he knows what he did, so he does not bother with saying it out loud.

“Bucky.” Steve prompts, waiting for an explanation. The nurse knows that Peter does not know anything about sex, let alone about his reproductive organs as Stephen and Tony like to keep him meek and innocent. Bucky, on the other hand, knows a lot more about sex and even has it with his Daddy now and then, but he knows that involving other littles in sexual acts is strictly forbidden. Steve waits with his arms crossed, staring Bucky down until he finally mumbles to his Daddy.

“I came. Petey did too. We were playing and rubbed together too much.” He grumbles, sounding more like he is in a teen headspace than a little, so Steve brings his boy with him out of the room, leaving Peter alone with Stephen and Tony.

“Let’s see the damage then.” Tony says when Peter does not explain himself. He crouches down in front of Peter while Stephen holds his arms up and out of the way. He pulls down the boy’s leggings to his ankles and rips one side of the pull-up open to inspect Peter’s cocklet. The boy makes little noises of discomfort and embarrassment.

“I didn’t have accident, didn’t, didn’t, I didn’t!” Peter babbles over and over again and even stomps his foot to emphasise his point.
“No, you didn’t have an accident.” Tony says, taking Peter’s cock and inspecting it carefully between his fingers. “What do you think you did, Peter?” He asks, showing him the inside of his pull-up so Peter could see it. Stephen keeps holding Peter in place so that he cannot run away. Peter whimpers pathetically and squirms where he is held trapped.

“I-I... ‘m sorry, Daddies! Didn’t mean to, promise! Just... Buck felt so good and I- I...” Peter stutters out, barely able to make a coherent sentence and Tony holding his little cock does not help at all as he feels the same warm feeling gathering in his lower stomach and he grows aroused again. Sighing heavily so that the warm air brushes over Peter’s cock, Tony looks up at Stephen.

“He’s too small for any of the cages we have currently. Maybe we’ll try something else?” He suggests, smiling when Stephen goes to retrieve some supplies. He holds Peter close, rubbing his fingers against the base of his tiny cock. “Big boys have balls, Peter, little boys like you don’t. You’re too small to cum without a Daddy or Mommy helping you. You don’t even know how to use it yourself.” Tony scolds, reaching around to spank Peter’s bum and leaving a red handprint behind.

“Ah-ah!” Peter yelps and closes his eyes tightly to try to stop the tears from falling. He wants to run away so badly, to hide away from his Daddies and whatever punishment their are planning, but he is frozen in his spot, let alone immobilised by his pants around his knees and Tony’s stern gaze.

When Stephen returns, he has a box in his hands, which is stored in their room, up on the top shelf of their closet where Peter cannot reach. The doctor takes out a pink plug, a bottle of lube and an oversized sweater.

“You’ve lost princess part privileges, baby.” Stephen explains, lifting Peter and laying him down on a changing pad after folding out. While Tony holds Peter steady with a hand on his hip and another on his collarbone, Stephen pours some lube over his now gloved hand and slides his slick fingers into Peter’s rosy bud. “No pants, no underwear, no pull-ups. Daddies want to see what you do with that little peepee during the day.” Stephen says and takes the plug into his free hand, pushing it into Peter before he is fully stretched out and ready so that there would be an uncomfortable stretch.

“Da-ddy!” Peter yelps, squirming and whimpering at the sensation of being so full.

“What will you do if your peepee or bum needs attention for any reason?” Tony asks, putting more pressure on Peter to keep him still. At the stern voice of his Daddy, the boy snaps his eyes up and answers meekly.

"I find Daddies…”

“Yes, Peter, you find Daddies. Just Daddies, no one else, unless we give you permission in the morning.” Tony warns. He lifts Peter up when he is settled, being sure to push the plug just slightly while Stephen leads them back towards his office. They set out Peter’s littlest things which includes picture books, soft toys with various rattles, mirrors and teething toys. They sit him down and go to work, hoping the boy gets the message and entertains himself for a while.

Peter tries to be good and play with the toys he has around him on the blanket, but he keeps getting distracted with the fullness in his bum. He knows that he is not allowed to touch his private parts and he really does not want to be put into mittens. But, he cannot disturb his Daddies either, as they are talking about something very important that he does not understand. So, he just stares at them as they talk medicine, but then he shifts his hips a little and a building block behind him pushes on the plug, causing him to yelp. Looking over at Peter, Stephen smiles knowingly while Tony gets up to check on him. He crouches down beside Peter and reaches out to touch a toy train in front of Peter.

“What are you playing with, little one?” He asks. “Is it a story game or are you just having fun?” He
reaches forward and pretends to fix the sweater, so that it is covering more of Peter and deliberately brushes the boy’s little cock with the palm of his hand.

“Is a train, it goes cho-cho.” Peter explains, but whimpers when his Daddy touches his cock. He feels that warmness spreading again, and the plug in his bum does not help either. “Daddy, no touch... Please.” Peter adds and looks up at Tony with sad puppy eyes.

“Don’t tell Daddy what to do, Peter.” Stephen warns, watching the two of them from across the room. Tony smiles at Peter.

“What did Daddy touch? I just fixed your sweater so you won’t get a chill, baby boy.” He says, brushing back Peter’s hair. Peter knits his brows at the unfairness of it all, but he is already plugged and half naked, so he does not push the matter further. Instead, he pushes the train on the tracks and watches as it drives around a corner before coming to a stop.

“Good baby.” Tony says, standing up and leaving Peter to play with his toys. He goes to fetch a sippy cup of milk and sets it on the desk for Peter, so he can take it when he is ready for a drink, but otherwise eases off him and watches to see what his next move is going to be. Drumming his fingers against the table, Stephen looks at Peter’s pale thighs and smiles softly.

“How are you feeling, little one?”

“Good, Daddy.” Peter answers meekly, bringing his sweater paws up to his mouth. “But...”

“Come on, honey. Answer Daddies with your big boy words.” Tony urges on, looking at their baby with keen eyes.

“Let’s hear those nice words, Pete.” Stephen says, motioning for Peter to come over. “Tell us what you’re feeling, otherwise we can't help you.” He gently pushes Peter's hands away from his mouth, so that he does not chew nor suck on his fingers. Thinking for a bit and chewing on his bottom lip, Peter finds his courage and speaks up in a sudden.

“I feel funny! Like- down there and dunno what to do...” Both Stephen and Tony smirk a little, bringing the boy to stand in between them so they can have their hands all over their baby boy.

“Funny in what way, Peter?” Tony asks, rubbing Peter's lower back slowly, teasing a finger over his ass to remind him of the plug. Stephen feels Peter’s forehead, sliding down to check his pulse on his neck before settling his hand on his waist. The boy is not feverish, but still warm and flustered and his rapid pulse just further proves Stephen’s suspicions to be correct.

“Do you feel icky or like you need something?”

“Like- need sumthin’, down there.” Peter mumbles and squirms where he stands, arching his back and shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Lifting up Peter’s sweater to his stomach, Stephen and Tony find their boy hard and leaking a drop of precum.

“Little boys don't get something down there.” Tony says, pulling Peter onto his lap and wrapping a firm arm around his waist. “Little boys don’t touch down there at all. Their Daddies do because Daddies are responsible for everything below their belly buttons. Got it?” He asks, offering Peter his sippy cup as emphasis on who is in charge. Peter is a little hesitant at first and eyes the sippy cup. He really wants to do what he had done with Bucky earlier, because it felt really good, but his Daddies are always right. Peter takes the sippy cup with both hands.

“There’s a good boy. Maybe we should get an ice pack so that he settles down a little?” Stephen suggests, talking to Tony now.
“An ice pack sounds like a good idea.” Tony agrees, not loosening his grip on Peter as he watches Stephen cross the room. “Daddy’s got a nice ass.” He whispers in Peter’s ear, confident that the boy is too little to understand. Peter frowns just a little at his Daddy, letting the sippy cup down in his mouth, but Tony just chuckles and tips it back up so Peter can continue drinking his milk. The doctor bounces the boy gently, being careful just to bump the plug rather than hurt him. He laps up the cute, little noises Peter makes in response as he drinks his milk.

“Do you want big cuddles with Daddies and an ice pack on your sore parts?” Stephen asks, wrapping the ice pack in a surgical towel and showing it to Peter. The boy nods eagerly at the offer of cuddles, hoping that his Daddies can fix the funny feeling too.

“Feel funny, Daddy...” He whines a little, kicking his feet back and forth to get some of his frustration out.

“Baby needs to N-A-P.” Tony says to Stephen, and together they all head to their room. Tony lays Peter down in the middle of their bed and gives him a stuffie, so that he is entertained while he and Stephen strip down to their boxers. When Stephen is comfortable on the bed, he slides up the front of Peter’s sweater and sets the ice pack directly on his little cock.

“Does that feel better, honey?” He asks, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“Ah-ah!” Peter yelps at first, trying to squirm away from the coldness, but Tony moves to sit on the opposite side and holds him down. After a moment or two, Peter feels the throbbing in his groin ease a little and he relaxes against the bed with a sigh. “Paci? Pwease?” He mumbles, looking at one Daddy before turning to the other. Reaching over to his bedside table, Tony finds a yellow paci with a bee on it and pops it into Peter’s mouth. He rubs the boy’s nose and cheeks gently for a few moments before smiling down at him.

“There’s our good boy. Are you going to have a nap in your Daddies’ bed and steal all our covers?” He asks teasingly while Stephen takes the ice pack away, gently inspecting Peter’s cock for any sign of irritation or soreness, but it seems to be fine, except for a little cold and damp from a combination of ice and pre-cum. Stephen runs his fingers over the pale pink scar of where Peter’s balls used to be and watches him suck innocently on the pacifier. Catching Tony’s eyes, Stephen leans over to kiss Tony. Peter hardly notices Stephen touching him, as he is almost numb from the ice and falling asleep rapidly, but when he sees his Daddies kissing, he makes a little whine and reaches his hands up to them.

”Kissy too!” He mumbles with the pacifier. Both doctors laugh at Peter’s outcry and lean down to pepper kisses all over his face until he is squealing with laughter. Tony places a hand on Peter’s tummy to stop him from moving around.

“No wiggles, honey, it's sleepy time. Think you can be a big boy if we let you go without a pull-up?” Peter finally feels like he is in his Daddies’ good books again and nods eagerly in response. Maybe he would be freed from the plug soon too.

”I'm a big boy!” He squeals, but once again Tony moves his hand on his tummy to settle him down.

“Our big boy.” Stephen agrees, tucking the blanket up around Peter. “Close your eyes, baby, it's nap time.” He says more firmly than before so that Peter would settle himself down and fall asleep. He and Tony are already laying comfortably and holding Peter in place, but neither have any intention of napping with him. They stay perfectly quiet while they wait for their baby to doze off, rubbing his tummy gently when he seems to be too alert. After a while, Peter feels his eyelids growing heavy. The pacifier feels really good in his mouth and so does his Daddies’ big and strong hands on his tummy. He is half-asleep and barely registers when his Daddies whisper to him.
“Shh, baby boy, sleep now. Daddies love you, honey.” Stephen whispers.

“Dream of Daddy’s nice ass...” Tony whispers.

Leaning over to slap Tony lightly, Stephen rolls his eyes and tries his hardest not to laugh as not to wake Peter. They both put their focus back on Peter, not moving again until his breathing evens out and he seems to be asleep. Glancing over at Tony, Stephen motions for them to get out of bed, which they do quietly.

“How brilliant of us to place him in our bed.” Tony grins wolfishly, grabbing Stephen by his collar and pulling him into another kiss, but this one quickly becomes much more heated and passionate.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you very much for reading! Peter and Bucky will have another little adventure in the next chapter, but this time on the ward together.
As always feedback is much appreciated and I will try to get your suggestion into future chapters while editing the raw text.
Chapter 22 - Dual treatments II

Chapter Summary

Now it's Bucky and Peter's turn to get treated together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Peter and Bucky are dozing quietly, each laying on a hospital bed, but with matching blankets and a stuffie each. They are not on the big ward, but rather in one of the private rooms that fit two beds. This is a rarity, but the boys’ Daddies find that they deserve some peace and quiet, considering the rough dual treatments they went through. The treatment included long and painful rounds of enemas before a thorough rectal exam. The two littles became non-verbal halfway through and have been that way since.

It has been a few hours and they are both resting next to one another, just close enough that their fingertips can touch if they stretch their arms out towards one another. Bucky and Peter are so drained and tired that all they can do is stare across at each other and doze. They get a lot of check ups from grown ups and get little presents for going through such a tough treatment, but as soon as they are alone again, they are fast asleep and cuddled up with their blankets and stuffies. Bucky is laying on his stomach with his thumb in his mouth, regressing further than what he normally does while he sleeps, while Peter is on his side, all curled up with a paci bobbing in his mouth. He cracks his eyes open just a little bit when there is a hand on his forehead.

“Shh, go back to sleep, baby.” Stephen shushes and Peter closes his eyes again.

An hour later, Peter wakes up again and is very much content with staying in bed because Bucky is right next to him, but eventually he starts singing ‘Daddyyyy’ softly in the hopes that someone will hear and comes to see him. He wiggles himself up into a seated position and looks around. Peter’s Daddies cannot hear him, though, because the door is closed and the only one with Peter is Bucky. But, Bucky hears Peter and rubs at his eyes, pushing himself up to a sitting position as well.

“What is it, Petey?” Bucky asks and quickly realises that Peter is upset that his Daddies are not here, so Bucky decides to do a big no-no and climbs out of his bed to join Peter in his to cuddle with him. The bigger little kind of struggles with getting out of his bed and into Peter’s, but manages to do so after a while and soon Peter is laying on Bucky. The bigger boy hums softly to them and pulls the blanket up around them, snuggling in closer.

“Buck...” Peter mumbles, seeking out as much comfort as he can get and squirms a little on the bed. He is still sore from all the stretching of the plugs and his Daddies’ fingers inside of his bum, but he cannot quite express it. Bucky feels just as sore, but he still comforts Peter, because he is littler. Bucky presses little kisses to the top of Peter’s head and rubs his lower back gently while he tries to help him get comfortable. They get settled after a while and Bucky holds Peter as firmly as he can, mimicking his own Daddy while he tries to comfort the baby.

Twenty minutes later, Tony is doing rounds and comes into the room. The doctor hesitates for a moment, because getting out of bed is a big no-no, but he cannot help but melt a little at how Bucky is holding Peter. He walks over to Peter’s bed and nudges Bucky awake first. The boy’s eyes go
wide as he realises he has been caught breaking a rule.

“It’s okay, bud. I’ll let it pass this time, but you gotta get into your own bed now.” Tony says quietly, but Peter stirs awake nonetheless. Peter pouts out of tiredness and reaches out for Tony to hold him while Bucky sulks over to his own bed. Tony helps Bucky move over, so that they do not add a bumped head to their day, and tucks him in before going back to Peter.

“Time to rest, honey. I love you.” Tony whispers and kisses Peter’s forehead. The little boy is out like a light again.

During the next morning after breakfast, Stephen and Steve arrive and announce that it is time for a check up.

“Who wants to go first?” The doctor asks and both littles gulp, because they know that they are going to check their littles holes. Their Daddies walk around and very slowly get things ready. Stephen makes a show of snapping his gloves on while Steve slides over a tray of instruments to check them with. They go to Bucky first, telling him to take a deep breath and relax so that he can show Peter how big boys get their check ups.

They position Bucky so that he is on his knees, but with his head down on the pillow so that his ass is in the air. Steve has one hand on the boy’s lower back while the other one is free to hand over whatever Stephen needs as he examines Bucky. The littles ones have full eye contact and at every noise that Bucky makes, Peter jumps a little in fright.

“Don’t tense up, buddy, or it’s only going to hurt more.” Stephen warns Bucky and takes the speculum that Steve hands him. Peter watches closely from his own bed and trembles a little at what his Daddy is doing to his friend. But, what is worst of all, is knowing that he is next and the little smiles Steve gives him do not help at all. Finally, Stephen seems to be finished and pulls his gloves off.

“Good job, Buck, you were so brave for me.” Stephen announces and Steve lets Bucky slump down on the bed, exhausted and out of breath.

“Good boy, Bucky. Daddy’s so proud.” Steve says with a smile, taking his own gloves off and leans down to plant a kiss on his boy’s temple. While Bucky continues to recover from the exam, Stephen and Steve get fresh supplies and instruments as well as snap on a fresh pair of gloves before going over to Peter’s bed.

“Now, it’s you turn, baby boy. Can you be a big boy like Bucky and get in the same position?”

Peter thinks about shaking his head at first, but then he glances over at Bucky who smiles back at him. He gets into position, chewing on his lip and tries to look at his Daddy with a pout to show that he does not approve of the situation. However, his Daddy does not meet his eye and Peter digs his face into his pillow, letting out a high pitched whine.

“Now, now, Peter. Bucky went through this and so can you.” Stephen says and Steve moves to hold Peter’s hips steady with both hands. The boy yelps when he feels something cold and slick between his ass cheeks. Keeping his hand steady, Stephen slides two fingers into Peter and feels for anything abnormal. He goes through the same process as with Bucky, checking Peter’s temperature and opening him up properly with the speculum.

“Good job, honey bee. Your bum is doing much better. Does it feel better?” Stephen asks once he is finished and snaps his gloves off. Steve eases Peter’s hips back down on the bed. But, it does not feel better, Peter thinks. He just felt sore and worn out.
“Daddy, achey...” Peter whines into his pillow, bringing his thumb to his mouth to suck on it, but Steve is faster and grabs his wrist. Stephen leans down by the bed to look at his boy.

“Do you want some medicine, baby?”

Medicine makes ickies and owies go away, so Peter nods his head eagerly.

“Pwease, Da...” He whimpers, kicking his legs a little. While Steve helps Peter roll over on his back on the bed, Stephen goes to the medicine cart and selects the right pain relief for Peter. He picks the bright pink one that supposedly tastes like strawberries, but every little sticks up their nose and tries to spit it back out. Getting an oral syringe, Stephen fills it up with the appropriate amount before returning to his boy.

"Open wide, baby.” The doctor instructs. Suddenly, Peter regrets asking for medicine when he sees the syringe and scrambles on the bed to get as far away as possible.

“No, Daddy, I don’t want! It tastes yucky!” He has never taken the medicine his Daddy has in his hand, but he recognises it as the strawberry painkiller, which is infamous among the littles and feared by them for its horrible taste.

“Shh, baby.” Stephen tuts, tilting his head back so his throat is open. Steve reaches his hand over and gently pinches Peter’s nose with two fingers until his mouth falls open. Putting the syringe in, Stephen injects the medicine before closing Peter’s mouth. “Swallow.”

Peter really wants to gag, but the position his Daddy is holding his head at makes it nearly impossible and he swallows on reflex. Stephen and Steve let go of Peter and the boy doubles over to cough.

“Daddy! Is yucky!” Peter complains loudly, whimpering and whining.

“Don’t be dramatic, Petey.” Stephen says, but lifts Peter out of the bed for a cuddle regardless. Kissing his cheek, he walks over to get a sippy cup with water and bounces Peter gently. “You’ll feel so much better soon, baby.” He promises.

“You want a painkiller too, Buck?” Steve asks and chuckles at how fast the boy shakes his head. "All right. How about a cuddle?” And then both boys get held close by their Daddies.

“Yuck.” Peter says again after chugging half of the cup to get the awful taste out of his mouth.

“Yeah, yeah, we suck.” Stephen jokes with a light chuckle, walking them over to the window so that Peter can see outside. Steve moves to stand next to them with Bucky in his arms and cuddles his own boy close. Stephen and Steve begin discussing the boys’ treatment and other things they have to deal with for littles who are complaining of different issues.

Bucky and Peter meet each others eyes again and both blush as they listen to their Daddies talk about them. Then, the grown ups seem to move onto Loki, although they do not mention him by name, but Peter and Bucky know the rumours. They whisper to one another as their Daddies talk.

“Loki was bad, so he got the tube in his peepee.” Bucky says quietly, to which Peter giggles in response.

“You had the tube in your peepee when you got an icky and couldn't potty, remember?” Steve points out, looking down at Bucky before directing his attention back to Stephen.

“Peter had one too, Bucky, don't worry. Sometimes little ones just need help and grown ups can provide it.” Stephen adds, trying to hold back laughter at seeing the two littles blushing so cutely.
“I don’t need tube in my peepee, Daddy!” Peter yelps. "I go potty like a big boy!" He adds, growing a little anxious in his Daddy’s arms. Bouncing and shushing him, Stephen kisses Peter’s temple.

"I know, baby, I know."

"What did Loki do to get the tube, Daddy?" Bucky asks Steve.

“That’s none of your business, Buck. If you misbehave, you might find out why we use it to teach little ones a lesson, though." Steve warns, putting a warning hand on Bucky's bum. Meanwhile, Stephen rocks Peter gently as his anxiety spiked momentarily, mouthing little praises to him while Steve and Bucky talk to each other. After a few minutes, Stephen rubs Peter’s back.

“Do you want to go potty really quick? I’ll wait right here for you.” He promises. Nodding a little, Peter pads over to the bathroom after his Daddy sets him down. He returns after a moment, his hands washed and everything, and rubs at his eye as he pads back to his Daddy.

"‘m not sleepy...” Peter says, trying to sound convincing, but fails quite badly as the painkiller is starting to kick in and making him sleepy.

“I never suggested you were.” Stephen chuckles with a smile and lifts Peter up. He takes the boy over to his bed and lays him down, pausing before he pulls the blankets up around him. “I’m okay with letting you nap, because you just went potty, but do you want a pull-up just in case?” He asks softly, being sure to lower his voice so Peter does not get upset over Bucky and Steve possibly overhearing. If anyone asks why he went with the pull-up even though he did not have to, Peter will say it was because of the painkiller, but actually he is growing to like it in a way.

"‘m not a baby...” Peter argues, just in case, as his Daddy gets a fresh pull-up.

“No, you’re daddy’s big boy.” Stephen agrees, sliding the pull-up onto Peter and patting the front when it is in place. He gets Peter out of the hospital gown and into a soft sleeper before layering the blankets over him, leaning down to press kisses over his face. “I love you to the moon and back, baby.”

"Love you, Da...” Peter mumbles with a giggle at all the kisses he is getting.

“I think a nap is in order for you too, buddy.” Steve says, bringing Bucky over to his bed. The boy tries to argue, but his Daddy shushes him and points at a tucked in Peter. "Look at Peter. He’s a big boy and doesn’t make a fuss about nap time. Can you be a big boy too?" And with that Bucky lets himself be tucked in for a nap.

“Sleep tight, pretty baby.” Stephen smiles, standing by Peter’s bedside until he falls asleep. Bucky follows soon after, despite the lack of medicine to make him drowsy. Stephen and Steve leave the room quietly and head to the ward to check on some other little patients. They spend most of the afternoon with Loki who is still fighting the catheter, despite it being fitted and used already. After a bottle and a light sedative, they manage to get Loki to fall asleep too.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter as I know many of you like Bucky.
The next bit will be a long one and divided into three parts with the dilemma 'to be a big
boy or not to be a big boy'.
Some lovely dears have been sending asks about this fic on my Tumblr and I was more
than happy to answer them! I have also posted some headcanons and short scenes on
there, so you can check that out on the 'little patients' tag on my blog professional-
benaddict xx
Chapter 23 - Big boy or baby boy 1

Chapter Summary

Peter wants to be a big boy, but will his Daddies let him?
Buckle up for a three part bit!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You started it.” Bucky mumbles under his breath, but Loki still hears him.

"It was your idea!” The raven-haired boy argues back, causing Steve to snap his fingers. The nurse really wants to knock the two boys out with sedatives already, but he tries to hold that desire back and uses an old fashioned scolding to get the boys to behave instead.

“Shut it, you two! I don’t want to hear anymore arguing about who did what or who started what. You both misbehaved, on purpose mind you, and you are both suffering the consequences.” Steve lectures and looks at Bucky first, then at Loki. “Neither of you are better off and you better think long and hard about what you have done while you are here.”

The boys huff dramatically and Bucky turns on his back to Loki, while the other boy crosses his arms. The two littles are on the ward after misbehaving outside. They had sneaked away from the playground and gone to the back of the building to do backflips off one of the storage buildings. The building was not very tall, so the boys had managed to climb up on the roof and started a competition on who could do the most impressive backflips. However, it all ended in tears when the boys had jumped at the same time, causing them to kick one another and throw each others’ balances off. Bucky had been lucky and had only got a few bruises and scraped his hands, but Loki was less lucky and had twisted his ankle.

Bucky’s condition is not serious enough to require care at the ward, but Steve wants him there nonetheless as a punishment for doing something so stupid. Loki, on the other hand, needs medical attention due to his swollen ankle, which is bandaged and propped up on a pillow with an ice pack. There is a few moments of silence as Steve writes a few notes in Loki’s chart, until the raven-haired boy draws in a breath to say something snarky. Steve snaps his fingers again.

“Ah-ah-ah! What did I just say, Lo?” The nurse asks sternly and Loki falls silent, but puts on a dramatic pout. Thor walks into the ward with a smile and strolls over to Steve.

“How are the naughty boys?” Thor asks as he looks at the littles on the beds, but turns to look at Steve for an answer. Bucky nor Loki are interested in talking to any of the grown ups at the moment, or perhaps ever again.

“Medically, they are good, but in terms of behaviour, they are still being naughty.” Steve says and taps the pen against Loki’s chart. The boy glances up at the two nurses before sticking his nose up. “I want to put a pacifier gag on them or sedate them so bad.” Steve groans out quietly. “What about the others? What have you been up to?”

“I’ve been playing princesses with Peter and MJ all afternoon. Oh! And earlier they were sleeping in
the dorms while holding hands.” Thor says with a smile and Steve wonders what the hell he did to deserve to care for two troublesome littles. He would have much rather played princesses all day than have to snap at Bucky and Loki constantly. This time it is Bucky who tries it and begins to argue that princesses are lame and that Loki is not cool for playing that with MJ now and then. Steve sighs before addressing his boy, but Thor is faster.

“You’re both on thin ice, boys.” Thor warns. “One more peep from either of you and then it’s no TV for a week.”

Both boys gape at the threat and are about to argue, but Steve and Thor both give them stern looks and they fall silent. Tony walks into the ward then with Peter on his hip. The little boy is humming the theme song to ‘Gumball’ around the pacifier in his mouth with glee.

“What’s up?” Tony asks, noticing the odd atmosphere on the ward right away and adjusts his hold on Peter.

“These two misters are just testing us.” Steve says and there are two little huffs from the beds.

“Ah, I see.” Tony says and turns a little so that Peter is facing the two boys on the hospital beds. “Petey, darling, why don’t you tell them how good boys behave on the ward, hm?”

Peter drops the pacifier from his mouth, because he knows it is clipped to his shirt and will not fall to the floor.

“You listen to Daddies.” He states, looking at his Daddy for approval.

“That’s right, you listen to the grown ups and do as they say, no matter what.” Tony adds and looks at Bucky and Loki with stern eyes.

The two boys share a look. Loki and Bucky are not sure if they want to be good boys like Peter, because he wears pull-ups and gets fed bottles when it is snack time. But, they do not want to get in more trouble, so they just nod along. Peter feels so good and smug in Tony’s arms and sticks his tongue out at Bucky and Loki, as the grown ups cannot see. Loki laughs and sticks his out in return, but Thor sees and pulls up the curtain between the two beds.

The next days go by with a lot less arguing and Bucky even begins to enjoy the calmness on the ward, which is a contrast to the little areas which can become quite loud and hectic. The boy does feels himself slipping further then what he normally does and before he knows it, he is sleeping on his stomach and sucking his thumb. When Loki points it out to him, Bucky denies it and tosses a pillow at him.

“Did not!” Bucky snaps, sitting up on the bed.

“Yeah, you did! You’re a baby, Buck! You’ve spent too much time with babies like Peter and now you’re a baby too!” Loki teases until Steve walks over. The nurse does not look pleased at all.

“No throwing pillows!” Steve reminds and goes to put the pillow back on Bucky’s bed. “You’re both big boys, so be nice to Peter. Any more fighting and you’ll both be put into isolation.”

The boys gulp at the threat, because isolation is something only the really badly behaved littles get put into. It is beyond horrible and they both stop the arguing, at least when a grown up can hear them. There is still some arguing between the two boys, so the grown ups decide to let Bucky out of the ward. However, Loki stays as he needs the care with his injured ankle. While checking up on Loki, Stephen and Tony place Peter on a spare bed to keep an eye on him, but also to show Loki an example of how a good boy behaves. Peter gets to sit with a bunch of crayons and paper to create
whatever he wants.

While Loki lets the doctors check him over, he watches Peter colour. He wonders if maybe being a little baby is not the worst thing. He thinks Peter never gets in trouble, which is not true, but his punishments are always very private with his Daddies. While the bigger boys and girls get long punishments like writing lines, kneeling in rice, having TV restricted, Peter gets put over his Daddies’ knees and he is forgiven half an hour later. The punishments for bigger littles are also often more public, while the littler ones get brought somewhere more private.

Peter is humming a song again as he colours, but perks up every time one of his Daddies walk by. He puckers up his lips for kisses and shows them what he is working on. Stephen gives him a sparkly sticker for sitting like a good boy while they care for Loki. But, when Tony removes the bandage wrapped around Loki’s ankle and works the joint gently, so that it doesn’t get stiff, Loki begins crying and Peter stops with his colouring to look. Peter grows a little anxious, but then Stephen pauses with what he is doing and sits by his boy to distract him from a whimpering Loki.

“Tell me what you’ve drawn, honey.”

Peter frowns and shows Stephen his picture, carefully pointing out the bunny and flower.

“Is...for Loki.” He whispers, hoping his surprise is not ruined. He considers signing it, but does not want to ruin it, so he offers the crayon to Stephen. With a smile, Stephen puts his hand over Peter’s and guides the crayon to write: To Loki, love Peter.

“Just a little longer, handsome, hold on.” Tony says, working his fingertips around the swollen ankle gently. It is painful, but necessary and Loki squirms on the bed.

“It hurts! Ah-ah!” Loki cries and Thor has to hold him steady, shushing him and stroking the boy’s black hair. Once Tony is done, Thor holds Loki’s leg up under his knee as Tony wraps a fresh bandage. Since Loki is almost done with his check up, Peter whispers in Stephen’s ear.

“Can I give it now, Daddy?”

When they are sure Loki is settling and a tantrum is not brewing, Stephen lifts Peter over and sets him on the bed beside Loki, warning him not to touch the sore ankle. Peter offers Loki the picture sheepishly.

“Is a bunny, for you.” He smiles, waiting for a reaction. Usually, Loki would have rolled his eyes or pretended he was not happy with his gift, but considering there are grown ups present, he gives Peter a quick hug.

”Thank you, it’s very good.”

Peter grins back, bouncing just a little on the bed with excitement before he turns a little more serious when he sees how tired Loki is from his check up.

“Is okay, Lo! Daddies will fix you up! Good boy.” He says and kisses Loki on his forehead sweetly to cheer him up.

Tony and Stephen watch fondly as Peter cheers up Loki. They let the two boys chat until Thor arrives with the pain relief and holds two little pills up to Loki’s mouth.

“It’ll make you feel better.” Thor promises, popping them in and offering Loki a cup of juice to wash it down. Peter watches with sad eyes when Loki gets medicine, but Tony swoops in and lifts him out of the bed before he can protest on Loki’s behalf. Peter thinks it is unfair that Loki got pills and not
the disgusting liquid strawberry painkiller that he got last time he was given pain relief.

“Why didn’t Loki get the yucky strawberry?!” Peter whines, but suddenly yelps when Tony smacks his behind in a warning. "Because we are the doctors and we make those decisions. Your job is to listen to us and do as we say without questioning it, all right?”

Nodding, Peter drops his head to Tony’s shoulder and pouts. He is embarrassed that he got a swat and sad he made his Daddy angry, so he cannot help it when he starts crying. When Stephen sees them, he raises an eyebrow. Tony does not seem upset, but Peter has some crocodile tears dampening his Daddy’s scrubs, so he offers his arms out.

“What happened now?” Stephen asks, taking Peter into his arms and listening to Tony's explanation. “You do have to trust us, baby. We went to school to learn how to treat little ones properly and know what kind of medicine works best for you. The strawberry is easier for you to swallow, while you would choke on the pill. It is safer and the medicine works better. We’re not doing it to be mean. Tell Daddy you’re sorry for whining.”

Peter still thinks it’s unfair, but his Daddies are not up for a debate and he does not want to be swatted again, so he nods.

“Sorry, Daddy. Didn’t mean to...” He says quietly, rubbing the tears from his eyes. But, he is still embarrassed, so he tries to change the topic. ”When can Buck and I play?”

“It's time for a nap, but we can find Buck when you wake up.” Stephen says, giving Peter a cuddle despite Tony's glance which screams: stop it, we're trying to discipline. He rubs Peter's back gently, sliding his hand lower to rub his bum where Tony would have got him. He rocks them from side to side until Tony is done with sorting Loki out and then they all walk down the hall together.

“Do you want to sleep in the dorms, your little bed, or Daddies' bed?” Stephen asks, using his thumb to wipe away the tear tracks on Peter's face.

“Is MJ at the dorms?” Peter asks. He has not seen her since breakfast because he was at the ward with his Daddies.

“We can go check.” Stephen says and bounces Peter once in his arms before he heads to the little areas. They meet Steve on the way, who’s guiding a handful of littles to the dorms for nap time.

When they get to the dorms, MJ is perched on her bed with a book open on her lap. Thor is trying to get littles out of overalls and dresses so they can nap in their onesies, but Bucky seems to have undressed by himself and some others seemed to be following. Stephen points over to MJ and looks at Peter.

“MJ is napping in here today. Do you want me to change you, then we can tuck you in?” Stephen asks, smiling when some of the littles walk past him and say hello. Resting his head on his Daddy’s shoulder, Peter whispers so that others do not hear.

“Do I have to wear pull-up?” Seeing Bucky and some others in their big boy and girl undies is making him feel self conscious and he squirms a little in Stephen’s arms. After considering it, Stephen shrugs.

“It’s your choice, baby.” He whispers back. “I need to check if there's a plastic sheet on your bed if you don't want one, just in case you have an accident.” He explains, giving Peter a cuddle while they talk. He knows how embarrassing it can be for littles who are smaller than their friends, but he knows it would be much worse for Peter to have to go through seeing his whole mattress be moved
for cleaning if he wet the bed. There is no escaping the embarrassment, as getting changed in the dorms and having a plastic sheet are both embarrassing, but he finds that the pull-up is the lesser of two evils. After thinking for a while, Peter answers with a blush.

“Pull-up.”

“We can change you in the bathroom, okay?” Stephen suggests, carrying his baby over to his dresser and picking out a shorts and t-shirt pyjamas set. He bounces Peter playfully when he opens the drawer holding his pull-ups and ‘just in case’ supplies. “Do you want Paw Patrol, or space, or princesses, or happy monsters?” He asks, keeping his voice lower, but positive to encourage Peter to be comfortable with his choice to wear protection. As his Daddy looks through his things, Peter catches MJ’s eyes and smiles at her, giving a little wave. Since she has on princess pyjamas, he wants to go with the same.

“Princess, like MJ...” Peter answers, pointing at her for emphasis.

“Princesses it is.” Stephen smiles and takes one of the princess pull-ups from the packet. He collects Peter’s things and takes them to the bathroom, setting the boy down on a changing table. “Do you need to potty before we get changed?” He asks, one hand on Peter to keep him from moving so he does not fall off. Peter feels for a moment before shaking his head. After a moment of just watching his Daddy change him, he speaks up.

“Daddy?” Stephen hums in reply. ”Why’s Buck and MJ bigger than me?”

Stephen takes his time getting Peter ready, cleaning him and putting some sleepy time lotion on his arms, legs and tummy when his pull-up is secured around his waist. He stops at the question and leans down to kiss Peter’s nose.

“Because all little ones are different, honey. There’s really no reason behind it, you’re all unique. Do you know what unique means?” He asks, sliding Peter’s shorts up his legs and pulling the top over his head. “Peekaboo.” He smiles, rubbing Peter’s tummy when he is ready. Peter giggles at his Daddy’s silliness, shaking his head a little to make his curls bounce back into place.

“Sorta...” Peter answered, but really means that he does not know, but he does not want to admit that. ”Wanna be like MJ and Buck...” He mumbles.

“It means you’re all different and special, you’re all one of a kind.” Stephen says, running his fingers through Peter’s curls. He sighs softly in sympathy and lifts Peter of the changing table. “Do you want to try being a big kid?” He asks, rocking Peter from side to side to keep him calm.

Peter really does not know. He knows that bigger boys and girls like Bucky, MJ and Loki get to do more stuff on their own, but then again they have more expectations and worse punishments than he does. Peter has also seen how they get less cuddles and kisses than he does, but he is not entirely sure if that is because he is littler or because his Daddies are just very affectionate.

“Dunno, Da...” He admits quietly, feeling heavy in Stephen’s arms and very sleepy.

“How about we talk about it when Daddy’s with us and you’re not so sleepy?” Stephen suggests, carrying Peter back into the dorm which is much more quiet and peaceful than when they left. He lays Peter down on his bed, tucking the soft blankets around him and making sure the rails are up so he is safe. Peter hums at the suggestion, having already closed his eyes and is half asleep when he gets placed in his bed. When Peter is settled, Stephen puts a pacifier in his mouth and kisses his forehead.
“Sleep tight, baby boy.”

Peter accepts the paci with a sigh of content and drifts off peacefully. While Peter naps, Stephen goes to Tony to discuss what Peter had asked about in the bathroom. Neither are against Peter trying new things or letting him make mistakes to learn from them. They agree to let Peter be bigger after nap time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
What do you guys think will happen? Will Peter manage to be big? Will he misbehave? Will the other littles tease him?
I have also gotten some more questions about this AU on my Tumblr professional-benaddict and I love answering them all! One question is about the ward and what the whole facility looks like, so I will gather some pictures for reference that Soph and I have exchanged while we have been working on all this. You can find all that extra content under the tag 'little patients' on my blog xx
Chapter 24 - Big boy or baby boy II

Chapter Summary

Second part of the three part bit!
Also just a note that this AU will not change no matter what happens in Endgame.

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

When nap time is about to end, Stephen goes to the dorms to collect Peter. He enters quietly and smiles at Thor who is keeping an eye on the littles. Stephen goes to Peter’s bed and crouches down by it, rubbing the boy’s back gently to wake him gently.

“Petey, baby.” Stephen coos softly when he sees Peter’s eyelids twitching, but not yet opening. “Sleepy baby, you dreaming?” He asks, giving Peter a minute to wake up properly.

His Daddy’s voice stirs Peter awake from his dreams about being a princess. He looks around for a bit, seeing some littles already out of bed while others are left to sleep a little longer by Thor who goes around checking. He rolls onto his side to look up at Stephen.

“I dreamt I was a princess...” He mumbles, adjusting his hold on his stuffie and lets his eyes fall shut again.

“You did? That sounds real nice.” Stephen smiles, running his fingers through Peter’s messy hair. He waits until Peter seems to be awake enough to be picked up. “Ready to get out of bed? Maybe we’ll go see Daddy and have jammie cuddles with him before getting you changed into daytime clothes.” He suggests, smiling when he gets his arms full of soft, warm, sleepy baby.

“Uh huh!” Peter agrees with a squeak and Stephen has to place a finger on his lips to keep him quiet as not to disturb the sleeping littles. Waving goodbye to Thor, Stephen brings Peter out of the dorms and to Tony’s office with a stuffie held to his chest for cuddles. While they are walking down the hall, Stephen enjoys a few quiet moments with Peter, pressing his lips into his hair and humming.

“Did you have a nice nap, baby?” He smiles at how tightly Peter is holding his stuffie. “Did your stuffie have good dreams too?”

“Uh huh, it was soft and nice. We had the same dream, but he was a knight and I was the princess.” Peter explains, showing his stuffie.

“Oh, sounds like a good dream.” Stephen says and bounces his baby in his arms. Seeing Tony’s office door down the hall, Peter squeals in excitement. “Shh, inside voice, baby. You need to remember that there are other people being disturbed when you’re noisy.” He explains, bringing Peter into the office. Tony is finishing up a report and Stephen presses kisses to Peter’s cheek. “Do you need to go potty before Daddy gets big cuddles?”

“Nu uh!” Peter lies, not being careful enough to actually feel if he does as he just wants to be held by Tony already. He has not seen him much today and wants the cuddles already. “Daddy, cuddles!” Peter says a little louder, not caring that Tony is still finishing up the paperwork.
“Peter, inside voice.” Stephen reminds and Tony drops his pen to look up at Peter, waiting. Stephen wraps his arm closer around Peter before giving him a light squeeze. “We’re going to be quiet until Daddy is done. Can you show us how quiet you can be?” Stephen asks, taking a pacifier out of his pocket and offering it to Peter.

Peter could cause a fuss and struggle out of Stephen’s arms and into Tony’s, making him forget all about the dull paperwork, but he has a feeling that would only lead to a sore bum. So, he opens his mouth and takes the pacifier, nodding eagerly. Tony picks up his pen again and continues, uttering a little ‘good boy’. While Tony is working, Stephen takes the chance to hold Peter and enjoy the quiet of having his two boys. He knows the work Tony is doing is not urgent, but they have to show Peter that sometimes being a big kid means Daddies cannot drop everything and give him cuddles whenever. They sit for a while longer until Stephen pats the front of Peter’s pyjama shorts.

“Are you wet, baby?” He asks, smiling at Peter’s focused look on Tony. Sucking his paci more eagerly, Peter pushes Stephen’s hand off his groin, keeping his eyes fixed on Tony. But, Stephen just pushes his hand back more firmly, feeling how the padding is more swollen and feels warm to the touch. “Peter, did you have an accident?” Stephen asks. The question makes Tony look up from his work and walk over to them. He crouches in front of Peter and Stephen.

“Peter, speak.” Tony instructs simply, but firmly. Peter hopes he can avoid talking with the paci in his mouth, but then Stephen takes it from his mouth.

“Didn’t notice, Daddy... I dunno why, but-but just happened.” Peter tries explaining, squirming in Stephen’s lap as he blushes all the way to his ears and upper chest

“It’s okay, honey.” Stephen looks at Tony who nods in agreement.

“It was just an accident, kiddo, no big deal.” Tony adds. Standing up, Stephen goes to bring Peter to the bathroom with Tony a step behind. He sets Peter down on the padded mat.

“Think you’re all done or do you need some potty time?” Stephen asks, rubbing Peter’s tummy to help him think about it. Peter really thinks it through this time and answers quietly.

“Potty...” And then his Daddies help him out of his shorts and used pull-up. “I’m not a baby, Daddies!” Peter tries defending himself, his blush still dark on his face. Stephen opens his mouth to agree, but Tony steps in and sets Peter on the plastic potty. It is seldom ever used, mostly for times he is sick or having an off day when it came to making it, but Tony seems sure. He pats Peter’s shoulder firmly.

“Show is you can be a big boy, then.”

Peter does not know what to say in return, but he knows what to do. Still, it is hard while his Daddies are looking at him. He shuts his eyes and tries his hardest to relieve himself, but cannot. When nothing happens, Stephen kneels down in front of Peter.

“Hey, Petey, are you maybe all done?” He asks, putting his hand on his stomach again in the hopes it will help. Tony is not going to allow them to leave Peter alone, so the boy will have to deal with an audience for the day. “Do you want to play a song on Daddy’s phone?”

Peter shakes his head before he even thinks about the offer properly. The music usually helps him relax, but big boys do not need that to tinkle. Peter huffs a little in frustration before trying again and another few minutes pass before he manages to pee. He blushes a furious red again before saying quietly.
“Done, Daddies.”

“Good job, honey!” Stephen praises, holding up his hand to get a high five. Tony is stood at the side of the bathroom, but smiles when Peter finally manages to relieve himself.

“Good boy, Pete.” Tony says while Stephen helps Peter clean himself up.

“Do you want to try some undies?” Stephen asks, taking off Peter’s pyjama top as well. At the question about undies, Peter perks up and lifts his head.

“Yes, yes!” He exclaims, then remembers inside voice and puts both his hands over his mouth before adding with a quieter voice. "Yes, please, Daddy.”

Smiling at the response, Stephen goes over to the cupboard where they keep some emergency supplies. He finds two pairs of underoos, one with zoo animals and a green trim and another with stars and a pink trim. He offers both to Peter.

“Which ones, honey?”

Tony walks over to see the two choices, wrapping his arm around Peter.

“Remember, these aren’t like pull-ups. You can’t just go potty whenever you want, you have to keep these clean.” He warns before adding. “But, I do like the pink ones.”

Peter nods seriously, trying his hardest to look like a big boy and even stands up on his tippy toes to point at the pink one, wanting to please Tony.

“Pink ones.”

“Good choice.” Tony says, taking the chosen underwear from Stephen and kneeling down to put them on Peter. Holding onto his Daddy’s shoulders, Peter steps into the underwear, doing a happy little wiggle once he is wearing them. He feels like a big boy already, but pouts just a little at the oversized sweater that Stephen returns with and puts on him. It makes him feel little again, but he does not mind much because it feels nice and soft.

“This is going to be big on you, but I think we won’t wear pants today, okay?” Stephen says, running his fingers through Peter’s curls to arrange them somehow.

“Hm! Can I get sockies? Like the long ones?” Peter asks, lifting up one of his bare feet to demonstrate and points at where the knee high socks would stop above his knee.

“Yeah, handsome, you need some sockies.” Tony agrees, offering out his hand to Peter. "We’ll get them from the dorm on our way to snack time. Are you hungry?” While Tony and Peter talk, Stephen cleans up the bathroom and smiles when he manages to be done before Peter and Tony have made a plan.

“Okay, then I have to head to the ward for rounds. I’ll see you two later.” Stephen smiles, turning to leave the bathroom without giving Peter kisses or babying him. Peter pouts when Stephen leaves without a kiss, but he does not want to run after him like a crybaby, so he just waves him goodbye.

“What’s for snack time, Daddy?” Peter asks as he takes Tony’s hand to be led out of the office. He skips along the hall in bare feet and his Daddy smiles at him fondly.

“I don’t know, Uncle Thor is handling snack time today.” Tony says, bringing Peter down to the dorms and letting go of his hand to go through the drawers. Just as he is about to offer options of
sock pairs, his phone goes off and he sighs.

“Pete, can you put your socks on for me, please?” He asks. “I need to take this now.”

Peter watches as his Daddy steps away and goes to the other end of the room before answering the phone.

“Doctor Stark speaking.” With the phone to his ear, Tony snaps his fingers and gestures to the open drawer and Peter obeys. As his Daddy talks about something complicated, Peter looks at his sock options before picking a pastel blue pair, sitting on the closest bed to put them on. While Tony talks, he occasionally turns to look at Peter before he is pulled back into the conversation. When the socks are somewhat where they are supposed to be, Tony excuses himself and covers his phone with his hand.

“Do you want to go and get your snack?”

Peter frowns and looks at the phone.

“I wanna go with you Daddy. I’ll be super quiet.” Peter says, placing both hands on his mouth to demonstrate just how quiet he can be.

“I’ll be a while, kiddo.” Tony says. “Uncle Thor will be there and so will your friends.” He puts the phone back up to his ear and apologises before continuing with the conversation. He knows MJ and Bucky are fine to navigate the halls by themselves and go to different rooms based on what they want, but Peter always has a grown up with him and most of the time is carried around. Still, if Peter wants to be a big boy, it means doing more by himself and being aware of his own needs.

Hopping down from the bed, Peter pads out of the room, but stops by the door to give his Daddy a wave. He smiles when his Daddy waves back. Still, it is a lonely walk down the hall to the canteen, but instead of joining MJ and Bucky, he goes to the kitchen where Thor and Steve are fixing up the snacks. Peter really wants to be held, but he figures that big boys stand on their own two feet.

"What’s for snack, Stevie?” Peter asks, trying to see what is on the counter.

“We’re having bagels and fruit salad, Petey.” He replies, smiling at the little one standing by him.

The nurses have both heard all about Peter’s new adventure and have been instructed by Stephen to keep an eye on him. Giving Peter a cup of milk, Steve holds the door into the canteen open. “There are some sharp knives in here, bud. Can you please go find a seat with MJ and Bucky? I think they’re by the big window today.”

Peter hesitates when he is handed the cup, being careful to get a good grip with both hands. Not taking his eyes of the cup, Peter nods and pads out of the kitchen and to the seats by the big window. Steve was right as MJ and Bucky are sat there together by the big window. Peter goes to sit by them, relieved when he gets to put the cup down.

“Peter, you got a cup.” MJ points out. Both MJ and Bucky mostly use cups.

“Why wouldn’t I get a cup too?” Peter snaps back.

“You use bottles and sippys.” Bucky shrugs.

“Don’t be mean jus’ cause your Daddies aren’t here.” MJ says, frowning at Peter for snapping at her. She turns her attention back to Bucky and the two littles continue chatting quiet until Steve comes over with a tray. He sets down three plastic plates with bagel halves and fruit salad along with some little forks and spoons.
“Has everyone washed their hands?” Steve asks and when he sees the frown on MJ’s face, he rubs her bottom lip with his thumb until she smiles. “There she is! Buck, there’s watermelon and grapes, but you need to eat the other fruit too, please.”

Peter has kept his head down in embarrassment due to MJ and Bucky’s comment until now. He really wants to be held by his Daddies, but he is somewhat distracted by the plate being placed in front of him. He lifts a hand to take a piece of watermelon with his fingers, but Steve tuts at him.

“Ah-ah, Petey. Use the fork like a big boy.” With a blush and glare at the two littles snickering opposite him, Peter picks up the fork and eats the watermelon. While they eat, everyone is mostly quiet. MJ and Bucky know that Steve and Thor are firm with their rules about being quiet and calm when eating, and they would all heard the lectures if they did not obey. Halfway through their snack, MJ decides to drop her grudge and turns her attention to Peter.

"Did your Daddies not give you pants today?” She asks. “Are you cold?”

Peter shakes his head as he chews on his bagel, making Bucky chime in with more questions.

"Did you get the tube?” He asks with a grin, meaning a catheter as he has noticed that whenever Peter has one, he is not allowed pants by his Daddies.

“Did not!” Peter cries, standing up from his seat.

"Peter, I need your bum on the seat.” Thor says firmly from across the room.

“Peter, shh.” MJ warns, taking Peter’s hand and tugging him back down to the seat. “Thor will be angry if you break the rules.” She puts a finger to her lips and looks at Peter and Bucky. Glancing over her shoulder, she nods when the grown ups are not looking over at them anymore. “Stop acting like such a baby. You’re going to get everyone in trouble. If we eat, we can go build legos. Deal?” MJ says, but she is just repeating a sentence she has heard Stephen say more than once. Her Mommy says that bribery is not an acceptable method of calming a little down, but when a baby is having a tantrum, they have to calm them down as quickly as possible.

Peter wants to scream. He has tried so hard to be a big boy, but everyone keeps babying him anyway. He nibbles on the last bit of his bagel before he cannot take it anymore and has to take his frustrations out somehow. When he reaches for his cup, he knocks it down instead, spilling the milk across the table, but makes it look like an accident. When the milk spills across the table, Bucky and MJ both stand up and raise their hands for a grown up to come over. They look between each other nervously, but Steve walks over with an easy going smile and cloth.

“What happened here?” The nurse asks, moving Peter's plate out of the way and wiping up the worst of the milk. “Did you have a little spill, little dude?” He smiles at Peter until he sees the scowl on his face. “Hey, it was just an accident, no big deal.”

Peter does not reply, just lowers his head and continues nibbling on the last bit of his bagel. He does not dare look at Bucky and MJ in case they know that he had spilled his milk on purpose. Once the milk is cleaned up, Steve stands up again.

“Finish your food and then bring the plates and cups to Thor in the kitchen, all right? Then you three can head to the playroom.” Steve instructs, trusting Peter to be in good hands with the bigger littles, but keeps in mind to check on them.

“Thank you, Steve.” MJ smiles.

“Thanks, Daddy.” Bucky says and both littles sit back down in their seats. They eat quietly until they
are done and then MJ grins and looks up at Bucky.

“If we go give Thor our stuff now, we’ll be the first ones in the playroom.”

“First pick.” Bucky says, eyes going wide at all possibilities. They both glance at Peter's plate.

“Are you all done, Petey?” MJ asks. “We gotta go give our stuff to Thor, then we can play.” She says, carefully collecting her own things to carry over while Bucky already has his stacked and balanced in his hands.

“Wait up!” Peter yelps, scrambling out of his seat and with a quick glance at Bucky's technique, he copies him and gets his plate and everything stacked in his hands. All three littles bring their plates to Thor obediently before heading out and to the playroom, skipping and taking some jogging steps to avoid getting scolded at for running, but at the same time being quick enough to get the best stuff in the playroom. “What are we gonna play?” Peter asks with a grin, the turbulent meal all forgotten about.

“We're going to build a castle!” Bucky decides, going to the Lego sets and finding the one he and MJ have been looking at all morning. It is brand new and no one has been allowed to open it until after naps and snacks were finished. He opens the box and smiles when Nat comes over to help them open the little plastic bags, telling them to enjoy before leaving them to play. MJ sets out the instructions and points at the picture on the box.

“See? It's a magic castle, and there's nights, and horses, and all sorts of cool stuff.”

Peter looks at the box in awe and all the bags of brand new legos. Looking at the three different instruction booklets for the three structures of the castle, Peter picks up the one with a knight on a horse stood guard by one of the towers in the castle.

“I wanna do this one!” Bucky and MJ seem content with that and they each pick one of the two remaining sets before they all start building. It is a much bigger Lego set than they have ever been allowed to do with three people. Usually, a grown up would suggest making it a group activity or team time for an age range, but everyone seemed happy to allow Bucky, MJ and Peter to try it out among themselves. After a while, the playroom fills up and the noise level increases, but MJ and Bucky stay focused on their building. They sometimes quietly comment to each other about something being cool or finishing a tricky part. The three structures are coming along nicely and Peter is very content with what he is making. He is so distracted in fact that he does not notice how the undies begin to feel tight around his waist. After a moment, Steve comes in to check on the three littles, crouching by them and gasping at the castle as it begins to take shape.

“Wow, you guys have been working hard!”

“Daddy, look!” Bucky says, showing Steve the castle walls he is building. He has added the little flags and decorations so it looks even more special. Beaming at his Daddy, Bucky points at everything and explains it all while Steve smiles fondly. Watching Bucky with Steve makes Peter miss his own Daddies and he wants to ask Steve where they are, but does not want to seem like a baby. When Bucky is done explaining, Steve puts a hand on Peter's back to direct him into the conversation.

“Did everyone go potty before starting such a big project?”

“Didn’t have to go, Daddy.” Bucky answers, holding up one of the knights on horseback.

“Me neither, Steve.” MJ answers. Steve trusts the two bigger littles, but then turns to Peter.
“What about you, buddy?”

“Don’t have to go.” Peter lies, not wanting to leave his legos nor be different to MJ and Bucky.

“Remember, you’re wearing undies today, buddy. If you need to tinkle, come find me and I’ll bring you to the potty.” Steve whispers before getting up and directing his attention to some littles who are not being as quiet and calm. When they are left alone, MJ holds up a little figure and smiles.

“I can be the queen, Buck can be the knight and Peter can be the prince or the princess.” She decides, giving them their designated characters. “Let’s have a party to celebrate Bucky defeating the mean old dragon!”

The three littles continue playing for a while until they grow restless. With permission from Thor, they go out into the hall to do cartwheels and handstands. Peter stands mostly and watches, but cheers his friends on nonetheless.

“Watch out!” Bucky warns, taking some speed before doing an impressive cartwheel with his legs stretched out perfectly. Peter cannot do it as neatly, but tries nonetheless.

“Well done, Peter! Now watch me!” And then MJ places her hands on the floor and flips upside down, her legs resting against the wall. Laughing as they play, Bucky and MJ get a little more brave each time with what they are doing until finally taking a break to catch their breaths. Sitting down on the floor, MJ looks up at Peter and smiles. “Want us to show you how to do a handstand? It’s really easy, you just gotta lean on a wall or something and don’t fall on your head.”

Nodding with a grin, Peter pulls MJ up from the floor. The boy places his hands on the floor and then looks at Buck and MJ.

“Help me, guys!” And with Bucky and MJ holding up Peter’s legs against the wall, he manages the handstand.

Giggling when Peter is in place, MJ and Bucky hold him up and let him see what it feels like to be upside down. They only hold him up till his face goes red before helping him down again. Peter cannot stop giggling as he sits on the floor, processing how much of a big boy he is. He does not notice that his sweater has slipped up so his underwear is visible, nor that there is a steadily growing wet patch on the front of them which is quickly covering the pretty design. It takes a while until Peter notices the wetness that soon turns cold, but when he does, his bottom lip begins trembling.

“Peter...” MJ tries gently and reaches a hand out, but Peter jerks away from her. “Buck, go get Thor and Steve.” MJ says, taking charge of the situation and helping Peter to stand up. The boy cries openly now as he cannot stop the flow once he has already lost control. Bucky runs into the playroom, finding Steve and Thor and telling them what has happened. The two nurses get up and go to the hall quickly, sighing in sympathy when they see Peter. Thor walks over first, rubbing Peter's back gently.

“It’s okay, honey. Just finish up and we can go get you cleaned up.”

Steve ushers MJ and Bucky back into the playroom and closes the door to give Peter some kind of privacy. He takes out his pager and sends a message to the front desk that they need someone to come clean the hall before he places his hands on Peter's shoulders.

“Come on, Petey. It's all right, we can fix this really easily.”

“Nu uh!” Peter sobs and stomps his feet. ”I want my Daddies!” Peter cries, shoving both Steve and Thor away from himself. He is really sick of being a big boy now if that means struggling with cups
and having accidents in front of his friends. The worst thing by far is not having his Daddies by his side and Peter cries harder and louder. Deciding to let the little tantrum slide, Steve steps forward and picks Peter up. He does not mind that will have to change his scrubs if it means getting Peter comforted and cleaned up.

“I know you want your Daddies, baby, I know.” Steve says, rubbing Peter’s hip as Thor leads them down the hall and into one of the bathrooms. They set the boy on a changing table and start stripping him off. “Tell you what, we’ll take these icky undies off and run a bath, and by that time one of your Daddies should be here to clean you up. Would that be okay?”

Covering his blushing face with his arms, Peter continues crying and hiccupsing as he is undressed.

“Stevie, don’t look...” Peter begs, suddenly feeling very shy when he feels Steve and Thor’s hands on him and at the thought of them seeing his little cock and his scars.

“We’re not looking, little buddy.” Steve promises, dropping the wet clothes into the sink to rinse out before they can be washed. He gets a pack of baby wipes and cleans Peter up quickly while Thor goes to start running a bath. Steve rubs the wipe between his hands quickly to warm it up before cleaning up around Peter's cock and thighs.

“Are you all done going potty, Pete? Daddy is on his way.” Thor says, putting his phone away after messaging Tony.

“’m done.” Moving his arm a bit, Peter peaks over at Thor. ”Daddy’s coming?” He asks almost in disbelief, feeling himself relax a little at that and does not whine when Steve runs the wipe around his privates. ”I’m not a baby.” Peter mumbles as Steve lets him sit up once he is cleaned up a bit.

“We know, Peter, accidents can happen to anyone.” Steve says sympathetically. Soon, there are some footsteps being heard out in the hall before the door is swung open with all the authority of a doctor. Tony pauses for a second to take in Peter on the changing table and the two nurses before stepping into the room.

“So, what happened?” Tony asks.

Chapter End Notes

Ooo! Do you guys think Tony will be mad or what? Will he tell Stephen what happened?
Thank you so much for reading!
Also, I have now posted some references pictures for what Soph and I imagine the facility to be like. You can find the post under the tag ‘little patients’ on my Tumblr blog professional-benaddict xx
“Just an accident in the hallway, Doc.” Steve says and steps aside to let Tony come over to Peter. The boy begins crying again when he sees his Daddy and reaches his arms out for a hug.

“Thank you for the help. I got it from here.” Tony says to the two nurses and they leave quietly. Cooing softly, Tony rubs Peter’s back to get him to calm down before lifting him up and placing him in the bath. Peter whimpers a little at the loss of contact. “Honey, did you not realise you had to tinkle, put it off to play, or is there an owie in your peepee?” The doctor asks, wanting to know if he is dealing with a standard accident or a possible UTI. He examines his boy’s privates for anything abnormal.

“I-I didn’t wanna go cos MJ and Buck didn’t and and...” Peter explains between hiccups and sobs. “And then we did handstands and cartwheels and I-I...” Peter trails off and tries to get as close to his Daddy as possible, but keeps his legs open, giving Tony access to his privates despite being so embarrassed.

“And then you had a little accident, it’s okay.” Tony says as he does a more thorough check than Peter would normally get during the day, but cannot find anything abnormal. Still, there is a thermometer by the changing table and he will make use of it when Peter is out of the bath. Grabbing a soft flannel, Tony puts some sweet smelling baby soap onto it before he starts washing Peter. “You’re going to smell like a little cupcake, baby. Should I bring you to Daddy so he can eat you up?” He smiles, hoping Peter will stop crying soon.

“No!” Peter giggles, drying his tears with the heels of his palms and sniffs a couple of times. ”I wanna see Daddy, but I don’t want him to eat me...” Peter says a little quietly, but he is finally starting to feel a bit better, safe and sound with his Daddy and no one else.

“Maybe he’ll just nibble you a little.” Tony smiles, washing the soap away from Peter and standing up to get a towel. He picks one of the hooded ones so he can bundle Peter up properly to carry him down the hall. He also thinks Peter looks adorable with a little bear hood. “We can wash your hair tonight, baby bear. I think Daddy mentioned wanting a bath too, so maybe you can join him?” He suggests, lifting Peter out of the water and bundling him up. Peter nods eagerly and squeals a little.

“With lots of bubbles!” He says, bouncing where he stands on the bathmat and lets his Daddy dry him off. Suddenly, a thought occurs to him as his Daddy lifts him back on the changing table. “Are you gonna put the tube in my peepee, Daddy?” He asks sadly, the hood of the towel pushing his curls into his eyes. Getting the thermometer out, Tony puts a plastic cover on it before bringing it back to the table. He laughs at the question and Peter’s sad eyes.

“Why would you ask that, baby? Is your peepee hurting?” He asks, dipping the end of the thermometer into the tub of medical lube before lifting Peter’s legs up by his ankles.
“No! Just... that’s what happens to bad boys who-who...” Peter cannot even say it aloud and forgets about it anyway when he sees the thermometer, but he does not have time to panic.

“Exhale for me, baby. Don’t squeeze, but let me know if you need to stop.” He instructs, sliding the thermometer into Peter’s bum and holding it in place.

“Icky, Daddy!” Peter whines, but does not tense up as he feels the thin object inside of him. It is a familiar feeling, but that does not mean he likes it.

“And no, you’re not getting a catheter. We would also never punish you for having an accident, Peter. Unless you were intentionally tinkling where you shouldn’t be, then we would consider it, but you wouldn’t do that.” Tony smiles, giving the thermometer time to get a reading before removing it and checking the reading. “A little higher than I would like, but we’ll check again later.” He decides, leaning down to blow a raspberry on Peter’s soft tummy. “Ready to go get that little bum covered up?”

Unable to stop himself from giggling loudly, Peter forgets about his worries and tries to push his Daddy away half-heartedly. He grabs his Daddy’s lab coat and holds tight, not wanting him to get any further away.

“Uh huh! We gotta find Daddy too.” Peter reminds.

“We do have to find Daddy. He’s been doing lots of super important work today.” Tony explains, lifting Peter up from the changing table and carrying him down the hall. The spot where the accident happened has been cleaned and all forgotten about. Once in their room, Tony lays Peter down on the big bed and tickles the boy until he is giggling and the towel is loose around him.

“Daddy, stop, stop!” Peter wheezes with laughter, not minding how the towel falls open around him and how he is naked in front of his Daddy.

“Do you think we should wear a diapey?” Tony suggests once he stops with the tickling. “Your little tummy might be tired from holding, so you won’t get as much time to get to the potty.”

“Yeah, okay...” Peter agrees and sits up on his knees while Tony fetches a diaper. Walking on all fours, Peter goes to grab a stuffie from the top of a pillow and holds it close. “How are you today, little one? Any achey or icky?” Peter imitates, placing his hand on the stuffie’s forehead.

“Is stuffie feeling sick, baby?” Tony comes back to the bed with one of the thicker diapers, which is pastel purple and has unicorns printed all over it. Bringing Peter back to lay him down on the towel, Tony puts the diaper below him and puts on a thin layer of rash cream before sprinkling some baby powder.

“I dunno, gotta do a check up on little one!” Peter says seriously, waving the stuffie in question, a white baby seal, as his Daddy gets him padded.

“Do you want your little feeties to be covered?” Tony asks, taping the diaper snugly.

“Everyone needs sockies, Da.” Peter says like it is the most obvious thing in the world and places both of his feet on his Daddy’s stomach. Grabbing Peter’s ankles, Tony smiles and moves his legs around playfully.

“Okay, Doctor baby. Why don’t you ask your stuffie to say ‘ahh’ so you can check its throat and then feel its tummy?” Tony goes to the dresser, pulling out a white footed sleeper with a rainbow on the chest and pops open the little buttons. Grinning at the title, Peter goes to work.
“Baby, can you say ‘ahh’?” Peter asks, sitting up again and opens up the stuffie’s tiny mouth. “Throat looks good. And now your tummy. Don’t tense up, baby seal.” Peter instructs like his Daddies do, turning the stuffie on its back before feeling its stomach. “Daddy, it’s soft. What does that mean?”

“That’s healthy.” Tony smiles, fixing the sleeper on Peter with no help from the baby. The outfit is adorable on Peter because he looks so soft and cuddly, but mostly because the outline of the diaper is obvious. “We like soft tummies. It’s when they’re super hard in places, we worry a little. It might mean they have to go potty or something small, but it could mean they have a big owie.”

Peter hums at that, letting his Daddy dress him as he continues studying his stuffie.

“It’s really soft. What’s next then, Daddy? Baby seal says she still doesn’t feel good.” Peter said with a pout, holding up the stuffie.

“We need to check her temperature.” Tony says, giving Peter a tongue depressor from his lab coat pocket to use. “If it’s warm, she needs to go to bed and have a rest. We can check in a little bit and monitor her. If it’s really warm, baby seal will have to go to the ward for some medicine.” Tony says, sitting on the bed with Peter so they can play together.

Placing the pretend thermometer in the seal’s little mouth, Peter holds it in place and strokes her soft fur as they wait a bit. After a moment, Peter decides it has been long enough and makes a beeping noise similar to the real thermometers. Taking it out again, Peter pretends to study it before handing it to his Daddy. “What you think, Da? Is she really sick?”

Taking the depressor, Tony hums as he inspects it.

“It’s a little high for the average seal, but nothing to worry about at the minute. I think we should wrap her in a blankie and take her to Daddy for a second opinion.” He suggests, standing up and opening his arms for Peter. With a wide smile, Peter gets to the edge of the bed and lets Tony lift him up and bring him out of the bedroom and to the ward. On the way, Peter keeps comforting his stuffie with sweet nothings that he has picked up from his Daddies.

“Is okay, baby. I got you. I’ll fix you up.” Peter says, stroking the soft fur between her big blank eyes. On the ward, Stephen is stood with a chart in his hand, writing some notes on Loki who is fast asleep on his bed with his injured and bandaged ankle elevated on a pillow.

“Doctor Strange, you have a visitor.” Tony announces, smiling when Stephen turns around and sees them.

“Hello, beautiful boy.” Stephen says, walking over to them and takes Peter into his arms to hold him. “I missed you so much today, sweets.”

“Daddy!” Peter squeals in delight at seeing Stephen again and presses his face into his neck. Pulling back after a quick hug, Peter shows his baby seal to Stephen. “Baby’s sick!”

“We need a second opinion, so we came to you, Doctor Strange.” Tony chimes in before moving to stand next to Stephen and whisper in his ear. “Petey’s got a bit of fever for real though.”

“Ahh, we’ll need to examine the baby then.” Stephen says, bringing Peter and baby seal over to an empty bed. He gets two ear thermometers and shows them to Peter. “Okay, honey. You’re going to hold this in baby’s ear. I’m going to check you too because she’s scared, but you can show her it doesn’t hurt.” He smiles, brushing back Peter’s hair and feeling his forehead. He does feel a little warm and his cheeks are flushed, so he expects a low grade fever at the least. Finding it to be a fair
deal, Peter nods and takes one of the thermometers.

“It’s okay, baby, it doesn’t hurt.” Peter explains and places the device against the seal’s ears while Stephen does the same to Peter. Tony steps closer to the other doctor to see the reading. While they wait, Stephen hums softly and smiles as he watches Peter be so gentle with his toy. When the beep goes off, Stephen lifts up the thermometer and shows it to Tony too.

“Baby Seal’s temperature is 99.7. That’s not bad, just a little higher than it should be. I recommend a dose of medicine, lots of fluids and rest.” Stephen writes it all down on a prescription pad along with some doodles and a heart for Peter, passing it over. With gasp of excitement, Peter takes the piece of paper and shows it to his stuffie.

“Look, baby! You’re gonna be A-okay!” He says, giving her a big hug and kiss. “What’s the medicine, Daddy?” Peter asks Stephen, holding up the stuffie while Tony puts the thermometers back and fetches something else.

“Medicine for seals is a little different to medicine for little ones like you. It’s the same kind of medicine, just looks a little different.” Stephen explains. Tony returns with a bottle of medication that will bring the fever down and two oral syringes. He fills one syringe with the medicine, the strawberry one for Peter, and pulls the top up on the other syringe, but keeps it empty. He hands the empty one to Peter. “Okay, pop it into her mouth and press the top in. Tell baby seal to stay calm and it’ll be okay.”

Taking the syringe, Peter places it in the seal’s mouth, stroking her fur.

“It’s okay, baby, stay calm.” He says softly, pressing the top in. Putting the syringe aside, Peter holds his stuffie up. “You’re such a brave girl, Baby Seal! She says she feels better already.” Peter beams and bounces on the bed, feeling so proud of himself.

“Great job, Petey!” Tony praises and lifts the second syringe to Peter’s mouth. “Now, let’s show baby seal how brave little ones do it.” He puts it into Peter’s mouth before he can protest and gives him the medicine. As soon as the syringe is empty, Stephen offers him a bottle of peach lemonade that Thor made earlier.

“Yuck! Ew, ew, ew…” Peter whines and takes the bottle quickly, chugging half of it in a hurry to get the horrible taste out of his mouth. Once he does, he lets go of the bottle and looks at the empty syringe with disgust as Tony disposes of it. “Can we play more doctor, Daddy? Baby seal says her tail hurts now.” Peter says, looking up at Stephen as he brings the bottle back to his mouth.

“We can play more doctor, honey.” Stephen agrees and sits down on the side of the bed. “Can you ask baby seal what hurts? Did she bump her tail on something or is it just achy?” He asks as Tony brings over one of the toy doctor’s bags that they keep on the ward. “Be very gentle with her, just touch as much as she’ll let you.”

“She says she bumped her tail on the ice.” Peter says, stroking her head again. “What should we do, Daddies?” Peter asks as he takes the kit onto his lap, looking at Tony first and then Stephen.

“Could be a broken tail. What do you think, Doctor Strange?” Tony asks, enjoying their little game.

“Hm, could be, Doctor Stark.” Stephen agrees, opening the little kit up for Peter. “You need to support it and bandage it.” He advises, giving Peter two depressors from his pocket. “Put them on the front and back of her tail, then we can help you bandage her up.”

“It’s okay, Baby Seal. We got you.” Peter comforts his toy, keeping the two depressors in place as
Tony takes a real bandage and with Stephen’s help, he wraps it around the stuffie’s tail. Suddenly, Peter makes a high pitched whimpering noise, pretending to be the seal. "It hurts! Owie!"

“Shh, it’s okay, baby seal.” Stephen comforts. “Peter’s going to take really good care of you until you feel all better.”

Tony reaches into the toy bag and takes out a pink pretend syringe. He injects the stuffie’s tail and then rubs it gently.

“There we go, that’s magic medicine that stops the pain. Peter, can you give her a kiss?”

“Yes, Daddy!” Peter chirps, leaning down to give the toy seal a kiss on her head. “You’re okay, little one. Is she gonna get sleepy now?” He asks as Stephen fastens the bandage.

“Yeah, she’ll need a little nap now to feel better. Should we take her back to our room and put her into your bed, or keep her here?” Stephen moves to pull Peter onto his lap, wrapping his arms around him securely.

“She can’t stay here all alone.” Peter says sadly, picking up the stuffie and holding her as he cuddles up to Stephen. “I’ll keep her in my bed, so I can check on her.” He says with a yawn. The medicine is starting to kick in and make him sleepy, but he tries his hardest to stay awake, but then Stephen begins stroking his hair and he relaxes.

“Okay, honey.” Stephen says softly, kissing Peter’s cheek as he tries to get him to get as close to sleep as possible before trying to bring him back to bed. Meanwhile, Tony goes to fetch a bottle of warm milk, carefully taking baby seal from Peter’s grasp so Stephen can move him to get the bottle into his mouth. While Peter drinks, Stephen rocks him and hums to him. Peter barely even registers how he slips into his usual little headspace. He just feels content, finally, and forgets all about the embarrassments of the day when trying to be a big boy and lets himself be rocked gently as he drinks from the bottle. Tony makes a note that Peter has received medicine in case anyone else takes over before sitting next to Stephen to watch Peter. When the bottle is drained, Stephen gets up from the hospital bed and carries Peter down the hall along with Tony who has got baby seal in his hand.

Peter is so close to sleep that he does not register that once he is laid down in his bed, his Daddies check his temperature again. They find that the fever has not gone down, but not up either. Content to just give the medication some time to work, Stephen tucks Peter in and Tony places baby seal in his armpit and kisses the top of his head. They raise the bars and leave Peter to sleep for a while to discuss the day. They agree to not let Peter age up so quickly ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! What do you guys think of longer scenes like these compared to the shorter ones? Do you prefer one over the other? Would love to hear what you guys think xx
Chapter 26 - Ear infection, flu and eye exams

Chapter Summary

Three very short scenes that Soph and I came up with and I put together into one chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter is one of the more ‘troublesome’ littles at the facility, considering his tendency to get sick and injured so frequently despite all the check ups, safety precautions and access to caregivers. Still, everyone loves him to pieces and sometimes the caregivers even argue about who gets to hold the sweet baby. However, the caregivers’ love for Peter is tested when the little boy gets an ear infection. Of all the stomach upsets, concussions, broken bones and dog attacks, a simple ear infection has everyone on edge, and at the edge of their sanity at that.

Peter cries literally all day, screaming over how much his ears hurt. The infection also causes head aches for the little boy and sucking on a pacifier only makes the pain worse, so he cannot find comfort in anything except when he is being held by a caregiver. During day three, Stephen and Tony are both looking like zombies and nearly cry with relief when Thor comes to trade off and takes Peter with him to give the two doctors a rest. The nurse brings the boy out into the hallway, carrying him around until he stops wailing.

Both Stephen and Tony have a cute thermometer each in their lab coat breast pockets and they use them frequently to check Peter’s temperature. Getting a reading in Peter’s ear is out of the question, and so is getting it under his tongue as he gags every time. They try to get a reading under his arm, but the boy will not sit still long to get a proper reading, so then the only option is to take it rectally. There’s lots of tears and screaming, but eventually Peter settles down when both his Daddies hold him down and lets them get a proper temperature reading.

Peter begs for the strawberry painkiller, despite the taste because he knows it will help, but his Daddies are very strict with how much pain relief they give him, so that he does not get dependent on them. However, Stephen and Tony have no choice but to give Peter some anaesthetic gas to calm him enough so that they can give him drops in his ears the first few days when the pain is at its worst. The two doctors tried to convince their boy that the ear drops would help and Tony even gave pretend drops to every stuffie Peter owns, but he just screamed and grabbed the stuffie before his Daddy could ‘hurt’ their ears. When Peter is fast asleep thanks to the anaesthetic, Stephen and Tony sigh with relief, enjoying the delicious silence for a while. Stephen even has to stop Tony from placing the mask on his own face, because as much as he loves Peter, he cannot handle it anymore and wants to be knocked out too, so that he cannot hear Peter’s cries.

“Nope, not dealing with two whiny babies needing my full attention.” Stephen says and grabs the mask before Tony can even try to take a breath. Tony grumbles something under his breath before laying his head next to Peter on the treatment bed.

“Can we just make him sleep for a bit, please?” Tony begs. Stephen frowns at the other doctor at first, but then a large yawn tugs on his jaws.
“Oh, fuck…” Stephen huffs out, feeling more tired than he ever, even when in med school. “We could turn it up a notch. It’s more than he needs, but…”

Tony gives Stephen a look and they crank up the anaesthetic, which puts Peter in a deeper and longer sleep than what is strictly necessary to administer the ear drops. Once they have given Peter his medicine, they get the boy sorted out in recovery to sleep off the anaesthetic and the two doctors collapse on the bed next to Peter’s, fast asleep before their heads even hit the pillow.

Stephen and Tony have no idea where Peter gets the energy from to be yelling and wailing so much, and with a fever too. The days go by in the same manner, Peter keeps screaming and crying, getting passed from one caregiver to the other to be held and comforted until the worst of the infection clears up and the pain passes. However, the two doctors continue with the antibiotic treatment and ear drops for another week to make sure the infection is completely gone. Even when Peter’s ears do not hurt anymore, he still makes a big fuss about the ear drops, although with less tears and Stephen and Tony can get them administered without needing to put Peter under.

However, they still struggle with keeping their cool when Peter keeps fighting medication and they try not to snap at Peter, but they really want to just hold him down and give him the antibiotics. The first night that Peter sleeps through without any fuss, Stephen and Tony almost cry with relief, especially when they wake up before him the next morning, so they can actually talk to each other about other stuff. Stephen and Tony are talking about a TV show that they want to watch together, which is not suited for littles, and then Peter stirs on the bed. Both doctors freeze on the bed, holding their breaths and eyeing Peter closely for signs that he is waking up. But, the boy just continues to sleep and Tony and Stephen sigh in relief.

The work never ends as two weeks after Peter’s ear infection is finally over and done with, flu season comes around and all the staff members and littles get shots for protection against the virus. The staff members are all caregivers and grown ups, which makes them physically bigger and stronger than the littles. They also have a stronger immune system, so they barely feel any soreness after the flu shot, while half of the littles develop a fever due to it and end up on the ward.

Flu season is the most clinical and clean as all the caregivers wear gloves and disposable aprons when they are dealing with littles to stop germs from spreading as much as possible. They also change scrubs more frequently and use surgical masks. Everything is perfectly clean and covered in plastic so it can be wiped down easily, but Peter is still unlucky and gets sick despite getting the shot two weeks prior. Stephen and Tony really wonder what they have to deserve it when Peter wakes up in the middle of the night, feverish and crying for them. They take the boy right down to the ward rather than contaminate their room and possibly their hall.

Peter hates being on the ward and it is even worse now that his Daddies are gloved and masked, so that he cannot get proper kisses.

“No, don’t wanna sleep and get cut open, Daddy!” Peter cries, thinking he is getting surgery, because that is the only times that his Daddies have been masked. Tony covers Peter’s mouth with a gloved hand before he can scare the other littles on the ward.

“Shh, baby, no one is getting cut open. We have to cover up so we don’t get sick too. Daddies wear these to keep safe. Can you show us that you can be a brave boy?”

Peter feels a little weary still, because he can only really see Tony’s eyes, but he nods nonetheless.

“Okay, Daddy.”

And then Peter’s getting his temperature checked, again, but Tony does not want to deal with a
tantrum, so he gets a thermometer to place under Peter’s tongue rather than take it rectally, although
the latter is the most accurate.

Stephen and Tony try to spend as much time with Peter as they can because he is feeling so sick, but
they have other littles to check up on too and have their hands full. As a result, Stephen and Tony
end up alternating breaks to check on Peter, bringing him juice and toast cut into bite-sized pieces if
he can manage it. However, the boy cannot manage much of the toast and basically lives off of juice
popsicles for two days.

The two doctors allow the popsicles, despite it not being the healthiest and most nutritious, because
they are just happy Peter is eating something. Eventually, Stephen switches out the popsicles for
healthier ones that he has made himself. At first he fears that Peter will notice a difference in taste, as
the homemade ones are far less sugary, but Peter does not notice any difference as his nose is stuffy,
leaving him with little sense of taste so he laps at the popsicles happily. After over a week on the
ward, Peter and most of the other littles are released from the ward once the caregivers are confident
they have recovered from the flu and life returns to normal and the facility.

Just like with dental check ups, the littles will have their eyes and eyesight checked every few
months. The first part of the exam is fun for most of the littles as they read the charts and say which
symbols they can see. However, the next part is not as fun. The caregivers are thorough, as always,
and give the littles eyedrops to get their pupils blown wide for a better look. The blinding light
becomes even more uncomfortable and scary even when the rest of the room is dark. So, Peter gets
to sit on Tony’s lap while Stephen does the exam, holding his head steady against the chin and
forehead rest.

“Look at the ducky behind me, honey.” Stephen instructs. Peter keeps his hands gripped on Tony’s
pants and whimpers every time Stephen asks him to do something even if it is tiny like asking to look
to the left or up at the ceiling. Luckily, Peter’s eyesight is perfect and Stephen did not find anything
abnormal, but that cannot be said for all the littles as some need eyedrops for their dry eyes or
something to aid their eyesight like contact lenses or glasses. Those littles get referred to an optician
to get all that sorted out.

It takes a few hours for the eyedrops’ effect to wear off so when Peter is carried back to the main
little areas, he keeps his eyes tightly shut and face pressed into Stephen’s shoulder because the lights
are too bright with his pupils blown wide. Stephen and Tony think it is cute, but Thor jumps when
Peter is suddenly behind him and staring up because the boy almost looks demonic.

All the littles are placed in a dark room for group nap time and some easy activities until their eyes
are back to normal. They get story time instead of a movie because it is less strenuous, but everyone
is disappointment except for Peter who thinks it is just as good. While the littles recover from the
exam, Peter’s Daddies need check his pupils regularly with a penlight and Peter winces every time.

“I’m sorry, baby, but I have to check.” Tony says softly and once he pulls back, Peter shuts his eyes
again and crawls into his Daddy’s arms like a blind kitten or puppy.

Stephen thinks Peter is more like a little monkey and enjoys how Peter clings to him while Tony
finds a longer book with fewer pictures since Peter will not open his eyes anyway. They stay
snuggled up between check ups, occasionally moving him from one set of arms to another. He keeps
his face tucked into one of his Daddies’ neck all evening so much so that when it is time to get the
boy ready for bed, Tony dresses him in a hooded onesie so he can feel completely covered when he
is snuggling with them in bed.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading!
Soph and I aren't exactly consistent with the length of the scenes ahah ranges from one headcanon to a scene which is +10k words long. Next one involves a lot of water ahah all the littles are going to the pool for a swim and Peter gets a bath with Bucky c:
As always, feedback is much appreciated!
Chapter 27 - Pools and baths

Chapter Summary

All the littles get a bit of a break from all the medical drama and everyone has a fun day at the pool 😊:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The littles are not always stuck at the facility as once a month the staff will arrange for a trip. Some of the trips in the past have included going to the zoo, the aquarium, the cinema, a big inside playground and a short hike in the woods. The monthly activity is always planned very carefully through multiple meetings between all the staff members, as they have to take into consideration all the littles’ conditions. Some have cannulas, catheters, fresh surgical wounds or casts and that takes planning. Sometimes, the littles’ condition is not strong nor stable enough to make it through the monthly activity safely, which ends up in a lot of disappointed tears and frowns, so the caregivers try their hardest to arrange the activity so that as many littles as possible can join.

This month, the activity is going to the pool and all the littles are buzzing with excitement. For the first time in many years, all the littles are healthy enough to join the trip, but Thor still drives the ambulance to the pool, just in case a little needs first aid. They have rented the pool for a whole afternoon, so the littles can get all the privacy they need and do not start ageing up because they get nervous from being little around strangers. But, there are still three lifeguards on call, but they stay out of the way and let the caregivers do their job with their little patients. Once all the littles have changed into their swimming gear and have washed their hair and bodies, the caregivers let them loose in the pool.

Peter is having a littler day than usually and clings onto Stephen, even though he loves water. He watches with wide eyes as Bucky, MJ and Loki play together in the pool while holding onto his Daddy’s hand.

“You okay, baby?” Stephen asks and moves to pick Peter up into his arms. The boy is wearing one of his speedos and looks beyond adorable with his hair all wet and so much of his pale, soft skin of display. Two of his surgical scars are also visible, the one on his forearm and the base of his throat, but his appendectomy and orchiectomy scars are hidden under the brightly coloured speedo.

“Hmm.” Peter hums and continues to watch the bigger littles as they dive down to fetch different toys that Thor has tossed around for them. Tony sees that Peter nor Stephen have gotten into the water yet and climbs out of the pool, water dripping down his toned torso and down his legs.

“He all right?” Tony asks Stephen, placing a hand on his partner’s lower back while lifting the other to stroke Peter’s cheek.

“Yeah, just a bit shy, I think.” Stephen chuckles and Peter makes a small whine. “Wanna go with Daddy for a little dip, baby?” Stephen asks and hands Peter over to Tony. The boy does not protest, but is a little weary as he gets brought over to the shallow and warm pool.

“Ooh, isn’t that nice, honey bee?” Tony says as he lowers himself into the pool, holding onto Peter
tightly. The boy relaxes visibly at the nice warmth and feeling of becoming more weightless.

After a few minutes of getting familiar with the water with the comfort and safety of his Daddy, Peter begins to swim around with a wide grin on his face. Soon, he is splashing around and having the best time ever while Tony laughs and occasionally spins them around to make Peter squeal. After a moment, Stephen crouches down at the edge of the pool and offers Peter a drink of water and checks that both of his boys are doing okay. Peter plays with Tony for a while until he sees his friends in one of the deeper pools.

“Daddy, wanna play with Bucky, please.” Peter requests and points over at the boy in question. Bucky is still playing with MJ and Loki and Thor is sat on the edge of the pool, keeping an eye on them and making sure they are all playing together nicely. After considering it for a moment, Tony allows it and lets Peter join them while he goes to sit with Stephen.

“Hey, babe.” Stephen greets huskily as Tony comes up to him and gives him a kiss. “Petey’s all right?”

“Having the time of his life.” Tony chuckles back and settles next to Stephen for a little rest and drink. However, the two doctors only get a moments rest as they hear a very familiar cry and turn to look as Peter climbs out of the pool, rubbing at his nose.

“Hey, hey, what happened, honey bee?” Stephen asks, coming over to Peter and crouching down in front of him on the tiles. He scans the boy quickly with his eyes for any obvious injuries that could be causing him to be upset, but finds nothing.

“G-got water in…” Peter says and points at his nose, wincing and whimpering. “Make it go ‘way, Da!” The boy begs with tears in his eyes and bounces where he stands. Stephen picks up his baby and brings him over to the table where Tony is sat at. He explains that Peter got water in his nose and Tony chuckles before cooing.

“Aw, baby, did you get a bit carried away?” Tony coos while Stephen helps Peter blow his nose. There is not much that can be done about the sting Peter feels in his nose but to just wait for it to pass, and the boy waits in Stephen’s lap, cuddled up in a fluffy towel and with a deep frown on his face.

“How’s it now, little one? You wanna go back to your friends?” Stephen asks after a while, bouncing the boy on his lap.

“Is okay…” Peter mumbles, perfectly content to stay on his Daddy’s lap even though the sting has passed.

“You don’t wanna head back in?” Stephen asks, kissing Peter’s temple, but the boy shakes his head in reply and cuddles closer to his Daddy. Bucky and MJ shout for Peter, begging him to join them in the pool again. The boy perks up a little and watches the two older littles closely, but keeps his arms wrapped around Stephen’s neck.

“I think I’ll head with the little mister to the showers.” Stephen says and stands up when he sees that Peter is not interested in swimming anymore. Tony nods and Stephen lets Peter lean down and get a kiss from him. “How about we check out the sauna?” Stephen asks as he brings Peter out of the pool and into the showers.

During the next day the older littles, like MJ and Bucky, have class in the library. The littles have a tendency to get bored at the facility with all the safety precautions, but practicing writing and reading with a teacher that comes in a few times each week keeps the older littles occupied and entertained. 
But, for littles like Peter, class is not as fun. He knows something is going on in the library, something that he is too little to do, and stands on his tip toes to peak through the window in the door. Thor comes down the hallway and sees Peter. With a chuckle, he crouches down by the boy.

“Can you see anything?” The nurse asks and Peter huffs, shaking his head with a pout. “Well, it’s boring anyway. We’ll do something much more fun, yeah?” He suggests and Peter’s eyes go wide with curiosity.

Thor gathers the littles who are not in class in one of the playrooms and sets out finger-painting supplies. Peter decides quickly that what he is doing is much more fun than what MJ and Bucky are doing in class. He grins proudly as he presses his hand down on the paper, leaving a bright red handprint behind. After a while, class is over and some of the older littles come into the playroom, including Bucky. He is intrigued by what Peter is painting and heads over.

“What you doing, Pete?” Bucky asks and sits down next to Peter.

“Painting, look!” Peter giggles and shows his artworks. Bucky wants to paint too and makes a few pictures himself until he decides it would be more fun to paint on someone, and not the paper. Finger-painting quickly turns into face-painting as Bucky begins to paint Peter’s face.

“You guys…” Thor groans when he sees the state Peter and Bucky are in. The littles just laugh louder, catching the attention of some other littles. Thor has to snap his fingers at them before they get any ideas. “Please head to the bathroom and wait for Steve, yeah?” The nurse instructs Peter and Bucky, as he does not want to leave the other littles unattended, or everyone is going to need a bath.

Bucky and Peter get up and go to the bathroom, but Steve is a bit late, so when he does arrive, the two boys have paint in their hair, in their ears and all over their clothes. They are giggling uncontrollably, but Bucky stops when his Daddy gives him a stern look. Peter stills finds it all very amusing and continues to giggle as Steve begins to undress him. The nurse places the clothes in the sink to rinse off before starting to run a bath. But, when Steve begins to wash them off, the fun suddenly stops as both Peter and Bucky get some of the paint in their mouths, whining and groaning at how disgusting it tastes. The paint is not dangerous, so Steve is not worried and thinks it actually serves them both right for putting the paint anywhere but on the paper where it belongs.

“But, Bucky made me pretty!” Peter argues when Steve washes his hair.

“I don’t think your Daddies want you to have rainbow hair though.” Steve says, focusing on getting Peter clean first. He washes Bucky a bit more quickly and firmly to remind him that he is not happy with him for leading a baby astray. When both littles are clean, Steve lifts Peter out first and bundles him up in a soft ducky towel, then Bucky in a dinosaur one.

“It was Peter who started it...” Bucky tries to lie to save himself and Peter yelps.

“No, Stevie, Bucky started!” Peter says back, all bundled up in the big blue ducky towel while Steve towels Bucky dry. But, the nurse knows that his boy started it and he is gonna write some lines as a punishment when he is dressed again.

“Don’t try it, Buck.” Steve warns, finishing up drying Bucky and points him over to the corner of the bathroom. The nurse picks Peter up, giving him a little cuddle before laying him down on the changing table and drying him off. “It’s almost your nap time, kiddo. Do you want to lay down with Buck and MJ or go find your Daddies?” He asks, getting baby lotion. Getting babies ready is a lot more time consuming than littles in Bucky’s range.

“Daddies!” Peter squeals, enjoying the feeling of getting the lotion rubbed into his skin. Bucky is a
little jealous where he watches from the corner and wants to say something snarky about Peter being a baby, but stays silent as he does not want to anger his Daddy further and make his punishment worse.

Steve slides a pull-up on Peter and keeps him wrapped up in the fluffy towel, but he dresses Bucky in some clothes that he finds in the cupboard. After picking Peter up, Steve offers his hand out to Bucky. He brings them down the hall and towards Stephen’s office.

“Buck, can you explain to Uncle Stephen why Peter had to get a bath during the day?” Steve says to his boy. Peter hums a cartoon theme happily because he gets to see his Daddy, but Bucky tries to hold back and not have to explain himself to the doctor.

“Daddy, please, noo...” He whines, but Steve pulls him along and Peter gets to knock on Stephen’s office door before Steve opens it. The nurse sets Peter down when he feels the boy squirm in his hold. Peter skips over to Stephen and climbs onto his lap with a giggle.

“Hey, baby.” Stephe smiles, but frowns when he sees that Peter is just dressed in a pull up and a towel with his hair all damp. Before he can ask any questions, Steve nudges Bucky forward, but the boy pouts and shakes his head. “You got something to confess, Bucky?” Stephen asks as he has an idea of what has happened.

“Come on, Buck, or do I need to take you over my knee?” At his Daddy’s threat, Bucky flinches a little before he mumbles.

“I painted Peter’s face…”

“And my hair, and my arms, and my clothes!” Peter adds helpfully. “Pretty!” After smiling at Peter and rubbing his hand through his damp curls, Stephen turns his attention to Bucky.

“Thank you for telling me, Bucky. But, please don’t do that ever again. It could be very dangerous if the paint got in Peter’s eyes.” The doctor explains and the boy nods, but keeps his eyes fixed on the floor.

“Yes, Uncle Stephen.” Bucky mumbles and Steve pats him on the head.

“Well done, buddy, but you’re not off the hook yet. Come on, let’s write some lines so that this doesn’t happen again.” And then Steve leaves with Bucky while Peter gets cuddles from his Daddy.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Who is your favourite character is this AU?
Also, some have been asking for a scene with Loki and I'm glad to say he has his own scene now and it will be in chapter 43.
In the next one, Peter will have to use leg braces so prepare for Bambi on ice c:
Chapter 28 - Leg braces

Chapter Summary

What if Peter had to use leg braces?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter loves bed cuddles, because that means his Daddies will take the leg braces off. The boy feels so much lighter, more free and gets to be held close by his Daddies. But, as soon as he leaves the bed, Stephen and Tony put the braces back on and Peter always starts crying in the process because he hates them so much. It breaks Stephen and Tony’s hearts to hear Peter cry so much, but they have to put the braces on or their boy will not get better.

Since Peter seems to be having such a hard time with the braces, his Daddies let him be excused from the usual routine for the littles and Stephen takes time off to care for Peter 24/7. The doctor takes of Peter’s basic needs, but also his physical therapy and other treatments involving his legs. Stephen makes it all private, so that no one else is in the PT room because he knows that some of the other littles have been teasing Peter by calling him a baby because he cannot walk by himself.

The braces are also an excuse for Stephen to only dress Peter in a pull-up and t-shirt, which leaves his legs bare.

“Daddy needs to see your legs to make them better, baby.” Stephen argues when Peter pouts a little where he is sat on the floor with his braced legs in front of him. The boy looks adorable and the doctor crouches down to lift him up by his armpits for another round of exercises to strengthen his legs. But, after using the braces for a while it causes chafing in certain areas and Peter whimpers and points to the areas that hurt. Ending the PT for the day, Stephen sets Peter on one of the exam tables in the room and removes the braces carefully before setting them aside.

“Yes, yes, Daddy will fix it, baby boy.” Stephen comforts when Peter winces in pain. Gathering a few supplies from the cupboards, the doctor brings over what he needs to clean and bandage the irritated skin. He also brings one of Peter’s pacifier and his tiger stuffie for comfort. The boy takes the pacifier eagerly and holds his stuffie friend close, relaxing a little on the bed where he is laying back.

“Just going to feel around a bit, okay? Let me know what hurts.” Stephen instructs and begins moving the joints in Peter’s legs, paying close attention to his knees in particular and the tendons there. “Shh, there’s a good boy.” He comforts when Peter whimpers a little. Once he is satisfied, Stephen puts on a pair of gloves to begin cleaning the irritated skin. Peter winces a little now and then at the sting of the clean, but is otherwise still.

“There, all patched up. Aren’t these cool, huh?” Stephen asks as he helps Peter sit up and points at all the colourful bandages scattered over his legs. Peter giggles in delight and turns to his Daddy with a grin.

“Rainbow legs?” He asks with a giggle.
“Rainbow legs.” Stephen confirms and gives Peter’s temple a kiss before picking him up. Usually, Tony and he want Peter to walk as much as possible, but he figures Peter has done enough today and carries him to their room for a little rest.

The chafing and irritated skin becomes troublesome during bath time, because the water and soap stings terribly and brings Peter to tears in an instant. The two doctors order the mildest baby soap they can find and Stephen covers up the worst sore spots with waterproof dressings while Tony sits with a thermometer to check that the temperature of the bath water is perfect before they put Peter in. But, it still stings and Peter becomes breathy and teary eyed, so Stephen and Tony try to work quickly with getting him clean and out of the bath as soon as possible. Once Peter is clean enough, Tony lifts him out of the bath and supports nearly all his weight while Stephen dries him off as Peter cannot stand without his braces.

But, once the boy is dry, he gets to lay on a mat on the floor and relaxes when his Daddies rub lotion into his skin, but the massaging of his legs is not as pleasant because his Daddies have to massage deeply and firmly to encourage the muscles and tendons to grow stronger. Peter yelps now and then while Tony and Stephen work on a leg each.

“Shh, baby, you’re being so good for us.” Tony coos as he digs his fingertips deeper into Peter’s thigh.

“Almost done, Petey pie, and then we can watch a movie. Can you think of which one you want to watch for us?” Stephen asks to distract Peter from the uncomfortable massage.

“I- ah- ow! I- Lion!” Peter stutters out between sharps breaths as he tries to deal with the pain like a big boy. Tony and Stephen both go a little easier on Peter.

“Lion King? That’s a good choice, baby.” Stephen smiles and then realises he has the chance to distract Peter from the painful massage. “How does the song go again? In the jungle, the mighty jungle…”

“The- the lion sleeps tonight…?” Peter says quietly, still trying to catch his breath.

“In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight.” Tony joins in and Peter smiles a little.

“Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight. Near the village…” Stephen sings and then looks at Peter to finish.

“The quiet village, the lion sleeps tonight.” Peter sings with a shy smile. All three of them sing the last bit together.

“Hush my darling, don’t fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight. Hush my darling, don’t fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.”

The song becomes one of the many things Stephen and Tony use to distract Peter whenever he becomes upset due to the sting of the bathwater or the painful massages. It does the trick, but they change it up now and then with other songs that Peter likes as well as games like ‘I love you more than…’. However, no song nor game can keep Peter happy and distracted during the injections in his legs which is part of his treatment. Because they are big muscles, Peter needs multiple on the front and back of his thighs and he always cries because one injection is already bad enough, but now he is getting eight or more in a row. After the third one, Stephen and Tony decide to use some anaesthetic gas to get their boy to calm down to administer the injections safely. After the last injection is done with, Peter’s legs are covered in bandaids to cover the tiny puncture wounds along with the bandages to cover the chafing spots.
Stephen and Tony have already excused Peter from the usual routine that all the littles have and are very happy they did so when Peter gets so many wounds and sores on his legs. They cannot even imagine all the germs that he could get from being with all the other littles tend to come along with. Still, Peter misses his friends terribly and Stephen is completely helpless with getting Peter to do his PT one day, so he gets Pepper to bring MJ to join them. Stephen gives the two littles the task of building a blanket fort. Peter does not realise, but the game becomes physical therapy as he has to move to build the fort along with MJ. However, the little girl is eager to help Peter, but Stephen steps in and reminds them both that Peter can do it by himself.

Stephen uses games and toys during the physical therapy frequently. For example, he will place stuffies around the room and ask Peter to fetch them for him. The boy is a little sceptical at first, but quickly finds the game fun when he realises he gets a kiss and praise whenever he brings one of the stuffies to his Daddy. The game is perfect because the stuffies are small enough that Peter has to bend his knees and crouch down to get them. Thor and Steve tease that Stephen just wants an excuse to spoil Peter more.

However, sometimes Peter will stumble and Stephen is there to help him back up, encouraging him to continue. However, after the third fall Peter bursts into tears and Stephen says that he did good for today. The doctor takes the braces off to cuddle his boy close and brings him over to the window to look for birds.

“Birdie…” Peter mumbles and points out the window while Stephen wipes the tears away from his cheeks.

“That’s right, Petey. Is it a tiny birdie? Which colour is it?” Stephen asks to distract Peter and give him a new and different task to occupy his mind.

Stephen ends up spending so much time trying to distract Peter that he finds himself getting maybe too involved in the games. A few days later when he is having coffee with Tony, he asks what colour Tony’s cup is and they both burst out laughing. Tony asks if Stephen needs to trade off for a bit and Stephen agrees to let Tony take over Peter’s PT for the next day.

Peter does not mind that his other Daddy does PT with him today, but pouts when hears what his Daddy wants him to do. Tony wants Peter to get up from the floor himself, without using his arms, nor leaning on anything for support.

“Ah-ah, Petey. Use your legs, not your arms.” Tony reminds now and then when Peter tries to arrange his legs with his hands. Peter always pouts at Tony, which makes the doctor chuckle softly because the boy looks so cute when pouting like that. After a while, Peter begins to know the drill of the PT and manages to trick his Daddies. One time while doing PT with both his Daddies in their room, Peter coughs and holds his tummy after a while so that Stephen scoops him up quickly, but then he tucks his face into Stephen’s neck and giggles.

“Peter, you know how we don’t like it when you pretend to have owies.” Stephen reminds a little sternly, but Peter just giggles again because he is so content in his Daddy’s arms instead of on the floor wobbling around with the braces. Coming over, Tony rolls his eyes fondly.

“Oh, well, I guess if Peter’s feeling tired and needs cuddles, then it’s time for a nap.” Tony makes a big show of walking around and giving Stephen Peter’s sleeper, paci, blankie and stuffie while the bottle warms up.

“No, Daddy, ‘m not sleepy!” Peter whines and struggles out of Stephen’s arms. On slightly wobbly feet, he walks over to Tony and places his hands on his forearm to steady himself as well as to stop his Daddy from making him nap. ”Wanna play!” Peter grins, not even realising that he just walked
without the braces by himself and Stephen is a little shocked, but mostly happy.

“Okay, a little bit longer.” Tony allows, grinning at Stephen over Peter’s head. He points at the bookshelf. “Go pick a story and we can set your things aside. Then we can play some more.” He promises, patting Peter’s hands where he is clutching onto his forearm.

Not even realising that it’s a task, Peter walks over and even bends his knees as he does so instead of swinging his leg around to take a step. Stephen crouches down to watch Peter and how he uses his muscles and joints.

“He's getting better.” Stephen whispers to Tony. Meanwhile Peter is busy picking out a book, holding onto the bookshelf with one hand.

“He's going to be fine.” Tony promises, nudging Stephen gently. "He's got an excellent teacher after all.” He adds with a kiss to Stephen’s cheek before walking over to help Peter pick a book. He reads out the titles and what they are about while Stephen keeps an eye on the milk.

“Hobbit, Hobbit!” Peter squeals and wiggles a little where he stands, still holding onto the bookshelf. “Daddy's the dragon and you Daddy do the rest!” Peter says, first pointing at Stephen and then Tony. They both agree before asking Peter to go fetch whatever toy he wants to play with and he does so without realising now either how his Daddies are making him walk and crouch down as much as possible.

Tony moves to sit on the sofa and keeps an eye on Peter as he fetches the toys he wants to play with. Stephen joins Tony on the sofa with the warm bottle of milk before starting to read to Peter together. However, after half a chapter, both doctors move to sit on the floor next to Peter’s play-mat while he plays. They both keep their voices as animated as possible and interact with Peter while they read.

Peter plays with some building blocks at first, but then quickly finds out he would much rather sit with his Daddies as they read to him. He giggles every time Stephen makes his voice really deep and growls for Smaug's lines, while Tony makes his more high-pitched and funny sounding for Bilbo. After another chapter, Peter grows sleepy and Stephen takes him onto his lap to give him the bottle. Peter falls asleep shortly after finishing his bottle and Tony marks the page before closing the book.

“He's so goddamn adorable.” Tony says quietly, running a light finger over Peter's eyebrow and then down his nose.

“Hmm, the little lion sleeps tonight.” Stephen says with a chuckle and kisses Peter’s forehead before rising up from the floor to place Peter in his bed to nap.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I was listening to the Lion King soundtrack while editing and I couldn't help but add one of my fave songs to this :3
The next one will be another three part bit and involves a feeding tube.
Chapter 29 - Nasogastric tube l

Chapter Summary

Nasogastric intubation: a medical process involving the insertion of a plastic tube (nasogastric tube or NG tube) through the nose, past the throat, and down into the stomach.

Chapter Notes

Petey doesn't want to eat :c
Buckle up for another three part bit!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter is on the ward again, but he does not know why. He feels fine, but Bucky who is also on the ward says that there must be a reason. The littles debate for a while until they both freeze when they hear the grown ups behind the door.

“Any tantrums yet?”

“No, just talking back, but I didn’t sedate or anything yet. He’s in bed number 2 and everything’s ready.”

Stephen walks in then and Peter freezes again when he realises he is in bed number 2. Peter’s mind begins racing while he watches his Daddy approach him. He feels fine, so then he must be in trouble to have ended up on the ward. He knows he talked back a little bit, but he was just trying to find out what was happening. Stephen sits down on the edge of his bed and pulls back a surgical towel to reveal a little instrument tray with a syringe. He pulls Peter’s arm over, wiping it with a cold alcohol wipe.

“Daddy-”

“Shh, shh, just a little medicine, Petey.” Stephen explains simply and then picks up the syringe. It is actually a sedative, but he does not tell his boy that. Peter looks away as Stephen injects him, but keeps his arm still because he does not want to make things worse for himself. After just a minute, Peter starts to feel sleepy and lightheaded. He drops down onto his pillow and lets his Daddy put a pacifier into his mouth and cover him with a soft blanket. Stephen stays until Peter goes under and then gets up to check on the other little on the ward.

“Is Petey okay?” Bucky asks and tries to get out of the bed, tangling up some of the wires and tubing in the process.

“Ah-ah-ah. Back in bed, mister.” Stephen reminds and then begins to untangle everything, but does not answer Bucky’s question about Peter. The question being ignored makes Bucky frown, but he quickly stops when he remembers that Uncle Stephen does not like pouting. He tries again, sitting as still as possible in his bed.
"Is Petey okay, please?"

Stephen has a thing for manners and so he does answer, but briefly.

"Petey’s okay, he’s just having a long nap. But, what about you, Buck? Do the stitches still hurt?" Stephen asks and pulls back another surgical towel to reveal an instrument tray with a kit to check Bucky’s stitches. After snapping on some gloves, Stephen removes the bandage on Bucky’s forehead to reveal a little row of stitches. The boy fell on the playground a couple of days ago.

“They’re great, thank you!” Bucky answers, but probably too quickly. He does not want to meet the same fate as Peter who is barely even sucking on his pacifier because he is so out of it. In truth, his stitches do itch a little, but his Daddy has told him it is normal and not to scratch at them. He spots his cup on the table by the bed and smiles at the doctor. "Can I have water, please?"

“Once I’m done here, yes. Just hold still for a bit.” Stephen instructs and cleans the healing wound a bit before fastening a new bandage. It hurts quite a bit with the bruise surrounding the wound and Bucky bites his lip hard to not whine and cry. Stephen can tell Bucky is trying to be a brave boy, so he does not drag things out. He taps on Bucky’s lip gently once he is done. “Don’t bite, we don’t want you to hurt yourself again.” He says and offers Bucky his cup of water. After the boy has had enough, Stephen puts the cup back and offers Bucky one of Peter’s pacifiers. Bucky hesitates for a bit, but considering that it is just him and Peter on the ward, he parts his lips to take the pacifier into his mouth. The doctor pops it in and strokes the boy’s hair back with a smile.

“There’s a brave boy. Now, lay back and have a little rest. Your Daddy will be here soon.” Stephen says as he clears away the supplies and sends a message to Steve on his pager. They both agree that it is best to keep Bucky on the ward for a while longer to make sure he did not hurt himself badly from the fall. They also want to keep an eye on Bucky’s heart and pacemaker. As much as Bucky tries to stay awake, he does end up closing his eyes and falling asleep when the ward is quiet and he has the pacifier. Both he and Peter sleep peacefully until Tony walks in to check Peter over a few hours later. Peter stirs a little at the sudden cold feeling when the blanket is taken away, but Tony shushes him and keeps going with the check.

“Nnn...” Peter mumbles, trying to pull his arm back to curl in on himself, but Tony is holding it to wrap the blood pressure cuff around his arm. Peter is still so out of it and slipping in and out of consciousness that Tony does not bother comforting him with words because he will not register them either way. When he is finished with the check, Tony drapes the blanket back over Peter and pats his head before getting up. He spends some time in the ward, checking stock and going over notes from days he was not working to check if he missed anything. By the time Steve walks through the door, Tony is just about finished and Bucky seems so be stirring.

“He had a good nap, Stephen said he was well behaved during his check too.” Tony says and points at Bucky with the pen in his hand. Bucky whines a little in his bed as he stirs awake, kicking off the blanket in the process and Steve comes over with a chuckle.

"Wakey, wakey..." Steve sits down next to his little on the bed and helps him wake up. Bucky whines when he has to wake up, opening his arms for Steve and pouting sadly around the pacifier. He grabs onto his Daddy and cuddles close to him without moving too much from the bed in case he gets in trouble.

Meanwhile, Tony goes to check on Peter again, nudging the pacifier back into his mouth. The doctor sets up a saline drip so that the boy is hydrated. Peter is still fast asleep, but reaches up to hold Tony’s hand and keeps it against his face. He nuzzles into the feeling of his Daddy being there and sighs happily. Tony becomes sort of trapped then and does not have much choice but to sit down next to Peter and let him hold his hand. After a while, Peter’s grip loosens, but Tony does not get up and
instead strokes Peter’s cheek gently. The boy drools on his pillow in his sleep because he is so relaxed due to the sedative and Tony smiles fondly. He will tell Stephen how cute their boy is like this later when he sees his partner later.

Peter does not wake up for another hour. By the time he does, it is dark out and he is by himself in the ward. His throat is dry and he is sweating from being under the covers, and in his exhausted mind, the only logical thing to do is cry. He throws his head back and wails, not caring that he sounds like a baby nor that his pacifier falls on the floor. Steve is the one who finds Peter when he returns to the ward with Bucky on his hip. He sets Bucky on his bed before he comes over to Peter and picks him up.

“Hey, hey, it’s all right, baby. I’ll call your Daddies, yeah? They’ll be here in just a moment.” Steve coos and bounces Peter in his arm while paging Stephen and Tony with the other hand. Peter does not even care that it is not one of his Daddies holding him. He grabs onto Steve and wraps his legs around him tightly, pressing his face into his shoulder and continues to cry. He takes a few shaky inhales before starting again, not noticing that Bucky has covered his ears with his hands. He pushes his face into Steve’s scrubs, wiping his eyes, nose and mouth where they are all running from his upset.

“One, two, three, four.” Steve counts under Peter’s nose while he continues to cry, hoping that will soothe Peter a bit, but he just continues to cry. Steve walks in then and comes over to take Peter into his arms.

“Daddy’s here, Daddy’s here, you’re okay. You’re safe, baby boy.” Stephen coos and rocks Peter gently from side to side. When his Daddy holds him, Peter’s cries quieten down. His cheeks still have tears running down them, but at least his tummy is not sore from the shaky inhales he is taking. He grips onto Stephen, dropping his head onto his Daddy’s shoulder and bringing his thumb up to his mouth.

“Hey, baby boy. You hungry?” Tony asks with a smile and pushes the curls out of Peter’s eyes. Shaking his head, Peter just points at the juice. He does not make any move to speak just yet, still too tired and fuzzy from his nap to try. He feels heavy on his Daddy’s lap, like he has rocks in his pocket, and the food does not look appetising even though he knows he likes it. The juice is the only thing that seems good, except more cuddles.

“Okay, we can start with the juice.” Tony says and picks up the sippy cup, holding it to Peter’s mouth and letting him take a few sips before pulling it away. “But, you have to eat something, baby.” Tony reminds before he lets Peter have some more of the juice. Stephen holds him the entire time, stroking his curls and back as Tony lets him drink.

When he is being held and given the juice, Peter relaxes back against Stephen. He feels like he is made of jello all of a sudden and does not want to move ever again. When Tony takes away the sippy cup, Peter tries to follow it with his mouth open wide. He makes little noises of protest, looking
at Tony with a grumpy expression.

“Okay, one more sip and then we’ll try the pasta, yeah?” Tony bargains and let’s Peter have another sip before setting the cup aside. Stephen helps Peter sit more upright when Tony brings over a spoonful of spaghetti and offers it to Peter. “Open wide, Petey. It’s real yummy!” Tony smiles.

Leaning forward slowly, Peter sticks out his tongue and touches the top of the spoon. He jumps back at the taste, spluttering and coughing. He normally likes spaghetti and meatballs, but it’s too...sauce-y? He thinks, but it also might be too meatball-y. Either way, his tummy is moving uncomfortably and he presses his hands up to cover his mouth firmly.

“Come on now, Petey. You’ve had this before.” Tony says and eats the spoonful himself to show that it is harmless and tastes good. "Let’s try a meatball, yeah?” Stephen suggests and takes the spoon from Tony to pick up a meatball and offers it to Peter. Shaking his head quickly, Peter keeps his mouth shut with his hands, covering it for extra protection. The smell is even starting to get to him and he starts feeling hot from how overwhelmed he is. He takes his hand away just in time to dry heave and he pushes at Stephen’s hand to get the spoon away.

“Woah, baby.” Stephen says and sets the spoon aside to hold Peter properly. Tony lifts a hand up to feel the boy’s forehead.

“Peter, tell Daddies how you’re feeling.” Tony says a little firmly while Stephen moves Peter so that he is laying down on his bed. Nausea after a sedative is not uncommon, but eating would actually help. Shaking his head, Peter whines and covers his mouth when he is laying down. He looks at Tony with sad eyes, thinking his Daddy is angry at him.

“Tummy doesn’t want it.” Peter whispers. “Too…much. No, please…” He adds, trying to be a good boy for them even when he feels so sick. He knows the bowl is still there and tries not to think too much about it, worrying it will make him feel sick again.

“Let’s check temperature.” Stephen says and with a nod Tony goes to fetch a thermometer. "Peter, you haven’t eaten since lunch. There’s nothing in your tummy, which is why you’re feeling icky. But, eating with help and you’ll feel much better.” Stephen explains, placing a gentle hand on Peter’s stomach while Tony tilts his head to the side to get the thermometer in his ear.

“It’s normal.” Tony says to Stephen before addressing Peter. ”Daddy’s right, you gotta eat to feel better.”

“Nu uh!” Peter argues. “Said I don’t wanna!”

“NG-tube?” Tony asks Stephen who nods in response.

“Yeah, think that’s best.” Stephen agrees and calls Steve over and asks him to prepare a bland puree for Peter. Then they start gathering the supplies and equipment needed without explaining to the boy what is about to happen.

When Peter is left alone, he curls up in the bed and puts his thumb back in his mouth. He is relieved his Daddies have stopped trying to feed him, but a little curious about what they are doing. He peeks up at Tony when he comes up to his bedside to administer medication through the port in his IV. Peter lifts his arms up lazily to be held and Tony grasps Peter’s hand and kisses his knuckles. Meanwhile Stephen brings over a portable x-ray machine along with the rest of the supplies.

“Not now, baby, we gotta get your sorted out first. Be brave for us, yeah?” Tony says and moves Peter’s bed so that it is more upright and Peter is half laying down. The boy just watches, not
bothered enough to get upset when both of his Daddies are there and he is not being forced to eat. He keeps his thumb in his mouth, watching Stephen and Tony carefully until he begins to grow a little sleepy again. Stephen has all the supplies ready and both doctors put on gloves before they start. They get Peter to blow his nose and then check both his nostrils, finding that the left one seems like the best one to insert the tube through. The boy is growing quiet and blinks lazily while they measure the tube.

“Peter, are you with us, baby?” Stephen asks and eyes Peter on the bed. The boy hums in reply and blinks lazily as the sedative and muscle relaxant has kicked in.

“Can you tilt your head back for us?” Tony asks and picks up the tube to lubricate the tip of it while Stephen guides Peter’s head back and holds him steady against the mattress. When they start moving him and Peter notices the tube, he whimpers but does not make any attempts at moving from his spot on the bed. He feels around until he can grab a hold of Stephen while Tony moves forward with the tube.

“It’s okay, Petey, it’s okay.” Tony shushes and begins to insert the tube into Peter’s left nostril while Stephen holds him steady when he begins to squirm. “Peter, I need you to swallow for me now, okay?” Tony instructs to get the tube inserted into the boy’s oesophagus correctly. Peter swallows in an exaggerated way, trying his best to be good, but not really knowing if he is doing it properly. The tube is uncomfortable and Peter wants to tug at it, but he keeps his hands on Stephen and his eyes on Tony so they can direct him. He whimpers a few times and a couple of tears fall down his cheeks, but he manages to behave like a big boy who can handle things.

“There, that should do it. What a brave boy you are, Peter.” Tony praises and secures the tube to Peter’s cheek with a piece of tape. Stephen moves to place a kiss on Peter’s forehead, wiping away the tears from his eyes with his still gloved hands.

“Now, we just have to check that the tube is in the right place, okay?” Stephen says before they both get up to get the x-ray machine ready. Nodding slowly, Peter swallows around the tube and scrunches up his nose at the weird feeling. He watches as the x-ray machine is moved towards him and looks between Stephen and Tony rapidly.

“Sit up for me, Petey.” Stephen instructs and places the board underneath Peter before helping him lay back again. They position the machine above Peter before patting his shoulder. “We are just going step outside for second, all right? We’ll be right back and stay perfectly still for us, okay?” Stephen explains before leaving the room with Tony.

When Peter is alone, his breathing picks up and he starts crying quietly. He knows his Daddies are just outside because he can hear them, but it is suddenly scary to be alone and the wait feels like forever. He waits for a few moments before titling his head towards the door.

“Daddies?”

Stephen and Tony return to Peter’s bedside after a moment and Stephen heads to Peter while Tony checks the x-ray to be sure that the tube is in Peter’s oesophagus and not in his windpipe. Tony gives Stephen a nod that the tube is in the correct place.

“There, it’s done now, baby boy.” Stephen assures and gives Peter another kiss before helping him sit up again and takes the board away. In the meantime, Tony moves the x-ray machine so that they can sit down next to Peter. “It’s okay, it’s okay. We got you, Petey.” Stephen coos.

Laying against Stephen, Peter lets himself be held and cuddled. He frowns when he realises it is uncomfortable to suck his thumb so he turns his face to nuzzle against Stephen’s shoulder instead.
The two doctors give Peter a moment to get used to the sensation of the tube and also wait for Steve to get back with the puree. When he does, Tony gets up and starts filling a large syringe with the puree.

“You still sleepy, baby? How are you feeling?” Stephen asks and strokes Peter’s head, trying to distract him from what the other doctor and nurse are preparing. Shaking his head a little, Peter looks at Stephen and moves to get closer to the touch. He is still a little bit drowsy and tired, but not as bad as he has been earlier. Still, he would have been okay with an early bath and bedtime in his Daddies’ bed. Now that Tony has got the syringe ready, Stephen moves to lift up Peter so that the he is on his lap. He also grabs Peter’s baby seal stuffie from the bed and gives it to him.

“Now Daddy’s gonna fix that to the tube so you can get some food in your empty tummy, all right? It may feel a little odd, but don’t fight it. Tell us if you need a break, okay?” Stephen says to Peter a little firmly.

Clinging to his seal, Peter nods and closes his eyes tightly. Last time he had people messing around with his mouth and Daddy holding him still, he was getting his teeth cleaned by the dentist. When the gunk starts moving through the tube, he has to force himself not to start crying right away. His tummy feels like it is being filled, but not chewing or actually eating is too weird for him to process.

“You’re doing great, Petey.” Stephen assures, holding Peter close and rubbing his back. “Keep going.” He says to Tony who nods and continues to push the top of the syringe steadily, but not too fast to upset Peter’s stomach. After a while, Peter’s tummy is becoming uncomfortably full. He pats Tony’s arm to get him to stop, moving his head from side to side. He presses himself closer to Stephen, trying to curl up on his lap.

“Lets take a little break.” Stephen says to Tony and then addresses Peter. “How are you doing, baby?” Stephen asks, his hand on Peter’s forehead. Leaning against Stephen, Peter pouts. He takes the hand from his forehead and sets it on his tummy so his Daddy will rub it. After rubbing Peter’s stomach for a while, Stephen nods at Tony for him to continue. Peter starts crying again, but Tony still empties the syringe before handing it to Steve for another refill.

“Lets get you comfortable, yeah?” Stephen suggests and helps Peter lay back and then places his hand on his stomach to rub it gently again.

“Just one more round and then we are done. Okay, baby?” Tony says and takes the syringe from Steve and attaches it to the tube again. “Don’t fight it, just breathe nice and deep, yeah? You’re being so brave for us.” Tony says and begins to push the top of the syringe again slowly and steadily. Peter cries the entire time the syringe is emptying. He wants to cry like a baby and make noise, but it is too uncomfortable and he has to think hard about breathing as his Daddies stand over him. He keeps his baby seal close, bringing it up to rub against his chin to calm himself down.

“There, we are almost done now.” Tony says and hands the syringe over to Steve and takes a new one filled with water. “This is just water. We have to rinse out the tube and you’ll get a little drink at the same time.” Tony explains and attaches the syringe again before injecting it into Peter’s stomach.

“You’re such a brave little one.” Stephen coos and kisses Peter’s temple to sooth him. When Stephen is close again, Peter grabs onto his scrubs top and holds onto it tightly. He tries to watch what is going through the tube, but can’t work out how much is left or if there is anything else. He uses all his strength to keep Stephen as close to him as possible, letting his seal go so he can use both hands.

“You’re okay, Pete, you’re okay.” Stephen assures and holds around Peter’s wrists, kissing his forehead again while Tony locks the tube and checks that everything is okay.
"There. All done." Tony announces and thanks Steve for the help. The nurse clears away the supplies before leaving with a friendly smile and wave. "How are you doing, baby?" Tony asks, sitting down on Peter’s other bedside and placing a gentle hand on his stomach. Peter brings his hand up to the tube and points at it, trying to get Tony to take it away too. He frowns when he does not immediately get what he wants, but still he wants his Daddies close and he lifts his legs onto Tony’s lap to keep him in place and moves his head onto Stephen’s shoulder.

“Come on, use your words, baby boy.” Stephen encourages and helps Peter sit up again so that he is resting against his side and his legs are in Tony’s lap comfortably.

“Tell Daddies how you’re feeling.” Tony adds and holds both of Peter’s socked feet in his hands, rubbing them gently.

“Full…” Peter manages to mumble out. He points at his nose in case they forgot about the tube and then at Tony’s hands. “Out?” He asks with a frown, but quickly becomes giggly when the foot rub went over a ticklish spot. Peter pulls his feet back and kicks playfully at Tony.

“We’ll keep the tube in for a while. And it’s just like any IV needle or catheter. You aren’t allowed to touch it, okay? If there’s a problem or it starts hurting then you tell us about it immediately. Understood?” Stephen explains and Tony halts with the tickling so that Peter is not distracted.

“No touch.” Peter confirms with a shake of his head before trying to get his foot back over to Tony’s hand to continue their game. He leans against Stephen and wiggles around in the bed while he tries to get comfortable. Eventually he just sighs and drops his weight over Stephen’s lap. “Daddy, bored.”

“What would you like to do then?” Stephen asks with a chuckle when Peter slumps into his lap a little dramatically and places a hand in his hair.

“Maybe some colouring? Or maybe baby seal needs a check up by Doctor Petey?” Tony suggests and starts tickling and rubbing Peter’s feet in his hands again. Peter giggles and kicks his legs again.

“Hmm…” Peter hums as he thinks. He moves around in the bed restlessly until he finally points at the window. “Go outside and see birdies?” He suggests, looking between Tony and Stephen hopefully as he keeps his hand directed towards the window. Stephen and Tony look at one another and begin debating Peter’s wish.

“Blood pressure was good when I checked earlier and he doesn’t have a temperature either.” Tony says and Stephen hums and looks at Peter, happy to see that he has good colour in his cheeks and his eyes look bright and focused.

“No nausea nor dizziness either it seems, so I think we can head out for a little while.” Stephen says with a smile and opens his arms for Peter to climb into. Moving forward quickly, Peter gets himself settled in Stephen’s arms with baby seal clutched tightly in his hand. He squeaks excitedly that he is actually getting to go outside and points to the door.

“Birdies!” Peter giggles, alternating between leaning forward and turning to press himself as close to Stephen as possible to process his excitement.

“Do you think we’ll see lots of birdies outside?” Stephen coos to him as they head out of the ward and get Peter dressed warm enough to go outside. Once they are all ready, they head out and see that the other littles are outside too, playing and chasing one another around the playground. Nodding, Peter keeps his eyes up in the sky to look for any birds. He lets his head drop down onto Stephen’s shoulder, pointing at a few little ones perched on a tree.
“Baby birdies!” Peter squeaks. “Tweet, tweet!”

“Yeah, look at them go!” Stephen laughs as he lifts his hand to point where Peter is pointing. “Aren’t they tiny?” They head over to a bench and sit down for a bit with Peter sat between his Daddies.

“What else can you see, Petey?” Tony asks and looks around the playground and surrounding park area.

“Clouds!” Peter says, pointing up to the sky. “Looks like a sheep.” He decides, after staring thoughtfully at the shapeless cloud for a while. Peter stares up for another few moments, trying to see what other shapes he can see in the sky before turning his attention to the ground. “Flower.”

“That does look like a sheep.” Tony agrees and continues to follow Peter’s gaze. “What colour is the flower?” He asks, but before Peter can answer, Loki runs over to them and points at Peter.

“Ew! What’s that in his nose?” The boy asks loudly, pulling a disgusted face. Peter jumps a little and squirms with embarrassment.

“Dunno.” Peter says truthfully, looking at his Daddies for an explanation. Peter is used to Loki’s bad choices, Thor calls them antics, but they are easier to deal with when he has got his Daddies.

“Loki, did you ask permission to leave the group?” Stephen asks, looking over his shoulder to confirm no other littles had wandered off. “Remember what happens to little ones who can’t play nicely and follow rules?”

“Yeah...” Loki mumbles and kicks the ground with his shoe lazily. ”Let’s go back to the others, shall we?” Stephen says and gets up to walk Loki back to the others. Meanwhile, Peter squirms onto Tony’s lap and asks quietly.

“What’s the tube for, Daddy?”

“It’s for food, baby.” Tony explains, wrapping an arm around Peter's waist to hold him. “When you can’t eat with a spoon, but your body is tired and needs energy, we put the tube in your nose and do it that way. It feeds you.” He puts a hand on Peter's tummy, rubbing it gently. “How do you feel, brave baby?”

Peter ponders on what his Daddy has said and hums.

“I’m not a baby...” He mumbles quietly, but is quickly distracted by the comfort of his Daddy. “Dunno, Da.” Peter answers and shrugs his shoulders, his eyes and attention fixed on Stephen who is walking back to them.

“You're our baby.” Tony chuckles softly, kissing the top of Peter's head as they both wait for Stephen to return. He rubs Peter's tummy gently, putting a little more pressure on it to check if there is anything abnormal. “Does your tummy feel okay, or icky, or like you have to potty?” Tony asks, smiling when Stephen sits down beside them and wraps his arm around him.

“Is okay.” Peter answers shortly. He feels full and satisfied and he remembers how his Daddies had said that eating would make him feel better, but he does not want to admit that they were right. Suddenly, Peter spots MJ on the monkey bars and tries to get off Tony’s lap, but his Daddy will not let him go.

“Use your words, Petey.” Stephen prompts when he sees that Peter became worked up.

“Wanna see MJ.” He frowns, trying to wiggle out of Tony’s hold. Tony and Stephen both smile at
the adorable grumpy face, but do not make any move to let Peter run over. Stephen brushes back his hair gently.

“Baby, I don’t think the monkey bars would be a good idea. We’re going back inside to have a nice bath soon and check on your little tummy.”

“But, but...” Peter stutters a little as he looks at MJ who is laughing and squealing as she plays with another girl. Peter feels a little jealous, but mostly sad that he cannot join in on the fun.

“Come on, then. We’ll have a really bubbly bath and you can play with your sharks and boats. That’ll be fun.” Tony says brightly and stands up from the bench with Peter still in his arms. Peter watches with a little frown as his friends continue to play outside while he gets brought back inside.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Someone suggested a scene involving feeding tubes and it was like they were seeing into my drafts because Soph and I had already done this one ahah What do you guys will happen next? Will Petey be good?
Chapter Summary

Second part of the three part bit and Peter's getting a bath.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stephen leads the way back inside and to their room. He turns his attention to Peter when they get inside, waiting for Tony to get him situated on the soft carpet in the bathroom before crouching down beside him.

“Do you want to pick out your jammies tonight, baby?” He asks, arranging baby seal and some soft toys around Peter to keep him occupied while Tony runs the bath.

“The dino ones! Grrrr!” Peter growls with a giggle, holding his hands up as if he had long claws. With a chuckle and growl back, Stephen gets up and fetches the pale green pyjamas with dinosaur printing. Peter sits with his toys for a while, but quickly grows bored and crawls over to Tony by the bathtub and lifts a hand up to put it in the water. Leaning down, Tony picks up Peter and kisses his forehead. He bounces him gently, watching as the water and bubbles slowly fill the tub.

“Petey pie, Petey pie.” Tony sings, turning off the water and setting Peter on the changing table to get him undressed. “Ready to smell all pretty?”

“Pie, pie, pie...” Peter babbles happily with a giggle and tries to get his feet on Tony’s chest. Meanwhile, Stephen returns with the pyjamas and sets them on the toilet seat. ”Boats! And sharks, Daddy!” Peter suddenly gasps when he remembers, but settles down when Stephen shows the toys in question over Tony’s shoulder before placing them in the bath. When Peter’s clothes are off and in the hamper, Tony carries him over and sets him into the water gently. He keeps a firm hand on his back so Peter does not slip while Stephen puts the last toys in with him.

“There you go, baby boy. Is that nice?” Tony asks and Peter squeals in delight at the nice feeling of the warm water and grabs one of the sharks and shows it to his Daddies.

“Shark’s scary, they got big teeth.” He explains and bares his own teeth, pulling a scary growling face.

“That’s right, baby. Sharks are pretty scary.” Stephen chuckles and taps Peter on the nose to get him to smile. “We should tape the tube again once he’s out.” Stephen says to Tony and presses the loose end of the tape back into place on Peter’s cheek.

“We could probably do that when he’s getting a story.” Tony suggests, getting a sponge and bringing it up so the water runs down Peter’s chest. He is more careful than normal with it, not wanting to scare or upset Peter when he is in such a good mood before bed. “Is the shark swimming with the boat, baby?” He asks, offering Stephen a bottle of baby wash so they can clean Peter together. Stephen nods in agreement and takes the soap.

“Yeah! Shark’s gonna drown the boat.” Peter says and moves his toys around, not minding how his
Daddies wash him together.

“Sink the boat, Petey, not drown.” Stephen corrects and wets a flannel to clean Peter’s face, being careful around his nose and his cheek where the tube is taped.

“Is your boat going to sink or is it a submarine?” Tony asks, tilting Peter’s head back so he can wash his hair. He makes sure the soap does not go into his eyes and takes a little extra care to massage his scalp. “Do you want to wash your toes or do you want Daddy to?”

“Is gonna sink!” Peter giggles as he looks at Tony upside down from where his head is tilted back. “Daddy can do it!” Peter announces and lifts one of his feet from the water to wiggle his toes. With the same flannel, Stephen begins to wash Peter’s legs and then his feet.

“Lazy baby.” Stephen laughs and with the same flannel, he begins to wash Peter’s legs and then his feet. Once Tony has rinsed out Peter’s hair, he rubs the boy’s back gently.

“Are you almost ready to get out of the water? We have some very cosy Dino jammies for you to wear and maybe Daddy will give us big bear cuddles.” Tony says with a smile. Peter looks at his Daddies and then at his toys as he considers.

“Out.” He finally decides and holds his arms up for Tony to lift him out of the bath and Stephen wraps him in a fluffy towel.

“Big bear cuddles. How about that, baby?” Stephen smiles as he dries Peter with the towel.

“And a story.” Peter adds, dropping his head onto Stephen's shoulder despite the wet hair. Tony smiles at that and comes over with a second towel, drying Peter’s hair off quickly. Once Peter is dry, Stephen picks him up and lays him down on the changing table.

“I’m sure we can fit a story in somewhere, baby. Do you want a pull-up tonight?” Tony asks while Stephen gets the lotion and begins putting it on Peter.

“Yeah, okay.” Peter answers more quietly and brings a hand up to his mouth. “’m not a baby.” He says when Tony goes to fetch a pull-up.

“Get some tape too, love.” Stephen calls out to Tony before turning to Peter and holding his feet. “No, you’re out big and brave boy, Petey pie.”

“The best boy.” Tony adds, walking back into the room with the pull-up and medical tape. He hands Stephen the tape and slides the pull-up onto Peter carefully, checking that the sides are in place and it is comfortable. “Petey, do you want fluffy socks tonight?”

“Yes! Fluffy, fluffy, fluffy!” Peter squeals and Stephen has to told his chin to get the loose piece of tape off and replace it with a new one. He adds another piece a little higher up and Peter frowns at the sensation. “Noo, Daddy...” He whines and tries to get his chin free, doing the grabby hands at Tony.

“Baby, be good for Daddy.” Tony says, patting his knee before going to find a pair of Peter's fluffiest socks. When he gets back, he manages to wrangle Peter's wiggly feet into place while Stephen battles with the tape. “Petey, the longer we have to wait, the less time we have for a story.” Tony warns. Peter quiets down at that so that Stephen can fasten the tube securely so that the boy hopefully will not dislodge it in his sleep.

“There, we go. And remember not to touch the tube, yeah?” Stephen reminds and helps Peter sit up so that he can slip the pyjama top on him before lifting him off the table and lets him step into the
pyjama bottoms that Tony is holding to the floor. When Peter is dressed, Tony gets a little dental check up set and smiles at Peter.

“Okay, baby, we're going to check those pretty teeth really quick. Can you give me a big smile?” He asks, putting his thumbs on either side of Peter's mouth. Peter grows a little nervous and shifts his weight from one foot to the other, but smiles to show his teeth to Tony. Meanwhile, Stephen places a hand under Peter’s chin and shines the light from a penlight to his mouth to give Tony a better look.

“Good job, baby.” Tony praises, getting the mirror ready. “Open wide, please. Show me those shark teeth.” He prompts with a chuckle, checking over Peter’s teeth carefully. Thankfully, the boy’s teeth seem to be in good condition given how often he has a pacifier in his mouth and falls asleep during the middle of a bottle. Tony nods after a few moments of checking and presses a kiss on Peter's nose. “Perfect, shiny teeth. Can you go with Daddy and brush your teeth for us?”

At the kiss on his nose, Peter giggles and squirms away, but grabs onto Tony’s scrubs at the question about brushing his teeth.

“Can you do it, Daddy?” He asks, eyes wide and bottom lip sticking out. Mimicking Peter’s face, Stephen turns to Tony and whines.

“He’s too cute, come on.” He chuckles and grabs Peter’s colourful toothbrush and hands it to Tony.

“You’re terrible.” Tony smiles, pressing quick kisses to Peter’s cheeks before leaning over and kissing a chuckling Stephen too. Taking the toothbrush, Tony directs Peter to the sink and stands behind him. “Remember not to swallow, okay?” He reminds before wetting the toothbrush, putting Peter’s toothpaste on and holding it up to his mouth. “Open up.”

Nodding eagerly, Peter opens his mouth and lets his Daddy brush his teeth. With a fond smile, Stephen leaves them to get Peter’s bed ready and gets him a sippy cup of water, as he has not had a drink since his last meal.

“Good boy.” Tony praises, moving the toothbrush around Peter's mouth. Getting the back teeth is always tricky when Peter wants to be playful and excited, but Tony wraps an arm around his chest to keep him settled. “You’re doing such a great job, baby.” When Tony is finished, he turns the water back on and directs Peter over the sink. “Spit, please.” He says, getting the little cup that matches Peter's toothbrush so he can rinse.

Peter rinses his mouth like he has been taught by his Daddies and shows his teeth in a big smile in the mirror so that Tony can see.

“Look, Daddy! Pearly whites, right?” Peter cries out with a grin, jumping up and down where he stands in front of the mirror. Stephen returns with the sippy cup and starts cleaning up the bathroom now that Peter’s almost ready for bed.

“Pretty pearly Petey.” Tony agrees, lifting Peter up before he can slip in the bathroom. “Give Daddy a kiss and a hug.” He says and gets a big kiss on his cheek from Peter. The boy hugs his Daddy tight before loosening his grip. Tony offers the baby over to Stephen. “Are you showering now or in the morning?”

“I can wait till morning, so you can go now if you want.” Stephen says and bounces Peter in his arms. “I promised you big bear cuddles, didn’t I?” He says and tickles Peter under his chin to make him giggle.

“Bear cuddles!” Peter squeals and claps his hands together.
“Oh, good luck getting him settled.” Tony laughs, leaning over to give Peter one more kiss. “I love you so much, baby. All the way to the moon and back.”

“Thanks.” Stephen grumbles a little and gives Tony a gentle shove.

“Love you too, Daddy!” Peter giggles and blows lots of kisses towards Tony before he disappears into the bathroom. “Bear cuddles, bear cuddles!” Peter squeals and bounces in Stephen’s arms impatiently.

“Yes, yes, darling, hang on just a second.” Stephen says and moves to set Peter on his bed before lowering the bedrail and climbing in next to him. The bed is not exactly spacious compared to the one he shares with Tony, but Stephen can make do. Opening his arms for a bear hug, Stephen smiles and lets Peter wiggle around. “Should we read a story tonight or just have quiet cuddles?” He asks, brushing back Peter's hair, which is starting to dry into curls.

“Hmm...” Peter hums in response, not really answering the question, but at the same time answering by settling into his Daddy’s side.

“Quiet cuddles it is then. You want a little drink before you get sleepy?” Stephen asks and extends his arm to grab the sippy cup from Peter’s bedside which is filled with water and half a sedative to help the boy settle down.

“No, thank you.” Peter says, finding a pacifier and popping it into his mouth. Dropping his head onto his Daddy's chest, Peter started drawing little patterns and singing to himself. He manages to wiggle around so his feet are on the pillow and he can stare at Stephen without breaking his little song, but pauses when he notices how quiet everything is. “Daddy, you stay.” He mumbles around the paci.

“I’m staying, Petey pie, don’t you worry.” Stephen assures and grabs the boy to get him back on the bed properly and settled into his side. He tries to offer the sippy cup again. “Just a few sips, you must be thirsty, baby.” He says and removes the paci from Peter's mouth.

“No cup, I go see Daddy.” Peter decides, climbing over Stephen to make his way to the bathroom. He is not tired and his Daddy is all by himself in the bathroom.

“Oh, no you aren’t.” Stephen says and grabs Peter by his hips and sets him on his lap. “We are having a little drink and cuddle here, okay? Big bear cuddles, remember?” Stephen reminds and brings the sippy cup to Peter’s lips. The last option is to inject the water through the feeding tube, but Stephen would rather have Peter drink from the sippy cup. When Peter is grabbed, he pouts and shakes his head stubbornly.

“Not tired, Daddy. You go sleep.” He says, patting Stephen's head to help him relax. He opens his mouth for a sip. “Wanna bottle.” He whines as soon as he is done, dropping himself onto Stephen's chest and cuddling into him dramatically. Stephen sighs with relief when Peter finishes the water and takes the boy into his arms. He tries to arrange Peter so that it is easy for him to slip out of the boy’s bed once he has fallen asleep. Walking out of the shower, Tony takes in the scene and raises an eyebrow.

“Petey, no pouting, please. Do you want the magic blankie?” Tony asks, getting the fluffiest, nicest blanket they have from where it is hidden in Stephen's dresser. Peter is not really supposed to use it, as it is meant to be more of a nice thing for the Daddies to have on a rare night they can watch a movie together with no work when Peter is being watched by another caregiver, but he can make an exception. Dropping it over Peter and Stephen, he pressed kisses to both of their heads. Stephen hums when Tony kisses him and lifts a hand to touch his cheek.
“He’ll be out in a bit.” Stephen says quietly and Peter whines.

“’m not sleepy!”

“Not yet.” Stephen corrects and looks down at Peter.

“Shh, sleep tight.” Tony says, pressing a finger to Stephen’s lips to stop him from riling Peter up any more. Stephen shoots Tony a glare before batting him off with a half smile.

When Peter seems semi okay with being in bed, Tony turns off the main light so the nightlight is their only source of light. He gets into the big bed and makes a big show of getting comfortable and closing his eyes so Peter will not think there is anything more interesting going on. But, it is about three hours earlier than he would ever be able to consider going to sleep and he knows Stephen wants to watch a show. If Peter is fast asleep with the help of a sedative by the time it starts, he will not even hear the TV. After 10 minutes, Peter grows heavy next to Stephen, his breathing becoming heavier and deeper. After another 5 minutes, Stephen dares to move from the bed and tucks Peter in.

“Oh, fuck, that sedative saved me.” Stephen chuckles and stretches out a bit.

“Why is there always a sedative on your night to put him down?” Tony asks, keeping his head down on the pillow just in case Peter stirs when Stephen is fully away. Thankfully, the little one seems to be out for the night. Stephen shrugs with a chuckle.

“We have a vast drug supply and I will use it. I don’t know what is stopping you from doing the same.” Stephen points out with a smirk and begins to get undressed and find a t-shirt to sleep in.

“The kid’s kinda cute when he’s sleepy.” Tony muses, rolling into the middle of the bed. “I like the whole process of getting him ready, laying with him, waiting until he’s asleep. It’s nice.” He shrugs and points over to the little bed. “But, you did give him water right before he went to sleep. He’s only wearing a pull-up and that blanket is impossible to wash. Good planning, Doctor.”

“Hmm, true.” Stephen hums and looks over at Peter on his bed before he turns to Tony. “I didn’t give him that much.” He defends himself, but then thinks about it for a second and goes to switch the blankets at least. “Christ, do you even remember a time when he was aged up and we didn’t have to worry about him wetting his bed?” Stephen wonders aloud, giving Peter a gentle kiss on his head before heading to the bathroom, but leaves the door open so he can still talk to his partner.

“I can’t.” Tony says after considering it. He watches Peter sleep, smiling at how sweet and innocent he looks with his soft baby skin and stuffies around him. “Do you think we should try to help him age up?” Tony asks, not turning his attention away from Peter.

“It didn’t turn out that well last time we tried that, though.” Stephen says while washing his face. “But, we did only do it in one afternoon. Perhaps he just needs more time.” He says after drying his face. “Where’s that oak scented cream?”

Humming, Tony nods despite Stephen being in a different room.

“I’m fine with him being a baby, but I just worry he’s missing out. If Steve and Pepper are planning trips, it’s always something Pete can’t really do. We just need to dedicate a few days to it and not let accidents be a set back.” The question about the cream makes Tony turn his attention to the door. “I don’t know, babe, where did you leave it?”

“Didn’t you just use it? Oh, found it.” Stephen announces and continues with his nighttime routine.

“No, I don’t like that one on me.” Tony says, sitting up in the bed when he started getting tired.
“And he always becomes so whiny and upset when MJ and Bucky are doing things that he can’t.” Stephen points out, getting his toothbrush out and leaning against the door frame so that he can look at Peter as he sleeps.

“I mean, I get it. If I was always watching people from the sidelines I would get frustrated too. I wonder if he’d like to play with the littler ones sometimes.” Tony considers, covering his mouth with his hand when he yawns. “Oh my god, hurry up before I pass out.”

Rolling his eyes, Stephen goes to rinse his mouth and set his toothbrush aside. He shuts the lights in the bathroom and closes the door before joining Tony on the bed.

“You didn’t take the rest of the sedative by accident, did you?” Stephen jokes as he pushes Tony back on the bed to tower over him on his knees and hands.

“Maybe, just wanted to see your method for myself.” Tony says with a smirk, reaching forward to grab onto Stephen’s t-shirt. “Are we going to be responsible and sleep, or watch this dumb show, or secret option number three?” Tony asks, keeping his eyes on Stephen. He hooks his legs around Stephen’s thighs and smiles when he manages to hold him in place. “Please, choose quickly or I’ll be drooling onto your pillow before you know it.”

Stephen tries to laugh quietly before leaning down to press a kiss to Tony’s lips.

“Secret option number three? Does it involve something like this?” Stephen says, his hands roaming over Tony’s torso before travelling lower to his hips before cupping his half-hard cock.

“Good guess, Doctor Strange.” Tony smiles, letting his legs fall open. They try to be quiet to lower the chances of Peter waking up and asking what they are doing, but thanks to the sedative he is out for the night and does not stir while his Daddies have their fun.

“I love you and Peter and your ability to knock Peter out for long enough to do that.” Tony whispers from his spot against Stephen’s side and as he rapidly grows sleepy after his orgasm.

“I love you and Peter too.” Stephen murmurs back and presses Tony’s head to his lips to give his temple a kiss. “Sleep now. I’ll stay up for a bit.” Stephen whispers, knowing the signs that Tony is sleepy. He really wants to at least watch one episode of the show. Keeping himself curled up against Stephen, Tony falls asleep easily while Stephen watches his show on low volume and with the subtitles on.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Last bit of the feeding tube coming up next.
As always, feedback is much appreciated and so are any ideas you guys have. You can also send me asks on my Tumblr professional-benaddict xx
Chapter 31 - Nasogastric tube III

Chapter Summary

Peter gets one last tube feeding c:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the time morning rolls around, Tony is awake before his alarm and nudges Stephen’s back.

“Morning, sunshine.”

Stephen groans and nuzzles into his pillow.

“Alarm hasn’t gone off yet...” He points out, hoping that Tony will let him be. Peter is still asleep, but begins to stir where he lays and turns onto his stomach with baby seal tucked into his armpit with a sigh.

“But, if we wake up now, we can have a nice breakfast and get the paperwork from last night started.” Tony points out and sits up, sighing a little when he sees that the tape is falling off Peter’s cheek again. “The tape. Do you want to get ready and I’ll wake him up? We need to check the NG tube didn’t move in the night and hurt him.”

“Yeah, all right...” Stephen groans and moves to sit up with a yawn. He also groans when he sees the state Peter is in with his feeding tube. “Just gimme a minute...” Stephen mumbles and flops back on the bed, reaching out to check his phone to wake up a little more while Tony gets out of their bed.

“Stephen.” Tony says with a laugh, pulling the covers off the bed as he walks over towards Peter. With a groan, Stephen gets up and pads into the bathroom for a quick shower while Tony gets into the bed beside the boy, brushing back the messy curls. “Good morning, sleepyhead. Can you open up your eyes for me?” He asks softly, taking his time waking Peter up after such a long sleep.

Peter sighs and whines quietly at being woken up from his nice dream. He does not want to open his eyes and bats Tony away with a lazy hand before placing his hand in front of his face, dislodging the tape and tube even further in the process.

“No, baby, no touching.” Tony says, taking Peter’s hand and moving it away. “Do you want to hop into Daddies’ bed and have snuggles?” He suggests, rubbing his tummy firmly to help him wake up.

“Da...” Peter mumbles, cracking his eyes open a little and cuddling up to Tony, a non-verbal yes to be cuddled.

“Okay, up we go then, sleepy baby.” Tony chuckles and gathers Peter into his arms before laying him down in the middle of the bigger bed. “Morning, baby.” Tony repeats again when Peter finally opens his eyes a little.

When Peter sees his Daddy, he smiles softly and nuzzles into him, wiggling a little lower in the bed so he can press his face into Tony’s chest and enjoy the feeling of the covers over him. After a while, the door opens and Stephen makes his way back into the bedroom, walking over and kissing the top
“Good morning, baby boy.”

“Mornin, Da...” Peter mumbles and makes the grabby hands for Stephen to join them on the bed, which he does. “You feeling okay, baby?” Stephen asks, pushing his curls back from his forehead to get a better look at him. He eyes the tube closely. “It doesn’t seem to have been pulled out. Just need some more tape.” Stephen says to Tony.

“Will we remove it today if he’s going to eat something solid?” Tony asks, wrapping his arms around Peter and nuzzling him close. He closes his eyes, breathing in the sleepy baby smell from Peter. “Such a good boy.”

“Lets feed him with the tube for breakfast and then see how he handles it.” Stephen says and presses the tape back into place until they can fix it properly. “You gonna be good for us, Petey? Then we can take out the icky tube and you can eat like a big boy for lunch later.” Stephen says and Peter rubs at his eyes.

“Yes, Daddy.” He nods and leans into Tony’s embrace. “Don’t want the icky tube no more...” Peter says with a pout.

“I know, little one.” Tony says sympathetically, holding Peter even closer to himself. “Just a little while longer and we can get it removed. Do you want pudding with your lunch today?” He asks, trying to distract Peter from what is going on and make the subject more positive.

“Pudding!” Peter perks up at this and sits up to straddle Tony’s waist. Peter bounces on his stomach, causing Tony to groan and Stephen to sigh when the tape falls off again.

“Petey, it's still early. Don't you want nice snuggles with me while Daddy's getting all pretty for the day?” Tony asks, trying to catch his breath from where Peter had winded him. He reaches forward and tickles Peter's tummy quickly before he can bounce again. “We need to get you ready for today as well. What should we do first?”

“Tape that first, or God help us when he tugs it out himself.” Stephen mutters under his breath with a chuckle and goes to fetch the roll of medical tape in the bathroom. Peter squeals with laughter from being tickled before turning more serious as a thought occurs to him.

“Can I pick my clothes? Please?” Peter asks, pulling his best puppy eyes.

“Hmm…” Tony stares up at the ceiling, pursing his lips and pretending to think hard about the question. He taps his chin and avoids looking at Peter before he nods and smiles. “Yeah, I think you can pick your own clothes today.” He decides, reaching out his hand for the tape which Stephen has brought. Peter giggles as his Daddy makes funny faces while thinking and claps his hands with glee when he gets his wish. However, Peter frowns a little when more tape is put onto his face, but stays still nonetheless until Tony’s done and then moves to get off the bed.

“What are you going to wear today?” Tony asks while Peter skips over to the closet where Stephen and Tony have got their clothing and scrubs along with Peter’s clothes. The boy pushes the sliding door open to see his options. Tony gets out of the bed and goes over to stand with Peter to help him reach for items rather than let him just tug everything down. He looks into the closet, grabbing a t-shirt and pants for himself to wear before he has to get dressed for work. “What are you thinking, baby?” Tony asks, trying to direct Peter over to the warmer, more comfortable little clothes.

Peter likes the dinosaur pyjamas he is wearing, so he points at one of his sweaters that has a cartoon
“Dino, Daddy!” Peter squeals and jumps where he stands pointing at the sweater until Stephen takes it out.

“We need some pants too, pretty boy. Which ones?” Stephen asks. Pursing his lips, Peter stares into the closet before looking up at Stephen with wide eyes. "Would these work for you?" He asks, going to get Peter's socks out of the drawer. He pauses and glances over his shoulder. “Pete, do you want undies today?”

“Yeah! I’m a big boy.” Peter says with a grin and jumps where he stands by Stephen.

“Yes, you are, Petey.” Stephen confirms before leading Peter into the bathroom to get changed with Tony following a step behind. Grabbing a facecloth, Tony turns on the faucet so he can start cleaning Peter’s face and hands.

“Remember to let us know if you need to go potty, Okay? Even if you just think you might.” Tony says while Stephen takes Peter’s pyjamas and pull-up off. "I see your bum." Tony teases, handing Stephen another cloth to clean Peter up before getting him into his underwear. Peter blushes and wiggles where he stands naked, placing his hands on Stephen’s shoulders as he cleans him with the cloth.

“Cold, Daddy!” Peter yelps and tries to squirm away, but Tony moves behind Peter to wrap an arm around his waist and lifts one of his legs up to give Stephen better access.

“All done now, brave boy.” Stephen coos and setting the cloth aside, he pulls the underwear up and pats Peter’s behind.

“Good job, kiddo.” Tony praises, getting Peter's clothes and dressing him before he can get bored and try to run away. He picks up the boy when they are done and brings him into the bedroom, setting him down in his own bed. “Do you want to watch some TV while Daddies get dressed?”

“Uh huh!” Peter nods with glee and moves to grab his baby seal before making impatient grabby hands at Stephen who unlocks his iPad and opens up the kids section on Netflix. "There you go. Just sit tight and wait for Daddies to get back, yeah?” Stephen says and places the iPad on Peter's lap, who nods again and thinks for a second before picking Paw Patrol. Returning to the bathroom, Tony sighs and starts getting changed into his day clothes.

“I might leave you for whoever invented Paw Patrol.” Tony jokes, going to the sink to start washing his face and trimming his beard.

“Hey!” Stephen laughs and pulls an offended face before getting dressed in his own shirt and pants. Tony grins back before speaking again.

“Are we having a healthy breakfast or a treat breakfast?”

“Healthy, I think. We can save the treats for lunch, so hopefully Peter will eat by himself and we won’t have to put the tube back in.” Looking at Tony in the mirror, Stephen points to a spot which he had missed on his left cheek.

“Very true. It would probably be cruel to eat pancakes when he’s getting slop too.” Tony adds, clearing the spot and turning around to face Stephen. “Better?” He asks, putting his hand below his chin in an exaggerated pose.
“Much better.” Stephen confirms and grasps Tony’s chin to pull him into a kiss. The two doctors do not get much time for themselves before there is a cry in the bedroom.

“Daddiies!” Peter whines where he is growing bored in his bed.

“Just a minute, baby!” Tony calls back and they both hurry up and get themselves sorted out before heading out of the bathroom. Stephen takes an impatient Peter into his arms.

“Hungry, Daddy!” Peter pouts.

“Hungry, huh?” Stephen asks, taking the iPad away and setting it aside. “So, we should go get some breakfast for you.” He smiles, pressing a kiss to Peter’s cheek. Tony walks over with a pacifier and a clip attached, fixing it to Peter’s shirt.

“Remember, big boy, tell Daddies if you need something.”

Grabbing the pacifier, Peter pops it into his mouth and nods at Tony obediently. Stephen melts at the sight of Peter with a pacifier and the tube taped to his cheek and kisses his head the whole way to the kitchen.

“Steve said he made some more of the puree yesterday, so we can just heat it up a bit and give it to him on the ward.” Tony says as they walk and Stephen hums in reply while showering a squealing Peter with kisses. “Daddy is going to feed you because he’s getting you all excited and wiggly.”

Tony smiles, putting his hand up to support Peter when he leans a little too far back in Stephen’s hold. Once in the kitchen, Tony retrieves the purée and starts slowly heating it. “What do you want to drink today, Petey pie?”

“Apple juice.” Peter decides quickly and with Peter in one arm, Stephen opens the fridge and gets the juice and a sippy cup from the cupboard.

“Morning, everyone.” Pepper chirps as she also walks into the kitchen with a sleepy MJ in her arms. The littles wave at one another, but do not say anything as they are quite content in their caregivers’ arms.

“Morning, Pep.” Tony answers. “Good morning, MJ.” He adds, patting her shoulder as they walk by. He points to the purée for Stephen’s attention before going to the refrigerator. “What does Miss MJ want for her breakfast this morning?” He asks, wanting to give Pepper a hand with her little.

“Nothin’, I don’t wanna eat.” MJ whimpers and buries her face in Pepper’s neck.

“Little missy here sneaked into the candy cupboard and ate a whole bag by herself last night, so now she’s suffering the consequences with a tummy ache.” Pepper explains and bounces MJ in her arms. “What about some yummy oatmeal with banana?” She suggests.

“Oatmeal usually helps Peter’s tummy aches, you should try it, baby girl.” Stephen chimes in as he stirs the purée with his free hand.

“You do need to eat something, sweetheart. You’re not going to feel better if candy is all your tummy has to work with. Could you try some oatmeal for us?” Tony asks MJ, going to get a sippy cup from the cupboard. He fills it with water and offers it to Pepper.

“Okay…” MJ mumbles and takes the sippy cup into her hands from her Mommy.

“There’s a good girl.” Pepper says and moves to place MJ on the counter so that she can prepare the oatmeal. MJ swings her legs back and forth as she drinks her water, waving at Peter again. “I got it,
Tones, thank you.” Pepper smiles as she takes over. “How long has he had the NG tube?” She asks and gestures to Peter with the tube sticking to his cheek.

“Since yesterday, he had a bit of an upset when he tried to eat so we decided this would be for the best.” Stephen explains, smiling when Peter shyly waves at MJ, but does not make any move to take his pacifier out. “We’re trying some P-O-T-T-Y time today so he’ll probably be big enough to handle a meal later today, though.”

“I see.” Pepper winks with a knowing smile. ”MJ had one too when she refused to eat and I had to put her in mittens to stop her from tugging it out. Peter seems to be handling it well, though.” Pepper smiles and strokes Peter’s cheek when she passes by to get the cinnamon to add some flavour to the oatmeal.

“Daddy, hungry.” Peter mumbles with the paci and wiggles in Stephen’s grip to emphasise his point.

“Shall we take him to the ward?” Tony asks, checking that the purée is not too warm before they offer it to Peter. He washes his hands in the sink before opening his arms for Peter.

“Yes, that’s safer.” Stephen says quietly so Peter will not be alarmed. He doubts anything will happen, but it is just a precaution and will save Peter the embarrassment of being tube feed in front of his friend.

“Now, Daddy!” Peter whines as he gets passed over to his other Daddy.

“Yes, yes, baby, just a moment.” Stephen explains and all three get to the ward swiftly after saying goodbye to Pepper and MJ. Once on the ward, Stephen gets the syringes sorted out while Peter is preoccupied with Tony.

Sitting on one of the beds with Peter, Tony plays with the boy’s hands. He touches each of Peter’s fingers gently, counting them out loud before bringing up his hand to press kisses to them. He nuzzles into Peter’s neck and tickles his tummy while Stephen gets ready everything ready.

“Are you still my baby boy or are you a big boy?” Tony asks. Peter squeals with delight at all the kisses and pushes Tony away half-heartedly.

“Dunno, Daddy.” Peter says truthfully with a shy smile, but whips his head around at the sound of Stephen snapping on some gloves and suckles his paci harder as he grows a little anxious. Tony accepts the pair that Stephen hands him and snaps them on too before cooing to Peter.

“Well, you’re our brave boy anyway. Right, Petey pie?”

Giving a slow nod, Peter’s sucking on the paci becomes a little quicker and less rhythmic. He winces at the sound of the gloves snapping around his Daddies’ hands and not even the little sounds of encouragement do much to relax him.

“This is just like last time, Petey.” Stephen assures as he readies the syringe and gets the tube unlocked. With one arm around Peter’s waist, Tony uses his other hand to hold Peter’s chin up towards Stephen. “Just relax, baby. Daddies got you.” Stephen coos and attaches the syringe to the tube before pushing the top slowly.

Clenching his eyes together tightly, Peter grabs a hold of Tony’s shirt and squeezes tightly. He tries to breathe calmly through it, the way Thor tells them to when he takes them outside for meditation sometimes. Tony keeps a gentle hold of Peter while Stephen controls the release of the puree.

“That’s good. Good boy, Petey.” Tony coos and kisses Peter’s temple, moving his hand to his
tummy to rub gently and help him relax. Stephen pauses for a bit to let Peter get used to the feeling before he continues and soon enough the first syringe out of three is empty. “Just two more and then some water to rinse, baby.” Stephen explains as he gets the syringe refilled and attached to the tube again.

When Peter realises that it does not hurt, he manages to relax a little bit. He pushes his tummy up for Tony to rub, smiling a little at the feeling. His tummy is starting to feel full and heavy, but in a nice way. He looks at Tony while he waits for the second syringe to empty, tapping his feet together absentmindedly. Both Tony and Stephen smile when they notice how Peter’s mood changes.

“Does that feel nice, baby? Is your tummy all soft and full of yummy food?” Tony coos as Stephen gets the final syringe with water to rinse the tube. Peter grins with the paci still in his mouth and wiggles, so Tony has to hold his chin a little tighter so that Stephen can finish the feeding. When they finish without any issues, Tony smiles and leans down to press a kiss to Peter’s cheek.

“Good job, honey, we’re so proud of you.” He praises, smiling when Stephen presses quick kisses to Peter’s head between checking the tube to make sure everything is going down properly. After locking the tube, both Stephen and Tony remove their gloves and Stephen throws them away with the rest of the used supplies. Peter opens his mouth so that the paci falls out, but remains clipped to his sweater and looks at Tony.

“One?” He asks, eyes wide and points at the tube on his cheek. “Out?” Stephen chuckles and ruffles Peter’s curls.

“Not yet, baby. We have to wait a bit to let your tummy settle down, then we’ll take out the icky tube.”

Moving Peter’s sweater up, Tony feels his stomach for any signs that it is not settling properly. Peter kicks his legs a little as his Daddy feels his stomach, but tries to stay still because he knows his Daddies need to examine him. Thankfully, everything seems soft and normal for Peter so Tony presses kisses all over his face.

“Can I eat you up, Petey Pie?” Tony asks, dropping his face down to blow kisses and raspberries over his tummy.

“No, Daddy, no!” Peter squeals and arches his back to try and get away from Tony’s tickling kisses. “Tickles, Daddy, nooo!” He giggles, his cheeks rosy and wide smile on his face.

“Okay, okay. Shall we head to the playroom? I bet Buck’s already there with his Daddy.” Stephen says once Tony stops tickling Peter. With an eager nod, Peter hops down from the bed and skips down the hallways to the playroom while holding both his Daddies’ hands. The two doctors get their boy settled in the playroom while Steve supervises and head to get breakfast for themselves.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you very much for reading! I know that most of you like longer chapters with more plot, so I hope you guys enjoyed this one.

In the next chapter, Peter will have some tummy trouble again sadly :c
Chapter 32 - Stomach pains

Chapter Summary

Peter's tummy never settles for long ://

Chapter Notes

Important notes at the end! Please read them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter has every play set, costume and accessory, but still walks around in Stephen’s coat and stethoscope, weighed down by them so much he keeps tripping but refuses to take them off. So, Stephen has to get multiple stethoscopes, but still he keeps losing them even though they are around his neck all the time. Then one day, he checks under Peter’s bed and finds three stethoscopes stashed under one of his blankets.

Peter is very concerned his stuffies will get sick if they are not regularly checked over so Stephen and Tony smile and nod, but secretly they talk about maybe locking the office doors when they leave. Peter also likes to play doctor with the other littles and the real stethoscopes are much more fun than his fake play ones.

It is always a shock to the caregivers when the littles have taken their dress or onesie off, but they are more or less relieved when they find that the littles are only listening to each others' hearts. There is a whole line of littles who take turns on listening to Bucky’s heart because the pacemaker makes a clicking noise which is fun to listen to.

Stephen and Tony wonder why it is all fun and games when the littles are examining one another or Peter checking on them, but when they do the exact same thing for a shorter amount of time, they are bad guys.

“Okay, playtime’s over Petey. Daddy is gonna do the real deal now.” Stephen says with a sing song voice while putting Peter back in his onesie, but the boy does a 360 with his mood and screams.

“NO!”

Stephen is shocked at how quickly Peter went from being in a silly, giggly mood to being red faced and upset. He puts a firm hand on Peter’s stomach to ground him.

“Excuse me, Peter?”

But, Peter does not back down and looks Stephen in the eye.

“No.” He repeats, but more quiet. All the other littles turn to look because they know Peter is going to get in trouble, even if he does not realise it himself.

“Tell me why you don’t want to be checked.” Stephen tries, but he stops buttoning Peter’s onesie
and his overalls are still sitting off to the side. The doctor snaps his fingers and points at the door wordlessly for the littles to go back to their grown ups. Everyone gets up without a word and leaves the room, so Peter is left alone with Stephen. Peter’s expression is hard and he refuses to look his Daddy in the eye.

“Just- don’t wanna.” Peter argues poorly and hits the soft carpet with his clenched fists.

“That isn’t a reason, Peter Benjamin. You need to tell me why you don’t want to be checked over.” Stephen prompts, taking Peter’s hands and holding them firmly. “Does something hurt? Is something wrong? Are you tired? Use your words.”

After some thinking, Peter mumbles quietly.

“Is icky... Dunno...” He says and now that he is alone with Stephen, he slumps against his chest. Wrapping his arms around his boy, Stephen leans down so his cheek is pressed against Peter’s curls.

“Getting a check up is icky?”

In a way it is, but Peter actually means that he is not feeling like normal, so he just shrugs his shoulders. Still, he does not want to be checked over because that means poking and sitting still for his Daddy, which is very boring.

“Can we cuddle and watch TV?” Peter asks quietly, hoping he can get out of the check up and just be close to his Daddy.

“Yes, as soon as we’re finished in here.” Stephen nods, pulling back so he can look in Peter’s eyes.

“What’s icky?” He asks, very aware he is not getting any answers out of Peter today. He brushes back a loose curl on Peter’s forehead and looks around the room. It is the same as any normal play date aftermath with the doctor toys spread around on the floor, so he guesses whatever is wrong with Peter is not physical and making him worry about treatment.

“Dunno... Tummy and head is owie.” Peter says and points at both his stomach and head to make sure his Daddy understands. “Don’t want icky needle, Da!” Peter whines and grows anxious in Stephen’s arms.

“What kind of owie?” Stephen asks, putting his hand on Peter’s forehead to check for a temperature. He frowns a little when it does not feel any warmer than they would normally expect after an afternoon of playing. He stays in their spot in the playroom, not making a move until Peter tells him what he needs.

“Is sharp, here.” Peter says and points at where his appendix scar is. “Make it go away, Daddy. Please.” Peter whimpers and hides his face in Stephen’s neck.

“Sharp.” Stephen repeats, nodding and getting up from the floor. He lifts Peter up and carries him into the bathroom across the hall from the playroom. Setting Peter on the changing table, he pulls up the onesie and gently touches the scar. “Does it hurt more when I press it like this?”

“Ow, Daddy, no!” Peter yelps and pushes Stephen’s hands away. He curls in on himself and tries to get away, but does not get anywhere from the changing table because his Daddy is holding him down. “No touch! Want cuddles and TV, Da!” Peter whines, getting himself worked up.

Lifting his hands up in surrender, Stephen nods and sighs.

“Okay, okay, no more touching.” He goes to the cupboard to retrieve some pain relief medicine, hoping it eases whatever is going on with Peter enough that they can check him over properly.
Filling the little oral syringe, Stephen holds Peter's jaw with his index finger and thumb. “Open, please.”

Peter opens his mouth and takes the medication because he knows it will help, but it still tastes nasty and it is the last thing that pushes him over and he begins to cry.

“Daddy...” Peter whimpers pitifully and lifts both hands up to his eyes to cover them as he cries.

“Pete, come on, it’s okay.” Stephen says, getting a wet cloth so he can clean Peter's hands and face in case they are dirty. He tosses it into the hamper before helping Peter off the changing table and letting him stand by himself. “Why don't we cheer up and go see Daddy? I think he's probably just about done with work.”

“Uh huh!” Peter whines and clings to Stephen, making a little happy noise when he gets picked up again and rests his head on Stephen’s shoulder. “Can- Dad- dy make owie... go away?” Peter stutters out in between sobs and hiccups as Stephen carries him to Tony’s office. They pass some littles on the way and Peter squeezes his eyes shut tightly to avoid the embarrassment of being a cry baby.

“You need to give the medicine some time to work, try to do deep breaths.” Stephen says, bringing him into Tony’s office. Tony raises an eyebrow when he sees the sight, getting up from the desk and walking over.

“Good play date?”

Peter tries to do as his Daddy says and manages to calm down a bit. When he sees Tony, he does the grabby hands and lifts Tony’s hand up to his cheek. Kissing Peter’s head, Tony strokes his curls.

“It was mostly good, but then we got a tummy ache.” Stephen coos and strokes Peter’s cheeks to wipe away the last tears.

“Nausea?” Tony asks, directing the question to Stephen while he takes Peter and gives him a cuddle. He walks over to his desk and sets Peter down on it.

“No, but he pointed to his appendix incision and there’s tenderness. I gave him some pain relief, so we could get a better look.” Stephen explains and follows Tony to stand next to him.

“Did you eat anything Daddy didn’t give you, Pete?” Tony asks.

“Nuh uh.” Peter says and shakes his head. “Just what Uncle Thor gave.” The boy explains, referring to lunch almost two hours ago.

“Did you go potty since then?” Tony asks, unsnapping the onesie and lifting it up to look at Peter’s stomach. It does not appear bloated so he smiles at Stephen.

“Uh huh.” Peter nods and lifts his hands to Tony’s chest to hold onto his lab coat.

“Could be nothing, could be something. Need to get the kid to relax first, muscle tensing won’t help.” Tony says and Stephen nods in agreement.

“Looks a bit swollen from here.” Stephen says from his viewpoint and lifts a hand to feel how Peter’s right lower abdomen is bulging just a bit. This time, Peter does not yelp when his Daddy touches his stomach, but does not look pleased either. “Should we get to the W-A-R-D?” Stephen asks and Tony nods, moving to pick Peter up into his arms. Peter huffs in defeat and rests his head on his Daddy’s shoulder, crying quietly at the anticipation of poking and needles.
Peter stays on the ward for the rest of the day, but his Daddies let him out again to sleep in the dorms like normally as they cannot find a reason for the boy’s stomach pains. Besides, the pain passed after a while and Peter is back to his usual giggly and animated self, so Stephen and Tony are not too worried. It is almost rare that Stephen and Tony get to sleep alone these days and Stephen is keen on some fun before bedtime, however Tony is not feeling the greatest.

“I just need a good nights sleep and I’ll be good.” Tony assures and Stephen lets it be. However, around 1 am Tony wakes up to some intense stomach pains and throws up. Stumbling back into bed from the bathroom, Tony does not think much of it all, figuring it is just a stomach flu and he can handle it in a day or two with his stronger immune system. However, the pains do not pass and for the very first time, Tony ends up at the ward as a patient.

Chapter End Notes

A caregiver on the ward? How will Peter handle it when one of his Daddies are sick and unable to care for him? Next chapter is called 'Daddy's owie I' and the next 5 chapters are all part of one long bit. Hope you guys are excited because I am ahah <3

IMPORTANT!!! A lovely darling made fanart for our AU!! Soph and I are beyond honoured and amazed over it. Thank you, thank you, thank you!
https://kandyshoppe.tumblr.com/post/184817331553/i-ended-up-making-a-cover-for-little-patients-by
You can also find it on my blog professional-benaddict under the ‘little patients’ tag <3
Chapter 33 - Daddy's owie

Chapter Notes

Tony is on the ward as a patient.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s appendicitis I know, just numb me up and I’ll take it out myself.” Tony groans out where he lays in one of the private rooms on the ward, hooked up to morphine and saline. Stephen rolls his eyes and sighs, but gently puts his hand on Tony’s cheek, letting him lean against it for a second for comfort.

“The OR will be ready in an hour or so.” Stephen comforts and Tony nods a little, but they both turn to look at the door and see Peter poking his head through. The boy dashes in when he sees that his Daddy is in a hospital gown and laying in bed. He has never seen his Daddies get sick and climbs onto the bed next to his Daddy.

“What’s wrong, Da?!”

“Peter, what are you doing here? You know you’re not supposed to wander around.” Stephen says, already moving to get Peter out of the room, but Tony stops him with a little smile.

“Let him stay.” Tony begs and Peter looks at Stephen with wide eyes, nodding his head and mouthing out a ‘please’.

Stephen lets Peter stay, but keeps a close distance to make sure the boy does not hurt Tony. Tony is trying to be happy and interested in what Peter is explaining about a new game he came up with together with Bucky, but midway through their talk, Tony suddenly scrambles out of the bed and runs to the bathroom to throw up again, leaving Peter by himself on the bed.

“It’s okay, Petey, we’ll be right back.” Stephen assures with a smile before going to help Tony out and make sure he does not pass out. After a few moments, Stephen helps his sick partner back into bed. Peter wants to lay down next to his Daddy to comfort him, just like they comfort him when he is sick or hurt, but Stephen ushers him out and over to Steve.

“You’ll see Daddy before we fix him up, okay? Be good for Stevie.” Stephen smiles before heading back to care for Tony. Before Peter can protest, Steve scoops him up into his arms and brings him back to the playrooms where all the other littles are doing arts and crafts. Once Tony is stable and very high on morphine before the surgery, Stephen brings in Peter to say bye to Tony in the waiting room to the ORs. Tony is all over Peter, gushing over him and how cute he is and Peter frowns at Stephen.

“What’s wrong with Daddy? He’s too happy.”

Stephen just laughs and lets Tony press kisses all over Peter’s little face until Thor comes out of the OR.

“We’re ready.” The nurse announces and Tony kisses both of Peter’s cheeks one last time. The boy giggles, but his face drops when Tony is wheeled into the OR by Thor and Pepper.
“I’ll see you soon, baby. Daddy loves you so much.” Tony says and blows Peter a kiss before the doors into the OR close behind him. Peter bites his lip nervously, but is quickly distracted by Stephen squeezing him.

“Daddy will be just fine, baby. You wanna go continue on your art project? Then we can show it to Daddy later.” Stephen says and passes Peter over to Steve while he heads into the OR.

“Your Daddy is in good hands, handsome.” Steve assures and bounces Peter in his arms. The nurse spends the entire day trying to keep Peter distracted. He bounces Peter up and down and plays a little game pretending to drop him then bringing him back up into a cuddle. Peter yelps and giggles every time, but the distraction only lasts for a couple hours until he starts asking for his Daddies. Steve knows Tony will be in recovery and Stephen will be tired, so he asks if Peter wants to have a playdate with Bucky. He tells Peter that his Daddies are doing important work, but he can get kisses and cuddles as soon as they are out.

“Buck, Buck, Buck!” Peter shrieks with glee and runs down the hallway to find him to tell him the good news. Bucky is delighted and asks if he and Peter can start building on the new lego sets that the grown ups have brought. Bucky is not supposed to even know about them, but he caught a glimpse of them when Nat brought the bags inside from her shopping trip a few days ago. Raising one eyebrow, Steve gives Bucky a warning look.

“You can play with toys that are in the playroom or in your room, Bucky.” He reminds, not wanting Peter to parrot Bucky and make demands for toys they are not supposed to play with.

“Okay, Daddy.” Bucky mumbles and takes Peter hand to lead him to his room. Peter is so excited because Bucky has a bunkbed in his and Steve’s shared room and lots of ‘big boy’ toys like robots, hot wheels and bionicle legos. Steve lets the two boys play for a while before leaving them for a short while to get some of Peter’s things, so they do not have to go back and forth. Returning to his and Bucky’s room, Steve opens his arms out for Peter.

“Bucky, can you go wash your hands before snack time, please?”

Bucky gets up with a nod, but Peter shakes his head and follows Bucky.

“I’m a big boy too!” Peter stomps past Steve into the bathroom to wash his hands like Bucky.

“Peter.” Steve calls, following him into the bathroom. He reaches forward to stop the boy before he turns the faucet on himself and picks Peter up. “I never said you weren’t a big boy, I just thought Bucky could use some privacy. Do you know what privacy means?” He asks kindly. Peter looks at Bucky and Steve before lowering his head in shame.

“Nu uh...” Peter answers as Steve carries him out of the bathroom and closes the door behind him to give Bucky some privacy.

“It means letting someone be on their own to do something.” Steve explains. “Sometimes we need privacy, and it’s less embarrassing for the person if we don’t say what they’re doing out loud. Is there anything you don’t want me to say out loud?”

Peter thinks about what Steve is explaining and then nods his head in an answer. He looks to the closed door of the bathroom, curious to know what Bucky is doing before turning to look back at Steve.

“What don’t you want me to say out loud?” Steve prompts, walking them away from the bathroom door so Peter cannot pry further. He stands so Peter’s back is to the bathroom door and bounces him
gently. “Can you use your words?”

The bouncing feels nice and Peter relaxes in Steve’s arms.

“That I gotta go potty...” He admits shyly, tucking his face into Steve’s neck to hide his blush.

“Hmm, you gotta go potty?” Steve asks, resting his cheek on the top of Peter’s head so they can cuddle through the embarrassment. Bucky can be trusted most of the time with potty time, but Peter is littler and tends to need help. Peter does not answer aloud, but nods his head a little and makes a soft whimper.

“Want Daddies...” Peter admits quietly and brings his thumb up to his mouth to suck on for comfort.

“Can you hold until Bucky’s done, then we can go potty and find your Daddies?” Steve asks, rubbing Peter’s back to comfort him. He coos sympathetically at the sad little noises and holds him closer. “You’re being very good, Petey.”

Peter feels for a second before nodding. The rubbing of his back calms him down as well as his own thumb in his mouth. After a moment, Bucky emerges from the bathroom, his hands washed and pants zipped up and buttoned.

“Ready, Daddy!” Bucky announces and skips over to his Daddy with a grin, but his face drops when he sees Peter. “Is Petey a baby now?”

“Two seconds, Buck. Can you think about what you want for your snack?” Steve asks, bringing Peter into the bathroom quickly. Bucky nods obediently and goes back to his hot wheels while thinking about his snack. Steve sets Peter down on the floor, taking off his little pants and underwear.

“Okay, baby boy, you’re almost there. Want me to wait outside?”

At Steve’s question, Peter shakes his head vigorously, making his curls bounce.

“Stay!” He yelps, doing the grabby hands. Nodding, Steve picks Peter up and sets him on the toilet, holding Peter by his underarms in case he overbalances. “You’re being so brave, little dude.”

Peter giggles shyly at all the praise and bites his bottom lip as he focuses hard on relieving himself. Once he is done, he looks up at Steve briefly before muttering.

“Done.”

“Awesome job, Petey!” Steve beams, kissing his cheeks playfully. He gets a wipe to make sure Peter is clean before helping him off the toilet. “Are you good to keep your undies on or do you want a diapey?”

“Maybe a diapey...” Peter mumbles before he can think better of it, but then adds quickly. “Don’t tell Daddies! Or Buck! Is our secret!” Peter insists and shifts his weight from one foot to the other nervously. What Peter does not know, is that Steve is going to tell everything that happened to Peter while taking care of him when bringing him back to his Daddies, no matter what.

“Maybe a diapey.” Steve repeats, kissing Peter’s face repeatedly before going to find the stash of baby supplies he keeps for when Peter stops by unexpectedly or Bucky slips down further. He intentionally ignores the request not to tell anyone, not wanting to lie to Peter as he lays him down on a changing pad. He hums as he strips Peter off and slides the diaper under him. “Are you feeling like a little boy or a big boy?” The nurse asks, putting rash cream onto Peter.

“Lil’.” Peter giggles as he tries to place his feet on Steve’s stomach and chest to push him back and
forth. “Where’s Daddies?” He asks with his thumb in his mouth and watches in fascination as Steve gets the diaper around his hips.

“Okay, baby.” Steve says, laughing when Peter tries to push him around. “Are you showing me who’s boss?” He asks, patting the front of the diaper when he finally gets it secured around Peter’s little waist. He gets a pair of blue leggings with a space print over them from the bag and slides them up Peter’s legs rather than the pants he had before so he would be more comfortable. “Your Daddies are very, very sleepy so they’re having a nap. They’re snoring.” Steve adds, making exaggerated snoring noises to demonstrate.

Peter giggles at Steve’s noises and pretends to be asleep too, snoring dramatically before laughing.

“Daddies snore!” He laughs before moving to sit up with Steve’s help and turning more serious. “Wanna see Daddies...” He says with a pout and does the grabby hands to be picked up.

“Okay, honey. We’ll go for a walk and see if Daddies are all done napping.” He picks Peter up and cuddles him close, taking in how nice it is to cuddle a baby before heading back into the main room. “Buck, I’m going to bring Petey back to his Daddies. Can you help me?”

“Yes!” Bucky nods eagerly and jumps up from where he was sitting with his hot wheels. “Which way?” Bucky asks, taking his Daddy’s free hand.

“We have to go down the hall, then through the big doors.” Steve explains, bouncing Peter and swinging his and Bucky’s arms between them. The nurse hopes someone is in the room when they get there, and breathes a sigh of relief for Peter’s sake when he hears the TV through the slightly open door. “Petey, can you be quiet in case one of your Daddies is still napping?”

Peter brings both his hands up to his mouth to cover it and nods. Bucky giggles quietly at how dramatic Peter is. But, Peter drops his hands when he hears the TV and searches for his Daddies with wide eyes. When they get into the room, the curtains are closed so it is dark, but Steve can still navigate through. He sees a Stephen-sized bump in the middle of the bed and smiles when he sees the doctor smirk a little from where he is trying to hide his face. Steve looks around the room and sighs, setting Peter down on the bed.

“Are your Daddies here?” Steve asks. A few seconds later, Stephen sits up with a dramatic growl, wrapping his arms around Peter and pressing kisses onto every part he can get access to.

“Hello, pretty baby. I missed you today.”

Peter squeals loudly in delight, giggling as he wraps his arms around Stephen’s neck.

“Daddy! Missed you!” He giggles until he notices that Tony is not in their bedroom. “Where’s Da?” He asks both Steve and Stephen. Bucky is out in the hallway practicing his cartwheels.

“He’s very sleepy and all cosy in the ward.” Stephen explains, cuddling Peter close. “He has a little ouchie, but we fixed him up.” He smiles and pats Peter’s back. “Can you say thank you to Uncle Stevie, baby boy?”

“Thank you, Uncle Stevie.” Peter says and waves Steve goodbye as he leaves. “What kinda ouchie? Can I kiss it better?” Peter asks nervously, looking up at Stephen where he is tucked into his side. Stephen gets the remote and turns the TV off before addressing the boy.

“You can give Daddy kisses to make him feel better.” Stephen says, pulling the blankets up around Peter’s shoulders to keep him warm. “It’s a tummy ouchie. Remember the one you had in your tummy and the little mark is still there? Daddy will have the same mark.”
“Daddy and I will match?” Peter asks with a gasp, squealing with laughter and pulling his t-shirt up and tights down to show his scar. “This one?” He asks, just to be sure and running his fingertips over the soft skin.

“That one.” Stephen smiles, putting his finger on the scar too. He leans down and presses a kiss over it before pulling Peter over so he is laying on his chest. “My little baby.”

“Daddy...” Peter whines bashfully with a smile, nuzzling into his neck. “Is Da gonna be okay?” He asks, growing a little anxious at remembering his own appendicitis recovery and how awful it was. He worries that Tony’s recovery will be the same.

“He’ll be great, baby.” Stephen says confidently, patting Peter’s back, then changing his motions so they are more gentle rubs. He cuddles him for a while before patting his bum. “Want to help me check Da over?”

“Yeah!” Peter squeals and springs out of bed with the sudden energy from the excitement of seeing his Daddy. “Can I bring my kit to make Da better?” Peter asks, going over to his shelf with boxes of toys and skips back over to Stephen who is sitting on the bed to show him his Hello Kitty doctor kit.

“Yeah, baby, bring your kit and we can fix Da up.” Stephen agrees, climbing out of the bed and going over to pull his shirt on. He offers his arms out for Peter to get picked up, “Do you want a bottle?”

Carrying Peter down the hall, Stephen stops by the kitchen to make up a bottle. The doctor gives the boy the warm milk as they head towards the ward and into the private room that Tony is staying at. Entering the room quietly, Stephen and Peter see Tony laying on the bed, still dozing off the anaesthetic. Stephen presses his lips to Peter’s ear to whisper.

“Be very gentle and don't touch Da's tummy.”

Peter nods seriously as he drinks from his bottle, still clutching his kit in the other hand. He looks at all the things surrounding Tony’s bed, finding few machines and IV bags, which comforts him. Peter has learned that the more things surround the bed, the worse it is for the one in the bed.

“Is Daddy sleepy?” Peter whispers to Stephen.

“Daddy's so sleepy, baby.” Stephen whispers back, walking over and balancing Peter with one arm so he can fix Tony’s blankets. He pats his partner’s chest gently and smiles down at him before glancing back at Peter. “Think you can do a super important job for me? I need you to make Daddy a very special, pretty picture so he knows how much we love him.”

“Yeah!” Peter grins and squirms in Stephen’s arms to be put down and fulfil the task. He gets placed in one of the chairs next to Tony’s bedside while Peter writes, Stephen goes to check Tony’s vitals. Now and then, Peter pauses his drawing to drink from his bottle and look at what Stephen is doing to Tony. After a while, Tony comes around slowly and cracks his eyes open, flinching at how bright the room is before closing them again. Stephen walks over and leans down to press a kiss to his forehead.

“You did great.” Stephen smiles down at Tony before turning his attention to Peter. “Daddy’s awake, baby. Can you show him what you’ve been working on?”
“Hmm...” Tony groans lowly before turning to see Peter by his side too. “Hey, baby...” His voice and throat is rough from the breathing tube and Peter gets a little anxious, but holds up the drawing.

“Is for your Da.” He says quietly. The drawing has three figures, two larger men and a smaller boy in between them. Pink hearts surround the three of them and they all have smiles on their faces. Smiling at the picture, Tony takes it slowly.

“Thank you so much, baby. I love it.” He says, before he hands it to Stephen so he can open his arms. “Can I have a hug?” Stephen goes over to take the kit and bottle from Peter.

“Remember to be really gentle, honey.” Stephen reminds. Peter hands all the stuff to Stephen and very carefully gets on the side of Tony’s bed to wrap his arms around his neck. He sighs with a smile at the familiar warmth and smell of his Daddy.

“Missed you, Da...” He mumbles and Stephen smiles fondly as he watches the two of them. Pulling back to look at Tony, Peter speaks and points at Stephen. “Daddy said you and I will match.” He says and points at his lower stomach where his own appendix scar is hidden under his clothes.

“We will, baby!” Tony says, trying to be enthusiastic, but wincing when he moves back from the hug. He rubs Peter's back firmly to comfort him before pointing at what Stephen is holding. “Do you want another bottle? We can cuddle and Daddy can read us a story.”

“Uh huh!” Peter nods with a smile and Stephen goes to refill the bottle, but before he leaves, he addresses Peter.

“Be careful with Daddy. No sudden movements and don’t touch his tummy.” Peter nods before looking at Tony as Stephen leaves the room with the bottle.

“Where’s owie, Da?”

“The owie is right here.” Tony explains, ghosting his hand over where the incision was. He smiles at Peter's adorable interest in everything and the little look of concern on his face. “The same spot where your owie was, but now it’s just a little mark.”

Peter hums thoughtfully as he looks at where Tony is pointing on his lower stomach. He wants to see under the blanket, but he knows he is not allowed to touch bandages.

“Is it really owie or just a lil’ owie?” He asks next and looks at the IV pole and monitors surrounding the bed. “Did Daddy give you the yucky strawberry? Doesn’t even taste like strawberry!” Peter frowns as he talks about the dreaded bright pink painkiller. Tony cannot stop himself from laughing at how sceptical Peter seems, despite the pain it causes. He considers it for a second before answering.

“It’s owie. It'll get better really soon, though.” He says, bringing his hand up to Peter's hair to distract him before he worries too much. “I haven’t had the strawberry, baby. I'm getting medicine that's even yuckier.” He says, sticking his tongue out dramatically and shuddering. Peter nuzzles into Tony’s hand, but then lifts his head up with a shocked face.

“What?! That’s mean of Daddy!” Peter cries and bounces on the bed once, but then remembers what Stephen said about being careful and goes still. “If it’s even yuckier than the strawberry... Then it’s super yucky!”

Groaning at the shift in the bed, Tony puts his hand on Peter to steady him before he has to call out for someone to come get him. He takes a few moments to collect himself before speaking again.
“No, baby, Daddy's doing what he has to so I get better.” He tries, hoping to get ahead of any ideas Peter might get about protesting medicine again. Peter is too caught up with thinking about the strawberry painkiller to notice the pain Tony is in, but Stephen does when he returns to the room. He sets the bottle on a table and goes to the monitors to find Tony’s vitals to be a little too high.

“What did he do?” Stephen asks Tony and Peter swallows thickly, knowing his Daddies are talking about him.

“Nothing, just got a little offended on my behalf regarding the M-E-D-S.” He explains before noticing the bottle on the side and smiles at Peter. “Have you had a nap today, mister?” He asks, patting Peter's bottom rhythmically to keep him calm before he can begin moving again. Stephen chuckles a little, but still turns Tony's pain medication up just a bit. Peter shakes his head, making his curls bounce.

“Me and Buck played in his room with his hot wheels. And we made a big ramp, like- this tall!” Peter shows by standing up on his knees, lifting his hand up high in the air. Stephen gets a little nervous and goes to set Peter down on the chair so that he does not accidentally hurt Tony.

“Wow, that sounds super cool.” Tony says, smiling then raising an eyebrow at Stephen when he moves Peter away despite knowing it is for the best. “You do need to nap, though. Think you can lay still for long enough to close those pretty eyes?”

“Nu uh! I'm not sleepy at all.” Peter announces with a wide grin. Picking up the bottle he brought, Stephen shakes it and gives Tony a wink and knowing smile.

“Wanna sit on my lap and have your bottle while we read to Daddy?” Stephen asks Peter, holding up ‘Comet in Moominland’ which he had also brought along too. Nodding quickly, Peter jumps up from his seat and stands next to the bed.

“Da, we'll tell you this story.” He says, twirling back around to Stephen and scrambling up onto his lap. He settles quickly, wiggling to get comfortable before dropping his head on Stephen's shoulder. “Show pictures too, Daddy.” He reminds.

“Will do, baby.” Stephen says, giving Peter's head a kiss and hands him the bottle. “Where were we…?” Stephen says to himself as he opens the book where they left off and clears his throat before starting to read. Tony listens too and watches with a fond smile as Peter drinks from his bottle, watching the book closely. While Stephen reads, Peter drinks his milk and occasionally looks at Tony to make sure he is paying attention. His mouthfuls slow down with each page until the bottle is empty, then he drops it and promptly falls asleep with his mouth slightly open. Stephen startles a little when Peter falls asleep and drops his bottle on top of the book, making Tony chuckle quietly.

“Was that a whole sedative or what? He fell asleep quickly.” Tony comments and watches Stephen put aside the bottle and book to arrange Peter on his lap more comfortably.

“Just milk and vanilla.” Stephen says, looking down at Peter and wiping around his mouth gently with a thumb. He rolls his eyes fondly at Tony before leaning back in the chair and rocking the boy in his arms. “How are you actually feeling, love?”

“Hurts a bit, but much better than before.” Tony groans and lets out a sigh, getting more comfortable on the bed. “Do the littles know I'm here? Wouldn't want to scare them, you know.” Tony says and looks at Peter. He wants his baby in his arms, but knows that would cause him a lot of pain.

“Tell me if that changes.” Stephen instructs, glancing down at Peter to push a loose curl off his forehead. He considers it for a second. “Bucky knows, so I’m guessing word has got around.
Though knowing their imaginations, you’re probably puking everywhere and turning purple as we speak.” He teases.

“Will do, Doctor.” Tony says with a smirk before laughing and wincing in pain. “I mean, that was me earlier today, though. I wonder when it’s your turn.” Tony says and shoots Stephen a look.

“Never, I’m the healthiest person you’ve ever met.” Stephen shoots back, though he does have a look of concern at the pain Tony is clearly in. “I’m prescribing you to stop laughing at my bad jokes and moving around. Sex is also off the table for the foreseeable.”

Tony makes an offended face at Stephen at the mention of no sex.

“Is that an order, Doctor?” He teases, wanting to sit up to try and look stronger than he is, but he cannot muster the strength so he just looks at Stephen.

“I would say yes, but you’d like that too much, so I’m going to prescribe rest and silence for the rest of nap time.” Stephen says firmly. He gets up to lay Peter down on the bed next to Tony’s, raising the side rails in case he rolls over. They are not covered in soft padding like the ones on the little ward, but they are better than a bumped head. He goes over to check Tony’s vitals, playing around with the pain medication until he is content that it is at a good level for Tony’s current state. “I do think you need to sleep some more, babe. Recovery is easier when you’re kinder to yourself.”

“But, I slept so well while you cut me open, I’m good.” Tony begins to joke with a chuckle, but then the morphine hits him and he sighs. “Okay, fuck, whatever. Just give me a kiss before I pass out.” Tony whines and uses one weak hand to get Stephen to come over.

“Watch your mouth.” Stephen says, leaning over to kiss Tony. He runs his hand through his hair, waiting by his side while he falls asleep. “I’m really happy you’re okay and actually let us help you.” He says softly, waiting until Tony is looking drowsy before bringing it up to avoid upsetting him.

“Hmm...” Tony hums, lifting one hand to stroke at Stephen's forearm while gazing into his eyes. “I don't say it enough, but I love you, Stephen. And that's not just the morphine talking...” Tony slurs a little, fighting off the unconsciousness with all his might.

“I love you too.” Stephen says, pressing another kiss to Tony’s lips before patting his chest gently. “Now get some rest before you say something that’s going to make me think you really like me.” He teases, tucking the blankets up around Tony a little more after checking that the bandages seemed to be holding well and there is no sign of an issue with the stitches.

“Fine...” Tony chuckles lazily and with a sigh he lets his eyes fall shut. Meanwhile, Peter stirs a little where he lays on the next bed and huffs out a sigh, but does not wake up. Going over to check on Peter, Stephen takes a minute to appreciate his little family. He considers requesting his hours be cut down a little in the ward. Maybe he could move over to more minor ailments and check-ups rather than treatments, so he could spend more time with his family. He hums to Peter, tucking him under the covers so he is as swaddled as he can be in his current position, hoping he sleeps for a while longer.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Tones :c Next part is 'Daddy's owie ll'.

As always, thank you for reading and feedback is very much appreciated xx
Half an hour later, Peter stirs again and kicks off the covers as he grows hot now that he is awake. He rubs at his eyes and huffs out a yawn as he turns onto his back. He looks around widely until he sees Stephen rise from his chair and come over.

“Daddy...” He says sleepily, doing grabby hands to be held and cuddled.

“Hello, baby boy.” Stephen smiles, getting up and lifting Peter out of the bed, giving him a cuddle and kissing his cheeks. “Did you have a nice nap? You slept in a grown up bed all by yourself!”

“Hmm...” Peter whines a little, closing his eyes again and relaxing in his Daddy’s arms. “My bed’s cozier...” He mumbles, but perks up a little when he sees that Tony is still asleep. “Is Da okay?”

“Da is perfectly fine, baby. His nap is just a little longer than yours today.” Stephen explains, walking around the room with Peter in his arms. “Do you need a change?” He asks, swinging Peter from side to side playfully. Peter blushes and hides his face in his Daddy’s neck.

“Maybe...” He mumbles, but does not protest when Stephen lays him back down on the bed. As Stephen gathers some supplies for a change, Peter rolls onto his side to look at Tony. “Didn’t get to check Da with my new kit.” He pouts.

“Maybe we’ll wait until he’s feeling a little less sore.” Stephen tries, taking off Peter’s pants and setting them aside before undoing the diaper and starting to clean him up. “Da’s really tired, monkey. We don’t want to accidentally give him an owie.”

Peter hums thoughtfully, while still keeping his eyes fixed on Tony.

“Is gonna be icky like mine?” Peter asks when he suddenly remembers how his incision had become infected and points at it his scar, then at his sleeping Daddy.

“We’ll do our best to make sure that doesn’t happen.” Stephen says, after a beat of silence. He cannot promise Peter that the incision will not get infected, as there is always a risk, but at least they can watch out for the symptoms based on what Peter went through. He holds up a clean diaper so Peter can see it. “Do you want another one of these?”

Peter considers the diaper then shakes his head a little.

“I want pull-up!” He decides with a little pout. “One with dinos.” He adds and crosses his arms in front of his chest, hoping that will get him what he wants.

“Can you say the magic word?” Stephen asks, not liking the sudden change in attitude. Crankiness after a nap is to be expected, especially if Peter is struggling with deciding how little he currently is,
but that is never an excuse for forgetting his manners.

“Please, Daddy!” Peter says, growing impatient and sits up to stick his bottom lip out at his Daddy. “I want pull-up, now please!”

Stephen sighs and nods, sliding the pull-up onto Peter despite his whining. He touches the pouty lip and shakes his head.

“Stop pouting, Peter Benjamin.” He warns, turning his attention to tidying up the changing supplies. Peter smiles when his lips are touched, satisfied that he got what he wanted. He sits and bounces on the bed, drumming his hands against his thighs as Stephen cleans up.

“Done, Daddy?” Peter asks, wondering if he can get out of the bed now that he has been changed.

“All done, remember to tell me if you need to potty, no going in your pull-up because you don’t want to take a break.” Stephen reminds, lifting Peter of the bed and kissing his cheek before setting him on the floor. He does not bother putting his pants back on as the ward is warm and the fluffy socks will keep Peter cosy. Once he is free on the floor, Peter pads over to Tony’s bedside, placing his tiny hands on the bedrail to look at his sleeping Daddy.

“Is Da okay?” He asks again, turning to look at Stephen a little anxiously.

“Yeah, baby, he’s just sleepy.” Stephen says, going to check the monitors and IVs. Tony’s progress seems normal although he is clearly still in at least some discomfort despite the morphine, but nothing that is worrying Stephen. He takes out the chart and writes some notes. Peter watches with wide eyes as Stephen cares for Tony, even though he has seen both his Daddies do the same things to him when he has been sick or hurt. However, it feels odd to watch his Daddy be in his place.

“Do you want to do some stretching to wake you up, honey?” Stephen asks, placing the chart back in its place. At the question, Peter turns his head around from where he is still standing by the bed.

“Like Thor does with us outside?” Peter asks with a smile, jumping where he holds onto the bedrail.

“Just like that. I think we need a little yoga to keep us calm today.” Stephen decides, offering his hand out to Peter. “We won’t go outside, but we will do it by the window. Do you need a drink before we get started?”

“No!” Peter shakes his head and tries to drag his Daddy to the window, but it is a hard task due to his smaller size. “Lets go!” He giggles with excitement and jumps again.

“You need to take off your socks so we don’t slip.” Stephen sits on the edge of a bed, taking off his own shoes and socks.

Peter rips his own socks off, rolling onto his back in the process as he struggles to get the second one off as well. With a grin, he gets it off and places them by his Daddy’s socks and shoes. Stephen sits on the floor by Peter and starts by stretching out his legs.

“Can you do what I’m doing? If it hurts, stop and tell me.”

Peter watches Stephen for a bit and then copies him by sitting with his legs stretched out.

“Hmm!” Peter nods.

Lifting his arms above his head, Stephen arches his back and stares up at the ceiling. It is considerably nicer to do yoga outside, but he does not want to leave Tony and assumes Peter does
“Can you take deep breaths for me, Petey?”

Peter makes a little noise at the stretch, but lifts his arms above his head and looks up at the ceiling too. He takes a deep breath through his nose and lets it out through his mouth.

“Like that, Daddy?” Peter asks, just to be sure he is doing it right.

“Perfect, baby. Keep doing that.” Stephen goes through a few of the easier stretches, ones he knows Thor has shown Peter before. Peter follows his Daddy’s example, although with a little trouble, but his Daddy helps him out. Stephen finally crosses his legs and closes his eyes. “Okay, time to think about things that make us happy. Don’t say them out loud, just think them.”

“But, I wanna say it out loud, Daddy.” Peter pouts as he crosses his legs too. "Thor let us say it out loud.” He lies.

“Peter, no more pouting.” Stephen says firmly, opening his eyes and looking at Peter. He usually lets Tony be the disciplinarian, but clearly he is occupied at the moment. Peter frowns, but closes his eyes and thinks about what makes him happy. His expression softens as he thinks about his toys and his stuffies, about Bucky and MJ, but most importantly he thinks about his Daddies. After a few moments, Stephen exhales and opens one eye to check that Peter is still thinking. “Now, think about good things you can do for other people.”

Peter knits his brows together as he thinks hard and sticks the tip of his tongue out. He thinks about how he can help his friends during arts and crafts, help clean up after snacks and meals and be good for his Daddies when they ask him to.

“Okay, good boy.” Stephen praises when he is done with his own meditation. He opens his eyes and smiles at Peter’s focused look. “Take a deep breath, then open to your eyes.”

Peter draws in a deep breath through his nose and lets it out through his mouth. His mind and body feels more clear and relaxed and he turns to look at his Daddy with a smile.

“Did I do good?” He asks a little shyly.

“You did great.” Stephen opens his arms for a hug and takes a few moments to enjoy the peacefulness in the room. He holds Peter close and kisses his temple. “Do you need anything, honey?”

Peter thinks for a moment as he rests his head on his Daddy’s shoulder.

“Maybe hungry?” He asks and then turns to look at Tony who is still sleeping. ”Da needs food too.”

“We can go get you a snack. Daddy’s still sleeping, baby. We’re not waking him up until he’s ready.” Stephen stands and sits back on the spare bed in the room so that they can both get their socks and shoes back on. Holding Peter against his chest, Stephen carries him out of the ward and towards the kitchen. On the way, they meet MJ and Bucky who are practicing cartwheels in the hallway. When the two bigger littles spot Stephen and Peter, they sprint over to tug on the doctor’s scrubs.

“Is Uncle Tony okay? Is he?” MJ asks, her eyes wide.

“Loki said that Tony’s puking all over and can’t eat ever again! Is that true?” Bucky asks impatiently. Chuckling at the rumours, Stephen shakes his head.
“Uncle Tony is just fine. He’s sleeping right now, but he’ll be around before you know it.” Stephen pats Peter’s bottom and smiles at him. “We’re going to get a snack, then go back to do a check-up. Aren’t we, Petey Pie?” He coos, pressing kisses on the little’s face.

“Yeah.” Peter answers a little shyly, hiding his face from his friends when he realises he is not wearing pants and how they can see his pull-up.

“Can we see him? Please, Uncle Stephen!” Bucky begs and gets elbowed by MJ who is looking serious.

“Didn’t you hear what Stephen said? Tony’s sleeping and he needs to rest to recover. My Mommy says rest is really important when you’ve got an owie.” MJ explains, puffing her chest out.

“Very good, MJ. People who have an owie do need time to recover. When Uncle Tony is ready for visitors, I’ll let you know.” Stephen smiles and leans down to press kisses on the littles’ heads before heading on towards the kitchen. He bounces Peter playfully and gives him more kisses, unable to stop himself when the little soft cheeks are right there. “What does my little baby want to eat?” He hums, going to the pantry to check through their options. Peter giggles at all the kisses he is getting and kicks his legs back and forth.

“Hmm... Poptart! Daddy, please!” Peter squeals when he recognises the box. He knows it is not the healthiest snack, so he puts on his best puppy dog eyes at Stephen to get the sugary snack.

“No Poptarts, baby, those aren’t for you.” Stephen says firmly, pointing to the shelf that holds the snacks for the smaller littles. “Do you want some Cheerios or animal crackers? I’ll get you a yoghurt too.”

Huffing in disappointment, Peter lays his head on Stephen’s shoulder again.

“Crackers. And want strawberry yoghurt. Real strawberry! Not like the fake and super yucky strawberry.” Peter says and points to the fridge.

“Peter, please remember to use your manners.” Stephen reminds, bringing him over to a high chair and strapping him in. He pulls a chair up in front of Peter. “Tell me why you keep being cranky today.”

“I-” Peter starts and tries to squirm out of his seat, but when he cannot get anywhere he grumbles and slumps in his seat. “I’m scared for Daddy...” He admits quietly, bringing a hand up to pull at his bottom lip.

“I know you are, but Daddy is getting the best care he could possibly get right now. He’s going to be fine.” Stephen says, reaching over to rub Peter’s back. “Being scared isn’t an excuse to be difficult though, Peter. I can’t focus on Daddy and deal with a tantrum at the same time.”

Peter widens his eyes at that and his bottom lip becomes wobbly when he looks at his Daddy.

“So, if I’m not good... Then Daddy’s not gonna be okay?” He asks, tears welling up in his eyes when he says it aloud.

“No, if you’re not trying your best, then I’m going to need help from other grown ups to handle everything.” Stephen says. “What happened to Daddy isn’t your fault, Peter. It’s just a lot of work to help him get better and I need to focus on that.”

Peter thinks he understands and rubs the tears from his eyes. He puts on a brave face, like a big boy, and looks at his Daddy.
“Then I’ll be good.” Peter decides with a nod, both for his Daddy’s sake, but also because he would rather not he cared for by other grown ups.

“Thank you.” Stephen says sincerely, pressing a kiss to Peter’s forehead before getting up to get his snack. He sets it down on the tray in front of Peter along with a sippy cup of water. He turns his attention to putting together something for himself. “Do you want hot chocolate, baby?”

Peter takes a cracker into his hand to eat and grins widely around it.

“Yes, please.” He answers politely, trying to sit still in his seat despite the excitement of getting a treat. Peter continues to eat until Bucky cartwheels into the kitchen with Steve a step behind him.

“Buddy, you can’t cartwheel everywhere.” The nurse chuckles. Stephen makes the hot chocolate in a bottle and sets it aside to cool while he makes his own lunch. He brings it over to the table and sits beside Peter, smiling when Steve and Bucky come into the room.

“Two feet on the ground, please.” Stephen adds, not wanting Bucky to get hurt in the kitchen. Bucky is about to argue that he can do a handstand instead, but the two feet on the ground order leaves very few options for anything besides walking.

“Go sit down, bud, and I’ll make you a snack too.” Steve says and makes the same snack that Peter has, but gives Bucky a normal cup instead of a sippy one. Seeing Bucky sit across him, Peter thinks of something.

“Bucky, you lied! My Daddy said that he got something even yuckier than the pink strawberry, so you lied about it being the yuckiest thing in the whole wide world.”

Bucky looks offended at the accusation.

"Nuh-uh! It is the yuckiest thing ever! You even said so.” Bucky exclaims before he sticks his tongue out at Peter. Stephen holds up a hand before Peter can fight back.

“No shouting, boys. The medicine tastes different to everyone, but we take it anyway because we know it will help, right?”

Both Bucky and Peter huff and stare each other down for a bit until Steve sits down with his own food. The nurse taps Bucky under his chin to get his attention back to his snack.

“How is Tony? Vitals good?” Steve asks Stephen who is sat across him. Peter perks up at the mention of his Daddy, but does not interrupt the grown up conversation, because that is a big no-no.

“So far, so good.” Stephen says, reaching over to open Peter's yogurt for him. “The morphine has him pretty out of it right now, but everything seems to be holding up. He’s going to need to be cleaned soon which will be a thrill.” He jokes. Seeing his Daddy open his yogurt, Peter smiles and bounces in his seat. He hopes his Daddy will feed him and makes no move to take the spoon himself.

“Right, right. Do you want me to take care of him? Give you a little break? It looks like he doesn’t want you to leave, either.” Steve points out and gestures to Peter who is growing impatient for his yogurt. Laughing at Peter's antics, Stephen lifts the spoon and starts feeding him.

“That would be awesome, actually. If you don't mind checking the catheter and cleaning him, of course. Totally get it if you'd rather not.” Stephen says with a snort, taking breaks between each spoonful so Peter can swallow.

“Not at all. He won’t fight back much while high.” Steve chuckles and steals one of Bucky’s animal
crackers, but offers his boy a bite of his pasta in return. Peter smacks his lips quietly as he eats his tasty snack, swinging his legs back and forth in content.

“Would you mind keeping an eye on Bucky then and giving him a quick check? Maybe a B12 S-H-O-T as well?” Steve asks the doctor as he continues to feed his baby.

“Sure. I'll take them to hang out for a bit, then we can swing by the W-A-R-D. Peter’s tummy has been pretty calm lately, but I want to keep an eye on it.” Stephen gives Peter the last spoonful of his yogurt then sets the sippy cup in front of him. “Do you need to go potty, baby?” He asks, remembering Peter's in a pull-up. Peter grabs his sippy cup and begins to drink eagerly, shaking his head.

“Petey and I get to hang out?” Bucky asks his Daddy, taking the last cracker into his mouth before opening his own yogurt. The boy has pieced some bits of the grown up conversation in his mind, but not the part about a check up and shot just yet.

“Yeah, you're going to hang out with me this afternoon.” Stephen says, getting a cloth so he can wipe Peter's face before cleaning up the mess on the tray.

“Cool!” Bucky says and begins eating his yogurt by himself, not minding much that someone else will care for him.

“Uncle Stevie is going to take care of Daddy for us, baby boy. Can you say thank you?” Stephen asks Peter. The boy pulls the sippy cup back to talk.

“Thank you, Stevie.” He says sweetly before popping the sippy cup back into his mouth, looking over at his Daddy for confirmation that he did good.

“Good job, baby boy.” Stephen praises, smiling at the sweet wide eyes. He stands to unsnap the high chair, lifting Peter out so he can cuddle him on his lap. Peter grins widely at the praise and makes a happy noise when he is lifted onto his Daddy’s lap. He tries to get a bite of his Daddy’s pasta salad, but Stephen moves his fork out of Peter’s reach. Peter huffs a little before turning his attention to the kitchen to look for something else to eat. He spots the hot chocolate that is cooling off on the counter and kicks his legs.

“Daddy, can I have it now, please?” Peter asks, trying not to make his voice whiny to upset Stephen. Steve gets up to retrieve the bottle for them, closing the lid and shaking it before passing it to Stephen. The doctor lays Peter back in his arms and puts the nipple into his mouth, rocking him gently.

“Aw, you been helping out your Daddy while he’s got an owie?” Steve coos at Peter, who grins back with a blush.

“Yeah, wanna make Da okay.” Peter specifies and Steve nods with a smile.
“Can I see Uncle Tony?” Bucky asks both Steve and Stephen, looking at both the grown ups.

“Not now, bud, we gotta give him time to rest. Stephen will let us know when we can though, right?” Steve explains and then turns to the doctor.

“Yeah, we need to give Uncle Tony time to feel better and get lots of rest. I'll let you know as soon as he's ready for visitors and you can come with me to see him.” Stephen says, smiling at Bucky reassuringly. He takes Peter's bottle away when it is empty and lifts him up again for another cuddle. “We need to swing by the ward before we do some fun things. Okay, boys?”

Peter tenses at the mention of the ward, but remembers to be good for his Daddies, so he does not protest. Bucky frowns up at Steve who is clearing away all the dishes.

“Be good for Uncle Stephen, Buck, or I will hear of it and there will be consequences, okay?” Steve says a little sternly and Bucky nods.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“We'll have two good boys who won't need to find out what those consequences are, right?” Stephen smiles, looking down at Peter for confirmation before helping him stand up. “Should we go potty first, Petey Pie?”

Peter notices that Stephen is leaving no room for argument and nods his head obediently.

“Buck, help me with the dishes while Stephen gets Peter sorted out. Then you can swing by the ward before nap time.” Steve says and Peter waves Bucky bye for now as he follows his Daddy out of the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Next up is 'Little boy's owie' parts 1, 2 and 3. What do you guys think of longer plots like this? Which do you prefer? The oneshot chapters, the 1-3 parts or the super long ones like this one? Because the infamous flashback scene has 8 chapters...
Chapter 35 - Little boy's owie

Chapter Summary

This scene goes on forever it seems ahah :p Tony is still on the ward, but the focus is back on Peter once more.

Chapter Notes

Also, thank you very much for all the comments on the last chapter! I have noticed that I've been getting less comments these last few chapters and I began worrying that you guys weren't liking this anymore. But, you still seem to do so that's good to hear c:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taking Peter's hand, Stephen swings it gently between them.

“I'm so proud of you today, baby. You're doing a really good job helping me out. I think you've earned a treat when Daddy's feeling better.” Peter giggles as he skips beside his Daddy and then gasps at the mention of a treat.

“What kinda treat?” He asks once they are in the bathroom and then makes the grabby hands.

“Maybe we can go on a little adventure. Would you like that?” Stephen asks, already thinking about places that would be fun for Peter even if he is in a littler headspace. Peter nods eagerly, wiggling a little where he stands with the excitement of an adventure. “Are you good to try yourself or do you want some help?” Stephen asks.

"Help, Da, please?” Peter asks and Stephen moves to help the boy to get the pull-up off and sets him on the toilet, crouching down in front of him so they can talk.

“How’s your tummy doing, baby?” Stephen asks, reaching out to feel it when they have a few moments alone. Peter places his own hands over Stephen's on his tummy.

“Is full.”

“Does it feel okay or kinda icky?” Stephen asks, not making any move to take his hands away. He massages Peter’s stomach gently, trying to feel for anything that would be a concern. The massaging feels weird with his stomach full and Peter pulls back a little, pushing his Daddy's hand away.

“Is full! No touch, please, Da.” Peter begs and puts on his best puppy dog eyes.

“Okay, baby. I'm sorry.” Stephen takes his hands away and rests them on Peter's thighs instead.

“Does it feel like you have to potty or like you're going to throw up?” He asks, glancing over his shoulder to check if there was anything he could grab in a hurry. Peter shakes his head, finally content that his Daddy has left his tummy alone.

“Nu uh... Just tinkle.” Peter says, blushing a little when he says it aloud and keeps his gaze down.
"I can go outside if you need me to." Stephen offers, reaching into his pocket and taking out his phone. He puts on an episode of Paw Patrol and offers it to Peter. "Are you sure you're okay, baby?"

"Hmm." Peter nods, taking the phone and reaches out to grab his Daddy's scrubs top, a non-verbal request for him to stay. He keeps his eyes fixed on the cartoon and clutches the clothing in his small fist. Stephen stays close to Peter, letting him hold on and take as much time as he needs. It is nice to get a little break from stressing over work and Tony to spend some time with Peter, though Stephen hopes his tummy troubles fix themselves.

"My good boy." Stephen says quietly. Thanks to the cartoon and the praise from his Daddy, Peter finally relaxes and manages to relieve himself. When he is done, he glances up at Stephen shyly before focusing on the cartoon again.

"'m done."

"Great job, honey, I'm really proud of you." Stephen praises. "Does your tummy feel better now?" He opens the cupboard holding the little supplies, taking out a fresh pull-up. "Do you want one of these, baby?" He reaches over to feel Peter's stomach again, relieved it is a little less firm and bloated.

"Uh huh..." Peter nods, but is not pleased when his Daddy touches his stomach again and squirms on the toilet. He lets his Daddy help him up and stands with his legs slightly spread to be cleaned before stepping into the fresh pull-up. It feels nice and Peter does a happy wiggle.

"Will you tell me if your tummy feels full, please?" Stephen picks Peter up and does a happy wiggle himself before flushing the toilet. He presses a kiss to Peter's nose and bounces him gently. "If you don't go potty when you have to, then Daddy will need to give you medicine or a treatment that will make you go. Can you tell me if you've been holding on purpose?"

Peter grows a little anxious as he does not want to admit that he has been cranky because his tummy has felt weird all day. He did not want to tell his Daddies for some reason, but now he sees that he does not have much choice.

"It feels icky, Da. Like- all day..." Peter admits quietly.

"Can you tell me what kind of icky?" Stephen asks as he steps out of the bathroom, but stays in the hallway so that they can have som privacy from Steve and Bucky in the kitchen. He rocks him back and forth gently. "I won't be angry or grossed out, baby. I promise."

"Dunno, Daddy..." Peter says truthfully, finding the feeling in his stomach hard to explain. "Is like... Too full. Don't like when Daddy touches it." He tries to explain, drawing random patterns on his Daddy's chest as he rests his head on his shoulder.

"Does it feel like you need to potty more?" Stephen asks, pacing around the hall with Peter curled up in his arms. He rubs his leg gently to comfort him. "I won't touch your tummy unless I really have to, okay? I'll ask you first if it's okay."

Peter shakes his head in reply.

"Nu uh! Don't feel like need to, Daddy." He tries to explain. "Promise no touch? And no needles!" Peter says and pulls a serious face at his Daddy.

"Pete, I need some help here, baby. Can you tell me if it feels worse after you eat? How long had it been icky for?" Stephen asks, moving Peter so there is no pressure on his stomach and his bum is dipped down in a more comfortable position. Peter thinks for a moment before answering the first question with a little nod.
“Since yesterday, but I- didn’t tell…” He admits quietly, clinging onto his Daddy for comfort.

“You have to tell us if something is wrong, Petey.” Stephen reminds gently, dropping his chin to rest on the top of Peter’s head and sways him from side to side. “Daddies will always help. If we’re not there, Uncle Steve and Uncle Thor are there, so are Aunt Pepper and Aunt Nat. Why didn’t you tell a grown up?”

“Cause- cause Daddy was icky and... didn’t wanna bother…” Peter explains, rubbing at his eyes to stop the tears from gathering in his eyes. “A-are you gonna make me nap?” He asks, meaning surgery, but not knowing how to explain it.

“Oh, baby, telling us what’s happening will never be a bother.” Stephen coos, cuddling Peter close. “Maybe we’ll have a little nap together when Uncle Steve comes to get Bucky.” He suggests, not understanding Peter meant surgery. Peter shakes his head vigorously, making his curls bounce.

“No, don’t wanna nap! Not again, please, Daddy!” Peter begs as he thinks he is going into surgery.

“Petey, stop, honey.” Stephen says, holding Peter more firmly so he does not wiggle too much and fall. “If you’re not tired, you don’t have to nap. Daddy won’t make you, but you seem so sleepy, baby. You could snuggle in Daddies’ bed and watch movies with me.” He tries, wondering how nap time pushed Peter over the edge of all things. Peter frowns in confusion. He isn’t allowed out of the ward after surgery? But...

“You won’t make me sleep before cutting me open?!” Peter cries and Steve heads over, sensing that something is going on.

“Buck, bud, practice your handstands, yeah?” Steve suggests to his boy a little down the hall while coming up to Stephen and Peter. ”Something up?” The nurse asks the doctor.

“Oh, baby.” Stephen says, cuddling Peter closer and pressing kisses to the top of his head. When Steve walks over, he shakes his head slightly. “Petey, you’re not going to be cut open, baby. You’re going for a normal little nap in Daddies bed with Daddy, that’s all. If your tummy’s still icky, we’ll make it better without making you sleepy.”

“Promise?” Peter mumbles, more like a demand than a request.

“Do you want me to bring Buck to Thor instead?” Steve asks. ”Little baby here doesn’t look too good.” He coos, stroking Peter’s cheek.

“I promise.” Stephen says, swaying them as he considers Steve’s offer. “No, I can take him to get checked over. I want to see if we can get this one to calm down a little and find out what’s happening with his stomach. Might need your help with something later, though.”

“Sure thing, just page me.” Steve says with a smile, running his hand through Peter’s curls to give him some comfort. “Then I’ll go and check on the old Doc. Buck, stick with Uncle Stephen till I get back, yeah?” Steve says to Bucky who cartwheels over to them.

”See ya, Daddy.” The boy waves to his Daddy as he heads to the ward to tend to Tony.

“Don’t call him that to his face!” Stephen warns the nurse with a chuckle, putting an arm out to stop Bucky. “Really need you to put your two feet on the ground and keep them there, Buck.” He points down the hall towards the ward. “We’re going to head down here for a little bit, Okay?”

Bucky pouts a little, but entertains himself by skipping down the hall by Stephen’s side. Peter watches in fascination at what Bucky is doing from his Daddy’s arms.
“Is it check up time?” Bucky asks Stephen, a little out of breath from all the skipping and starts walking normally.

“Yes, it is.” Stephen says cheerfully, opening the door to the ward and ushering Bucky in. Picking a procedure room that is free, Stephen sets Peter down on the soft carpet and goes to collect everything he needs. “Get on the bed, please Bucky.”

Bucky is not too bothered and toes of his inside sneakers before climbing on the bed, sitting on his bum with his legs stretched out. He wiggles his toes as he waits for Stephen obediently. Meanwhile, Peter gets up on his feet to look at Bucky on the bed, curious to see what is going on.

“Petey, can you go sit down in your spot? Daddy wants you to hang out there, baby boy.” Stephen prompts gently, getting all the supplies ready for Bucky. Peter huffs a little, but obeys and sits back down on the blanket, getting a little bored already so he watches his Daddy closely, trying to see what he is doing. Stephen slides up Bucky’s sleeve and wipes the spot the needle will go in with an alcohol wipe. “You’re being such a good boy for me, Bucky. Has anyone ever told you how cool you are?” He asks, turning around to fix the syringe so the little will not see it and get upset. Bucky blushes at the praise, barely aware of what is about to happen.

“Yeah! Uhm, Thor says I’m cool all the time.” The boy answers, wiggling his feet again.

“And Thor’s the coolest grown up here, so you must be really, really cool.” Stephen snaps on his gloves and picks up the needle, turning his back to Peter. “You know, I think you might be even cooler than Thor. He can’t do cartwheels like you, he just falls over on his bum and needs one of us to check it.” Stephen teases, injecting Bucky while he speaks in the hopes of keeping the little boy occupied.

Peter feels a little jealous when he hears his Daddy praising Bucky and not him, but he remembers his promise to be good, for Tony, and stays put on the blanket. Bucky laughs at the thought of Thor falling and hurting himself, but winces a little at the bite of the needle, turning his head to catch the sight of Stephen pulling the needle out. He feels a little woozy, but he does not want to seem like a crybaby in front of Peter, so he tries to be brave. Getting a bandaid with Lego characters on it, Stephen places it over the tiny mark and offers his hand up for a high five.

“Good job, Buck! I think you’ve earned a juice box and some candy for that.” Stephen praises, knowing the little boy has a tendency to get lightheaded after shots. “Your Daddy will be so proud of you for that, I bet you’ll get two stickers on your reward chart.”

Bucky raises his good arm to high five Stephen, grinning at all the praise and how his Daddy will be proud of him. Still, he feels a bit lightheaded and wants to lay back, but again he stops himself as not to embarrass himself in front of Peter.

“Buck, can you do me a favour and relax for a little bit while I check Pete over?” Stephen fluffs up the pillow behind Bucky and gets a folded up blanket slid below his legs to keep them elevated before handing the boy an iPad to watch something on Netflix. “We’ll be back before you know it.”

Bucky nods, letting out a sigh when he lays back and relaxes. He is more than used to being by himself and does not get worked up, like some of the other littles. At the mention of his name, Peter stands up, bouncing on his feet and lifting his arms up to get picked up.

“Hello, beautiful boy.” Stephen says, lifting Peter up and giving him a kiss. He takes him into another procedure room so they would have more privacy. Laying him down on the procedure bed, Stephen gently takes off Peter’s shirt. “Can you show me where your tummy is owie?”
“Is owie all over...” Peter whimpers, not being able to tell where it hurts more and points at his whole abdomen. “Fix it, Da, please...” He adds, looking up at Stephen with sad eyes.

“We need to talk about it a little bit, okay?” Stephen asks, getting a heating pad and putting it on a low setting before laying it on Peter’s little tummy. He puts the thermometer into his ear and hums. “Are you going potty, baby? Does it hurt?”

“It hurts, Da!” Peter says, growing frustrated as he feels he has already answered that question. “Don’t feel like potty.” He adds, squirming on the bed, but finds that the heating pad feels soothing.

“Okay, honey. Do you feel like you’d feel better after or a nap or do you need some medicine?” Stephen asks, feeling content that Peter’s temperature is normal at least.

“Make owie go away, Daddy, please.” Peter begs, getting worked up and lifting his knees up. “I-I’ll be good, pro-mise...” He stutters out as his throat is closing up due to tears which are about to fall.

“Okay, two options right now, baby. Medicine or a little procedure that’ll be over quick?” Stephen asks. Both sound intimidating, but the promise of quick relief makes Peter chose the second option.

“Quick one...” Peter says, his voice shaky where he lays and chews on his thumb for comfort. The heating pad feels nice, but it still does not make him feel completely okay.

“Good choice, honey bee.” Stephen says and helps Peter lay on his left side on the bed so that he is more comfortable. Then the doctor gets an enema bag ready along with a nozzle, lube, a pair of gloves and a stuffie that he hands Peter. Peter accepts the stuffie eagerly and watches carefully as his Daddy prepares something. Once he has everything ready, Stephen undoes the tabs of Peter’s pull-up and throws it the trash. “I need nice, deep breaths, baby.” Stephen prompts, lubing up the nozzle and then lubes a gloved finger to open Peter up before inserting the nozzle. He then inflates it so that there are no leaks. “It’s going to feel a little odd, but it’s okay.”

Peter yelps a little at the feeling of the water going into him. It feels wrong, but sort of good at the same time and Peter whimpers were he lays. He tries his hardest to relax his stomach, doing the breathing exercises Thor has taught him in the yoga lessons. The bag empties slowly and Stephen alternates between checking it and Peter, giving his baby little reassuring smiles. He waits until the bag is over halfway empty before rubbing Peter’s leg.

“How are you feeling, baby boy?”

Peter feels for a moment before answering with a frown. “Is full, don’t wike it... Stop, Da, please?” The boy asks quietly, not wanting to disappoint his Daddy, but he really needs a little break.

“Okay, honey. Thank you for telling me.” Stephen says, stopping the water flow and going to stand by the top of the bed so he can play with Peter’s hair. “We can go and let the water out now then start again, or we can hold it and keep going. What do you think?” He asks, rubbing Peter’s cheek with his gloved thumb. Neither option seem any good and Peter shakes his head, getting teary eyed...
and raises a clumsy hand to rub at his eyes.

“Noo... Just want owie to go ‘way...” Peter says pitifully, his voice shaky.

“My good boy.” Stephen praises, kissing the top of Peter’s head and giving him a gentle hug so he
does not move him too much. The doctor decides to continue the water flow when his boy seems
unable to choose. “Just a few minutes, baby. Your tummy should feel better very soon.”

Peter really wishes his other Daddy was with them right now, as usually he gets comforted and
distracted by one of them while the other fixes him up. Now, Stephen has to do both and Peter does
not like the fact that there is not a hand in his curls all the time.

“Don’t wike!” Peter yelps once he feels the water flowing again and squirms where he lays, trying to
get away from the pressure and discomfort.

“I know, honey, but please try not to move.” Stephen says gently as he reaches forward to put a
strong hand on Peter’s knee. “We don’t want the tube to come out. Can you focus hard and tell me
how your tummy feels? I know the water is icky, but does your tummy hurt?”

Peter lets out a shaky breath and thinks about what he is feeling. It is pressure and discomfort, but no
pain.

“Doesn’t hurt, but don’t wike it...” He says, finally relaxing a bit.

“Okay, baby. Thank you for telling me.” The bag finally drains and Stephen removes it from the
tube without taking it away from Peter. “Daddy’s going to take this out now, okay? Think you can
hold it all in for me until we get to the potty?”

Peter nods and hums in reply. He knows the drill, but that does not mean he likes it and he covers his
teary eyes with his hands.

“You’re being so brave for me.” Stephen praises, removing the nozzle from Peter’s bum and
wrapping the pad from the bed around his waist. He carefully lifts him of the bed and makes his way
into the bathroom, setting Peter down on the toilet seat. “There you go, baby, good job.”

Once on the toilet, Peter spends a few minutes relieving himself. He can barely control it and he
starts crying, doing the grabby hands for his Daddy.

“Da...”

“I know, baby, I know.” Stephen says, kneeling in front of Peter. He wraps his arms around him
without moving Peter too much and rubs his back. “You were so good, baby. Daddy is so proud of
you.”

Peter quiets down a little, sniffling and mumbles into Stephen’s neck.

“m done. No more, Daddy, please...”

“Poor baby.” Reaching over, Stephen gets wipes and a diaper from the cabinet below the sink. “Just
in case.” He promises softly, helping Peter move forward so he can clean him up. “How does your
tummy feel, baby boy?”

Once on his feet, Peter spreads his legs a little and looks away as his Daddy clean him.

“Feels weird. Like is empty...” Peter explains, feeling lighter, but also drained and tired.
“That’s good, honey, it’s supposed to be empty.” Stephen says, bringing Peter back to the procedure table after flushing the toilet. He lays the boy back down and secures the diaper around his hips. “Is it time for a nap? Maybe Bucky will give us cuddles in Daddies’ bed.”

“Hmm...” Peter hums, lifting his hands to his eyes again, using the back of them to rub at his eyes.

“I think cuddles are in order.” Stephen says, getting a damp cloth and cleaning Peter’s face before palpating his stomach. “You might feel a little icky after, but it’s very important to tell me.”

“Yes, Daddy...” Peter mumbles and lays back to let his Daddy do his work. He feels sort of better, but really tired and fights to keep his eyes open. When he is done, Stephen gets Peter back in his sweater and gathers him up in his arms, carrying him back to the room where Bucky is resting in. The doctor sits down on the edge of the bed and smiles at the boy.

“Want to cuddle with us, big guy?”

Bucky sits up when he hears the door open, having recovered from the wooziness caused by the injection.

“Is Petey okay?” Bucky asks climbing off the bed to put his shoes back on. He eyes the baby in Stephen’s arms and how he seems to be half asleep.

“Petey’s doing great, thank you for asking.” Stephen smiles and waits for Bucky to get his shoes on before leading him down the hall. He opens the door to their room just as Peter sinks further into his arms and lays him down on the bed, turning to get soft clothes to sleep in. “Go pee before we sleep, buddy. Petey’s got a diaper so I need you to show him how big boys get ready for nap time.” He prompts after making sure Peter is dozing and will not overhear.

“I got it!” Bucky grins and goes to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. When he returns a moment with his hands washed and everything, he sees Stephen buttoning up a baby blue onesie on Peter for him to sleep in. “Why do babies sleep so much?” Bucky asks in a whisper, kicking off his shoes before climbing onto the bed to look down at a dozing Peter.

“Because they’re very little and they have to work really hard to keep up.” Stephen whispers back, supporting Peter’s neck as he lifts him up to put him below the covers, “They need lots of rest so they can learn things from big boys like you.”

Bucky takes it as a compliment and grins.

“It’s really hard to keep up with me!” He says, pointing at his chest proudly. “I’m super fast and I can do cartwheels and handstands! And I can swing on the monkey bars without stopping.”

“I know you can, buddy. You’re so big and strong.” Stephen changes into something more comfortable to rest in and climbs into the bed so Peter is in the middle. He pats Bucky’s pillow. “Lay down, kiddo. Do you want to hear a story?”

“Yes, please.” Bucky says quietly, laying down next to Peter and stroking his cheek very carefully like he sees all the grown ups do to the babies. “He’s cute.” Bucky says, tapping Peter’s nose, but pulls his hand back quickly when Peter shifts in his sleep.

“He is cute, but he’s a grumpy little bear if you wake him up.” Stephen gets a storybook about a little boy going to space and meeting an alien. He reads it to Bucky, taking time to study the pictures before turning the page, though his own arms quickly get tired from holding it up after their busy day. After a few chapters of the book, Bucky begins to relax and closes his eyes. A moment later he is fast asleep next to Peter, breathing softly with his mouth slightly open.
When the boys are both asleep, Stephen sets the book down and gets comfortable next to Peter. It does not take very long for him to fall asleep too with his arms around his baby.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Next one is 'Little boy's owie ll'. As always, feedback is much appreciated!
Chapter 36 - Little boy's owie II

Chapter Summary

Peter's sleepy after his enema and Stephen brings him to see Tony on the ward again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few hours later, when he is done with his rounds, Steve stops by Stephen and Tony’s room and knocks before entering. He chuckles at the scene before going over to sit next to Bucky, playing with his hair.

“Wake up, buddy. Nap time is all done.”

Bucky begins to stir and huffs as he wakes up. He does not open his eyes just yet, but moves closer to his Daddy for cuddles. Stephen is not a heavy sleeper and wakes up due to Steve’s soft murmuring. The nurse turns to look and offers the doctor a smile.

“Good nap?” He asks, his hand still in Bucky’s hair to help him wake up gently.

“Great nap.” Stephen mumbles, pressing his face into Peter’s hair before looking up at Steve. “Is Tony okay?” He sits up on the bed and leans against the headboard, letting Peter sleep for now.

“I tried to make him eat, but he only took a few bites before refusing more, so I put up a banana bag. Otherwise, he’s okay. Surprised he didn’t slap me right across the face when I entered.” Steve chuckles and turns his attention to Bucky who is sitting up and climbing onto his lap for cuddles.

“What about the baby?” He asks, gesturing to Peter who is fast asleep on his back with his head turned towards Stephen.

“Poor babe.” Stephen says, feeling bad for Tony, but snorting at Steve’s comment. “Wait until he gets his energy up, there’s still time for a slap.” He glances over to make sure Peter and Bucky are both at least dozing. “We did an enema. He either hasn’t been going on purpose or hasn’t been able to, but I’ll keep track of that for a few days to make sure he isn’t hurting. Bucky was great, though. Got a little pale after we were done, but nothing happened.”

Steve chuckles at Stephen’s warning before wincing in sympathy for Peter.

“Poor little buddy. His stomach never settles, does it?” Steve says and Bucky sneezes, fully awake now. “Hey, you. Uncle Stephen says you were so brave for him earlier. That’s what Daddy likes to hear.” He coos and kisses Bucky’s temple.

“The tummy troubles just keep going,” Stephen says, smiling when Bucky sneezes. “Hello, sleepyhead. You were a very good boy for me.” He agrees, lifting Peter onto his lap and cuddling him close. “Bucky was really good and showed Peter how big boys get ready for nap time too.”

“You were? I’m so proud of you, kiddo.” Steve coos and Bucky smiles shyly. Peter makes a soft noise when he is moved, but does not wake up yet.

“Look.” Bucky says quietly, lifting his t-shirt sleeve up to show his Lego bandaid.
“What a cool bandaid! We should add some stickers to your chart.” Steve says. “I think that would earn you a treat.” He wraps his arms around Bucky for a hug and rubs his back. “Should we let Uncle Stephen get the baby ready and we’ll maybe see them later?”

“Hmm!” Bucky agrees, laying his head on his Daddy’s shoulder.

“Okay, say thank you to the nice Doc and wave him bye bye.” Steve instructs as he stands up with his boy in his arms.

“Thank you, Uncle Stephen.” Bucky says shyly and waves.

“Is that a dig at Tony?” Stephen teases, waving at Bucky. “Bye, buddy. You’re very welcome and you can come play any time.” He says. “Peter loves you.” He adds for the sleeping baby who is starting to drool onto his shirt. Steve winks at Stephen with a teasing smirk.

“And I love Peter. Bye-bye!” Bucky giggles, waving his hand.

“I’ll see you around.” Steve says and with that he leaves the room. Peter stirs at the sound of the door opening and closing.

“Hey, baby boy. It’s time to wake up.” Stephen says, playing with Peter’s hair. “You had a really good nap, but now we need to get out of bed and enjoy the rest of our day. Can you do that for me?” He asks, bouncing Peter gently to help him wake up. Peter whines as he scrunches up his nose, burying his face in Stephen’s neck.

“Nooo...” Peter mumbles, huffing a little before continuing to doze.

“Petey, come on.” Stephen says, trying to move him around some more. “Do you want to go visit Da and give him kisses for being brave? We can maybe get some juice first.” Bribing Peter with treats maybe is not the most responsible thing, but if it gets him to open his eyes, Stephen will take it. At the mention of his Daddy, Peter hums and rubs at his eyes.

“See Da?” He mumbles, sitting up a little to look at Stephen.

“Yeah, we’ll go see Da. He has some tummy owies right now, think we can be super gentle?” Stephen asks, smiling at how sleepy Peter is and how messy his hair has gotten during his nap.

“Hmm!” Peter hums with a tired nod and then drops his head back on his Daddy’s shoulder. Looking around the bed, Peter frowns when he does not find Bucky. “Where’s Buck?”

“Buck and Uncle Stevie had to go, baby. You slept while they were here, but we’ll maybe see them later.” Stephen explains, giving Peter a cuddle before setting him on the bed. “Should we change you, then we can get your juice and go see Da?”

“I want dungas!” Peter decides, fully awake now and points to the closet where many of his dungarees are folded neatly. “Please, Daddy?” Peter adds after a second as he remembers his manners.

“Sweet manners, baby boy. You can get some dungarees.” Stephen agrees, lifting Peter out of the bed and going over to select a set. He offers Peter a soft, navy blue pair with a rain cloud on the front pocket. He had paired it with a rainbow onesie last time he had folded the laundry, thinking it would be a cute set. “These ones, honey?”

“Yes!” Peter nods with a grin, clapping his hands together as he jumps up and down on the spot. He tries to stay still as his Daddy unbuttons the sleeper he is wearing, but cannot help but wiggle happily
and hum a song under his breath.

“Are you a little wiggly baby today?” Stephen asks, thrilled Peter has recovered from the procedure earlier. “Do we need to change your diapey before we get you dressed?”

“Nu uh!” Peter decides without really feeling it first. He is impatient to go see Tony and continues to bounce and wiggle where he stands. “Wanna see Da, please.”

“Can I check you, please?” Stephen asks, setting Peter’s new outfit down by the changing table so he can get him ready. “How is your tummy feeling, baby boy?”

Peter stops his wiggling when he senses that this is important and thinks for a bit. His tummy feels okay, although a bit empty, but it does not hurt nor feel too full.

“Is okay, but empty?” He tries to explain, raising his brows at his Daddy.

“It feels empty because we got all the stuff out of it, baby. You had to potty really bad, didn’t you?” Stephen says sympathetically, pulling the waistband of the diaper to check it. He can see that Peter’s stomach is not as bloated and it seems to be softer than before, touching it gently for confirmation. Peter hums as he let his Daddy check him, but continues to wiggle by shifting his weight from one foot to the other impatiently.

“Hmm, it was really owie.” Peter adds.

“I bet it was.” Stephen puts his hands on Peter’s shoulders to keep him still. “Were you holding on purpose or would it not come out?” He crouches down so he is not towering over Peter and presses a kiss to his tummy. Peter places his hands on Stephen’s shoulders to steady himself, but also to have his Daddy close.

“I tried, promise! It just- didn’t wanna.” Peter explains, getting a bit worked up and pointing at his tummy to show that it was at fault and not him.

“That’s okay, baby. I believe you.” Stephen promises before it could upset Peter. “Will you tell me if it happens again? Daddy will help before it hurts.” He pulls him in for a cuddle. “Do you need to go before we take your diapey off?”

Peter nods obediently and snuggles into the hug. It feels a bit odd to be taller than his Daddy now that he is crouched down, but Peter likes it.

“Daddy help?” He asks, looking down at Stephen.

“Yes, Daddy will always help you. No matter what it is, I’m here.” Stephen says firmly, keeping his arms around Peter’s little waist. “Would you feel more comfortable using the potty or a diaper? I don’t mind either way, honey. Daddy and I wouldn’t be mad if you have an accident.”

Peter sighs in content at the reassurance from his Daddy and nods. Pulling back a little, he places a kiss on Stephen’s nose and giggles.

“Diapey! We gotta see Daddy, noooow!” Peter whines, bouncing where he stands again until he remembers his manners. “Please.”

Stephen laughs at Peter’s reaction and nods.

“Try to tinkle before I change you, please. Daddy doesn’t want a surprise.” He puts his hand on Peter’s bum and pats it gently, relieved he finally worked out what was going on with his tummy.
Peter pouts a little before he gives in and lowers his head, looking up at his Daddy shyly.

“Right here?” Peter asks quietly, arching his back into the hand on his behind as he finds the patting soothing.

“You can stay here or you can go find a private place.” Stephen says, smiling when Peter leans into his hand. He keeps his hands on Peter, supporting his weight easily as he thinks. Peter does not reply, but continues to hold onto Stephen’s shoulders, clutching the shirt fabric in his small hands. He keeps his head down and closes his eyes as he tries to focus on relaxing to go in his diaper. When Peter does not move but relaxes slightly, Stephen smiles and spreads his fingers so he is giving more support. He hums and presses a little kiss to Peter’s cheek. “My good little baby boy.”

Peter giggles shyly at the kiss and squirms where he stands. Before he knows it, he relaxes and relieves himself into the diaper and blushes as he does.

“Da!” Peter squeaks, overwhelmed with embarrassment and hides his face in his Daddy’s neck.

“Good boy, Petey! Daddy is very proud of you for using your diapey.” He wraps his arms around Peter tightly and stands up, carrying him over to the changing table. “Do you feel better, sweetie? You really had to go.” He says, loving the blush covering Peter’s face as he lays him down on the padded mat.

“Hmm!” Peter squeaks again, lifting his arms to hide his face as Stephen opens the diaper. It feels cold and Peter shivers a little where he lays. “Cold, Daddy.” He mumbles, still hiding his face.

“I know, baby. I’m sorry.” Stephen says, starting to clean Peter up with a wipe. They are cold too, but he tries to make quick work of it. “I see Petey’s bum.” He teases, sliding the wet diaper out from below him and rolling it up to throw away.

“No, Daddy!” Peter yelps and sits up suddenly, trying to hold back laughter and look at Stephen with a pout, but fails to do so and giggles instead. “Can’t see my bum!” He says with a frown as he is face to face with his Daddy now that he is sitting up.

“I can see your little bum.” Stephen laughs, picking Peter up and bringing him over to the mirror. “There’s your bum, there’s your legs, your little feet, and your Daddy.” He smiles, bouncing them playfully.

“Nooo!” Peter giggles, hiding his face in Stephen’s neck. He wiggles his toes and kicks his legs with flustered energy, but clings onto his Daddy nonetheless. Stephen laughs and brings Peter back to the changing pad and lays him on top of a fresh diaper. The doctor takes his time putting the lotion on before he tapes it snugly. “Now I can’t see Petey’s bum!”

“Yeah, Daddy doesn’t get to see!” Peter pouts, but just ends up giggling again. Once he knows the change is over, he lifts his arms to do grabby hands and get picked up. ”Go see Daddy now?”

When he manages to get Peter into his daytime outfit, Stephen nods.

“Yeah, baby. We’re going to see Daddy now.” He smiles, scooping him up and cuddling him close. “You’re very cute, did you know that?” He offers him a pacifier as they walk down the hall, smiling at his little boy. Peter takes the pacifier eagerly, grinning around in with another giggle. He does not reply, but lays his head on his Daddy’s shoulder. As they head down the hallway, they pass Pepper. Peter offers the doctor a smile and a wave.

“Hey, Pep.” Stephen smiles as they pass each other. He pauses at the door to the kitchen, going in to get Peter a bottle of apple juice. He hands it over, trading it for the paci before heading towards the
“Remember to be super gentle with Daddy, baby. He’s got owies and we need to be careful not to poke them.”

“Hmm!” Peter nods, drinking from the bottle as fast as the nipple allows him to, which is not really fast. “Is Da still sleepy?” He asks, taking a break from drinking to look at Stephen as he opens the door to the ward.

“Slow down, Petey, you’re gonna give yourself a tummy ache.” Stephen opens the door to the ward and smiles. “Daddy’s not sleepy just yet.” He says, bringing him over to the private room where Tony is sitting up against a few thick pillows. He grins when he sees Stephen and Peter walking in.

“There’s my favourite people.”

“Daddy!” Peter cries, wiggling in Stephen’s arms to be put down on the floor or next to Tony. Tony winces a little at Peter’s loud cry, but the grin and lifts his arms to invite them in.

“Baby boy.”

“Petey, inside voice.” Stephen reminds, going to pour Tony a cup of water. “How are you feeling, babe? Steve said you were being a good patient for him.” He smirks, leaning over to kiss him lightly. Tony hums into the kiss, feeling better already when having his lover and baby boy with him.

“I’m all right, just a bit nauseous.” He replies, swallowing thickly. “Bastard made me eat, so that’s why.” He chuckles, then winces at his use of words in front of Peter. The morphine is making his tongue a little loose. Peter does not seem to mind as he drinks from his bottle eagerly while studying his Daddy closely to determine whether he is okay or not.

“Let me know if it gets worse.” Stephen says, holding the cup up to Tony’s mouth to help him drink. “Is now a good time to tell you Steve was in our bed?” He asks innocently, winking at his partner. Tony nearly chokes on the water at hearing that Steve was in their bed and turns his head away to show he has had enough. Stephen sets the cup aside before turning to Peter.

“Brave baby had an owie, but we fixed it. Didn’t we, Petey?” At the mention of his name, Peter lifts his head up and looks at both his Daddies, blushing a little as he nods.

“What kinda owie?” Tony asks, reaching his hand out to take one of Peter’s feet into his hand, rubbing gently. Peter wiggles his toes with a giggle and then points at his tummy. Tony shoots Stephen a look to get a better explanation.

“He hasn’t been going regularly, or at all, so he was constipated. Enema and diapers for a few days to monitor should fix it, but if it keeps happening we’ll change his diet. He was very brave and good for me.” Stephen explains.

“Oh, baby boy’s tummy is acting up again, poor little one.” Tony coos, squeezing Peter’s foot in his hand. Peter squirms a little and busies himself with drinking from his bottle as his Daddies continuing talking about him. “Any tenderness or bleeding?” Tony asks, his brows knit together in a worried expression.

“None that I can see. I’d assume he’ll be a little achey next time he tries, but that’s to be expected.” Stephen pulls a chair up to beside Tony’s bed. “I’m going to be very familiar with the both of you over the next few weeks.”

Tony hums and lets go of Peter’s foot, but still keeps his arm stretched out. Holding the bottle in one hand, Peter stretches out his other one and plays with Tony’s hand.
“I mean, I miss you two, but I don’t want Peter to end up there.” Tony chuckles and gestures to the empty bed next to his own.

“God please, no.” Stephen groans.

“You’re a bit quiet, baby. You okay?” Tony asks Peter and squeezes his hand. Peter nods slowly and drinks the bottle before pulling it back.

“Da okay?” Peter asks softly, moving as gently as he can to lay down beside Tony. He holds out his hand to Stephen. “Paci, please.”

With a chuckle, Stephen trades the pacifier for the bottle again.

“Hey, baby.” Tony sighs, pulling Peter’s head close to his to inhale his sweet baby scent. “I’m okay, I’m okay. What else have you two been up to?” Tony asks, but mostly Stephen as Peter seems quiet and content in his arms. Peter puts the pacifier in his mouth and relaxes against Tony. He does not feel sleepy, but wants to have quiet time anyway with his Daddy. Stephen hums and stands up to tuck a blanket around Peter.

“Buck needed a B12 shot, so I dealt with it. Then we three had a group nap time that lasted far longer than intended.” Stephen considers it for a minute before sighing. “Petey was trying to be brave because I was worrying about you, poor little guy. His tummy hurt and he was still so good.”

“That’s our brave boy.” Tony coos to Peter who has closed his eyes, suckling on his pacifier in content. “He doesn’t blame himself for what happened to me, does he?” Tony asks Stephen.

“I explained that nothing was his fault. I think he got it, after a little upset. He’s more worried about any pain you might be in.” Stephen stands up to check Tony’s chart and the morphine drip. “Tell me honestly how you’re doing.”

Tony hums as he looks at Peter tucked into his side and kisses his forehead.

“ Honestly? Did Steve say I was lying earlier or what?” Tony chuckles weakly.

“It’s not that, it’s just I know you and you downplay your own pain to protect other people.” Stephen motions between him and Peter for emphasis before he plays with Tony’s hair. “If you tell me, I’ll make it worth your while.”

Tony knows Stephen is right, but still keeps up a brave face.

“What? You’ll suck me off? But, I thought you said sex was off the table.” Tony smirks, wishing he had the strength to sit up more and kiss Stephen.

“More along the lines of giving you the good drugs.” Stephen laughs, dropping his hand down to play with Peter’s hair. “He didn’t tell me his bowel was borderline impacted and you won’t tell me what’s going on. I’m starting to think its personal.” He jokes, but does reach out to take Tony’s hand so he is holding both of his boys. Peter stirs a little and opens his eyes, but then closes them again when he sees that everything seems to be all right. Tony laughs, but then holds his stomach as he winces quietly.

“If I have to choose between morphine and you sucking me off, I’d choose the latter.” Tony says with a wink and squeezes Stephen’s hand in his.

“Did Steve get a chance to wash you earlier or were you difficult?” Stephen asks, frowning when Tony winces. “Babe...” He sighs and checks the morphine, upping it slightly if Tony is starting to
feel more pain.

“You talk about me as if I am one of them.” Tony chuckles, squeezing Peter to his side. The boy opens his eyes, but closes them again and sucks his pacifier harder. “And yes, he did, but I don’t remember much of it.”

“I was just wondering if you were clean for a little inspection.” Stephen says, reaching over to rub Peter’s back to keep him asleep. “Little boy will be in bed early tonight, Pep or Nat can keep an eye on him. I’ll be able to focus on you.”

Tony is about to argue, but the higher dosage of pain relief is making him more relaxed and he nods.

“Tell them to keep an eye on his stomach, yeah?” He adds, lifting his hand to run his fingers through Peter’s curls lazily.

“I will. Poor baby.” Stephen says softly, looking at Peter’s adorable peaceful expression. He gently reaches over to feel Peter’s stomach through his overalls. “He was so good, though. Used the toilet and everything when it was time. I’m proud of him.”

“Hmm, sounds like he was a great champ for you.” Tony says with a low voice, using his index finger to stroke down the bridge of Peter’s little nose. “Do you remember the first time we gave him an enema? He would have aged up if we didn’t give him something to calm down.”

“That was rough for him.” Stephen sighs at the memory of it and shakes his head. “We need to get to the bottom of why this keeps happening. It’s not intentional on Peter’s part and I don’t want him to become reliant on medication or need a stoma down the line. He hasn’t been close to ageing up in a long time, thankfully.”

“Yeah, yeah, me neither.” Tony says, hating the idea of Peter having to live with a stoma. “Maybe we should let Pepper take a look at him? Thoroughly, I mean, for a second opinion.” Tony suggests, keeping his eyes on Peter now that he finally gets to hold him close. The boy’s breathing is getting deeper and heavier and Tony finds the soft breaths soothing and reassuring, knowing that their little boy is okay.

“I’ll ask if she’s available tomorrow morning. We’ll do it somewhere private for his sake.” Stephen gets his phone and sends a text to Pepper explaining the situation and asking her thoughts. The reply is almost immediate and Stephen smiles. “Pep’s office, eight-thirty tomorrow morning.”

“Great. I’ll be there.” Tony jokes. “You think he needs something to stay calm? He was so cute when drugged up when Banner fixed his teeth.” Tony coos, running the tip of his finger over Peter’s brows now, smiling at how his closed eyes twitch just a bit.

“We’ll try to do it without.” Stephen decides after considering it for a moment. “I think it would be good for him to know what’s going on and see what happens when he doesn’t tell us there’s an issue. I’m not angry at him, but I want this to be a learning experience.” He reaches out to hold Tony’s wrist. “He’ll wake up, babe.”

“But, he’s so cute.” Tony pouts, but does not fight back when Stephen takes his wrist and just looks at Peter as the pacifier bobs in his mouth. “Banana bag for breakfast I’d say to avoid vomiting, in case Pep wants to do some more invasive exams right away.”

“Poor little guy is going to get so many treats for this.” Stephen says, rapping Tony’s bottom lip to stop him from pouting. “You, on the other hand, are going to get yourself in trouble.” He teases, playing with Tony’s hair and tugging it just a little harder than he needed to. “I love you.”
Tony groans and closes his eyes in pleasure.

“Fuck, you’re gonna get me horny if you keep doing that.” He says lowly, opening his eyes again and gestures for Stephen to lean over for a kiss. “And I love you too, even though you are treating me like a baby.”

“You’re acting like one.” Stephen says, leaning over and kissing Tony, smiling against the kiss and pats his shoulder. “You’re holding our baby, and you’re going to ruin your bad boy reputation if anyone sees us.”

“I have a reputation?” Tony asks, pretending to be shocked before he remembers that it is time for rounds again. “Can you check me over instead? I’ve had enough of Steve today.” He says with a dismissive hand gesture, but means no actual ill harm with it.

“Drama queen.” Stephen carefully gets his arms below Peter and lifts him out of the bed, bringing him over to the empty one beside Tony. Thankfully, he just pouts in his sleep before going back over and Stephen can drop a blanket over him. He returns to Tony and smiles, pulling on a pair of gloves. “Okay, Mr Stark, can you give me a number for your pain with one being a dull ache to ten being the worst pain you’ve ever felt?”

Tony watches Peter besides him until he hears Stephen’s tone and raises a brow.

“My, my, Doctor Strange.” Tony smirks with a chuckle. “And maybe a three or four.” He answers, watching Stephen closely as he approaches him.

“Manageable but not pleasant?” Stephen asks, pulling back the blankets on the bed. “Any areas that are especially uncomfortable?” He checks the wound first, relieved to see the bandages are still clean white and there does not seem to be any indication that an infection is setting in. He touches the area around it with two light fingers. “Take deep breaths, in and out.”

“Yeah, manageable and nothing like that.” Tony answers, lifting his arms up to rest behind his head. He follows Stephen’s instructions and breaths deeply, trying not to wince when his partner touches around the incision.

“Good.” Stephen says after a few moments. “There’s no sign of anything out of the ordinary. Some swelling and tenderness, but that’s to be expected.” He takes off his gloves and tosses them into the trashcan. “Anything else I can do for you, Mr Stark?”

“Kiss me, Doctor Strange, if you would be so kind.” Tony laughs, gesturing for Stephen to come over. Leaning over, Stephen kisses Tony and puts a hand on his chest. He lets the kiss become deeper than before since Peter is on the other bed and fast asleep. Tony moans into the kiss, lifting a hand to run through Stephen’s hair and then to the back of his neck. But, he cannot make out for long as he tires and gets breathless, but he holds Stephen close so that their foreheads are pressed together.

“Are you sure you can handle Peter by yourself? He can be a handful even when we both are there.” Tony says, genuinely worried he is being a bad Daddy for Peter for not being there for him.

“We’ll be fine. He’s pretty aged down at the minute, so he won't cause much of an issue. If I need help, I'll ask for it.” Stephen says, bringing a hand up to scratch Tony’s scalp gently to help him relax and calm down. “You’ll be out before you know it and we’ll actually get some alone time.”

“Oh, you two are having so much fun without me?” Tony jokes, laying his head back and leaning into Stephen’s hand. His eyelids are growing heavy and he chuckles before speaking quietly. “Now I
know how Peter feels…”

“Of course we miss you. But, being on the ward is the best thing for you right now. We don't want a repeat of Peter's surgery, do we?” Stephen asks, smiling when Tony starts to doze. He tucks the blanket up around him and gives him a light kiss on the forehead. “We’ll see you in the morning, love.”

“Hmm...” Tony hums in reply, already half asleep and does not stir at the sound of Pepper entering the room. She walks over with a smile.

“Thought I’d drop by before getting the little princess ready for bed.” She says, meaning MJ who is still in the playroom. “How are they?” Pepper asks, stopping by Stephen and looking at both Peter and Tony.

“Drugged and tired.” Stephen says, pointing at Tony, then Peter with a smile. Standing up, he walks over to Peter's bed. “This is what I wanted your opinion on. He's having Timmy trouble and I'm not sure if it's a fear of going, or embarrassment, or something serious.” He pulls back the blanket and very carefully opens the dungarees to expose Peter’s abdomen. “His stomach was out to about here.” He says, hovering his hand over Peter to demonstrate.

“Ouch!” Pepper winces, guessing Peter would have been in a lot of pain while being so bloated. Now, his stomach looks flat and rises and falls gently as he breathes. “So, you gave him an enema then?” She guesses and goes over to feel Peter’s abdomen very gently as not to disturb him.

“Yeah, I used a regular, lukewarm solution. I didn't want to scare him too much with using water that was any warmer.” Stephen explains, watching Pepper's gentle hands. The difference from earlier when Peter would scream if anyone tried to touch him to now was a relief, but upsetting too when Stephen considers how much pain he would have been in.

“Hmm, that’s good, he seems all right, for now. But, I'll take a more thorough look tomorrow like we agreed.” Pepper says, pulling back. “And I’d like to hear it from him too, of course. Maybe while you are not in the room.” She says to Stephen.

“Sure.” He agrees. “I do think he's worried about upsetting me because I told him I needed him to be good for me while Tony is in recovering.” Stephen does not look Pepper in the eye as he finally admits it. “It was shitty and I'm the worst, I know.”

“Christ, Stephen, of course you aren’t.” Pepper assures in a hurry, placing a hand on his arm. “I would have told MJ the same if I was in a similar situation.”

Stephen sighs and nods.

“Logically, I recognise that. Emotionally, I’m going to buy Peter a bunch of Duplo.” Stephen chuckles and gets the dungarees back on Peter. “Any plans for the tummy situation? Apart from a diet change and more fibre, I’m not sure.”

“Buy the Duplo, but wait with the diet changes until I get a look at him tomorrow morning. For now, get the darling in bed, yeah?” Pepper suggests. “Will you bring Thor or Steve along to help with Peter or do you think you can handle him by yourself? He’s always well behaved for me for some reason.” She says and looks at Peter fondly as he sleeps.

“I’ll try to handle it myself. I think he’s more comfortable when there are fewer grown ups around. Poor baby.” Stephen sighs, rubbing Peter’s tummy gently before tucking his arms under him. “I’ll get him tucked in and we’ll come see you bright and early tomorrow morning. Thank you again, Pep.”
“Don’t thank me yet.” Pepper smiles as she heads out of the room with Stephen, but goes in the opposite direction to head to the playroom to fetch MJ and get her to bed. Peter stirs a little when he is lifted up and cracks his eyes half open.

“Da…?”

“Shh, baby boy.” Stephen whispers, cuddling Peter close. “Do you want to sleep with me tonight?” He asks softly, heading down the hall. The lights have been dimmed and it is quieter than normal, so he assumes the littlest ones have been put down to bed and the rest of the bigger littles are on their way.

“Hmm…” Peter hums sleepily with a nod before dropping his head back on Stephen’s shoulder, blissfully unaware of what is to come the next day. When Stephen gets Peter into their room, he lays him down on the bed. After changing his diaper, brushing his teeth and dressing him in a soft sleeper, Stephen gives Peter a pacifier and tucks the blankets up around him. Then, the doctor makes a cup of tea for himself and changes into his own pyjamas, turning on the TV when he is sure Peter is asleep. He watches half an episode of his favourite show before going to bed too.

Chapter End Notes

An exam with Pepper next up! Thank you very much for reading and as always, feedback is very much appreciated xx
Chapter Summary

Stephen brings Peter to Pepper for a second opinion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun is shining through the window, but Peter’s pacifier is no where to be seen and Peter sits up with a pout. He crawls over to poke his Daddy’s cheek. When he feels Peter move around, Stephen sleepily reaches out and arm and pulls him close.

“It’s not wake up time yet, baby boy.” He mumbles, wrapping his arms around Peter to stop him from crawling off the edge of the bed. Peter makes a quiet yelp when he is pulled back on the bed, but quickly cuddles up to his Daddy.

“Daddy warm...” He mumbles with a smile, resting his cheek against Stephen’s chest and enjoying the warm morning cuddles. When Peter actually lays back down, Stephen lets himself doze off again. He keeps one arm around Peter's back and one hand on his bum, patting it gently. He finally wakes up enough to start their day and presses a kiss to the top of Peter's head.

“Good morning, sunshine.”

Peter makes a pleased, little noise and lifts his head to meet his Daddy’s eyes.

“Mornin’, Da...” He mumbles, rubbing at his eyes as a yawn tugs on his jaws. “Paci gone...” He says with a pout, looking around the bed again.

“Did you lose your paci?” Stephen smiles, reaching over to feel around the bed. He discovers it tucked halfway below his own pillow and sucks it quickly to clean it before offering it to Peter. “Did you have nice dreams?”

“Uh huh!” Peter grins, sitting up on his knees and takes the pacifier. ”I dreamt I was a pilot!” Peter explains, stretching his arms out as if they were wings and making some air plane noises before putting the pacifier in his mouth with a giggle.

“Wow! That was a really fun dream.” Stephen smiles. “I had a dream that you and I made a pretty cake and went on a picnic with Daddy.” He reaches out to tickle Peter's stomach before pulling himself into a more upright position. “Should we get dressed and go visit Auntie Pep before breakfast?”

Peter gasps at the idea of a picnic and is about to beg for one, but he is distracted by the tickling and flops down on the bed again, placing his feet on his Daddy’s chest to stop him from tickling more.

“But, hungry, Daddy.” Peter pouts.

“We can get breakfast as soon as we're done saying good morning to Auntie Pep. What do you want today, honey bunny?” Stephen asks, wrapping his hands around Peter's ankles and moving his legs up and down playfully. Peter giggles and lets his Daddy play with his legs while he thinks of what
he wants for breakfast.

“Pancakes! With banana and PB! Please?” He asks, sticking his bottom lip out, hoping that will get him what he wants.

“I'm sorry, I don't speak pouty baby. Can you please try that again?” Stephen asks, not wanting to start the day off on a bad note. He slides one hand up to tickle the sole of Peter's foot before letting them drop down to his chest again. Peter frowns a little, but then giggles and asks again with his big boy words.

“Can I have pancakes with banana, please?” He asks, talking slowly so that he does not mess up the words.

“Yes, you may." Stephen says, ruffling Peter's hair as he gets out of the bed. “How’s your tummy feeling this morning? Do you need to potty?” He asks, opening his arms so Peter can climb over and be carried to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

“Is okay.” Peter says, crawling over and settling on Stephen’s hip with ease. “But, hungry.” He says again and lets himself be brought to the bathroom.

“I know you're hungry, babe. We're going to get some breakfast very soon.” Stephen promises tapping Peter's nose as he brings him into the bathroom. “Do you want to try going potty and Daddy will wash your face?”

“Uh huh.” Peter agrees and stands still so that his Daddy can take off his sleeper and the diaper before setting him on the toilet. “Pull-up, please?” He asks nicely, wiggling his toes as he tries to relax his bladder.

“Will you be a brave boy and tell Daddy when you have to go potty?” Stephen asks, bringing over a facecloth and gently wiping Peter's face, neck and hands. He tosses it into the hamper after the sleeper and rubs his back gently. “No holding it in, Petey.”

Peter giggles as the facecloth tickles and then nods eagerly.

“Promise!” He says with a smile and then tries to focus on relaxing again. After a moment, he manages to relieve himself and gestures to his Daddy that he is done.

“Good job, baby boy. Should we make a chart like Buck has so you can earn stickers every time you make it?” Stephen asks, cleaning Peter up and helping him stand again. “If you have an accident, it's okay and Daddy won't be mad. Just no using your pull-up because you don't want to go potty, okay? If you do that, you're back in diapers.” He offers out a pull-up decorated with unicorns. Peter squeals in excitement at the idea of a chart, but turns more serious when Stephen warns him.

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter nods, becoming a little shy and looking down at the floor while wiggling his toes.

“I'm serious, baby. You have to tell me, even if you're not sure. It's very important.” Stephen gets Peter's toothbrush. “Open your mouth, please.” He prompts, starting to clean his teeth for him. “Can you make a big boy promise that you'll tell me?”

“Uh huh!” Peter says, but not very clearly as his mouth is open, so he bounces on his feet to show that he means it.

“Good boy.” Stephen smiles and once he finishes getting Peter ready, he directs the boy back into the bedroom. “Daddy has get ready now. Can you pick a toy and wait for me? You can play in
Daddies’ bed if you stay in the middle and don’t jump.”

Peter skips over to his shelf where all his toys are kept in boxes. Choosing his play doctor kit with a grin, he climbs back onto the bed along with a stuffie.

“Check up!” Peter announces, both to Stephen and to his stuffie before opening his kit and beginning to play. After a few moments, Stephen returns fresh from the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist, laughing at the sight of Peter’s stuffie getting a full check up. Reaching over, he helps Peter put a bandage in place.

“Are you fixing this little one up, Doctor Petey?”

“Yupp! Baby seal said her foot hurt, but I fixed her!” Peter says with a proud smile, showing his stuffie to his Daddy before cradling her to his chest. “Is okay, lil’ one, is okay.” He coos and kisses her head.

“You’re very good at your job, Doctor Petey.” Stephen says, going to grab his clothes for the day. He dresses comfortably and goes to sit with Peter. “Can we take Baby Seal with us to see Auntie Pep or does she need to rest?”

Peter grabs baby seal and holds her tightly to his chest with a sharp nod.

“Gotta keep an eye on her- her... vitals!” Peter finally remembers and bounces on the bed with a grin, feeling very proud for using a grown up word that he has heard his Daddies use all the time. “Gonna play with MJ?” He asks, crawling over to Stephen to be in his arms.

“Good word, baby boy.” Stephen smiles, standing when he has Peter in his arms. “MJ has dance class this morning, so she won’t be there. We’re going to see Auntie Pep in her office.” He explains, bringing him down the hall and bouncing him playfully. Peter hums thoughtfully. He wants to go to dance class too, but he remembers the time he went and just ended up falling on his bum and crying in front of everyone, so he does not whine to his Daddy about going to join MJ.

“Can we see Da after?” He asks instead, lifting baby seal up to Stephen’s face and making the stuffie kiss his cheek.

“We’ll see Da after breakfast.” Stephen says, turning his face so he can kiss baby seal back. “Thank you for the nice kisses, lovely, very kind of you.” He knocks on Pepper’s door, moving Peter into his other arm. “Promise to tell me if you need to potty, even if we’re talking to Auntie Pep?”

“Uh huh. Promise.” Peter says, clutching his stuffie as he grows a little nervous about going to a doctor’s office that is not his Daddies’. Seeing Stephen enter along with Peter, Pepper puts aside a file on her desk and goes to say hello to them.

“Good morning, Peter, you’re looking cute today.” Pepper comments as she comes over, hoping the attention and compliments will make for a good start of the appointment and make it go smoothly for Peter. “Morning, Steph.”

“Good morning.” Stephen smiles, cuddling Peter a little closer. “Can you say good morning?” He asks Peter, smiling when he tucks his head down shyly. Peter looks up after a few moments, hiding his mouth behind baby seal.

“Morning, Aunt Pep.” He mumbles as he slides his hand across to clutch Stephen’s shirt.

“Oh, who’s this little darling that you’ve got with you, Petey?” Pepper asks with a gasp, stroking the stuffie’s soft fur and tapping a finger under Peter’s chin to get him to smile. She can tell that the little
one is uneasy, as she guesses Stephen has not told him about the appointment, so she starts easy with some small talk to get the boy to relax.

“Baby seal…” Peter says, tucking his head into Stephen's shoulder shyly. He holds her out to show Pepper, mostly to give them space between each other. “She’s little and small and I take care of her.” He explains in case anyone gets any ideas about giving her a treatment. “She's a brave baby.”

Pepper studies the stuffie with keen interest and nods at what Peter is saying with a smile.

“You take care of her? That’s really nice of you. Just like your Daddies take care of you, huh?” She asks, making some eye contact with Stephen too, but keeping most of her attention on Peter.

“No, she’s a little baby.” Peter corrects, taking her back into his arms and cuddling her close. He looks at Stephen and frowns. “Want to see Da now, please.” He is starting to get the wiggly feeling in his stomach that he gets just before a shot, and he is almost sure it is because Pepper is acting very doctor-y.

“Not yet, baby.” Stephen says and bounces Peter in his arms. “Auntie Pep is going to take a super quick look at you and then we’ll go get breakfast and then we’ll go see Da. Okay?” He explains, rubbing Peter’s back.

“Then you can tell your Da how brave you were for us, yeah?” Pepper adds with a friendly smile.

“Hmm, no thank you.” Peter decides, trying to wiggle out of his Daddy's arms. He decides he does not want to see Auntie Pep anymore if she is going to be Doctor Auntie Pep instead of MJ's Mommy Auntie Pep. Plus, he has got his own Doctor Daddies who poke at him when he does not feel good. He points at the door. “Go see Da now, thank you.”

“After, Peter.” Stephen reminds and pats the boy’s bum as he follows Pepper into the exam room in her office.

“You'll see your Da before you know it, darling.” Pepper assures with a smile, getting a chart to make some notes in for the questioning. Stephen sits down on a chair opposite Pepper, holding Peter steady in his lap.

“No…” Peter says softly as he turns to look at Stephen. He pouts and his eyes are shiny with tears as he tries to wiggle free. “Please, Daddy. Don't want Aunt Pep, I want Da.” He says, dropping baby seal while he desperately tries to see Stephen's face.

“Peter, we are talking to Auntie Pep now and that’s final. We are just trying to make you better, which is exactly what Da wants for you. Can you be good for him like you promised me yesterday?” Stephen speaks more sternly now, but leans down to pick up the stuffie and offers it to Peter again. “Make Daddy and I proud, yeah?” He asks, bouncing Peter on his lap once.

“I sit there?” Peter asks, pointing to a chair in the corner. The mention of making his Daddies' proud makes Peter's stomach ache a little. He wants to make them proud and happy, but he does not want to go through another check when the treatment from last night was so gross. He shakes his head at the offer of baby seal. “Daddy keep.” He says, guessing Stephen needs a stuffie friend to cuddle.

“All right, baby, but you’ll sit right here and answer Pep’s questions.” Stephen says as he holds the stuffie. “I won’t tolerate any lies, understood? No matter how embarrassing it may be, Pep and I need you to tell the truth, okay?” He explains and Pepper nods in agreement.

“We won’t laugh at you for anything, Petey.” Pepper adds. Peter blushes at the mention of embarrassing questions being asked, but nods obediently anyway. He swings his feet
absentmindedly and watches them sway back and forth to avoid having to look at the grown ups.

“‘Kay.” He mumbles after a few beats of silence.

“There’s my good boy.” Stephen praises and kisses Peter’s temple before he gives Pepper a nod.

“Peter, how are you feeling right now?” Pepper begins.

“I’m good.” Peter says, trying his best to fight through the nerves and shyness to do his best. He takes Stephen’s hand and clutches as tightly as his own little fingers can manage. “Miss my Da.”

“Yeah, I understand that, Peter.” Pepper nods sympathetically. Stephen squeezes Peter’s hand back to reassure him that he is there for him. “Does it feel icky in your body when you miss your Da?” She asks further.

Peter thinks for a while before shaking his head.

“I don’t think so?”

“All right.” Pepper says and writes something in the chart before moving on. “And how have you felt lately?” She asks and Stephen tries his hardest not to cuddle Peter too much, as that would distract him from answering the questions. Peter looks at his Daddy for help answering the questions. He slowly slides his hand up to put his thumb in his mouth, then shrugs while he tries to think hard about what Pepper is asking.

“Dunno…” Peter mumbles, trying not to get upset. Stephen smiles down at Peter warmly and rubs at his tummy, but does not answer the question for him. Pepper notices how Peter seems to get upset.

“It’s okay to be upset, Peter, we won’t laugh at you. Tell me what you’re thinking about.” Pepper prompts with a gentle tone.

“I don’t know.” Peter says, frowning when he sees that Stephen is smiling. Peter wiggles to get out of his hold and pats at his hand. "Let go, please.” He says, trying to use his polite voice while struggling to get away.

“Just a moment, Peter. Be good for Pep, me and Da, yeah? Like you promised?” Stephen says to remind Peter to be good and holds him steady on his lap.

“Your Daddies have told me that you’ve had some tummy problems, Petey. Tell me what kind tummy problems.” Pepper prompts with a gentle smile.

“Tummy hurts.” Peter starts gently, putting a hand on in to show Pepper. “Owie and twisty.” He pats at Stephen’s hands again, wanting a distraction from the conversation. Thinking for a few moments, Peter blushes a little and motions for Pepper to come closer. “Bum hurts.” He whispers, his face turning bright red.

Pepper leans over and nods.

“I see. You’re a very brave boy for telling me that.” She praises and strokes Peter’s cheek before sitting back and writing in the chart.

“Brave boy.” Stephen murmurs, planting a kiss to his boy’s temple.

“Has it been owie for a long time?” Pepper asks. After Peter thinks about it, he nods and leans back against Stephen so he can feel his Daddy close.
“Hurts lots. Little owies, then big.” Peter pouts and takes Stephen’s hand, placing it on his own tummy to protect it. Stephen rubs gently at Peter’s tummy to soothe him.

“It is a sharp pain or more dull?” Pepper asks, listening closely.

“Changes.” The boy mumbles, putting his hand over Stephen’s so he can keep his Daddy as close as possible. “Sometimes owie, sometimes really owie.”

“Hmm.” Pepper nods. “Is it owie after you eat?” she asks, hoping to get as much information out of Peter as possible before turning to Stephen. Peter nods and turns to look at his Daddy.

“Hurts when we eat big stuff.” He says, reaching up to play with Stephen’s hair to distract himself. “Like fries…”

Stephen chuckles and lets Peter play with his hair, considering how he is answering Pepper’s questions.

“Like fries. What else makes your tummy hurt, darling?” Pepper asks.

“Um... Treat food?” Peter guesses. “Pizza ‘n stuff, but don’t get those because Daddy says they’re bad.” Peter explains.

“All right. Thank you for telling me, Peter. That was really good and brave of you to do.” Peppers smiles before making some notes in her chart. Stephen pulls Peter’s face close and kisses his cheek so that he squishes his face.

“Daddy’s so proud of you, baby.”

“Proud of you too.” Peter says softly, giggling when his face gets squished. He points at the door and bounces lightly. “Da and breakfast?”

“Not yet, baby. Pep’s just gonna take a look at you very quickly.” Stephen says and gets up along with Pepper. She goes over to fetch a few things and puts some gloves on while Stephen lifts Peter onto the exam table. He makes the boy sit up at first and rubs his thighs. “You’ve been so good for us so far. Can you hold on a little longer?” Stephen asks.

“I wanna see Da…” Peter says, looking at the door sadly and holding onto Stephen’s hands. The boy looks over to see if he can work out what Auntie Pep is doing before looking back at his Daddy. “Gonna poke me?”

“Pep has to poke you to find out why your tummy hurts.” Stephen says with an apologetic face, kissing Peter’s forehead and squeezing his hands.

“I’ll numb you up before I poke you, sweetie.” Pepper assures, bringing over the tube of numbing cream and showing it to Peter.

“Where you poking?” Peter asks nervously, shaking his head at the thought of having to be numbed. He wiggles in the spot and reaches out for Stephen. “Daddy hold.” The crinkly cover on the exam table is scratching his legs and everything feels too hot. If he was not up so high, Peter would probably jump off the table and run away.

“Ohay, I’ll hold you, baby.” Stephen says and moves to lift Peter and sits down with him on his lap.

“Right there, but it’s a tiny, tiny poke and you won’t even feel it.” Pepper says with a smile and Stephen takes hold of Peter’s wrist to hold his arm out. Very gently, Pepper applies some of the
cream onto the crook of Peter’s elbow. “We’ll let that be for a bit.” Pepper says and puts the cream aside to fetch her stethoscope.

“I want to see Da.” Peter says before he starts to cry. He tries to pull his arm away and wails louder when Pepper returns with the stethoscope. “No! Not my friend.” He says with tears running down his face. “Go ‘way!”

“Peter, it’s okay.” Stephen comforts, squeezing Peter to his chest and hoping the light pressure will ground him. Pepper takes a step back and lets Stephen comfort his boy. “I’m here and we’ll go see Da in a bit, okay? But, we have to do this first. Nothing’s going to hurt and you have nothing to be afraid of.”

“Want Da to do it.” Peter cries, still trying to struggle out of Stephen’s hold. He moves his legs around to try to get free, but only manages to hit his foot on one of the legs of the exam table. He wails even louder, leaning his head back and hiccuping.

“Da can’t do that right now, baby, I’m sorry, but it’s me and Pep right now.” Stephen tries to reason, but Peter does not seem to be listening. He curses at himself for not holding Peter steady and winces in sympathy when Peter hits his leg. “Hey, hey, you’re okay, baby. You’re okay.” Stephen shushes, turning Peter in his lap so that they are facing one another and holds his baby properly, rocking him gently and cradling his head in one hand.

“Want my Da.” Peter chokes out, taking gasping breaths as he tries to continue crying so his Daddy knows he is upset. Baby seal falls to the ground, setting Peter off into another round of distressed tears. “Bad Daddy! Lemme go!”

“Peter, that’s not nice. I understand that you are upset, but you are not allowed to say such things.” Stephen says a little sternly, but holds Peter close and rubs his back. “Please, be good for me and Pep and make Da proud too, yeah?” He argues and mouths a ‘thank you’ to Pepper who leans down to pick up the stuffie that fell to the floor.

Peter gives Stephen his grumpiest look before folding his arms tightly and refusing to take baby seal when Pepper tries to pass her over. He pouts as he waits for his breathing to go back to normal and the tears to stop, frustrated he is not getting his own way no matter how many times he tries to tell them. Once Peter stops crying, Stephen uses his thumbs to wipe away the tears and kisses the boy’s nose.

“Are you done with your tantrum now and ready to be a good Daddies’ boy?” Stephen asks, bouncing Peter on his lap to try and get him to cheer up.

“Still don’t want.” Peter mutters, bringing his thumb up to his mouth to suck on it. Peter’s arm is numb and he shakes it to try to get the feeling back, avoiding Pepper’s smiles at him as she tries to get things together.

“I understand that, baby, but you have to be brave for us.” Stephen smiles, stroking the sides of Peter’s face. When Peter shakes his arm, Stephen takes hold of it and runs a finger over the crook of it. “Can you feel that?”

Tugging away his arm, Peter shakes his head.

“No touch.” He points at the bed and tries to get away from Stephen again, not sure what he wants, but being completely overwhelmed with the sudden numbness and someone who is not his Daddy poking at him.
“Let’s get the blood sample.” Stephen says to Pepper who readies the supplies. “We have to touch for a little bit, baby, and then you can have a lollipop after. Can you think about which flavour you want?” Stephen asks and arranges Peter so that he is properly sat on his lap, but still facing him. He takes a hold of Peter’s wrist again, holding his arm out for Pepper to wrap the rubber band around his upper arm. When Peter knows he is about to get poked, he closes his eyes tightly and tries to do his breathing.

“What a brave baby!” Stephen praises when he hears Peter do his breathing exercises. The boy does not feel the needle going in, but he still does not like it. When Pepper is putting a bandaid on and Peter can open his eyes again, he points at the door.

“Go see Da now?”

“Not just yet, we are almost done.” Stephen says and after getting a nod from Pepper, he lifts Peter up and lays him down on the exam table. He lifts Peter’s shirt up and strokes his sides. “Pep’s gotta feel your little tummy first.”

Pleased to know that it is all over soon, Peter nods slowly and lets himself be put down on the table. He points to his tummy so Pepper knows where to feel and looks at Stephen.

“Lollipop?” He asks, holding his other hand out expectantly, making sure Stephen can see the bandaid on his arm.

“Yes, yes.” Stephen chuckles, but stays close to Peter in case he becomes difficult when Pepper tries to examine him. “Can you think about which flavour you want?” He asks while Pepper comes over and just lays a hand on Peter’s hip for now so that she does not frighten him.

“A purple and a red, please.” Peter decides quickly, looking at Pepper’s hand and then turning his attention back to Daddy. He motions for Stephen to come close and whispers in his ear. “’Nother poke?”

“Auntie Pep is just going to feel your tummy. Daddy and I have done it plenty, remember?” Stephen says, moving to stand by Peter’s head and running his fingers through his hair to distract him.

“Don’t tense up, sweetheart, and tell me if anything hurts, okay?” Pepper instructs, tickling Peter’s tummy to get him to smile. Peter cannot help but giggle when Pepper tickles his tummy, trying to wiggle away playfully. He nods at her question and tries to relax back before he can get in trouble, knowing he has been pushing his luck all morning and there are two lollipops on the line if he is bad again.

“There’s a good boy.” Pepper smiles and begins to feel Peter’s abdomen gently, pressing her fingertips in to feel each organ for anything abnormal.

“Just breathe, baby.” Stephen instructs, leaning down to kiss Peter’s forehead while playing with his hair. The pressing is uncomfortable and Peter’s face scrunches up.

“Don’t like.” Peter says, reaching down to take Pepper’s hand so he can lift it off his tummy. He ghosts his own hand over the spot and tries his best to be brave. “Here owie.”

Pepper follows where Peter is pointing to the middle of his lower abdomen. The doctor places a gentle hand on the spot and then puts a bit of pressure on it.

“Does it hurt more when I touch it?” Pepper asks and Stephen takes hold of Peter’s hands so that he does not disturb her examination.
“Little bit.” The boy says, squeezing Stephen’s hands as firmly as he can with his own little fingers. “Hurts lots sometimes, mostly before bedtime.” He tries to explain. “Icky and owie.”

“Before bedtime, huh?” Pepper repeats, nodding her head as he presses and feels around some more. There is some tenderness and Peter’s abdominal muscles become tense. “What about going to the potty, Peter? Does that hurt?”

“Uh huh. Doesn't always, but is owie sometimes.” Peter says, blushing brightly at Pepper’s question. “Um, dunno.” He tries, shrugging and avoiding looking at either of the grown ups. “Uncle Thor let me go potty on my own!” He says, hoping to change the subject.

“Peter, the sooner you answer Auntie Pep’s questions, the sooner we can go get your lollipops.” Stephen says, squeezing Peter’s hands in his own to get his attention.

“Does it hurt to go potty, Peter? Do you hold it in? It's really important that you tell us the truth, sweets.” Pepper says, stopping with the palpating motions of her hands, but keeps a hand on Peter’s hip.

“Sometimes hold if I have a pull-up.” Peter finally mumbles out. “Don’t wanna stop playing to go so hold it.” Peter thinks for a moment before glancing away from Pepper and keeping his eyes on the window. “Hurts a little, sometimes. Won't come out.” He adds after a second. He keeps a tight grip on Stephen and chews on his bottom lip shyly. The two doctor share a look. They know that they will have to wait with making a diagnosis, at least till the blood work comes back, but they have to say something about Peter holding it right away even if it might not be the cause of his pains, even though it most likely is.

“Peter, it’s not good to hold it in. If you feel like you have to go, then you have to go. And find Da, me or another grown up if you need help, yeah? No one will laugh at you.” Stephen assures.

“But…” Peter trails off and sighs softly. “But, MJ and Bucky don’t need help.” He explains, not liking the idea of announcing he needs help pottying when they are trying to play. “Don't like grown ups knowing.” Peter brings his thumb up to his mouth to suck on it as he tries to ignore that Stephen and Pepper keep giving each other looks when he speaks, hoping he is not in trouble.

“I understand, baby, but no one will laugh at you. You can just come whisper in our ear and no one else will know, yeah?” Stephen says and lets go of one of Peter’s hands so that he can find the comfort he needs. “The alternative is that we give you medicine that makes it impossible for you to hold it.” Stephen says and Pepper nods in agreement. “So, which is it going to be? Are you going to be good and tell us when you need to go or get medicine?”

“What?!” Peter says, going pale at the idea of not being able to hold. “Not a little baby! I can go potty, Daddy, promise.” His breathing quickens a little and he shakes his head. “Can be big and tell you, no medicine please.” He begs.

“That’s Daddy’s good boy.” Stephen smiles, pleased to hear that Peter submitted without a fight. “Then, I think we are done.” Pepper announces with a smile, removing her gloves and tossing them in the trash. Giving Peter a kiss on each cheek, Stephen moves around the exam table and lifts Peter into his arms, cuddling him close.

“All done, baby boy. You made Daddy so proud.” Stephen coos, swaying the baby gently. Wrapping his arms and legs around Stephen, Peter tucks his face into his neck and clings to him as tightly as he can. He leans back and shows his Daddy the bandaid again, pouting sadly.

“Lollipops, please?” He asks, rubbing Stephen’s cheek with his fingers gently. Stephen tries to bite
Peter’s fingers playfully, making a little growling noise and snapping his jaws. Peter giggles at his Daddy’s game, tugging away his hand and hiding it before offering it back to Stephen to do again.

“Yes, darling, red and purple lollipops coming up.” Pepper says and goes to fetch the sugar-free candy from the cupboard. She hands them to Peter and lets him busy himself with them while addressing Stephen. “I would have liked to perform a digital rectal exam too, but I doubt he will let me.” Pepper chuckles. Peter grins at the lollipops, taking one in each hand and waving them like wands. Stephen laughs at the suggestion and shakes his head.

“No, I don’t think we’ll get that now. Maybe we can get him set up in the ward with Tony and try.” He suggests and sways Peter from side to side, pleased to see him in a better mood.

“My thoughts exactly. And maybe we can get a urine sample too.” Pepper says before adding. “Do you want to get breakfast before that? You must both be hungry.”

“Thank you, Pep. I’ll let you know when we’re ready to go again.” Stephen says, settling Peter on his hip.

“You’re both welcome. Just page me and I’ll get there as soon as I can.” Pepper says with a smile. Stephen nods before turning to Peter again.

“Let’s go get some breakfast, baby boy. Do you want some milk in a cup today too?”

“Uh huh!” Peter nods before turning his attention back to his lollipops, trying hard to get it out of the wrapping until he gives up with a huff and hands the red lollipop to his Daddy. “Daddy help?”

“I can help as soon as we have eaten our breakfast, baby. Candy this early will make you sick.” Stephen explains. “But you can hold onto it tight and we’ll open it up soon.” He says, mouthing Pepper another ‘thank you’ as he leaves her office. The doctor brings the boy into the kitchen and sets him in his hair chair. “Remember to tell me if you need to go potty.” He says, turning on the radio and beginning to put Peter’s meal together.

Peter pouts a little when he is set into his chair, but is quickly distracted by the music from the radio and uses his lollipops to drum on the table. Returning with a little plastic plate and a matching sippy cup, Stephen sets it down on the tray for Peter and smiles at him.

"Can you be a big boy and eat up for me, honey?"

Peter picks up a piece of banana and begins to eat, but he is soon distracted by Thor who comes into the kitchen with Loki on his shoulders.

“Horsie, run faster!” Loki squeals, but huffs when he realises Thor is not obeying him.

“Morning, Doc. Morning, buddy.” Thor says to both Stephen and Peter as he lifts Loki off his shoulders and sets him down on the floor.

“Good morning, Thor. Good morning, Loki. Did you have nice dreams?” Stephen asks, smiling at how happy and relaxed the little one seems to be. Peter waves shyly and offers his lollipop over to Thor, hoping he would take the hint and open it up for him. Loki hops over to Stephen to see what he is making, standing on his tippy toes to peer over the counter.

“I dreamt I was riding a huuuge elephant!” Loki giggles, bouncing up and down. Thor pats Peter’s head with a smile.

“An elephant?” Stephen asks, gasping dramatically and running his hand through Loki’s soft hair.
“Were you up so high and waving hello?” He picks Loki up and holds him on his hip, offering him a bite of toast. Loki giggles when he is lifted up and nods eagerly at the questions. But, he will not be hand-fed like a baby and takes the toast into his own hand before eating.

“Eat up, bud, and then I’ll help you with that. Oh! You have two. Were you a brave boy for your Daddy or what?” The nurse asks because he knows lollipops are only handed out after exams or procedures. Peter nods enthusiastically and waves the candy around.

“Gotta poke!”

“You did? Did it hurt a lot?” Thor asks, admiring Peter’s cool Barbie bandaid and ruffling his hair.

“Nuh-uh, was brave.” Peter grins, moving his arm around so Thor can see more of the bandaid. Stephen sets Loki down at the table with his toast and shakes his head with a laugh.

“He wasn’t impressed that he wasn’t getting his own way. We got as far as touching his stomach and took it as a win.”

“Oh, more tummy trouble?” Thor asks, getting a little worried. He goes to get Loki a cup of juice and sets it next to the boy’s plate.

“Yeah, I had to do a little last minute procedure on him yesterday, then brought him to Pep this morning for a second opinion.” Stephen explains, letting Peter try to feed himself when he is comfortable enough too. “Can you make sure he’s using the t-o-i-l-e-t when he’s with you and Steve, please?”

“Oh, poor bud.” Thor says, keeping his voice quiet as not to upset Peter and distract Loki from his meal. “And will do.” The nurse says with a nod.

“Daddy, juice too please?” Peter asks, pointing at Loki’s cup of apple juice.

“You’ve got milk, buddy.” Stephen points out, tapping the spout of the sippy cup for Peter to see. He smiles at him and reaches over to fix the straps of the high chair so they are not falling down his shoulders, bopping his nose quickly.

“But, juice, Da! I’m a big boy too...” Peter argues, getting his best pout on. Loki raises his head from his food, sensing a tantrum and watches the two grown ups carefully for what they will do next.

“Eat up, buddy, then we can check out the library.” Thor says and points to the plate, getting Loki’s attention back to his food.

“Yes, but your milk is already in your cup. It would be wasteful to pour it down the drain.” Stephen says calmly. He taps Peter’s lips to remind him not to pout and then glances over at Loki and smiles. “Tell you what, if you finish your milk and are still thirsty, you can have some juice before nap time.”

Peter grins in return and nods his head, pleased that he got his way, at least more or less.

“Hmm!” He hums and grabs his sippy cup, drinking from it eagerly.

“Can we read the worm story?” Loki asks Thor who is now sat next to him.

“Good boy.” Stephen praises, playing with Peter’s hair as he drinks down his milk. He smiles at Loki’s question and glances to Thor who is already nodding. “I do like the worm story. We should see if it’s available when we get to the library.”
Both of the littles nod eagerly at the plan and finish their food quickly before their caregivers bring them to the library for some reading time. Stephen sighs a little in relief when Peter seems to have forgotten about Tony for now, happy to know that his partner will get some much needed rest when Peter is not bouncing around. He also hopes that Peter’s blood work comes back all good, so that they do not have to investigate further and can make less invasive changes by changing Peter’s diet.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! That's the end of this long bit ahah and FINALLY we are onto the flashback scene! It consists of 7-8 chapters (still editing the last bits) and you guys will learn how Peter ended up at the facility. I hope you guys are excited because I am! Soph and I really had a lot of fun with this one and can't wait to see what you guys think of it c:
Also, I am working on a fact list/masterpost for this AU on my Tumblr professional-benaddict. If you want to, you can head over there and send in questions that Soph and I will answer in the post. You can find all the extra stuff under the tag 'little patients' xx
Chapter Summary

Flashback scene: Peter arrives at the facility for the first time and meets Stephen and Tony. T’Challa is a police officer and is in charge of a whole team that specialise in cases concerning Littles. There is also a new concept being introduced here and that is a classification system for Littles, which is low, moderate and high care. All the Littles at the facility are high care Littles.

Chapter Notes

Finally!! Time for the flashback scene. I hope you guys enjoy this one because Soph and I really did ahah xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Stephen? Tony?” Thor knocks on the on call room with a phone pressed to his chest, relieved to find both doctors by the table with a cup of coffee each. “T’Challa’s got a high care neglected little with him who needs medical attention. Can you guys take it or shall I tell him to go to the hospital instead?” The nurse asks. Stephen and Tony glance at each other before both standing up.

“We can take it.” Stephen says, leading them out of the room.

“When you say neglected, how bad are we talking?” Tony asks, holding out his hand to take Thor's phone so he can speak to T’Challa. Thor puts the phone on speaker before handing it over, following the two doctors to get everything ready for whatever the little needs.

“Not abused physically as far as I can see, but he has a bad cold, maybe even a chest infection.” T’Challa replies with sirens in the background.

“We can handle a bad cold.” Tony says, pushing open the door to the ward. He points Thor to an empty bed and begins looking through supplies. “Any idea of an age range for us? I’m guessing the previous CG didn’t provide a diaper bag when you arrived.”

Thor gets the bed ready while Stephen fetches supplies for an IV and saline bags.

“He’s 19 based on my info, but little age is hard to determine. He keeps going back and forth. And no, she didn’t.” T’Challa says, but suddenly there is another voice crying out.

“Want Mama now!” A teary voice cries and Stephen stops what he is doing briefly, feeling his chest tighten just a bit at the vulnerable cry.

“Steph, can you go grab some clothes from the supply closet, please?” Tony asks, knowing the look on his partner’s face and not wanting him to get upset before the little one even arrives. “I think Nat mentioned there are some stuffies there that she recently washed.” He adds, smiling when Stephen leaves the ward a little quicker than necessary before turning his attention back to the call. “Is he
“More like a tantrum, but he tried to hit me earlier, but I think Jarvis just frightened him.” T’Challa explains, referring to the police dog who’s panting in the back of the car. “Hey- little one, I got you, we’re almost there. There are some very nice doctors and nurses waiting to make you all better.” T’Challa says with a softer voice, but the other voice whimpers and then wails in return.

“WANT MAMA!” The little cries and T’Challa curses under his breath.

“We’ll be there in three minutes.”

“Always good to hear.” Tony mutters at the little one’s response. He clears his throat and nods. “He sounds young. Any signs he doesn’t have bladder or bowel control?” Grabbing a new chart from the shelf and a pen, Tony scribbles ‘baby boy’ and ‘high care’ at the top and begins making notes on everything else they have been told so far to keep track of it all.

“He is diapered, so doubt he has control of either. He seems to have a bad diaper rash that hasn’t been cared for.” T’Challa says, trying to hold the little steady in his lap in the police car as they rush to the facility.

“Nu uh! Am a big boy!” The little argues and then beings coughing roughly. Stephen returns with the clothing and two different stuffies. He winces when he hears the coughs through the phone and then grits his teeth at the wheezing sounds when the little tries to catch his breath.

“Definitely a chest infection.” Stephen says before asking. “How long till you get here?”

“A minute, pulling up now.” T’Challa says.

“Thor, get an antibiotic cream ready and what we need to wash him.” Tony instructs, grabbing his lab coat and pulling it on before walking through the halls. He gets to the main entrance just in time to see T’Challa walk up the steps with a squirming bundle in his arms who’s draped in his large leather jacket. “Good evening, gentlemen.” Tony greets cheerfully. “It’s nice to see you.”

“Doctor Stark.” T’Challa greets with a smile, but he is interrupted by the bundle in his arms.

“Nu uh! Want Mama now! Mama-” The little cries, but just ends up coughing again and slumps against the police officer carrying him as he heaves for breath. Stephen joins them by the entrance too and scans the little quickly with his eyes.

“He needs oxygen right away.” Stephen points out and T’Challa nods, holding the little tight as he walks with the two doctors to the ward. As soon as they get to the ward, Stephen gets an oxygen mask ready and fixes it on the little’s face as soon as T’Challa lays him down on the bed. “Can you try to breathe in and out for me, please? As slowly as you can, it will make the pain stop, honey.”

“What’s his name? Any preferred nicknames or one we shouldn’t use?” Tony asks T’Challa while letting Stephen take care of the little for now.

“We’re still waiting for information about the CG. He gets upset when anyone tries to speak to him, so I’d assume not.” T’Challa explains, watching the scene in front of him. They all work so well together and Stephen is being so gentle with the baby despite his struggles and protests.

“What’s your name, honey bee?” Stephen asks softly, stroking the little’s soft, flushed cheek. The little boy whines and tries to remove the mask from his face, but Tony comes over and holds it steady. After a few panicked breaths, the little settles down a bit when he realises the oxygen is making it easier for him to breathe.
“P-Peter... Mama where?” He asks, a fresh set of tears falling from his red eyes. Thor hands Tony a pair of scissors to cut off the little’s dirty and torn onesie to get a better look at him.

“Peter, it’s very nice to meet you, sweetie. My name is Stephen, that’s my boyfriend Tony and this is our friend Thor. You already met T’Challa and he let you wear his coat. That was nice of him.” Stephen says, distracting the boy while Tony removes his clothes. Peter tries to follow where Stephen is pointing at each person surrounding him, but all he can think about in his feverish state is his Mommy.

“Want Mama...” He cries, coughing again and whimpering when his clothes are removed.

“Your Mama is at home and talking to some of T’Challa's friends. They're going to talk to her about how to keep a sweet baby, like you, safe and happy.” Stephen explains. All four grown ups cannot help but notice how skinny Peter looks, but Thor quickly covers him with a blanket once the clothing is removed and put aside.

“Can you follow my finger, Peter?” Stephen asks and holds one of his fingers up in front of the boy’s face, moving it from side to side. Peter obeys, but breathes quickly and watches everything with wide eyes. He flinches a little when the doctor takes both of his hands.

“Can you squeeze my hands, bud? As tight as you can, come on.” Stephen smiles again when Peter obeys him and squeezes his hands. “Good boy.”

Pulling the blanket down a little, Thor begins to attach electrodes to Peter’s chest and gets the heart monitor going. The boy watches through hooded eyes as he is cared for and hooked up to different machines. He barely even registers the pokes of the IV cannulas and blood samples as he nearly falls asleep, but then he hears the grown ups talking about a diaper and jolts awake.

“No, I’m not gonna wear a diaper!” Peter decides, sounding more aged up, but still very sick and tired.

“We’re discussing that rash you have, buddy. It's slipping down your thighs, can't be comfortable.” Tony says, holding up his hand to stop Peter from fighting him from where he was trying to get a look at the rash. “How are you with making it to the restroom, or at least letting us know if you need a bedpan?”

Peter sniffles and his blush is visible even with his flushed cheeks from the fever.

“I-I can say... When I need to.” The boy says and then adds quietly while rubbing tears from his eyes. “Mommy puts me in pull-ups m-mostly...” He says and Stephen nods.

“Thanks for telling us. Are you in any pain?” Stephen asks, hoping to get as much information out of Peter while he is more aged up.

“Stings.” Peter mumbles, keeping his eyes on the blanket as if he could see through it to see the rash. “Really stings in the bath an’ I cried so Mommy said no more baths.” He adds, looking up at Stephen nervously in case it gets his Mommy into trouble with them. “Sorry.”

“That’s fine, Peter. We can fix that and get you more comfortable.” Stephen assures, even though his heart aches at the tiny revelation while Tony and Thor go to fix some supplies for a sponge bath. “Any other pains?” The doctor asks, getting a blood pressure cuff wrapped around Peter’s upper arm and begins to inflate it. Peter shakes his head quickly and flinches at the cuff on his arm.

“Please stop, please.” Peter asks, trying to reach it to tug it of himself, but not having the energy. He frowns and looks at Stephen. “Arm hurts now.” He glances at the door when the other two men
return with a lot of stuff. One of them is pushing a tray towards him. “I want my Mommy…”

“Sorry, handsome, but we need to examine you to help you.” Stephen says and continues to inflate the cuff until he gets a reading. The cuff deflates, but he leaves it on for quicker readings later. “I understand that you want your Mommy, but you are really sick and need treatment, so that is why you are here. And don’t you worry, Tony and Thor are just going to wash you. You’ll be much more comfortable in a bit.” Stephen assures as he takes his stethoscope from around his neck to get a good listen to Peter’s lungs.

Peter jumps at the stethoscope and gasps.

“Cold.” He mutters, trying to settle himself down before he annoys them too much. Chewing on his lip, he looks at Tony and Thor as they talk quietly to each other before turning their attention to him.

“Okay, buddy.” Tony starts. “Do you want to go to the restroom and take your diaper off yourself or are you okay with me removing it?”

Peter considers it for a bit. Getting up from the bed sounds exhausting and with another set of tears welling up in his eyes, Peter answers quietly.

“Just- just get it off…” He says with a sob and Stephen places a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

“Wait till I get a good listen first.” Stephen says and gestures for Thor to come over and help Peter sit up enough for him to listen to his back. “Can you cough for me, Peter?” Stephen asks.

Through tears, Peter manages to get out a cough that leads into a few more. He struggles to catch his breath, leaning into Stephen’s hand for comfort as the doctor checks him.

“Good boy.” Stephen says, pulling back and placing his stethoscope back around his neck, but still keeping a hand on Peter’s shoulder. “We should get chest x-rays ASAP. I’m hearing a lot of fluid, so we might need to put in a drain.” Stephen says to Tony who nods.

Before the boy gets to lay back down, Thor puts a pad below him and steps back so he can undo the tabs of the diaper and take it off. He rolls it up quickly and tosses it into the biohazard waste bin, lifting a cloth out of the basin of water and rinsing it off.

“Do you need to go before we start cleaning you, bud?”

”N-no…” Peter says, shaking his head with a huff.

“He’s dehydrated, so no wonder.” Stephen chuckles a little, moving his hand from Peter’s shoulder to stroke his cheek with his gloved hand.

“Poor kid. Imagine the output when he finally gets fluids.” Tony says, gently moving the sponge over Peter’s skin. Once Tony has cleaned Peter’s groin, he sees the angry, red skin that is blistering from going untreated. “We might have to add an infection onto the list too.” He says, being careful not to rub too hard. “When you make pee, does it hurt coming out, kid?” He asks, knowing a UTI is inevitable in this condition. Stephen turns up the IV drip up so that they can get Peter hydrated and flush out the likely UTI.

“Hmm…” Peter nods, lifting a weak arm up to cover his eyes as he whimpers with embarrassment. While Tony continues to wash the boy, Stephen begins to palpate his abdomen.

“Tell me if anything hurts, honey.” He instructs, feeling around gently and pressing his fingers down for a good feel. The pain of the rash being washed is already causing Peter discomfort, but the
feeling of his stomach being pushed down causes him to flinch and jump.

“Oww…” Peter whines, pouting deeply before starting to cry again. He tries to hold Stephen's hands so that he will stop. “I’m sorry!”

“That’s all right, honey, you’re okay.” Stephen assures, being more gentle as he continues to examine the boy. “I think it’s just dehydration, but let us know if it continues to hurt or gets worse, yeah?” Stephen instructs while Tony changes his gloves before beginning to work on Peter’s rash. Meanwhile, Thor gets a thermometer in Peter’s ear and shows Stephen the reading, which shows a moderate fever.

The rash itself is probably the worst Tony has ever seen. He guesses it was a factor in why Peter would not settle when T’Challa was holding him, flinching for the boy at the idea of the pain he must be in. He moves Peter's legs gently to get a better angle.

“Buddy, I need to touch your peepee to clean it the part underneath. Is that okay?”

Peter shakes his head weakly and mumbles out teary denials, but Stephen sits next to him on the bed to soothe him.

“Tony’s just going to clean you up a bit. You’ll feel so much better in a bit.” Stephen assures and gives Thor a nod to continue. “Get some pain relief and something for the fever so hopefully he can sleep in a bit.” Stephen says to Thor who goes to fetch the medication.

Being as gentle as possible, Tony manages to get Peter cleaned up so the full rash is visible. It takes a few more minutes to get the cream applied over all the areas, being mindful that it will offer some relief, but possibly sting him as well. He fans his hand over Peter's lower half to help cool the area down.

“Do you want some time without any bottoms on, then we can see about getting you a pull-up?” Tony asks. Peter winces and sobs at the sting of the cream, but settles down once he feels the cooling effect.

“Yeah, that’s okay…” Peter says quietly and watches carefully as Thor comes up to his side and injects the pain relief into the port in his IV. The effect is nearly instant and Peter relaxes visibly.

“T’Challa and Nakia are waiting outside. They have some more info on the CG and Peter.” The nurse says to Tony quietly.

“Good boy.” Tony praises, rubbing Peter's thigh as he relaxes back. Stephen plays with the boy’s hair and stays in his place on the bed, nodding towards the door.

“Can you talk to them? I'll stay with this one.” Stephen says and Tony nods. He heads out of the ward and down the hall until he sees T’Challa and Nakia. The doctor smiles tiredly at the two officers.

“He’s settled down a little.” Tony says.

“That’s good.” T’Challa says with a tight smile. “But I need a more thorough description of his condition, medically. You know the protocol.” T’Challa says with a chuckle, taking up a little notepad. Nakia is on the phone with another member of their team, nodding along to whatever she is hearing through the phone.

“Potential pneumonia and a UTI, a severe diaper rash that has caused blisters and dehydration.” Tony lists with a sigh. “There was some abdominal tenderness which could suggest digestive issues,
especially considering he is underweight. He mentioned his CG said she wouldn't bathe him if he cried and apologised when he reacted to pain.” He exhales and leans against the wall, shrugging and shaking his head. “The kid's a fucking mess, to be blunt. His clothes were so dirty we have to dispose of them along with the bio waste and I wouldn't be shocked if he's got lice. Oh, and he says he uses pull-ups, but the diaper suggested little to no potty training. Either a sign of trauma or she just didn't put the work in to help him so he never progressed.”

T’Challa nods along and scribbles it all down in his notepad.

“Yeah, I don’t think she will get him back.” The officer chuckles, although a little sadly. “I’m not a doctor, but it sounds like he needs medical treatment for a while. Do you have the capacity to care for him here or shall I arrange for transport elsewhere?” The officer asks. Nakia seems to be done with the phone call and chimes in.

“They are bringing the boy’s files over right now.”

“We have the capacity.” Tony answers immediately. “More than likely a week or so in the ward to get over the worst of the infections, then we can consider either moving him to one of the dorms or in with a CG who works on site to provide round the clock care until he's ready to be introduced to the others.” Tony glances over at Nakia and smiles gratefully. “Thank you. I'll read through everything and get back in touch to confirm what our action plan is for treatments and any diagnosis we make. I appreciate your time. Also, I don't think you'll want your jacket back, T’Challa.”

Both officers nod as they listen to Tony.

“Oh, sure.” T’Challa laughs with a wave of his hand. “I have plenty. Ah, there we are.” The officer says and accepts the bunch of files another officer came in with before running off again. “Don’t question the boy, I will do that once he is healthy enough in your opinion, but I would appreciate if you tried to dig a bit.” T’Challa says and hands the files over to Tony which read ‘Peter Parker’ on the front.

“Will do. I'll let you know when he's stable enough to talk to you. Maybe aged up as well.” Tony says, offering his hand out to T’Challa, then Nakia before walking them out of the building. One his way back to the ward, Tony flips through a few pages in the files.

Cute kid, no biological family, but a decent trust-fund left behind that has not been accessed. Very smart, graduated high school and placed with a CG as soon as he turned eighteen after being classified as a high care Little. Tony pauses to read over everything again and frowns at the thought. Peter's situation made him seem like the perfect little to adopt, despite his need for high care, so it does not make sense that he had ended up with a CG who lacked the ability to give care. But, he does not dwell on it much and focuses on reading through the boy’s medical history instead.

There are a few ER trips due to accidents during a young age, but nothing suspicious and an annual medical exam has been carried out each year until the age of eighteen. There are also at least a dozen hospital stays due to different health issues, but Tony figures that is due to Peter being a high care Little with a weaker immune system and physiology that makes him prone to accidents. Then Peter is adopted by a CG. The doctor frowns when he realises that the CG failed to bring Peter to his check ups at the doctor after adopting him. There are also no hospital visits after the adoption, but Tony strongly doubts that is due to Peter making a magical recovery. He suspects that the CG failed to provide Peter with the medical care that he needs. The doctor returns to the ward and smiles brightly at the boy in the hospital bed despite the eerie feeling he got from glancing over the boy’s papers.

“That rash is looking better already, Peter. Ready for a pull-up? Or would you feel more comfortable in a diaper if you're sleepy?”
Peter shakes his head weakly.

“No diaper...” He says, his voice muffled by the oxygen mask. While Tony was gone, Stephen and Thor finished the initial exam and put the boy in a hospital gown, but did not cover Peter’s groin with it yet to give the rash some air.

“Thors is in radiology getting everything ready. We’ll head over once he’s padded.” Stephen says and pats Peter’s shoulder.

“Sounds good.” Tony smiles, going over to put Peter’s file in a secure cabinet before getting a pull-up. He gets one of the overnight ones, bringing it back to show the little boy. “Do you like Paw Patrol, buddy? Do you see the puppies on the front?” He manages to slide it up Peter’s legs without much struggle, frowning at how light and easy it is to move him. “Great job, Pete. Let someone know if you need to potty and we’ll help you out, okay?”

Stephen reminds himself to read the files which Tony brought as soon as the little is settled and resting. Peter’s eyes light up a little at the mention of Paw Patrol and he nods shyly. However, the police dogs remind him of T’Challa and thus his Mommy too.

“When can I see my Mommy?” Peter asks, looking between the two doctors.

“What age are you?” Tony asks, sitting down at the edge of the bed and rubbing the back of Peter’s hand with his thumb. The doctor is not sure how Peter is going to tackle the rough news, but it will nonetheless be easier if the boy is aged up. Stephen sits down on the other side and keeps a hand on Peter’s shoulder to keep him grounded.

“Teenager... like 15 or somethin’.” Peter answers with a shrug and grows a little nervous. “What, why are you asking?”

“It’s all right, it’s okay.” Stephen assures before letting Tony continue.

“That’s good, buddy, you’re doing great.” Tony starts, keeping his hand on Peter’s while he thinks for a moment. “Your Mommy is in trouble with the police for the way she was treating you. It’s neglect, do you know what that word means?” He asks, keeping his eyes focused on Peter. Peter looks at Tony, then at Stephen to try and make sense of the situation based on their facial expressions. However, it is hard to read and Peter whimpers and squirms on the bed.

“Sorta... But, I want her. She’s my Mommy...” Peter says quietly. Stephen notices the spike in Peter’s heart rate.

“I know.” Tony says, sighing deeply at how awful the situation is. “But, she needs to work on herself before she can be a Mommy. None of this is your fault, Peter. Her actions are based on her own problems and things going on with her, not you. You’re very good and didn’t deserve any of the bad things she did.” Stephen nods in agreement and rubs Peter’s cheek gently.

“Can you say ‘I didn’t deserve it’ for us, please?” Stephen asks gently. Peter keeps his eyes down and his breaths become shakier as tears well up in his eyes.

“But- but... She loves me, she-she says so, all the time...” Peter argues, not understanding the situation completely and ignores Stephen’s request to repeat after him.

“Did she do things that made you sad, honey?” Stephen tries while Tony glances up at the monitors to see whether Peter can handle continuing this conversation. “We have a thing called doctor-patient confidentiality. That means we can’t tell anyone any secrets you tell us, so we won’t tell Mommy anything.”
Peter chews his bottom lip nervously and kicks his legs a little under the covers.

“I-... She gets angry, sometimes... I don’t like that.” He explains shortly before turning his attention elsewhere. He wants to ask for his Mommy again, but figures they will not give in now after he has asked so many times.

“And you know that’s not okay, right?” Tony says gently. “Mommies and Daddies are not supposed to get angry at you. We’re supposed to use words and be grown ups about things.” Stephen plays with Peter’s hair, trying to provide enough comfort to make up for what he has already missed out on. Deciding to change the subject for the time being, Tony smiles and grabs a chart and a pen. “Next up, I have to work out what we need to make you as comfy as possible. You said you are fifteen. Are you a fifteen year old who uses the big potty, a little potty or is padded most of the time?”

Glad to have a distraction, Peter turns his head a little towards Tony, but not far enough so that Stephen will stop stroking his head.

“I-I’m padded most the time. And I’m mostly like- three or four. It’s just... I can’t relax right now so...” The boy explains as to why he is in a teenager headspace at the moment and not his usual little age.

“That’s okay.” Stephen said gently. “Being bigger means you can help us out and let us know what you like. Do you sleep in a crib, a little bed with rails, or a big bed with no rails?” He asks, glancing at the monitor and smiling when he sees that Peter’s heart rate has gone back to a more normal range. Tony writes down what Peter is saying and doing for the police report, turning his attention back to the little boy.

“Do you want to be potty trained, bud? Three or four year olds sometimes like having big kid undies.” Tony asks.

“A little bed... with rails. And dunno...” Peter says with a yawn. He ends up coughing a bit, but barely has the energy to do so properly and his breaths sound wheezy again. Stephen gets up and helps Peter sit up, taking the oxygen mask of briefly so that he can cough properly.

“Get it up, bud, come on.” Stephen says, patting Peter’s back. Grabbing a kidney dish, Tony holds it below Peter’s mouth and waits for the coughing fit to pass. He listens carefully and looks at Stephen.

“Yeah, we need to get these lungs drained.” Tony looks at Peter’s flushed face and how tiny he looks in the bed, his heart aching at the idea of someone mistreating him.

“Let’s wait with the questioning and get him to radiology.” Stephen says to Tony. Peter coughs as hard as he can, heaving for breath in between each cough. He drools into the dish and finally catches his breath and lets out a sob.

“I want my Mommy...” He cries while Stephen wipes his mouth clean and eases him back on the bed, placing the oxygen mask back on his face.

“I know you do, buddy. I’m sorry.” Tony says. “Would it make you feel better if we went for a ride?” He asks, getting the bed ready to be moved rather than getting Peter up and into a wheelchair. He secures the IV bags, but removes the wires from the heart monitor. “Will you tell one of us if you need something? No matter what, it’s very important.” Tony encourages, carefully wheeling the bed out towards the door with Stephen taking the bottom of it. Peter nods and rubs the tears from his eyes.
“W-where are we going?” Peter asks weakly, watching both Tony and Stephen.

“We are going radiology to get some x-rays of your chest. It’s perfectly harmless and won’t hurt a bit, all right?” Stephen assures as he guides the bed along. Peter hums in reply, feeling his eyelids growing heavy. It is past three am and he is growing very tired, even though he has been awake at this hour many times when his Mommy was unhappy with him.

“I know you’re sleepy.” Tony says, reaching over to rub Peter’s cheek before putting both hands back on the bed. “As soon as we’re all done, we’ll get you all tucked in. Do you like warm milk?” He asks, trying to keep Peter awake for long enough to do all the necessary checks before they can let him sleep and risk letting him become sicker through the night. Peter jolts awake at the hand on his cheek. He blinks a few times before answering.

“Don’t want anything...” Peter says as the idea of drinking or eating is making him nauseous.

“Here we are.” Stephen says and pushes the door open with his back while pulling the bed inside the x-ray room. Thor comes over and helps guide the bed close to the one under the x-ray machine.

“Any better?” The nurse asks the two doctors. Tony shakes his head as Stephen goes to lift Peter out of the bed.

“We have a very brave teenager who’s doing his best for us.” Tony says.

“Fluid in lungs, more like a choke than a cough.” Stephen adds quietly, laying Peter down on the x-ray machine’s bed and rubbing his tummy gently. “We’ll be super quick, honey.”

“No!” Peter suddenly yelps when he realises he is about to be left alone. He takes hold of Stephen’s hand weakly, holding on for dear life with his eyes wide and breaths quick.

“Can you stay with him?” Tony asks and Stephen nods before looking down at Peter again.

“I’ll stay, but I need to suit up a bit, okay?” Stephen says and lets go of the boy’s hand to go put on the protective gear. Meanwhile, Thor positions Peter comfortably on the bed and opens the gown.

“You’re okay, bud.” Thor smiles. Tony gets one of the stuffies Stephen had found earlier and shows it to Peter.

“Do you want to cuddle with this sweet guy and Stephen will hold your hand?” He asks, offering the wolf stuffie out to him and smiling when Stephen returns in the protective gear. “We’re just taking a picture, kiddo. Can you say cheese?”

Peter takes the stuffie and lets Stephen arrange it next to his cheek so that it does not compromise the image. But, he is not amused by Tony’s joke and just looks up at Stephen sadly.

“I know, bud, just a moment and we’ll get you all comfy in bed, yeah?” Stephen says with a smile before giving a thumbs up to Tony and Thor who are stood behind the glass. After a moment or two, the x-rays have been taken and Peter sighs in relief when he realises it is over, but whines at the loss of contact when Stephen goes to remove the protective gear. Thor picks the boy up and puts him back in the bed before letting the two doctors wheel Peter back to the ward.

“I’ll be over with the images in a bit.” Thor says and goes to get the x-rays printed out. Usually, they do it all electronically, but they all know from experience that T’Challa needs a physical print to put into evidence. Tony and Stephen get Peter’s bed back to its spot on the ward and Stephen sits back down next to him on the bed.
“Do you need any last minute things before bedtime, baby? Do you need some water or a potty break?”

Peter opens his eyes slowly and groans a little while feeling for a bit.

“Need potty...” He says quietly and Stephen nods over at Tony.

“Let's get a urine sample to confirm the UTI.”

With another round of tears and whimpering for his Mommy, Peter manages to relieve himself in a bedpan on his bed. It is nothing the two doctor have not dealt with before, but Peter is beyond exhausted and embarrassed.

“Such a brave boy.” Tony praises, waiting until he is finished before sliding the pan out from below him and bringing it over to collect the sample before cleaning the bedpan. Meanwhile, Stephen cleans Peter up and puts a fresh pull-up on him. Too exhausted to cry more, Peter sinks lower in the bed and watches as Stephen makes notes in his chart. The boy thinks for a bit now that he is finally settled and more or less comfortable.

“My Mommy didn’t treat me right, did she?” He asks quietly, sounding nearly all aged up, but still holds the wolf stuffie tight in his arms.

“No, she didn’t.” Stephen answered honestly, setting the chart aside. “Caregivers have a moral and legal responsibility to prioritise their little one’s care above everything else, especially for high care Littles like you. But, not everyone is capable of being a good caregiver.” Stephen looks at Peter and rubs his arm gently before continuing. “Your Mommy has issues, Peter, one’s that existed for way before you came along. Nothing was your fault.”

Peter nods a little, but is barely listening to what the doctor is telling him. He rubs tears from his eyes again.

“But, I still love her... Is that wrong?” Peter asks quietly, more to himself than to Stephen as he holds the stuffie up to study it and distract himself. Tony returns to the ward with the x-rays from Thor.

“No, sweetheart, it’s not wrong. You bonded with her and she was your only experience with a Caregiver who’s just yours. Loving her just shows her behaviour didn’t impact your ability to care for others.” Stephen says, using his thumb to stroke the stuffie’s nose while he and Peter study it together. “It’s good to love people, Peter, but what is bad is treating people you love poorly.”

Peter glances up at Stephen shyly while he explains and nods.

“Yeah, but it hurts... like here...” The boy says and points at his heart, feeling himself slip down into his littlespace again. “Miss her...” He adds as Tony comes up to his bedside, but the doctor does not say anything and lets Stephen continue as he seems to have a good flow with the little patient.

“That’s normal, you’re dealing with a lot.” Stephen puts his hand over Peter’s heart as if he is holding it for him. “It will take a while, but soon it won’t hurt so bad. Do you want me to stay here tonight?”

Peter nods a little at Stephen’s question.

“Don’t wanna be alone...” Peter glances up at Tony too and the x-rays he has got in his hand. “Am I sick?” The boy asks a little dumbly, but he does not know how to ask in a more mature manner as he feels himself slip.
“Yes, you are, Peter.” Tony confirms, but puts on a smile. “But, it’s nothing that rest and medicine won’t fix right up. You’ll be up and running before you know it.” Tony says before addressing Stephen. “It’s definitely pneumonia and I think we need to put a drain in, but that can wait till morning when he’s got some rest.”

“Tomorrow, after we get you feeling better, maybe we can run you a bubble bath and get you into some cosy pyjamas.” Stephen says, cooing sympathetically at the news that the boy will need a drain. “But, now you need to rest, bud. If you need anything at all, I’ll be right here.” He says, reaching down to hold one of Peter’s little hands.

Peter lets out a sigh and curls up on his side, facing Stephen.

“Just wanna sleep...” He mumbles and lets his eyes fall shut.

“You do that, kiddo, and Stephen will stay with you.” Tony says to Peter, making sure he does not tug on any of the wiring nor tubes and that the mask is on his face comfortably. “I’ll look through more of his files and get the paperwork done.” Tony says to Stephen.

“I’ll keep a note of anything that happens during the night.” Stephen adds, waving at Tony playfully. “Enjoy the fresh sheets I put on this morning.” He says with a laugh before turning his attention to Peter and stroking his thumb over the back of Peter’s hand.

“Will do, babe.” Tony chuckles and goes to fetch the files he locked away along with Peter’s chart to get a complete profile. Tony does the paperwork for an hour or so before he tries to get a few hours of sleep. However, he finds himself to be more restless than before. He has cared for plenty neglected littles during his career, but this Peter Parker is tugging at his heart strings more so than others.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for reading! That’s a bit of a sad start between Peter, Stephen and Tony, but it will get fluffier c: Get ready for another long bit with 7-8 chapters dedicated to this flashback!
Chapter 39 - Pneumonia, UTI and diaper rash II

Chapter Summary

The morning after Peter arrives at the facility.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: We are not actually doctors (dUh) so this procedure may not be accurate, but we just thought it would be cute.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Through the night, Stephen rests on and off and wakes up every time Peter makes any noise or movement. He finally gives up and decides to start his day just after eight and checks the little boy for any signs of a change. Peter’s face does not seem as flushed, thankfully, and he seems relatively comfortable so Stephen decides to let him sleep and sends a non-urgent page to Tony.

Tony startles awake to the sound of his pager going off and checks it with tired eyes. Since it is not an emergency, the doctor lets out a sigh before getting up and tidying himself. He changes into new scrubs and heads back to the ward along with the boy’s files.

“Morning, babe.” Tony greets, seeing Stephen leaning over Peter as he listens to his lungs with his stethoscope. “How is he?”

“Slightly better than last night.” Stephen says, glancing up and smiling at Tony before turning his attention back to Peter and placing the chest piece on the other lung. “We really need to drain his lungs, though. Poor baby was struggling through the night and I can’t imagine how uncomfortable he is.” He says and pulls back, placing his stethoscope around his neck.

“Hmm, then let’s get it over with right away.” Tony says and pages one of the nurses for assistance with the procedure. “How are you though? Did you get any sleep?” Tony asks, wrapping his arms around Stephen’s waist from behind. He kisses his partner’s neck sweetly. Stephen leans against Tony and smiles.

“A little bit. I was worried he was going to wake up and panic so I mostly stayed awake.” Stephen explains, laughing softly at the kiss and turning around to embrace Tony properly, burying his face into his partner’s neck. Tony can sense that Stephen is tired, and not just physically, but rather emotionally and turns to kiss his temple.

“He’ll be all right. A round of our best antibiotics and he’ll be as good as new.” Tony assures.

“I’m not worried about the physical recovery.” Stephen mumbles, resting his head on Tony’s shoulder and sighing deeply. “We had a pretty good conversation when he was aged up last night. She did some fucked up shit and he still loves her. It’s messed up that a person could do that to someone as sweet as Peter.”
“I know, babe.” Tony hums and rubs his hands up and down Stephen’s back. “But, he’s safe here and T’Challa said last night that it’s unlikely that the CG will get him back. He’s safe here.” Tony says and kisses his partner on the lips to get him to relax. Stephen kisses Tony back and lets some of the tension roll off his shoulders.

“You’re right, you're right. We'll just focus on getting him to breathe properly and deal with rest after nap-time.”

“Sounds like a good plan.” Tony says and gives Stephen another peck on the lips before pulling back just in time for Steve to arrive.

“Good morning. What have I missed?” The nurse asks as he heads over and looks at the sleeping boy on the bed. Just by glancing up at the monitors, how grey the boy’s skin looks and his wheezy breaths, Steve knows that it is not good. “Thor filled me in a bit. Diaper rash, pneumonia and UTI, correct?”

“Malnourishment and dehydration too.” Stephen adds softly. “Though I’d say the IV fluids helped us with the dehydration. And I put up antibiotics as soon as the blood analysis came back.”

“He peed on his own last night, so we can take that as a win. We just need to flush everything out of his system now.” Tony says. They go over to the bed to stand with Steve, looking at the monitors and the little boy in the bed. Stephen turns to Steve and chuckles.

“Good morning, by the way. Did you have a nice night?”

Steve nods along as he listens and studies the boy closely to get familiar with him. At the question, he raises his head.

“Yes, thank you.” Steve smiles lightly. “Buck was feeling clingy, so we cuddled together all night.” The nurse says before turning more serious and looking at both the doctors. “So, you needed my help with something?”

“Cute.” Stephen smiles, offering Steve his stethoscope so he can hear for himself. “We need to drain the fluid in his lungs. It sounds pretty severe. I don’t want to wait for it and have it cause further complications so it would have to be done as an emergency.”

Steve places the stethoscope in his ears and leans over to listen to Peter’s chest at first, considering how the boy is sleeping on his side. He scrunches up his nose in an instant before moving the chest piece to Peter’s back.

“Christ, what happened to him?” The nurse asks as he listens for another few seconds before pulling back and handing the instrument back to Stephen.

“Negligent CG, T’Challa found him in a dirty diaper that had been on him for at least a full day, no food or water, crying for his Mommy.” Tony explains, shaking his head in anger at what Peter had gone through. Stephen looks at Steve sadly and takes back his stethoscope.

“He was in a really bad way and we're very lucky he was found when he was.”

“Yeah, lucky baby,” Steve says. “And what’s his name? Any nicknames that he likes or doesn’t like?” The nurse asks, watching the little sleep more or less peacefully, but not liking how wheezy and heavy his breaths sound at all.

“Peter Parker, 19, High care, and little age around 3 or 4, but, he keeps flipping back and forth. And we don’t know yet, so we just have to see which ones he likes.” Stephen says. “Shall we get started?
I really can’t stand listening to those breaths for much longer.” Stephen says, growing a little anxious and wants to get the drain in already.

“I'm good to go.” Tony says, flexing his fingers and smiling over at Stephen. Hooking up all the IV bags to the bed and unclipping all the monitors, the three caregivers get the boy transported to a procedure room just down the hall from the main ward. Once in the procedure room, they get a still sleeping Peter lifted onto the procedure table and hooked up to all the necessary monitors again.

“This is a walk in the park, babe. We've done this before to sicker babies who were screaming the place down.” Tony says and nudges Stephen lightly with his elbow while they get everything ready. Stephen chuckles at the memories of having to wrestle with littles in the past to get treatments and procedures done.

“Yeah, yeah, let’s help the baby breathe. I say we put it on the left side as it looked more infected on the x-rays and sounds worse too.” Stephen says and goes to fetch the necessary equipment and supplies. Tony nods in agreement and turns to Steve.

“Nurse Rogers, will you please get the patient prepped for the procedure?”

“Sure thing, Doctor Stark.” Steve chirps and very gently guides the little’s arm out of the gown before lifting it up to expose his left side, arranging the wires and tubes and making sure the little patient is comfortable. Meanwhile, Tony gets gloves and checks that they have everything they need.

“Okay, sweetheart.” Tony mutters, walking over and inspecting the pale skin gently. He puts his hand over the spot where he would be making the incision, touching it gently before marking it off. He extends his hand to get the sponges dipped into iodine from Steve and begins sterilising the area before draping it. Stephen keeps an eye on Peter throughout the procedure, glancing up to see Steve measure out a local anaesthetic before handing it to Tony. As carefully as he can, Tony injects Peter to numb him up.

“Such a good boy.” Tony says, keeping his eyes fixed on the syringe and where he is injecting, sighing in relief when Peter stays asleep. Getting new gloves, Tony lets the anaesthetic do its work before making a tiny incision and inserts the tube. The doctor shoots Steve a smirk. “Don’t try to be too impressed, nurse.”

“Oh, shut it.” Steve chuckles and continues to assist the doctor by handing him whatever he needs. Tony chuckles and motions for Stephen to come over.

“Time for the x-ray and we should be good.”

“He didn’t even flinch, he must be beyond exhausted.” Stephen says, getting the portable x-ray machine in position. They get the picture taken and find that the tube is in the correct place. While Tony sutures the tube in place and dresses the wound, Stephen keeps an eye on Peter’s vitals. He frowns a little when the boy’s heart rate picks up from a resting pulse, letting out a little huff as his eyelids twitch. “I think he’s waking up.” Stephen warns quietly.

“He's pretty well medicated so he might be drowsy. We just need to keep him calm.” Tony says, watching Peter carefully when he is sure everything is in place. Removing his gloves, he starts running his hand through Peter's hair before he opens his eyes and smiles when the little one slowly wakes up. “Hey, buddy, you're safe, you're okay.”

Peter groans quietly before a coughing fit has him wide awake. Tony gets the oxygen mask off and with Stephen’s help, they get Peter to sit up. Steve gets a fresh kidney dish and the little coughs long and hard, sobbing and heaving for breath.
“Don’t wike it...” Peter sobs, but there are no emotional tears yet, just a few clinging to his lashes from straining so hard while coughing.

“I know you don’t, sweetie. We’re going to make it better.” Stephen promises, using both hands to help Peter sit up properly. Stephen sits on the edge of the bed, opposite the drain and reaches out to take Peter’s hand. “You were very good for us this morning, sleepy boy. Can you try your best to hold on for a little bit longer, then we can get you ready for the day?” He asks, taking the kidney dish from Steve and holding it below Peter’s mouth to catch anything and to block his view of his side.

Peter slumps a little and tries to catch his breath, placing his hands between his legs on the bed to keep himself upright. His left side feels numb and odd and he can see that Tony is doing something to him. Before Peter can panic, Steve speaks up and puts the oxygen mask back on his face.

“Hey, there, my name’s Steve and I’m a nurse here. What’s your name?” He asks with a friendly smile, reaching over to fasten the mask back on after Stephen has wiped his mouth.

“Peter...” Peter mumbles softly, staring at the man in front of him. All of the grown ups here are so big, they make Peter feel super tiny and a little nervous. He glances back at Stephen, deciding he is a safe person as Tony pokes around at the other side of the bed. He keeps his eyes firmly on the doctor, following every move Stephen makes, even if it is just taking out a pen and making a note on a chart. Stephen takes note on how Peter seems to feel the most safe and comfortable with him compared to less so with Tony and Steve. He smiles down at the boy reassuringly.

“How are you feeling?” Stephen asks while Tony and Steve seem to be finished with the chest drain and place it on the side of the bed while clearing away the rest of the supplies.

“Mmm, dunno.” Peter answers honestly, touching his head lightly. “Feel floaty and weird.” Peter takes a deep breath in, relieved he does not start coughing again and uses one hand to grip Stephen’s scrubs tightly so he will not leave. He is not sure what age he is today or how he was feeling, but he knows that he does not want to be alone. Stephen looks down at the hand clutching his scrubs and takes the small hand into his own, squeezing reassuringly.

“That’s probably due to low blood sugar and the antibiotics. Are you hungry, handsome?” Stephen asks while he moves to lift Peter up from the procedure table and into his bed again. Peter considers it for a minute, then shakes his head as he lets the grown ups fix everything.

“Thirsty?” Peter suggests instead, guessing he can handle some water better than he can handle food. The idea of having to force down a whole bowl of something this early is making Peter’s tummy sore and he feels himself warm up a little.

“That’s all right. What would you like to drink?” Stephen asks while Steve and Tony begin to push the bed back to the ward. Tony makes a mental note to keep an eye on Peter’s eating habits and the possibility of needing to put a feeding tube in to make sure the boy gets the nutrition he so desperately needs. They move Peter’s bed back in his spot on the ward and get the little patient hooked up to all the necessary monitors again.

“Water?” Peter requests quietly, blushing when he notices Tony looking at him. He drops his head to the bed and toys with his stuffie to distract himself until Stephen returns with his drink. Peter tries not to worry too much, but it is not long until his eyes are filling up with anxious tears and he feels his stomach tightening. Stephen returns swiftly with a cup of water and places a straw in it.

“Take some small sips, yeah? The antibiotics can make you a bit nauseous, so take it easy.” Stephen instructs and holds the cup so that Peter can drink from it. Nodding carefully, Peter takes a few sips and sighs when it relieves some of the pain in his throat and goes down into his stomach.
“Fetch a banana bag, yeah?” Tony asks Steve while he continues to write in Peter’s chart. The nurse nods and goes to fetch the bag. Peter smacks his lips happily when he has had enough of the water, but shakes his head at Tony’s words.

“No banana, please.” Peter says, not understanding what they mean. Stephen chuckles and sets the cup of water on the bedside table.

“No, it’s not an actual banana. It’s a bag like this with liquid food which we can give you through your arm.” Stephen explains and points at the IV bags with antibiotics and saline.

“We just call it a banana bag because it looks a little yellow. You’ll see.” Tony adds. After a minute, Steve returns with the bag and tubing in his hands. Peter nods slowly and chews on his lip while he inspects the bag being held up in front of him. It does not look too scary, and it going through his arm means he does not have to swallow and deal with throwing up afterwards. Peter offers his arm out to Stephen with a sad look, trying his best to be brave.

“There’s a good boy.” Stephen praises with a smile and hangs up the bag. Steve comes over with supplies for another IV cannula and Stephen puts on a pair of gloves. “Can I borrow your arm for a moment?” Stephen asks with a smile and picks up the alcohol pad from the tray Steve has set up.

“Give it back, please.” Peter says innocently, holding his arm out straight for Stephen to do whatever he needs to. He shivers when he feels the latex gloves on his hand, not liking the feeling, but tries to keep himself as still as possible nonetheless.

“Will do, kiddo.” Stephen wipes clean a spot on Peter’s arm before taking the cannula into his hand while keeping the boy’s arm steady with the other. “Slight pinch. Ow, yes I know, you’re being so brave for me.” Stephen coos and gets the cannula taped securely.

When Peter feels the needle go in, he scrunches up his face and whimpers softly. He turns his head away and watches Tony and Steve talk to each other before glancing at Stephen.

“Feel better. Can I see Mommy?”

“It’s good that you’re feeling better, honey bee, but your Mommy is talking with the police at the moment, so I’m afraid you cannot see her.” Stephen explains and gets the tubing sorted out and checks that the banana bag is dripping nicely before removing his gloves.

“But... When she's all done talking to the police, I can see her?” Peter asks hopefully, running his fingers over the tube that the yellow stuff is moving through gently to see how it would feel. Stephen looks up at Tony as he does not know what to say.

“You remember T’Challa from last night?” Tony starts before continuing. “He is dropping by later and I think he can answer that better than we can.” Tony says and gestures to Stephen, Steve and himself.

“Does that sound all right?” Stephen asks, squeezing Peter’s shoulder gently.

“I guess so...” Peter mumbles before leaning back against his pillows. He stays quiet for a while before looking at Stephen. “Can I get out of bed?” He asks, already bored of laying around and waiting for people to tell him he has to wait longer.

“Not now, bud, you’re really sick and need lots of rest.” Stephen says with a soft shake of his head.

“And while you were sleeping, we put a tube into your left lung to help you get better, so you can’t get up just yet.” Tony explains and lifts up Peter’s gown to show him the bandage and the tube.
doctor would rather show the drain now than let Peter discover it when he is left alone and have him potentially rip it out in a panic. Sighing, Peter drops his head back dramatically and turns his head away from the doctors. He is too tired and overwhelmed to care about having a hole in his side since it does not hurt and is not bleeding. He rolls his head from side to side on the pillow before looking back at Stephen.

“Can I do anything?”

“You can rest, that would be the best thing.” Stephen says honestly, but sees quickly that Peter does not like that idea. “How about a movie, hm? Do you have a favourite?” Stephen asks while Tony busies himself with checking Peter’s monitors and noting it all down before they leave the boy to rest for a bit.

“I like…” Peter tries to think about his favourite movies when he is big, but cannot decide which one he wants to watch right now. He thinks about it for a few moments before looking back up at Stephen. “I like Elf.” He finally decides. “I like the part when he decorates the store and yells Santa’s coming.” He adds with a giggle.

“Then Elf it is.” Stephen says with a smile. “Would you like some juice or a popsicle? It will help with your sore throat.” Stephen says and taps the boy’s nose to get another giggle out of him.

“Popcorn, maybe?” Peter asks, giggling at the little tap and reaching out to reach Stephen's nose as well. He pulls his legs up so they are crossed and tries to get into a comfortable position to watch the movie. It is not the healthiest snack, but Stephen and Tony allow it after exchanging a look.

“All right, bud. Steve, would you be so kind and fetch the little mister his popcorn?" Stephen asks the nurse while Tony goes to get one of the iPads they keep on the ward for the littles to play with and watch stuff on. Tony finds the movie and sets it up on a table that he pulls up close so that Peter can see. When the iPad is in front of him and the movie starts, Peter is immediately drawn into the pictures on the screen. He giggles when the baby is growing up with the elves and points at the screen during parts he likes a lot. He reaches out without taking his eyes away and grabs onto the sleeve of Stephen's lab coat to keep him close by. Steve returns with the popcorn, although a small portion so that the boy does not upset his stomach. He also places a sippy cup of juice next to the iPad.

“Enjoy the movie, bud.” The nurse says and heads off with Tony. Stephen pulls up a chair and takes hold of Peter’s hand.

“I’m not going, honey, just gonna get comfortable here, yeah?” Stephen explains as he sits down. Not letting go of Stephen's hand, Peter stays fully invested in the movie. He eats his popcorn gently and drinks his juice, offering Stephen the empty cup and leaning back when he is finished with his snack.

“Was that good?” Stephen asks with a smile and takes the empty cup and places it on the bedside table. “How are you feeling, Peter?” He asks, glancing up at the monitors and finding his vitals a little elevated, but that is to be expected with the stress of the infections.

“Good.” Peter answers quickly, turning his attention to Stephen when the credits of the movie is rolling on the screen. He smiles at him and sits up straighter. “I’m ready to get out of bed now, though. I feel fine.” He insists. “I won't do anything bad.”

Stephen is a little sceptical of Peter’s sudden energy and worries that the boy will grow overtired and cranky if he gets his way.
“I’m not worried about you doing anything bad.” Stephen assures, making a mental note on telling T’Challa about Peter’s reasonings. “I’m worried that you will grow tired and sicker. We can get up to go potty, but that’s it. Understood?” He says, figuring the boy needs to go considering all the fluid he got through the night.

“I need to go potty.” Peter says immediately, relieved there is at least one way to get out of bed. He does not really believe that he will not get in trouble if he gets out of bed, so he knows he just has to have a grown up there to give him permission to get up. He pulls the blanket back himself and frowns when he sees that his gown has slid up and his pull-up is on display. “I don’t pee my pants.” He mumbles, embarrassed the doctor is seeing it.

“I never said you did, bud.” Stephen chuckles lightly and arranges the IV bags and the drain on a portable pole. He disconnects the wires from the stickers on Peter’s chest before he offers his hands out. “Let’s take it easy, yeah? There’s no rush.” He assures with a smile.

Taking Stephen's hand, Peter slowly moves himself around and puts his feet down on the ground. He feels shaky and the floor is too cold to not be wearing socks, but he lets himself be guided over to the bathroom without a fuss.

“Can I shower?” Peter asks, looking around the ward. Everything seems nice, but it has an icky smell that reminds him of doctor’s offices and having the flu.

“Once you’re better, yes, you can.” Stephen answers and continues to guide Peter while holding the IV pole in the other hand. He opens the door to the bathroom and lets Peter sit on the toilet lid for a little breather. “You okay? Any dizziness?” Stephen asks, lifting a hand to feel Peter’s pulse on his neck.

“I am better.” Peter insists, pointing to the shower that is right across them. “Just a quick one, I can wash my own hair.” He adds, wanting Stephen to know he will not have to help him. He shakes his head and frowns when there’s a hand on his neck. “Little swirly, but not going to fall.”

“I think I’ll have to be the judge of that, buddy. But, let’s just go potty for now, okay?” Stephen says and lifts Peter back up on his feet by his armpits. He wants Peter back in bed as soon as possible because he suspects the boy is one coughing fit away from passing out. “Can you lift your pretty gown for me?” The doctor asks and crouches down in front of the boy. Pulling it up, Peter takes a step back.

“Can you wait outside?” He asks, not really wanting Stephen to see him. “I can go potty on my own and I’ll yell if I need help.” He tries, holding out his hands to keep a distance between them.

“Sure thing, but I will have to take a look at your rash before you get back to bed, all right?” Stephen says and moves to get up. He steps out of the bathroom, but does not close the door all the way and listens closely for any sounds of distress. Stephen fetches a pair of gloves and the rash cream before moving to wait next to the door. When he is alone, Peter takes off the damp pull-up and throws it into the garbage can, then sits down on the toilet. He takes a little longer than he needs to collect his thoughts and make sure he is done before standing up, flushing and washing his hands. He leans against the sink and clears his throat.

“Stephen? I’m done.”

Once he hears Peter calling his name, Stephen steps into the bathroom again with the supplies.

“Did it hurt when you peed, bud?” He asks and gestures for the boy to lift the gown again as he fetches some wipes to clean the rash. Lifting his gown, Peter hums softly.
“Kinda, not too bad though. Just took a while for it to all come out.” Peter explains, shaking his head at the wipes. “I cleaned myself up. I don’t need wipes, thank you.”

“Yeah, you have an infection, so it might hurt and take a while.” Stephen says and gets another wipe to make sure the rash is clean. “I know, bud, but I have to clean the rash to make sure it doesn’t get worse, okay?” He explains before throwing the wipes away and putting on the gloves. “Just going to apply the cream and then you’re good to go. Do you want to be padded or do you want undies?”

Peter flinches at the sting of the rash being wiped, but grips onto the side of the sink to stop himself from moving away. At the question, he considers before standing up a little straighter to look older than he is.

“I want boxers, please.”

“It’s undies or padded, Peter, those are your options.” Stephen repeats and taps the top of Peter’s inner thigh to get him to spread his legs a little wider. Very gently, he begins to apply the cream onto the irritated and red skin.

“I want underwear, then.” Peter says, frowning when Stephen is sharp with him. He spreads his legs and whimpers at the cream. “It’s cold…” He grips Stephen’s arm to make him stop for a moment. “Where does it have to go?”

Stephen pauses and looks up at Peter from where he is crouched down in front of him.

“I’m sorry, honey, I know it’s a little cold, but it will pass in a bit. And I have to put it all around your privates so that you can get better. It might feel a little uncomfortable, but I promise it will help.” Stephen says gently, hoping Peter will let him continue without him having to page for assistance with the little patient.

“Okay, just...be careful.” Peter says, blushing brightly and accepting that Stephen is going to be seeing and touching his privates despite him being big enough to handle this himself. He flinches and jumps every time the cold cream touches a new part before looking down at Stephen. “Underwear now, please?”

“Yes, yes, let’s just give it a moment to breathe.” Stephen says and removes his gloves before throwing them away. He stands up and goes to one of the cabinets where they keep gowns, underwear and socks. “Which ones do you want?” The doctor asks, holding up a few options. Frowning when he sees they were mostly underoos with prints on them, Peter selects the most grown up ones. They are white with robots printed over them, but robots are cool and for big kids. He holds out his hand to take them expectantly.

“Can I have new pyjamas? This gown is itchy.”

Stephen crouches down to the floor again and holds the underoos so that Peter can step into them before very gently pulling them on without scratching the rash too much.

“You have to wear the gown for a few days until you get better, but you can get socks. How about these?” Stephen suggests and holds out a fluffy and light blue pair with white stripes. When he is offered the socks, Peter shakes his head.

“No, thank you. Those are for babies. I’m not a baby.” Peter insists. They do look very soft and cosy, but he does not need them when he is being a big boy who has big boy things. “Can I have normal socks?”

“Of course.” Stephen says and gets another pair and hopes they fit Peter’s aged up standards. The
new pair is dark blue and without any patterns. “What about these?” He asks and makes a little note in his mind that they will have to keep a close eye on whether Peter can regress by himself. Perhaps they need to call in Rhodes for a psychological evaluation. Considering them for a moment, Peter nods and holds his hand out for them.

“I can put them back on when I'm in bed.” Peter says, trying to get ahead of Stephen trying to do it for him. “I'm ready to go back now. Can I please get a cup of water?”

“Sure you can.” Stephen smiles and offers his hand out to Peter to guide him back to bed. “Just remember to call for one of to help you to the bathroom, all right? We don't want you to trip or hurt yourself on the way when you're so sick.” He says and lets the boy climb into bed on his own before beginning to attaching the wires to the heart monitor back on along with the blood pressure cuff and pulse oximeter.

“Can I watch another movie?” Peter asks, letting himself be hooked up to everything again. He waits until Stephen is finished before carefully putting the socks on his feet. It takes a little longer than it would have with Stephen just doing it and Peter gets frustrated with getting them the right way around before he finally finishes one foot.

“You'll pull out your drain any second.” Stephen chuckles and takes the remaining sock, helping Peter get it on. But, he does lot let go of the boy's foot just yet and squeezes in a comforting gesture. “What do you want to watch then?” Stephen asks and puts Peter's foot down before going over to check the drain, pleased to find the bandage white and clean.

“I could do it myself.” Peter says, pouting and kicking his heel against the bed lightly when Stephen lets go. He crosses his arms and huffs before thinking about what movie he wants to watch next. “Can I watch Star Wars? The really old ones with R2-D2 and C-3PO.”

“Let's see if we have it here...” Stephen mutters as he flicks through the large selection of movies and shows they access to on the iPad. “Ah! Here we go.” He says and sets the iPad up so that Peter can see. “Do you want me to stay with you?” Stephen feels tired, maybe even exhausted from being up for so long and would love to trade off with Tony or Steve, but he can maybe push through another hour if the boy wants him to.

“Can I have some water and a snack, then I can be alone?” Peter asks, content to stay and watch the movie when he knows he will not need to pee or get anything at least until it is finished. He pulls the blanket up closer so he can snuggle, keeping the stuffies tucked under the blanket so no one will see that he is holding it carefully.

“You seem to have an appetite, that's good. How about some fruit and a yogurt?” Stephen suggests, pleased to see that Peter is getting more comfortable at the ward.

“No, thank you. Popcorn?” Peter asks. “Didn’t make me sick before.” He adds quickly, wanting Stephen to know he does not just want a treat. He wants to eat something he thinks will not come back up.

“Oh, just this one time.” Stephen says with a little wink. “Just sit tight and I’ll get it for you.” Stephen says and heads out of the ward while Peter continues to watch his movie. When he enters the kitchen, Stephen sees Tony by the counter, cutting up some apple slices while Bucky skips around him. “I’m so ready to pass out.” Stephen groans as he gets a sippy cup and fills it with water.

“Go take a nap, babe.” Tony says, reaching over to take the cup out of Stephen's hand before the water overflows out of it. He smiles at Bucky and gives him the little bowl of apples. “I think Uncle Thor is reading with Loki in the library. You can eat your snack in there if you bring the bowl back
afterwards.” He says before turning his attention back to Stephen. “Is our newest addition sleeping?”

Bucky heads out of the kitchen with a grin and walks very carefully with the bowl in his hands.

“Not yet, but hopefully soon. He wants more popcorn and a drink, so I’m fetching that.” Stephen says and leans against the counter while letting out a sigh. “I feel like we are bonding, but he won’t regress even though I’ve tried.” He says and gets a glass from the cupboard for a drink of water.

“I called Rhodey a few hours ago to discuss. He said regression might not happen like we want it to, because Peter's trying to protect himself. It's pretty normal, actually, so that's one plus for the little man. It just means we're dealing with a big kid.” Tony puts the knife and chopping board into the dishwasher before any of the littles can come into the kitchen and wraps his arms around Stephen from behind. “You need to take care of yourself too. You can't treat someone when you're about to fall asleep, it's dangerous.”

“Hmm...” Stephen hums lazily before taking a long drink from his glass. He leans his head back to rest against Tony’s for some comfort. “Do you think we should call in Rhodey to see him? He seems... skittish and I don’t like it.” Stephen says, finding his gut feeling hard to explain.

“We can do that, but let’s wait to deal with the physical first. If we overwhelm him with people and questions, he's going to be harder to convince.” Tony points out, bringing his hand up to rub Stephen's stomach comfortingly. He rests his head against Stephen's and sighs softly. “Why don't you go give Pete his snack, then go to bed for a few hours? If you're still sleeping when T'Challa arrives, I'll wake you.”

“Yeah, all right.” Stephen sighs and moves to stand up properly, turning around to face Tony and kiss him sweetly. However, they cannot kiss for long as Bucky returns to the kitchen with his empty cup.

“Ew, gross!” Bucky giggles and points at the two doctors.

“Ew, gross.” Tony shoots back, grabbing a tissue and wiping Bucky's face with a laugh. He takes the cup from him and pats his head. “Do you need to potty, bud?” He asks, lifting him up and setting Bucky on his hip. He goes over to Stephen and uses his free hand to rub his back. “Uncle Steph is sleepy, so he's going to nap.”

“Yeah, I need a long nap.” Stephen chuckles as he gets the sippy cup and a small bowl of popcorn. He puts a lid on it so that Bucky cannot see and begin to whine for the same snack.

“Want more juice! Daddy said I could have more.” Bucky lies, but puts on a pretty smile to sell the lie.

“Buck, this will be your third juice today. Do you maybe need to go pee?” Tony asks, turning his attention back to Stephen for a split second. “Go sleep, babe. I'll come get you later and we'll handle everything in the ward. Just get some sleep and change out of those scrubs.”

Bucky pouts when he realises that his pretty smile did not work.

"Fine.” He grumbles before adding. “But, I'll go like a big boy! Don’t need help like a baby.” Bucky grins proudly.

“Yeah, yeah.” Stephen chuckles lightly before leaving the kitchen with the snack and drink. “See you later.” He calls out before heading to the ward again.

Tony rolls his eyes fondly at Stephen before carrying Bucky down the hall towards the little boys
bathroom. The short time Stephen is gone, Peter is pretty confident he can handle being alone all the time. He was fine when his Mommy was not at home, even if he sometimes did have accidents and that got super gross fast. He is relieved when Stephen returns though, smiling at the doctor and waving gently.

“Hi, you missed the start of the movie, but I can tell you what happened?”

“I’d love to hear it, bud, but I have some other patients I need to see I’m afraid.” Stephen said apologetically, but not entirely truthfully. He finds it easier to blame it on more work than his need to rest. “Here’s your snack and drink, as requested.” He says cheerfully before picking up the emergency button and showing it to Peter. “This is an emergency button. If you need to go to the bathroom, you feel sick or just want someone to be with you, you press here, all right? And then someone will come. Are you all good? Do you need anything before I leave you to your movie?” Stephen asks, desperately hoping that Peter is comfortable so that he can finally rest.

“Oh…” Peter says, a little disappointed that Stephen is not going to be with him. “If I press the button will you come?” He asks, taking it in his hand and looking at the little device. It does not look very important or special, but he will keep it close anyway, just in case. He reaches forward and pauses the movie so he and Stephen can talk without missing too much of it. “Did other people arrive last night?”

“I’ll be busy with other patients, but Tony or one of the nurses will come when you press it.” Stephen explains. “And no, not to my knowledge, but there are plenty other littles like you who live here and need medical attention. And I have to tend to them as well, even though I’d much rather watch Star Wars with you.” Stephen smiles and taps Peter on his nose to get him to smile.

“But, isn’t Tony busy too? How come he could come see me, but you can’t?” Peter asks curiously, scrunching up his nose when Stephen touches it and rubbing it to get the tingly feeling to go away. He gets an achy feeling in his tummy thinking about Stephen taking care of other littles. It hurts more than the rash and the needles.

“I’m sorry, Peter, but that is just how things are. I have to go see some other patients, but Tony or one of the nurses will come if you call. Even if you don’t call, they will check up on you now and then, okay?” Stephen explains and forces a smile.

“Who are the other patients?” Peter asks, keeping his eyes firmly on Stephen and trying to ignore how sad the idea makes him feel. Peter does not want to be left alone in a strange place, and he only sort of knows Tony and Steve so they would be doing embarrassing stuff like seeing his privates if he has to pee or cleaning him if he does get sick. Peter does not want any of that to happen.

“They are littles like you with different health concerns that we grown ups are taking care of.” Stephen explains briefly, feeling how he is running on the last bits of his energy. As sweet as Peter is, he cannot deal with more questions. “Enjoy your snack and the movie, yeah? I’ll come see you again later.” Stephen promises and waves Peter goodbye before he can protest, even though he feels bad for doing so. But, he tries to remind himself of what Tony said in the kitchen and drags himself to their room for a much needed rest.

When Stephen leaves, Peter slowly turns back to the iPad and starts the movie again. He pulls his stuffies up close and cries quietly as he watches, trying not to wail like a baby because he has been left alone. He chews on the soft fur of one of the stuffies and leaves his popcorn and water untouched. Near the end of the movie, Peter finally falls asleep with the ear still in his mouth and tear tracks down his face.

Stephen takes a super quick shower before collapsing into his and Tony’s shared bed, leaving his
dirty scrubs on the floor and barely pulling the covers over his body before falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! Poor little Petey is being so brave, letting strangers care for him in a new and strange place. What do you guys think of this flashback bit so far? Also, I have posted a new moodboard for this AU and extra little scenes and such on my Tumblr professional-benaddict. All the extra stuff can be found under the tag 'little patients' as well as the fanart a lovely dear made for us xxx
Chapter 40 - Pneumonia, UTI and diaper rash III

Chapter Summary

Stephen, Tony and T'Challa make a plan for what should happen to Peter next.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Stephen sleeps heavily for three hours and barely stirs when Tony comes in and shakes his shoulder.

“Babe, it's time to wake up.” Tony says, running his hand through Stephen's still damp hair. He feels awful waking him up, but he knows Stephen would be more annoyed if he slept through the rest of their day. “T'Challa is on his way and you need to eat.” He climbs into the bed with his partner and lays down next to him. “Come on, sleepy. As soon as we're all done, you can lay down again.”

Stephen groans lowly in the back of his throat, but does not make any move to wake up besides leaning into the hand in his hair.

“Is Peter okay?” Stephen mumbles into his pillow, not opening his eyes yet.

“Dunno, you’ll need to go check on him.” Tony teases, guessing that would be the only way to get Stephen to actually get out of bed and move. He pats his chest gently and sits up. “It’s a beautiful day, the littles are having a teddy bear's picnic and I got peed on. You’ve missed a good one.”

Stephen frowns a bit when no one has checked on Peter, but quickly realises that would never happen and Tony is just withholding info to get him up.

“Babe...” Stephen groans with a chuckle and finally opens his eyes, yawning as he rubs his face. “Seriously, how is he?” He asks and moves to sit up, stretching his arms above his head to wake up properly and work his neck.

“He was napping for about an hour. Steve just went to check on him and he’s getting ready to wake up. He was pretty upset when you weren’t there, but Steve said you were still busy.” Tony explains, putting his hand on Stephen’s neck and trying to work out some of the knots for him. “As much as I love the naked look, you need to get dressed before we go anywhere.”

“I hope he doesn’t grow too attached to me. That will make adoption so much harder.” Stephen says and lets Tony work his neck with a sigh. “You said T’Challa is on his way?” He says and turns to look at Tony, stealing a quick kiss before getting out of the bed and finding clean scrubs.

“You do flatter yourself.” Tony teases, kissing Stephen back and staying on the bed while he gets ready. “Yeah, he’s on his way. We have to make a plan for what should be done with Peter, so paperwork basically. Thankfully our notes will be used for the medical examination and another one doesn’t have to be carried out.” He watches Stephen get dressed with a smirk.

“That’s good, that’s good.” Stephen nods and slips into the scrubs pants, tying the waist band before grabbing a scrubs top. “He’s gone through enough already. So, it’s just paperwork now or does he want to question Peter? Because I don’t know if that’s such a good idea considering his poor condition.”
“Steph, he’s fine.” Tony says, raising an eyebrow. “He handled the drain well and there hasn’t been any complications. The UTI will take a few days, but he isn’t in any horrible pain, same with the rash. His vitals are normal and he’s hydrated.” Tony sits at the edge of the bed and watches Stephen. “If anything, he’s doing relatively well in terms of physical health.”

Stephen sighs after pulling his top on and grabs his lab coat as well, considering they are meeting police officers in a bit. He checks that he has everything he needs in his breast pocket, even though he knows everything is there.

“He’s a fighter.” Stephen says quietly.

“Stephen.” Tony says, standing up and walking over to him. “Are you getting attached?” He asks, completely serious for once when not discussing work. He tilts his head and looks at him carefully. “If you need a break, let Pep know and we can arrange for cover. Don’t hurt yourself trying to save someone who’s already in the best possible place for them.”

“No, no, I’m good.” Stephen chuckles and makes a dismissive hand gesture. “I’m probably just hungry.” He says, trying to convince himself of that instead of acknowledging how protective he actually feels of Peter.

“Go get some food and I’ll handle Peter.” Tony says firmly, walking towards the door while Stephen gets his shoes on. “I’ll page you if we need you, but Steve’s going to help with everything.”

“But, page me once T’Challa gets here. I want to be there.” Stephen says and steals a kiss from Tony before heading to the kitchen. Nodding with a chuckle, Tony walks down the hall to the ward where Steve is trying to get Peter to pay attention to a picture book. He smiles at the scene before going over to the bed.

“When you’re feeling a bit stronger, we can go to the library and pick a book you’re interested in, Peter. Can you read by yourself or do people read to you?”

“You have a library?” Peter asks, his eyes lighting up a bit as he cracks a smile. ”Uhm, a bit of both, but I- I like to just listen.” He explains and fiddles with the wolf stuffie in his hand as he feels a bit restless, maybe even overtired, but he is not sure.

“We do. It’s very nice.” Tony says, going over to fill out Peter’s chart with his current vitals. “It’s got a lot of cool things in it.” He goes over and puts a hand on Peter’s forehead, smiling when he finds the boy’s forehead more or less cool. “Why don’t you get a little more comfortable and Steve can read you a book that’s a little more interesting?” He suggests, smiling at the nurse playfully.

“I swear, this Doc teases me whenever he gets the chance.” Steve says to Peter as he points as Tony. “Now he’s mocking my choice of book.” The nurse groans dramatically, making Peter laugh. “Do you think this one’s boring?” Steve asks and shows Peter the cover of the book.

“Kinda...” Peter giggles.

“Peter’s a big boy, Steve. This is a book for littler boys, of course he’s bored.” Tony says, rolling his eyes dramatically. “I think you would like...” He paused to think for a moment. “What kind of books do you like?”

Peter thinks for a second while looking down at his stuffie before answering.

“Fairytales? You know those Grimm ones?” Peter suggests, rather than asks as he feels a bit shy with Tony and Steve. He wonders when Stephen will be back.
“You like the ones that are a little spooky?” Tony smiles, taking Peter’s arm to check that the IVs are doing good. “I like those ones too. They’re cool, aren’t they?” He says, giving Peter his arm back when he is confident everything is normal. Peter tenses a little when Tony takes his arm, but quickly realises that he will not do anything painful or uncomfortable. Tony points Steve towards the door. “In the library, dear.” He says helpfully.

“Yeah, yeah.” Steve groans and gets up, shuffling his feet for a bit before straightening up. “Would the doctor care for a cup of tea while I’m at it?” Steve asks in a sing song voice before leaving the ward with a chuckle. Peter giggles a little on the bed as he watches the rivalry unfold.

“He’s silly.” Tony says, running his hand through Peter’s hair and sitting down at the edge of his bed. “Do we need to go potty before we start a new book?” He asks, patting Peter’s head. “You’ve been really brave for us today, honey. You’re a really good boy.”

Peter blushes at the idea of Tony seeing him naked like Stephen did earlier. The praise also does not help and makes him blush a darker pink.

“Yeah, I have to, but it hurts... Don’t like that...” Peter says and does not know whether he wants to lean into the hand in his hair or not.

“What hurts exactly?” Tony asks, putting his hand on Peter’s stomach to touch it lightly. He feels that it is a little swollen, but he is hopeful that it will go down when Peter relieves himself. He keeps his hand on Peter’s head.

“Just- everywhere.” Peter says and points with his hand at his groin and the top of his thighs. “Hurt to- go... You know- to pee.” He says quietly, bringing the stuffie up to hide his face.

“Would you feel better using a bedpan or a diaper?”

“I wanna get up.” Peter mumbles into the stuffie’s fur and points at the bathroom that he had been in earlier.

“It hurts when you’re making pee?” Tony asks, getting up to arrange the tubes and remove wires so Peter can get up. He offers a hand out to help him, cooing sympathetically. “Poor kid. You’re doing a good thing telling me, even if it’s hard.”

Peter takes Tony’s hand a little hesitantly and slips down from the bed. The floor does not feel as cold with socks on so he shuffles over to the bathroom, but with less energy than before.

“C-Can you wait outside? Please?” Peter asks, hoping Tony will give him the same treatment as Stephen earlier, although with less touching hopefully.

“Sure.” Tony says easily, helping Peter into the bathroom and standing him up beside the toilet. “Yell if you need me. I’ll be right outside.” He promises, leaving the door slightly open so he can get in quickly if necessary. Peter lets out a sigh once he is alone and takes his time going to the bathroom. It stings coming out and Peter cannot help but wince under his breath. Once he is done, he flushes and goes to wash his hands before pushing the door open with his shoulder. He glanced up at Tony shyly.

“Hurts...” The boy sighs and leans against the doorframe.

“Okay, buddy. You’re being super brave.” Tony says, rubbing his hand against Peter’s arm. He wraps an arm around him and helps him back to the bed. “We’re trying to flush you out a little bit, okay? It will make the infection go away faster. Do you like cranberry juice?”
“Yeah.” Peter nods at the juice and crawls back into bed. He grabs his stuffie and lets Tony attach all the wiring back on. Steve returns with the book in his hand and goes to whisper into Tony’s ear.

“T’Challa’s here, he’s waiting in the lobby.” The nurse says, but Peter hears a bit of it.

“W-What’s going on? Is my Mommy here?” He asks hopefully.

“Sorry, buddy. Just the police officer from last night.” Tony says, smiling sadly at the little boy. “You’re being really brave for us, though. We can have a meeting with T’Challa and talk about anything you want.”

Peter flinches at the mention of police and his heart rate spikes.

“I didn’t mean to upset Mommy! I t-ried to make her happy but-but...” The boy stutters out until a coughing fit takes his breath away. He doubles over and his shoulders shake as he tries to catch his breath again. Grabbing a kidney dish, Tony holds it under Peter’s chin and waits for the coughing fit to pass.

“You’re okay, buddy. You’re doing a great job for us.” The doctor praises, sitting down on the edge of the bed and looks at the boy carefully to make sure the coughing fit is not getting worse. “Pete, you’re a very good boy. You didn’t do anything bad or anything that would make someone unhappy. We know that.”

Peter heaves in a few lungfuls of air until his breathing evens out a little. Steve gets a tissue and wipes Peter’s mouth with it carefully.

“But- she got so angry... I must have done something wrong...” Peter admits in between wheezy breaths.

“Nasal cannula?” Steve asks Tony and gestures to the tubing hanging above the bed.

“Yeah, just give him a minute.” Tony says, rubbing Peter’s back gently and staying close to him. “Buddy, grown ups can have big thoughts that are too much for them to handle. It’s not your fault that your Mommy couldn’t control her emotions. That is not your fault, it’s her’s. It’s her temper that she has to control, and if she can’t then someone like T’Challa steps in.” He explains, wrapping an arm around Peter to give him a hug. Peter lets himself be hugged, but does not lift his arms to wrap around Tony as he finds them to be too heavy. He nuzzles into Tony’s neck and lets out a little sob.

“But- we were happy... Mommy said so- I-I just had to be good for her and we’d be happy...” Peter mumbles. Steve watches Tony comfort the boy and feels his heart ache in his chest. Holding Peter close, Tony sighs sadly and has to suppress the urge to storm out and demand he see this so-called caregiver. He brings one hand up to support the back of Peter’s head and leans his cheek against the soft curls.

“You’re such a good boy, Pete, the best boy.”

Peter relaxes a bit at the praise and lets himself slump against Tony, as he finds sitting up to be exhausting. Very gently, Steve tilts Peter’s head back just a bit to place the nasal cannula into his nostrils and tucks the tubing behind his ears.

“Shh, there’s a good boy. This will make it easier to breathe, bud.” The nurse assures. Peter still scrunches his nose up a little, but remains slumped against Tony. “Shall I tell T’Challa to come back another time?” Steve asks Tony as he gets two pieces of tape to fasten the cannula with so that Peter hopefully does not remove it.
“No, just tell him it will be a grown ups only conversation.” Tony says quietly, not taking his hands off Peter. “Could you call Doctor Rhodes too? Ask him if he would be free to complete a full assessment.” Tony explains and Steve heads off to fulfil the task. When they are alone, Tony gives Peter a gentle squeeze. “You’re doing a great job, sweetheart. Can you tell me what age you are, please?”

“Dunno... 8 or- maybe 7...” Peter says quietly and closes his eyes. Very slowly, he moves an arm up to wrap around Tony lazily.

“That's a very grown up age for you.” Tony comments, smiling when Peter tries to return the hug. He pulls the blanket up around them and sets the wolf stuffie on Peter's lap so that it is propped up and looking at him. “Do you want me to ask Nurse Stevie to get you some juice? You'll need to pee lots, buddy, but it will make you feel so much better.”

“Don’t wanna pee...” Peter whines quietly, but then realises his Mommy does not like when he whines. “Sorry, didn’t mean to. Can I have the cranberry juice?” He asks, using his big boy words and glancing up at Tony shyly.

“Do you not want to pee because it hurts, or is there another reason?” Tony asks softly, rubbing Peter's cheek when he apologises and shakes his head. “Don’t apologise, bud. I need you to tell me when you're having thoughts and feelings like this so I can help you out.”

Peter ponders a little on what the doctor is telling him, as his Mommy is never like this, but then he remembers the question.

“Cause hurts... Stings and don’t wike it.” He explains, fiddling with the stuffie in his hands.

“Do you think it would hurt less if you could just let it dribble out in little bits?” Tony asks, keeping his voice calm and soft so he does not panic Peter and make him clam up again. “With a UTI, sometimes people have accidents. It doesn't mean they're a baby or they don't know how to potty, it just means the part of their tummy that's in charge is taking some time to recover so it forgets to remind you.”

Peter feels himself slip and does not quite understand all the grown-up talk. He brings a hand up to pull at his bottom lip as he blushes at the mention of babies.

“What you mean?” He asks, glancing up again shyly. “’M not a baby…”

“I know you’re not, buddy. I just think a pull-up or a diapey might be a good idea.” The doctor says, rubbing the boy’s pink cheek with his thumb and smiling at how adorable he looks with the nasal cannula. “Then we can drink lots of juice and have big cuddles with Stephen when he comes back.”

“Yeah, ’kay…” Peter mumbles at the suggestion of padding. At the mention of Stephen, Peter perks up a little and sits up to look at Tony. “When’s Stephen coming?” He asks with a shy smile.

“He’s coming really soon. Should we get you all comfy before he shows up?” Tony asks, getting up to grab a diaper from the supply closet. He returns quickly and lowers the bed so Peter is laying flat on his back. “Do you need to go potty now?”

Peter thinks for a moment to feel and then shakes his head in reply. He brings his hand up to his mouth again, putting his thumb between his teeth and lays back to let Tony care for him.

“What you mean?” He asks, glancing up again shyly. “’M not a baby…”

“I know you’re not, buddy. I just think a pull-up or a diapey might be a good idea.” The doctor says, rubbing the boy’s pink cheek with his thumb and smiling at how adorable he looks with the nasal cannula. “Then we can drink lots of juice and have big cuddles with Stephen when he comes back.”

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Peter thinks for a moment to feel and then shakes his head in reply. He brings his hand up to his mouth again, putting his thumb between his teeth and lays back to let Tony care for him.

“Can I see Mommy too?” He asks as he watches Tony carefully.

“Mommy isn’t here, honey. She’s at another part of town dealing with grown up stuff.” Tony
explains, pulling off the undies and giving Peter’s rash a few moments to air out before he tapes him up again. “Do you want a paci, bud?”

Peter is more or less satisfied with the answer as her Mommy was always very strict about not disturbing her work, so he does not ask again. Either way, he is slipping further and growing sleepy.

“Hmm, pwease…” He nods, sucking on his thumb now and clutching the stuffie to his chest.

“Great manners, Peter.” Tony praises, going to find a new pacifier. Peter giggles at the praise before coughing a few times. The doctor comes across a pacifier connected to a baby blanket and smiles at it, feeling the soft fabric between his fingers before returning to the bed. He carefully takes Peter’s thumb out of his mouth and replaced it with the pacifier, rubbing the blanket against his cheek. Peter takes the pacifier eagerly and widens his eyes when he feels the soft material on his cheek.

“Is soft…” Peter mumbles and nuzzles against the blanket before yawning and causing his pacifier to fall out of his mouth.

“It’s a nice one.” Tony agrees, finishing getting Peter ready and popping the pacifier back in his mouth before tucking him back in. He raises the rails on the bed and runs his hand through Peter’s hair. “You’re such a good boy, Peter. Sleep tight.”

Peter relaxes back against the pillow now that he is settled. He smiles a little at the hand in his hair and relaxes even more, letting his eyes fall shut. His breathing evens out after a few breaths and his heart rate slows on the monitor to a nice resting pulse. Taking out his phone, Tony messages Stephen and asks him to come to the ward. He explains that Peter is asleep and they will have to handle the meeting themselves. Stephen checks his phone and heads to the ward right away as he does not want to miss the meeting. He meets Steve who is escorting T’Challa and Nakia on the way.

“Morning, officers.” Stephen says with a smile.

“It’s past twelve, Strange.” T’Challa teases as they all head to the ward.

“Oh, right, my daily routine has been thrown off a little.” Stephen chuckles and opens the door to the ward to find Tony checking up on a sleeping Peter. When people enter the ward, Tony walks towards them with a hand up.

“We have a sleeping little. Can I ask you all keep your voices down?” Tony says softly, smiling at Stephen and reaching forward to playfully fix his scrubs. Stephen bats Tony’s hands of him with a fond smile.

“Of course, doctor. I just wanted to see him.” T’Challa says in a whisper and eyes the sleeping boy from a distance.

“Shall I stay with Peter?” Steve offers and Stephen nods.

“Then we can head with the officers to one of the meeting rooms.” Stephen says and looks over at Tony.

“Good plan. Keep an eye on him, he’s pretty little right now. Loves that blankie paci hybrid.” Tony smiles, taking Stephen’s hand and leading them out of the ward. He picks one of the more formal meeting rooms and holds the door open for everyone to enter. Stephen squeezes Tony’s hand in his own, not realising he needed the reassurance. He gives Tony a quick kiss while the officers cannot see before heading into the room. Tony smiles fondly at his partner before they all settle down around the table.
“Doctor Rhodes is joining us later this afternoon for a psychological assessment. We can send the outcome through to you as soon as we get it.” Stephen begins, getting straight to the urgent matter at hand, which is Peter’s care.

“You think a psych eval is necessary? How so?” T’Challa asks while Nakia gets a notepad to write everything down. The two doctor sit down opposite the two officers. Tony is relieved to hear Rhodey will be coming.

“There are signs of abuse that I don’t think will be shocking to you. He has a fear of upsetting people and is very emotional, more so than we’d expect from a little.” Tony explains. “He’s in and out of headspaces, not uncommon, but not ideal and he has to be gently transitioned into this new life. I’m concerned he’ll develop issues with diaper changes, food and sleep schedules.”

Nakia notes everything down and T’Challa nods as he listens closely.

“I have also noticed his reasonings to be a little off.” Stephen adds. “He belittles himself, which he could be doing to protect himself. He apologises when he’s in pain and seems overall skittish.” Stephen says and T’Challa nods.

“The CG denies everything though. She’s wealthy and the house was all tidy and well-kept when we got there, but the state that the little was in.” T’Challa says and shakes his head.

“Tell us about it.” Tony says with a deep sigh, trying to keep his emotions under control while thinking about it. “That rash... It’s not a standard diaper rash. We are more than used to diaper rashes, some littles just don’t tell when they have gone or it happens if they sleep through the night without a change. But, Peter must have been in the same diaper for days, T’Challa. It’s infected to the point we’re using the strongest rash cream we have and it’s giving minimal results. And the UTI speaks for itself. Littles don't develop those out of nowhere.” He looks at Stephen and pats his partner's hand to comfort him, knowing it must be difficult to hear about a little one is bonding with.

Stephen bites the inside of his cheek till he draws blood to stay calm while Tony describes Peter’s condition to the officers. He wonders if there will be a court case and if he and Tony can be a part of the team that takes down the CG.

“Will she take this to court? To get Peter back?” Stephen asks.

“It’s too early to say. She’s talking to her lawyers, but in our custody. Like I said, she denies everything, so there might be one, but until that little boy is 100% healthy, he is not going back to her, that’s for sure. So, that’s where you come in, doctors.” T’Challa says and shakes his head.

“What to they consider to be 100% healthy?” Tony asks, sitting up straighter and putting on a more confident front to handle the conversation. “Long term psychological damage or just the physical? The kid was apologising for being sick enough to need a doctor and telling us he promises he’ll be good so everyone can be happy. No part of that is normal.”

“You’re medical doctors, so you will handle the physical. You said Doctor Rhodes is coming later? He will get an evaluation of the boy’s mental state and we will take it from there.” T’Challa says before Stephen asks.

“So, how long can we keep him?”

“Till he is healthy enough to potentially show up in court.” T’Challa explains and Stephen suddenly hates the idea of a court case if that means Peter will have to testify.
“How exactly is a little supposed to testify? He has no idea what’s acceptable and what isn’t, T’Challa.” Tony argues. “I assume they’ll want him aged up too? He hasn’t gotten past fourteen since he’s been in our care and still needs help with basic tasks.”

“He can still testify even if he is not aged up, but the lawyers or a temporary CG can help him age up. What he has to say, what he can describe to the judge about his experiences and feelings is still highly valuable and credible.” T’Challa argues, only making the atmosphere in the meeting room more tense. “Littles have to go to court too, that is the law. However, if you do not find him to be fit for it, physically, when and if the case starts, then he does not have to.” T’Challa says.

“Great.” Tony says sharply, standing up and offering them a tight smile. “If you don’t mind, we’ll have to continue this conversation at a later time. We have other little patients that have to be tended to today. Please call me anytime to discuss Peter and what he's gone through.” Offering a hand out to Stephen, Tony is already turning to head for the door.

Stephen follows Tony, relieved to see that he was not the only one itching to get out.

“Of course, doctor, we know how busy you are. We’ll show ourselves out.” T’Challa says and gets up to head out of the room along with Nakia. Stephen and Tony watch them head down the hall before they disappear around the corner.

“He can’t testify, he won’t handle it. I mean- nor should he.” Stephen says once he is alone with Tony.

“Of course not. We're not in the business of making someone's life harder to make a job easier.” Tony says, not glancing behind him as they walk towards their office. He shuts the door behind them and drops onto the couch. “Steph, there's no way. I'm not allowing him to go into that situation with some awful temporary CG who just wants a pay out for taking him on. That's additional traumas that we'd be putting on his little shoulders.”

Stephen chuckles at Tony’s first comment, although it is a sad and short one. He slumps down next to Tony on the couch, laying his head on his lap and looking up at him. When Stephen lays down, Tony drops a hand to his stomach and rubs it gently.

“Neither am I.” Stephen says and lifts a hand to run through Tony’s hair above his ear. They fall silent for a while and try to just calm each other down. Tony takes a few moments to focus on his own breathing before Stephen's voice cracks their silence.

“Tony? Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

Tony looks down at his partner and nods slowly.

“We can't let him go.”

“We cannot make Peter’s recovery any slower, that’s fucking ridiculous. But, we could say he is sicker than he actually is. T’Challa trusts us, right? Even though he may not like us that much.” Stephen chuckles and looks up at Tony, lowering his hand to intertwine his fingers with Tony’s on his stomach. Taking Stephen's hand, Tony holds it tightly and thinks before nodding again.

“We don't necessarily have to lie, either. Keeping Peter on bed rest is at our discretion, there's no set criteria. Same as deciding he's not fit to handle any aspect of his own care. They can't let a little stand trial if their doctor says they're not capable of taking the oath before testifying. That would make anything he said invalid before he even spoke, they wouldn't risk that.”

Stephen hums and nods in agreement.
Or maybe we are getting a little too ahead of ourselves. We don’t even know if there will be a trial and Rhodey hasn’t had a chance to see Peter yet. Maybe, we don’t have to lie, like you said.”
Stephen says, looking down at their intertwined hands. “I would lie, though. To protect him.” He admits with a quieter voice.

“Stephen, do you need to discuss anything else with me?” Tony asks, looking down at his boyfriend and bringing up his free hand to play with his hair. He knows what a caregiver who has bonded with a little looks like. He has seen enough of them through the years, and Stephen seems to be heading towards that. “I won't be upset.” He adds after a breath.

Stephen grumbles something under his breath, but does not stir from his spot. Of course Tony would know, he thinks to himself.

“I want to care for him, and- and not just like to get him better, but like I want him to be mine.”
Stephen admits before groaning quietly and lifts his free hand to rub at his forehead. “I haven’t felt like this since Clea.”

“Oh, babe.” Tony says sympathetically, leaning down to kiss Stephen before sitting back up. Stephen relaxes at the kiss and squeezes Tony’s hand in his when they part. Tony keeps his hand running through Stephen’s hair while he considers it.

“Are you sure?” Tony finally asks, keeping his eyes firmly on Stephen while he tries to be logical.

“No, not at all.”

“Having a little is a huge amount of responsibility for people with full time jobs and as many responsibilities as we do.”

“Maybe I’m still exhausted from being up all night with Peter.” Stephen says before meeting Tony’s eyes again and smirks a little. “Also as if I don’t already have a little to care for.” He hints cheekily.

“There's a very strong possibility that exhaustion is a factor.” Tony agrees, rolling his eyes at the last comment. “You wouldn't know how to deal with a little like me, I would annihilate you.” He teases back, patting Stephen's cheek lightly before leaning down to kiss him again. “Why don’t you think about it? Clock off early today, go to the bath, get into bed nice and early. When we wake up, we can get breakfast somewhere in town and see how we feel.”

Stephen hums in amusement at the second kiss.

“Oh, fuck, that sounds so nice.” He groans and stretches out a little where he lays. “So, you’d look out for Peter the rest of the day? Would be nice for him to bond a bit more with you too if we are going to be caring for him together.” He points out and uses one hand to cup Tony’s cheek, running his thumb over his brow.

“Sure. I’ll be totally honest, I don’t necessarily feel a bond, but we haven’t really gotten a chance just yet. I’m sure it’ll come.” Tony says, wrapping his arms around Stephen so he is cradling him and kisses his face playfully. “Now who’s the little?”

“Hmm, I’m sure.” Stephen hums before he yelps a little at being cradled and kissed. “Tones, stop!” He laughs, but does not mean it and tilts his head to catch his partner’s lips with his own and kisses him slowly and sweetly. After a few moments, Tony pulls back and holds Stephen a little closer.

“I want you to rest, babe. Go eat something, a proper meal, then do whatever you need to so you can relax. If you need a hand, let me know.” He smirks, kissing Stephen again quickly before letting him go.
“Oh, my thank you.” Stephen chuckles, mirroring the smirk on Tony’s face before he sits up and leans over for one last kiss. Getting up from the couch, Stephen stretches out again with a groan and then sighs. “I don’t think I can settle until I see Peter again, at least for a while. I want to have another listen to his lungs to see if the antibiotics are working.” He says and offers his hand out to Tony for him to join.

“No, Stephen.” Tony says firmly. “Go to our room and rest.” He stands up and points to the door, interested to see how Stephen would react. He is not surprised that Stephen has a desire to see the little boy as often as possible, but Tony is genuinely worried his partner is overworking. Stephen frowns before giving in with a groan.

“I get how littles feel now...” He chuckles before grabbing Tony by his lab coat for another quick kiss. “Promise me you’ll look out for him.” Stephen says and holds onto his coat, even though he knows Tony will take excellent care of the boy.

“Yes, now go.” Tony insists, gripping Stephen by his shoulders and turning him around before patting his butt playfully. “If I go in there and you’re on your phone, I’ll be angry.” He warns. Stephen chuckles and lets Tony guide him out of the office. At the swat, he yelps and shoots Tony a look.

“Yes, Daddy.” Stephen teases before heading to their room, using both his hands to rub at his stiff neck while he walks down the hall. Tony watches with a fond smile before Stephen disappears around the corner and returns to his office.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! In the next chapter, Tony bonds more with Peter and Rhodey shows up to make a psychological evaluation of Peter. Also, we got more fanart for our AU so check it out on my Tumblr professional-benaddict under the tag ‘little patients’
Chapter 41 - Pneumonia, UTI and diaper rash IV

Chapter Summary

Peter has his mental state evaluated by Rhodey.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After getting some paperwork sorted out in his office, Tony takes a few more minutes before getting up and heading back to the ward. He goes directly to Peter’s bed and smiles at the little boy.

“Hi, sweetheart, how are you feeling?”

Peter has been napping for a while and does not quite remember his own name when he wakes. He blinks at Tony who is looking down at him with a smile and continues to suck his pacifier gently.

“Hmm...” Peter huffs a little before closing his eyes again.

“Hey, hey, sleepyhead. Can you open your eyes for me, please?” Tony says, rubbing Peter’s cheek to get him focused on being awake. Peter jolts a little at the hand on his cheek and opens his eyes again, but does not turn away from the touch. Tony knows if the boy sleeps for much longer, he will struggle with falling asleep later that night and that could be the start of a bad routine. “Do you want to try a bottle, buddy?”

“Hmm...” Peter hums again and kicks his feet to get the blanket of him as he suddenly feels hot. He coughs a little and whines.

“Are we not feeling very talkative?” Tony asks as he helps Peter get the blanket off. “That’s okay, kid. We don’t have to have a big conversation. Can you just let me know how you’re feeling?”

Peter looks up at Tony with a little frown, but calms down quickly and cools down as well. He feels for a bit before reaching up to take the pacifier out of his mouth to talk.

“Warm, owie...” The boy says and pops the pacifier back in his mouth, nuzzling into the soft material clipped to the pacifier.

“Can you point to your owie?” Tony asks, smiling when Peter nuzzles the little blanket. He sits on the edge of the bed and waits for Peter to decide if he wants to talk. Peter feels around some more and tries to find the right words before removing his pacifier again.

“Tummy and- and down there...” He says and squirms on the bed. His joints also hurt from the fever, but he finds that too hard to explain.

“Do you feel like you need to go potty, maybe?” Tony asks, standing up to get Peter the bottle of cranberry juice at the side of his bed. The doctor holds it for him, using his free hand to feel the boy’s forehead and then runs it through his hair.

“Don’t wanna.” Peter admits quietly before eyeing the bottle. He does not lift his hands to take the bottle, but lets Tony feed him instead. It feels good to be little, really little, and he nuzzles into the
hand in his hair and the blanket up to his cheek again as he drinks.

“Can you try for me, baby? It won’t get better if we don’t let it out.” Tony tries, smiling when Peter relaxes and sinks deeper into the bed. After a few minutes, the bottle is drained and Tony sets it aside. “I can put a little tube in your peepee if you can’t make on your own. It won’t hurt, I promise.”

Peter does not want to leave his bed to go all the way to the bathroom, nor leave his new super soft blanket so he eyes Tony closely.

“Promise?” It sounds a little scary, but for some reason he trusts Tony and his big brown eyes.

“I promise, Pete. We’ll put it in, get all the pee out and take it out again, no big deal.” Tony smiles as he gets up to get everything he needs. He settles on an intermittent catheter as it would cause the least amount of stress for Peter and encourage him to use his diaper for its intended purpose. Peter watches closely as Tony gathers some stuff and maybe regrets his choice a little bit. But, then he remembers how exhausted he feels and pops his pacifier back in, nuzzling into his blanket and cuddling his stuffie. Returning with all the supplies, the doctor carefully puts a disposable pad under Peter’s hips before laying him back. The boy makes a little noise when he is moved and then looks up at the doctor. “I need to take your diapey off for a little bit, bud. Are you ready or do you need a minute?”

“Ready...” Peter mumbles with the paci, but squirms a little nervously.

“Good boy, I’m going to be super gentle but tell me if it hurts, okay?” Tony opens the diaper, checking it quickly to find it is only slightly damp. He rolls it up and tosses it into the trash before opening a fresh one and sliding it below Peter. Next, Tony gets on a pair of gloves before readying the catheter. Peter nods obediently and continues to watch Tony closely as he fixes some grown up looking stuff. Peter frowns a little when he sees the tube before looking up at Tony. The doctor shows Peter his hand so he can see. “I need to touch your peepee, little man. Is that okay?”

“Is okay...” Peter says, clutching his stuffie to his chest and arching his back a little.

“Such a brave boy.” Tony praises and cleans Peter’s cock gently before inserting the tube until he is sure it is in the correct place. As soon as it is, Tony sets the end of the tube on the new diaper and allows it to flow out. Peter draws in a sharp breath at the discomfort and covers his eyes with the blanket, but stays still nonetheless. “You’re going pee, Pete! Good job, buddy.”

The boy sighs in relief when he feels the pressure in his abdomen ease off and when he realises it does not hurt.

“Doesn’t hurt...” Peter mumbles with the blanket on his face and Tony smiles down at him.

“Of course it doesn’t hurt, baby. We’re here to make you feel better.” He reminds. He waits until the flow stops before carefully putting some pressure on the boy’s bladder to make sure he is done. Then the doctor removes the catheter and lifts the diaper up from the bed. Peter yelps a little when he feels a gentle tug and then sighs again. “Good job, kiddo. You really had to go, didn’t you?”

“Hmm... Had to go, but couldn’t...” Peter explains and pulls the blanket down from his eyes to look at Tony shyly. A sort of warm feeling settles in his chest at hearing he will be cared for. He is starting to realise what he has missed out on with his Mommy.

“Were you trying to go and just couldn’t?” Tony asks, taking off his gloves when everything is thrown away and puts his hand on Peter’s stomach to feel it.

“Just couldn’t...” Peter says with a shake of his head and watches as Tony feels his stomach.
“You’re being such a brave boy for us, Petey. We’re very proud of you.” Tony says and Peter grins at the praise at first, but then his face drops a little and he mumbles.

“But, I’m not doing anything, just- laying here...” He says and adjusts his hold on his stuffie.

“No, you’re being very brave. You’re letting us check you and do what we need to do even though it might be scary, that’s brave.” Tony explains with a smile and checks the IV bags. Peter blushes and squirms a little on the bed at the praise. He is not used to getting so much of it, but he loves it. Tony finds that the IV bags are almost empty and Peter seems like he needs a break. “Do you want to come on an adventure with me?”

Peter perks up at the mention of an adventure.

“What- what sorta? Like, going outside?” He asks quietly, hoping the grown up did not hear him and get angry with him.

“Exactly like going outside.” Tony smiles, guessing that fresh air would help Peter feel better. He gets another diaper and secures it on him before carefully removing the tubes and putting some extra tape on top of the cannulas. Peter tries to contain his excitement as Tony gets him sorted out. He wiggles his toes happily and grins widely when the doctor holds out his hands. “Do you want a lift or do you want to walk for a little bit, buddy?”

“Wanna walk.” Peter decides, but does still take Tony’s hands and holds onto them as he slips down from the bed slowly. Once he is up and standing, he looks up at Tony with a smile.

“Good boy!” Tony smiles, holding Peter’s hand tightly and starting to walk slowly down the hall after getting the boy a spare hoodie to keep him warm. “If you get tired, let me know. We won’t have to go inside, I’ll just pick you up.” He promises. The garden is usually reserved for the grown ups, but given how quiet it would be, it is the perfect place to bring Peter. Tony opens the doors leading out to it and helps Peter step into the outside. “It’s a pretty day, isn’t it?”

Peter winces a little at the sunlight and blinks multiple times to get used to it. He quickly grins when he feels the warmth of the sun and the fresh air.

“Is pretty...” Peter repeats as he studies the outside area. There is a small garden with a little pond in the centre and with benches surrounding it. Some of the trees look like they could be good ones for climbing, but Peter does not move and holds onto Tony’s hand tightly and the stuffie in the other.

“Don’t go to the water alone, okay?” Tony says, gently walking Peter around the little path. Peter eyes the pond with interest, wanting to dip his fingers in to feel how cold the water is, but he is drawn out of his little daydream when Tony crouches down by him.

“What’s in there?” Peter asks as he leans on Tony and points at the pond. He wonders if there is fish there, maybe even mermaids.

“Do you want to see?” Tony asks, bringing Peter over to the edge and sitting down on the ground beside it. He sets Peter down on his lap so he can peer over into the pond and smiles. “Do you like it?”

“Hmm!” Peter hums and peers into the pond, grinning when he sees his reflection and giggles at how distorted it looks. He reaches a hand forward and dips his fingertips in, shuddering a little at the coldness. His eyes catch movement in the dark water and he gasps. “Fish!”

“Yeah, buddy. There are some fish in there too. Do you like fish?” Tony wraps his arms around Peter’s waist securely.
“Hmm! They go like this.” Peter says and turns his head to see Tony and makes a fish face by pushing his cheeks up. He giggles and tries to do the same face on Tony. “Fishy!” He giggles again with his hands on Tony’s cheeks. Tony laughs and copies the face Peter’s making, adding in little noises and shaking his head back and forth.

“Fishy!” The doctor repeats, thrilled to see Peter so happy. The boy giggles loudly and makes the same face again, moving his lips like fish do.

“Are there mermaids there too?” He asks and turns his attention back to the pond. “They have pretty tails, like in Barbie.” He says.

“I don’t think we have any mermaids in the pond.” Tony says, tilting his head to show Peter he is thinking. “They like the ocean a lot more, it’s bigger and they can swim as much as they like. Plus there’s a lot of cool stuff to see at the bottom of the ocean.”

Peter huffs a little in disappointed and leans back so that his back is pressed against Tony’s chest.

“Guess so... But, it’d be fun if they were here too. We could play together.” Peter ponders aloud.

“A mermaid would be a really good friend.” Tony agrees. “But there are a lot of other really nice people here who want to be your friend.”

Peter does not know about making friends, because he has not seen any other littles yet, just grown ups. He does not know what he thinks of Tony hinting at him having to stay here for a while either. Peter nods a little before he falls silent for a while and looks at the pond.

“Mommy and I used to look at the fishies.” Tony gives Peter a gentle squeeze when he speaks about his Mommy again.

“How, when can I see Mommy?” The boy asks again, but before Tony can answer, his phone goes off and Peter jumps a little at the sudden sound of the ringtone.

“Sorry, honey.” Tony says, taking his phone out of his pocket and answering it quickly. Peter busies himself with dipping his fingers in the pond again while Tony talks about something boring and grown up. The doctor talks for a few minutes before thanking Steve and hanging up. “Pete, do you want to meet my very best friend in the whole world?”

“Are they little? Like me?” Peter asks with a shy smile and points at his chest.

“Not this guy, but he’s very nice and friendly. We can meet some little friends later, if you want.” Tony offers, standing up and carrying Peter towards the door. “Do you want a drink or a snack?”

“Hmm! Juice and umh- a yogurt? Maybe blueberry?” Peter asks, relieved that the doctor picked him up as he does not want to walk. “Where are the littles?” The boy asks, eyeing the hallways closely, but he only catches a glimpse of another grown up, a woman with ginger hair.

“That sounds good.” Tony says, heading into the kitchen so Peter can have something else to focus on during the first few minutes of the meeting. He holds Peter close as he gets everything ready, smiling at the question. “Some of them will be napping, some will be playing, some have classes.” He explains. “They’re all at the other side of the building, though.”

Peter hums in reply as he keeps looking around, holding onto Tony’s shoulder while he stretches out to see. He coughs a few times before turning back Tony.
“Can I see them?” Peter asks shyly, liking the idea of meeting other littles, but he does not quite understand why he has not yet done that.

“When you’re feeling better.” Tony promises, grabbing the yogurt and spoon before continuing their walk towards the room they were due to meet everyone else in. “We have to make sure you’re all better before we can let you see the others in case you get another icky. We don’t want that to happen.”

Peter frowns in return, but does not argue. He is excited about his snack and tries to reach for it, but then Tony halts by a door and opens it up. Peter clings to Tony’s neck when he sees the three men in the room. Stephen and Steve are familiar, but there is a new man in the room that he does not recognise. Stephen gets up and heads over.

“Hey, Petey. How’s he been?” Stephen asks Tony while Peter reaches his hand out to hold Stephen’s collar.

“He’s been such a good boy for us. We went to see the pond and it’s almost snack time.” Tony says and sits down at the table. He opens up the yogurt before stirring it and offering Peter a spoonful. Chuckling at how comfortable Tony looks, Rhodey walks over and waves at Peter. Peter eyes the yogurt eagerly until the new man comes over. He pushes back against Tony as he grows a little nervous.

“Hello, Peter. My name is Doctor Rhodes. But, you can call me Rhodey. I’m here to talk to you for a little bit, is that okay?”

Stephen notices how Peter grows a little anxious and sits besides Tony so that the boy can see him.

“It won’t be for long, bud, and then we can go watch a movie.” Stephen explains. Peter considers for a second before nodding at Rhodey.

“Is okay.”

“Thank you.” Rhodey says, sitting down when Peter says that it is okay. He opens a file and clicks his pen before smiling at the little boy. “Did you know I went to school with Tony? I knew him when he was even more silly than he is now.”

Peter grins around his mouthful of yogurt and looks over at Tony. He lifts his hands to do the fish face on him again.

“Tony’s a fishy!” He squeals and Stephen snorts at Tony’s stupid looking face.

“I am a fishy. Blub, blub, blub.” Tony chuckles, not caring how stupid he looks if the little boy is happy. He wipes a drop of yogurt on Peter's chin away and pats his tummy gently. All the laughing triggers a little coughing fit for Peter, but he quickly catches his breath again. Stephen takes it as a good sign and that the antibiotics are working. Rhodey laughs too and composes himself before continuing.

“How are your feelings today, Peter? Are they happy, sad, angry?” Rhodey suggests.

“They’re happy.” Peter answers and tries to do the fish face on Tony again, but is distracted by another spoonful of yogurt being offered to him.

“That’s good to hear. Littles should have happy feelings. When they don’t, they should tell a grown up they trust.” Rhodey says, writing down what Peter is saying and the interactions he is having with Tony and Stephen. Peter smacks his lips a little as he enjoys his yogurt and also grins when he
catches Stephen’s eyes. The doctor gives him a reassuring smile and Peter kicks his legs happily on Tony’s lap. Rhodey allows Peter to have a few more spoonfuls of yogurt before continuing.

“And how did you feel when you were with your Mommy?”

At the mention of his Mommy, the boy pauses and looks down at the floor.

“Wasn’t happy. Was sad a lot, but Mommy said I was bad and that’s why I was sad.” He explains.

“Do you know that isn’t true?” Rhodey asks, noting that Tony squeezes the boy a little tighter at the admission. He hates knowing he is about to upset a very happy little boy, but he needs to continue for Peter’s own good. “What sort of stuff did your Mommy do that made you sad?”

Peter lifts his head when his Mommy’s reasonings is challenged. He does not quite believe Rhodey, not yet, and lowers his head again when he thinks of an answer.

“When she yells and- and leaves me alone. Don’t like that, but she said I was bad, so...” Stephen feels his heart ache at what Peter is telling and places a hand on his knee and squeezes in a comforting gesture.

“You weren’t bad, Peter.” Rhodey says calmly. “You did nothing to deserve being left alone or yelled at. A caregiver, like your Mommy, has rules they have to follow. The biggest one is always doing what’s best for their little one, but she did not do that.” He lets Peter have a moment to process before continuing. “Can you say ‘it wasn’t my fault’ for us, please?”

Peter thinks really hard about what Rhodey is saying and feels tears well up in his eyes. He rubs them away before they can fall.

“It-it wasn’t my fault...” Peter repeats quietly and looks at all the three doctors shyly for their approval.

“Good boy.” Tony says, dropping his face down to the top of Peter’s head and kissing it gently. He holds Peter a little bit closer as Rhodey checks the list of ailments Peter had when he arrived at the facility a few days ago. “Were you hungry or thirsty when you were with your Mommy?”

Peter nods and swallows thickly when he feels a lump grow in his throat.

“One time- Mama said I was bad and- and... Didn’t get dinner and- and Mama put me- me in bed with the snakes.” He explains and wraps one hand around his wrist to show that he was tied to the bed.

“The snakes?” Rhodey asks as Tony takes Peter’s hand away from his wrist gently. He watches the little boy and frowns sympathetically. “Were they snakes who moved and had names or did your Mommy have to move them around, buddy?”

“Mama put the snakes on.” Peter explains and shakes his hand free from Tony’s grip, but does not move from his lap. “Don’t like the snakes.” He says and kicks his legs.

“Did they hurt?” Rhodey asks, making note that Peter does not like people touching his wrists. Peter shakes his head.

“Nu uh. After I promise to be good, Mama take ‘em off and then get cuddles.” Peter explains, smiling a little at the memories of the cuddles. “Where’s Mama?” He asks and looks at all three of the doctors to get an answer.
“Mama is with T’Challa and Nakia and she’s probably having lunch right about now.” Rhodey says.
“Do you need a little break before we continue, Peter?” Tony waits until Rhodey stops speaking before leaning down to whisper in Peter’s ear.

“Do you need a potty break, kiddo?” That sounds like a no to seeing his Mommy and Peter frowns. At the mention of a break, he nods and clings to Tony’s neck to be picked up.

“We’ll be right back.” Stephen says and follows Tony and Peter out of the room. “You’re doing so good, Peter.” Stephen praises, but Peter does not pay much mind as all the talk about his Mommy has him confused.

“You are, you're being so brave for us.” Tony says, rubbing Peter's back as he carries him down the hall. He can feel how tightly Peter is holding on and feels even worse than before for making him go through the psychological evaluation, but he knows it is a necessary evil. He heads towards his and Stephen's room, rather than the ward and brings Peter into the warm, cosy room. “Here we go, buddy. Tell me what you need.”

Peter looks around the new room. There is a king sized bed with dark blue sheets, a TV on the wall, a closet with sliding doors and some shelves with books. He holds onto Tony’s shoulder as he looks around.

“Need potty.” He says simply and Stephen goes to open the door to the bathroom to let Tony in with Peter.

“I want to check his temp too.” Stephen says and goes to find a thermometer in the cupboard. Bringing Peter into the bathroom, Tony gives him a quick cuddle before taking his diaper off and setting him down on the toilet. He crouches in front of Peter, holding his waist carefully to keep him supported. “Do you want me to stay with you?” He asks, rubbing his thumbs against the soft, pale skin.

If Peter was more aged up, he would have said no, but all the talk about his Mommy has got him upset and clingy. He nods and holds onto Tony’s collar with one hand and holds the other to his mouth to chew on his thumb. Stephen watches fondly as Peter sees to have bonded with Tony. Wincing a little, Peter manages to relieve himself and looks up at Tony shyly.

“Done…”

“You're so good, baby.” Tony says without thinking too much about the pet name. He helps Peter clean up before sliding the diaper back on after checking it is still dry. “You’re being so good for me.” He says as he lifts Peter and cuddles him close, flushing the toilet when they are a step back. He washes both of their hands before turning his attention to Stephen. Peter clings to Tony again and grips his scrubs top tightly in one fist.

“Just going to check your temp, bud.” Stephen says and lifts one of Peter’s arms to slip the thermometer into his armpit, as it is one of the least upsetting ways to get a littles’ temperature reading. Stephen holds Peter arm close to his body, but not by his wrist and Peter feels content.

“More juice?” Peter asks while they wait for the thermometer to be done.

“We can get you some more juice.” Tony agrees easily. “Do you want to help me pick a super cool bottle or cup for you?” He asks, not moving until the thermometer beeps before looking at Stephen to see how things are going. He puts one arm under Peter's bum and the other around his back so he is
as supported as possible, swaying them while he waits for the little check up.

“A little high, but we can mix some ibuprofen in the juice.” Stephen says and cleans the thermometer before putting it back where it belongs.

“Want blue.” Peter decides with a nod and does not mind how Stephen feels his forehead, then his cheeks and then his pulse at his neck.

“Then, we’ll find something blue.” Stephen nods and gives Tony a look that everything is okay, considering the circumstances. Tony nods back at Stephen then leads the way out of their room and back into the hall. He walks down to the kitchen with Peter and Stephen, opening a cupboard that holds new bottles and sippy cups. He hums carefully, setting out a few blue options before looking at Peter.

“Do any of these work, bud?”

Peter considers his options before pointing at the one with little dinosaurs on them.

“That one. And cranberry? Please?” He asks while Stephen goes to find some ibuprofen in powder form.

“Great choice.” Tony praises, taking the chosen bottle and rinsing it out before offering it over to Stephen. He leans against the counter so he and Peter can look at each other for a moment, doing the fishy face before patting his bum gently. “Do you know how old you are?”

Peter giggles at Tony’s silly face and does the same face back.

“Dunno!” He giggles before he can think and lifts his hands to make Tony do the fishy face again. Stephen chuckles as he passes them with the juice and fills the bottle before pouring in the medicine and mixing it. Making the face again, Tony bounces Peter playfully and makes kissing sounds to add to the effect. He laughs with him, looking over at Stephen who is filling the bottle.

“Little fishy needs a drink, doesn’t he?”

Peter giggles again and imitates the kissing sounds before being distracted by the bottle that Stephen is holding out for him.

“He really does.” Stephen agrees as Peter begins to drink from his bottle and kicks his legs happily. “I don’t think we should go on for much longer though. Don’t want him to become too tired.” Stephen says as they head back to the meeting room. Peter hums a song he remembers from somewhere and watches the scenery go by. Nodding in agreement, Tony smiles as he goes back into the room and notices Steve and Rhodey have gotten coffee since they left.

“Alright, let’s keep this as short as possible. Little man isn’t going to hold out for much longer.” Tony says, settling back down on his seat with Peter on his lap.

“You a little man!” Peter argues with a giggle and points at Tony, but let’s himself be placed in his lap so that he is facing Rhodey again. Rhodey snorts and nods before looking back down at his paper.

“You can tell me what your Mommy did if you had to go potty?”

Looking at his bottle, Peter thinks of how to answer.

“Nothin’... I wait and ask, but... Mama didn’t do anything and it hurt here.” Peter says and points at
his lower stomach before lifting the bottle up to drink.

“Did you have accidents?” Rhodye continues, making a note that Peter did not seem like he is
difficult to take to the potty based on the interaction he just witnessed and what Stephen told him
earlier. Peter also has not refused to eat or drink since they got into the room, and he has not been shy
about discussing his needs. At the mention of accidents, Peter blushes and lowers his head.

“Yeah...” He mumbles as tears well up in his eyes again. Stephen reaches a hand forward to place on
Peter’s knee again.

“It’s okay, bud, it wasn’t your fault.” Stephen says.

“They’re called accidents because they’re out of your control, no big deal.” Tony adds, pressing a
quick kiss to the top of Peter’s head. Rhodye sighs when he has to continue when the little is already
upset.

“And did your Mommy clean you up and change your clothes?”

Peter finds some comfort in the kiss on his head, but is still embarrassed over his tears and drops his
bottle into his lap to cover his eyes. He shakes his head in reply.

“I-I change me, but- but it-it was tricky... Buttons and-...” He trails off as his voice breaks and he
sobs, but tries to hold it back. Stephen picks up the bottle before it can fall to the floor and rubs
Peter’s thigh.

“You're such a brave boy.” Tony says, picking Peter up so he can hold him properly and let the boy
cuddle into him. He rubs his back and rocks him gently. “You’re so good, Peter, you're so, so good.
We're really proud of you.” He says softly, not caring that he is letting his guard down in front of
Steve and Rhodye. Peter clings to Tony and cries openly now.

“Want Mama!” He sobs and coughs. Stephen pays close attention to Peter’s breathing and rubs his
back while Tony holds him. “Mama...” Peter whimpers and continues to cry, coughing a little in
between each sob.

“Why do you want your mama, Peter?” Rhodye asks softly as he continues writing down the
interactions he is seeing, highlighting it along with the pneumonia, severe diaper rash and UTI.

“Cause- cause... Mama lo-loves me... She- say so...” Peter stutters out in between sobs.

“Shh, bud, try and breathe for us. In and out.” Stephen instructs and uses his hand to show his own
breathing. After a few deep breaths, Peter manages to calm down a little and his tears become more
quiet ones.

“Mama say so...” He repeats for emphasis.

“Do you think she loves you?” Rhodye asks, waiting until Peter can breathe a little more clearly
before he starts again. “Do you feel loved when she does things like not take you to the potty or not
give you dinner?”

Peter nods his head first and sniffs sadly. He thinks for a moment before answering the second
question.

“No...” Peter says while Stephen continues to rub his back.

“That's okay.” Rhodye says. “We just want to know what you think, Peter.” He says. Tony runs his
fingers up and down Peter's back while trying to comfort him.

“Pete, do you want to have a nap, then we can have lunch?” Tony asks, smiling softly when Rhodey nods and closes the file he has been writing in. Rubbing the tears from his eyes, Peter nods and then peaks over at Rhodey and then back at Tony.

“Done?” Peter asks and Stephen nods with a smile.

“We’re all done and you were so brave for us, Petey. We’re so proud of you.” Stephen says and Peter smiles a little, but still looks very sad and tired.

“Good boy.” Tony echos, standing up and waving at Rhodey quickly. “I’ll call you later. Thank you for coming.”

The two doctors head down the hall with their little patient to get him back on the ward for a good rest. Peter clings onto Tony again, but with less energy than before. He rests his head on Tony’s shoulder and looks at Stephen lazily.

“I think this guy needs a little extra care.” Tony says, laying Peter back in his bed and sits down next to him while Stephen gets all the IVs and monitors sorted out.

“He absolutely deserves it after being so brave and good.” Stephen smiles and rubs Peter’s cheek to get a smile out of him. The boy smiles a little, but then closes his eyes as the meeting really wore him down.

“Do you like bottles of milk, Peter?” Tony asks.

“Uh huh...” He answers with a nod as Stephen wraps the blood pressure cuff back around his upper arm and puts the pulse oximeter on his finger.

“Maybe Stephen can go get us a bottle of milk and we can read to you?” Tony suggests, seeing the Grimm fairytales book beside the bed. After Peter nods a little, Stephen heads off to get a bottle sorted out. “How are you feeling, bud?” Tony asks.

“Achey.” Peter says and yawns. “And sleepy.” He adds before he coughs a little. Tony scrunches up his nose at the wheezy breaths in sympathy and gets up to grab the nasal cannula. The doctor shushes the boy when he protests a little to the tubing being tucked into his nose and taped in place.

“There we go, good boy. Is that a little more comfy?” Tony asks, betting that the oxygen feels good even though Peter does not seem to like the tubing.

Peter grows droopy eyed before Stephen returns with the warm milk and sucks on the bottle lazily. Stephen holds the bottle for the boy, so that he does not have to strain himself to hold it up himself. Tony rubs his arm gently in the meantime, a soft smile on his lips as he looks at Peter. Once Peter has drained his bottle, Stephen and Tony check him over quietly and fill in his chart before lowering the bed so that it is flat and leave Peter to have a long and much needed nap.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Next up, Stephen and Tony will have a talk about how they feel about Peter.
Chapter 42 - Good and bad caregivers

Chapter Summary

We are still in the flashback bit! Stephen and Tony have a talk about Peter and how they feel about him. In addition, Peter meets two other littles.

Chapter Notes

Hi yes two updates in a row ahah I want to keep up the updates on uneven days so here we are! I doubt you guys expected this, but I hope you enjoy nonetheless xx

During the following week, Peter continues to get IV antibiotics to fight off the infections on the ward. The boy also sees Rhodey a few more times so that the psychiatrist can get a full profile of the boy, his mental state and whether he needs therapy to deal with the trauma he has experienced. Stephen and Tony stay close to Peter throughout the week, checking up on him often and just spending time with him reading books, watching movies and doing some simple activities like colouring or playing with puzzles. The UTI is almost gone along with the diaper rash, but the pneumonia takes longer to recover from, causing Peter to tire easily and grow frustrated and upset whenever a cough fit hits him.

After another meeting with Rhodey, Tony and Stephen decide that Peter can handle being out of the ward and bring the boy to their room instead. They also figure that Peter deserves a break from the ward and some closeness after talking about his Mommy to the psychiatrist.

“How about a bottle of milk, hm?” Stephen asks Peter who is clinging to Tony. The boy nods and Stephen heads off to get a bottle sorted out. Meanwhile, Tony gets Peter undressed, leaving the boy in his pull-up for some cuddles. Peter sighs in content and cuddles up Tony immediately while the doctor pulls the covers over him.

“How about a bottle of milk, hm?” Stephen asks Peter who is clinging to Tony. The boy nods and Stephen heads off to get a bottle sorted out. Meanwhile, Tony gets Peter undressed, leaving the boy in his pull-up for some cuddles. Peter sighs in content and cuddles up Tony immediately while the doctor pulls the covers over him.

“Is this your room?” Peter asks Tony quietly.

“Yeah, Stephen and I share it. Do you like it?” Tony whispers back, rubbing Peter's cheek with his thumb to keep him calm. He can feel that Peter calming down significantly as they lay together, though he is still cold. “Do you want a really nice, cuddly blanket?”

“Hmm. Stephen’s your boyfriend?” Peter asks and nods at the offer of another blanket. “What that like?” He asks, putting his thumb in his mouth to chew on it.

“I want a boyfriend too one day.” Peter mumbles back and sucks on his thumb. Stephen returns a
moment later and smiles at the scene of Tony cuddled up to the little boy.

“Oh, you look so snug, Petey.” Stephen coos and sits in a half sitting position next to Peter, offering the bottle which Peter takes into his mouth.

“You can have a boyfriend, handsome.” Tony says, smiling when Stephen returns with the bottle. He stays laid down beside Peter, holding his hand as he drinks the milk. He looks up at Stephen, staring at his boyfriend and thinking about how much he wants this to be their reality. A little boy all snug with a bottle and a blanket while they both take care of him.

Stephen keeps his eyes fixed on Peter while he holds the bottle for him, pulling the bottle back now and then for a little break so that the boy does not drink too fast. Peter grows tired quickly, as Stephen mixed some more ibuprofen and half a sedative into the milk to help him get a proper rest after the meeting with Rhodey. Letting Peter drink the last of the milk in his half asleep state, Stephen looks up at Tony and finds his expression to be... loving?

“What you thinking ‘bout, babe?” Stephen says quietly as not to disturb Peter.

“You.” Tony says softly. “And Peter, and other stuff.” Tony does not make any move to lift his head off the pillow as he keeps his fingers intertwined with Peter's. The feeling of having a little one holding onto him is as comforting for Tony as it is for Peter. He knows it will not be long until they have to go back to reality, but he tries to focus on the moment.

“Hmm, it was a rough meeting.” Stephen says and sets the bottle aside before Peter can suck on air. The boy sighs a little and turns his head to the side with his eyes still shut and his breathing becomes deeper and slower. “Rhodey said that Peter is handling it all surprisingly well considering everything.” Stephen says and feels Peter’s forehead and cheeks, pleased to find him a little cooler than before.

“That's good, hopefully they won't ask anything more of him.” Tony says, watching the little boy as he gets more comfortable and relaxes properly. “I don't want him to end up being dragged to a trial and having to see her. It'll set him so far back and cause more upset. She doesn't get to hurt him more than she already has and say she was a good caregiver.”

“They might, but we can stop and say that he cannot take it for medical reasons. His mental health goes under those reasons.” Stephen adds and strokes Peter’s hair gently as he looks at him doze.

“Right. And they'll keep trying to push because this woman apparently has a lot of money behind her, which presumably means wealthy parents who have time to drag this out.” Tony says, feeling his mood deteriorate. He brings his hand up to rub his eyes and sighs deeply. “None of this is Peter's fault and he's getting the shitty end of the stick every time she decides to do something.”

“Babe, we aren’t ever sure if there will be a trial.” Stephen says and moves his hand from Peter’s hair to stroke Tony’s instead as he seems to need the comfort. “Even if there is one, we can protect Peter. Right?” Stephen argues.

“Sure.” Tony sighs, though he is not convinced himself. He looks at Stephen and chews on his lip before building up the courage to admit what is going on. “I don't want him to go back to her. I don't want him going anywhere else, actually.”

Stephen wants to laugh a bit, as Tony had just a week ago accused him of bonding with Peter, but he sees how sincere Tony is being and remains serious.

“Tony, are you bonding with him?” He asks quietly, sitting up a little to see his boyfriend properly.
“No.” Tony answers quickly. “Staff aren't supposed to bond with littles. If they do, they have to report it to Fury and he has to give his explicit consent.” He says firmly, though he does not look Stephen in the eyes as he speaks.

“Riiight...” Stephen chuckles and uses his hand to cover his mouth to keep quiet and not disturb Peter. “Come on, be honest with me, babe.” He encourages and continues to stroke Tony’s hair. “It’s only fair because I told you I’m catching feelings for this little angel last week.” He adds and points to Peter in between them with his eyes.

“No.” Tony says firmly. He closes his eyes in a huff and pretends to be asleep, but feels that Stephen does not stop playing with his hair. He opens one eye after a few moments and sighs. “It’s nap-time, Doctor Strange. You know what that means. Either sleep or occupy yourself.”

“All right, Doctor Stark.” Stephen says with a roll of his eyes and reaches for his iPad to check the latest updates in the littles’ files. He arranges for a chest x-ray for Peter the next day to see how he is recovering from the pneumonia. He glances over at both Peter and Tony now and then. “Are you sure you don’t wanna talk about it?” Stephen asks softly, still tapping away on the iPad.

“No, you seem busy.” Tony says, turning so he can hold Peter more closely and still be facing Stephen. He closes his eyes, but struggles to fall asleep with his mind racing through everything. He has seen so many littles in so many different states come through their ward, but never felt like this before. He feels vulnerable and wildly protective at the same time, for both Peter and Stephen.

“I’m all ears, babe. You know that, right? I’m here.” Stephen says and turns to look at Tony to show that he means what he is saying. He notices how Tony is holding Peter while the little sleeps. He knows his boyfriend is bonding, but he just wishes he would say it aloud. “I’m just scheduling some chest x-rays for the little guy.” He explains. “Should do some blood work and another urine sample.” He mutters to himself.

“Shh.” Tony mutters, burying his face deeper without moving too much to disturb Peter. He finally manages to doze off, but does not sleep for very long before he is waking up again. “What time is it?” He says, wiping his eyes and exhaling at how warm it is in the bed with the addition of another person and the biggest, warmest blanket they own.

Stephen has been reading a book for the last 20 minutes and turns to look when he hears Tony stirring awake.

“Just after two.” Stephen replies after glancing at his watch. “Little one has been fast asleep.” He adds with a smile and gestures to Peter who is still sleeping. “Pneumonia is exhausting so no wonder. How did you sleep?” He asks Tony.

“Not too bad.” Tony says, not making any attempt to get up from the spot on the bed, though he does wiggle one foot out from under the covers. He looks at Peter and smiles. “He looks healthier than before, though. Some more colour in those cheeks.”

“Yeah, I'm so relieved he isn't wheezing anymore and the coughing fits aren't as bad.” Stephen says with a smile as he looks at Peter sleep. He feels the boy's forehead again and finds it to be the same as last time he checked. “Should we bring him back before he wakes up or after?”

“Bring him back where?” Tony asks, carefully moving into a sitting position without letting go of Peter's hand. “We don't have to bring him back to the ward. There's nothing to suggest he needs to be hooked up to an IV all night.”

“No, but he can't stay here either.” Stephen points out, even though he would love to keep Peter with
them. “Besides, he might have an accident and I don't want that in my bed, no matter how adorable he is.” He argues with a chuckle.

“That's really mean, Stephen.” Tony says, frowning at his boyfriend's response. “You know he can't help it if that did happen and it wouldn't be the end of the world. I'd like Peter to stay here, in our bed, because I think it's more beneficial than leaving him alone.”

“Well, that's another thing entirely.” Stephen says and explains more when Tony gives him a confused look. “Peter's need to stay at the ward for monitoring and your need to have him close.” Stephen hints again at Tony bonding with Peter and gives him a look.

“What's the point of bringing him to the ward for monitoring if one of us is going to insist we do it and spend the entire night looking after him?” Tony argues back, keeping his voice calm and level so it does not disturb Peter. He ignores the last comment, deciding not to get into it now. Stephen notices how Tony’s tone changes to an arguing one and is about to say something back when Peter stirs between them. The boy turns his head and kicks his legs a little, letting out a huff.

“He needs antibiotics AKA he needs to be on the ward. We can’t keep him here, babe.” Stephen says apologetically before rubbing Peter’s chest and speaking to him. “Hey, sleepyhead, are you gonna wake up for us?”

“Hey, little buddy.” Tony says, smiling when he sees Peter's little face crumpling up as he tries to wake himself. “You had a really good nap there. I bet you feel so much better.” He takes the pacifier out of Peter's mouth carefully and sets it on his chest, rubbing his cheek. Peter mumbles something and stretches out a little before huffing again. He rubs at his eyes and lets out a big yawn before coughing a little. Stephen watches with a smile and continues to rub Peter’s chest to help him wake up. The boy blinks a few times before looking at Stephen and Tony.

“There you are.” Tony smiles, giving Peter a few moments before gently pulling back the covers to ease him out of bed. He keeps the big blanket around him, smiling at how small Peter looks bundled up in it. Peter makes a little noise when he is lifted up and then slumps against Tony. “Did you have a nice nap?”

“Hmm... Didn’t have dreams...” Peter mumbles and Stephen sits up next to them to stroke Peter’s messy hair.

“That's nice too.” Tony says, smiling at how groggy the boy is. “Were you comfy?” He touches Peter’s forehead which is thankfully still a normal temperature and gives him a quick cuddle. Peter sighs and nuzzles into Tony, closing his eyes again.

“We need you up and awake, bud. We promised you a movie, didn’t we?” Stephen says when Peter frowns at him.

“Sleepy...” Peter mumbles and yawns before rubbing at his eyes again.

“Still sleepy, little man?” Tony asks, smiling when Peter tucks himself in closer. He carefully moves Peter onto his lap and gives him a gentle cuddle. “There we go, sunshine.”

“Hungry...” Peter pouts and brings a hand up to suck his thumb.

“You got quite the appetite? That’s good, buddy.” Stephen says and gets up from the bed. He opens his arms to take Peter. “You want to change, babe?” He asks, curious to see if Tony will let go of Peter for just a moment to change back into his scrubs.

“No, I’m okay. I have paperwork to do later, so I won’t be going back to the ward to work tonight.”
Tony says, not making a move to let go of Peter. He tickles Peter’s tummy lightly. “What about you? Do you need a change?” He asks, bouncing Peter playfully to get him to wake up properly.

“Hmm, I’m still on call for a while. Thor said that he’s worried Loki might need an enema, so I’m staying put.” Stephen says and watches Tony tickle Peter. He is sure that Tony has bonded, but wonders when he will admit that.

“Maybe…” Peter says, blushing a little and squirming in his pull-up.

“I’ll see if I can find something for him to wear.” Stephen says and heads out of the room.

“You’re being a really brave boy for me, Peter. I’m so proud of you.” Tony says softly, playing with his hair when they are alone in the room. He smiles at Peter’s blush and taps his nose gently. “It’s no big deal, we can take care of this and you’ll feel so much better.” He promises, offering Peter his pacifier while they wait.

Peter parts his lips to take the pacifier and finds comfort in sucking it right away. He wishes it was attached to a blanket like his last one. Stephen returns with a lilac pyjama set with a flower and kitty theme.

“Shall we go potty and then change into these?” Stephen suggests with a smile and Peter nods with the blush still on his cheeks.

“Let’s go, kiddo.” Tony says, standing up and setting Peter down to walk with them. He keeps a hold of his hand and leads them into the bathroom, turning to help him get the used pull-up off. “Good job, Petey.” He praises, setting him down on the toilet and turning his attention to wetting a faceloth rather than using wipes so they will not irritate his skin further. Peter lets himself be handled as he is getting familiar with the drill. When Tony leaves his side, Peter does the grabby hands for Stephen to come over. Setting the pyjamas by the sink, Stephen crouches down by Peter and holds him steady. Peter sucks his pacifier harder as he pees and then nods that he is done.

“Are you all done?” Tony asks, returning with the cloth in his hand and a towel over his shoulder. He crouches down beside Stephen and smiles at Peter. “You’re doing a really good job with the potty today, bud.” He praises, patting Peter's thigh gently. Peter blushes darker as Stephen lifts him up from the toilet seat. He holds onto Stephen’s hands while letting Tony clean his rash.

“Such a good boy, Petey, look at you.” Stephen praises as he knows the last of the rash is still a bit uncomfortable. “We won’t have a UTI for much longer.” Stephen says to Tony with a chuckle.

“It should be gone pretty soon if he keeps this up.” Tony agrees, tossing the cloth into the hamper when he has got Peter cleaned up. “Do you want another pull-up, Pete?” The little pyjamas on the counter are adorable and Tony has no idea where Stephen pulled them from, and he would like Peter to stay in them for as long as possible.

“We’ll make sure of that.” Stephen says and smiles at the boy. “Then it’s just the pneumonia, but the antibiotics will take care of that.” Stephen says and squeezes Peter’s hands in his.

“Hmm.” Peter hums and nods in reply to the question about a pull-up, very much content with his pacifier and holding Stephen’s hands.

“Then we’ll have a happy, healthy boy.” Tony smiles, sliding the pull-up onto Peter, then getting his new outfit. He dresses the boy carefully, taking it one arm at a time so Peter can keep a hand on Stephen. When they are done, he pats his bum gently and points to the mirror. “There’s a cute boy. What does he want to eat?”
Peter squeals in delight when he sees himself in the mirror and with the two doctors crouched down by him. He holds them both close and for a few seconds, the empty feeling in his chest from missing his Mommy is filled with love. Distracted by the question, Peter looks at Tony and lifts his arms to be picked up.

“Yogurt, pwease.” He mumbles with the paci.

“Do you want anything else, bud? You’ve had a lot of yogurt today.” Tony picks Peter up and cuddles him before heading out the door with Stephen close behind. “Do you want fruit or maybe some cereal to go with it? I don’t want you getting an icky tummy from just having yogurt.”

“We have some berries too. How about some strawberries?” Stephen suggests, hoping the sweet treat will tempt Peter. The boy nods and watches the scenery go by and tries to see if he can catch a glimpse of anyone. However, he does not a huffs a little in Tony’s arms.

“What are you pouting about, pretty baby?” Tony asks, bouncing Peter to make him smile. As they step into the kitchen, Tony can already hear Steve trying to persuade Bucky to eat his carrot sticks. Snorting, Tony walks in and waves at the little kneeling on a chair at the table. “Hey, Buckaroo. Giving your Daddy a tough time?”

Steve nods with a grimace, but Bucky shakes his head and is about to explain how he is being a grown up unlike his Daddy, but then he sees the new boy and widens his eyes.

“Who’s that?” Bucky asks loudly and points at the boy in Tony’s arms. Peter jumps a little and hides his blushing face in Tony’s neck.

“Bucky, inside voice.” Steve reminds quickly, putting his finger up to his lips to remind him to lower his tone. Tony tightens his grip slightly and pats Peter’s back comfortingly.

“This is Peter, he’s new. He’s not feeling too good so we have to be gentle with him, okay?”

“Why’s he not feeling good?” Bucky asks with a lower voice and bounces in his seat, trying to get closer as he is very curious to get to know new littles. But, that does not mean he is the best at introducing and Steve sets Bucky back in his seat.

“Buddy, remember to be nice. Peter’s got a bad cough and a fever, right?” Steve explains and looks over at Stephen and Tony. Peter peaks over at the other little carefully, but stays close to Tony.

“Yeah, that’s right.” Tony answers simply, rubbing Peter’s back and smiling when he peaks out. He sits down at the table and arranges him on his lap, patting his lower back gently and pressing a quick kiss into his hair. “You okay, baby?”

“Hmm...” Peter nods and continues to eye Bucky in front of him. Stephen goes to fetch a yogurt and spoon, handing it to Tony before going to slice up some fruit.

“Buck, why don’t you introduce yourself, hm?” Steve prompts and gestures to Peter.

“I’m Bucky, I’m 8 n’ I like Star Wars. And that’s my Daddy, but he’s being mean now.” Bucky says with a grin, then a pout when he points at Steve. Peter giggles shyly at Bucky’s attitude.

“This is Peter.” Tony introduces, deciding that trying to make the boy talk would cause more issues than it was worth for now. “He’s a little bit smaller than you, but he’s very brave. He likes popcorn and fishies, don’t you?” Peter giggles and nods his head, glancing over at Steve and Bucky again. Tony smiles and tickles Peter’s tummy before giving him another hug and looking up at Steve.

“What did you do to land yourself in timeout?”
“Me? Oh, I just wanted my boy to finish his healthy snack.” Steve says and gives Bucky a look.

“But, I had carrots yesterday!” The boy argues and Peter flinches a little, growing nervous, but still intrigued by the other little. Tony laughs at Steve and Bucky’s bickering.

“You know, Buck, not eating your veggies would mean you might get an icky tummy. I think your Daddy’s just looking out for you.” Tony says.

“He didn’t sleep that well last night.” Steve says to explain Bucky’s grumpy attitude and tries to push the bowl of carrots back in front of him. Bucky huffs and slumps in his seat with his arms crossed.

“What happened last night?” Stephen asks, coming over with the berries and a sippy cup of milk for Peter, along with a bib to protect his new outfit. When it is in place, Tony offers Peter a spoonful of yogurt.

“I don’t know. I put him to bed in the dorms and then he came to me around midnight and had a lot of trouble falling asleep again.” Steve explains and looks at his pouting boy.

“Maybe overtired?” Tony suggests. “Reducing naps is always going to cause issues. I know he’s technically big enough to handle a full day, but it doesn’t mean he has to. Even some quiet time might help. Failing that, Stephen can help you make up some milk for after his bath.”

Steve hums in agreement.

“That sounds good, thanks.” The nurse smiles, but Bucky is not impressed.

"I’m not a baby!” Bucky argues, but Steve shushes him.

“I know, buddy. We don’t have to nap, but we can just lay down together after lunch, hm? I can braid your hair for you. I know you like that.” Steve suggests and Bucky smiles a little shyly. Peter takes the yogurt eagerly, but continues to eye Bucky.

“He’s got a mean Daddy like my Mommy?” Peter asks and Stephen raises his head. Tony looks down when Peter speaks, then over at Stephen for help. He reaches out and squeezes one of Peter’s hands gently.

“No, sweetie. Steve is a really good Daddy to Bucky. He’s just letting them talk through an issue and work out what’s best. Bucky’s a big boy so he uses words when he’s sad and then Steve uses his words too. Bucky is safe and so are you. We don’t let mean Daddies and Mommies come here, ever.”

At the mention of mean Mommies and Daddies, Bucky perks up and is about to say something, but Stephen is faster.

“Bucky is just debating with his Daddy. They do it all the time.” Stephen assures, rubbing Peter’s thigh. Peter looks around the table. Everyone seems kind and gentle, which makes him feel safe even though he does not know everyone that well. He clings to Tony’s neck and nods.

“Okay.”

“Now that that’s settled, what’s up with Loki?” Tony asks, rubbing Peter’s back and patting his bum to keep him calm. He rocks them from side to side and smiles at Bucky who is still not eating his carrots. Peter feels himself relax in Tony’s grip and watches the kitchen with curiosity, liking all the fun and colourful printing on the walls. Tony squeezes Peter every few minutes to remind him that he is there and paying attention to him, getting more comfortable in his chair so they do not have to
move when Peter is settled.

“He’s been complaining of stomach pains.” Stephen says and Steve nods, handing Bucky a carrot.

“He hasn’t had a bowel movement since the day before yesterday, but Thor’s keeping an eye on him. But, sounds like he could use an enema either way.” Steve says with a little shrug. Peter reaches a hand out to the fruit and Stephen hand-feeds him a piece of honey melon.

“Poor kid.” Tony says, watching as Stephen feeds Peter. He looks up at Steve again after a few moments. “Maybe double check that it’s nothing to do with his training. He wouldn’t be the first little who’s scared to use the potty when it comes to their bowels.” He uses the bib to wipe Peter’s chin when he’s finished eating and smiles at him. “Do you like that, honey?”

Peter grins and nods eagerly.

“More?” Peter asks quietly. Seeing Peter eat his snack without a fuss, Bucky begins to do the same and eats his carrots. Steve smiles and strokes his boy’s hair.

“Will do, but maybe a suppository to help along.” Stephen says and gets up to slice up some more melon.

“What’s Loki like when it comes to using the potty?” Tony asks, running his fingers up and down Peter’s back while they wait for Stephen. “I would normally suggest a mild laxative and a pull-up just in case to see if he’s just constipated or if there’s a bigger issue developing.”

“He’s usually pretty good. Goes by himself and rarely has stomach aches. So, that’s why I doubt he is hold it on purpose.” Stephen says, putting the chopping board and knife in the dishwasher before handing the bowl to Tony so he can continue feeding Peter.

“But, you’d have to clean him out to examine him properly anyway.” Steve adds and Stephen nods in agreement.

“Can I be excused, Daddy?” Bucky asks, growing bored now that he has finished his snack.

“You may. Stop by the bathroom on the way to the playroom, remember to wash your hands.” Steve says, holding Bucky’s hand to help him get off the chair then letting go. Bucky chirps out a ‘yes, Daddy’ and skips out of the kitchen. He goes a cartwheel in the hallway, but Steve sees him. “Buck! Two feet on the ground.” He instructs and Stephen chuckles.

“At least some of them are feeling good. And a potty chart could be good idea too.” Stephen says and feeds Peter another piece of melon while Tony nods in agreement.

“Ridiculously cute.” Tony smiles down at Peter, wiping his face again.

”Nu uh!” Peter giggles and shakes his head at Tony.

“You are! You’re so, so cute.” Tony says, leaning down to press quick kisses on Peter’s cheeks and nose in between bites of melon. He does not take his eyes off Peter when he is giggling and being silly, not wanting to miss any of it. Peter squeals with laughter at all the kisses, clutching Tony’s shirt in his hands while turning his head to get pieces of melon. Stephen watches fondly at Tony being silly with the boy.

“Can I play with Buck sometime?” Peter asks all three of the grown ups. The question is a shock for Tony, not expecting Peter to be brave enough to go see other littles never mind have a playdate. He nods and smiles brightly at Peter.
“Of course you can, buddy. Buck is a really fun guy to play with, he likes being outside. Do you like being outside?”

Peter nods eagerly, taking the sippy cup of milk that Stephen hands him. Steve is a little surprised too, but nods nonetheless.

“I think Buck would love that. Do you think Peter’s strong enough for that tomorrow already? Or should we wait another few days?” Steve asks and Stephen hums.

“We are getting x-rays tomorrow, so I think those will tell us how Peter’s doing.” Stephen says and turns to Tony for his opinion.

“Depending on the outcome, I think we can make it happen. Something easy to start out with, maybe some quiet play or something.” Tony says, nodding at Stephen reassuringly and smiling when Peter takes the sippy cup. “Take it easy, baby. Small drinks, please.”

Peter hums in reply, but does not actually listen and drinks too fast. Stephen reaches up to take the cup, but then his phone goes off and hands the cup to Tony instead.

“Yeah-? Well, shit. I’ll meet you on the ward right away.” Stephen says into the phone before ending the call and getting up. “Loki’s throwing up, so I guess something is up for real.” Peter whines and tries to reach for his drink.

“Can you drink this slowly for me or do you need me to hold it for you?” Tony asks, keeping the bottle slightly out of Peter’s reach until he thinks about it. He glances up at Stephen. “Got it covered or need a hand? I’m guessing we need to call maintenance to come clean up too.”

“I got it. Thor’s with him too and already called for the room to be cleaned. You keep an eye on him, yeah?” Stephen says with a smile and gestures to Peter before leaning down to kiss Tony quickly on his lips. “Let’s go pack a bag for Mr Loki so he has nice things. I’m guessing he needs some clean clothes.”

“Who’s Loki?” Peter asks as he barely paid any mind to the grown up conversation. Steve gets up from the table and gathers all the dishes so that Tony is free to handle Peter.

“Loki’s a little one who lives here. His Daddy is Thor, you know the guy who kind of looks like Steve?” Tony explains, going into the hall and towards Thor’s room to collect a few things after nodding and smiling at Steve. “Let’s go pack a bag for Mr Loki so he has nice things. I’m guessing he needs some clean clothes.”

“Thor’s what you would call a hippie. He likes the wilderness and being outside.”

“I like being outside too.” Peter says and eyes the space and quickly notices how different it is to Stephen and Tony’s more modern and smart looking room. He also notices the shelves and boxes of toys, but does not show too much excitement, because he knows they are not his. “I want my toys.
And my stuffies.” Peter says a little sadly.

“We can get you stuffies and toys, kiddo.” Tony says, giving Peter a cuddle for a moment before continuing to walk through the room. He gets a set of soft pyjamas in case Loki has to stay on the ward overnight, underwear and pull-ups along with one of Thor’s t-shirts and a well-worn toy that is on his bed. He sets everything on the big bed and then puts Peter down next to it. “How’s your tummy feeling, bud? Have you been going potty okay for both?”

“But, I want my toys and stuffies...” Peter mumbles as he watches Tony gather stuff. At the question about his stomach, Peter does not meet Tony’s eyes nor really think about his answer before replying. “Is okay.” He says, kicking his feet against the bed.

“We can maybe ask T’Challa if he can get some stuff for you from your Mommy’s house.” Tony says, catching Peter’s ankles gently mid-kick and smiling down at him. “Buddy, that wasn’t a response. Do you need to go potty?”

“I want them now! I want my Barbies and-and my legos and Miss Cuddly!” Peter whines and continues to kick his feet despite Tony holding his ankles. He ignores the question about going potty and shakes his head. “I want them now! Is not fair!” He argues with a pout.

“I know it’s not fair, but what do you think having a tantrum will do?” Tony asks calmly, letting go of Peter’s ankles and setting them on the bed. “Answer my question, then we’ll continue. Do you need to go potty?”

“I want ’em now!” Peter cries louder and kicks his legs again. He gives Tony his best frown and folds his arms. ”Now! Don’t wanna stupid potty!”

“Hey, Peter, you have to calm down.” Tony says, catching Peter’s ankle before it connects with him. He raises an eyebrow at the little boy and shakes his head. “Do you want to go to timeout?”

Peter draws in a sharp breath at the mention of a time out and falls still. He shakes his head, but does not meet Tony’s eyes.

“No. I just- want my stuff. And my clothes.” Peter admits quietly, sounding a bit aged up. His bottom lip begins trembling as he thinks of all his things at home.

“That’s understandable, Peter. You’re going through a lot and you’re being brave. If losing your temper about this makes it better, then okay. I just can’t allow you to kick and risk hurting yourself or someone else.” Tony explains carefully, offering his hand out to help Peter sit up. “But, you still haven’t told me if you need to use the bathroom.”

Peter takes Tony’s hand reluctantly and sits up. He still feels angry and like he needs to get his energy out, but he feels tired at the same time and it just adds to his frustration.

“Yeah- I gotta go.” He admits with a blush, but then adds quickly. “Alone this time.”

“Sure thing. Can you wipe yourself or do you need help?” Tony asks, pointing him towards the door leading to Thor’s bathroom. “Loki’s stuff is in there too, so there’s a potty if you’re more comfortable or the toilet. I think he might have a seat too, if you don’t like the cold.” He holds the door open for Peter and smiles at him.

“Yeah, yeah, I got it.” Peter says a little sharply as all the babying feels weird now that he feels more aged up. But, Tony’s smile puts him at ease and he nods obediently before closing the door behind him. After a few minutes, Peter returns with his hands washed and everything, feeling a little better, but still aged up. “So, should we bring that to- uhm, the little who got sick.” Peter says a little
awkwardly when he does not remember Loki’s name and points at the bag on the bed.

“Loki.” Tony supplies helpfully and nods. “We should. Poor kid is probably having a terrible day.” He zips it up and slings the bag over his shoulder, pointing Peter towards the door. “You can hold my hand if you want, or you can walk by yourself. It’s a safe place.”

Peter nods and heads to the door, opening it up and waiting for Tony to follow. Once in the hallway, Peter debates whether he wants to hold Tony’s hand. He decides he wants to and shyly reaches his hand out and tries to catch Tony’s hand. He is suddenly growing a little nervous at the idea of seeing another little.

“How sick is he?” Peter asks, chewing on his bottom lip.

“I’m guessing just pukey. Might have an upset stomach too.” Tony says, taking Peter’s hand in his and walking down the hall at the pace he seems to be comfortable with. “Nothing contagious or dangerous, he was having some tummy troubles before so it’s maybe connected.”

“Hmm. I remember when I had the stomach flu. It was really gross.” Peter says, keeping his head down, but holding tight onto Tony’s hand. “Are there any girl littles here? Just seen boys.” Peter says and looks around the hallway again to see if he can catch a glimpse of anyone.

“Yeah, it’s not fun, but very manageable.” Tony says, glancing to check Peter is okay. “There are girls here too. They tend to stick close to the female members of staff, though. If we ever go to the playrooms or dorms, you’ll meet them.”

Peter hums as he keeps looking around and lets Tony lead him.

“I saw a lady with red hair. Who is she?” Peter asks as he remembers seeing another grown up in the hall one time. They are almost by the ward and Peter recognises the door from when he first arrived.

“Do you mean Nat or Pepper? They’re both really nice. Pepper is a doctor here too, Nat is a nurse.” He holds the ward door open for Peter for him to head in. “Pepper has a little girl called MJ.”

Walking into the ward with Tony holding his hand, Peter sees that the bed he has been in for the past week has been made up nicely and the blanket with the pacifier is resting on top of the pillow. A few beds down, there is a raven-haired boy laying down with two grown ups around him. Peter recognises Stephen, but cannot remember the nurse’s name.

“You wanna try a popsicle now, Lo? It will help your sore throat.” Stephen asks before he sees that Tony and Peter have entered the ward.

“No.” Loki croaks sadly, reaching out for his Daddy and pouting. “No food.” He drops back on the bed sadly. Tony coos at Loki as he comes up to the bed.

“Aw, buddy. It’s been a tough day for you, hasn’t it? We brought you some clothes so your daddy can change you when you want.”

Peter watches the boy on the bed with wide eyes and clutches Tony’s hand in both of his, but the other little does not seem interested in him.

“If you don’t want to eat, we have to give you a banana bag, kiddo.” Thor says to his boy. “We have to get you a bit better before we can treat you.” He adds and Stephen moves to stand by Tony.

“He’s constipated so we are doing a round of enemas, but I want his glucose levels up before that.” Stephen explains, placing a hand in Peter’s hair while he talks.
“Poor guy.” Tony says, gently removing his hand from Peter's and wrapping his arm around the little boy's shoulders. He holds Peter close against him and hands Stephen the bag. “There’s some pyjamas in there, comfy clothes, diapers, the usual.” He says, glancing at Stephen.

“We’ll get him changed once he’s feeling better.” Stephen says and hands the bag to Thor who sets it on the chair next to Loki’s bed. Loki groans and squirms where he lays and Thor leans down to plant kisses on his face. “I might need your help after all. Should we get Steve to watch him or is he good to watch a movie or something by himself?” Stephen asks and gestures to Peter who is watching Loki with keen eyes.

“Could Steve help if I take the little one to our room?” Tony asks. Stephen eyes Tony a little and makes a mental note to have another talk with him about bonding with Peter.

“Sure, can you page him?” Stephen says before addressing Peter. “You must be impatient for that movie we promised.” He says with a smile and Peter nods shyly. Tony nods and gets his phone out to message Steve. Once he is done, the doctor picks Peter up into his arms, despite the boy being slightly more aged up and letting him rest of his hip.

“Feeling okay?” Tony asks and looks at the boy in his arms.

“Yeah, ‘m okay. Just- don’t know what age I am.” Peter admits and lifts a hand to his mouth to chew his thumb.

“That’s okay, buddy. Just do what feels right. You don’t have to have an age.” Tony says, squeezing Peter a little to comfort him. “Do you want a paci?”

Peter nods a little shyly and then points at the pacifier and blanket hybrid on his pillow.

“Please?”

With a soft smile, Tony goes to fetch the pacifier and blanket hybrid, rubbing it against the boy’s cheek gently before popping the pacifier into his mouth. The doctor bounces him gently while he heads out of the ward, leaving Stephen, Thor and Steve to care for Loki.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! In the next one, Peter won't be the focus, but Loki and Bucky will be instead and it's called 'Enema and sleep trouble'. I know some have been asking for a scene with Loki and it's coming!
Chapter 43 - Enema and sleep trouble

Chapter Summary

Loki gets an enema and Bucky has trouble falling asleep. This is all still part of the flashback scene.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Doesn’t look like he wants to eat nor drink.” Stephen sighs a little and goes to fetch the supplies for an IV cannula, a banana bag and some pain relief for Loki.

“Don’t wanna... Please, Daddy...” Loki begs and chokes on his sobs. He hates needles the most out of all the Littles at the facility. Stephen returns with the IV kit and banana bag, setting it all on an instrument tray next Loki’s bed. When Loki starts crying, Thor sighs and runs his hand through his hair.

“If you can try to eat something, we don’t have to do this, love. Can you try for me?” He says softly.

“It’s either a popsicle or the banana bag, bud. We need your blood sugar up, so you have to choose.” Stephen adds, but Loki just shakes his head and cries harder.

“Don’t wanna! It- it will come- b-back up... Don’t wanna...” Loki hiccups and rubs at his eyes with his fists. Stephen opens the tube of numbing cream that he brought and applies a generous amount on the back of Loki’s hand to ease the process of getting the IV set up since Loki cannot seem to choose. Thor reaches over to hold Loki’s little hand in his, trying to distract him.

“Loki, this will make you feel better. You need to go potty but you can’t so it’s making you feel icky. That’s all, you’ll be okay soon.” Thor explains.

“No, no, no...” Loki babbles and curls up on himself, facing his Daddy and holding tight onto him. Thor coos softly and lifts a hand to rub Loki’s stomach. “Daddy, make it stop...” Loki whimpers. Thor leans down to press a kiss on his boy’s forehead.

“I know it hurts, sweetheart. Can you trust that I’ll do everything I can to make it better?”

Loki nods weakly and rubs the tears from his eyes. Giving the numbing cream another moment to take effect, Stephen takes a pen from his lab coat pocket and takes Loki’s hand, running the pen over the back of it where he applied the cream.

“Buddy, can you feel that?”

Loki shakes his head sadly and keeps his eyes on Thor as he waits to see what his Daddy is going to do to make it better.

“That’s good, just keep your eyes on Daddy.” Stephen smiles and gives Thor a nod to keep the boy distracted while he gets gloves on to get the IV cannula in. Loki lifts his hand up to hold onto Thor’s hair, trying to pull him down so they can cuddle together. He is still pouting with tears falling down his face, but he is more upset that his Daddy is not giving him what he wants than because of the
“You’re being so brave for me, handsome.” Thor smiles, leaning down to that his face is close to Loki’s and kisses his cheeks. Meanwhile, Stephen wipes the back of Loki’s hand clean before inserting the cannula, taping it swiftly in place. When the cannula is in place, Loki leans against the mattress and puckers his lips for Thor to kiss him, holding his Daddy’s cheeks to keep him close. Stephen chuckles a little before taking Loki’s hand back, getting the tubing connected to the port in the cannula.

“There, well done, Lo.” Stephen smiles and gets some pain relief measured out before injecting it through the port in the tubing. The little boy keeps his eyes firmly on his Daddy.

“I-I... I’m sorry I didn’t tell you I was i-icky.” He manages to get out, little sobs making it hard to speak.

“Why didn’t you tell me, handsome?” Thor asks, his eyes soft as he watches his boy and strokes his hair.

“Was scared...and...and it’s gross!” Loki says, pouting as he looks up at Thor for help. “Don’t want Daddy thinkin’ I’m icky.” He adds with another wail.

“Daddy would never think that, honey. Daddy just wants the best for his boy, but that means you have to tell me when something’s not right, hm?” Thor argues with a little smile, planting kisses on his boy’s face again.

“But it is icky!” Loki says, feeling frustrated the grown ups are not listening to his concerns. “It’s bad and icky and no!” He reaches out and grabs onto Thor's scrubs to keep him as close as possible. Stephen busies himself with checking the banana bag and eyes Loki closely to see if he has got more colour in his cheeks now. He would like to check the boy’s glucose levels, but that involves a needle and he doubts Loki will let him do that.

“But, we can fix that, buddy. Uncle Stevie and Stephen are gonna help us and we’ll get this over with quickly, yeah? No more ickies.” Thor comforts, rubbing at Loki’s scalp in the hopes of calming him down.

“I wanna cuddle.” Loki says, lifting his arms sadly for Thor to hold him. He wiggles in the bed and makes grabby hands while he waits for Thor to pick him up. His stomach is still rolling and he is not quite sure if he is going to throw up again, but he does know he feels the most icky he has ever felt.

“Come here, my boy.” Thor coos and picks Loki up into his arms gently as not to put more pressure on his stomach. When he is in his Daddy’s arms, Loki presses his face into Thor's shoulder and whimpers gently. He would normally wrap his legs around, but the idea of moving that much hurts so he does not want to try. Steve arrives with an easy going smile, but frowns when he comes up to stand by Stephen and sees the state Loki is in.

“He still hasn’t settled down then?” The nurse asks the doctor. Stephen shakes his head in reply.

“Poor baby. He's in a lot of pain and having a rough time. Not sure how backed up he actually is, but the vomiting seems to have stopped now.”

Steve hums and nods as he looks at Thor comfort the little one the best he can with kisses and back rubs.

“You got the cannula in though, that’s impressive.” Steve chuckles lightly after seeing the banana bag that Loki is hooked up to.
“It was a little battle, but he's pretty easy going when Thor's giving him his full attention.” Stephen laughs, taking out a pen and offering it to Steve to he can fill in the chart. “So, I'm sure you can guess the procedure today.” He says, walking over to the supply store to start collecting everything they need.

“A nice and warm enema?” Steve asks, not bothering to look up as he begins to fill in Loki’s info in the chart, which he has memorised. Thor fills him in on the latest with when Loki last ate and any other symptoms before he began throwing up.

“You won.” Stephen says, setting everything down next to Steve, including an absorbent pad for the bed. “We need to keep him well hydrated. We have to give him more fluids than he's losing or we might be dealing with a fainter. Has he been peeing okay?”

Steve nods and finishes filling in the chart for now before setting it aside and goes to fetch a bag of saline to keep Loki hydrated.

“Yeah, peeing okay, just no bowel movement.” Thor answers and gathers Loki in his arms gently to let the doctor put the pad on the bed before sitting down again so that there is no extra pressure on Loki’s stomach.

“That's one thing in our favour. Diapers, pull-ups or undies?” Stephen says, rubbing Loki’s cheek gently before putting a thermometer under his arm. “You’re being so good for us, little one. You’ve earned a really big treat for all of this. Maybe you can crash grown ups night and come for dinner with us when you're feeling better.” He offers, knowing Loki loves it when he gets to tag along with the grown ups, even if he is asleep before they have even finished dinner. Loki smiles weakly at the offer and nods, but does not say much and continues to snuggle up to his Daddy.

“I think we’ll go with pull-ups.” Thor says and makes sure Loki’s arm is pressed to his side to get an accurate reading with the thermometer. Steve returns with the saline bag and gets it connected to the tubing after hanging it up. “You want me to mix some castor oil or anything to the solution? Or just luke warm water?” Steve asks and turns to Stephen.

“Let's do some castor oil too.” Stephen says, removing the thermometer and checking it. He smiles when it is just slightly above what he would normally like to see, but puts that down to Loki laying under the covers and strain from holding. Steve nods before heading off to get the solution prepared. “We'll maybe introduce some more regular treatments for a week or so after. Nothing long term, but we'll keep the bowel relaxed for a while at least.”

Loki whimpers when he hears that he will need more treatments and clings to his Daddy.

“You gonna poke me for a whole week?!” Loki cries out and Thor shushes him as he rocks the boy gently in his lap.

“We might keep the IV in, but we won’t poke you anymore. Nothing we do to your bum will involve poking, okay?” Thor reasons.

“Of course not, Lo. We're not going to poke, we know that hurts and we won't do anything to make you have more owies.” Stephen agrees, offering him a stuffie that had slid to the bottom of the bed in the shuffle of Thor moving him then getting back into bed. “We just need to help you out a little bit. It's been a while since you went potty, right?”

Loki nods a little and takes his green snake stuffie. He rubs the tears from his eyes with the hand that does not have the IV in it.
“Yeah, it’s real owie.” He explains and looks down at his stomach while his Daddy kisses his temple. Steve returns again with the enema bag now all ready and hangs it up on another pole. He checks that everything is ready on an instrument tray before looking at Stephen for further instructions.

“I bet it is, sweetheart. It’s really important to tell your Daddy if you need to go potty. He won’t be upset or angry.” Stephen says with a smile, gently moving Loki with Thor’s help so that the boy is laying on his side and with his knees bent up to his chest. Next, he lifts the gown up and turns to Steve. “Lube the nozzle for me, please?” He says, putting on a pair fresh pair of gloves before dressing Loki. “Take some nice, deep breaths for us, Lo.”

Steve nods and lubes the nozzle thoroughly after getting gloved too. Loki knows the drill, but that does not mean he likes it and whimpers a little in anticipation.

“Breathe, honey, nice and deep.” Thor reminds, stroking Loki’s hair back and kissing his head. The boy finally obeys and breaths deeply while Steve holds up the tube of lube to give Stephen some. The doctor coats his index finger thoroughly before placing his other hand on Loki’s hip. He slowly inserts his finger to loosen him up, but also to check for any tears he might be dealing with. When Stephen is confident everything is relatively okay, he begins to insert the nozzle.

“AH! No, Daddy, make it stop, please!” Loki babbles and squirms where he lays, but Stephen does not stop and gets the nozzle inserted properly. Thor shushes his boy again while the doctor inflates the balloons to keep the nozzle in place before turning on the water flow.

“Try your hardest not to push it out, okay? We need to keep the water inside to help your tummy get things moving.” Stephen instructs. Loki yelps quietly and squeezes his eyes shut, but tries to breathe steadily like his Daddy has taught him.

“Such a good boy for Daddy.” Thor coos, glancing up at Stephen and Steve before returning his attention to his boy.

“AH! No, Daddy, make it stop, please!” Loki babbles and squirms where he lays, but Stephen does not stop and gets the nozzle inserted properly. Thor shushes his boy again while the doctor inflates the balloons to keep the nozzle in place before turning on the water flow.

“Such a good boy for Daddy.” Thor coos, glancing up at Stephen and Steve before returning his attention to his boy.

“Ah! Don’t like it!” Loki yelps again, squirming a bit on the bed as he feels the water inside of him.

“I know, sweetie.” Stephen says, glancing at Steve who steps forward to hold Loki’s legs down. “Uncle Stevie is just doing this so you don’t have an accident, okay? Try to stay still and we’ll be as quick as possible.” Stephen keeps an eye on the bag, touching it to check that the water is still warm enough and everything is flowing nicely.

“Shh, you’re doing good, handsome. Yes, you are.” Thor continues to comfort Loki in a soft tone, kissing his temple. Steve gets a good grip on Loki’s ankles and holds him down.

“Daddy, make it stop!” Loki continues to cry, bursting into exhausted tears rather than the frustrated tears from earlier.

“Just a little bit longer, sweetheart.” Stephen says, smiling when Steve does not loosen his grip, but does hum gently to calm the boy down. He does not move too quickly or do anything that might be distressing until the bag drains. The doctor clips the tube shut, but does not remove the nozzle. “Lo, we are almost done now. We just have to give the water a moment to help, yeah?”

Loki nods and hiccups as he tries to stop crying, but is not very successful at it.

“You’re being so brave for Daddy. We’re almost done now, just hold on a little longer, hm?” Thor explains and strokes Loki’s cheek while Steve continues to hold the boy steady. Stephen spends the time in between getting the IV tubing removed so they can move Loki. He puts the enema bag and
tubing aside before returning to the little patient. He feels Loki’s stomach very gently and decides that the boy can relieve himself.

“Okay, we are ready.” Stephen says and Thor nods, moving to pick his boy up very gently. Loki cries out at the shift he feels in his stomach and his breaths become fast. Stephen follows Thor into the bathroom to get the nozzle removed.

“Why don't you take the little one for a bath while we change these sheets and get everything a little nicer?” Stephen suggests with a little smile at Thor before removing the nozzle from a yelping Loki. The nurse nods before helping Loki onto the toilet. Stephen leaves the bathroom to give Loki some privacy with his Daddy.

“That went surprisingly well.” Steve chuckles with relief and shoots Stephen a smile. The doctor chuckles back before throwing away the nozzle and removing his gloves.

“He was quite cooperative despite all the pain. Poor kid.” Stephen says, focusing on the charts and filling in along with what medication would be best suited for Loki.

“Hopefully it goes this smoothly throughout the week. Or are you planning on trying suppositories too?” Steve asks and begins to clean away the supplies from the procedure.

“Uhhh…” Stephen glances up from the chart and exhales thoughtfully. “Could be a thought. I was thinking on a more liquid diet, maybe some stool softeners to see if that makes it easier to pass. But, that might also make him more prone to big accidents, so a week or two out of classes will have to be considered.”

Steve nods and hums as he listens.

“Loki’s not gonna like missing class, but all hell will break loose if he has an accident during the middle of it, so best to avoid that.” The nurse grimaces and goes to check what Tony had packed for the boy.

Meanwhile in the bathroom, Loki spends many minutes reliving himself and cries as he does so. On slightly wobbly feet, the boy stands up and lets his Daddy clean him up. Once he is done and flushed the toilet, Thor washes his hands and comes back to his boy.

“There we go, brave baby.” Thor smiles, stroking Loki’s hair while crouched down in front of the boy. “Oh, poor baby, you were so brave for me, you’re such a good little love. Do you want a nice bath and some jammies? Daddy will give you a massage if it would make you feel better.”

“Uh huh!” Loki nods and continues to cry as he clings to his Daddy. Thor tries his best to calm Loki down, giving him cuddles and swaying him gently in his arms.

“It’s all over, baby. You did it, it’s all finished.” The nurse coos, pacing around the bathroom while the tub fills with water. “Don’t you feel so much better now, love?”

“I- dunno…” Loki sniffs and huffs. Tears still run down his cheeks, but he is too tired to sob and watches lazily as the tub fills up. Thor sighs sadly at the response and cuddles Loki close.

“Think about it for me, sweetheart. Does your tummy not feel lighter or less full? Your bum might feel a little better too.”

Loki feels around for a while, but still just shrugs his shoulder.

“I dunno, Dada…” He answers and tears up again. Thor reaches over to turn off the water and
cuddles Loki tightly, relieved he does not have to worry about touching his stomach the wrong way now. He keeps Loki close for a little while before slowly setting him into the water.

“Do you want to be Daddy's little baby tonight?” Thor asks, getting a cup to run water down his torso. “We can get you a bottle and a storybook with pretty pictures. I won't even wake you up go pee during the night.” He promises. “Just you and me.”

Loki is rarely a baby, but it sounds tempting now and the boy nods shyly. He tilts his head back and sighs a little in relief at the nice feeling of the bathwater and relaxes.

“Just you and me?” Loki asks, just to be sure and looks up at his Daddy with his eyes still wet.

“Just you and me.” Thor repeats, getting the soap and gently rubbing it over Loki's skin. “We can have big cuddles. We'll ask Uncle Steph if we're allowed to go to our room for snuggles, but if we're not we can get all cosy in your bed here.” He says, trying to keep Loki focused on happier things as he continues washing his body. “What age are you, Lolo?”

Loki sniffs quietly for a moment, but quickly finds comfort in having his body washed by his Daddy’s large and strong hands. He thinks about the question before answering.

“Sorta baby...” He answers, lifting a hand to suck on his thumb.

“That's good, thank you for telling me.” Thor smiles, getting a big towel and lifting Loki out of the water to wrap him up. Loki hums in content and even giggles a little when his Daddy wraps him up snugly. “My sweet baby.” The nurse says, carrying the boy out of the bathroom while the water is draining. He returns to the ward, but does not making any move to set Loki back down on the bed. Stephen and Steve both turn to look as they hear the bathroom door open.

“Steph, I was thinking on bringing him back to the room for the night. I think he needs a little time with just the two of us.” Thor says.

“Sure, but I'd like to just check him over first. Can you lay him down for a moment?” Stephen asks and gestures to the bed.

“Of course.” Thor says, putting Loki down on the bed with the towel still wrapped around him to keep him warm. He smiles down at his boy before looking back at Stephen. “We’re a little bit littler than usual, so forgive him if he's not as calm as he normally is.”

“Oh, that shouldn’t be an issue, hm?” Stephen smiles down at Loki and tickles him under his chin to get a laugh out of him. Then the doctor moves the towel aside to expose Loki’s abdomen, pleased to find it a lot less bloated than earlier. “How’s your tummy, Lo baby?” Stephen asks, placing a gentle hand on top of it.

“Is ‘kay.” Loki says, smiling up at the doctor and clutching the towel with two hands. He relaxes back on the bed when Stephen touches his tummy, closing his eyes expectantly for a tummy rub. When Loki does not immediately get it, he opens his eyes and frowns, putting his little hand on top of Stephen’s. “Pat, pat, pat.” He demands.

“Almost, bud.” Stephen chuckles and places his other hand on Loki’s stomach as well and begins to palpate it once the boy does not show signs of obvious tenderness. “Tell me if anything hurts.” Stephen instructs as he continues to feel around and listens carefully for noises of discomfort or pain. Loki lets Stephen touch his tummy and press down on it, waiting for everything to be over. He whimpers a little when Stephen touches the space over his bowel, touching his hand gently.

“Is tiny owie.” Loki says, moving Stephen's hands away as nicely as he can manage. Pulling back at
the little whimper, Stephen smiles down at Loki.

“Thank you for telling me.” Stephen says before addressing Thor. “It’s nothing to be worried about, a bit of tenderness is to be expected after an enema.” Stephen says and looks back down at Loki. “Do you want to try a bottle of some nice and warm milk?”

“Want Dada.” Loki says, moving to look past Stephen so he can find his Daddy. He raises his hands so he can be picked up from the bed and giggles when he sees Thor smiling at him “Dada, kiss.” He demands, puckering his lips as soon as Thor is close enough.

While Thor cuddles Loki close, Stephen considers Loki’s level of hydration and looks up at the banana and saline bags. They are half empty, but Loki seems happy and alert.

“Let me know if he doesn’t eat or drink tomorrow morning. Then we’ll have to feed him intravenously again or figure out something else.” Stephen says to Thor after checking that the IV is taped securely as they might need it later. Thor nods and moves to lift Loki up from the bed again, planting multiple kisses to his cheek. Loki giggles when Thor picks him up, wrapping his legs around his Daddy’s waist and cuddling in close. He slides his thumb up to his mouth and waves at Steph and Stevie with his other hand before latching back onto Thor.

“We go cuddle?”

“Yes, we’ll cuddle.” Thor confirms to Loki before addressing Steve and Stephen. “I’ll keep you updated. See you around.” Thor says before walking out of the ward with the bag Tony brought.

“So, how’s Peter?” Steve asks Stephen as he begins cleaning up the bed.

“He’s doing okay.” Stephen says, moving the IV away from the bed and unhooking the bags to dispose of them. “He’s struggling with headspaces right now, sometimes really little, sometimes a teenager. Regardless of age, he wants Tony to hold him all the time.”

“And Tony wants to hold him all the time it seems.” Steve chuckles and changes the bedsheets again so that it is all fresh and ready for another little patient. ”Like the way that Tony held him during the first meeting with Rhody? Is he bonding?”

“Tony won’t admit anything, but I think so. I’ve never seen him react this way to a little before, even suggesting treatments is difficult because he doesn’t want to hurt Peter.” Stephen sighs fondly and shrugs. “I feel the same, though. I really, really hope we get to keep this one.”

Steve hums as he strips the bed and brings the sheets to the laundry basket.

“You may just yet your wish. Those things that Peter told Rhodey about his CG- I mean, Christ...” Steve says with a shake of his head as he returns with new sheets. “Sounds like he needs medical attention for a while.”

“We need to consider the possibility of long term damage too.” Stephen says, keeping his eyes away from Steve so he can hide the sadness in his eyes. “I mean, fear is a major factor in a lot of small things escalating. Take Lo for example, he knows Thor is fine with bowel movements, but didn't mention he couldn't go so we ended up having to do all this.”

“And Lo hasn’t been through what Peter has.” Steve chuckles lightly as he gets the bedsheets on and arranges the blanket and pillow nicely. “Has Rhodey gotten back to you yet? Like does Peter need to talk to him in a therapeutic setting?”

“To be decided. I'd like to know how he's doing with his physical recovery before progressing.”
Stephen pauses for a second and shrugs. “And, you know, the possibility he’ll be put back in his CGs care. And then it is up her to decide what kind of therapy he gets, if any.” He adds.

“Right, of course.” Steve nods and cleans up the bedside table and goes to set the pacifier Loki used to be sterilised later. “But, he’s safe here for now.” The nurse smiles and goes to stand by the doctor and pats his shoulder.

“Thank you, Steve, for everything.” Stephen says, patting the hand on his shoulder lightly before turning to face him. “I think that’s us for the night. Go see your boy and give him a nice hug for me.”

“You’re very welcome, man.” Steve smiles with a nod. “Will do. Oh, and Buck’s actually been asking about Peter ever since the snack in the kitchen. He’s very keen on a playdate.” The nurse says as they head out of the ward.

“We can organise that. According to Tony, Pete loves the pond and being outside. Maybe we can bring them out there for their snack tomorrow.” Stephen suggests, turning off lights as they go. The halls are quiet as they make their way down.

“Yes, that sounds great. But, you wanted to do some x-rays and samples first?” Steve asks to be sure.

“Yes, I’d like to take samples daily so we can to check the progress.” Stephen says. “Tony and I will try to do them ourselves if Peter is willing, if not we’ll call for help.” He says and Steve nods. “Nat should do bedtime duty every night. They just fall into line for her.”

“Nat’s damn good. I think they like when she sings to them in Russian.” Steve says with a chuckle. They get to the dorms and see Nat exit one of the rooms.

“How are they?” Stephen asks the female nurse.

“They are fast asleep, except for Bucky. He’s quite restless, so I sent him to the library so he wouldn’t disturb the others.” Nat explains and gestures down the hall with her hand. Steve groans out a little at the news about his boy.

“I had to help out with Loki, so I didn’t get time to get him settled down.” Steve explains before turning to Stephen. “Tony said you have a magic bottle you can make?”

“Tony is giving away my secrets now?” Stephen says, pretending to be shocked before laughing and turning towards the kitchen. “Bottle or sippy, Steve?” He asks, glancing over his shoulder before the nurse has a chance to walk away.

“Sippy.” Steve says before he heads off to the library to find his boy. Opening the library door, Steve finds Bucky by one of the shelves, reading the titles out loud. “Hey, buddy, can’t sleep?” Bucky turns when Steve walks into the room and walks towards him with his arms up.

“Missed you.” The boy mumbles, trying to climb up his Daddy's legs so he can be held. “Wanted a story and cuddles.”

“Just wanted cuddles from Daddy?” Steve coos and moves to pick Bucky up, holding him close to his chest and kissing his temple. “Or are you not feeling good? Is that why you can’t sleep?” He asks softly, swaying the boy in his arms gently to get him to calm down. When he is in Steve's arms, Bucky clings to him tightly and buries his face into his Daddy's shoulder.

“Head hurts.” Bucky mumbles, not making any move to raise his head or talk like a big boy. He lifts
a hand to Steve's cheek, running his fingers over the stubble to comfort himself.

“Hmm, my poor darling boy.” Steve coos quietly, kissing Bucky's temple again as he continues to sway from side to side. Stephen enters the library with a sippy cup in hand after a moment. “Buck, buddy. The Doc has made you some yummy milk.” Steve says quietly as Stephen comes over.

“Sleep tight, little guy.” Stephen says, rubbing Bucky’s lower back before leaving them to it. Bucky glances up when they are alone and frowns.

“Too bright.”

“Yeah? Then let's head to our room. We can have cuddles there.” Steve says and hands Bucky his sippy cup before leaving the library. He shuts the lights and heads down the hall to their room.

“How’s the milk? Is it good?” Steve coos and bounces Bucky in his arms lightly. The boy takes little sips and nods.

“It’s good.” Bucky mumbles, not tasting the mild sedative Stephen mixed in with the milk and vanilla. He grips onto Steve’s scrubs and presses a kiss to his cheek. “Love you, Daddy. Missed you at bedtime.”

“I love you more, little guy.” Steve grins back, squeezing his boy in his grip for emphasis. ”But, I’m here now, yeah? We’ll sleep together all cuddled up, hm? Big, warm cuddles?” The nurse coos and opens the room to their room. Bucky has already done his nighttime routine with Nat and is dressed in pyjamas. Steve debates whether he should make Bucky brush his teeth again once he is done with his milk.

“Big warm cuddles.” Bucky repeats softly, not making any move to let go of Steve. Normally, he would jump down so he could run over and mess up the bed covers, but his head hurts and he is feeling too heavy to do anything like that. Instead, he offers the sippy cup out for Steve to hold.

“Okay, bud, let’s get you comfy.” Steve says and lays Bucky down on one side of the bed. He goes to fetch Bear from Bucky’s bunkbed and sits down next to his boy, gently rubbing his stomach.

“You’re getting a little treat in bed, so Daddy wants to put a pull-up on you just in case, okay?” Steve explains and gestures to the sippy cup next to the bed.

“Nooo...” Bucky whines, covering his face with his hands and turning to lay on his stomach. “Don’t need a pull-up, I’m a big boy.” He argues, keeping his face covered and body pressed down on the bed. Steve huffs very quietly, hoping whatever Stephen mixed into the milk would already take effect.

“I didn’t say you were anything else, darling. You’re Daddy’s big boy no matter what, okay?” Steve argues gently, rubbing Bucky’s back to soothe him. “It’s just in case and you don’t even have to use it, hm?”

“No, Daddy.” Bucky says from his spot on the bed. “I’m big and I can go potty by myself. Don’t need no baby diaper.” He pushes himself down on the bed further and wiggles to get Steve’s hand off his back. “Time to sleep, no more talking, Daddy.”

“Okay, but you have to promise Daddy this, okay?” Steve says and gets into the bed besides Bucky, but does not cuddle him just yet as he seems grumpy. “You’ll get up and go potty when you need to. Can you promise Daddy that?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Bucky groans, hating that they have talks like this even though they both know he is
a big boy. He sits up on the bed and grabs his sippy cup before kicking the blankets down and floppy into the bed with Bear. “Big cuddles?”

“Good boy, Buck.” Steve smiles, relieved that Bucky made a grab for his drink himself and they would not have to argue about that too. “Of course, darling boy. Come here. Shall I stroke your hair?” Steve asks, opening his arms so that the boy can tuck himself into his side, but still be upright enough to drink.

“Can you rub my back?” Bucky asks, getting into his spot and leaning against Steve so he can drink his milk. He does not rush it, partly not wanting to go to sleep just yet and partly because he wants to enjoy having milk before bed. Making sure Bucky is comfortable, Steve lifts a hand up to rub the boy’s back up and down with just the right amount of pressure that he knows he likes.

“Daddy’s good boy.” Steve coos and watches with a fond smile as Bucky drinks his milk. When Bucky finishes his drink, he hands the empty cup to Steve and drops down a little so he is leaning against his Daddy's side, but his back can still be rubbed. He throws one leg over Steve and wiggles down slightly, tucking Bear below his arm.

“Night light, please?”

“Hm? You want the light?” Steve coos and reaches an arm out to the bedside table where Bucky’s night light stands. He flicks it on and the room is cast in a deep blue glow. He gets lower on the bed, but makes sure Bucky keeps his head on his chest and continues to rub his back. “You all comfy, my little prince?” Steve asks quietly, tilting his head over to nuzzle into Bucky’s hair.

“Mhm.” Bucky mumbles, closing his eyes and relaxing against his Daddy. The bottle is making him feel even heavier than before and his headache is quickly disappearing as he gets more and more sleepy. Finally, he falls asleep with his mouth slightly open and hand clutching his Daddy’s scrubs. Steve continues to rub Bucky's back even though the boy has already fallen asleep. He loves to listen to his boy’s soft breaths and feel his warm weight against his side. After a while, Steve gets sleepy himself and untangles himself from Bucky's grip carefully to get ready for bed too. When he returns a moment later, all dressed in pyjamas, Steve slips back into the bed and takes a sleeping Bucky back into his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! So, finally Loki got a scene of his own! What do you guys think of it? And Bucky? The next bit is called 'Two new caregivers' so you can guess what that is about ;)
Chapter 44 - Two new caregivers

Chapter Summary

Peter has a fun day with Stephen and Tony before they all have a meeting with T’Challa and Rhodey to talk about what happens to Peter next.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A month has passed since Peter has arrived at the facility. He has been cared for very closely by both Stephen and Tony throughout and the boy has nearly recovered from his bad case of pneumonia. The boy is still coughing and grows tired easily still, but he is doing much better than when he first arrived. The two doctors could not be happier that Peter is better and have gotten to know him quite well while caring for him. Maybe even grown to love him and that is why there is a downside to Peter’s recovery which is that T’Challa might be taking him away to a temporary CG or, even worse, back to his Mommy. The two doctors dread the idea and hate that the day is here where they will be having a meeting with T’Challa and Rhodey. The police officer and psychiatrist will determine what happens to Peter next. Stephen and Tony have prepared an argument for keeping Peter at the facility, but for now they try to not think about all that too much and just focus on feeding Peter his breakfast.

“No!” Peter giggles and squirms in his seat, trying to get away from Stephen’s tickling fingers. “Stop, Steph!” He begs and coughs a little, which makes Stephen stop and pull back.

“Okay, okay, eat up your food, sweetheart.” Stephen says and turns to look at Tony who is leaning against the counter, holding up Peter’s chest x-rays to the morning light coming through the window in the kitchen to study them. “How is it looking?” Stephen asks.

“It’s looking pretty good.” Tony says, not taking his eyes off the picture as he studies them for any signs that Peter is not recovering as he should from the pneumonia. “There is some traces of the infection and some gunk with it but it’ll pass with antibiotics.” He smiles over at Peter and walks over to steal a grape out of his bowl. “All in all, we’re doing pretty good.”

“Hmm, much better than last week.” Stephen agrees as he cranes his neck to see the x-rays. Peter bats Tony’s hand away and pulls his bowl closer to himself. Tony laughs when Peter gets greedy with his food and sits down opposite Stephen. “And the blood analysis looks good and the UTI seems to be completely gone.” Stephen adds from where he is looking at his iPad. He has got Peter’s medication in a little paper cup next to him, but he will wait for the boy to eat a bit more before giving it to him. “Rhodey and T’Challa will be glad to hear all this.” Stephen says to Tony, but cannot help the sad look on his face because it might mean Peter will be brought back to his CG or a temporary one.

“Bowels are good too. He’s recovering as well as he could be.” Tony adds, understanding that Stephen is upset. “The best thing we can do for him is to keep a close eye and let the medication run its course. Lots of rest and fluids in the meantime.”

“Hmm.” Stephen hums and watches Peter shove three grapes into his mouth at once and chuckles. “Go easy, tiger.” Stephen says and Peter just grins around his mouthful. Once Peter has swallowed, Stephen takes the cup of medication and picks up one of the three pills. “Open up.”
When Peter has taken his medication and finished eating, Tony stands up and opens the straps of Peter’s chairs.

“Do you want a story or do you want to colour?” He asks, opening his arms to pick the little boy up. Peter thinks for a while before answering as he settles into Tony’s arms.

“Colour! Wanna draw a tiger.” Peter decides with a grin. Meanwhile, Stephen clears away the dishes and comes up to Tony to place a hand on his back.

“When are T’Challa and Rhodey coming?”

“After nap-time.” Tony replies, bouncing Peter gently before smiling brightly at the boy. “A tiger sounds so cool. Are you going to draw a scary tiger or a nice tiger?” He asks, bringing Peter out of the kitchen and into the hallway. “Need to potty before we get started?”

Peter nods a little and lifts a hand to chew on his thumb.

“It’s gonna be a nice tiger, two daddy tigers and a baby tiger.” Peter specifies and Stephen feels his heart clench a little in his chest as he opens the door to the closest bathroom.

“That sounds like a really nice picture.” Tony smiles, bringing Peter into the bathroom and helping him get his overalls and pull-up off. “Good job telling us you had to go, little man. You’ll be an expert in no time.”

Peter grins widely at the praise and does a happy little wiggle where he stands. Stephen sighs a little when he remembers how just a few weeks ago, every potty time was a struggle due to Peter’s painful rash and UTI, but now he seems much better and happier.

“Can Buck come draw too?” Peter asks and lets Tony guide him over to the toilet, swinging his legs back and forth happily.

“Buck is having swim lessons today, but we’ll see him when he’s all done.” Tony says, rubbing Peter’s shoulders as he goes to keep him relaxed. Peter frowns a little, but nods and focuses on the task at hand. He blushes a little before looking up at Tony.

“Done.”

“Well done, bud.” Stephen smiles and hands Tony some wipes to clean the boy with.

“Great job, kid.” Tony adds, helping Peter of the toilet before cleaning him. When he is done, he points Peter to the sink. “Ask Steph if he can help you wash those paws.”

Peter giggles and holds his hands up to Stephen.

“Over here, kiddo.” Stephen says and turns the faucet on, pumping the soap so that Peter does not take too much. Once Peter has cleaned his hands, Stephen looks at all three of them in the mirror and squishes the boy’s cheeks together. “Aw, that’s such a cute tiger cub.” Stephen coos at Peter, wishing from the bottom of his heart that the reflection in the mirror was his family for real and not just a temporary thing.

Tony laughs at Peter’s expression when his cheeks are squished together, reaching up to do the same to Stephen’s face. Stephen grins and shakes his head to get free and so does Peter.

“Cute boys.” Tony says, picking Peter up when they are all done and bopping his nose. When he is picked up, Peter nuzzles into Tony’s neck and makes some happy noises. “You’re such a good boy,
“Hmm! Draw now, Tones, come on!” Peter demands and points to the door. Stephen leads the way to the library and they find that it is quiet and peaceful considering most of the Littles are having different activities like swimming and dancing.

“We’re going to draw some really great pictures.” Tony says, passing Peter to Stephen so that he can get their supplies. He gets paper and toddler crayons for Peter, taking a new pack out from below the grown ups desk so he can have all the colours and none would be broken. He sits down on the other side of Peter and gets everything ready. “Pete’s gonna draw a happy tiger family, I’m gonna draw some friendly monsters. What’s Steph drawing?

Peter begins working on his drawing as soon as he gets an orange crayon in his hand, sticking out his tongue as he focuses hard. Stephen looks through the colour options and hums.

“Hmm, I think I’ll draw some friendly monsters too. Maybe Peter can decide which of us can draw the best monsters, huh?” Stephen suggests and Peter lifts his head up at the mention of his name, nodding eagerly and looking at Tony.

“Let’s do that.” Tony smiles, taking a crayon in his hand and starting his drawing. He very carefully draws two big monsters, one slightly taller than the other, and colours them in based on the scrubs he and Stephen are wearing. Then he draws a little monster in between them and colours it in to match Peter’s overalls and undershirt. He draws a smiley faced sun in the corner and then a few little fish swimming in a pond by their feet. He finishes first and spends the rest of his time watching Peter’s adorably focused face.

Stephen glances up to see what Peter is working on, smiling at how focused he is on drawing the stripes on the tigers with a dark blue instead of a black. Looking over at Tony’s drawing, Stephen catches his eyes and gives a half smile. His own drawing is quite similar, with two larger monsters and one smaller in the middle. Each monster has been coloured in with their favourite colours: Tony is dark red while Stephen is dark blue and Peter is much more colourful with lots of different shades of pastel.

Looking over at Stephen, Tony smiles softly and reaches over to hold his hand. He feels the familiar warmth in his stomach that comes with seeing them together as a little, almost, family. Stephen intertwines his fingers with Tony’s and smiles over at Peter. When Peter sets his crayon down, Stephen smiles at the little boy.

“Are you all done, kiddo?”

The boy holds up the finished picture with a grin.

“Look!” Peter has drawn three tigers, two bigger ones and one smaller one, just like he had planned. One of the bigger tigers has blue-green eyes while the other bigger tiger and smaller one have brown eyes.

“That is such a great drawing, Pete. Do the tigers have names?” Tony asks, collecting the crayons to put back in their box before any go missing. He reaches over with his free hand and runs it through Peter’s hair to try to tame it, but it just sticks up more than before. Peter becomes a little quiet and looks down at his drawing, but leans into the hand on his head.

“Is Steph and Tones…” The boy mumbles, blushing a dark red and Stephen feels his heart ache again. “And then is me.” He says and points at the smallest tiger in the middle.
“That’s a brilliant picture, tiger.” Stephen praises.

“I love that picture so much. Would it be okay if we put it somewhere super special? I think we have a nice frame we can put it in.” Tony smiles, reaching over to lift Peter onto his lap. He cuddles him close and presses a soft kiss into the messy hair. “You’re such a good boy, Peter.”

Peter grins bashfully at all the praise and squirms in Tony’s lap and nuzzles into him.

“We can hang it up in one of the halls so that everyone can see it.” Stephen suggests and Peter nods shyly. Stephen gathers up all the drawings and checks his watch. “Class is starting soon. Should we move to one of the playrooms before nap time?” Stephen asks Tony.

“Are you feeling sleepy, buddy?” Tony asks, lifting Peter up and letting him rest his head against his shoulder. He supports Peter by the back and bum as he follows Stephen out of the library and down the hall. “If you want some quiet time, we can have cuddles and a story. If you're feeling awake, we can go to the playroom for a little bit.”

Peter thinks for a while and coughs a few times before laying his head back down.

“Cuddles? And the Moomin book?” Peter asks, looking at Stephen hopefully.

“Sure, little one. Should we head to our room then?” Stephen asks Tony.

“The Moomin book is in our room, so we can have big bed cuddles.” Tony says easily, heading down that direction. “It’s about time for a bottle, Petey. Do you want water, milk, hot chocolate or juice?” He asks, rubbing his back a little to help him get through the cough.

“Hot chocolate.” Peter answers and coughs again.

“I'll get the bottle and some cough syrup.” Stephen says and heads to the kitchen.

“Been coughing forever...” Peter whines into Tony’s neck. “Don’t wike it.”

“I know, baby, I know.” Tony says, cuddling Peter a little closer and rubbing his back firmly. “You're being so brave for us and doing so well, though. We're really, really proud of you. Steph's going to get some medicine, so that will help. Do you want to get into your jammies for quiet time just in case you feel sleepy?”

Peter nods and whimpers quietly when he finally catches his breath and can breathe more or less easy.

“The dino ones?” Peter asks quietly as they get to the room and he sees the wolf stuffie that he first got when he came to the facility and has kept since. “Wolfie!”

“Yeah, the dino ones just came out of the dryer this morning so they're all cosy and nice.” Tony says, walking over and lifting the stuffie, pressing it against Peter's cheek gently. “There’s your buddy. He had a nice calm day today while you were doing lots of exciting things.” Tony explains, laying Peter down on the bed to get him changed. Peter claps his hands in delight and takes his stuffie into his arms. “Do you want a pull-up or a diaper for under your jammies?”

“Yeah, we took pictures of my chest!” Peter explains to his toy and points at his chest for emphasis about the x-rays before breakfast. “You gotta be super still for those.” He adds to his stuffie before looking up at Tony. “Maybe a pull-up? Wolfie needs one too!” Peter decides and holds the wolf up to Tony’s face with a giggle.
“We did and Petey was so brave when the pictures were being taken. He’s the bravest boy we’ve ever had.” Tony said, talking directly to the stuffie. He takes off Peter's overalls and shirt, along with his underwear and socks before getting two pull-ups, the dino jammies and a pair of fluffy socks. Peter watches in content as Tony gets him dressed and cooperates with him. Once Peter is ready, the doctor takes Wolfie and puts a pull-up on the stuffed animal too.

“And it doesn’t hurt! But it’s just black and white.” Peter huffs to his stuffie. “Can I colour it in?” He asks with a grin, sitting up and taking the stuffie once it has a pull-up too.

“Sure, we’ll get a copy of it and you can colour it in and make it all pretty.” Tony says, pulling the covers back on the bed so Peter and Wolfie can climb in. He gets a set of his own pyjamas and gets changed, climbing into bed and dropping his head onto the pillow. “Should we ask Steph to read so we can have big, cosy cuddles?”

“Yeah!” Peter laughs in delight at the news that he gets to colour his own x-rays and snuggles up to Tony with Wolfie in his arms. “Steph’s good at reading, funny voices.” Peter giggles and wiggles his feet happily under the covers. Stephen arrives then and sits on the bed next to Peter with an oral syringe and a bottle of hot chocolate.

“You got this?” Stephen asks and hands both to Tony so that he can get changed too.

“Got it.” Tony answers, showing Peter the syringe and holding it up to his mouth. “Really quick, then we can get snuggly and listen to the funny voices.”

Peter frowns a little at the medicine as he feels like he just took some earlier, but the promise of hot chocolate makes him obey. Tony injects the medication carefully and then passes Peter the bottle. The boy coughs a little before taking the bottle and chugs the sweet drink to get the awful taste out of his mouth. Stephen chuckles as Peter shudders and climbs into bed with them.

“Such a good baby, Petey. You’re so good for us.” Tony says, setting the syringe aside.

“You’re so good for us, tiger. You’re making us so proud.” Stephen adds and Peter smiles bashfully before pointing at the book on the bedside table.

“That’s a hint, Steph, we’re all ready to hear those voices.” Tony teases, pulling Peter and Wolfie close to him so they can listen to the book. While Peter drinks, he is held up against Tony’s chest, so he does not choke. Tony also places his hand on Peter’s tummy and rubs it gently.

“Funny voices coming up.” Stephen chuckles and gets a pillow propped up behind him before reaching for Finns Family Moomintroll’ on the bedside table. Checking that Peter and Tony are comfy and ready, Stephen starts on the next chapter. Peter relaxes visibly as Stephen begins to read and drinks from his bottle slowly. At one point he grows tired and lifts one of Tony’s hands so that he will hold the bottle for him.

Laughing softly, Tony takes the bottle in his hand and holds it for Peter. The boy slowly but surely drains it of the milk and Tony sets it aside on the nightstand before Peter can start sucking on air. He rubs his stomach gently and keeps Peter upright until the milk has settled, then lays down with the baby tucked against his chest while facing Stephen.

Stephen continues to read, but occasionally glances down at Peter and Tony by his side. Reaching over to the drawer in the bedside table, Stephen finds a pacifier and offers it to Peter, nudging the nipple against his lips. The boy parts his lips to take it while keeping his eyes closed. Stephen continues to read a few pages till they get to the end of a chapter before looking at Peter, finding him fast asleep.
“You sleepy too?” Stephen asks Tony quietly.

Tony nods slowly, as the sound of Stephen reading and the warmth of Peter against him is making his eyes drop. Tony puckers his lips for a sleepy kiss without lifting his head, nor changing his hold on Peter. Stephen chuckles quietly and leans down to give Tony a kiss on the lips. He gives Peter one too on his temple before setting the book aside and sinking lower on the bed so that he is laying down. He lifts a hand to stroke Peter’s curls gently, smiling at how his pacifier bobs in his mouth and how relaxed Tony seems too. Scooting a little closer, Stephen places one arm over both Peter and Tony and closes his eyes too.

Tony falls asleep quickly and does not stir until an hour later. He opens his eyes and finds Stephen and Peter in the same positions as before though Peter has kicked the blankets down and has a hand on Stephen’s chest. He smiles at his boys before reaching over to stroke Stephen’s cheek to wake him up. Stephen hums in the back of his throat and leans into the hand on his cheek. He keeps his eyes closed still and wraps his arms around Peter tighter. The boy stirs a little, but continues to suck his pacifier peacefully and sighs in content.

Tony smiles and reaches over to poke Stephen’s cheek a few times impatiently to wake him up without also disturbing Peter from his nap. He reaches his hand up to play with his hair, tugging at it gently.

“Oh, for God’s sake...” Stephen grumbles and opens his eyes to shoot Tony a look, but he just smiles when he sees his partner and then looks down at the boy in his arms. “What time is it?” He asks quietly, rubbing his hand up and down Peter’s back and looking at Tony with hooded eyes.

“Little after two.” Tony says, slowly moving into a sitting position and using his leg to keep Peter from dropping into another position. “I’m hungry and bored.” He sighs, keeping his voice low and watching Stephen’s gentle touches toward Peter.

“Hmm...” Stephen hums groggily and rubs at his face before yawning. “Should we get up now and hopefully we can eat before Rhodey and T’Challa get here? He must be hungry too.” Stephen says and looks down at Peter again.

“Yeah, if we sleep any longer, his routine will be off and he’ll end up being overtired.” Tony runs his hand through Peter’s hair, twirling a curl in his finger. “Hey, sleepyhead, it’s time to wake up and see the daytime.” He says softly, patting Peter’s back.

Peter stirs a little and clings onto Stephen with a soft whine. He huffs and continues to doze.

“Petey, love.” Stephen chuckles and rubs Peter’s back more firmly. Finally, Peter opens his eyes and rubs at them before rolling onto his back, but stays close to Stephen and blinks up at Tony.

“Hey, little monster.” Tony smiles, chuckling at the look on Peter’s face. He spends a few moments brushing back Peter’s hair before lowering his hand to rub his soft tummy. Peter giggles at the title and grabs Tony’s shirt collar to pull him closer. “Do you want to get out of bed and have some lunch? We can eat whatever you like.”

“Hmm! Whatever I want?” Peter asks after dropping his pacifier with wide eyes. Stephen shoots Tony a look for making such a promise and chuckles fondly with a roll of his eyes.

“Yeap! Whatever you want, baby.” Tony says, pulling Peter onto his lap and handing Stephen the pacifier to set aside so it can be cleaned and sterilised for the next time the boy needs it.

“Hmm... Pancakes?” Peter asks, looking at Tony hopefully. Meanwhile, Stephen changes back into
his scrubs and gets his lab coat considering they are meeting Rhodey and T’Challa soon.

“Pancakes are an excellent idea for lunch.” Tony says, glancing at Stephen changing over Peter’s head before turning his attention back to the little boy. “Anything we have to do before we go to the kitchen, muppet?”

“No muppet, I’m a monster!” Peter says with a laugh, holding his hands up as if he has long claws. Stephen chuckles as he gets his sneakers on and offers to take Peter so that Tony can get changed too.

“Are you a scary monster or a nice monster?” Tony asks, passing Peter to Stephen and getting out of the bed. He sets Wolfie on top of his pillow before tossing the blankets back in place and going to get his scrubs and lab coat too.

“Both!” Peter decides after some thinking and growls playfully at Stephen. Stephen growls back and even snaps his jaws at the boy, making him squeal with laughter.

“I bet you’ll be a real scary monster if you don’t get your pancakes.” Stephen jokes and Peter nods with a grin, turning to look as Tony changes.

“You'll get your pancakes if Scary Steph helps you get ready instead of being silly.” Tony says, winking at Stephen before opening the cupboard. Stephen pulls an offended face, but smiles quickly and turns to look at Peter.

“Pete, do you need to potty or do you need a change?” He asks, selecting a soft sweatshirt and matching pants for Peter to wear.

“Potty.” Peter decides and squirms out of Stephen’s arms to be put down on the floor. The boy skips over to the bathroom with Stephen a step behind. Once in the bathroom, Stephen gets Peter out of his pull-up. Once Tony has got his work outfit back on, he follows the two other into the bathroom with Peter's new outfit draped over his shoulder. He leans against the counter and sticks his tongue out playfully at Peter.

“How’s your tummy doing, bud? Everything still feel okay when you’re going?”

“Uh huh!” Peter nods, swinging his legs back and forth as he sits on the toilet. He sticks his tongue out at Tony and Stephen rolls his eyes a little. Once Peter is done, Stephen helps him clean up and lets Tony get him in his daytime clothes. When they are all dressed and ready, Stephen takes Peter back into his arms as they head to the kitchen. In the kitchen, they find Loki up on the kitchen counter, searching for something. Peter has not been at the facility for long, but he knows Loki is going to get in trouble.

“Hey, Lo, what do you think you’re up to?” Tony asks, lifting the little one of the counter and sliding the chair he had climbed up on away from beside the counter. Loki jumps a little at Tony’s voice and gapes dumbly. The doctor sets the boy down on the table and leans down so they have eye contact.

“Where’s your Daddy?”

Climbing on anything but the big toys is a no-no, especially when there are not any grown ups to stay with the little in case they fall. All the littles are more than aware of the rule and are reminded of it as often as they are reminded to be polite and not be aggressive towards anyone they live with. At the question about his Daddy, Loki sticks his nose up and gets his attitude on.

“Don’t care! Daddy’s being dumb.” Loki says and even folds his arms as he looks at Tony in front of him. Peter grows a little nervous, so Stephen bounces him up and down and distracts him by
finding the ingredients for the pancakes.

“Okay, where is Natasha? She’s doing art with your group now, isn’t she?” Tony asks, setting Loki on the ground and bringing him out of the room before Peter can get upset. “What were you looking for, Loki? I don’t want to have to bring you to the corner, but I will.”

“Wasn’t looking for anything!” Loki lies. “Don’t wanna do stupid art.” He adds with a huff and keeps his arms folded still. Down the hallway, Loki sees Thor round the corner and he panics. The boy tries to run, but Tony grabs his elbow before he can get anywhere. Thor walks up to them and shakes his head.

“I’ve been searching for him everywhere.” The nurse says and Loki cries out and tries to get away.

“Found him on the counter, going through the cupboards in the kitchen. Was he looking for anything in particular?” Tony asks, picking Loki up before he can hurt himself by trying to run away when he is just wearing socks. “Loki, stop it, acting like a baby means you’re treated like a baby.” Tony says, offering him over to Thor.

Loki squirms and yelps when he is passed over to Thor, but the muscly nurse presses his little body to his own and gets him restrained easily. The boy settles down a little, but is still frowning.

“Something to eat I bet. Steph has put him on a stricter diet you know, so he doesn’t get the usual treats.” Thor explains and Loki huffs.

“It’s not fair!” The boy cries out.

“Right.” Tony says with a nod before tilting his head so he and Loki can look at each other. “The alternative is not being able to poop and needing grown ups to help you. Would you rather do that?” He asks, raising an eyebrow and waiting for an answer though he knows Loki’s feelings towards it. Loki’s face hardens at that and he begins squirming in Thor’s arms.

“No, no, no!” Loki does not know what he wants, but it surely does not involve the grown ups when they are being so unfair.

“I think this one needs a time-out.” Thor sighs and holds Loki tighter to himself. “Oh, Rhodey said he is going to be a bit late, some emergency with another little.” The nurse explains.

“Thank you for letting me know. I’ll let Steph and Pete know.” Tony says while they head to the room where timeouts usually take place. “Has he been going regularly?”

“Yes, he has, thanks to the diet and such, but that doesn’t mean he likes it all.” Thor chuckles, following Tony into a quiet room and setting Loki down. Before the boy can argue, Thor lifts a hand up to silence him. “Which rules have you broken today, Loki?” Thor asks and Loki lowers his head, kicking the floor with his heel.

“Didn’t do anything…” Loki mutters.

“Loki…” Thor says, crouching down in front of him. “Are you a big kid or are you a baby?” He asks first, wanting to understand where his little boy is at to get an idea of the headspace he is working with. Tony stays in case Thor needs backup.

“Big…” Loki mumbles, kicking the floor again as he stands swaying back and forth with nervous energy. He glances up at his Daddy before lowering his gaze again, knowing that he is going to get punished.
“That’s good, then we can talk.” Thor grabs Loki’s leg before he can kick again and sets it down on the ground. He points Loki over to the blanket in the corner. “Sit down, face me.” He instructs, sitting down on the floor just in front of the spot.

Loki huffs and goes to sit down, crossing his arms in front of his chest with a frown on his face. He looks up at his Daddy to see what he will do next.

“What were you looking for in the kitchen when Uncle Tony found you?” Thor asks calmly, not letting it show on his face if Loki’s attitude is bothering him. He knows the little likes getting reactions and thus not acknowledging his bratty behaviour is the best option. Loki huffs again when he sees that he cannot get his Daddy to get worked up.

“Just something to eat! Was hungry...” Loki says, not exactly lying, but not telling everything either. The boy looks up and swallows thickly when he sees that Tony is still in the room, looking at him with a stern expression.

“If you were hungry, why didn’t you ask a grown up? You know the rules, Loki.” Thor says, keeping his voice level and calm as he speaks so he does not escalate the tantrum further. He rests his hands on his thighs and keeps his eyes on his boy expectantly.

“Cause...” Loki begins and fiddles with his hands. “Cause you just give me yucky stuff. I wanna have /normal/ food.” The boy says, his anger finally slipping and turning into sadness instead.

“Lo, we’ve been eating healthy food. Nothing I’ve given you is different to what we were eating before, it’s just you’re not getting junk food too.” Thor explains patiently, offering one hand out for Loki to hold if he wants comfort. “Do you understand why I’ve been more careful about food?”

Loki takes his Daddy’s hand, but plays with his fingers rather than holds it. He keeps his eyes down and shakes his head slowly.

“Because your diet is why you were sick before.” Thor explains softly. “You don’t want to end up back in the ward with a sore bum, do you?” Thor reaches over and lifts Loki onto his lap, giving him a cuddle. “Angel, if you eat bad food then that might happen again, Daddy’s just trying to keep you healthy.”

Loki shakes his head in reply.

“Don’t wanna be on the ward.” He confirms, relieved when his Daddy picks him up and rests his head on his shoulder. “Is just- is not fair.” He says sadly.

“I know, little Lo. You’re doing so well, but I know it’s difficult.” Thor rocks him gently and rubs his lower tummy out of habit since the issues started. “Have you went potty since I left you with Nat?”

“Hmm.” Loki nods and nuzzles closer to his Daddy, relaxing with the tummy rubs he is getting.

“Good boy.” Thor says, leaning down to press a kiss on Loki’s nose as he relaxes slowly. He will probably fall asleep so Thor can have some quiet time with him as he researches healthy recipes for treats. Tony smiles at the cute scene before addressing Thor quietly.

“I guess you have this under control?”

“Yes, thank you for your help.”

Tony smiles and heads out of the room quietly, letting Thor deal with Loki alone as the boy seems to
need some privacy. Heading back to the kitchen, Tony finds that Stephen has already started with cooking the pancakes and Peter is sat on the counter watching from a safe distance.

“Tones!” Peter says, bouncing with excitement as he watches Stephen put everything together. “I mixed the pancakes!” He announces, making grabby hands to be held so he can get closer and see what is happening.

“You did? Aren’t you a helpful little one.” Tony smiles and goes to pick up Peter from the counter, setting him on his hip and going to stand by Stephen who flips another pancake on the pan. “Looks delicious.” Tony smiles, leaning over to kiss Stephen’s cheek.

“He was very proud that he ‘helped’ me make lunch for us.” Stephen says fondly, smiling when Tony kisses him. He makes a few more pancakes before the batter is gone and flips the last one onto the plate as Peter bounces in Tony’s arms.

“Pancakes!”

“Yes, yes, very soon, little monster.” Tony chuckles and uses his free arm to set out plates for Stephen and himself, but a plastic one for Peter. “What do you wanna drink?” He asks Peter and opens the fridge.

“Uhhh...” Peter lays back dramatically in Tony’s arm as he tries to think about it. “Milk?” He finally decides, tilting his head as if he is not totally sure he wants it. Stephen laughs and offers out a bottle for him to take. “You’ll hurt your back, darling.” He says, helping Peter straighten up.

“Oh God, a bad back on top of all this.” Tony jokes to Stephen, bouncing Peter in his arm to get him upright.

“I’m more concerned about your back.” Stephen laughs and so does Tony.

“You can have some juice later if you want, bud.” Tony says and takes out the milk from the fridge before going to set Peter in his chair, strapping him in and patting his head. Stephen brings the pancakes over and some things to eat with them. He plays with Peter’s hair as he walks by, smiling when the little boy giggles and reaches forward to try to get the strawberries. He sets one down on the tray before sitting down next to Peter. When the boy tries to reach for the berries, Tony pushes the bowl a little closer and smiles at the grin on Peter’s face as he eats the strawberry. Tony moves to sit across Peter so that he can see him.

“You hungry, bud?”

“Pancakes.” Peter says, smiling around a mouthful of strawberry. Stephen scrunches up his nose and gets up to grab a bib before Peter’s second outfit of the day has to be changed. He gets it secured before cutting up one pancake and putting a few strawberries, some blueberries and a tiny drop of Nutella on the plate. Peter gasps when he sees the chocolate, trying to reach out to grab the whole jar before Stephen can slide it towards Tony.

“Eat this, then we’ll get you some more. Deal?”

Peter looks over at Tony in the hopes that he will get him more Nutella, but Tony just shakes his head.

“Listen to Steph, yeah?” Tony smiles, putting some of the chocolate on his own pancakes before passing it back to Stephen. Peter pouts a little, but eats anyway and is quickly distracted by the delicious lunch. “I wish you could make these everyday.” Tony says to Stephen around a mouthful of pancake and strawberry.
“That would be very irresponsible of me.” Stephen smiles, helping Peter cut a piece of strawberry that is too big for him to handle at once. “Though, I might start putting effort into Sunday breakfast again. Better than us going out and wasting half the day wandering when we could be doing more exciting things.” Peter does not listen to the conversation, too focused on the delicious lunch he is having to worry about grown up stuff.

“That’s okay. We can order in dinner and eat together. It would be nice to see Rhodey and not talk about work.” Stephen says, watching as Peter happily works through his bottle.

“Hmm, that sounds lovely.” Tony smiles, feeling his heart swell at the idea of taking Peter out in public. However, he does not say aloud how that may not be a possibility depending on what T’Challa and Rhodey have come to with Peter’s case. “Oh, by the way, Rhodey is gonna be a bit late. Some emergency came up.” Tony says as Peter takes his bottle of milk and drinks it as he swinging his legs happily.

“I’m happy here too.” Peter says with a little blush before returning his attention to his food. Giving Peter another pancake and cutting it up for him, Tony shoots Stephen a look.

“Yes, we should ask him.” Tony nods in agreement, hoping that Rhodey’s schedule will allow some catching up.

“How can one human be that cute?” Stephen asks mostly to himself before Peter sets the bottle down and puts another piece of strawberry in his mouth, smiling brightly at Tony.

“Get the paddles, I’m going into Afib.” Tony jokes with a groan, clutching at his heart when he sees Peter’s adorable expression. The boy does not understand the joke and looks up and Stephen with a confused expression.

“Is Tones okay?”

Stephen laughs and brushes back Peter’s hair.

“Tones is totally fine, little babe. He’s just really happy you’re here with us, and so am I.” Stephen explains, offering Peter a blueberry and snorting when he leans down to eat it rather than take it himself. “So unbelievably adorable.”

Peter giggles when he realises everything is fine and smiles at the two doctors.

“We have two visitors today.” Stephen begins. “Remember Tones’ friend Rhodey? He wants to talk to you some more, if that would be okay with you.”

Peter nods, but does not look up from his food. The boy has seen the psychiatrist once a week since arriving at the facility a month ago to talk about what his life was like with his Mommy. Despite the
heavy topics of their conversations, Peter likes Rhodey and smiles around his mouthful of strawberry.

“That’s okay.” Peter says and Tony smiles before adding to what Stephen is saying.

“T’Challa is coming too. You remember the police officer with the nice dog?”

“He’s going to talk to you a little bit as well. We’ll be right there with you and you can tell them to stop whenever you like.” Stephen explains, smiling when Peter nods again though slightly slower than before. He rubs his back gently and smiles at him. “You’re a really good boy for us.”

“You’ll both be there?” Peter asks, looking at Stephen and then at Tony.

“Yes, we’ll both be there for you.” Tony confirms. "We are going to talk about what’s going to happen next now that you’re feeling better.” Tony adds, but Peter is a little confused and looks up at Stephen.

“Grown ups like to make plans and talk a lot about what the best thing to do is.” Stephen explains. “We talked about what we’d do to make you feel better when you were sick before, now we’ll talk about how to make you as happy as possible now you’re doing better.”

Peter still does not quite understand, but nods his head anyway. He licks the last bit of Nutella off his fork before pulling at the straps.

“Out, please?” Peter asks, wanting to sit on Stephen’s lap now that he is full. Meanwhile, Tony checks his beeping phone.

“They are both here now, waiting in the blue meeting room.”

Taking Peter out of the chair, Stephen gives him a tight cuddle before nodding at Tony.

“Give us a few minutes and then we can meet you there?” Stephen suggests, wanting to give Peter a chance to calm down and let his food settle before bringing him to the psychiatrist and police officer.

“Yeah, I’ll head over and get them filled in on Peter’s condition.” Tony says and gets up to gather the plates and such to put in the dishwasher. Meanwhile, Stephen smiles down at the boy on his lap, brushing back his messy hair.

“Do you remember what we do before we go talk to Rhodey?” Stephen asks. Peter relaxes in the doctor’s arms easily, but grabs the hand in his hair and moves it to his tummy so that Stephen will rub it.

“No.” Peter answers with a shake of his head, waving Tony goodbye as he heads out of the kitchen. Smiling and rubbing Peter’s stomach, Stephen lets him lay back in his arms a little more comfortably.

“We need to get you some water and Wolfie, then we go potty. Is there anything that would make you feel happier today?”

Peter thinks for a moment, but he feels very much content even though he is a little nervous about the meeting. He feels safe knowing both Tony and Stephen will be there with him.

“Just need Wolfie.” Peter decides. “Tones put a pull-up on him too, so we match!” Peter says with glee.

“That was very smart of Tones. Will you let us know if Wolfie has to potty or has an accident,
please?” Stephen asks, standing up and getting a sippy cup full of water before bringing Peter back to their room to collect the last few things.

“Yeah!” Peter squeals. “I’m like a doctor taking care of Wolfie.” He grins proudly as they enter the room. Seeing Wolfie on the bed, Peter squirms out of Stephen’s arms and skips over to the bed to grab his stuffie. Stephen walks over and grabs one of the smaller, soft blankets Peter sometimes gets for nap-time just in case he wants to be wrapped up. He gives Peter a few moments with Wolfie, so that he is in a good mood before they go. Peter flops down on the big bed, rolling around with his stuffie and hums happily.

“Do you have to pee before we go?” Stephen asks. At the question, Peter lifts his head up where he is laying on his stomach, kicking his feet happily.

“No, don’t need to go.” Peter says and scrambles up and into Stephen’s arms.

“Will you tell me if you do need to go or if you use your pull-up, please?” Stephen asks, pressing a kiss onto Peter’s cheek and smiling at him. “You taste like strawberries.” He teases, carrying him out of the bedroom and towards the blue meeting room.

“Hmm!” Peter giggles at the kiss and nuzzles into Stephen. As they make their way to the meeting room, they pass some littles and Peter waves shyly at Bucky who he has become friends with lately. After the moment, they arrive by the meeting room and Peter clutches Stephen’s collar in one fist a little nervously.

Chapter End Notes

Ooo a bit of a cliffhanger there... Thank you so much for reading! The next bit will be about the meeting and Peter might just get two new Daddies c: The next bit will also be the last of the flashback scene and after that we are back to where we left off at chapter 37.
“So, it’s been a month now.” T’Challa starts as he flips through his file on Peter, which includes reports from Stephen, Tony, some of the nurses as well as Rhod. The police officer has been quite busy with the whole case. “How is Peter, Doctor Stark?”

“To put it short, he is happy. And nearly all healthy. The pneumonia is still lingering, but he is recovering steadily and we expect a full recovery by the end of next week.” Tony starts before going more in depth. “He has been playing with the other Littles and is much more steady when it comes to his headspaces. He fought regression a few days ago, but Doctor Strange got him to settle down fairly quickly and we have discovered that he is very much a High Care Little with his young headspace and how much CG contact he needs. I am not sure how closely you read the paperwork, but we have discovered that he has an autoimmune disease, and both Strange and I doubt that his digestive issues are due to the antibiotics he’s been on for a month now, but rather that this is something he was born with.”

Both T’Challa and Rhod. know what Tony is implying, but T’Challa is a simple man and needs it all spelled out for the paperwork.

“So, you are saying he needs to stay? Peter could get a new CG and live at home with them as an out-patient, but you want him here?” T’Challa asks, giving Tony a sharp look, but the doctor does not back down.

“Yes, considering all the trauma he experienced with his previous CG-“

“She is still technically his CG.” T’Challa interrupts and Tony huffs a little in response.

“Well, yes, but should she be? Peter could get a new CG and live at home with them as an out-patient, but you want him here?” T’Challa asks, giving Tony a sharp look, but the doctor does not back down.

“Yes, considering all the trauma he experienced with his previous CG-“

“She is still technically his CG.” T’Challa interrupts and Tony huffs a little in response.

“Well, yes, but should she be? You’ve read all the reports and what Rhod. has discovered while talking to Peter.” Tony argues, gesturing to Rhod. and looking at him for help.

“Stark’s right. She is far from qualified enough to care for Peter’s emotional needs and that’s not even mentioning the manipulation and ignorance when it comes to suitable punishments for Peter.” Rhod. adds and Tony half smiles, relieved that his best friend is taking his side.

“So, as I was saying, considering all the trauma, his need for medical attention and how safe and happy he is here, it is best that he stays here under our care. Moving him again can only cause more hurt for him.” Tony argues, sitting back in his seat now that he has made his argument. He taps his foot under the table impatiently as he waits for T’Challa’s response. The police officer draws in a breath and then turns to Rhod. as he exhales slowly.

“So, you agree with Doctor Stark?”

“I do. Peter has been telling me that he feels much safer here, unlike with his CG. He explained to
me the other day how he realised that Littles aren’t supposed to worry about things like meals, naps and changes, but grown ups are supposed to do that.” Rhodey explains, implying that Peter had to worry about such things while living with his Mommy. “He has also made friends with two other Littles and those relations are important to him. He is eager to get to know them more and I think, if you move him now, you will absolutely do more damage than good. And then there is of course his health, and we all know how you came to know about Peter in the first place? Because his CG failed to bring him to the doctor and make sure he got the medical attention he needs.”

“Peter needs to stay here.” Tony rephrases before the meeting room falls silent. After a moment, T’Challa sits up in his chair, placing his forearms on the table and intertwining his fingers.

“Then he will.” T’Challa decides and Tony feels his heart swell in his chest. He bites his cheek to stop himself from grinning like an idiot with all the joy he is feeling. “And you still have the capacity to have him here?”

“I wouldn’t have said all that if we didn’t.” Tony chuckles, feeling like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders, knowing he will not have to fight more to keep Peter. T’Challa nods before asking more.

“And you and Strange do not have Littles of your own, correct?”

“Correct.” Tony confirms. Stephen used to have a little girl, Clea, but that was long before they met. Tony, on the other hand, has never had a Little of his own, but he has been caring for Littles most of his career.

“Would either of you like to take Peter as your Little?”

“Actually, we would prefer to share him, so that we would both be his CGs.” Tony says. T’Challa chuckles a little. “We both think Peter needs us both considering all the trauma and his condition, which is still weak.”

“You’ve given this some thought already, Doctor Stark.” The police officer points out and Tony shrugs a little, but does not deny it. He has talked quite a lot about Peter with Stephen and not just about the boy’s condition, but about how much they wish the boy would be theirs.

“But, you’re not saying no. Are you, T’Challa?” Tony points out in return. The police officer’s lips curve upwards in a half smile and he is about to say something, but then there is a knock at the door and Stephen enters with Peter on his hip.

“Hello, everyone.” Stephen says, sitting down with Peter on his lap and wrapping his arms around the boy’s waist. Stephen has found that putting just a little pressure on Peter’s stomach helps him stay grounded during more anxious moments like these. He smiles over at Tony and sets the sippy cup down on the table as Peter puts one of his hands on top of Stephen’s. In his other hand, Peter has Wolfie.

“Doctor Strange.” T’Challa greets before turning to Peter and giving him a friendly smile and wave. “Hey, Peter, it’s been a while now. Jarvis has been missing you, you know?” The officer says and Peter smiles a little shyly before waving back. The boy also gives Rhodey a little wave before turning his attention to Stephen’s hands on his stomach.

Tony wants to spring up from his seat and tell his partner that they could get Peter as their Little, but he knows that Peter gets the last word and it is up to him whether he wants them as his CGs. This is not the first neglected and sick Little that Tony has been carrying for and he knows how the adoption process works. Tony tries to keep his hopes in check, but cannot help but look at Peter longingly as
the boy plays with Stephen’s hands.

“So, the doctor has been telling me that you’re almost all healthy.” T’Challa starts, addressing Peter. The boy nods and coughs a few times. “Aw yeah, you still have a little cough, but it’s getting better, isn’t it?”

“Hmm. Took some pictures and Steph and Tones said I was brave.” Peter explains and points to his chest, meaning the chest x-rays they took that morning. He coughs a few more times before catching his breath.

“I bet you were.” T’Challa agrees with a smile. “And you had to lay super still, didn’t you? It’s like you’re a statue.” He adds, pretending to freeze up in a stiff position. Peter giggles and nods his head, growing less nervous now and smiles a lot easier while meeting T’Challa and Rhodes’ eyes.

T’Challa nods with a smile after his short conversation with the boy. Then, he turns to Rhodey and gives him a signal. Rhodey nods at the police officer before turning to Peter, smiling at him gently.

“That’s Wolfie, isn’t it? I remember you had him last time we talked. And I see he’s got a pull-up.” Rhodey comments at first, keeping the conversation light-hearted, just like T’Challa did, to help Peter relax. Peter nods and holds up the stuffie, but not close enough so that the psychiatrist can take it from him.

“Tones put it on him.” Peter explains, showing the stuffie to Rhodey for a moment before taking him back into his arms, holding him tight.

“Hmm, I see.” Rhodey nods. “He seems quite happy in it. All snug.” The doctor adds, smiling when Peter nods more eagerly. “And what about you, Peter, how have you been doing since we last talked?”

Peter thinks for a moment, keeping his eyes fixed on Wolfie because looking at Rhodey feels like too much for him at the moment.

“Been good, been happy.” Peter answers with a shy smile, looking up at Stephen and Tony by his side. The psychiatrist notes on how the boy sees to be quite comfortable with the two doctors.

“Hmm, you’ve been good and happy. That’s not what you felt when you were with your Mommy, isn’t that correct?” Rhodey says, which he has learned while talking with Peter before. The boy nods clearly at this to confirm. T’Challa also notices how Peter seems to feel safe with Tony and Stephen because he does not panic at the mention of his Mommy, like he did before.

Rhodey asks a few more questions to assess Peter’s mental state and makes some notes on what the boy is telling him about what he does and how he feels around the two doctors that have been caring for him the last month. Clicking his pen against his file on Peter, Rhodey smiles at all four in the room before sitting back.

“Thank you for telling me all this. You’ve been very brave.” The psychiatrist praises and Peter smiles shyly again. Both Stephen and Tony lean over to rub at Peter’s head and cheeks.

“Well done, mister.” Stephen smiles.

“You’re such a good boy, buddy.” Tony adds and Peter kicks his legs happily where he is still sat on Stephen’s lap.

“Done now?” Peter asks, looking up at Stephen hopefully.
“Not quite yet, but we can have a break, yeah?” Stephen says, looking around the room and finds that the rest also seem to agree with him on the idea of a break. “Shall we say back in 15 minutes? You can help yourselves to coffee in the CG lounge.” Stephen adds, addressing T’Challa and Rhodey.

“Yes, a cup of coffee sounds good.” Rhodey agrees and heads out of the room with T’Challa. They both know the facility quite well after visiting so many times due to working on many different cases concerning Littles.

“You’re being so good for us, Petey.” Stephen praises, getting up from his seat and moving Peter onto his hip. “You’re so good at answering questions.”

The boy blushes a little at the praise and Tony comes up to stroke the flushed pink cheeks with his thumbs.

“Such a good and brave boy.” Tony adds, grinning widely at knowing they are so close to getting Peter. However, he still cannot tell Stephen about it while Peter is there. As much as they both want Peter, it would not be fair to pressure the boy.

“Steph? Gotta go potty.” Peter informs, remembering what Stephen said about telling him when he needed to go. Stephen smiles widely at that, bouncing the boy in his arms.

“Well done, you. Then, let’s go potty. Does Wolfie need a change?” He asks as they all head down the hall to the closest bathroom. Peter nods with a giggle, shoving Wolfie into Stephen’s face.

“Kiss!” The boy demands with a grin. With a chuckle, Stephen leans his head back before kissing the stuffie’s black nose. He also gives Peter’s forehead a kiss. The boy squeals in delight and reaches his hand out to make Tony kiss the stuffie too. “You too, Tones.”

“Why, of course, Wolfie.” Tony chuckles, giving the stuffie a kiss too before opening the door to the bathroom.

After Peter has relieved himself and Wolfie has got a fresh pull-up on, the trio head out of the bathroom. All of a sudden, the boy decides he wants to walk himself and squirms out of Tony’s arms. The doctor sets the boy down with a reminder not to run off, which he has done twice this week. As much as the two doctors want to be strict about the rules, they cannot help but smile at seeing Peter becoming more outgoing and brave. Checking his watch, Stephen sees that they still have a few more minutes and they continue walking down the halls at a comfortable pace.

“Floor’s lava!” Peter suddenly decides and jumps onto one of the circles painted on the floor. Stephen and Tony are more than familiar with the game, as every Little seems to want to play it in the parts of the building that has the circles painted on the floors. Both doctors jump onto a circle each for safety. Peter turns to check that they are both playing with him and grins widely when he sees that they are indeed doing so.

“Oh, babe, you’re in a tricky spot.” Tony points out to Stephen, as there is a long jump to the next circle. But, Stephen makes the jump and manages to avoid the white parts of the floor. Peter giggles before skipping over to a blue spot, then a yellow one before stopping and making sure the two doctors are not cheating.

“If you touch the floor, you burn up!” Peter reminds before jumping over to the next circle. He sways a bit from side to side, but then finds his balance and grins widely and waits for Stephen and Tony to catch up. They do so soon enough and Peter reaches his arms out to be picked up by Tony and points to the floor after settling in his arms. “Don’t touch floor.”
“I won’t, little love.” Tony chuckles as he continues to walk only on the circles. Peter plays close attention and makes sure Tony does not burn up. Reaching the last circle in the hallway, Tony looks at the boy in his arms.

“Is the lava gone now?” Tony asks as Stephen comes up to them on the circle right next to theirs. After considering for a moment, Peter nods and gives his permission for Stephen and Tony to walk normally.

“Yeah, is gone.” The boy smiles.

“Ah, that’s good, otherwise we’d be in trouble.” Stephen chuckles as they continue down the hall to the blue meeting room. Rhodey and T’Challa are already back, with a cup of coffee each and turn to look as Stephen and Tony return with Peter.

“So, we ready to continue?” T’Challa asks as Tony settles down with Peter on his lap. Stephen moves to sit next to them and hands Peter the bottle that they left when the boy tries to reach for it. Peter chugs on his water as he eyes Rhodey and T’Challa, wondering what they will do next.

“Yeah, we are ready.” Tony informs, patting Peter’s stomach when he pulls the bottle back.

“Okay, good. Peter.” T’Challa starts to catch the boy’s attention. Peter turns to face the police officer and hums around his bottle before handing it to Tony. “Rhodey would like to speak with you alone while the doctors and I wait outside. It will be just for a moment and then they will come back. Would that be okay?”

Peter considers for a moment and then looks to Tony and Stephen for guidance.

“We will be right outside and it won’t be long. Right, Rhodey?” Tony asks, knowing exactly why the psychiatrist wants to speak to Peter alone. He is about to ask the boy who he wants as his new CGs.

“Yeah, I just have a few questions for you, Peter.” Rhodey assures, but Peter does not seem entirely onboard.

“But, why can’t Tones and Steph stay?” Peter asks with a frown.

“Because I want to hear your answer and only yours. I understand that you want them here, but they will be back in just a moment.” Rhodey explains, but it is not until Stephen and Tony smile at Peter reassuringly that the boy nods. He is not happy about the situation and watches longingly as Stephen, Tony and T’Challa get up and leave the room. Both the doctors assure that they will be back soon and give the boy a wave before closing the door. Peter clutches Wolfie to his chest as he looks up at Rhodey.

As soon as the door is closed, Tony lets out a squeal of excitement and grasps his partner’s hands in his, spinning around a little too. T’Challa snorts lovingly at the sight and so does Stephen, but he looks mostly baffled.

“What’s gotten into you, babe?” Stephen asks, keeping his voice down so that they will not disturb Peter and Rhodey.

“T’Challa said Peter can be ours!” Tony grins so widely his cheeks hurt a bit. “We could get a baby boy, Stephen, our own Little to share and cherish and love and spoil.”

Stephen’s eyes widen comedically until he also breaks into a wide grin, laughing quietly as he gasps in a breath.
“What? No way. Is that what you’ve come to with Peter’s case? That he needs a new CG?” Stephen asks the officer, not entirely believing what Tony is saying. It is all too good to be true.

“Your partner made a very compelling argument.” T’Challa smiles, which he rarely does with grown ups. He saves most of his smiles for the Littles he takes care of. “Besides, Peter is a High care Little and obviously needs the medical assistance, so he should stay. Rhodey thinks the same as well and is asking Peter now whether he will accept you as his new CGs.”

“Oh my God.” Stephen gasps again before he laughs again, pulling Tony into a hug. However, after a moment he pulls back. “But, what if Peter only wants you?”

“What do you mean, silly?” Tony asks, his brows twitching in a puzzled expression.

“He’s bonded a lot more with you.” Stephen shrugs.

“Shut up, he likes us both.” Tony says easily, pulling his partner into a quick kiss. “I am sure he will take us both. Besides, few Littles are lucky enough to get two CGs.”

“Well, few Littles are as sick as Peter and need two CGs.” Stephen argues back as is about to say more, but then the door opens and Rhodey gestures for the three men to enter again. Stephen and Tony nearly get stuck in the doorway when they both rush in at the same time. Peter beams widely when he sees the two doctors and bounces on his seat before he skips over to them. Both Stephen and Tony crouch down and place a hand each on Peter. The boy wiggles happily where he stands with a blush on his cheeks.

“Go on, Peter, ask them.” Rhodey prompts gently. “Just like we practiced.”

Peter lowers his head and fixes his eyes on the carpeted floor. He taps the toe of his soft sneaker against the floor and smiles shyly. Both Stephen and Tony wait impatiently for Peter to speak, their hearts pounding in their chests with nerves.

“Will you- like…” Peter starts quietly. “Be my Daddies?” The boy finally lifts his gaze and chews his bottom lip nervously while he waits for a response. Stephen and Tony both let out a teary chuckle and smile widely at Peter.

“I would love to, Peter love.” Tony says first, followed by Stephen.

“So would I, little one. We’ll be your Daddies.”

Peter giggles shyly before nodding. He looks a little unsure still, so Stephen and Tony make the first move by pulling the boy into a hug. Peter opens his arms wide to hug both doctors at the same time, an arm wrapped around each of their necks and his head resting in between theirs. Stephen and Tony meet each others eyes and find that they are both teary eyed. There is till lots of paperwork to be done, but the doctors know that the most important moment is where the Little actually asks the vital question. The doctors chuckle quietly before holding Peter, their little boy, tighter and turn their heads slightly to kiss Peter’s cheeks. The boy squeals in delight and squeezes his two new CGs tighter as well.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! That’s it for the flashback scene and omg it’s been hell
of a ride! What do you guys think of it now that you've read it all?
But, this story is far from over as Soph and I have lots of new exciting chapters, which
includes Peter being all aged up in one chapter, Stephen, Tony and Peter completing
their family unit by getting a house of their own, Harley being introduced as well as
another new emergency Little being brought to the facility! I am counting 57 chapter at
the moment so stay tuned lovelies xx
The next chapter is called 'Microchipping'!
Chapter 46 - Microchipping

Chapter Summary

All the Littles at the facility are getting microchipped.

Chapter Notes

Timeline wise, we are back where we left off at chapter 37 and this is no longer part of the flashback. Just wanted to be clear about that so there is no confusion :)

The community of Caregivers has been buzzing a lot the last few weeks. A new law has been passed which gives Littles the opportunity to be microchipped with their ID and their CG’s name and address. For most Littles it is optional and up to them and their CGs, but for institutionalised high care Littles, the chipping is mandatory because of a lot of cases of Littles escaping and trouble identifying them when they are so deep in their littlespace. There is some resistance to the law, but most are happy about it and actually hope that it becomes mandatory for all Littles to get chipped, because it would be safer for them. But, for now it is only for institutionalised high care Littles and Stephen and Tony could not be happier about the law passing, as their worst nightmare is that they will lose Peter and not find him again.

To celebrate the law passing, multiple CG conferences and events are held across the country and most are for medical CGs who work at the Little facilities. Stephen and Tony are invited to one of the events and happily accept the invitation, as an old friend of theirs, Carol Danvers, is one of the hosts. She is a doctor too and works here and there for the Little department.

It is a tuxedo event and happens late at night, so Stephen and Tony are getting ready to leave when Peter is already dressed in his pyjamas. The boy gets to sit on the floor with his toys and watches as his Daddies get ready. He thinks they look really handsome and barely plays with his toys and instead watches his Daddies closely. Giving Peter at least a dozen kisses, Stephen and Tony say good night to their baby boy and head off to the event together after passing the boy to Thor.

Peter goes through the usual nighttime routine with the other littles in his group, but Thor keeps an extra close eye on him, knowing that the boy will not like sleeping when his Daddies are not around. Thor thinks that Peter has fallen asleep and will sleep peacefully through the night like the other littles in the dorm, but turns out to be wrong when he finds Peter wandering the halls later half an hour after putting all the littles to bed. Peter looks adorable in his feettie pyjamas, clutching with baby seal to his chest while he shakes his head at Thor.

“No, thanks!” Peter decides when Thor tries to grab him and put him back to bed. At first, Thor finds it all amusing, chuckling and smiling when Peter tries to run away from him. The nurse knows that Peter misses his Daddies, but after the fifth escape he is growing just a bit frustrated.

Peter is all soft and fluffy from his bath, so Thor struggles just a bit with staying strong and just putting the boy back in bed. Around midnight, Tony and Stephen get back and are quite baffled
finding Peter up and awake, wrestling with Thor.

“There are like ten cribs in the baby ward, you could’ve put him in there and he would’ve just fallen asleep if there was someone sitting in the room with him.” Tony points out, taking Peter into his arms from Thor.

“I put him in the crib and he escaped twice!” Thor groans out while Peter is beyond amused and giggling now that his Daddies are back. The two doctors thank the nurse for his help before saying that they have their boy now and will get him to sleep. Thor heads off with a tired yawn, leaving Stephen and Tony to it.

“Oh, bedtime now, buddy.” Tony coos to Peter, moving to lay him down in the crib on the baby ward. Stephen bends down to make eye contact with Peter, so that he can hopefully sweet talk Peter into settling down, but the boy just holds both of Stephen's cheeks and kisses him. Both doctors stand over Peter, still dressed in their tuxedos, while the boy giggles and moves around the crib, bouncing on his knees and trying to climb out before Tony gently pushes him down and keeps a hand on his chest.

“No, Daddy, party!” Peter giggles and squirms in the crib, so then Stephen just gives in and picks Peter up to hold him close to try and lull him to sleep by swaying gently. Tony heads off to sort out a bottle of milk and mixes something into it that will help Peter settle down as it is getting very late. While Tony is gone, Peter continues to giggle and kick his legs, but Stephen keeps shushing him and keeps his cool to calm Peter down. After a moment, Tony returns with a bottle of milk and hands it to Stephen.

With help from the bottle, Peter manages to settle down enough for Stephen to think that he will actually sleep, but when the doctor moves to lay him down in the crib, the boy cries out in protest. After a while of Peter crying, Tony just sighs and takes off his shoes and jacket. He drops them over the side of the rocking chair before lowering the crib rails and climbing in beside Peter. It is not the most comfortable bed given the mattresses are designed to support a little's frame, so they are smaller and more firm. He pulls Peter close and shushes him while he waits for him to finally fall asleep. After half an hour, Peter finally falls asleep thanks to the melatonin in the milk and Stephen nudges Tony.

“You wanna have a drink or head to bed too?” Stephen asks quietly. They actually prefer that Peter sleeps in his own bed or in the dorms, but they do not dare move him now that he is finally out. Tony manages to get himself untangled from Peter’s hold on him without waking him up and gets the crib bars back up.

“Drink, please.” Tony says, freezing when Peter makes a little snuffling noise before his breathing evens out and he is fast asleep again. Stephen also freezes, but then lowers his shoulders with a quiet sigh before making sure Peter is tucked in nicely. Once out of the ward, Tony and Stephen talk more about the event and head to one of their offices for a drink, bringing it to the balcony to enjoy the midnight air and calmness.

“He’s gonna be ours, for real.” Stephen says, almost a little teary eyed, but also widely possessive at the thought of his name being on Peter through the chip.

“Stark-Strange, Strange-Stark…” Tony says, reaching over to squeeze Stephen's hand before he can get too emotional thinking about it. He takes a drink and smiles over at him. “Are you excited to have a tiny babe in our room every night?”

“I think he’s most excited out of all of us.” Stephen chuckles, moving to stand closer to Tony and wrapping an arm around his waist. “I mean he’s been calling us Daddies for over three years now,
but I think Peter will also appreciate having us as his official caregivers. As for the chipping procedure itself…” Stephen winces with a chuckle as he remembers the demonstration video they had been shown at the event.

“He’ll be okay. If Carol's reports were anything to go by, the recovery is a few hours. He'll feel sorry for himself more than he'll be in pain.” Tony leans against Stephen and sighs softly, closing his eyes for a moment.

“Yeah, you’re right. I just hope we could do it ourselves, but the representative from the department seemed strict about only their doctors doing the chipping. Carol is very good, though. Her new haircut really suits her.” Stephen hums and rests his cheek on Tony’s head.

“Yeah, it really does.” Tony agrees before he remembers something. “I ordered a little thing to give Peter, so we can give it to him after it's all done. Hopefully it should distract him a little bit from any pain.”

“Oh, what did you order?”

“A set of shower and bath crayons. He can draw with them on the walls and then we can wash it off.” Tony explains, a bit excited to try out the crayons himself. Stephen hums his approval, knowing that Peter will love the gift considering how much he loves arts and crafts. The two doctors spend another few moments together before finishing their drinks and heading to bed too.

A week or so later, Carol arrives at the facility with her team of doctors to carry out the chipping of all the littles there. All the littles are informed that morning during breakfast that everyone will have a little procedure today or the day after, depending on which doctor from Carol’s team is doing the chipping. Half of the littles’ names are called that morning, and that includes Peter. The little boy springs up from his seat where he is sat with his friends eating breakfast and runs to Stephen who is announcing all the names. With a little smile, Stephen takes his boy and settles him on his hip before continuing with the list till he has announced the last name.

“Those who did not hear their names will get fixed tomorrow. It will be super quick and painless, so no need to worry.” Stephen assures, but some littles still squirm in their seats nervously. Their CGs come over to them to comfort them and rub their backs. Folding the list and pocketing it, Stephen bounces Peter in his grip.

“You’re gonna meet one of Daddies’ old friends, baby. Her name’s Carol and she’s gonna fix you up in a bit.” Stephen smiles, trying to reassure Peter and distract him from the upcoming procedure. However, the boy is not impressed that his Daddies are not fixing him, like they always do, but that this time it is a stranger.

“Why a stranger gotta poke me?” Peter asks with a frown. “Why can’t Da do it?”

“Because those are the rules, Petey. It’s not up to me and Daddy this time.” Stephen explains. “But, we’ll be there either way to hold your hand and make sure it doesn’t hurt, okay?”

Peter is still not impressed and continues to frown, but nods his head a little because he knows that whining will not change a thing. An hour or so later, it is Peter’s turn to be chipped and he is brought into the procedure room where Carol is waiting, led by both his Daddies as they hold his tiny hands.

“Hey, handsome.” Carol chirps with a smile, getting up from her stool and crouching down in front of Peter. “You must be Peter. Your Daddies have told me so much about you.”

Peter smiles a little shyly, kicking the floor nervously with his soft sneakers. His Daddies crouch
down by his side too and keep their hands on their boy to remind him that they are there for him.

“This is Carol, she’s a doctor like Daddy and I.” Tony explains to Peter. “She’s an old friend of ours and she is gonna put a tiny chip in your neck.”

Peter knows about the chip, as Stephen showed one at breakfast to all the littles to show that it is harmless and tiny, but the boy is still a little sceptical, especially considering his Daddies are not going to do the procedure.

“It will be over before you know it, little one.” Carol insists with a wave of her hand, but she can still see that Peter is uneasy. But, the doctor has a few tricks up her sleeve. “Do you like cats, Peter? Hmm, you do, just like I thought. Did you know that I have a cat at home? Her name is Goose and she is all orange with a cute bell on her collar.”

Peter perks up at this and finally dares to look at Carol’s eyes for more than a split second. The boy is quite fond of animals, but rarely gets to see them in real life due to his weaker immune system.

“Goose?” Peter asks quietly, a little smile tugging on his lips.

“Yeah, it’s a cute name, isn’t it? She is really cute and loves to play and cuddle.” Carol says with a soft smile.

“She sounds like you, baby.” Stephen chimes in, nosing Peter’s temple and giving him a kiss. The boy squeals and giggles.

“Would you like to see some videos of her climbing on my fridge? She can jump up real high.” Carol says and pulls out her phone, showing it to Peter. The boy considers for a moment before nodding. “Okay, I have a whole playlist that you can watch. But, first you gotta take your shoes and shirt off and then get on the bed. Think you can do that for me?”

Peter nods again and with help from Stephen, he gets his shoes off along with his shirt. Meanwhile, Tony rises from his crouched down position to discuss anaesthetics with Carol and other things to keep in mind when performing a procedure on Peter. Once the boy is only dressed in his pants and socks, Stephen lifts him up on the padded procedure table.

“Daddies’ brave boy.” Stephen coos and strokes Peter’s hair back, giving his forehead a kiss.

After finishing discussing with Tony, Carol turns around and hands Peter her phone, which is now unlocked and a video of a cat is on pause. Peter does not hesitate to start the video and smiles as soon as he hears Goose meow.

“Da, look!” Peter giggles, tilting the screen a bit so that Stephen can see too.

“Yeah, that’s a cute kitty. Oh! That was a big jump. She’s like a tiger.” Stephen says enthusiastically, keeping Peter distracted while Carol readies an anaesthesia mask and hands it to Tony. Surprisingly, Peter does not protest at all and keeps his eyes fixed on the video of Goose while Tony presses the mask to his face. After a minute, Peter begins to grow woozy and Stephen takes the phone from his hands before he can drop it. Another minute passes and Peter lets himself be guided down to lay on the table. His Daddies position him on his stomach, cover him with a blanket and then restrain him, just to be sure. Taking a strap, Tony fastens the mask to Peter’s face and then kisses his temple.

“Such a good boy, so brave for your Daddies. You’re making us so proud.” Tony coos and Peter blinks lazily. They are not knocking the boy out completely, but keep the dose of the anaesthetic gas high enough to keep Peter calm and settled.
While Stephen keeps an eye on Peter and strokes his hair, Tony assists Carol with the procedure and the process of getting the back of Peter’s neck sterilised and then draped. Then comes the moment the three doctors have been dreading and that is the injecting of the local anaesthetic. However, thanks to the gas, Peter only makes a small whimper, but is otherwise still and calm. While giving the anaesthetic time to work, Carol double checks that the chip is the correct one.

“This is quite historical, isn’t it?” Carol smiles, referring to the whole process of getting high care Littles microchipped with their names and the names of their caregiver or caregivers. “Peter’s very lucky to have you two.”

“We are luckier to have him.” Stephen corrects and Tony smiles fondly, nodding in agreement as they both look at their boy breathe softly with his eyes closed. Peter does not respond orally, nor does he open his eyes, but he squeezes Stephen’s fingers very lightly in his grasp. Stephen squeezes back before lifting his hand to give his little fingers a kiss.

Carol smiles in return before approaching Peter with the microchip, all ready in the large and scary looking syringe. Both Stephen and Tony move so that they can see Peter’s face and hold each of his hands.

“Oh, here we go.” Carol mutters to herself softly before pushing the large needle into Peter’s neck. The plunger makes a noise when the chip is injected, much like a piercer gun, but Peter does not budge and just continues breathing softly. “There, it’s in now.” Carol smiles, holding some gauze to the tiny puncture wound. She will add a stitch or two to close it in a bit.

Stephen and Tony both let out a chuckle of relief before facing one another and then leaning in for a kiss. The two Daddies kiss passionately, almost forgetting about Carol, but not about Peter as they continue to hold his hands. They pull back after a moment and meet each others’ eyes.

“He’s ours.” Stephen whispers, only for Tony to hear.

“Our little boy.” Tony adds, giving Stephen another peck before muttering. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Stephen replies easily, feeling his heart swell in his chest. Tony feels the exact same and is grinning like an idiot while gazing at his lover. Their little moment is disturbed by Peter who makes the tiniest whimper, which is barely audible with the mask. It is almost as if the boy knew that his Daddies were not paying attention to him. He cracks his eyes open just a bit and puts on a pout.

“Sorry, baby boy.” Stephen coos, turning his attention back to Peter, but stays close to Tony too. “Daddy’s just being all sappy and silly.” He chuckles, stroking Peter’s hair back and giving his forehead a kiss.

“Da is being even sillier.” Tony argues, peppering the boy’s hand with kisses. “You, on the other hand, are being so big and brave. Carol’s done in just a bit and then we’ll have some big cuddles.” He promises and Peter seems to like that as he relaxes again and closes his eyes, letting Carol make two tiny stitches at the back of his neck before dressing the wound. Once she is done, she pulls the drapes aside too.

“I’ll let you guys have a moment.” Carol smiles as she pulls her gloves off. She heads out of the procedure room quietly while Tony gets up to remove the anaesthesia mask from Peter’s face and replaces it with an oxygen one instead to help the boy recover from the anaesthesia. They also help Peter to lay on his side instead and make sure he is cosy under the blanket.

“You’re so brave for us, baby, yes you are.” Stephen coos softly, keeping one hand in Peter’s hair and keeping the other intertwined with Tony’s on his thigh.
“Our brave baby boy.” Tony emphasises, smiling when Peter opens his eyes just a bit. He still looks very dazed and drugged and his eyes fall shut again quickly. The boy lets out an annoyed little huff. “Yeah, I know, baby. You’ll feel better in a bit.”

“Just take nice, deep breaths.” Stephen instructs and Peter does as he is told, holding the air in his tummy for a few seconds before exhaling again, just like Thor has taught them during yoga.

After a moment or two, Peter begins to perk up and tries to sit up, but his body is not cooperating fully and he falls back on the bed. His Daddies thankfully catch him and make sure he does not hurt himself. They both chuckle when Peter pouts at them before helping the boy sit up properly.

“I think a little lay down on the ward is in order.” Stephen says, moving to pick Peter up into his arms. Peter lays his head down on his Daddy’s shoulder immediately and closes his eyes. Tony nods in agreement and like the little family they are, they all head out of the procedure room and go to the ward after thanking Carol and giving her a wave.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I have finally finished the masterpost for this whole AU and you can find it on my Tumblr professional-benaddict under the tag 'little patients' c:
The next chapter is called 'Hospital visit' and Carol will feature again!
Chapter 47 - Hospital visit

Chapter Summary

Peter goes to the hospital.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter is on the ward again due to shortness of breath and chest pains, which Stephen and Tony take very seriously and monitor their boy very closely while carrying out numerous tests to find out what is going on so that they can treat it. Unfortunately, Peter’s condition only worsens till the point where he cannot breathe on his own. Knocking Peter out, Stephen and Tony get him intubated so that the ventilator can do the breathing for him. While the two doctors wait for the test results to come back, they sit by Peter’s bedside, stroking his hair and holding his hands while his chest rises and falls thanks to the machine breathing for him. Peter looks so small and vulnerable on the bed with the tube in his throat as he sleeps and both doctors feel their heart ache in their chests at the sight.

A few hours later, Peter regains enough consciousness to start fighting the ventilator as he trashes on the bed. Steve is on the ward checking stock in the cabinets and drops what he is doing to calm Peter. He alerts the two doctors and they arrive swiftly, but Peter does not settle despite all three caregivers speaking gently to him, so they have no choice but to knock him out. After just a few seconds, Peter falls still and quiet as the medication forces him to sleep.

After checking that Peter is okay, Stephen and Tony make a tough decision and request Steve to go fetch a hospital wrist band. The nurse heads off with a nod, knowing exactly what the doctors are planning. They do not have the necessary resources to care for Peter at the facility, so he must be transported to the hospital and that means he needs a wrist band for identification. After a moment, Steve returns with the wrist band and hands it to Stephen who beings to write Peter’s name on it. Tony is on the phone a few beds down.

“The ambulance will be here in 15 minutes.” Tony informs after finishing the call to the hospital. Stephen nods and fastens the wrist band around Peter’s tiny wrist before giving his hand a kiss.

Luckily, the ambulance ride goes smoothly, which is mostly thanks to Peter being sedated and thus not being aware of what is happening. Stephen and Tony have transported sick and injured Littles back and forth many times, but never their own boy. They know Peter must be scared and speak gently and reassuringly to him during the drive, even though he is unconscious.

When Peter wakes up two days later, he does not have the gross tube in his throat. The boy tries to work his stiff jaw and scrunches up his nose. His whole body aches like he has been laying still for far too long. Expecting to see the ward where he remembers falling asleep, Peter is horrified to find that he is in a room that he does not recognise. He begins to panic and cry, tugging at the band on his wrist. He has heard rumours of the wrist bands and that they are only put on when a Little is really sick or hurt. He thinks that if he can get the band off, it means he can go home.

The bad situation only turns worse as a nurse walks into the room, but she is not wearing happy and colourful scrubs with fun patterns or patches. It is just blue and Peter begins wailing for his Daddies, but they cannot hear him as they are in a meeting room with Peter’s doctor, discussing treatment.
plans. The nurse has gotten quite simple instructions to sedate Peter if he begins panicking, which is precisely what she does. The boy continues crying until the medication forces him asleep again.

A few minutes after Peter has fallen asleep, Stephen and Tony return and are furious that no one alerted them as they could have comforted their boy. Both the doctor and nurse are very apologetic and try to explain that they do not specialise in High care Littles, so they did not know what else to do. Luckily, Stephen and Tony get in touch with Carol and get her to take Peter’s case as they trust her and her team to care for their boy.

The hospital is a whole new experience for Peter and not exactly a pleasant one. There is a lot more waiting at the hospital, which makes Peter anxious because he is not used to waiting at the facility. Back there, everything moves swiftly and smoothly, which is a huge contrast to the much larger hospital. Peter does not get carried from spot to spot either, as they either move him on the bed, in a wheelchair, or expect him to walk so his feet get cold and his legs get tired quickly, making him even more upset. Overall, the place is also very scary with so many people and different kinds at that. Peter is only really used to High care Littles like himself and medical CGs, but at the hospital there are lots of neutrals and actual children too.

And because Peter arrived in a bit of a hurry, both his Daddies are still wearing the scrubs from the facility and lots of nurses keep asking them for a consultation on paediatric cases. They do not understand why these doctors who have teddy bears in the pocket of their scrubs are so dismissive of any questions they have until they see the little boy who looks so small and sick in the bed. They always apologise and hurry off, but new nurses keep coming and asking every day. Thankfully, Steve is kind enough to drop by with a change of clothes for Stephen and Tony and he also brings some of Peter’s things, like his pacifiers and stuffies.

Stephen and Tony stay with Peter even during the night, which is unbelievably uncomfortable compared to the facility where they have spare beds. But, at the hospital they have to sleep where they can with Stephen beside Peter and Tony sitting on a chair with his head down on the bed. They all sleep restlessly because Peter keeps waking up during the night all distressed and Stephen and Tony hate how they have to step back and let Carol and her team take care of their boy. For a while it seems like their only option is to sedate Peter, but then Carol arrives with a bright smile and her phone where she has videos of Goose. While Stephen holds the phone so that Peter can see Goose, Carol and Tony work together with treating Peter and help him get better.

Carol seems like the only one at the hospital who knows how to care for a Little properly and Peter likes her despite all the poking she does, so Stephen and Tony feel comfortable enough leaving their boy with her to take a shower and get some proper rest at home. Carol is very gentle with Peter and talks to him softly, telling him exactly what she is doing before she does it and sets up her phone so he can watch cartoons or videos of Goose while they go through the necessary checks and procedures. When Stephen and Tony get back, they are so baffled at seeing Peter in such a good mood despite a painful procedure like a lumbar puncture. The two male doctors are about to ask Carol why she did such a procedure without at least one of them by Peter’s side, but they are quickly distracted by Peter’s giggles.

“Auntie Carol says I can see Goose when I’m better!” Peter giggles and tries to get up when his Daddies enter the room, but Carol holds Peter down because he cannot move for an hour after the procedure. Stephen and Tony just stare at Carol, gaping at her ability to keep their boy so happy during and after a painful procedure. Carol just shrugs and goes back to rubbing Peter’s stomach to keep him calm.

“Goose is great with Littles. I think they’d get along.”
Peter grins widely with Baby Seal and Wolfie in his arms, looking back up at Carol because he is not shy at all despite just knowing her for a few days.

“You’re such a good boy, Petey.” Carol says with a smile, running a hand through the boy’s hair. Peter grins at the praise before nuzzling into Carol’s hand, closing his eyes for a moment. Making sure that Peter is okay, Carol turns to the two male doctors.

“Some of the test results came back.” She says and both Stephen and Tony step closer to hear what the test showed. The three doctors discuss the treatment plan while their little patient dozes, but after a while Peter perks up a little. He makes a soft whimper for his Daddies.

“Cuddle?” Peter asks, lifting his arms up to show that he wants to be held by his Daddies.

“Has it been over an hour since the LP?” Stephen asks Carol, coming up to hold Peter’s hand.

“Just about, he should be fine.” She says after checking her watch before going over to open the window in the private room so they can get some fresh air. She squeezes Peter’s foot playfully as she walks by and nudges Tony. “All Good?”

“All good, Doctor.” Tony says with a cheeky look. Peter kicks his foot playfully and grins when Stephen arranges the wires and tubes to pick him up.

“Ow.” Peter whimpers softly, but settles into Stephen’s arms quickly, relieving to finally get some physical contact.

“I know, baby, I know.” Stephen shushes and sways Peter gently.

“There will be some tenderness and maybe some bruising. Let me or one of the nurses know if he needs some pain relief.” Carol smiles, waving at Peter before walking out to see her next patient. Tony leans over and kisses Peter’s cheek gently.

“You were so brave for us, baby boy. We’re really proud of you.”

“Wasn’t that scary.” Peter mumbles, resting his cheek on Stephen’s shoulder.

“Hmm, it wasn’t? That’s cause you’re such a brave baby.” Stephen adds, holding their boy with both arms, but also standing close to Tony so that they are all together.

Peter continues to go through tests and treatments for a few more days at the hospital. It is not a pleasant stay, even though Carol has arranged for a private room for Peter on the paediatric ward so that he is more comfortable in his littlespace. There is a lot more noise and people at the hospital and it all stresses out the little boy, so Stephen and Tony would like to take him back home to the facility as soon as possible. They voice these worries to Carol multiple times, but the female doctor is firm on keeping Peter under her care for a few more days. Stephen and Tony have to swallow their pride a bit, because they are so used to being in control of Peter that it is weird to take another doctor’s orders, but they do it because it is best for their boy.

Carol talks a bit about the aftercare of everything, when it is okay to let Peter do certain things and sleep in their bed again. She mentions that he might be better off taking showers rather than baths so they can monitor him more closely and so he does not irritate anything by spending extended amounts of time sitting in the tub. The three doctors talk out in the hall with the door half ajar, but they all have to return to Peter quite quickly because he manages to rip out an IV while tossing his stuffies around. Stephen and Tony are a little taken aback when Carol steps forward to start treating Peter. She is used to being the dominant one in work situations and glances over her shoulder at Stephen and Tony as she presses down on the area where IV was to stop any blood flow like.
“Well?”

Stephen and Tony snap out of it and start to pick up the IV on the floor, find a bandage and another IV kit to help Carol, as if they were nurses and not doctors. Meanwhile, Peter is yelping and tries to tug his arm back to cradle it to his chest.

“I know, little dude. I know.” Carol says, though she is still firm in holding Peter’s arm still so she can look at it properly and gets it bandaged up. She trails her finger along Peter's vein and taps the spot she wants Tony to insert the new IV. Tony shoots Stephen a look, but Stephen just shrugs and Tony has little choice but to obey Carol. He gets the IV in and tapes extra securely this time so that Peter will not tug it out a second time.

“That wasn't so bad, was it? Just a little scratchy.” Carol smiles before dropping a kiss to the top of Peter's head. The boy frowns up at Carol, but quickly becomes much happier when he gets a kiss. Stephen comes over with Wolfie who ended up on the floor during the whole spectacle.

“There, all done, Doctor Danvers.” Tony says once the IV is fixed. Carol smiles down at Peter and runs her hand through his hair.

“We’re all done here, sweetie. You were so good for me. Your Daddies were good for me too.” She says, standing up to start tidying up around the area. Stephen and Tony are still gaping a little dumbly at one another. They are not used to taking orders at all and it is like an out of body experience for them to be like nurses. After just a short moment of not getting attention from his Daddies, Peter cries out for them. The two doctors snap out of the daze and go give their boy a dozen kisses and twice that amount of praise.

After another few days on treatment and observation, Carol finds Peter to be in good enough shape to be discharged and go back home with his Daddies. Stephen and Tony are both very relieved and happy about it, but Peter is even happier and more eager to go home. He is in fact so eager to go that he will not sit still when one of Carol’s nurses tries to remove all the monitors and such from Peter’s body. Eventually, Carol just suggests that Stephen should hold Peter while the nurse finishes up. It does the trick and Peter stays still in his Daddy’s arm while the nurse removes the two IV cannulas from the boy’s arm and puts bandaids on. However, Peter will not let the nurse remove the stickers for the heart monitor from his chest, so Tony has to do that instead.

“Daddy’s gentle.” Peter explains while Tony removes the stickers as carefully as he can.

“I think the nurse was gentle too, Petey. I just think you’re a little spoiled.” Tony says with a smile and Peter turns his head away with a dramatic pout and huff, making both Stephen and Tony chuckle.

“Daddy’s gentle.” Peter explains while Tony removes the stickers as carefully as he can.

“You want some cuddles before we head to the car?” Stephen asks once all the medical equipment has been removed, besides the bandaids and bandages the boy has here and there from all the treatments and tests. Peter nods eagerly and latches onto Stephen’s neck. Stephen gives Tony a quick kiss on the cheek before sitting on the bed with Peter still in his lap.

“Daddy, rub!” Peter demands, lifting one of his socked feet for Tony to rub.

“Spoiled baby.” Tony laughs as he sits down next to Stephen, taking Peter’s foot and rubbing it gently. “Should we rub Daddy’s feet too? I think he deserves a little break for being so nice to us.” He rubs his thumb into the sole of Peter’s foot, knowing he likes it. Peter relaxes visibly in Stephen’s arms and cuddles Wolfie tight.

“Nu uh!” Peter giggles with a shake of his head. Stephen chuckles and kisses his forehead.
“I’m fine just spoiling our baby with stuffies and cuddles. After all, he’s been so brave since we came here.”

Tony smiles and takes Peter’s other foot in his hand, rubbing it gently.

“Petey’s so good for us. I think he’s earned an extra special present for how well behaved he was today, don’t you think?”

“Hmm, I think so too.” Stephen hums and Peter perks up where he sits.

“What? What sorta present? Can I have it now, please Da?” Peter blurts out in a hurry, looking at both his Daddies.

“Not just yet, honey, we need to get lunch first. If you’re extra good and eat nicely, we can get it before we go back home.” Tony smiles at Peter’s excitement and reaches up to tickle his tummy.

“Do you want to keep your jammies on for lunch or get changed into daytime clothes?”

Peter considers for a moment before looking up at Stephen. He wants daytime. Stephen nods and hands Peter over to Tony to see what clothes they have for Peter.

“Can I have a hint?” Peter asks Tony with a wide smile, holding onto his Daddy’s shoulder to keep steady on his lap. Wrapping an arm around his waist, Tony looks up at the ceiling and hums thoughtfully.

“It’s something very fun and a big surprise. Bigger than your biggest reward chart present.” He says, pressing kisses over Peter’s face. The boy gasps loudly and bounces on Tony’s lap with excitement.

“Bigger than the lego train set?”

Stephen chuckles softly at Peter’s excitement and places his clothes on the bed.

“Even bigger.” Tony promises, moving Peter onto the bed so he and Stephen can change him between them. “Do you want a pull-up, monkey?” He asks, unbuttoning the sleeper Peter was dressed in after his last treatment.

“Hmm.” Peter nods and watches as his Daddies change him into a pull-up and then into a soft hoodie and overalls with a little alien on the front. “Can I take Wolfie?” Peter asks and takes Wolfie once his hands are free.

“You sure can. Wolfie needs some lunch too.” Stephen says, changing Peter’s socks and patting his tummy. “Are you all ready to go?” He asks, pulling the hood up to keep Peter’s ears warm when they go outside.

“Oh!” Peter nods and barely holds his feet still for Stephen to put his shoes on. “Daddy, up.” Peter says, doing grabby hands at Tony before they all leave the room together. Scooping Peter up, Tony checks around the room for anything they might have forgotten before offering him a pacifier. They walk out of the room and down the hall to the elevator, all relieved to be leaving the hospital finally. Tony bounces Peter gently and pats his bum to keep him calm.

“We’re in Daddy’s car today. Should we get you all cosy in your seat and listen to music?”

Peter grins around his paci and kicks his legs happily. Spotting Stephen’s car, he points at it eagerly and starts humming ‘Peanut Butter Jelly’ by Galantis around his paci while getting strapped in the back seat.
“So, where to?” Stephen asks Tony as they get into the front seats.

“Lunch, then home.” Tony says with a soft smile before leaning over to kiss Stephen. Peter hums softly while in the back, kicking his legs in excitement as he wonders what the big surprise is.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! What do you guys think of Carol? I for one cannot stop thinking about just how big her Mommy energy was in the end of Endgame with Peter :0 That scene was partly the inspo for this scene ahah
The next chapter is hella sweet and domestic with Peter all aged up and going out for breakfast with his Daddies c:
Chapter 48 - Breakfast at the café

Chapter Summary

Peter goes out for breakfast with his Daddies while aged up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It is just another morning where Peter’s sleeping in between his Daddies, except he wakes up feeling aged up, which he rarely does. He is also in a pull-up, which feels wet and sticky as well as very wrong in his aged up headspace. Careful not to wake his sleeping Daddies, Peter wiggles out of bed and goes to the bathroom to clean himself up.

While Peter is in the bathroom, Stephen and Tony wake up due to their alarm. At first, they get worried over not knowing where their boy is, but then they hear sounds in the bathroom. But, after a few minutes, Stephen gets up and knocks on the door, asking whether Peter is okay and if he can come in. Peter opens the bathroom door, dressed in boxer briefs like his Daddies and with a blush on his cheeks.

“Morning.” Peter says a little shy, sounding way more mature than he usually does and Stephen and Tony know immediately that Peter is not their little boy at the moment. Tony sits up on the bed and smiles at Peter, watching him walk in slowly and cautiously.

“Feeling big today?” Tony asks, lifting Baby Seal up from her spot on the bed so she can see Peter.

“Yeah, maybe.” Peter answers shyly, looking up at Stephen unsurely and then at Baby Seal almost longingly.

“What age are you?” Stephen asks, running his hand through Peter’s messy curls.

“Like, 15 or something.”

“Thank you for telling us.” Tony says easily, smiling at how sleepy and tired Peter looks. “Are you awake for the day or do you want cuddles before we get dressed?”

Peter considers for a moment while looking at Baby Seal on the bed before he finally decides and climbs into bed with Tony. Stephen smiles fondly before heading into the bathroom to take a shower. Turning on the TV, Tony settles on the news since Peter is not little enough to be insistent that they watch cartoons. He wraps an arm around him and sets Baby Seal on his lap.

“What’s with the undies?”

“I’m not little so, I’m wearing normal boxers.” Peter shrugs, but takes hold of Baby Seal on reflex nonetheless as he tucks himself into Tony’s side, eyeing the TV. “Cause I woke up in the pull-up and it just felt- weird...” He explains, fiddling with the stuffie.

“What kind of weird?” Tony asks, reaching a hand up to scratch Peter’s scalp to keep him relaxed. He lets his arm weigh him down more than usual, knowing when Peter is big he sometimes needs more grounding. “Do you want to pick a show for us to watch? The news is kinda boring today.”
“Game of Thrones, please.” Peter says, watching Tony flick through while he considers whether he wants to tell his Daddies how he woke up. “And I- I woke up because I had- I had a wet dream and the pull-up felt disgusting and weird.” Peter finally manages to stutter out and avoids Tony’s eyes and focuses on the TV instead. Tony pauses for a moment before going back to finding an episode for Peter.

“That’s normal, you’ve been really little for a while and we haven’t had a chance to have special time. Do you want to maybe have alone time before bed tonight?”

“Hmm.” Peter hums and nods, too flustered to talk more and keeps petting Baby Seal. He keeps his eyes on the TV to see the intro and see which locations the episode would feature. “How long was I little?” He asks quietly.

“About two weeks this time.” Tony says, lowering his hand to rub Peter’s hip gently. “You were very well behaved for us and gave really good cuddles all night.” He teases. Peter chuckles a little shyly before shushing Tony, focusing on the episode for another few moments before speaking again.

“Was I on the ward or anything?” Peter asks, knowing his Daddies always share what is going on with him medically when he is aged up and can handle it.

“You went for a little check up with Pepper and got a bandaid when you cut your knee in the playground. Nothing major.” Tony says. “You were being fussy with your food though.” Peter is about to argue that he is not fussy about food ever, but thinks better of it.

“Did you feed me intravenously or?” Peter asks, checking the back of both his hands for bruises from an IV. Stephen returns and smiles at them before heading to the dresser to find some clothes for himself.

“No, you just ate a lot of Thor’s weird stuff. You really like quinoa, apparently.” Tony laughs, whistling playfully when Stephen walks out of the bathroom. “Good morning, babe.”

Stephen shoots Tony a look before chuckling and getting dressed.

“Steph, did I do anything uhm- weird when I was lil’?” Peter asks. Stephen laughs before turning around to face them.

“ Weird? Well, you did manage to spill your drink a few times and one time you burst into tears.” Peter gapes and looks at Tony for confirmation, but actually hoping for denial because crying over a spilled drink sounds embarrassing.

“Crying over spilled milk.” Tony confirms, leaning over to kiss the top of Peter's head and cuddling him close. He pulls him onto his lap, despite Peter being big and wraps his arms around him. “What are we doing for breakfast today? Going out, staying in, ordering?” He asks, reaching up to cover Peter's eyes when the TV screen suddenly fills with gore and violence.

Peter makes a little whine, but nuzzles into Tony nonetheless and lets himself be moved around. When his eyes are covered, he yelps and tugs Tony’s hand back with a laugh.

“I’m big, I can handle it.” Peter says and looks at the fighting scene. Stephen comes over and sits on the bed now that he is dressed.

“I’d like to go out.” He says.
“So would I.” Tony says, bouncing Peter gently. “Pete, do you want to out for breakfast?” He asks before tucking the blankets up around Peter to keep him warm while they cuddle. Even in his aged up state, Peter loves all the cuddles and bouncing. Tony pauses the show so they have his full attention and moves him around. “Do you want to tell Steph what happened last night?”

Peter nods eagerly at the suggestion of going out for breakfast before frowning and scrambling off Tony’s lap to go to his dresser to find his grown up outfits. Stephen chuckles softly and turns to Tony.

“That’s a no, I guess. So, what happened?

“Go pee before you get dressed.” Tony reminds, waiting until Peter is focused on his clothes before speaking to Stephen in a lower voice. “He had a wet dream last night. He’s pretty embarrassed about it, but we already went through the whole ‘it’s normal’ conversation.” He wraps an arm around Stephen and hums. Peter grumbles something before taking his outfit into his arms and heading to the bathroom to get ready. “Should we encourage him to have more personal time?”

“Hmm, no wonder I mean. He was little for two weeks and we didn’t make him cum once.” Stephen says with a hushed voice, even though Peter cannot hear them. “I doubt he would be able to get himself off when Little though.” Stephen says, leaning into Tony and stealing a kiss.

“We could try different methods.” Tony says, kissing Stephen back quickly. “Get him a bigger stuffed animal that he can lay under or encourage that sort of thing when he’s Little, even if we let him go without pants and a pull-up for a while every day. It’s not a bad idea to encourage him to understand his own body, at least.”

“Hmm, good point, but, we should take that slowly and make sure we teach him so that he does not hurt himself.” Stephen adds, running his fingers through Tony’s bed-hair. “But, he might not even get past his embarrassment to actually listen to us.”

“He’s about fifteen today. Imagine being a fifteen year old who came in a pull-up, laying between your Daddies.” Tony says with a chuckle. “I want him to be safe. We’ll maybe add something into the bedtime routine to help with it. Poor kid must have been desperate by the time he got there.”

Stephen chuckles and hums in agreement.

“Sometimes I’m so glad I’m a CG and not a Little. And yeah, I think we have to let him cum more often if waking up due to wet dreams is so horrible for him.” He agrees and turns to look when Peter steps out of the bathroom, all dressed like any teenager in black jeans, a washed out red t-shirt and with a watch on his wrist that he got from his CGs as a present.

“You look handsome, kid.” Tony says, getting out of the bed and patting Peter’s shoulder as he passes him. “Go ask Dad if he’ll help you find a jacket, it’s cold today.” He prompts before closing the bathroom door to shower.

Peter blushes a little at the compliment and looks at his socked feet. It’s been so long since he has been big and it feels odd to be wearing tight jeans and not a soft onesie.

“Did Tones catch that I’m big? He keeps babying me.” Peter grumbles a little, but cannot help a smile.

“No matter what age you are, you’re still our baby.” Stephen says, reaching into the closet and offering Peter two options. He deliberately picks the softer zip up hoodies in case they need to cover Peter’s shirt up if he spills something, and he knows the extra padding would be nice when they are
walking around in the cold. Peter smiles bashfully before taking the dark grey hoodie with a tiger embroidered on the back, another designer piece that his older boyfriends had gifted him with.

“Yeah, yeah.” Peter says and nudges Stephen playfully, but actually just wants some physical contact and leans against him. Wrapping his arms around Peter tightly, Stephen smiles and pats his back.

“You are a little brat, though.” Stephen says, going over to open the curtains and windows to let some light and fresh air in. Peter whines a little at being called a brat, but cannot deny it, so he just bites his lip. Stephen starts to make the bed, setting Peter's pacifier, blankie, Baby Seal and Wolfie on the nightstand. “Where are these two going to hang out today? Your bed or our’s?”

“Mine.” Peter decides and points to his bed, watching how Stephen organises everything. “Can I pick whatever I want to eat?” He asks, sitting on the king sized bed as they wait for Tony.

“Yeah, you're big and we trust you to make good choices.” Stephen says, kissing his hand and patting both of the stuffies for Peter's sake. Peter pulls a cheeky smile, knowing that he is going to order something sweet and sugary to see if his Daddies will let him have it. He smiles when Tony walks out of the bathroom and grabs clothes.

“Who’s car should we take, Petey?” Tony asks.

“Tones' Audi. I like the roaring sound.” Peter grins, tapping his feet against the floor impatiently while Tony gets dressed.

“Hey, Peter? No attitude.” Stephen warns, going to get Peter's backpack just in case they need anything when they are out. It does not take Tony very long to get dressed and ready before he is grabbing his car keys and holding the door open. “Any last minute stops? Drink, potty, paci?”

“Nooo, lets just go!” Peter whines and dashes out of the room, not liking the babying. Stephen comes up to Tony and pats the backpack.

“I got it all covered, just in case.”

Out in the hall, Peter bumps into Nat and grins widely at her, feeling very grown up.

“Kiddo is going to have a big day.” Tony says, walking down the hall and stopping when he sees that Nat is with Peter. She reaches over to fix the collar of his jacket, tugging it into place gently.

“You look very cool today, Peter. Have you got a date?”

“Thanks, Nat. Just getting breakfast with my Dads.” Peter grins widely, bouncing a little on his heels in excitement.

“We’ll be back in an hour and a half or so. Just calls us if you need us.” Stephen explains with a smile.

“Will do. Enjoy.” Nat smiles, running her hand through Peter’s hair before heading down the hall to start getting the Littlest ones ready for breakfast. Tony allows Peter to go ahead until they get to the door, then reaches out and takes his hand.

“No being silly in the parking lot. Hold our hands, please.” Tony says, not making a move to open the door until Peter remembers the rules. Peter huffs a little, but follows Tony nonetheless and lets himself be led through outside and through the parking lot to the Audi. He heads to his spot in the back once Tony has unlocked the car and Stephen places the backpack next to Peter before getting in
the passenger seat. Getting into the driver’s seat, Tony turns the car on and immediately puts on Peter’s seat warmer. He picks a radio station, but turns it down low before pulling out of his space.

“Are we going to eat healthy today?” Tony asks Stephen, accelerating when they are on the quiet main road. Peter swings his legs happily as they speed up. He does not leave the facility often, but when he does it is always really fun. Unless he collapses in the middle of something or gets sick so his Daddies have to bring him back.

“Hmm, haven’t we been pretty healthy all week? I think we all deserve a treat.” Stephen says, shooting Peter a look in the back who nods eagerly.

“Please, Dad, come on!” Peter begs, even putting his hands up in prayer and pulling his puppy eyes. Tony snorts and glances in the rear view mirror before nodding.

“If everyone promises not to give themselves tummy aches, we can have a treat.” Tony heads towards a place that they have never brought Peter, but he and Stephen used to go to a lot before they had him. He parks the car and goes to open Peter’s door since the safety locks are still in place. “Hungry?”

“Starving!” Peter groans, grabbing his own backpack and climbing out of the car. They all walk up to the entrance together and Peter grows just a bit nervous and wants to reach for one of his Daddies’ hands, but holds onto the straps of the backpack instead.

“Can you get me the usual? I’ll go and find a table.” Stephen says to Tony before heading off. Peter looks around the café before looking up at Tony.

“What do you want to eat, bud?” Tony asks, grabbing a menu from the counter and holding it between them. He scans through and hums. “Do you want something from the Littles side or the other menu?” He asks, showing Peter the significantly more colourful and fun menu compared to the more formal one he and Stephen order off.

Peter has loved being big so far today, but looking at the fun and delicious meals on the littles menu, he cannot help but point at the picture of the pancakes shaped like elephants.

“That one, please, Daddy.” Peter says quietly. “And the chocolate milk.”

“Great choice, should we order some muffins too so we can bring them home with us?” Tony asks, smiling when the boy behind the counter takes their order while he smiles sweetly at Peter the entire time before finally turning his attention to someone else. Tony wraps an arm around Peter and heads towards the table Stephen has gotten. “He thinks you’re cute.”

“What?!” Peter gasps out, craning his neck to see the boy by the counter again while Tony leans him over to the table. Stephen gets up and takes Peter’s backpack off for him and sets in on the fourth seat by their table. “I’m not that cute.” He says bashfully as he sits down, lowering his head and blushing.

“You’re very cute, baby.” Tony says, chucking at how cute the interaction was. He sits at the other side of Peter and reaches forward to unzip his hoodie so it stays clean. “How are you feeling after the drive?”

“I’m okay. Just hungry is all.” Peter answers meekly, not noticing that he is slipping a bit. He eyes the space around them and looks at some other families who are out. Some are parents with their own kids, but some others are families of CGs and littles. One little girl catches Peter’s attention as she seems to be arguing with her two Mommies.
“Pete, don’t stare.” Tony says softly, moving his chair so Peter’s view of the table is blocked. He reaches over for the backpack and takes out a Barbie doll that they keep for times like this. “Here, Barbie’s still wearing her party clothes. Why don’t you change her?” He asks, leaning back when the waiter comes down with their drinks. He takes a sippy cup out of the bag and offers it to Stephen silently.

“Lets give him a chance first.” Stephen says back quietly as not to upset Peter and gestures for Tony to put the cup back. Peter eyes the Barbie, but hides it on his lap when the waiter comes over. He blushes and mumbles his thanks before busying himself with his drink and playing with the straw in his mouth.

“We have a pretty busy few days coming up.” Tony says, setting the cup back in the backpack and zipping it up. He scrunches up his nose thinking about all the meetings and important things they have coming up. “I still think we should at least call a realtor to get a house, though.”

“Hmm, agreed. That would make it a lot easier for us. Besides, we don’t have time to do it all ourselves with work and all.” Stephen says, taking a sip of his earl grey tea. Peter continues to focus on his milk, stirring it with his straw, but glances occasionally over at the little girl who is still fussy. Tony nods and resists the urge to take out his phone and start emailing the realtors he had been speaking to previously while having breakfast with his family. Instead, he reaches over and pats Peter’s hand gently.

“What are you thinking about, buddy?”

Peter startles a little and turns to look at his Daddies.

“Just- the girl’s making her Mommies mad.” Peter explains about the family a few tables down from their own. The Mommies are indeed raising their voices and have threatened with leaving the café early, but the little girl is still not listening. Some other customers also seem annoyed by all the noise.

“They’re upset and voicing their feelings, but they’re maybe not doing it in the right way.” Tony says, putting a hand on Peter’s back and glancing over his shoulder to make sure their food is not on its way. “I’m going to the bathroom. Do you want to come with me?”

“Sounds like a good idea. You should wash your hands before you eat, bud.” Stephen says and Peter nods, setting the Barbie on the table before getting up with Tony. Standing up, Tony reaches out and takes Peter’s hand before leading him over to the bathrooms. Peter feels a little silly by holding his Daddy’s hand while in his teen space, but mostly he finds it comforting. Tony pauses a little at the doors, letting Peter decide if they are going to use the men’s room or the one for Littles. By the doors, Peter thinks for a moment before opening the one to the men’s room. He wants to be big. The restroom is thankfully empty so Tony feels okay letting go of Peter’s hand. He smiles at him and pats his back.

“You’re doing great, buddy.”

”Thanks, Dad.” Peter answers with a little blush before stepping inside. After he is done and washing his hands, he looks at himself in the mirror. It feels odd to not be wearing Little clothes, but at the same time he has missed wearing his grown up clothes. After fixing his hair, Peter steps out of the restroom. When they are both done, Tony takes Peter’s hand again and brings him back to the table. He smiles when he sees that their food has arrived and waits for Peter to get settled before sitting down himself.

“This looks amazing. I think Petey got the best one, though.”
Peter gapes at the delicious pancakes and grins widely before digging in. Stephen chuckles before starting on his own sandwich.

“I think he did, yeah. Can you let us have a taste too, Pete?” Stephen asks and Peter nods around a mouthful of his pancakes. Laughing at Peter’s expression, Tony takes a bite of the pancakes and smiles.

“These are really good, buddy. You’re the best at ordering.” Tony turns his attention to his own breakfast. “Do you want to try some avocado?”

"Ew, no.” Peter giggles and shakes his head at the offer. “This is much better.” He says and takes another bite of his pancakes.

“Peter, manners.” Stephen reminds and Peter blushing a light pink. The fussy little girl on the other hand does not remember her manners and her Mommies finally decide to leave, apologising quietly to the customers nearby before practically dragging their girl out.

“Do I feel bad for them?” Tony asks with a laugh, reaching over to give Peter a napkin so he can clean his own face. “She’s probably just tired, I guess. Maybe I’m just used to Peter being such an angel.” He says, raising an eyebrow at Stephen jokingly.

Peter grins at the praise and grows a little flustered, so he stirs his milk with his straw again. Stephen chuckles and nods in agreement.

“That’s true. We never have to leave a place because Peter’s being difficult, because he never is.” Stephen adds and Peter blushes more, fiddling with his straw with a shy smile. “I think the CGs weren’t good enough at preventing the tantrum earlier. She clearly just wanted attention.” Stephen says to Tony.

“Lashing out is maybe her only way to get both of their attention. It might have been better for one parent to take her out for breakfast and another hang out with her later.” Tony muses, taking a bite of his breakfast before shrugging. “Littles prioritise care and love above materials, and some Caregivers don’t seem to understand that.”

“Very true. I wish the department would push harder on CG courses. I see way too many bad CGs and it causes so much hurt for the Littles.” Stephen says, sipping on his tea again.

“You’re not like that, though.” Peter says quietly, still fiddling with his straw.

“You think?” Tony smiles, looking over at Peter and taking his fork. He gets a piece of pancake and offers it up to feed him. “I think your food will get cold if you don’t eat it, and your milk will get warm if you keep playing with it.” He says lightly. “Do you want me to feed you?”

Peter nods to confirm, but frowns a bit when Tony takes his fork and offers to hand-feed him.

“I’m not a baby, I told you I’m big today.” He grumbles, but takes the forkful nonetheless.

“Maybe that makes us bad CGs?” Stephen jokes and nudges Tony with a grin.

“Can you be a big boy and eat your breakfast by yourself or do you need a little bit of help?” Tony asks, offering Peter the fork and allowing him to make his own choice. He looks at Stephen and smiles. “Terrible CGs.”

“Might as well surrender ourselves to T’Challa right now.” Stephen adds with a laugh.
“I’m big today, I can handle it.” Peter says with a bit of a whine and takes the fork to continue eating.

“Think we have time to go grab some groceries or is that pushing it?” Stephen asks, checking his watch and smiling at Tony. “He’s almost due a morning nap, if you couldn’t already tell.”

“Hmm, I think that’s pushing it, yeah. Don’t want him to end up like that little girl.” Tony says quietly while Peter finishes his meal.

“Thank you, Daddies.” Peter smiles and pushes his plate aside to study his Barbie, but does not play with it. He suddenly puts it aside when the boy from the counter comes up to their table with a paper bag with the muffins they ordered too.

“Here you go, three blueberry muffins and three raspberry ones.” The boy smiles brightly and Peter hides his Barbie again.

“Thank you. Can you bring us the bill too, please?” Tony asks, struggling to contain a laugh at how shy and nervous Peter gets when the boy from the counter is around.

“Sure thing!” The boy heads off with a smile and nod and Peter watches him walk away. Tony lifts his cup to finish his coffee and reaches over to rub Peter’s back.

“You’re very welcome, buddy. Good job eating your breakfast.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Peter says a little absentmindedly, still watching the boy fix the bill by the counter. “Do you think he’s a little too?” He asks both his Daddies.

Tony glances at Stephen and they share a look. It is not uncommon for low care Littles to work when they are in their grown up headspace, but they are not sure about what the boy because his physique is not obviously Little nor CG. Tony shrugs.

“No idea, baby. Do you think he might be?”

Peter cranes his neck again to see the boy, but he cannot see him behind the people in line.

“I mean, I kinda hope he is. Would make it easier, you know.” Peter says, looking at the Barbie on his lap. “Because I’m lil’ most of the time.” He adds, but cannot elaborate further as the boy returns with the bill. Peter lowers his blushing face while Stephen gets the bill and pays, tipping the boy quite generously too.

“Would make what easier?” Tony asks, waiting for the boy to go back to the counter before making Peter speak again. He struggles to hide the smile on his face at how cute the interaction is and how quickly Peter has developed a little crush on a boy he has only just seen and not even spoken to.

“To be- together?” Peter asks, squirming in his seat and rubbing at his blushing face. “It’s silly, it’s dumb- I mean...” He explains hastily and Stephen smiles a little fondly, gesturing to Tony that they should head out of the café to spare Peter from more embarrassment.

“Why don’t you ask for his number?” Tony asks, getting up from the table and collecting their things while Stephen picks up the bill to return to the counter. He puts a hand on Peter’s back to help him off the chair. “Need to potty before we get back in the car?”

“No! No, no, no.” Peter yelps before lowering his voice. Somewhere deep down, Peter very much wants to ask for the boy’s number, or at least get to know his name, but he feels too flustered and worked up to do so. “Lets just- lets just go. Please?” Peter begs at Tony, fiddling with the straps of his backpack.
“Okay, then.” Tony says, holding his hands up in surrender before leading them through the café. When they get outside, he takes Peter’s hand and waits for Stephen. “Do you want to sit in your car seat or no? I think you’re getting a little sleepy, bud.”

“No, I can wait till we get back.” Peter says, but still swings his and Tony’s arm back and forth while kicking at the ground. He is still flustered and a little embarrassed over his whole crush. Stephen comes out too and joins them with the bag of muffins in his hand.

“Shall we?” Stephen asks with a smile.

“We shall.” Tony opens the car and helps Peter into the backseat, waiting until he gets the seatbelt on himself before closing it the door. Settling into the front seat, Tony turns the car on and starts the drive back to the facility. “I think we should get him a phone. If he’s going to be talking to boys, he shouldn’t need to use ours. Plus, might help with our earlier problem.”

“Sounds fair. He needs one if he is going to get himself a social network once we move out.” Stephen agrees, glancing over at Peter in the back who is pulling on his bottom lip, deep in thought. “I tried to ask the boy who served us, but I didn’t get much out of him on whether he is a Little, CG or neutral.” Stephen adds.

“Of course you did.” Tony laughs, reaching over to poke Stephen’s thigh playfully. “Kid was cute, though. I’d guess he’s at least leaning towards being Little.” Tony glances back at Peter. “Bud, you’re going to hurt your lip. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah! Just- just thinking is all.” Peter replies, blushing again and fixes his eyes on the scenery going by.

“If we head out tomorrow too, we might see him again and get to ask him.” Stephen grins, but is also growing a bit worried over Peter and debating whether they should help him regress so that he will settle.

“We can head out tomorrow. Maybe we’ll get lunch before we run some errands.” Tony agrees. He checks the mirror a few times as they drive. “Pete, do you want me to pull over so Dad can sit in the back with you?”

“I can stroke your hair for you, baby.” Stephen offers, but Peter just shrugs in reply, but Stephen knows it is a yes and sees that he is slipping. He nods at Tony and gestures for them to pull over. Tony finds a safe spot to stop the car and lets Stephen get out while he searches through the bag. He offers Peter his pacifier and turns around to squeeze his leg lightly.

“Are you okay, baby?”

Peter takes the pacifier eagerly and pops it into his mouth, nodding a little. Stephen gets into the back and moves to sit in the middle so that Peter can lean against him and begins to stroke his hair.

“We’re good.” Stephen smiles and Tony so that they can keep heading back to the facility. When everyone is settled, Tony continues to drive and they arrive at the facility a little after Peter’s nap is usually due. He gets out of the car and lifts Peter out, cuddling him close. Meanwhile, Stephen grabs Peter’s backpack and the bag of muffins, chuckling softly at how odd Peter looks in his grown up outfit and with a paci in his mouth. Peter hums in content and rests his head on Tony’s shoulder, already closing his eyes and dreaming about the boy at the café.

“Good boy, we’re really proud of you.” Tony says, carrying Peter inside and to their room. He lays him down on the bed and changes Peter out of his big boy clothes and into a pull-up and one of
Stephen’s t-shirts before laying him down in his own little bed. “Should we do the crib bars or will he be okay?” Tony whispers, folding the big boy clothes up so Peter can get dressed again if he wakes up big.

“Maybe just lift them up a bit.” Stephen says quietly, smiling at how Peter finally seems at ease and sleeps peacefully with Wolfie in his arms and the pacifier bobbing in his mouth. “I mean it’s a bit of a long shot, but still. What if Peter actually got a boyfriend?” Stephen asks, still looking at Peter.

Raising the bars midway, Tony makes sure the blankets are tucked up around Peter before turning to Stephen with a smile.

“It would be really cute. We could have double dates and maybe take a vacation where Peter isn’t bored and jumping into our bed the minute he thinks we might be getting alone time.” Tony snorts and so does Stephen before they both head out of the room to go work on the ward.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! What do you guys think of an aged up Peter? And who do you guys think the boy behind the counter is? :0
Next one's called 'Lunch at the café’ c:
Chapter 49 - Lunch at the café

Chapter Summary

Peter goes on a date with the boy from the café.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

During the next day, Stephen heads to the café alone considering Peter felt really little that morning and he and Tony agreed it would be best not to take him out in public. But, Stephen does not just bring muffins back from the café, but also a little note with a phone number and a name, which belongs to the boy from the counter. After a phone-call and some texts, Stephen has set up a date for the boy and Peter. At first, Peter is flustered and embarrassed, but then he just becomes excited about meeting the mysterious boy for real.

“His name is Harley.” Stephen says and Peter repeats the name in a whisper as he lets his Daddies dress him before they head out to the café once more for his date.

“Just be yourself. You’ll be fine.” Tony promises, picking up a bottle of his expensive cologne and spraying a little bit on Peter, then himself. “This worked when I was trying to impress Dad.” He says with a shrug, squeezing Peter’s shoulder reassuringly.

“It worked, actually.” Stephen chuckles and shoots the boy a wink. Peter giggles a little and finds comfort in an instant at the smell that reminds him so much of Tony. Peter turns to look at himself in the mirror and huffs fondly when Stephen comes over with some hair product in his hands and begins to style his hair. “Harley is a lovely boy. If you run out of things to talk about, then ask about his ambitions to start a café of his own. He rambled about that for quite a bit when I talked to him.” Stephen advices and Peter nods thoughtfully. Sitting on the bed, Tony watches them with a fond smile.

“He seems nice and excited about everything, so you two should get along perfectly.” Tony gets up to collect some new supplies for Peter’s backpack. “We’ll pick up your phone later so you can get his number too.”

“And you’ll be there, right?” Peter asks while Stephen finishes with his hair. He is in his teen headspace again, but he is anxious that he will regress while with Harley and embarrass himself.

“Just like we agreed. We’ll be nearby, but on a separate table so that you two can talk. Right, babe?” Stephen says and then turns to Tony.

“Yeah, we’ll be close enough that you can see us, but we’ll give you two space.” Tony agrees. “Do you want some time to calm down before we go? It’s just lunch and talking, you do that with MJ and Bucky too.”

Peter fiddles with the watch on his wrist a bit as he looks at himself in the mirror again.

“No, I-I think I’m good.” Peter says and turns around to head out of the bathroom with Stephen behind him. But, before they leave Peter grabs Wolfie from his bed and strokes his fur as they head
out of the facility. Walking with Peter between them, Tony and Stephen make small talk about the
day after they are done with lunch. Tony pats Peter’s shoulder and smiles at him.

“We have to go grocery shopping afterwards too. Maybe do a few other things if we’re not too worn
out by then.”

“Hmm.” Peter nods absentmindedly, still stroking Wolfie’s fur.

“We also have to stop by the toy store to replace the things Loki destroyed last week.” Stephen adds
with a laugh and a shake of his head as he remembers the incident where Loki got a pair of scissors
and wanted to see what was inside the stuffies and baby blankets.

“Ah yes, we’ll pick up a few other things while we’re there. Stockpile and keep them hidden if he
decides to dissect anything else.” Tony snorts, walking towards their cars. He opens his own again
and holds Peter’s door for him. “Pete, tell us if you need to stop on the way, okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, Dad.” Peter whines a bit like a typical teenager before climbing into the back with his
backpack and stuffie.

“Anything else we need? From the pharmacy maybe?” Stephen asks once they are on the road again
and heading to the café.

“Hmm...” Tony hums, trying to think before nodding, “We have to pick up a few little things.
There was an order put in for stuff for the nursery. It’s just about flu season, so we have that to look
forward to.” He turns on the radio to a station Peter likes. “I think we need some things for him too.
We’re running pretty low on his pull-ups and wipes.”

“Oh God, I feel like it’s always flu season.” Stephen groans out with a laugh. “And yeah, Pepper
ordered some things, but I don’t know if they’ll give them to us. We could try and show our IDs and
show that we work in the same place.” Stephen says, glancing back at Peter to check that he is still
okay. Peter hums along to the song and still strokes Wolfie, but does not play with the stuffie.

“Nat said some of the babies were already feeling icky. Can’t wait for the 3am calls to start, then
never end.” Tony laughs, shaking his head. “Pretty sure I’m listed on the account as well from
forever ago. They should be fine with it.”

“Hmm, we’ll see.” Stephen hums. “And I really can’t wait to have a snotty and crying baby on my
shoulder.” He laughs and Peter perks up in the back.

“Some are already sick with the flu?” Peter asks, looking at his Daddies.

“Pacing up and down to get them to fall asleep.” Tony adds, groaning at the memory of previous
times. He glances into the mirror at Peter’s question and nods. “Yeah, mostly the littlest ones, but
their immune systems are non-existent so that’s to be expected.”

“But, they got the shots too, right? Doesn’t that stop them from getting sick?” Peter wonders.

“Yes, we all got the shot, but it doesn’t give 100% protection. Still, it’s important to take it.” Stephen
explains and Peter nods with a hum.

“It immunises us from one strain of the flu, but sometimes that’s not the one we catch. It gives us
protection and helps us get over it quicker than if we weren’t protected.” Tony adds, wondering why
Peter is so interested. “Will you tell us if anything out of the ordinary happens, even if it’s gross?”

“Yeah, yeah, I always do, Dad.” Peter says with a huff, but Stephen shakes his head with a fond
smile, knowing that Peter has been caught hiding things from them at least a dozen times.

“Peter, I will just go back to the facility if you keep this attitude up.” Tony warns, knowing brattier behaviour comes with the territory of a teenage headspace, but still not allowing Peter to continue being dismissive and rude every time a grown up speaks to him.

“No, no, please! I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Peter yelps out and apologises in a hurry. Missing out on his date sounds horrible and Peter feels his heart ache at the idea. “I’m sorry, Dad.” He adds, trying to catch Tony’s eyes in the mirror.

“Thank you for apologising.” Tony says easily, continuing to drive towards the café. They arrive a few minutes later and Tony turns to look at Peter after parking. “Remember to order something healthy and to be polite. If you need one of us, we’ll be close. Go pee if you have to, don’t hold it.” He reaches over and pats Peter’s leg. “Ready to go inside?”

“Yeah, yeah, I will, Dad.” Peter answers, clutching Wolfie in his arms and glancing over at the entrance of the café nervously. They all exit the car and Peter moves to shove Wolfie in his backpack before straightening up.

“We’ll be nearby, so just call for us if you need us and we’ll take over, yeah?” Stephen reminds and Peter nods while chewing on his lip.

“No chewing, you’ll hurt yourself.” Tony says softly, rubbing his thumb over Peter’s bottom lip so he that he will stop. He holds the door open for his family to step in and smiles when he immediately spots Harley sitting at a table with a cup of coffee in front of him. “Go say hello. You two can decide what you’re getting together.”

Peter feels his heart jump into his throat at seeing Harley and is frozen in place for a moment until Stephen pats his shoulder.

“We’ll be right over here, baby.” He assures before heading with Tony to a free table. Taking a deep breath, Peter walks up to Harley and smiles shyly.

“H-Hi.”

“Hi.” Harley smiles, standing up and reaching over to give Peter a hug. He can tell he is nervous, but it just comes across as unbelievably cute. The way Peter’s blushing and his Dads are looking proudly at them makes his stomach feel warm. “I’m really glad you came.”

“I- uhm, glad to be here.” Peter answers a little awkwardly. He notices how Harley’s gaze goes over his shoulder and over to where his Daddies are sitting. “I uhm... They don’t let me go out by myself basically ever, so.” He explains in a hurry, hoping that Harley does not think that is weird.

“That’s cool, they seem nice.” Harley says, sitting back down and picking up the menu in front of him. “I ordered coffee before you got here, I hope you don’t mind.” He says, trying not to laugh when he notices Stephen peeking out behind some customers who were blocking his view.

“No, no, course not.” Peter assures, sitting down opposite Harley and setting his backpack next to him. He feels safer knowing Wolfie is close even though he is out of sight. “So, what are you getting?” Peter asks when he sees the boy study the menu.

“I was thinking maybe French toast with berries?” Harley says thoughtfully. “But, they do a really amazing eggs Benedict if you’re into that sort of thing.” He finishes his coffee and sets the empty cup aside. “Do you want a drink?”
“Yeah! That sounds really good. My Daddies said that I have to get something healthy, so maybe the eggs?” Peter asks rather than says as he is so used to his Daddies deciding everything for him. “And maybe an orange juice.”

“Do you like sauce? It’s like poached eggs on toast with stuff over the top.” Harley says helpfully, guessing Peter’s normal diet is pretty limited due to being a High care Little and living in a health facility. Peter feels out of his depth and taps his foot against the floor a little anxiously while he thinks.

“I think I should ask my Dads. Is- is that okay?” Peter asks a little shyly, almost sure that this is where Harley calls him a baby and leaves him.

“That’s cool, you should show them the menu so they can see what comes with it. Allergies and stuff.” Harley says, used to his Little friends needing extra help with things even in their biggest headspace.

“Yeah, thanks.” Peter says, still blushing as he grabs the menu and heads off to his Daddies’ table.

“Everything all right?” Stephen asks, studying Peter for any obvious signs for being upset.

“Just- don’t know what to get. He said the eggs Benedict are good, but I dunno.” Peter explains and hands the menu over.

“You’ve never had that before.” Tony muses, taking the menu and looking over it for safer options. He taps the menu with his thumb as he considers Peter’s options. “Why don’t you get a bagel and you can pick what’s inside it?”

“You decide.” Peter mutters, tapping his shoe against the floor again. Stephen smiles sympathetically at how nervous Peter seems.

“They’ll order for me they said.” Peter says once he has sat down again.

“That’s nice of them, they seem really cool.” Harley says, setting his menu down and smiling when one of his co-workers comes over to take their orders. “You wanted orange juice, right?” Harley checks before adding that to the order and explaining that Peter’s meal will be handled by Stephen and Tony. Peter thanks the waiter quietly before turning back to Harley.

“You think so? So, they’re not like overprotective or anything? I hope they didn’t scare you or anything while arranging this.” Peter says and gestures to the date they are currently on.

“Oh, no, they’re totally overprotective and scary.” Harley laughs. “But, it’s nice to see. They really care about you and want you to be happy. I get it, I see lots of Caregivers like them.”

Peter giggles a little and feels some of his nerves slip away.

“I mean, they sorta have to be overprotective and scary because of the law. I have a chip in my neck to prove it.” Peter chuckles, rubbing at the tiny scar on his neck where Carol put the chip nearly a month ago.

“I don’t have one of those yet.” Harley says, looking into Peter’s eyes rather than at the scar. “I’m guessing it’ll come for me soon enough, but they’re not too worried about Low care Littles who don’t need CGs, especially because I still live with my family and stuff.” He adds, sitting back when
their drinks are brought down to them.

“You don’t have a CG? How far do you regress?” Peter asks, a bit in awe at hearing that Harley takes care of himself, which is the complete opposite to himself. Peter thanks the waiter before turning his attention back to Harley.

“The youngest I’ve ever gone is about 9. Usually I’m about 12, so can’t do some stuff, but I can hang out by myself if Mom’s going somewhere. I’ve worked when I’ve been regressed too, but they usually stick me in the back to wash the dishes or clean tables.” Harley explains, taking a drink of his coffee before continuing. “My mom is neutral, so she was able to request guardianship when we found out I was Little, means I can get a CG later if I want, but no one’s trying to force me into anything just because I haven’t found one yet.”

Peter nods as he listens. He has heard some rumours about Littles who fend for themselves while working real jobs. But, the only reality he really knows is the one at the facility with Littles similar to himself.

“That’s so cool! I’ve never actually met a Little who’s like barely a Little.” Peter laughs. “Do you want a CG then or…?”

“I don’t really care, to be honest. I know I’m good on my own and can handle myself, so I don’t think I’ll ever need one.” Harley admits, smiling when their food arrives over. Tony had ordered Peter a bagel with peanut butter and jelly, along with a little fruit bowl of strawberries and mango. “This looks so good.” Harley smiles, pulling taking the silverware off the table and cutting up his french toast. “Do you want to try some?”

“Wow.” Peter whispers. “That’s so cool.” He wants to ask Harley more, but is quickly distracted by the food arriving. Peter is relieved that his Daddies ordered for him, so then he is quite confident that he will not get sick from eating it. “I-uhm, might get sick, so no thanks.” Peter answers with a polite smile and shake of his head.

“That’s okay, have you ever tried coffee?” Harley asks, eating his own food and smiling at Tony when he catches his eye. He can see that they have both went for much simpler options, presumably because they want to focus on the date, but Stephen does seem to have already gone through a few cups of tea.

“I used to drink it now and then in high school when I had no other way of staying awake during class.” Peter laughs before eating from his own bagel. “But, then I graduated and got a CG, so I never had it again. Tony loves it though, but Stephen prefers tea.”

“How did you meet your CGs? Or were you paired up?” Harley asks, smiling when Peter relaxes more and the conversation becomes easier for both of them. “I mean, I have really Little friends who can’t handle it because they get so hyped then crash, but it doesn’t really bother me that much.”

“Yeah, I’m one of those Littles now.” Peter laughs, but his face drops a bit as he thinks about the Mommy that he used to have and how poorly that all ended with the police and nearly a court case. “At first, I had a CG assigned to me, because I’m littler and weaker, you know, High care and such. The department did all the matching and such, but it- uhm, didn’t end that well though. So, that’s why I have two Daddies now. And doctor Daddies at that.” Peter laughs a little nervously.

“I’m sorry to hear that.” Harley says, reaching over the table to squeeze Peter’s hand. “The whole partnering system is messed up, they don’t take half the stuff into consideration that they should then wonder why so many matches end terribly.” He sighs and shakes his head in annoyance. “But it all worked out, didn’t it? You got two awesome Dads who love you enough to spend their day
eavesdropping into a date with a guy who served you breakfast.”

Peter laughs again. He finds it quite easy to do so around Harley it seems. He runs his thumb gently over Harley’s.

“Yeah, I- I trust them with my life. They take care of me, even though I don’t always want to be, and I don’t think I’d be here without them.” Peter says honestly, almost a little surprised at how easy it feels to tell Harley how he feels about his Daddies on their first meeting. “Sometimes, I feel a bit silly about it though. How I can’t take care of myself.”

“Why?” Harley asks, smiling when Peter’s thumb rubs against his hand. “It’s as biological for them as it is for us. Your Dads both have a need to provide care for someone and they bonded with you. There’s a super interesting book on it that I read a few months ago, I’ll give you it next time.” He smiles softly and looks down shyly before glancing back at Peter. “I mean, if you want there to be a next time.”

“Yeah!” Peter cries quickly, almost too quickly and clears his throat. “Uhm, yes, I’d really like a next time.” He says, blushing a dark red in an instant, but continues to play with Harley’s hand. Harley laughs at the outburst.

“I’d really like there be a next time too.” He says, turning his hand around and opening his palm to Peter. His coffee is getting cold, but he cannot make himself care when his other option is holding a pretty boy’s hand. Peter takes hold of Harley’s hand properly so that they palms are pressed together and their fingers are intertwined. He smiles shyly up at him before lowering his gaze and snorts a little.

“Are they still watching us?” Peter asks, meaning his Daddies. Harley turns his gaze away from Peter for long enough to check the other table.

“They are. I think Stephen is emotional, maybe?” He laughs, watching Tony rub Stephen’s arm who has been tearing up from the first time Peter touched Harley’s hand.

“What?!” Peter whips his head around, but does not let go of Harley’s hand. He sees that Stephen is indeed wiping tears from his eyes and Tony who comforts him shoots Peter a smile and thumbs up. Peter groans out and lays his head down on the table. “God, they are embarrassing.”

Harley laughs loudly when Peter drops his head. He brings up his free hand to run through Peter’s hair.

“They love you so much. Like a ridiculous amount for two people to love one person. They have heaps to give and they’re giving it.”

“Hmm, I guess.” Peter giggles, loving the feeling of having his hair stroked. “But, I love them even more cause like I said, they saved me.” Peter adds with his head still low. It sounds a bit dramatic, but it is very true. Perhaps Peter will tell more about it to Harley on their next date. He smiles at the idea before lifting his head again. “I- uhm, think I should go back to them. We have lots of things to do before we head back to the facility.”

“I’m happy you all found each other.” Harley says honestly, keeping his hand in Peter’s hair until he raises his head. He smiles and nods, though he is sad Peter has to go so soon. “I’m happy we got to do this. Stephen has my number, so maybe we can text each other later? Or whatever you want.” He says, standing up with Peter so he can say goodbye properly.

“I’m actually getting my own phone! Haven’t had one since high school, so yeah, we can text.”
Peter smiles brightly. “If my Dads let me, but I think they will.” He adds. Since Peter and Harley have got up and the date has come to an end, Stephen and Tony come up to their table and stand by Peter.

“That’s so cool! I’m excited to hear from you.” Harley says, stopping himself from going in for a hug when he sees that Tony and Stephen are on their way over. He smiles at Peter and waves. “I had a lot of fun. You’re really cool.” He says before looking at the two doctors. “Thank you for bringing Peter and letting him hang out with me.”

“Me too.” Peter smiles genuinely, gazing at Harley lovingly until Stephen comes up to take his backpack.

“You’re very welcome, Harley.” Stephen smiles and Peter turns to him and then Tony.

“Harley and I wanna meet up another time? Can we, please?” Peter asks with a sweet smile.

“If you both have a free day, of course you can.” Tony smiles, patting Peter’s back and nodding at Harley. “It was nice meeting you properly, Harley. I hope we see each other again.” He says, turning to lead them out. He and Stephen had paid both bills, not wanting the boys to worry about money or the awkwardness of splitting and paying for their own. “Ready to go run some errands, baby?”

Peter waves at Harley and cranes his neck to keep eye contact for as long as possible until they leave the café and Peter cannot see him anymore.

“Yeah, yeah, ‘m ready.” Peter answers absentmindedly as all he can think about is how Harley stroked his hair and made him laugh so much. He skips over to the car with a wide grin knowing that he will see Harley again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! What do you guys think of Harley so far?
In the next one, Harley comes over and hangs out with Peter at the facility.
Chapter 50 - Snack at the facility

Chapter Summary

Harley comes to visit Peter at the facility.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harley plays with his phone nervously as he waits in the reception area of the facility. He had told the person behind the desk that he was there and they had just smiled and given him a tag to wear, so he assumes Tony or Stephen had put it through properly and were expecting him. He listens to the sounds of laughing from Littles and CGs, as well as things being moved down the halls and a vacuum being used in the hallway just outside.

Stephen has to remind Peter three times not to run in the hallways as they make their way to the reception area. Peter is giddy and has had a wide smile on his face since he woke up. He is not entirely sure what age he is, but far more aged up than he normally is at least. He cannot help but regress when at the facility where everything is designed to appeal to his littlespace and make him regress. After Stephen unlocks the door leading to the reception with his keycard, Peter dashes over when he sees Harley. Harley almost jumps when he sees Peter.

“Hey! Hi!” Harley smiles, picking up his bag and jacket. “This place is so…big.”

“Hi! You- you came!” Peter says a little dumbly as Stephen and Tony come up to them too. The doctors are dressed in their usual work attire, which is their dark blue scrubs with teddy bear patches on the breast pockets.

“I came!” Harley responds enthusiastically. He laughs and waves at Stephen and Tony before turning his attention back to Peter. “I’m really happy we get to hang out today. I brought some stuff for us.” He says, searching through his bag for the book he had brought. He hands it to Stephen along with a bag from the café. “Our baker knew I was coming, so she helped me make muffins and brownies. They’re really good, she put a recipe in there too so you can see what’s in ‘em.”

“Oh, that’s very sweet of you, Harley, thank you.” Stephen says with a smile, genuinely impressed by the boy’s behaviour, but does not let his guard down. “You can walk around for an hour or so till Peter’s due for a check-up with us.” Stephen says and Peter squeals in delight, taking both of Harley’s hands in response.

“An hour? That’s way too short to show around properly.”

“Oh, Doctor, my mom isn't coming to get me until four…” Harley says softly, not sure what he is going to do if he has to hang out by himself for two hours if Stephen decides they are not allowed to hang out. Peter had said in his messages that they could spend the afternoon together and his mom agreed as long as they could be back before dinner. He chews on his lip nervously and looks between the two CGs, suddenly very aware that he is in their space with their little boy. Stephen and Tony exchange a look and consider silently.

“You can stay till four, Harley, but Peter will have his check-up like scheduled. If you’re both good, we might let you in too.” Tony says and Peter squeals in delight, taking both of Harley’s hands in
“It won’t take long! Just a bit of poking and answering boring questions and then we can play till your mom comes.” Peter says with a wide grin, bouncing a little on his feet. Harley is a little put off by the doctor speaking to him like he is a smaller little, but Peter's reaction breaks him out of that thought. Harley smiles brightly at him and holds Peter's hands, squeezing them lightly.

“That sounds great. Do you want to show me around a little first? I'd love to see more of this place.”

“Yeah, yeah, let's go!” Peter squeals, looking up at his Daddies so that one of them can let them through the locked doors.

“Be by the ward in an hour and be polite, Peter.” Stephen reminds as he unlocks the door, letting Harley and Peter through.

“Yes, Daddy!” Peter giggles, tugging Harley along like he owns the place. Stephen and Tony share another look before heading to the ward to care for the Littles with the flu. Harley looks around as they walk down the halls, taking in the amount of rooms and people the facility holds. He keeps his hand in Peter's.

“Are you Little today?” He asks, not sure if Peter is slipping or just excited to have him there. Harley does not mind either way, but he guesses he will have to keep track of the time, so that they do not get in trouble if they are late to the check-up.

“Just a bit.” Peter giggles as he skips along to the other part of the building that holds the playrooms and such. “But, I can take care of myself, just like you do all the time.” Peter says, although it is not entire true. “Oh! Here's the library. The others are having class now, so it's a bit more empty than usual around here.” Peter explains after pointing at a door with flowers made out of paper taped to the window. Harley smiles as Peter skips half a step ahead of him. He pauses at the library and looks at the flowers.

“These are really pretty. Did your class make them?” He asks. “I'm sorry if you're missing it because I'm here, it looks like a fun place to hang out.”

“I made that one.” Peter says proudly, standing up on his tip toes to point at the lilac flower. “I don’t get to go to class because I’m too lil’, but, Thor says it’s boring anyway so.” Peter giggles, trying to hide how he actually wishes he could go to class like Bucky and MJ.

“That’s cool, class can be really boring when you’re forced to go.” Harley says, smiling at Peter’s flower before heading down the hall. “If you don’t go to classes, what do you do most days? Doesn’t it get boring?” He asks, thinking about how bored he gets on days he is just at home, waiting for something to happen.

“Thor does a lot of other cool stuff with us litter ones though! We do like yoga outside, I really like that, and then we do arts and crafts and we have TV time...” Peter rambles on and on about all the things they do, but does not mention all the treatments and check-ups that takes quite a bit of time too. “And I play with my Dads, of course.” Peter adds with a little blush.

“Sounds like a really fun time.” Harley smiles, swinging their hands between them as they walk down the hall. He takes in Peter’s rambling and excited descriptions of the facility. “Do you sleep in a room with other littles?” He asks. “It must get pretty noisy.”

“We have dorms here and I sleep there sometimes, but Nat always makes sure we are super quiet. Steve lets us whisper for a bit, but not long.” Peter says, bringing a finger to his lip in a shushing
gesture. “But, mostly I sleep in my Daddies’ room. I have my own bed there.” Peter says with a wide and proud grin. “Oh! Lemme show you the playroom!” Peter squeaks and tugs Harley along.

Letting himself be pulled along, Harley laughs at Peter’s enthusiasm at everything. He guesses if he has to show someone around his house, he would not have a lot to say, but the smaller Little finds everything amazing. He finds himself standing in the middle of a bright room with more toys than an actual toy store probably holds. It is all neatly organised and structured.

“Wow.” Harley manages dumbly.

“We have four playrooms, but they are mostly the same. And then we have a TV room for movie night and such, but it’s always locked now because Loki and some others went in there and watched some scary grown up things.” Peter says with a little huff because he wishes he would get more TV time. “We aren’t allowed in the kitchen, but since I’m big today, I think it will be okay.” Peter says with a wink before tugging Harley along again. In the kitchen, they meet Thor who is searching through the freezer for popsicles to bring to the Littles suffering from the flu. Nodding along, Harley barely gets the chance to take everything in before Peter pulls him along again. He gets a nervous feeling in his stomach that they are about to do something that will get them in trouble, but still smiles when he sees a CG.

“Hi.” Harley says softly.

“Hello, there. I’m Thor and I work as a nurse here.” Thor says, closing the freezer before extending his hand to shake Harley’s. “You must be Harley, Peter’s been talking about you a lot.” The nurse smiles and Peter squirms a little where he stands.

“Not a lot...” Peter mumbles, blushing a little and clutching the hand in his tighter. Smiling, Harley reaches out to shake Thor’s hand and tries not to be overwhelmed by how big the man is. He chuckles at the comment and looks at Peter.

“I’ve been talking about him a lot too.”

Peter perks up at that and grins with a giggle.

“All good things I hope, Peter’s a good lad.” Thor smiles and ruffles Peter’s hair before turning back to the freezer and pulling out a box of popsicles. “I would offer you boys some, but some Littles are sick with the flu and refuse to eat anything else.” Thor says with an apologetic face when Peter frowns at him.

“All great things.” Harley smiles, looking at Peter. He does not turn his attention back to Thor until Peter’s sweet smile turns sour. “Oh, that’s okay. We don’t need popsicles right now anyway. I think Peter has a check up?” He says, though he knows it is about time they make their way to Stephen and Tony to avoid getting in trouble.

“Ah, yes, I don’t know how much Peter has told you about this place, but all the Littles here get those quite frequently.” Thor explains to Harley. “Come on, then. I’ll walk with you to the ward.” Thor says and gestures for the boys to follow him.

“Check ups are so boring.” Peter groans out as they walk. “I wish we could just walk around and hang out.” He adds.

“It should only take a few minutes, right?” Harley asks, basing it on his own experience of going to the doctor for his reviews. They follow Thor down the hall and he notices the change in Peter’s mood. “We can hang out after, remember? I’m staying until 4.” He says, smiling at Peter.
“Yeah, but it’s flu season so they are much more thorough.” Peter says with a frown still on his face, but smiles at Harley’s reminder. “Yeah! I haven’t shown you our room yet! I have all my stuff there.” Peter says with a grin. They reach the big double doors leading to the ward and Thor opens it with his keycard, letting the two boys in. The place is buzzing a bit with flu season and all.

“You boys just wait here. One of your Daddies will get you soon, Petey.” Thor says with a smile before heading off with the popsicles. “It was really nice to meet you, Harley!”

“It was nice meeting you too, sir.” Harley smiles before turning his attention back to Peter. “There are...lots of people here.” He says, slightly overwhelmed by how busy the ward is. Harley is not used to hospitals and sickness like this. The rare time he catches something his mom takes care of him at home or he goes to the local practice for a prescription. Still, he keeps a hold of Peter’s hand and smiles at him.

“Yeah, it’s flu season, so it’s not usually this busy.” Peter says with a shrug, more than used to the ward and knows all the staff members’ names, even the cleaning team. “I’ll show you our room once we’re done. I have lots of cool toys and oh- I gotta show you my police lego set that I got after my last surgery!” Peter says and bounces on his feet.

“Do you like Lego?” Harley asks, smiling at how excited Peter is at the mention of the toy. He is not really into toys when he is regressed, but for Peter he would be happy to make an exception, if there ever was a time when they both hung out during a Little day. “One of my friends has those super big sets, it takes him a month to build them.” He snorts.

“Yeah, I love them! I also have some duplo legos for when I’m really little and some Bionicle figures for when I’m bigger.” Peter explains and is about to go into more detail, but then he hears his name being called. Stephen comes up to the two boys with a smile on his face.

“You made it on time, that’s good. So, what have you been up to?” Stephen asks both boys.

“We walked around the facility a little bit.” Harley says. “Peter was giving me a tour of some of the rooms, it’s a really cool place.” He smiles, glancing over when the other doctor walks up too. Tony puts both hands on Peter’s shoulders and pulls him in for a quick hug.

“Ready to go, baby?”

“That sounds nice. It’s quite a big place, but it’s not usually this busy.” Stephen explains, smiling at how Peter’s holding onto Harley’s hand, but the boy has to let go when Tony pulls him in for a quick hug.

“Can Harley come too, please?” Peter says, pulling his best puppy eyes and taking Harley’s hand again.

“Does Harley want to come?” Tony asks, brushing back Peter’s hair and smiling at him. “You need to ask him yourself, baby.” He prompts, wanting to encourage Peter to use his words and make decisions about what he is comfortable with Harley seeing this early on.

Peter turns so that he is facing Harley properly before asking.

“Uhm- do you wanna come? I’ll tell you if there’s needles so that you can look away.” Peter promises with a smile. Usually, he is more shy about his weaker condition when with ‘normal’ littles, but Harley has been nothing but encouraging and understanding of it all, so Peter feels safe and comfortable with him. Harley laughs at that and nods.

“Needles don’t really bother me, I would love to come. If you want me to leave, I can. Just say.” Harley says, swinging their hands between them playfully until he turns his attention back to the
doctors. Stephen and Tony exchange a look and are both quite impressed with Harley. The boy seems to have some CG tendencies and puts Peter at ease.

“All right then, you can join us Harley. And you’ll show him how big boys get their check-ups, right Peter?” Stephen asks and Peter nods obediently.

“Yes, Dad.” He nods and continues to hold Harley’s hand as the doctors lead the way to the booked exam room. On the way to the exam room, Harley nudges Peter gently and smiles at him.

“You’re going to be great. Maybe after we see your room, we could go outside or something? I’d like to hang out with you more.” Harley says, lowering his voice slightly. “You’re really pretty, Peter.”

“Shh!” Peter shushes and shoves at Harley lightly. Tony smirks when he overhears them, opening the door to the exam room labelled with ‘Y’.

“Harley, welcome to the yellow room.” Tony says, proud of himself for not directing the boys into the kiss room just to see their reactions. “Pete, you know the drill.”

Peter nods, letting go of Harley’s hand after giving a squeeze. He toes his shoes off and removes his hoodie before climbing up on the exam table. After snapping on a pair of gloves, Stephen goes to fetch a chart and points Harley over to one of the chairs in the room.

“You can just sit and wait. This won’t take long.”

“Thank you.” Harley answers automatically, going to sit down on the chair and watches Peter. When his hoodie is off and he is on the exam table, Harley can fully take in how small Peter is. His two doctors tower over him as it is, but when they are both standing at the side of the bed, he just looks tiny. Tony pulls on a pair of gloves and pulls up Peter’s t-shirt to feel his stomach.

“How are you feeling today, buddy?”

“I’m good, just- really happy to have Harley here.” Peter says and looks over at Harley with a shy smile before turning back to his Daddies. “Nothing hurts and don’t feel sick of anything.” He adds and Stephen hums as he fills in Peter’s name and the date and time on the chart.

“No tiredness? Headaches?” Stephen asks and Peter shakes his head as he lets Tony examine him.

“What about your tummy? Everything normal?” Tony asks, putting his hand on Peter’s chest to keep him level on the table before he can start squirming around and moving. He keeps the other hand on Peter's stomach, pressing in slightly at different points to check for anything abnormal. Harley watches with interest. He knows Peter has health problems, which is partly why he lives with Stephen and Tony, but he did not know how extensive they were. He feels a little bit bad, but smiles when he sees Stephen writing down quick notes and then poking Tony with the closed pen, making him jump.

“Hurt a bit after breakfast.” Peter admits quietly and Stephen raises his head in interest. “Think I ate too fast, sorry.” He adds, pulling his best puppy eyes at his Daddies, hoping that they will not get mad.

“Peter, we’ve talked about this.” Stephen says, giving Peter a look before making a quick note to remember to keep an eye on how fast Peter eats by himself, even when aged up. He then grabs Peter’s wrist to feel his pulse, looking at his watch as he counts.

“If you can’t eat by yourself without making your tummy hurt, one of us will have to feed you.”
Tony says, bringing a gloved hand up to run through Peter's hair. “Does it feel better now?” He asks, not pressing down too hard in case it makes Peter feel worse. He leans down to kiss Peter quickly to reassure him. “We’re not angry or disappointed. We just want you to be healthy and happy.”

“I just-” Peter stutters a little, sighing at the kiss as he relaxes and tells the truth. “I just thought if I ate faster, I’d see Harley faster too.” He admits and Stephen smiles a little, moving a hand to rub at Peter’s hip after finishing with checking his pulse. Stephen grabs the thermometer next and places the device in the boy’s ear for a quick and easy measurement.

“We know you were excited, but you have to remember to be careful. Dad and I would hate to have to put a scope down your throat again.” Stephen says a little sympathetically as he notes down that Peter’s temperature is normal. Peter nods before taking Tony’s hand so that he will rub his tummy. Meanwhile, Harley swallows a little thickly at the idea of having a scope down his throat. He shudders a little in sympathy for Peter.

“Oh, baby.” Tony coos, rubbing Peter’s tummy gently for him and smiling down at him. “We need to remember that your health is the most important thing, though. It would’ve been a pretty bad date if Harley got here and you were sick, wouldn’t it?” He looks over at Harley and the two boys meet each others’ eyes. Harley smiles reassuringly at Peter, while Peter blushes a light pink.

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter says quietly. Stephen leans down to kiss his forehead before going to grab the blood pressure cuff and wraps it around Peter’s upper arm. Meanwhile, Tony checks the boy’s eyes, ears, throat and feels the lymph nodes on his neck. Harley watches it all in fascination.

“Have you been going to the toilet normally?” Tony asks, putting his penlight back in the breast pocket of his scrubs. Peter blushes at the embarrassing question, squirming a bit as he nods. “I gotta ask, Pete.” Tony says with a chuckle when he sees how embarrassed the boy looks. Stephen tugs the cuff off and sets it aside before taking the stethoscope from around his neck.

“Sit up for us, darling.” Stephen prompts. Peter sits up and Tony pulls his t-shirt off completely so they can get a proper look. “You know the drill.” Stephen smiles and Peter nods a little before taking deep breaths as his Daddy places the chest piece on different spots on his chest. After getting a listen to the boy’s back as well, Stephen pulls back and places the stethoscope around his neck again.

“There, you’re all good.” Stephen smiles and Tony motions for Harley to come over. The boy jumps up immediately, walking over to Peter and reaching out to take his hand.

“What are you two lovebirds going to do now?” Tony asks, placing a hand on Peter’s thigh.

“I gotta show him our room! And Harley wants to go outside. Can we?” Peter asks, letting Stephen pull his t-shirt back on and reaches for Harley’s hand again as soon as he can.

“Dad and I are going to get coffee so we’ll go out and sit in the garden.” Tony says, handing Stephen Peter’s hoodie as he goes to put his shoes back on for him. He fixes Peter’s socks and tickles his feet before putting them back on, making sure they are on securely so the laces do not come undone. Harley nods at the suggestion and looks at Peter hopefully, guessing the alternative is not getting outside at all and still needing a chaperone. Stephen helps Peter get his hoodie back on and smiles fondly as the two boys interact so sweetly. Once he is all dressed again, Peter hops down from the exam table, but does not make a move to leave yet.

“So, can I show him our room and then we’ll come outside?” Peter asks just to be sure.

“Yeah, when you’re ready to go outside, come find us. We’ll either be in the kitchen or in the CG lounge.” Tony says, patting Peter’s back before opening the door for him and Harley. The two boys
walk out and Harley smiles at him.

“You did really good. I’m sorry you felt sick because I was coming. You could’a text and asked me to come a little later.”

“Thanks.” Peter smiles shyly as they step out into the hall while his Daddies remain in the exam room, probably talking about what to do with him. “It’s okay, I’m used to it. They just stress about it a lot.” Peter says as he leads the way out of the ward and to their room. “Usually, the check-ups are longer though, so that probably means I’ll be poked later.” He huffs a little, but for now he is very much content with Harley. Harley chuckles at that and swings their hands.

“I’m sorry you’re getting poked. If it’s any consolation, I’m waking up super early to open the café tomorrow morning. I’d rather stay here with you.” Harley says, blushing a little at the admission. It is difficult to hold back on what he wants to say to Peter when his Dads are close, but now he feels like he does not have a filter.

“How early?” Peter asks in a gasp and feels his stomach flutter in a good way at Harley’s admission. “I would love if you stayed too. But, I doubt my Dads would let that happen. They don’t scare you though, do they?” Peter asks, just now almost realising that he heard and saw everything that happened during the check up and exactly how much power his Daddies have over him.

“I’ll have to be awake at like 6 to be at work for 7.” Harley replies, rubbing his thumb against Peter’s hand and smiling at how cute he is. “They kinda scare me. Not in a bad way, just because I know how protective they are. I don’t want to piss them off.” He explains.

“Yikes! That’s early? How long are your shifts?” Peter asks as they get closer to their room. “I think that if they were going to bite your head off, they would have done it already.” Peter giggles. “I think you’re over the worst bit now.” He says before they reach the door and Peter opens it before leading Harley in by the hand.

“Usually about 5 hours, there’s a limit on how much a Little can work in a day.” Harley explains. “The most we’re allowed to work is a lot less than CGs or neutrals.” He smiles when they enter the room and he sees how cool everything is. “Wow… Your Dads must be super rich.” He says, letting Peter lead him into the room. “This is so nice.”

“Oh.” Peter nods as all this is very new to him. “Yeah, their salary is really good because it’s not an easy field exactly. The Little department need a lot of doctors and nurses.” He chuckles a little, knowing that he is more troublesome than the average Little and needs a lot more care. “So, this is where I sleep.” Peter says, pulling Harley along over to his bed and where his shelf of toys and stuffies are. Harley looks at the bed and surrounding things, looking at Peter fondly.

“Did you pick this stuff out when you moved in?” He asks. The room itself is just confirmation that Peter is a really small Little when he is aged down. Harley does not know any Little that has to sleep in the same room as their CGs, but he does know it happens. He guesses it makes sense if Peter has health problems and went through a tough time before that he would need to be close to his Daddies.

“Yeah! When they became my CGs, we went on a lot of shopping trips together so that I could start fresh. It was rough at first, because they didn’t think it would be good for me to have my old stuff because it reminds me of stuff so... But, I love all the stuff I have now, especially Baby Seal and Wolfie.” Peter explains and points at his most beloved stuffies on his pillow.

“They’re cute.” Harley smiles, reaching over to touch Wolfie’s soft fur. “So, do you like staying in a room with your Dads?” He asks. “It would be nice to have someone you love close by, though. I get that.”
“Hm, I do. I really need them in case something happens.” Peter admits, his ears turning red as he talks about how dependent he is on his CGs. But, he smiles at how gentle Harley is with his stuffies. “I get cuddles and kisses often, so that’s really nice. But, sometimes I sleep in the dorms if I’m feeling a bit bigger and wanna be with my best friends.” He says before looking at Harley. “Do you have your own room?”

“That’s like a sleepover whenever you want, how cool.” Harley smiles. “Yeah, my room is down the hall from my mom and little sister. She keeps her door open just in case we need her, but I like sleeping in my own room. I sometimes stay up later then I should because I’m doing something.” He admits, almost giddy that he is telling his secret.

“That’s so cool, you’re like- all grown up!” Peter says a little dumbly. “What do you do when you stay up?” He asks with a grin, lowering his voice and stepping closer to Harley now that they are talking about misbehaving. When Peter steps closer, Harley feels himself blush, but does not make any attempt to move back. He swallows slightly and clears his throat.

“Uhm, sometimes I keep playing video games or I keep my phone on because I’m texting my friends...” He says, keeping his eyes firmly on Peter.

“That’s so cool! I wish I could do that. What do you text about with your friends?” Peter asks further, eager to know what life is like for Harley. He is a bit sad that he is missing out on a lot of fun it seems, but mostly he is just fascinated.

“Usually what’s going on in general.” Harley says, moving to sit down on Peter’s bed so they can talk more comfortably. “Some of them are at college, so it’s fun hearing what’s new with them. We make plans too, like going to the movies or going out for food.” He takes out his phone to show Peter a picture one of his friends had sent of another friend sleeping in the library. “They’re stuffing for finals.” He explained with a laugh. Peter moves to sit next to Harley and still holds his hand as he looks at the phone.

“Poor dudes! But, you don’t have finals, right? Cause you’re working?” Peter asks. ”My Dad said that you wanna start a café of your own one day.”

“No, I’m not at college.” Harley says. “I might go next year to do business or something. They do some courses for Littles that aren’t as intense, but it’ll still be tricky.” He smiles at the question and nods. “Yeah, I’ve always wanted to run my own place. It doesn’t even have to be as nice as where I’m at now, I just want somewhere that’s mine.”

“You could make it even better though! But, not that the café is a bad place but, ugh- you know what I mean.” Peter explains with a blush. “Either way, when you get your own place, I’ll visit every day.” He promises with a smile.

“I would like that.” Harley smiles, squeezing Peter’s hand. He sits quietly for a minute before leaning forward. “Can I kiss you?” He asks softly, suddenly very shy and aware that the doctors know where they are. Peter widens his eyes at that and gapes for a split second, not entirely sure what to do. He has made out with his Daddies while aged up, but this seems too different and new. He worries that he will not be a good kisser, but still he leans in with his lips parted just slightly.

“You can.” Peter whispers softly.

Harley slides his free hand over to Peter’s waist and leans in slowly. He kisses Peter lightly, worried about scaring him or making him upset as they move too fast. He smiles against his lips and tilts his head slightly to get closer. Peter lets Harley lead the kiss and tilts his head the other way so that their kiss becomes a little deeper. But, he does not push too hard and pulls back after a moment, already
out of breath and grins widely at the boy. Harley grins back, not sure what to say exactly before finally exhaling.

“That was really nice.” He says softly, bringing up his hand to touch Peter’s cheek. “Thank you.” He adds, blushing when he immediately regrets saying it.

“Yeah- yeah, it was really nice.” Peter stutters out, biting his bottom lip to stop himself from grinning so widely. Peter’s blush matches Harley’s and he kicks his legs with his flustered energy. “Should we go outside, maybe?” He suggests, too nervous and happy to sit still any longer. Harley nods and stands up, keeping a hold of Peter’s hand. He lets himself be pulled behind Peter happily.

“Do you think your Dads would let us go somewhere new next time we hang out?” He asks. “I’d really like to hang out with you.”

“We can ask.” Peter giggles, skipping along to the door when Harley says he wants to hang out more. Peter feels all bubbly inside thinking about it and his blush darkens a bit as they walk down the hall to the CG lounge. “Oh! We could go to the movies, maybe? I was gonna go with my Daddies last month, but then I got sick and now they aren’t showing the same movie anymore.” Peter says with a little frown at the memory.

“I’d like to go to the movies.” Harley smiles. “We could go to the super cool one that moves your chair and stuff as things happen in the movie. We went once and it felt like we were in the movie.” He explains. “I’d just be happy to have another date with you.”

“Woah! That sounds so cool! We gotta ask them!” Peter squeaks, bouncing on his feet. They reach the CG lounge and Peter knocks on the window in the door. Steve comes up with a smile and opens the door.

“Hey, Petey, your Daddies are already out in the garden.” The nurse informs before turning his attention to Harley. “And you must be Harley. I’m Steve, pleased to meet you.” Steve says and reaches his hand out. Harley hesitantly takes Steve’s hand and smiles shyly.

“I wonder what’s for snack.” Peter wonders aloud as he skips along and swings his arm back and forth with Harley’s.

“Your Dads are really cool about letting you pick your food.” Harley says. “I mean, from what I’ve seen when you guys are out for food.” He smiles when they step outside and into the garden. “Pretty.”

“Yeah, they just have to double check that it’s not something that will upset my tummy and then I can have it.” Peter says with a smile, letting Harley take in the garden. Tony and Stephen are sat by a table under a tree and wave at them to come over. “There’s mermaids in that pond.” Peter says with a wink as they pass the pond.

“That would be a good pond for a Loch Ness Monster too.” Harley smiles, walking towards Stephen and Tony.

“What?” Peter gasps, craning his head to look into the pond with child-like innocence and
fascination. Tony opens his arms for Peter to come over.

“Hi, guys. Having fun?” He asks. Seeing Tony, Peter skips over to him for a hug.

“Yeah! I showed him lots. Like, I showed our room and Wolfie and Baby Seal.” Peter explains, looking over at Harley. Tony pulls Peter onto his lap and kisses his temple.

“Remember you’re being a big boy today.” Tony whispers. “You’re a good boy.” He says, patting his back. Peter relaxes against Tony’s chest. As much as he likes Harley, he is starting to grow tired. Harley moves to sit down on the chair opposite Stephen.

“We had fun. You have a really nice room, Sirs.”

“Why, thank you, Harley. And you can call us Stephen and Tony.” Stephen assures with a smile before gesturing to the bowl of slices up watermelon and crackers. “Dig in boys.”

“Thank you.” Harley says politely, taking a piece of watermelon and biting into it carefully so the juice does not go all over him. Tony takes a cracker and holds it up to Peter’s mouth, rubbing his back gently.

“Can you take a bite for me?” Tony asks softly, rocking the boy gently. Peter blushes a bit when he is babied in front of Harley, but the boy does not seem to mind nor make fun of him, so Peter takes a bite of the cracker.

“So, you’ve gotten the full tour now, huh? What do you think of this place?” Stephen asks Harley, figuring that Peter is a bit tired and in need of a break.

“It’s really cool.” Harley says, covering his mouth until he is sure he is not going to spit watermelon out over his maybe-boyfriend and his Daddies. After a moment, he smiles and nods. “Yeah, it’s so cool to see how everyone is cared for and the different spots. Peter was telling me about all the different things that are offered to Littles here, it’s awesome. Do you enjoy working here?” He asks politely.

“Oh, Tony and I both love it. Not all of it is pleasant though, as we’ve both been puked and peed on numerous times by sick Littles. And it does break my heart when we have to carry out some uncomfortable or painful procedures on them. But, it’s all so worth it when they start feeling better and start smiling and laughing again.” Stephen explains, looking over at Peter who is nibbling on his cracker happily. “Don’t you agree, love?” Stephen asks Tony, passing him a slice of watermelon to feed Peter.

“Oh, of course.” Tony answers easily, holding the watermelon up to Peter’s mouth so he can try some. “The difficult parts are far outweighed by the positives of the role we have as CGs and medical professionals. Stephen and I both found our jobs to be a relief when we were waiting for this Little one to become ours officially.” He smiles and drops down to kiss the top of Peter’s head. Harley smiles at the sweet interaction and reaches over for a cracker.

“You both seem like ideal Daddies.” Harley says, unable to stop himself from admitting it. Peter makes a little whine when Tony pulls the watermelon out of reach, forcing him to eat slow. He chews carefully and swallows before opening his mouth for more.

“We have the instinct, you know, but it took years to perfect it, though. As if med school isn’t hard enough on it’s own.” Stephen laughs a little. “Dozens of courses and years of practice, but it’s all so worth it. I think we are incredibly lucky to work here and have a Little as perfect as Peter.” Stephen says, smiling fondly at Peter who seems to slip steadily now that Tony is babying him.
“He is pretty perfect.” Harley says softly, watching as Peter’s features become somehow even more angelic and sweet as he relaxes into his littlespace. He smiles at Stephen and sets his watermelon down, deciding to give the little family an excuse to take care of Peter. “Stephen, I’d really like to see more of the facility and talk about college and stuff, if you’re not busy. It’s just...my friends aren’t really helpful and mom didn’t go and, yeah.”

“Of course, Harley, I would be more than happy to.” Stephen smiles easily, finishing his cup of coffee before getting up. “You stay here with Daddy and finish your snack, yeah?” Stephen says to Peter, stroking his cheek. Peter nods obediently as he is pretty occupied with his melon and very much content on Tony’s lap. “Would you like to see more of the ward or the more normal parts of the building?” Stephen asks Harley.

“The normal parts?” Harley guesses, trying to keep up with the doctor. He struggles a little due to the height difference, blushing before speeding up his own pace. He looks at the murals on the walls and smiles. “Did you guys paint those?”

Stephen leads the way through the halls, his lips twitching up in a smile at how curious Harley seems about everything.

“We hired some professional painters to do those, but some of the Littles did get to come up with suggestions for some of the other decorations. Did Peter show you the library yet? There’s lots of artwork in there.”

“He showed me his flower, it was really pretty.” Harley says, falling quiet for a few moments before finally clearing his throat. “Would it be okay if Peter and I went out on a date? Like out-out? Maybe to the movies or something?” He asks nervously. Stephen turns to look at Harley at the question, considering for a short moment.

“You know about Peter’s health problems, right? So, I cannot promise anything because we would have to check Peter quite carefully before letting him go out, let alone without us.” Stephen starts, but sighs softly when he sees Harley’s face drop. “But, Tony and I have taken him out plenty times, so I don’t see why you couldn’t take Peter out to the movies.”

“I... I didn’t think you wouldn’t be there.” Harley says softly. “I kinda thought you’d maybe sit near us so Peter could get you if he needed something. I know he gets worried when you’re not around and he starts to feel little.” He tries to explain, feeling his face flush with embarrassment at Stephen’s protectiveness.

“I’m sure that you have picked up on how protective we are of Peter, but I’ve seen that so are you. And that’s why Tony and I trust you to be able to take care of Peter, at least for a few hours without us.” Stephen explains with a smile, trying to catch Harley’s eyes to show that he is being genuine. “We trust you, Harley, trust you to make good decisions and knowing when to call us to take care of Peter.”

“Do you think Peter would want to be left alone? He really likes you being there to help him with choices and stuff...” Harley mumbles, dropping his head when Stephen compliments him and struggles with keeping the smile off his face. He bites his bottom lip to calm himself down and looks up at Stephen. “I won’t let anything happen to Peter. I want to keep him safe.”

“I think he really does.” Stephen chuckles. “We’ve barely left him alone since we got him as our Little and we know that he wants to be more independent when aged up. As for the food choices, we’ll let you know about what Peter can and cannot have so that you can help him out instead.” The doctor explains.
“Right.” Harley says with a firm nod. “I’m good at helping people pick what’s good when they have health restrictions. I do it all the time at work.” He says, feeling confident he can at least help Peter with that. He smiles at Stephen and exhales. “Thank you for being so nice to me, Sir. It means a lot.”

“That’s good, and Tony and I will tell you everything you need to know before you head out with Peter, so you don’t have to worry.” Stephen reassures, patting the boy’s shoulder. “You’re very welcome, Harley, and Stephen’s just fine. Now, you had some questions about college?” Stephen asks as they continue to walk through the facility.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I don't know about you guys, but I love how protective Stephen and Tony are with their baby boy. They are giving poor Harley a bit of a rough time.

The next one is called ‘A new house’ and Stephen, Tony and Peter may be moving into a house of their own ;)


Chapter 51 - A new house

Chapter Summary

Stephen and Tony bring Peter to see the new house they have bought.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Peter has been excited all week as he knows his Daddies have been looking at houses for real this time. The drive to the house is a little farther away from the facility than either of the doctors would have wanted, but the property is so perfect Tony and Stephen just have to show it to Peter. Tony is glad Stephen had the foresight to pack all of Peter’s things and snacks, because he guesses they will have a sleeping boy on the way home. They finally pull up into the driveway and Tony turns to look at Peter, reaching over to squeeze his leg.

“Excited to see our new house, baby boy?”

Peter clutches Baby Seal in his arms and bounces in his seat, trying to see as much as possible out of the car window.

“Yes, yes!” Peter squeals, tugging on the straps in his carseat so that his Daddies would free him already. The front yard looks perfect for running around in.

“We want you to be careful, okay? This house is bigger than our room and we want to show you around.” Tony says. He gets out of the car and lifts Peter out of his seat, carrying him up to the front door. “Are you feeling okay after the drive? Do you need anything before we get all distracted?”

“Nu uh, I’m good! Let's go!” Peter squeals, kicking his legs in excitement and clutches onto Tony’s shirt as he marvels at the huge house. Stephen follows a step behind with Peter’s backpack and the house keys.

“Welcome to our new home, Petey love.” Stephen says and opens the door. Tony sets Peter down on the ground and walks further into the entrance. He smiles at Peter and gives him a moment to take it all in.

“Do you want to see your bedroom first? We don’t have any furniture just yet, but you’re going to help us pick.”

Peter gapes at how big and white everything is. He looks around with wide eyes while Stephen removes his shoes for him.

“Is so big!” Peter squeals and runs inside, disappearing around the corner. Stephen removes his own shoes as well and follows Peter inside.

“I guess he wants to see the kitchen first.” Stephen chuckles at Tony.

“Should’ve taken him to the potty first.” Tony says, following after when all their shoes are lined up. They go into the kitchen and Tony catches Peter around the waist, picking him up and kissing his cheek.
“Hey, little monster, is this where you’ll eat all your snacks?” He asks, cuddling the boy close. He brings him over to the window by the sink and points outside. “And you have a big, pretty garden to play in.”

Peter whines a little when he is picked up, because it means he can’t run around and explore, but giggles at the kiss and looks outside.

“Can I get a swing? Like at home?” Peter asks, pointing outside. Stephen goes around checking that everything looks good, making some mental notes on more furniture and which sort of stools would be nice around the marble kitchen island.

“A swing would be great, baby. Should we get a sandbox too?” Tony asks, smiling when he notices Stephen mumbling to himself. “Should we get Daddy a play set for his fancy new kitchen?” He jokes, bouncing Peter gently and pressing more kisses onto his face. Peter gasps and nods eagerly at the idea. He giggles at the look Stephen gives Tony. “Should we go potty before we look at the other rooms? We don’t want anyone having an accident.”

“Should we go, Petey? Then we can look at your room.” Stephen says and Peter nods after considering for a moment.

“Is my room big too?” Peter asks as his Daddies bring him to one of the two bathrooms in the house.

“It’s a very nice room, baby.” Tony answers, not wanting Peter to become anxious about anything before he even sees it. He leads them into the bright, white bathroom and rubs Peter’s back. “Do you want to try to go by yourself or do you want Daddies to help you?” He asks.

“I go.” Peter decides with a nod, but is quickly distracted by the large bathroom. He looks around until Stephen calls his name.

“Peter. Go on, and then we can look at your room.” Stephen reminds and Peter gets to it. Meanwhile, Stephen steps out with Tony, leaving the door half ajar before pulling out Peter’s phone which he has in his pocket. “Harley’s texting him.” Stephen says, showing the message. Tony smiles and looks at the messages coming through, unlocking Peter’s phone.

“I’ll let him know Pete will reply later.” Tony explains. “Don’t want the kid worrying that something’s happened.” He hands the phone back to Stephen and leans against the wall as he waits for Peter. “I swear to God, if he’s still staring at that bathtub...” He laughs. Stephen peaks into the bathroom after pocketing Peter’s phone again and laughs quietly.

“He is.” Stephen says before addressing Peter. “Baby, focus.” He reminds and Peter yelps in response.

“Don’t look, Da!”

“Pete, you’re going to pee in your pants.” Tony says, dropping his head against the wall as he waits outside the door. “If you don’t want to use the potty, we’ve got pull-ups and diapers. It’s okay to make a choice, just try to be quick.”

Peter shakes his head hard and instead pushes his pants and underwear down before sitting on the toilet. His pants have a waistband instead of buttons or zippers, so he can handle it by himself.

“Don’t look, Daddies!” Peter says louder this time and Stephen backs away so that Peter cannot see him anymore.

“At least he’s going now.” Stephen chuckles.
“Finally.” Tony snorts, looking around the hallway as they wait. “I want to keep this as minimal as possible. Everyone wants to suggest carpet for a Little’s room, but I, personally, don’t want to be scrubbing whatever Peter gets on it out at 3am.” He hums thoughtfully, though listens carefully in case help is needed in the bathroom.

“What about a play-mat instead? Something that softens and is easy to clean. We just have to get one big one so that there aren’t any cracks for easier cleaning.” Stephen suggests. Meanwhile, Peter has finished relieving himself and flushes the toilet, but hesitates when there are not any towels to dry his hands with after washing them. “Here, baby, I got you.” Stephen says and gets wet wipes from Peter’s backpack, cleaning the boy’s hands for him.

“Good job, buddy. First potty trip of the new house.” Tony says, pulling out Peter’s shirt where it had gotten tucked into his pants. He rubs Peter’s back and smiles at him. “Are you excited to see your new room? It’s right beside Daddies’.” He promises, leading Peter back into the hall. He holds his hand while they walk up the stairs, stopping at the bedroom right beside the master. It is spacious with big windows and a walk-in closet. Stephen and Tony toyed with the idea of an en suite, but both agreed giving Peter access to water and leaving him alone would not be a good idea. Tony lets Peter walk in first and smiles at him. “What do you think, little babe?”

Peter walks in a little unsurely, feeling like he is swallowed whole by just how big the room is. He walks over to the window first, peaking outside and smiling as he has a view of the backyard. Next, he walks over to the closet which has a large mirror on the door.

“It’s empty.” Peter frowns.

“Yeah, baby, we haven’t gone shopping yet. The other rooms are empty too.” Tony explains, following Peter over with Stephen so they are all in the mirror. “We thought you could pick out your own stuff. Do you want a crib bed or a big bed with sides?” He asks, picking him up and brushing Peter's hair out of his face.

“Big bed! With sides.” Peter replies with a wide smile, feeling much safer in his Daddy’s arms in the large and empty space. “I can bring all my stuff here?” He asks, looking at Tony, then Stephen.

“Yes, baby, we’ll bring all your stuff and buy you lots of new stuff too.” Stephen says and Peter grins widely at the idea, nodding eagerly. “Should we check out the next room?” Stephen asks Tony, meaning the care room that they have not mentioned to Peter yet.

“We should.” Tony smiles, keeping Peter in his arms while they leave the room. He presses a quick kiss to Peter's check and rubs his back. “You’re being so brave for us, baby. We're so proud of you.” He passes Peter to Stephen and opens the door to the care room. “This is an extra special room for you. Daddy and I will take care of you if you're not feeling good or have an owie. It's like the ward, but smaller.”

Supporting Peter in his arms, Stephen spins slowly so that Peter can get a full view of the care room too. It is empty, just like the rest of the house, but the window is a little smaller than in Peter’s room.

“You know the rooms on the ward with just one bed? It will be like those and you can decorate here with whatever you like.” Stephen explains further. Peter is a little unsure and lifts his thumb to his mouth to chew and suck on.

“Cause I get icky a lot?” Peter asks, knowing even in his little space that he is not like most Littles.

“Because we love taking care of you.” Tony corrects, taking the backpack to find Peter’s pacifier. He offers it out to the boy and smiles. Peter takes the pacifier and quickly finds comfort in it,
cuddling up to Stephen and resting his head on his shoulder. “Our new big bed got delivered. Should we go see if it’s good for cuddles?” He asks, hoping some quiet time will help Peter process everything and ease the anxiety that comes with so many changes.

“There’s a good little baby.” Stephen coos, bouncing Peter gently in his arms as they head to the master bedroom. The king sized bed is the only piece of furniture in the house and the mattress is still covered in plastic, but it will do for a quick lay down. “I’m so glad we hired that team so we don’t have to do all the lifting. We can just pick out whatever we want and let them do all the heavy work.” Stephen chuckles.

“We’ll get all the big, major things moved in so we can stay here while the movers take our personal things. Whatever we can fit in the car will be the stuff Pete needs.” Tony says. He smiles at the baby and sits on the bed. “Do you like this, baby? We’ll have some really nice cuddles in here.”

Stephen nods before looking at Peter. The boy eyes the bed, but since it is covered in plastic, he shakes his head when Stephen sits next to Tony.

“I don’t think he likes the plastic.” Stephen chuckles, laying back on the bed, but moving Peter so that he is laying on top of him and not the bed. Peter seems okay with that and closes his eyes as he suckles his pacifier.

“We should maybe change him into his nap clothes. If we take the plastic off of the mattress and give him blankie, he should be comfortable enough.” Tony says, laying down next to them so he can rub Peter's back. He smiles at Stephen and sighs happily. “I can't believe I have this house, and baby, and you.”

“Hmm, he really does look sleepy.” Stephen hums before turning to look at Tony too. “We really did make it, didn’t we? I mean- this is all such a dream come true.” Stephen says as he gazes upon his lover of nearly 10 years, while stroking the hair of their baby that they have had for 3 years.

“I’m the luckiest person in the world.” Tony smiles. “I can’t wait to do boring, domestic things with you and Peter. We’re going to decorate this place for every single holiday.” He laughs, keeping a firm hand on Peter’s back to help him relax enough to fall asleep. He leans over and kisses Stephen gently. “I love you so much. Thank you for agreeing to do all the decorating.”

“I did not! You know I hate all the cheesy Christmas decorations!” Stephen grumbles with a laugh, but kisses Tony again nonetheless. “And I am even luckier than you and I will fight you on that, so don’t try me.” Stephen jokes, but smiles genuinely at his lover and hugs Peter just a bit tighter to his chest.

“This bed is magical, but the plastic on the mattress makes me feel like I’m cuddling one of the bigger kids.” Tony says, moving to find a comfortable spot. “Should we tear it off or put Pete back in the car and go for a drive during nap time?”

“Maybe a drive? I think all this new stuff is making him a little anxious. And the echo isn’t that comforting either.” Stephen chuckles, sitting up very carefully and arranging a dozing Peter into his arms again. “Shh, we’re going back to the car now. You just sleep if you’re sleepy, baby.” Stephen murmurs to Peter who just nods lazily in response.

“Poor baby.” Tony says, picking up the backpack and their things as he follows Stephen. “Do you want to change him or should we just let him sleep?” Tony asks, making sure everything is good before they leave. He swings the bag over his shoulder and takes his car keys out. “You should get a new car, by the way. I think you’ve earned it and it’s too small for all the stuff Pete has in the back.”
“I think he’s good. Changing him would just disturb his nap now and we’ll have to deal with a cranky baby.” Stephen says and winces at the idea as they head out of the empty house. “We haven’t even bought all the furniture yet and we should replace my car?” Stephen asks with a chuckle. “Let’s just use yours for a while and then think about it later.” He suggests, stealing a kiss from Tony as they stand by the car.

“And it means you don’t have to drive anywhere.” Tony smiles, holding the door open to the side with Peter’s carseat. He arranges everything so the straps will not go under him and steps back for Stephen to set him in. “It’ll be nice to check out the neighbourhood a little more when we’re here. See what’s within walking distance and all that.”

“We can do that while we let the movers do all the lifting. I doubt we should have Peter around then as all the strangers would scare him. He might just get hurt too, so best to keep him away.” Stephen says as he gets Peter in his seat and strapped in safely. Once he is done, he straightens up and closes the door as carefully as he can.

“Oh, definitely, we’ll maybe see how he’s feeling and work out if it’s a very little day or not. I’d like to have the option of a stroller before we’re carrying him the whole way home with him wiping his nose on us.” Tony jokes, walking around to get into the drivers seat.

“Agreed.” Stephen chuckles, getting into the passenger seat and glancing over at Peter to check that he is okay. Peter is fast asleep with his head resting back and Baby Seal in his lap where his hands rest. “He’s going to love it here.”

“We’ll make it so special for him. I really think we should just bite the bullet and start buying stuff for his room. Even a rug and some furniture will make it less overwhelming for him.” Tony says, keeping his eyes focused on the road as he drives through the quiet neighbourhood. “Do you want to go with a theme or just neutral colours?”

“Hmm, I mean we both like a bit of style, so I certainly won’t let Peter go wild with buckets of neon pain and paint his room as he pleases. But, there’s a middle ground I’m sure with some neutral colours and designs.” Stephen chuckles, glancing over at Peter again and smiling at how he is holding Baby Seal. “I think he would like an animal theme or maybe something with princesses.”

“I was thinking about a canopy for his bed and a running theme of fairytales. I want him to have a little reading nook too, I think it would be super cute.” Tony says, driving aimlessly around the suburb they are now a part of. “Nothing too obvious in case he decides he doesn’t like princesses and we have to change it all.” He chuckles, reaching over to hold Stephen’s hand.

“And a beanbag or two in a corner with all his stuffies. What about a table for lego building? I’ve seen some that have a lego plate installed in the table, so that could make for some good building.” Stephen says, taking Tony’s hand in his and kissing the back of it. He cannot help but grin at how perfect their life will be in a month or so once they have moved in.

“That sounds great. We can get those super fluffy beanbags and a rug that goes with it so his feet won’t get cold if he’s playing.” Tony smiles at the kiss and glances over at Stephen before putting his eyes back on the road. “Do you want to just keep his crib in our room for a while? Build up to him sleeping on his own.”

“Yeah, I think that’s best. And the crib will come handy when he’s feeling really little and wants to sleep with us.” Stephen adds, squeezing Tony’s hand in his.

“I’m not against letting him sleep in between us, I just think it would be good for him to have his own space and routine. It might help with the anxiety if we have to get a sitter.” Tony says, humming
as they get to a market with a coffee shop and playground nearby. “Do you want coffee? I’ll run in and get it if you stay with sleepy baby.”

“Maybe Harley, hmm.” Stephen hums at the mention of a sitter. “Sure, I’d love one. Just get me the usual.” He smiles, glancing over to see that Peter is still sleeping. Tony gets out of the car and walks into the little coffee shop. He gets them their drinks, as well as juice and a cookie for Peter when he wakes up. He gets back into the car and hands everything to Stephen besides his own cup.

“Do you think he’s serious about Harley?” Tony asks.

“Thanks, babe.” Stephen smiles, taking the cups and taking a sip of his coffee. “Harley seems serious at least.” He says, pulling out Peter’s phone and showing the new message. “He’s wondering if Peter’s little.”

“Tell him.” Tony says with a shrug. “No point lying about how often Peter’s little if they want to be serious with each other.” He turns in his seat so he can look at Stephen properly. “Tell him we’re still cool and go for coffee instead of going to work.”

Stephen snorts before typing out a message to Harley, explaining that Peter is little, but that they would be more than happy to have him come over to the facility so that they can meet. Sighing happily, Tony starts the car again and gets back onto the road. He takes in how peaceful and nice everything is.

“He’s going to catch so many germs.” Tony says, pointing to a playground near a small park. “Steve said there’s a really good daycare close by, but I’m not sure I want him to go there when he could just come with us.”

“Oh God no, we can’t let him in there.” Stephen says, shuddering at the thought of all the germs Peter would catch in a normal Little daycare. “And it would take so much longer for him to get treated if he actually needs to be, so best to just bring him with us and then back home again.”

In the back, Peter begins stirring a little and makes a little huff.

“He hears us talking about him.” Tony teases, turning down another road to go by towards their house. He glances in the rear view mirror and smiles at Peter’s sleepy face. “Hi, sweetheart.”

Stephen chuckles before turning to Peter.

“Did you have a good nap, baby?” He asks gently, moving his arm back to rub at Peter’s leg.

“Hmm...” Peter hums before sneezing, making his curls bounce and then rubs at his nose.

“Bless you.” Tony says, chuckling at the cute noise. He keeps the radio down low so he does not overwhelm Peter with all the noise. “We got you a cookie, baby. One of the big ones with chocolate chips.” They make it back to the house and stop the car in the driveway. “Ready to go inside and do some more exploring?”

Peter perks up at the mention of a cookie and does the grabby hands for it until Stephen hands it to him. He smiles happily around the cookie and lets himself be lifted out of the car again by Stephen.

“Should we look outside too?” Stephen suggests, giving Peter a sip of his juice.

“I think we should. Maybe we’ll give Peter some time to play and have fun before we bring him inside again.” Tony decides, opening the gate leading into the backyard. “Pete, do you want us to change you?”
Peter shakes his head as he is very busy with his cookie, munching on it like a cute squirrel.

“Went potty earlier, Da.” Peter reminds with a smug look, gesturing for Stephen to give him more of the juice.

“Spoiled baby…” Stephen mutters fondly, giving Peter’s temple a kiss as they walk through the backyard and to the terrace.

“I meant do you want to get into some comfier clothes. We have new jammies for you in the bag and Daddy washed them so they smell really nice.” Tony says, wrapping an arm around Stephen’s waist as they walk. “You did go potty, though. We’re very proud of you for using the big boy potty all by yourself.”

“Nu uh!” Peter shakes his head, eating the last bit of his cookie and reaching for his juice to hold it himself. Stephen lets him, but keeps an eye on his grip so that he does not drop the cup.

“Baby’s a bit grumpy from his nap.” Stephen chuckles to Tony quietly, but Peter picks up on it nonetheless.

“Am not!”

“Are you sure? We could get your seat from the car and let you sit inside for a little while. Daddy has his tablet so you can watch a movie.” Tony says, reaching out to brush the crumbs off Peter before the chocolate melts on his clothes. “Or we can take the plastic off and you can lay down in the big bed for some quiet time.”

“You can finish ‘The Aristocats’ that you didn’t finish yesterday.” Stephen tempts, as he and Tony would like to go through the house and work on their shopping list. Peter thinks for a moment before agreeing.

“Icky plastic off. Makes lodda noise.” Peter says and scrunches up his nose.

“We’ll take the plastic off, baby boy.” Tony says before they all head inside and into the master bedroom. Tony rips the plastic off of the bed before turning to Peter who is still in Stephen’s arms. “Can we get you changed? You’ll be much more comfy.”

Peter considers a second time and nods. Passing Peter over to Tony, Stephen gets the backpack set down on the bed and takes out the tablet along with Baby Seal and Peter’s new puppy pyjamas.

“Daddy?” Peter asks, looking up at Tony.

“Yes, baby?” Tony says, laying Peter down when the plastic has been pulled away so he can change him. He folds everything up neatly in case Peter decides he wants to wear his bigger clothes when he wakes up again.

“I get bed there?” Peter asks, pointing to the left where his bed would be if the master bedroom would be like their room at the facility. He is anxious about getting his own room and worries that he cannot sleep with his Daddies close anymore.

“We’re going to put your crib there.” Tony smiles, putting Peter in a diaper and dressing him in his new pyjamas. “We’re going to get you your very own big, fluffy blanket and lots of new stuffies so it’s extra cosy. Would that be okay?” He asks, rubbing Peter’s tummy. Peter thinks about it for a second, looking over at the spot where Tony pointed.

“But, I’m a big boy.” Peter says with a little frown on his face. Stephen chuckles and leans over to
kiss Peter’s nose.

“You’ll get a big boy bed in your own room, but you can sleep between us whenever you want.” Stephen assures and Peter nods while reaching for Baby Seal, holding her close.

“Okay.”

“The crib is just in case Baby Seal wants to feel extra safe.” Tony smiles, patting Peter's hips when he is changed. He gets his blankie and a pacifier, putting them down on the bed and arranging Peter so he is in the middle of the huge mattress. “Is it comfy, Petey?”

“Hmm! She’s scared of night monsters.” Peter says, holding his stuffie extra tight to show that he protects her. “Comfy.” He mumbles with his paci, fixing his eyes on the tablet that Stephen sets in front of him and watches as Thomas O’Malley is about to make an appearance. It is Peter’s favourite part and he hums along to his song as he wiggles his toes.

“We’ll keep her safe from the night monsters.” Stephen smiles, rubbing Peter’s back until he feels him relax. “Daddy and I will be just outside. If you need us, just yell and we’ll be right there.”

“Hmm.” Peter hums with a nod, smiling around his pacifier while Thomas dances and sings.

“What do you want to go through first?” Stephen asks as they step out of the room now that Peter is settled and occupied with his movie.

“Do you want to start with Pete’s room properly, then we can move downwards? I want to get everything ordered as soon as possible so we can have his space finished.” Tony says, stepping into the empty space and looking around for a moment. “I do think we should keep things neutral, maybe a bit of bright art. Oh! We should get canvases and let Peter paint for us.” He says excitedly.

“That sounds great, love.” Stephen smiles, coming up to Tony’s side and wrapping an arm around his waist while writing down all the ideas on his phone with the other. “He needs a bookshelf too and shelves for his boxes of toys.”

“Bedding has to be able to withstand washes. I don’t even mind letting him pick something that totally clashes with everything if it means he’ll sleep in here.” Tony chuckles, leading Stephen over to the window. “We need blackout blinds as well, this will be a glorified nap room until he gets comfortable enough to sleep alone through the night. Even at that, we need to get new monitors too.”

Stephen notes it all down as he nods his head.

“And baby monitors for the care room too. Should we get him his own TV here? Or is that too much spoiling?” Stephen asks with a half smile.

“A TV would be good. We’ll just set it up with his things so he can’t watch anything inappropriate.” Tony drops his head onto Stephen’s shoulder and points out to the garden. “We’ll get a swing and a slide for him. Maybe a little bike or something too. He’s top accident prone for a trampoline.”

“Oh Lord, he is not strong enough for a trampoline.” Stephen shudders at the idea of all the broken bones and concussions Peter would surely suffer if he spent just 5 minutes on a trampoline. “Lets just stick to a slide and swing set for now.” He chuckles. “He said he wanted a sandbox too when you suggested it. But, we’ll have to get one with a lid, so that the cats don’t shit in it.”

“Cats?” Tony asks, raising an eyebrow and snorting. He goes over to Peter’s closet and opens the door, stepping in and looking around it. “I can’t wait to buy him a ridiculous amount of clothes.”
“And a few gowns for the care room.” Stephen adds to the list on his phone. “I have a feeling he will try to change his clothes himself now that he has access to his own closet.” He laughs, walking up to the closet too and looking at the mirror. “Could decorate this too with some cool stickers.” He says, tapping the mirror.

“Oh god.” Tony groans. “He’s going to look so weird if he picks his own clothes.” He laughs and goes to look at the shelves that had been installed. “Well, we could put his little clothes in the dressers and big clothes in here? I guess we could lock it when he’s regressed. Do we need a changing table?”

“Hmm, I think so.” Stephen agrees. “He seems to like them, so why not?” He says and adds a changing table to the list before turning to the doorway when he hears soft footsteps. Peter peaks into the room with Baby Seal covering half of his face.

“Hey, little baby.” Tony says, going over and picking the boy up. “Are you all done laying on Daddies’ bed?” He asks, rocking him gently and bringing Peter into the bedroom so he can be with both his Daddies.

“Hm.” Peter nods and settles in Tony’s arms, looking around curiously. “Didn’t wanna watch no more.” He explains.

“Well, you can always finish it later.” Stephen smiles and kisses Peter’s cheek where he has got a little red mark from laying on his side.

“What Daddies doing?” Peter asks, wondering what his Daddies would be doing in an empty room.

“We’re making a plan for what we’re going to get to make your room extra special.” Tony explains, cuddling Peter close and smiling at how cute he is in the pyjamas. He rubs his back gently and hums. “Should Petey get his very own big TV so he can watch movies?”

Peter gasps at the mention of a TV.

“Just for me?” Peter asks, pointing at himself to be sure that his Daddies are not messing around. “I can watch whatever!” He says with glee, bouncing in Tony’s arms and kicking his feet happily.

“Yeah! You can get a bottle and watch cartoons in here without us disturbing you with silly Daddy things.” Stephen smiles, thinking about how many times they have had to disturb Peter when he is relaxing to shower or get changed. He smiles at the bouncing and kisses his nose. “We’ll get you a super big bed too, so you can have sleepovers with MJ and Buck.”

Peter squeals at all the possibilities and giggles with a wide grin. Stephen feels his heart melt at the sight and kisses Peter’s cheek again.

“Can Harley come too, Da, please?” Peter begs, making a little pout in hopes of getting his wish. Tony smiles at the reaction and squeezes him gently.

“Harley can come over, of course. We can have your friends over for a play date and sleepover when we get all moved in.”

“Actually, he’s been texting you twice today.” Stephen says and Peter’s eyes light up even more at that.

“What he say?” Peter asks eagerly, kicking his legs again as he blushes now that he is thinking about Harley.
“He was saying he misses you and he just wanted to talk. He was baking cupcakes today with one of his friends.” Tony says, patting Peter’s back before passing him over to Stephen. “Daddy told him you would text him when you were ready to.”

“I’m ready!” Peter squeals, looking at Stephen expectantly.

“How about a bit later when you’re a bigger boy? Daddies would hate if you dropped your phone.” Stephen explains, bouncing Peter in his arms.

“Promise?” Peter asks, knowing deep somewhere that texting when little is tricky for him.

“We promise. Will you come with us around the rest of the rooms so we can make a list of all the stuff we need?” Tony asks, rubbing his hand up and down Peter’s back. “Maybe we’ll get pizza for dinner tonight and you can have a bath with Daddy.” He smiles, winking at Stephen teasingly and knowing he had wanted a peaceful bath to relax after the stress of finalising everything for the house.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Peter squeals, nodding in agreement to the whole deal and clutching Stephen’s shirt in his fist. Stephen shoots Tony a look, but cannot help but smile when Peter is so happy and giggly.

“So, care room next? You know, you can decorate there too, baby.” Stephen says and Peter nods, although a little slower because he knows it will be like the ward.

“We’ll make it all pretty and special for you. You can pick what we have in there so you’ll know. You can even pick what our scrubs will be like.” Tony promises, leading them into the room and taking in the empty space. “There’s a potty in here too, baby. You can have some fun toys for the bathtub.”

Peter clings to Stephen as they step into the new room. He thinks about all the options as he looks around.

“I like the blue ones with the robots.” Peter says, meaning the blue scrubs that have robots on the breast pocket which his Daddies wear now and then.

“Can you add that, love?” Stephen asks Tony as his hands are full with Peter. Nodding, Tony adds the scrubs to their growing list along with some essentials for the care room. They have had their eye on a specific bed and were in the process of ordering it, along with sheets and everything they would need to make the room comfortable as well as all the medical equipment and supplies. Stephen pats Peter's bum and smiles at him.

“Do you like the new house, baby?”

Peter nods his head, but is a little sceptical still.

“It’s so empty though.” The boy says, looking around and cringes just a bit at the echo when he talks.

“We’ll get it all filled up with stuff soon, baby. Lots of nice rugs, pillows and stuffies so that you’re all cozy.” Stephen promises, bouncing Peter in his arms.

“It won’t be so empty in a little bit. We’re going to get our new things in first, like beds and the couch, then we’ll bring our stuff from the facility.” Tony explains. “Uncle Steve and Uncle Thor are going to help us box everything up and move it over. We can bake cookies for them to say thank you in our new kitchen. Does that sound okay?”

“Chocolate cookies! Stevie likes those.” Peter says with a smile, a little more at ease with everything now that his Daddies have explained what is going to happen.
“We can even get you a little pool to play in. Would you like to do some splashing in the garden?” Stephen smiles, rubbing Peter's cheek with his thumb when the little boy finally relaxes and looks genuinely excited. They continue working through the house, room by room till Peter tires for real and they all head back to the facility after picking up pizza for dinner.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! It was about time the family unit got a place of their own that they can fill with love, affection and medical supplies :3 Are you guys ready for all the domestic fluff?! Next chapter is called 'A new home l' and a Lot happens c:
Chapter 52 - A new home

Chapter Summary

Some domestic fluffy moments in the new house.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Settling into the house went easier than Tony and Stephen had been expecting. Tony walks into the living room where Peter is laying on the soft sofa with a blanket draped over him.

“Are we having nap time here today or are you just having a little bit of quiet time?” He asks, sitting down by Peter’s feet.

“Daddy’s getting me hot chocolate!” Peter squeaks back, moving on the sofa so that his feet are in Tony’s lap so that he can rub them. He is sort of relieved that Tony came because the house still sees a bit too big for him without his Daddies close. He wanted to join Stephen in the kitchen, but his Daddy told him to stay because he needed the rest after a long day of shopping for their new home.

“How are you feeling?” Tony asks, starting to massage Peter’s socked foot gently. “We should run you a nice bubble bath. I think you’ve earned a little pamper night, baby boy.” He smiles at how spoiled and cosy Peter looks on the couch, squeezing one of his toes gently. Peter squeaks and pulls his foot back before putting it back so Tony will continue rubbing.

“I’m good, is just- really big here.” Peter says, looking around the living room and some of the kitchen which he can see where he lays. At least the echo is gone now and the house feel warmer and more full.

“You’ll get used to it, puppy. It’ll just take a few weeks to adjust then you’ll love it.” Tony assures, reaching up to pat Peter’s tummy through the blanket. He moves up so he can hold Peter and lay down with him. Peter cuddles up to his Daddy in an instant. “Do you want me to sleep with you in your room tonight?”

“Hmm.” Peter nods, clutching Tony’s shirt in his grasp. He has not slept in his new bed alone yet, besides a few naps now and then. He has had most of his naps on the sofa where he can hear his Daddies.

“Should we watch a movie and have a bottle when we’re all cosy? We can watch whatever you want.” Tony says, brushing back Peter’s hair and leaning down to press a kiss to his forehead. “You’re being such a brave boy for us. We’re really proud.”

Peter feels himself relax at the kiss and praise, breathing a little easier and not tensing up as much.

“Aristocats? Didn’t finish it.” Peter asks, smiling when his Daddy puts it on where he left off last time. “Haven’t lived in a house house since Heidi.” Peter says quietly. It has been over a year since he has mentioned his Mommy who treated him so poorly.

“I know you haven’t, baby.” Tony says softly, pressing another kiss to Peter’s neck. “We’re going to do our best to make you feel comfortable and happy. I want you to know that we did this so we can
have more family time. Daddy and I will be working less and we're going to try to arrange our shifts so one of us is here with you as often as possible. If we can't be here, we'll bring you with us.”

Peter nods a little, keeping his eyes fixed on the large TV where the alley cats are singing.

“Hmm. And then I can see MJ and Buck.” Peter smiles, cuddling up closer to Tony. Stephen comes into the living room with the hot chocolate in a bottle. He smiles at the sight of Tony all cuddled up with their boy.

“Aren’t you two all cozy.” Stephen chuckles, leaning down to kiss both Tony and Peter. Lifting his head, Tony smiles at the kiss and nods.

“We’re just enjoying some down time after our busy day. It's hard being carried around a store all day, huh bud?” Tony teases, but does not make any move to disturb Peter from where he is cuddled.

“Should we make some space for Daddy to lay down with us?”

“Nu uh!” Peter giggles. “Just you and me.” He says and hugs Tony tight.

“That’s all right. Can you sit up a bit so you can have your bottle?” Stephen asks, sitting next to them and offers the bottle to Peter. The boy sits up a little and takes the bottle, still keeping his eyes fixed on the TV.

“So, the cleaning lady will start next Thursday.” Stephen says to Tony.

“That’s good, we’ll have to speak to her about everything. I want to make sure she’s aware of all the conditions we have to be mindful of.” Tony says, glancing at Peter to make sure he is okay and handling the bottle well. “Have we thought any more about asking if she'd be willing to do the grocery shopping and such? It just means we only need to worry about the farmer's market and picking up little things.” He says, bringing up a hand to play with Peter’s hair.

“I asked her already and she said she will do it with a pay raise, but we really do have to sit down with her to go through everything. But, she has worked at hospitals before, so she should be good.” Stephen says, patting Peter’s back as he drinks his hot chocolate. Tony nods at that and sits up straight on the couch so he can speak to Stephen properly.

“I can write up some things to give her on Thursday. We'll spend the first few days getting to know each other and working out everything. I trust you, though. If you like her, she'll be great.” Tony smiles, reaching over to hold Stephen's hand.

“I got this.” Stephen shrugs one shoulder with a confident smirk. “The baby seems fine with it though, surprisingly.” He adds quietly so he will not disturb Peter, but the boy is pretty occupied with his bottle and movie. The ‘Everybody wants to be a cat’ scene is playing and Peter is grinning around his bottle.

“I'm going to lay with him tonight in his room to see if he can make it through a full night.” Tony answers in a lower voice. “I'll come in and say goodnight when he's asleep, but I'll probably go to bed at the same time as him.”

“Hmm.” Stephen nods, hoping they are slowly getting to the point where Peter will sleep by himself. They even got him a pretty night light for his room. “I'll probably stay up for a while.” He adds before turning to check on Peter. The boy is still very occupied and hums along to the song.

“Maybe we’ll build up to it.” Tony says softly. “One of us can stay with him until he falls asleep...” He says, pausing to think for a moment. “We can at least try to get him to sleep in the crib on his own. We just need to be stricter about bedtime in general. I’m over being asleep before the sun is
“Hmm, of course, babe.” Stephen chuckles sympathetically, leaning over to kiss Tony on his cheek. Peter seems to have had enough of his drink and puts it down on Tony’s lap with one-fourth of his drink still left. He slides down from the sofa and onto all fours before standing up and padding out of the room. Smiling and passing the bottle to Stephen, Tony gets up and follows Peter.

“Hey, buddy, where are you going?” He asks, letting Peter walk ahead when he is feeling confident enough to do so. Stephen pauses the movie and gets up to put Peter’s bottle in the dish washer. Peter giggles a little, knowing Tony is behind him and begins skipping along.

“Nowhere!” Peter giggles, secretly hoping his Daddy will chase him.

“Nowhere?” Tony asks, gasping and following Peter along. “Where do you think nowhere is?” He quickens his pace to keep up with Peter’s skips. “I’m gonna catch you and take you back to somewhere!” He warns with a laugh.

“No!” Peter giggles, speeding up and escaping into the kitchen and gets around the kitchen island.

“Is Daddy chasing you?” Stephen asks, drying his hands on a kitchen towel.

“Uh huh! Big Bad Wolfie chasing me.” Peter giggles, pointing at Tony.

“Do I smell a little boy?” Tony asks, doing his wolf voice from the many games and stories he has done Peter. “I’m going to find him, and catch him, and...eat him up!” He says, pretending to look for Peter, then jumping out around the kitchen counter so he is in front of him, growling dramatically. Peter squeals as he jumps back, hiding behind Stephen.

“Daddy, get the bad wolf!” Peter giggles, pointing at Tony. Stephen steps forward, planting his feet on the ground and blocks the way for Tony.

“Are you being bad, Mr Wolf?” Stephen asks Tony, joining the game.

“Nooo...” Tony says. “I just want to play with the yummy little boy.” He puts his hands on his stomach and pouts. “I’m so hungry... I wish I had some little fingers to eat. Do you know where I could find someone with little fingers?”

Peter tries to muffle his giggles by covering his mouth with his hands, but it is hard not to laugh when his Daddy is using his wolf voice. He stays hidden behind Stephen, but peaks over now and then.

“I’m afraid I haven’t seen any little boys around here. You gotta look somewhere else, Mr Wolf.” Stephen says.

“Bad wolf, you can’t eat me! Daddy, won’t let you!” Peter giggles, sticking his tongue out at Tony playfully.

“Is that a little boy behind you?” Tony gasps, leaping forward when Peter makes himself known again. He grabs Stephen and kisses him quickly before running around the counter in the opposite direction so he can grab Peter from behind. Stephen makes a quiet yelp against Tony’s lips, chuckling in amusement at his lover’s trick as he gets a hold of Peter. Tony scoops him up and makes animated eating noises against Peter’s neck, holding him close and wrapping both arms around him tightly. The boy squeals and cries out, trying to wrestle free from Tony’s grasp, but he is powerless. “Mmm, yummy baby.”
“Dad- no! Bad Wolfie! Daddy, help!” Peter squeals with laughter, reaching an arm out to Stephen.

“No Daddy!” Tony says, pressing kisses all over Peter's face and neck. He carries him to the sofa and lays him down, starting to tickle Peter's tummy and under his arms. “Who’s the best Wolfie ever?” He asks, smiling at Peter's laugh. “Say Wolfie is nice and kind and can eat Petey's fingers.”

“Noooo!” Peter whines, trying to sound serious, but fails to do so when he is laughing so much. “Wolfie, bad!” Peter says, managing to push Tony back just a bit by placing his feet on his chest. “You can’t eat me! I’m all yucky!” Stephen comes around the corner and watches the scene with a chuckle.

“You're not yucky!” Tony laughs, leaning down to pretend he is smelling Peter. “You smell like...baby soap, and pancakes, and chocolate milk. Those are my favourite things for my lunch to smell like.” He says, attacking Peter's sides with tickles.

“No, no, no!” Peter babbles in between gulps of air and more laughter. He tries to push his Daddy away again, but he is not successful this time and can only squirm helplessly on the sofa. “Dad-dy, please! No- no more!” Peter squeals before he hiccups. Lifting his hands in surrender, Tony leans down and kisses Peter before helping him sit up.

“Good baby.” Tony says, brushing back Peter's hair which is now messy and fluffy from wiggling around on the sofa. He smiles at him and sits down so they can cuddle.

“Are you Big Bad Wolfie or Daddy?” Peter asks with a smile, then gives Tony a look to see if he will be attacked with more tickles. He does not cuddle up to his Daddy just yet as he considers running to escape the wolf. Stephen heads back to the kitchen to start on dinner.

“I'm Daddy and you're Petey.” Tony says, opening his arms so he can climb in for a cuddle if he decides. “And Dada is going to make dinner for us so we can eat like grown ups at our fancy new table. Do you want to eat with us or do you want to sit in your chair and we can feed you?”

“I eat like a big boy.” Peter decides, climbing onto Tony’s lap for a cuddle now that the wolf game is over. He ate by himself mostly the day before and felt very grown up by doing so. “What’s Dada making?” Peter asks, trying to look into the kitchen from their spot on the sofa.

“He’s making you pasta.” Tony smiles, rubbing Peter’s back and kissing his cheek. He and Stephen had picked up a few cookbooks for Littles, deciding they liked the idea of hiding vegetables in sauces while Peter was adjusting so that meals did not become an argument. He cuddles the boy closer. “Do you want to come with me upstairs? We need to wash your little hands before we eat.”

“No, Daddy, gotta go see Da.” Peter says, pointing to the kitchen. “Giddy up!” He commands to Tony, bouncing on his lap to get him to pick him up and bring him to the kitchen. He wants to see what Stephen is making. Tony laughs at the command and puts his hands on Peter’s hips to stop him from bouncing,

“Da’s using the stove right now, baby. He can’t hold you just yet.” Tony says. “We can go upstairs and get ready, then he’ll be able to hold you.”

“No, but I wanna see now!” Peter whines a little when his Daddy does not understand him. He squirms out of Tony’s lap and begins padding into the kitchen. “I go see Da!”

“Peter Benjamin.” Tony says firmly, standing up from his space on the sofa. “Get back here right now and do not dare ignore me like that again.” He steps forward and points to the corner. “Sit, two minutes.”
Peter stops in his tracks and folds his arms in front of his chest with a pout. It is not the first time that he has been ordered to the corner since moving in and he really is not liking it.

“But- just wanna see Da...” Peter mumbles, still not moving from where he stopped.

“Corner, Peter. Right now.” Tony says, reaching over to turn off the TV. “This is not a suggestion. Now.” He adds, pointing over to the spot again when Peter does not make an attempt to move.

With a dramatic huff, Peter stomps over to the corner before he sits down on the floor with his nose pointing to the wall. He folds his arms again, vibrating just a bit from anger. Stephen peaks into the living room when he hears Tony speaking sternly, but since his partner has everything under control, he returns to the kitchen. When Peter sits in the corner, Tony returns to the sofa and watches him closely while the time passes. While Peter waits for the corner time to be up, he tries to keep his anger going because he doesn’t want to give in. But, after just a minute it feels exhausting and Peter slumps his shoulders and hangs his head a bit. Tony adds thirty-seconds onto the time for Peter’s attitude before walking over and crouching down beside him.

“Are you ready to talk about what just happened?”

When Tony comes over, Peter does not look at him, just shakes his head in reply.

“Do you want to go upstairs and have some time in your crib to think?” Tony asks. “We can have a talk when we’re up there about why Daddies have rules and little boys have to follow them.” He offers his hand out for Peter to take, giving him the option. Peter shakes his head again. He feels more like a big boy now and the crib does not sound pleasing at all.

“Can talk here...” Peter adds quietly, knowing that talks after punishments are inevitable.

“Okay.” Tony goes to sit on the sofa and pats the spot beside him. “Come here, please.” He waits until Peter slowly makes his way over before speaking again. “Peter, you need to recognise that you can’t always get what you want. If Daddy or I say no, accept that. We have rules to protect you and you need to follow them. You could’ve gotten hurt if you demanded Dad hold you in the kitchen, or he could have if something happened. Do you understand?”

Peter keeps his eyes fixed on the carpet while his Daddy talks, fiddling with his hands nervously in his lap.

“But- I’d be super careful. Wouldn’t be in Da’s way...” Peter tries explaining himself, trying to keep his voice steady even though he feels like crying.

“Accidents can still happen. We have rules for everyone’s safety and we’re not budging on those.” Tony knows the alternative is letting Peter do whatever he wants until one of them gets hurt so he cannot make himself feel bad for it. “Do you agree that the grown ups make the rules with your best interests in mind?”

Peter knows deep down that his Daddies are right, but he does not want to admit it aloud. Still, he nods his head a little so that he will not get in more trouble for ignoring Tony. Stephen comes in through the living room and heads to the dining table to set it ready for dinner. Once Peter sees that Stephen’s hands are free, he walks over to him and silently wraps his arms around his middle in a tight hug.

“Peter, we weren’t done talking.” Tony says, getting up and gently removing Peter’s arms from Stephen. “Go upstairs and into your room.” He finally decides, knowing Peter is not going to be focused on the punishment with how much is going on downstairs, “Your bedroom, Peter, not
Daddies.’” He adds, pointing towards the stairs with a sigh.

Peter looks at Stephen with a silent plea for help, but Stephen just smiles at him a little sympathetically. So, Peter has no choice but to head upstairs to his room. He goes silently, sniffling a little along the way.

“Dinner is almost ready, but I can keep it warm till this whole situation has cooled down.” Stephen says to Tony.

“We won’t be long. I just want to speak to him properly.” Tony says, rubbing Stephen’s arm as he passes him. He goes up the stairs and into the master bedroom, waiting a few minutes before he goes to Peter’s room, knocking the door before he enters.

While up in his room, Peter looks around and thinks about how safe it all is. There is a baby monitor installed in the wall, no scissors, no holes for Peter to get stuck in and all the shelves are screwed to the wall so that they will not fall. And the room next door is the care room with all that his Daddies need to keep Peter healthy and stable in their home. Peter cries quietly as he thinks about it all and sobs when he hears Tony entering.

“I’m sorry, Daddy!”

Tony sighs sympathetically.

“What are you sorry for, Pete?” He asks, sitting on the edge of his bed and pushing a few stuffies and a pacifier out of the way. He opens an arm for Peter to come over to him. “Do you understand why you were sent to your room?”

“I’m- I’m sorry- for not listening...” Peter stutters out in between gasps for air and sobs, climbing into his Daddy’s embrace. “Cause- cause Daddies just keeping- just keeping me safe...”

“Will you try your best to listen and follow rules?” Tony asks, rubbing Peter’s back while he works through his emotions.

“Hmm!” Peter nods, rubbing the tears from his eyes as he tries to calm down. “Promise...” He adds quietly, trying to climb onto Tony’s lap for more comfort while sniffling.

“Okay. Thank you for talking with me and listening to what I was saying.” Tony helps Peter onto his lap, cuddling him close and brushing back his hair. “Are you feeling big or still little?” He asks, rocking him gently while he waits for Peter to calm down and catch his breath properly. Peter finally lets himself relax and calm down when he is forgiven and gets cuddled close. He sighs a little and rests his head on his Daddy’s shoulder.

“A bit bigger...” Peter answers. “And hungry.”

“Do you want to get changed? If you’re feeling bigger, we can try undies for a little bit.” Tony kisses Peter’s forehead and pats his tummy. “Still dry?” He asks, not making any move to let go of him just yet. Peter nods his head in reply after wiggling in his pull up and feeling around.

“Can I... change by myself?” He asks shyly, wanting some alone time to gather himself before dinner.

“Sure, just remember to wipe, okay?” Tony says, getting up from the bed and going to get a pair of underwear from Peter’s drawer. He grabs the first ones at the top, pale pink with a Sleeping Beauty pattern over them. “Come downstairs when you’re ready, babe. Dad said dinner is almost done.”
"Yeah, will do." Peter says, blushing a bit as he takes the underwear before going to his closet to find something a bit bigger looking to wear. He grabs a hoodie and pair of overalls, which he often wears when he is not entirely sure what age he is. He heads out of the room and to the bathroom down the hall. Heading back down the stairs, Tony pats Stephen’s back as he passes him.

“We’re all good. He’s aged up a little bit so he’s getting changed.” Tony explains. “Do you want a drink?” Peter has been little since they moved in so it would be refreshing to have a night where they do not have to watch a Disney movie and have a baby and all his stuffies between them in their bed.

“That’s good, seemed like you handled the tantrum well. What was he upset about?” Stephen asks as he brings the pasta to the table. He stops by the cabinet in the kitchen where they keep drinks and picks out a bottle of wine that would go with their dish.

“He wanted to go to you when you were cooking, I told him no.” Tony says with a shrug. “I think he just needs more quiet time. I’ll take him with me tomorrow when we’re running errands, we’ll walk so he burns out any pent up energy before it gets to him.” He lifts two glasses down from the cabinet and smiles at Stephen. “This looks amazing, Steph. Thank you.”

“Just watch out so he doesn’t become overtired.” Stephen chuckles, knowing that their boy can be a bit unpredictable. Especially now that he has to adjust to a new routine. “You’re very welcome.” He smiles, leaning over for a kiss before getting the table ready. Peter pads down the stairs in his new outfit and pauses by the table and the carton of milk that is meant for him.

“Can I have soda, please?” He asks since his Daddies have wine.

“Drink your milk first, then you can have soda.” Stephen bargains, reaching over to put salad on their plates. “Do you want cheese for your pasta or do you want bread?” He asks, knowing it would be too rich for Peter’s tummy to have both. Peter wants to whine and say that he should have soda now that he’s bigger, but he still remembers the corner time from earlier so he complies and sits on his spot by the table. He lets his Daddies give him a portion, but pours his own milk.

“Cheese, please.”

Going to the refrigerator, Tony gets the cheese and grates some before setting the plate in the middle of the table.

“That’s for everyone.” He says before Peter can take it all and smiles at him. “How’s Harley?”

Peter’s mood improves in an instant at the mention of Harley and smiles around his mouthful of pasta.

“He’s good. He’s applying for colleges, so he’s a bit busy.” Peter says and Stephen nods as he helped Harley with the applications a few days ago.

“That’s exciting! He’ll be very busy with all of that, but applying is the fun part.” Stephen says. “He’ll get to go visit campuses and meet people who are applying for the same course as he is. It’s a very fun time.” He explains, knowing Peter is not entirely sure what college entails.

“Hmm! He said that.” Peter nods. “And he has to travel like two hours to one of the colleges. His mom is taking him there on Thursday.” He adds. “And then on Friday... He asked if we could go to the movies? Just- just me and him?” Peter asks, glancing up at his Daddies a little nervously while poking at his food. He has not been with Harley all alone yet and is nervous that his Daddies will say no.

“Sure, we have things to do on Friday so we can drop you two off and pick you up afterwards.”
Tony says easily, taking a sip of his wine between bites. “Are you going to see something grown up or a Little movie?”

“And we’d have to check you over before we leave.” Stephen adds and Peter rolls his eyes just a bit. He is less patient when it comes to check ups when big.

“He suggested Detective Pikachu. He said the trailer looked really fun. Is that okay?” Peter asks, taking another mouthful of pasta as he looks at his Daddies.

“Don’t speak with your mouth full.” Tony says automatically. “And don’t roll your eyes. You’re not too big to be sent right back upstairs.” He considers it for a few minutes, glancing at Stephen. “We’ll look it up and decide if it’s appropriate.”

“Sorry, Dad.” Peter mumbles, lowering his head, but he perks up in a smile when they say they will think about it. “Thanks.” He says politely and Stephen smiles at him.

“So, I am working tomorrow. What are you two doing?” Stephen asks, changing the subject.

“We have some errands to run, don’t we?” Tony asks Peter with a smile. “We’re going to go to the market and get some fresh stuff for dinner, then maybe we’ll swing by that little ice cream place near the pharmacy. Mr Peter is going to walk on his own two feet the whole day.” Tony teases, knowing Peter’s habit of giving up and demanding to be carried. The boy squirms a little in his seat, but is quickly distracted by the mention of ice cream.

“Ooh, yes! Can I have the mint chocolate ice cream then. Please, Dad?” Peter asks, putting his best manners on to make up for his poor behaviour earlier.

“Sure, you can pick whatever you want tomorrow.” Tony says, passing Peter a napkin to wipe his face. The family of three continue to eat together while making small talk. When Tony finishes his plate, he sits back and smiles at Stephen.

“That was amazing, babe. Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome.” Stephen smiles, taking his last mouthful before sipping on his wine. Peter is not done quite yet, but once he finishes his plate he sits back and looks at Stephen and thanks him for the meal.

“You’re welcome, babe. You can go get your soda now.” Stephen says and Peter gets up with a grin to fetch his drink.

“If he has a date on Friday, we should arrange to get lunch.” Tony smiles, reaching over to squeeze Stephen’s hand. “We can eat while they’re in the theatre.”

“A date for us too?” Stephen smiles around his wine glass, gazing at his partner lovingly.

“A date with you would be amazing.” Tony says with a soft smile before turning his head to see Peter shoving the soda can into his hands. Tony chuckles before opening the can and passing it back to Peter. The boy mumbles a little thank you before sitting back down and taking a sip of his drink.

“You should try the shower in our room, bud. I think you’d like it.” Tony suggests.

“It’s so complicated though.” Peter replies with a frown, making both his Daddies laugh.

“I’ll turn the water on for you, kid. All you have to do is step in and not fall on your butt because you were dancing around.” Tony says with a smirk.
“I don’t dance around!” Peter laughs, although he knows it is sort of true. He has never fallen though. “I wouldn’t mind a shower though. Now that I’m a bit bigger.” He says, sipping on his soda and savouring the taste since he gets it so rarely.

“You can have a shower and get into your pyjamas, then get your phone.” Stephen allows. “You can have it until 9.30, but after that, we’re going to take it till morning. Think you can handle that?”

“Yeah! I can.” Peter nods eagerly. He has not had his phone all week and is eager to text Harley.

“But, before that a vitamin booster.” Stephen adds. “You aren’t getting out of that even though you are big.” He says when Peter makes a little frown.

“Listen to Dad.” Tony says and Peter huffs before nodding and watching as his Daddies get up and start collecting the plates and such. Peter remains sat by the table and sips on his drink, because he knows his Daddies do not trust him to clean the table with all the heavy plates and pots. Once the leftovers are put away and the dishes are in the dishwasher, Peter finishes his soda before turning to his Daddies.

“So, uhm... The shower? Can you help me?” Peter asks Tony, a little embarrassed about asking such for such a thing when big.

“Sure, do you need to use the bathroom before we start up the water? Dad will be grumpy if you take a leak in there.” Tony teases, heading up the stairs with Peter so they can get his things together. He gets Peter’s shampoo, conditioner and body wash from the main bathroom, as well as a towel for him before letting himself be led by Peter.

“No, I’m good.” Peter chuckles, knowing that Stephen is the most strict when it comes to keeping things clean. They get into the master bedroom and Peter begins to unbuckle his overalls. Tony finds a pair of pyjamas for Peter that fit his current headspace, soft grey pants and a matching long sleeved shirt with the NASA logo on the chest. He lays them on their bed so Peter can get dressed when he is done along with a set of training pants and a pull-up so he has an option for which underwear he will sleep in. Walking into the bathroom, Tony turns on the overhead shower and plays around until the lights are set to a nice brightness and the radio is playing a relaxing station.

“Are you okay to be by yourself? The monitors are there so we’ll hear if you need us.”

Peter feels like he is stepping into a spaceship and not a shower and marvels at the size of everything. The whole space makes a relaxing atmosphere and Peter grins.

“Yeah, I’m good. Thanks, Dad.” Peter says, standing up on his tie toes to kiss Tony’s cheek before heading into the shower. Smiling at the kiss, Tony leaves the doors open and heads back down the stairs to Stephen.

“He’s in the shower. Maybe if he’s aged up, he’ll sleep alone and I can get some alone time with my favourite doctor.” Tony smiles, wrapping his arms around Stephen’s waist.

“Hmm, you got something special in mind, Doctor?” Stephen smirks, leaning over for a kiss. “The shot might just jolt him back into littlespace, so don’t get your hopes up too high.”

Tony smirks and leans into the kiss, sliding his hand down Stephen’s back.

“Daddies need to shower too, you know.” He says softly, playing with Stephen’s shirt. “And check-ups.”

“Are you tipsy already?” Stephen laughs, leaning into the touch and craning his neck to kiss Tony’s
jaw. “It’s been a while since I’ve had a change to examine you down there.” Stephen says huskily, turning around to grope at Tony’s ass. Tony laughs and leans into Stephen, pressing a kiss to his neck and running his hand up and down his back.

“Can the doctor make some time for me?”

“I’ll have to check my schedule. I’m afraid I am a very busy man, Mr Stark.” Stephen purrs back smoothly, pushing Tony up against the kitchen counter for another kiss. Tony smirks, but exhales deeply when he is pushed against the counter. He wraps his arms tightly around Stephen’s waist, trying to get closer to him without breaking the heavenly kiss. Peter has been little ever since they moved in, so the two doctors have been aching to be with each other like this. They know they do not have much time and both are planning on using it wisely. If only they had hidden a bottle of lube in one of the kitchen drawers.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! The next one will start right where we left off here.
Chapter 53 - A new home ll

Chapter Summary

More domestic fluff.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stephen pulls back just a bit, speaking in between quick kisses to Tony’s lips.

“Is it weird that this house is making me horny?” He asks with a growl, grabbing Tony’s jaw to tilt his head back and kiss at his neck.

“What the fuck does that mean?” Tony asks, leaning into the kiss and bringing his hand around to play with Stephen's belt. He leans back and hums softly, bringing his other hand up to run through his lover's hair.

“It means...” Stephen begins, pushing Tony’s hand from his belt and flips his partner around. In a swift motion, he pushes Tony to bend over the marble kitchen island. “I want to fuck you over our brand new kitchen island...” Stephen purrs in Tony’s ear, biting it gently. Grabbing onto the counter, Tony smiles and looks at the reflection of them in the oven. He glances back at Stephen and smirks.

“Do you want me being your good little husband, waiting for you to come home from work on my knees?” Tony asks huskily, pushing his ass up against his lover’s crotch. Stephen growls at the idea and kisses at the back of Tony’s neck while working his belt and fly open. He is just about to put his hands in Tony’s pants when there is a cry coming through the monitor.

“Dads! I don’t know how to shut off the shower!”

Sighing at Peter's timing, Tony grumbles and leans against Stephen for a moment before turning around.

“Go deal with that.” Tony says, rubbing his hand against Stephen's crotch. “And I'll go make sure he's okay. Can we continue this later, Doctor Strange?”

“I really think we should, Doctor Stark.” Stephen sighs back, just a bit frustrated with Peter’s timing. He leans over for one last kiss, rutting against Tony’s thigh before letting him go and staring at his ass as he goes.

“Daddies!” Peter cries again.

“Coming, babe!” Tony calls, running up the stairs to get to Peter. He adjusts his pants slightly before heading into their bathroom. “How was your shower?” He asks, smiling at Peter. He was the first person to use the shower that did not look completely blissed out, though it might have more to do with not knowing how to work it than the shower itself.

“It was great.” Peter smiles while wrapped up in his towel. He dries himself off before slipping into his pyjamas and then offers the towel to Tony shyly. “Can you dry my hair? I like it when you or Dad do it.”
“Sure I can. Don’t want you getting cold.” Tony grabs a hairbrush from their dresser and carefully works it through Peter’s curls before drying them with the towel. He is mindful of his ears and neck as he runs the towel through. “Do you want me to use the hair dryer or is it too noisy?”

“Just towel.” Peter says, relaxing as Tony dries his hair. The gentle tugs feel heavenly and Peter feels himself get just a bit sleepy. Once Tony is done, Peter shakes his head so that his curls bounce. “Can I have my phone now, please?” Peter tries, hoping Tony will not remember what Stephen said about a vitamin shot before phone time.

“It’s downstairs on the charger. We can get it when we’re going to find Dad.” Tony replies, throwing the towel into the hamper and putting the hairbrush back. “Should we go and get your room ready for bedtime?” He asks, leading Peter into the hallway. He puts a gentle hand on his back as he opens the door into the room, turning the light on. “What underwear did we go with tonight?” Tony asks, pulling back the covers of the bed and reaching over to turn on the nightlight.

“I put on undies, now that I’m big.” Peter says, letting Tony get everything ready. The bed looks really cozy with the stuffies and new bed covers and the nightlight casts a gentle blue hue over the room. “I think I can sleep here tonight.” Peter says, going over to the window and closing the blinds so that the room becomes dark. He knows that he has not slept in here at night yet, but now that he is bigger he thinks he can handle it.

“Will you do a pee before bed, please?” Tony asks, moving up one side of the safety rails so Peter will not bump his head on the nightstand. He sets out his slippers and a robe for the morning, switching on the monitor and opening his arms. “Love you, buddy.”

Peter nods before padding over for a hug, holding his Daddy tight.

“Love you more, Dad.” Peter mumbles with a smile. After a moment, he pulls back to see Stephen by the doorway with Peter’s phone in his hand. “Finally! I hope Harley’s not busy.” Peter squeaks, going to get the phone, but Stephen holds it out of his reach.

“Shot first, then phone.” Stephen reminds and Peter turns to Tony with a pout.

“Shot first, babe.” Tony says, putting a hand on Peter’s shoulder and turning him towards Stephen. “Maybe Dad will kiss it when you’re all done.” He says, sticking his tongue out at Stephen and smiling. Peter huffs a little, but lets himself be lead to the care room next door and climbs onto the bed. “Hop up for us and take some good breaths. It’s just a little pinch.”

“Are your upper arms still sore from last time?” Stephen asks, meaning the shots from a few days ago. Peter nods and bites his lip, knowing where the shot will go instead.

“Okay, then we’ll do your bum. On your stomach.” Stephen orders and Peter complies, turning on his stomach.

“You’re okay, baby.” Tony says, rubbing Peter’s lower back for him. He stays turned towards Peter to distract him while Stephen gets the shot ready. “What are you going to wear on Friday? It’ll be kinda cold but you’ll be inside so you don’t need a raincoat.”

“I thought maybe the red sweatshirt? With the cool print on the back.” Peter says, feeling his tummy tighten just a bit when he hears Stephen putting on gloves. “And the black bomber.” Peter adds, squirming just a bit when Stephen approaches with the alcohol pad.

“Would you mind, love?” Stephen asks Tony, gesturing to Peter’s pyjamas that are still covering his behind.
“With your jeans and boots? Or your sneakers? That would be cool.” Tony says, pulling Peter’s shorts and underwear down to expose the pale skin of his ass. “You should borrow Dad’s new backpack too.” He says, referencing the small bag he bought Stephen as a housewarming gift along with a new watch.

“Sneakers, I think. Comfier to walk in for a long time.” Peter says, shivering when his ass is exposed and Stephen wipes a spot clean before picking up the syringe. “It would be really cool with your bomber.” Stephen adds as he sticks the needle in, injecting Peter swiftly before pulling the needle out again and holding a cotton ball to the spot. Peter yelps a little, kicking his feet once it is over.

“Ow...” He mumbles with a pout.

“Good job.” Tony says, rubbing Peter’s back. “You’re all done, now you can go and tell Harley that you can meet him on Friday if he’s free.” Tony says, waiting until Stephen is happy to stop tending to the little spot before smiling at Peter. “Now’s your chance to ask Dad to kiss your butt without getting in trouble, Pete.”

Peter giggles a little before turning his head towards Stephen.

“Please, Da?” He asks, biting his lip to stop grinning. Stephen gives Peter a look before getting a bandaid to put over the tiny puncture wound. He leans down to plant a kiss on top and pats Peter’s other ass cheek.

“You did well, baby. I think you’ve earned a little treat.” Stephen says, slipping his still gloved hand in between Peter’s ass cheeks and rubbing at the scar where his balls used to be. Peter yelps again and moans into the pillow.

“There’s a good boy.” Tony says, rubbing his hand through Peter’s hair. “Let me see your face, baby. Tell your Daddies how you feel.” He demands, moving Peter’s face up and rubbing his thumb across his bottom lip. “Have you been playing with your little cock, Peter? Did you touch it and keep it a secret from us?”

“No, no, I promise! I didn’t touch!” Peter begs, bucking into Stephen’s hand and lifting his hips just a bit. “I would never if you didn’t say it was okay.” He explains, growing breathless quickly now that Stephen is rubbing his thumb against his hole. Smirking at the response, Tony gets up and walks over to the supply cabinet to bring out the lube. It is nothing fancy, just the medical grade stuff they keep if Peter needs a rectal examination, but it would work. He opens it and offers it out to Stephen.

“Little brat, you can hump a stuffie and make a mess all you want, as long as you're thinking about us.”

Stephen lets Tony pour some of the lube onto his fingers before bringing them back to Peter’s ass.

“I- always think about you, Daddies!” Peter moans out when Stephen pushes a finger inside him. “No- no one else...” He adds breathlessly as Stephen works him open for a few moments.

“There, that should do it. Be careful with yourself, okay? But, Daddy and I will check you later, just to be sure.” Stephen says, pulling back when Peter is well lubed and can finger himself if he wants. Peter nods a little and rutts against the bed. Tony offers out Peter's phone and smiles at him.

“Use a pillow or a stuffie if your hand isn't enough.” He reminds, holding the door open for Peter to walk himself to the bedroom. Peter nods wordlessly, not really trusting his voice and hurries to his bedroom, closing the door.
behind him. Once Peter is out of the room, Stephen removes his gloves and disposes of them along with the syringe and the rest.

“He should be occupied for a while.” Stephen smirks, turning to Tony. Faking a yawn, Tony pulls Stephen in for a hug.

“I’m so sleepy.” He says, tucking his face into Stephen’s neck before kissing it lightly. “Whatever you have in mind better be worth staying up past a baby’s bedtime.”

“Oh, you bet it is worth it.” Stephen chuckles with a growl, grabbing Tony’s hair in his fist and tugging gently. Moaning when his hair is pulled, Tony hums softly and keeps one hand balled up at the back of Stephen’s shirt. “Shall we go back downstairs where we left off or to our huge bed?”

“Downstairs... Don’t want to be quiet.” Tony says, sliding his thigh between Stephen’s to give him some friction. Grabbing the medical lube that is still on the counter, Stephen takes Tony’s hand and they hurry downstairs again. Half an hour later, they are both a panting and sweaty mess on the kitchen island, leaning on each other as they try to catch their breaths. Dropping his head on Stephen’s shoulder, Tony focuses on his breathing until he’s calmed down before leaning up to kiss him.

“You’re amazing, babe, but how the hell am I supposed to walk to the market tomorrow?” He jokes, drawing a little pattern on Stephen’s chest with his fingers.

“Maybe Peter has to carry you for a change.” Stephen laughs, running his fingers through Tony’s hair, messing it up even further. “Should we go shower and then check on our boy?” He suggests, kissing Tony sweetly before straightening up. Tony nods and smiles at the kiss.

“A shower sounds amazing. Peter seemed to enjoy it when he wasn’t trying to adjust anything.” Tony grabs a hold of Stephen’s hand and smiles at him. “I love you.”

“Hmm, I bet. It’s like our own mini spa in our bedroom.” Stephen chuckles, leaning in so that his forehead is pressed against Tony’s. “I love you more. And I love this house, this home and our boy upstairs.” He adds, finishing his statement with a kiss. Smiling, Tony lets Stephen guide him up the stairs.

“You know, this house is perfect. Never let me doubt you again when you want to take the lead on a project.” Tony says, bringing a hand up to massage the back of his neck.

“Hmm, just follow my lead, babe.” Stephen hums with a smirk, remembering the arguments they had during the whole planning process. Stephen had won almost all of them. They pass Peter’s bedroom on the way and Stephen peaks his head in. “He seems pretty occupied still.” Stephen says quietly while Peter taps away on his phone eagerly to respond to Harley’s latest message.

“I’ll be fun taking the phone away from him tonight.” Tony says, going into their bedroom and turning on the lights. He sets the training pants he had offered Peter on their dresser. “I’ll follow your lead if you agree that a new car is a good idea.”

“Sounds like you want a new car. Are you trying to manipulate me into getting it so you can drive it instead? Getting bored of your Audi already?” Stephen teases, going to the walk in closet to find something to sleep in. He comes back out with a new pair of boxer briefs and a t-shirt.

“You can have the Audi if I can get a new one.” Tony smiles, taking Stephen’s clothes and shaking his head. “It’s just us in bed tonight, no point in wasting clothes.” He says, shrugging innocently.
“You little shit...” Stephen grumbles fondly, grasping Tony’s chin and pulling him into a kiss before walking into the bathroom. “I can save the clothes if you come save water by joining me in the shower.” Stephen smirks.

“Deal.” Tony agrees quickly, following Stephen into the bathroom and reaching in to turn on the water. “It’s smart, you know. My car isn’t super spacious in the back so Peter doesn’t have a lot of room. Plus toys, bags, strollers, groceries... We need a bigger car.” He explains, starting to set out Stephen’s products for him.

“So, we need a truck is what you’re saying?” Stephen jokes, beginning to undress before finding two fresh towels for them.

“Not a truck, we’re not Steve!” Tony argues with a laugh.

“I guess you’re right though. New lifestyle, new car, and money isn’t exactly lacking so...” Stephen chuckles, knowing that medical CGs are one of the highest paid professions.

“I was just thinking something bigger. Like another Audi.” Tony says with a shrug. “Like the one our car dealership has my name on the list for.” He adds quickly, turning to Stephen and pulling off his clothes before getting into the shower.

“You and your Audis...” Stephen says with an eye-roll, following Tony into the shower which fits them both comfortably. “Alfa Romes are really stylish, but most of their models are not spacious in the back.” He adds, beginning by wetting his hair and rubbing at his face with a sigh of relief at the warmth of the water.

“I can bring Pete with me to check out some options. He’ll roll his eyes and complain the entire time, but he’s the one who’ll be in the backseat.” Tony reaches down to get Stephen’s shampoo, starting to wash his hair for him.

“Sounds like more fun for you than him.” Stephen chuckles, humming in pleasure when Tony begins washing his hair. “You’ll have a super busy day tomorrow then if you’re gonna do that, the market, the pharmacy and ice cream.”

“I’ll see how he’s doing tomorrow. Stroller might be a good idea if he’s going to be whining about his feet. He’s so lazy.” Tony laughs, massaging Stephen’s scalp gently, scratching his neck as he goes. “Though that’s maybe our fault for carrying him everywhere.”

“Yeah, I think that’s more on us that him.” Stephen grimaces, knowing they both have spoiled Peter by carrying him a lot at the facility. “But, he’s so goddamn adorable and light and soft and warm...” He hums, closing his eyes with a soft smile on his lips.

“I love it when he falls asleep on us and just stays so sweet and cosy. I miss it being cold enough for the super fluffy sleepers.” Tony almost whines, feeling his chest ache with love for their little boy. “I’d lift him into our bed, but he’s wearing underwear and I don’t particularly want to be pissed on.” He adds.

“Best to let him sleep by himself tonight. I think he can manage it now that he is bigger.” Stephen says, although he would love to have the boy in their bed, but they have to make him sleep by himself eventually. “Shall I do your hair then?” Stephen asks, picking up the shampoo Tony likes. Nodding, Tony leans against Stephen and waits for him to get everything ready before standing up again.

“I’m excited to have you all to myself tonight. Also might be nice to not wake up with a pacifier
under you and 15 stuffies scattered everywhere. He definitely wakes up when we’re asleep and gets more.”

"I actually asked him about it one morning. He said he had to bring them because they get lonely without him and he feels bad for leaving them behind.” Stephen chuckles and begins washing Tony’s hair, massaging his scalp as he does. “It’s pretty cute, but yeah, my back hurts after sleeping on top of Baby Seal.” He laughs.

“Fucking Baby Seal.” Tony laughs, knowing they both have had too many experiences of the toy either hitting them, taking their spot on the bed or somehow ending up under them through the night. "I need to wash her, I think he was chewing on her tail.” He says, relaxing back when Stephen rubs his scalp.

“Chewing on a stuffie? Was he really little or what?” Stephen asks as Peter rarely chews on anything besides his thumb or a pacifier. He massages Tony’s scalp for a while longer before gently tilting his head back to rinse out the shampoo.

“He didn’t seem smaller. He just had her tail in his mouth for a while.” Tony replies. “I don’t know if he was anxious about something or thinking, he might have just been bored. He seemed fine when I asked him to stop, though.”

“Maybe anxious, yeah, with the new house and everything,” Stephen says, picking up the conditioner and adding just a bit to rub into Tony’s hair and scalp before adding some to his own hair.

“I’ll keep an eye on him tomorrow. I don’t want him getting sick if he puts something in his mouth that shouldn’t be there.” Tony closes his eyes and relaxes for the rest of the shower before turning to Stephen. “Do you want to watch some crappy TV and cuddle? I might make tea.”

“Hmm, that sounds lovely.” Stephen agrees, stepping out of the shower and towelling himself dry before starting on his hair. “But, we have to check on Peter first. Make sure he is tucked in and then take his phone.” Stephen grimaces a bit at that, expecting at least some resistance from the boy. After drying off, Tony pulls on some boxer briefs and his robe before going to Peter’s room. He smiles at the boy and sits down on the side of the bed.

“Okay, bud. Phone time is done.” Tony says. “Say goodnight to Harley.” He keeps his hand held out expectantly, hoping Peter makes it easy for them.

“Dad, just 5 more minutes, please.” Peter tries, but then sees Stephen walking in too who gives a stern look. Peter huffs a little before explaining to Harley that it is bedtime for him and his Daddies are taking his phone. Once Harley replies with a good night and lots of heart emojis, Peter smiles and hands the phone to Tony.

“Good boy.” Tony says, taking the phone and putting it into the robe pocket. He kisses Peter quickly, getting up from the bed. “Lay down and get comfy.” He instructs, draping the blankets over Peter when he is settled. “Do you want to watch some TV before you sleep?”

“No, I’m good.” Peter says before yawning. Even though he is big, he still gets very sleepy when it is his bedtime at 10.

“Did you have a good time?” Stephen asks, coming up to the bed too and sitting by Peter’s bedside. He places a hand low on Peter’s stomach.

“Yeah- yeah, I did.” Peter blushes a little.
Tony fixes the setting on the nightlight and switches everything else off, which fills the room with a warm glow. He runs his hand through Peter’s hair slowly, waiting for him to relax enough to fall asleep. “We’ll stay with you until you’re sleeping, baby. We won’t leave.”

“Hmm.” Peter hums, turning onto his side so that he is facing his Daddies, holding Wolfie tight. Stephen moves his hand to rub at Peter’s thigh through the blankets and Peter relaxes, letting his eyes fall shut. Tony waits until he is sure Peter is asleep before he and Stephen get up from the bed. He tucks Peter in properly and smiles.

“I love him so much.” Tony whispers.

“Hmm.” Stephen hums in agreement, leaning down to plant a kiss on Peter’s forehead. “Sleep tight, baby.” He whispers before rising from the bed and sneaking out of the room. They close the door considering they can hear him through the monitors in case he cries out. “So, cup of tea and crap TV you said?” Stephen asks as he and Tony head down to have a quiet night together.

Chapter End Notes

READ ME PL$$
I’m going on vacation tomorrow and to give both Soph and me a break, we have decided that updates will happen EVERY OTHER ODD DAY. You can find the whole updating schedule on my tumblr professional-benaddict.
Anyways, thank you sm for reading! What do you guys think of the new house? There's a lot of potential for fun moments, isn't there? ;)
In the next one, Harley will show up again!
Chapter 54 - Tummy upsets 1

Chapter Summary

Pete gets sick and his Daddies and Harley care for him in the care room at home.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony sighs heavily as he unlocks Peter’s phone. He finds the right number easily given how few contacts are on the list, rolling his eyes fondly at the number of hearts next to the name. He calls the number and leans against the wall as he waits.

“Hi, Harley, it’s Tony, I’m sorry to do this on such short notice, but Peter’s sick. I know you and your mom have driven out of your way, so I’ll pick you up and leave you home later if you want? You can see Pete and Steph will help with the college stuff.” He suggests, feeling terrible that they had to cancel Peter and Harley’s date, but he knows that Peter is in no fit state to sit in a movie theatre, let alone leave the house.

Peter can hear Tony out in the hallway and cries quietly where he lays in the care room, beyond disappointed and upset that he cannot go on his planned date with Harley. Stephen shushes Peter, kissing his forehead before continuing with checking him over.

“I can go, Da! Please, I won’t throw up again, promise.” Peter begs, but deep down he knows he cannot keep such a promise.

“I’m sorry, baby.” Stephen says, brushing Peter’s hair away from his sweaty forehead. “We need to keep an eye on you, and it might be a good idea to stay close to the bathroom.” He says, not moving from Peter’s side. “I think Dad is going to go out for a few minutes, should we ask him for anything? Do you want a frozen lemonade?” He tempts, feeling terrible that Peter had gotten sick almost as soon as he was finished getting dressed to leave.

Peter whimpers and squirms on the bed. His throat feels awful from throwing up and eating or drinking anything sounds awful too. But, Peter knows from experience that if he does not eat, his Daddies will put a feeding tube in and that is the most awful, so he nods.

“The peach one.” Peter says quietly, swallowing thickly while burying his face in Wolfie.

“That’s a really good choice. We’ll get you a drink, then we can move you in a little bit. Do you want to go to bed or to the couch?” Stephen asks, trying to distract Peter from the nausea. He offers Peter a sippy cup of water. “Rinse your mouth out for me, babe. You can spit it right back out.” He says, holding a kidney dish below Peter’s mouth. Peter does as he is told, rinsing his mouth twice and coughing a bit before letting his Daddy wipe his mouth clean.

“Don’t wanna go anywhere...” He mumbles, laying back again and cuddling Wolfie. He fears that if he moves too much, his tummy will be very upset again.

“You want to stay here?” Stephen checks, going back to stroking his hair while Peter lays on the bed. “Can I at least take off your clothes and change you? I don’t want you getting too warm in those
Jean's, honey bunny."

Peter nods silently. The jeans and t-shirt feel too grown up now and he would much rather be wearing one of his fluffy onesies. Even the hospital gowns would do with their loose fit and soft fabric. While Peter gets changed slowly and carefully with Stephen’s help, Tony comes back into the room. Peter tears up again when he is reminded of what he is missing out on with Harley.

“No tears, kid. You’re going to be just fine.” Tony says, running his thumbs below Peter’s eyes to catch any tears that escape. “I’m going to run a little errand. I’ll be back really soon and we can have some quiet time.”

“It’s not that...” Peter mumbles, turning onto his side once Stephen has put him in one of the pale pink hospital gowns. A new set of tears falls down his cheeks, but he does not bother whipping them away.

“I’m gonna talk to Dad for a minute, then I’ll be right back to stroke your hair, baby.” Stephen says, patting Peter’s hip before heading out of the room with Tony, but leaves the door half ajar. “So, what did you tell Harley?” Stephen asks, keeping his voice down.

“I told him I’d come get him. He can see Peter and hang out for a bit, then finish some college stuff with you if it’s not too much.” Tony explains, glancing into the room to check on Peter. “If he’s got a bug, he’ll just need to get it out either way. It won’t be cute, but hopefully he’ll be little enough so that he doesn’t start fighting us.”

“Peter will be very happy to see him.” Stephen smiles. “And Harley should see him anyway. If he’s serious about Peter, then he should get used to it and learn how to care for him.” He points out. “I’ll try to get him to regress while you’re gone, he’s already slipping so it shouldn’t be too hard. Oh, and he wants a frozen lemonade, the peach one.”

“At least that won’t burn if it’s coming back up again.” Tony says with a shrug. “I need to change the bedding on the crib too, might as well lay down a protector if he’ll be sleeping in with us tonight. I’ll do a quick check for any supplies we need too.” Tony leans over and kisses Stephen. “And the guest room bed is being delivered and assembled at some point before 7pm.” He adds, rolling his eyes.

“Busy day.” Stephen says with a quiet groan. “You go fetch Harley and the lemonade and I’ll get a cannula in him just to be sure.” He says before walking back into the care room to check on Peter and get an IV set up so that the boy does not get dehydrated.

After patting Stephen’s back, Tony heads down the stairs. He finds his keys and wallet before going over their shopping list and making a note of anything that would become urgent pretty soon. When Tony is confident he has it all, he gets into his car and drives towards the spot where Harley’s mom had agreed to wait until he was picked up. Meanwhile, Stephen goes back to the care room, frowning sadly when he sees Peter’s position in the bed.

“I know it’s not fair, honey. You’re being so brave for us, though.” Stephen says, getting an alcohol pad and carefully cleaning the back of Peter’s hand.

“We- we had planned everything...” Peter begins explaining through tears. “We were gonna meet up outside and then buy snacks together and- and...” The mention of food makes Peter’s stomach roll and he stops talking to whimper. “Why does this keep happening?!?” Peter finally cries out, sobbing and covering his face with Wolfie, but keeps his other hand still for Stephen.

“Because you’re Little, baby.” Stephen says, getting the IV needle and carefully inserting it into
Peter’s hand before covering it with tape to keep it in place. Peter whimpers as he feels the bite of the needle and how the spot throbs a little painfully. It passes soon enough though and Peter watches with sad eyes as his Daddy sets up the saline bag. “Littles like you tend to have weaker immune systems than Daddies, that’s why you get icky more than we do. I wish I could make it better, though.”

“Sometimes... I wish I wasn’t Little...” Peter mumbles. He has never said such a thing, but now the stakes are higher considering Harley. Peter is also more mopey than usual due to the exhaustion of being sick and would never say such a thing while all healthy.

“Do you?” Stephen asks, going over to dispose of his gloves and the rest of the packaging and used supplies. He sits at the end of the bed and rubs Peter’s foot gently. “What would you do if you were big?” He asks, interested to hear what Peter’s idea of independence is given he has never experienced it beyond whatever he was allowed to do as a teenager.

"I'd-" Peter starts, but does not know what to answer with considering he barely knows anything outside of his own life and circumstances. “I’d go to college and- maybe get a motorcycle and drive around. I could go where I want, when I want.” Peter ponders aloud, fiddling with Wolfie’s ear. "But, sounds scary too cause... I don’t know how to do all that.” Peter says, implying that he is incapable of doing all that because of his biology.

“You would get a motorcycle? That sounds pretty cool.” Stephen says, making sure the fluid in the bag is steadily dripping through the IV. “We can start with your bike, though. How about that? Maybe we can go for a walk when you’re feeling better and you can try riding down the path.” He knows it is safe and the wooden pathway would not be the worst thing to fall on, though the safety gear they had gotten would have to be unpacked soon. Peter nods silently, but right now he cannot think about much else than how awful he feels.

“ICKY, Da...” Peter whimpers, lifting his arms up for a hug and hopefully some cuddles. “When’s Daddy coming back?”

“Are you going to get sick again?” Stephen asks, moving up so he can give Peter a cuddle and let him burrow against his chest for a few minutes. “Daddy will be back soon, baby bear. As soon as he’s free, he’ll be back to give you cuddles.”

“Don’t think so. Is all empty...” Peter says, pointing to his stomach. He is starting to feel just a bit hungry, but he does not dare eat so soon after throwing up. He cuddles up to Stephen, resting his head on his shoulder while keeping Wolfie on his lap.

“You’re okay, honey, it’ll be just fine.” Stephen says, hoping Peter just had to throw up and that he will make a quick recovery, though he is not confident they will be that lucky. After thirty minutes, Tony arrives back to the house with Harley, food for whoever wants to eat and a peach frozen lemonade for Peter. He leads Harley up the stairs and into the care room.

“Peter? You have a guest.”

Peter has been dozing on and off while ‘My Neighbour Totoro’ was playing on the TV for the last half hour. Stephen has been sat by his bedside in a chair the whole time, tapping away on his tablet and making notes on Peter’s condition. Hearing Tony returning, Peter turns to look and if it were not for the bedrails being up, he would have fallen out of bed due to his excitement and surprise of seeing Harley.

“Harley!”
“Hi, Peter!” Harley smiles, walking into the room and going directly over to the bed. “I’m sorry you’re not feeling good, lots of my friends have a bug right now.” He says, trying to make Peter feel better about the fact his illness was likely more to do with his medical history than anything else. He reaches out to touch Peter’s free hand, rubbing it gently with his thumb.

“Your friends get sick a lot too?” Peter asks with a shy smile, feeling a bit better from hearing that he is not the only one bedridden every two weeks. Stephen comes over to help Tony with some of the supplies and to let the boys catch up. “I’m happy you’re here.” Peter says quietly, biting his lip.

Harley nods and smiles, though it is not exactly true. His friends do get sick, but mostly it is smaller things like colds or headaches that they can deal with if they take a painkiller and have a nap in the nurses’ office. He grins at Peter’s comment and leans in a little closer.

“I’m happy I’m here too. I really missed you.”

Peter continues to smile shyly as he gazes at Harley, but then his face drops a little.

“My Daddies say I can’t go to the movies.” He says sadly, showing the IV at the back of his hand. “I was like almost ready and I was so excited to see you, but then...” Peter trails off, looking away from Harley and down at Wolfie instead.

“That’s okay, Tony said we can watch a movie here.” Harley smiles, brushing Peter’s cheek with his thumb to get a smile. “We’ll pick something pretty new and it’ll be just like going to the movies.”

“I’d like that.” Peter smiles, lifting his hand up to hold the one Harley is holding up to his cheek. Stephen and Tony come back into the room now that the boys have caught up a little. Stephen gives Peter his lemonade, but Peter frowns at it and shakes his head. “Don’t wanna, Da.” He whimpers, setting the cup on the table and pushing it away from himself before curling up towards Harley.

“You don’t have to drink it right now, buddy. Just try little sips when you feel up for it.” Stephen says, rubbing Peter’s lower back to soothe him while Harley strokes his cheek. The older boy nods at Stephen’s words.

“Yeah, you don’t have to if you don’t want to. It just might help your throat stop stinging if you try a little bit later.” Harley adds.

“Hmm.” Peter nods, pleased that he does not have to drink or eat anything yet. His throat is starting to feel better already and he feels quite content in bed with Harley by his side.

“Harley, would you like to help make Peter feel better?” Tony asks as he and Stephen have talked about letting Harley practice some more medicine.

“Sure.” Harley says, smiling at the offer, but not stepping away from Peter just yet. He leans down and presses a kiss to his cheek. “You’re being really brave.” He whispers, sliding his hand around so it is rubbing the back of Peter’s neck. It feels warm and sweaty from laying in the bed, but he does not stop as he tries to help Peter’s muscles relax.

Peter has gotten the same praise from his Daddies a thousand times, but hearing it from Harley is new and makes Peter blush. He cuddles up to Harley even more and is laying at the very edge of the bed and the only thing stopping him from falling is the bedrail. Stephen and Tony smile fondly at the sweet interaction between the two boys. Harley stays by Peter’s side until he hears the two doctors move towards them. He smiles at Stephen and looks over at the tray they have brought with them.

“What should I do?” Harley asks, feeling excited that he is being trusted to take care of Peter when he is sick. Tony holds up a pair of gloves and a disposable apron. “Wash your hands and put these
on. We’ll have to order scrubs in your size, but let’s keep your clothes clean for today.”

While Harley goes to wash his hands, Stephen helps Peter lay back in the middle of the bed comfortably. Peter knows the routine of the check up after he has thrown up or gotten sick, but he is a little nervous that Harley will be grossed out.

“There’s a good boy, just lay back and let us sort you out.” Stephen comforts, giving Peter’s forehead a kiss. When Harley is sure his hands are perfectly clean and the gloves and apron are on properly, he returns and stands by Stephen’s side as he waits for his instructions. He smiles at Peter.

“You look better already.” Harley says, smiling at how cute and small Peter looks in his bed.

“Is cause you’re here...” Peter says quietly, smiling and looking up at Harley shilyly.

“All right, Harley, let’s start with blood pressure.” Stephen instructs, gesturing for Harley to follow him and hands him the cuff. Peter knows the drill and lifts up the sleeve of the gown to expose his upper arm. “Wrap it around his arm tightly.” Stephen instructs.

Harley takes the cuff and carefully wraps it around Peter’s arm. He closes it tightly and pats the skin just below.

“Are you okay?” Harley asks softly, taking the pump from Stephen and watching as it inflates. He looks at Stephen until he gets the nod to stop. Peter whimpers softly when the cuff is at its tightest, but smiles at Harley to show that he is okay. “You did great, Peter.” Harley smiles, removing the cuff and rubbing his hand comfortingly. Stephen tells Tony the reading so that he can note it down before putting the cuff back.

“Well done. Then we’ll have a little listen. Would you like to try that too?” Stephen asks, taking the stethoscope that Tony is holding and offering it to Harley.

“Sure, but I don't really know what I'm listening for.” Harley says, taking the stethoscope and putting it into his ears. “I mean, I know I'm looking for Peter's heart. I just don't know what's normal.” He rushes to add, worried he sounded dumb for his first comment. Tony, Stephen and Peter all find Harley’s comments amusing and Peter points to where his heart is helpfully.

“Here, it sounds really cool.” Peter grins after having played doctor with his friends many times.

“We’ll have a listen too, don’t worry.” Stephen assures Harley.

“Okay…” Harley says, blushing slightly before putting the stethoscope in place. It does sound cool listening to Peter's heart and Harley brings his free hand up to touch his side gently. He smiles and looks up at Peter. “I think it sounds perfect.”

Peter giggles bashfully in response, while Stephen and Tony roll their eyes fondly at the cheesy comment. Before Stephen can take the stethoscope back, Peter grabs it instead and listens to Harley’s heart, although the sounds are faint due to all the clothes and the apron on top. Peter frowns a bit.

“Can’t hear anything.”

“I'm sure he's got a heartbeat, babe.” Tony says. “If he doesn't, guess we'll have to start tossing around holy water.” He adds, smiling when Harley snorts at the comment. He picks up the rapidly melting frozen lemonade and takes a drink. “This is really good. Do you want some?” Tony asks, offering the cup to Stephen to see if it will elicit a response from Peter.

Peter’s eyes shoot up when his drink is taken and he yelps while reaching for it.
“Is mine, Da!” Peter whines and Stephen gives the cup to him.

“Small sips, baby bear.” Stephen reminds before taking the stethoscope and having a listen to Peter’s lungs and heart. Peter does as he is told and also takes deep and slow breaths while his Daddy listens.

“Good job.” Tony praises, kissing the top of Peter's head and rubbing his back. “Do you want a cosy night? We can light the fire in the living room and run you a nice bubble bath before bed. Do you want Daddy to get into the bath with you?” He asks, trying to distract Peter from the check up Stephen is performing.

“And all my sharks and boats?” Peter asks quietly, knowing he is not supposed to talk while his Daddies listen to his chest. After a moment, Stephen pulls back and places the stethoscope around his neck. He then takes the cup for Peter, setting it aside for a moment before guiding Peter to lay back on the bed to feel his abdomen very gently. Peter lets out a little whimper of complaint due to his stomach being empty.

“Yeah, baby, you can have all your toys with you. We'll even put on some Disney music. Do you want to listen to Ariel?” Tony asks, rubbing Peter's arm when he whimpers. “I know it sucks. Just try to do deep breaths for us, honey. Daddy will be done in just a bit.”

Harley steps forward and holds one of Peter's hands for him.

“You're okay.” He mimics. “You're being really good.”

Peter tries to relax, but cannot do so until Stephen finally pulls back and wraps the gown around him again before tucking the blanket up too. Peter curls up towards Harley and reaches for Wolfie with his free hand.

“I hate being icky...” Peter mumbles while Stephen and Tony make some notes on his condition.

“It’s not fun, is it?” Harley asks, taking off his gloves so he can touch Peter properly. Peter shakes his head in reply to Harley before laying back with a little sigh. Harley strokes Peter’s cheek gently to keep him calm, humming softly while he waits for Tony and Stephen to be done. Finally, Tony plants a firm hand on Harley’s shoulder and squeezes it.

“Pete, we need to let your IV finish doing its thing, then I am going to wash you. Is that okay?”

“What kinda wash?” Peter asks, wondering whether his Daddy will bathe him or just give him a sponge bath while in the bed.

“I’ll give you a bath, baby. It'd be nice to get your hair washed and we need to brush your teeth properly too.” Tony says, squeezing Peter's foot as he walks by the bottom of the bed. The bath would allow him some time to talk to Peter properly and give him some privacy with Harley there.

Okay.” Peter nods, liking the idea of a warm bath and having his mouth cleaned.

“Then you and I can check out some college stuff.” Stephen says, addressing Harley. At Stephen's suggestion, Harley nods eagerly and takes his phone out of his pocket.

“I got a few letters and emails about colleges that might be cool. They're mostly pretty close.”

“Then we’ll look through it together. Would you like to stay for lunch too?” Stephen asks Harley.

“I would love to.” Harley smiles, glad his boyfriend's Dads have stopped being quite so intense
when they hang out. Tony lowers one of the bed rails and opens his arms to pick up Peter. The boy clings to Tony and rests his head on his shoulder. He feels better thanks to the IV fluids, but still a bit woozy and icky.

“Harley and I picked up some stuff on the way home. We needed some fresh stuff, plus I got another carton of milk for bottles.” Tony says to Stephen.

“Maybe Petey would like to try a bottle after his bath?” Stephen suggests, but Peter scrunches up his nose and shakes his head a little. “Or just a banana bag.” Stephen says, giving Peter’s cheek a kiss.

“We'll maybe try some water first.” Tony says, patting Peter's bum gently as he holds him. “We'll get a bottle with some ice when we're done in the bath, then we'll give the banana bag a shot. At least that won't make a comeback as easily as making him take something orally.” He points out, kissing Stephen quickly.

“Sounds like a plan, Doctor.” Stephen smiles, lifting a hand to stroke at Tony’s cheek before turning to Peter. “Have a nice bath, baby, we’ll see you later.” Peter nods a little before looking at Harley, lifting the hand with the IV needle to wave at Harley.

"Bye, Peter, see you downstairs.” Harley smiles, waving back before disappearing down the stairs with Stephen. Setting Peter down for a moment, Tony disconnects the tubing from the IV cannula, adding a bit more tape on top to keep it in place even during the bath. “There we go, baby. Do you feel a little better after your IV?”

Peter nods a little before cuddling up to Tony again.

“Still icky, tummy’s all hot and ew.”

Tony nods at the description and heads towards the main bathroom where all of Peter's toys and supplies stay.

“Like throw up icky or potty icky or just icky?” He asks, holding Peter on his hip as he starts running the water.

“Just- just icky...” Peter says, not knowing how to explain how he feels any better. He swings one leg back and forth a little as he watches the water. Usually, Peter would be squealing and bouncing around due to the excitement of a bath, but now he feels too tired for that and rests his head against his Daddy’s shoulder. After dropping in a generous dash of bubble bath, Tony sets Peter down on the counter by the sink and undresses him.

“When we get out of the tub, do you want a diaper, muppet?” Tony asks, balling up the gown and tossing it aside to be disposed of properly. He pulls off his own shirt and brings Peter in for a hug. The boy nods at the diaper.

“But, don’t tell Harley.” Peter says, relaxing at the skin of skin contact with his Daddy. “He thinks I’m a big boy.” He whispers like he is telling a secret.

“Of course I won't tell him, baby boy. What's under your clothes isn't anyone's business unless you want them to know.” Tony says, rubbing the boy’s back gently to comfort him. He drops his mouth down to Peter's ear so he can whisper back. “You are a big boy. A very brave, big boy who's being so good for us.”

Peter giggles tiredly, wrapping his arms around Tony’s neck tightly.

“Get in now?” Peter asks, pointing to the bathtub that is almost ready. “And Da coming too.” He
“Yes, Da’s coming too.” Tony smiles, picking Peter up so he can turn off the water and check the temperature. When Tony is happy it is right, he removes Peter’s pull-up and tosses it in the bathroom trash before setting the boy into the water. Peter smiles and lets out a little squeak when he feels the warm water. He claps his hand together in glee when Tony climbs in too. The bathtub is spacious and fits them both comfortably, but Tony still pulls Peter onto his lap. “Do you want tummy rubs?”

“Nu uh, no touch there.” Peter decides, shaking his head.

Nodding, Tony lets Peter stay on his lap while he stretches out and lays them back slightly. The warm water should at least loosen up Peter’s muscles which could relieve some of the pain if he lets himself calm down for long enough. He keeps his hands on Peter’s hips, rubbing them gently with his thumbs as he hums and thinks about how he and Stephen are going to handle bedtime tonight given how nervous they both get leaving Peter by himself for a second when he has been throwing up. Peter sighs in content as he sinks lower into the water and rests his head on his Daddy’s chest. After a while, he thinks of something.

“Daddy?” The boy asks quietly, considering how quiet and calm the bathroom is.

“Yes, baby?” Tony asks, voice thick from being as close to dosing as he gets when he has Peter. He brings his hand up and kisses it gently, trying not to move too much so he does not disturb their little spot.

“Why you say I’m always brave? I’m not even doing anything when you and Da say that.” Peter asks quietly, tightening his fist around Tony’s fingers like an infant would on reflex. He uses his other hand to make little spirals in the water as he is too tired to play with his toys, which he usually does.

“You’re really brave, Peter.” Tony says, surprised that this was on their baby’s mind. He moves them both so Peter is at an angle on his lap where they can see each other. “You allow us to do things that are scary and hurt, because you trust we’re going to make you feel better, that’s brave. You make friends with new people, that’s brave too. You let us make choices for you even if you don’t know what it means, that’s really brave. Being brave doesn’t just mean being big and doing things that are scary. Sometimes it just means letting yourself be cared for.” He explains, cuddling Peter close and kissing his cheek lightly. “You’re our brave boy, Peter Benjamin.”

Peter bites his lip to stop it from wobbling and swallows thickly as he listens to his Daddy.

“And you and Da don’t get- like bored of me? Cause I get icky a lot?” Peter asks, his voice barely a whisper and a little shaky. He has only started thinking these thoughts recently after learning so much about what life is like for most Littles through Harley.

“Of course we don’t.” Tony says, laughing softly at how absurd that would be. “We love you so much, Peter. We knew you had health issues when we got you and we didn’t care, we loved you so much that you had to be our little boy.” Tony wraps his arms around Peter, being mindful of his stomach and kisses his temple gently. Peter feels his heart swell at the reassurance and holds his Daddy tight. “You’re perfect.”

“And you’ll always be my Da?” Peter asks a little teary eyed now. ”Always?” He adds just to be sure and lifts a hand to rub away the tears in his eyes. Tony nods and brings a hand up to gently take Peter’s hand in his own.

“Always, no matter what.” Tony promises. “We’ll always be there to love you and take care of you,
Peter nods before turning his attention to the toys next to the bathtub, but does not move from his spot where he is half laying on Tony. He is still a little choked up and tries to distract himself by pushing one of his boats around.

“Do you want the strawberry shampoo or do you want some of the fancy one Daddy bought for important guests?” Tony smiles, letting Peter move on from the conversation when he seems to want to. “We’ll get you smelling all yummy and fresh soon.”

“Strawberry.” Peter decides, pointing to the bottle. “Harley can use the other.” He smiles a little, thinking that Harley is an important guest while he continues to play with the boat.

“Harley won’t be showering while he’s here, babe.” Tony points out, reaching for the bottle and setting it close to them before lifting a plastic cup so he can wet Peter’s hair. He covers the boy’s eyes and pours it over slowly. “You’re going to be a little berry baby.”

Peter is about to ask if Harley can sleep over, but is quickly distracted by the water running over his head. Besides, he doubts his Daddies will let Harley stay all day while he is sick.

“Berry baby.” Peter repeats with a giggle, still holding onto his boat, but it is hard to play with it when his head is tilted back.

“Uncle Stevie has a business trip in a few weeks, so we’re going to take care of Bucky. Does that sound okay?” Tony asks. “It will just be for a few days, Friday and Saturday. We thought you could have a sleepover.” Tony begins soaping up Peter’s hair with the shampoo, smiling at the sweet smell. Peter gasps in delight at that and tries to nod his head, but his Daddy is keeping his head still.

“Yes, yes! Can we stay up, please?” He asks, already thinking about all the fun things he can do with Bucky in their new house.

“You can stay up and watch movies and wear matching jammies...” Tony lists, smiling at how excited Peter is, but carefully avoids any mention of food in case it would upset his stomach again. He carefully rinses Peter’s hair and smiles at him when his hair is free of soap. “You smell yummy.”

Peter giggles and shakes his head to make his hair bounce.

“And we can build a pillow fort!” Peter grins, sending his boat off so that it hits the other side of the bathtub. He feels a bit better now and grabs another toy.

“A pillow fort would be so fun.” Tony says, gasping dramatically at the suggestion. Now that Peter’s hair is clean, Tony continues washing the boy’s body and is extra careful that the IV cannula does not get wet. He lets Peter play for a while before patting his shoulders. “Ready to get out of the bath and get all cosy?”

”Hmm. Gotta go see Daddy and Harley.” Peter smiles, giving his boat once last spin before taking it out of the water. The second boat, however, he cannot reach from his spot and uses his foot to poke at it so that it does a half spin on the water surface.

“You’re a lazy baby.” Tony laughs, watching Peter try to get his boat without moving from his spot. He presses a light kiss on his neck and waits for him to get the boat back. “Ready to get out?”

Once Peter gets his boat into his hand, he holds it upside down to let the water drain from it, then sets it next to all the other toys.
“Want the bear hoodie with the ears.” Peter says, lifting his hands to his head so that they would look like the ears of a bear. He means the hooded towel that his Daddies got him when they moved in.

“Do you want your bear jammies too or do you want to pick your own?” Tony asks, moving to climb out of the water. He wraps a towel around his waist before grabbing the bear towel and carefully lifts Peter out, “Cosy baby, cosy baby.” He smiles, bundling him up close and putting the hood up.

“Baby bear.” Peter says, smiling tiredly when he is bundled up and rests his head on Tony’s shoulder. He yawns a little and rubs at his eyes, feeling quite drained from his bath, from being so sick earlier and from talking with Harley.

“My little baby bear.” Tony smiles, patting Peter’s lower back and carrying him into the master bedroom. He sets Peter down on the bed while he gets dressed into fresh clothes, then picks Peter back up and brings him to his own room to find the bear pyjamas. Tony holds Peter close as he gets everything, laying him down on the changing table and smiling.

“Ready to be nakey?” Tony warns before opening the towel. Peter shivers at the cooler air when the towel is pushed aside and pulls the hood over his eyes while his Daddy gets him padded.

“Night, night.” Peter giggles a little.

“Silly bear.” Tony smiles, leaning down to kiss Peter’s cheeks while he is being so happy and playful.


Tony raises an eyebrow when Stephen calls before looking down at Peter.

“Do you want to eat?” He asks, unsure how stable the boy’s tummy is going to be if they start trying to give him food to process. Peter’s face drops at the mention of food and he shakes his head quickly while pulling the hood down to cover his mouth too.

“Nu uh! Tummy doesn’t want it, Da, please no.” Peter begs and squirms on the changing table in distress.

“That’s okay, baby bear.” Tony says easily, putting his hand on Peter’s hip to steady him. He waits until the boy is still before turning his head towards the door to shout back to Stephen. “No thank you, he’s okay.” He says before lowering his voice to Peter. “Do you want me to get you dressed then you can watch a movie in Daddies’ bed until everyone’s all done?”

Peter settles a little when he does not have to eat and pulls the hood back so that he can see his Daddy.

“Don’t wanna be alone...” He says quietly. ”Sofa instead?”

“We can get you cosy on the sofa with some cosy blankies.” Tony agrees, getting Peter’s pyjamas and dressing him carefully. When Tony is done, he picks Peter up and drops the towel in the hamper, pulling up the hood of the short sleeper. “There’s my little cub. Do you want a paci?”

Peter lifts his hands to stroke at the soft fabric of the ears with a little smile, nodding at the offer of a paci. He parts his lips to take it and then rests his head on his Daddy’s shoulder, growing a bit tired and sleepy. Carrying Peter down the stairs, Tony brings him to the couch and cuddles him close before gently laying him down. He tucks Peter in under the soft blankets he had been laying with that morning, brushing back his damp hair that is sticking out from under the hood.
“Just yell if you need us, baby. We’ll come get you.”

“Hmm.” Peter hums before closing his eyes, too tired to even ask for a movie to be put on and just sucks his pacifier as he drifts off to sleep quickly due to his exhaustion.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! What do you guys think of the care room? I think it's hella cute and neat c:
Next one is a continuation of this scene and we'll get more moments between Stephen, Tony and Harley.
Chapter 55 - Tummy upsets II

Chapter Summary

Harley eats lunch with Stephen and Tony while Peter dozes on the sofa.

Chapter Notes

Hi! I know I said that this chapter would be up 1 July aka tomorrow, but tomorrow I am going to an amusement park and will not be able to update on time. I hope you guys can bear with me and these messy updates while I am on vacation ahah

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tony stays by Peter's side for a while, making sure that the boy is asleep before turning to look at Stephen who has got Harley a step behind him.

“Did he throw up again?” Stephen asks, peaking over the back of the sofa to see Peter dozing.

“No, he was okay. He perked up when we were in the bath, but got a little upset when food was mentioned. He’s doing okay for the minute.” Tony says before thinking of something. “Maybe we should put a towel and a bowl on the floor, though. Just in case he starts up again.”

“Yeah, I’ll go get it. And then maybe a banana bag if he still doesn’t want to eat later.” Stephen says before heading off to sort out a bucket, a towel and one of Peter’s stuffies. Harley looks at Peter doze a little anxiously.

“He’ll be okay, right? I know he gets sick a lot, but- never actually seen him sick.” Harley says quietly, not wanting to disturb Peter.

“He’ll be okay.” Tony says, brushing back a loose curl that is settled on Peter’s forehead. “It looks more intense than it is because he’s got these particular symptoms. It’s just a little bug, he’ll work through it.” He smiles at Harley and reaches up to pat his arm from where he is crouched beside Peter. Harley hums as he looks at Peter sleep more or less peacefully with the paci bobbing in his mouth. “He’s very worried you’ll not think he’s a big boy anymore.”


“He’s just got a lot of pride in that little body.” Tony chuckles. “He thinks being a baby is a bad thing when he’s little, it’s just a kid thing. He wants to be mature and big like his friends who have more responsibilities than he does.”

“Is it because of me? Because I’m a low care little? I really don’t want him to feel bad for just being himself.” Harley insists, growing a little worried that he is making Peter distressed. Stephen returns with a bucket, a towel and one of Peter’s stuffies that will not be so hard to clean if it gets dirty.
“I’ll get a banana bag too. He barely drank from the lemonade.” Stephen says to Tony while giving him all the stuff before heading to the care room. Taking everything, Tony carefully arranges. He lays the towel out on the floor and sets the bucket on it before tucking the stuffie in beside Peter.

“No, he did it before he met you. It’s just a thing littles do, it’s normal.” Tony says with a shrug. “It’s like refusing to use a paci or a bottle because he’s hanging out with bigger kids. He wants to look cool.” He explains, pushing the rug by the couch away so they would just have to mop the floor if Peter gets sick again.

“I guess that makes sense, yeah.” Harley chuckles a little. “But, I don’t want him to be embarrassed or anything. I want him to be happy.” He adds, smiling softly at Peter when he tightens his arms around the stuffie on reflex.

“He is happy.” Tony says confidently. “You’ve really helped him adapt to his new life and the new house. He wouldn’t have settled as easily if you weren’t there to talk to him. He’s lucky to have you.”

“Really?” Harley asks with a grin, blushing a bit at the praise. “I feel like I am luckier to have him though. I really like being with him.” He adds and Tony smiles at that. Stephen returns again with a banana bag and a pole to hang the bag on, setting it all up next to Peter. He runs a gentle fingertip around Peter’s eyes, checking that he is fast asleep. Meanwhile, Tony gently moves Peter’s hand away from where it is wrapped around the stuffie, holding it out so Stephen has access to it.

“He was so sweet in the bath.” Tony whispers. “He asked if we love him even though he gets sick and why we don’t get tired of it.”

“Oh, poor baby.” Stephen coos quietly, being as careful as he can with getting the tubing connected to the port without jolting the needle too much and causing Peter any pain. Both doctors watch carefully for signs that Peter is waking up, but the boy stays fast asleep. Stephen even adds a bandage on top just to be sure that Peter does not mess up the IV in his sleep. “He must really be sick and exhausted if he’s having such ideas.” Stephen says, knowing both he and Tony never would stop loving Peter and caring for him.

“He was upset, but he’s okay. I told him that we love him and wanted him when we knew about his health.” Tony explains. “Then he got his bear towel and everything was great again. Baby bear might be sleeping between Daddy bears tonight.” He says, letting go of Peter’s hand when everything is secure so he can hug his stuffie again.

“Bear towel to save the day.” Stephen chuckles, making sure the bag is dripping nicely before finishing up. He adjusts the hood on Peter’s head and flicks one of the soft ears with his finger. “At least we won’t have a cranky, low blood sugar baby bear later.” Stephen says and Harley smiles where he has been watching the whole scene.

“You are such amazing Daddies.” Harley thinks aloud, blushing a bit when he realises that he did not just think that to himself, but said it aloud. Tony smiles at the comment and looks up at Harley.

“You think so? Thank you very much.” Tony stands and pats Harley’s shoulder gently before walking over to put a pillow below Peter’s feet to keep them elevated for extra comfort. “Baby bear will hopefully sleep for as long as it takes us to eat.”

“Hopefully longer too.” Stephen says with a smile, stroking Peter’s cheek before standing up. “So, who’s hungry?”

“I am.” Tony says, leading them all into the kitchen. He goes to the refrigerator to get drinks, glancing at Harley. “What do you want to drink, bud? We have soda, juice, milk, fancy water
“Stephen likes…”

“Uhm... A Coke, please.” Harley answers politely, trying to not get in the way of the two doctors while they sort out the last things for the meal. Stephen made chicken soup in the hopes that Peter would eat some too. He goes to set the pot by the dining table which is set for four still. Taking out two cans and a bottle of water, Tony sets them at each of their places. He sits down at the table and opens his napkin, dropping it over his lap.

“It smells amazing, babe. You’re really trying to impress Harley.” Tony teases his partner, winking at the boy playfully. Stephen chuckles and gives Tony and Harley a portion each before getting himself one.

“Well, Harley’s a guest, so of course I will make the best meal I can.” Stephen shoots back with a smile. Harley giggles quietly at the whole interaction.

“It smells really good.” Harley says politely, picking up a piece of bread.

“Stephen is a really good cook. He always makes amazing things for us and then makes twice as much as we need so Peter and I have lunch the next day.” Tony says with a fond smile. Stephen tries to shove at Tony to make him stop with the flattery. “You should come next time it's raining. Stephen and Peter make these little thumb print cookies and always make something really warm for dinner.”

“That’s really smart, making extra so you have lunch the next day.” Harley says before humming around his spoonful of soup, which is the best chicken soup he has ever had. “I’d love to come around. Baking’s a fun inside activity, cause Peter shouldn’t be out when it’s raining, right?” Harley says, looking at the two doctors. Stephen smiles into his glass at how Harley seems so protective over Peter already. Tony smiles at the comment and nods.

“If you can get Peter to go outside when it's raining, then yes it would be bad. He's a big fan of being cuddled up in his jammies when it's cold outside.” Tony explains, taking some bread for himself. “Peter just likes being cosy, no matter what, which is great, because he keeps his feet covered with socks so that helps prevent him catching something. But, he also expects everyone else to spend all day under a blanket with him too, with the fire on, rubbing his feet.”

“And then you get so sweaty and hot!” Stephen groans out with a laugh and Harley laughs too. “But, he loves it so much. We have had many battles with him when we want him up to go to the bathroom or just to stretch his limbs out.” He adds, glancing over Harley’s shoulder where he can see Peter’s curls at the end of the sofa.

“I don’t think I could lay around all day. I get a bit restless.” Harley chuckles.

“So do we.” Tony snorts. “I can’t wait until summer. Just put him into the stroller and bundle him up. He’ll be happy and we’ll get to see sunlight.” He says before turning to Stephen. “We need to order little sun hats and things. He’s too pale not to get burned.”

Stephen nods in agreement, making a mental note to look online for some things to protect Peter with when the summer sun and heat comes.

“And sunscreen with SPF 50, like a whole ton of it.” Stephen chuckles, but Harley grows a bit worried.

“Doesn’t Peter handle heat well?” Harley asks, dipping his bread into the soup.

“We’re not really sure.” Tony answers honestly. “The summer we got him, he was sick with
pneumonia and bedridden, so he wasn’t outside. Then the following year it wasn’t super warm and the little time he spent out was during either the morning or the late afternoon, so the sun wasn’t at its warmest. He did enjoy the popsicles and fan we had in our old office, though.”

“But, we know from experience that high care Littles aren’t as strong as other Littles, so better safe than sorry.” Stephen adds. “So, lots of sunscreen, hats, light clothing, shade and water. Maybe also a cool shower before bedtime to cool him down.” Stephen says and Harley nods.

“Yeah, cool showers help me at least.”

“We’ll get aloe as well, just in case.” Tony says, mentally putting together a list of everything they will need to order and have delivered before it begins heating up. He finishes his soup and leans back in the chair. “Do you two gentleman want to talk about college while I clean up in here?”

“Only seems fair since I cooked.” Stephen muses as he finishes his own bowl. He leans over to kiss Tony on his lips and Harley averts his eyes from the sight, feeling like he is prying on a private moment. Kissing Stephen back, Tony rubs his back and smiles at him.

“Love you.” Tony says softly, standing up to start clearing the plates. “I’ll shout if I need help.”

Stephen hums in reply before turning to Harley.

“So, you sent everything in? Have you gotten any replies yet?” Stephen starts and sips on the last of his water. “Some colleges send out their replies during the summer, but others are much faster.”

“I got a few emails from people who are in charge of admissions for littles.” Harley says, taking out his phone and opening the app so he can show Stephen. “I got a reply from another college saying they’ve read my application and want me to go visit them, but it’s in another state.”

“Hmm, and how high is this one on your priority list? You’d have to leave home to go there.” Stephen points out as he takes Harley’s phone into his hand to read. In the living room, Peter shifts in his sleep and makes a little whimper, catching Stephen’s attention. “Babe, can you check on Peter?” He calls out to Tony.

“Got it!” Tony calls back and dries his hands before going to the sofa where Peter is sleeping.

“I don’t want to leave.” Harley says softly. “My mom...” He trails off and shrugs before looking back at Stephen. “I just don’t think I want to live alone yet.” He finally decides, not wanting to admit that he is not planning on moving into the college dorms or in with friends when the semester begins.

“Then you don’t have to.” Stephen smiles, catching onto Harley’s anxiety easily and looks on the positive side. “You have some other offers here though. These ones are closer to home.” Stephen points out, handing the phone back.

“Yeah... I want to focus on the ones closer to home. They’re all good schools too.” Harley adds, feeling somewhat relieved that an adult who already went through college is telling him to stay close to home. Lots of the forums said going away was a good way to find out who you are and live independently.

“Then you do that. The studies don’t differ that much anyway. You’ll get the same set of skills either way.” Stephen assures with a smile. “Have you visited them all yet? The ones closer to home?”

“I haven’t had the chance yet.” Harley says, taking his phone and sliding it back into his pocket. “With work and everything it’s hard to get a day when mom and I are both free to go.” He explains, not really worried about visiting the campus as much as just getting accepted.
"I see. Well, they will show you around plenty either way during the first days of the studies." Stephen explains. Harley nods slowly and looks around the room before turning his attention to Stephen.

"Could you come with me to visit? No one in my family went to college and we don’t really know what’s good and what isn’t." Harley explains shyly, not looking Stephen in the eye.

"I’d love to, Harley.” Stephen smiles easily, more than happy to help the boy out considering how helpful and supportive he has been to Peter. “Which days are they open to visitors again?” Stephen asks as they go through the dates and Stephen pulls out his own phone to check his work schedule.

"Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.” Harley replies, knowing the days off by heart from how many times he looked at the letters requesting he visit. “From 10am to 2pm, then meetings and stuff can be arranged afterwards.”

Stephen hums as he looks through his schedule on his phone. Meanwhile by the sofa, Peter makes another whimper before turning on his back and cracks his eyes half open, but his gaze is unfocused.

"Da…” When Peter whimpers, Tony puts a gentle hand on his forehead.

"Hi, sleepy baby.” He says softly, pulling the blanket away to let Peter cool down. The boy lifts his hands to rub at his eyes, but stops midway when he feels the bandage on his left hand. He huffs a little when he sees that he is hooked up to IVs again. He does not like how he cannot move freely with it, but it is a good excuse to be carried by his Daddies.

"Hot, Da…” Peter whines quietly, pulling at his pyjamas in an effort to get them off. Tony coos sympathetically and helps Peter strip down to his diaper, rubbing his shoulder gently.

"How are you feeling, baby?” Tony asks softly, moving the blankets away so that Peter’s feet are uncovered to help him cool down. The boy relaxes a little when he cools down and looks around till he finds his stuffie. It is a green turtle that he got while visiting the aquarium with his Daddies.

"Dunno…” Peter answers as he is still groggy with sleep. Tony frowns and brushes back Peter’s hair with his fingers.

"Do you want a drink, then we can try to wake you up a little bit?”

"Uh huh.” Peter nods and clumsily sits up on his knees and gestures that he wants to be picked up. He flexes the hand with the IV to test how much he can move it. Picking Peter up, Tony moves the IV poll with them to the kitchen.

"What do you want to drink, muppet?” He asks, taking out a bottle so Peter can have it on the couch. Peter tries to keep his head up, but quickly tires and rests it on Tony’s shoulder.

"Juice.” He decides. "Raspbewwy.”

"Raspberry juice is a really good choice.” Tony says, filling the bottle with juice and ice before handing it to Peter. From the dining table, Stephen calls out to Tony.

"Tony, love?”

"There we go, sweetie. Should we go see what Dada needs?” Tony asks, bringing them into the dining room. Peter takes careful sips from his bottle while holding it with both hands and keeping his turtle tucked under his arm. He smiles a little at Harley and waves with one hand. Harley waves back at Peter with a smile, trying his best not to openly coo at how cute Peter was in his diaper with a
bottle. “You rang?” Tony asks dryly, leaning his cheek against Peter’s soft curls.

“Harley wants me to go visit a college or two on Thursday. Can you bring Peter to work with you that day?” Stephen asks after eyeing Peter, pleased to see that he is drinking and hopes it will stay down.

“Sure, we can bring his backpack with us and I’ll see if Thor or Steve could take him if I’m called to the ward.” Tony says easily.

“Then we can go. What if I pick you up at home at 9? It’s a bit of a drive still.” Stephen says to Harley.

“Sounds good.” Harley nods, feeling confident he will be able to make it through the drive without falling asleep. He will just drink extra cup of coffee and go for a run before Stephen arrives to pick him up, he decides. Peter pulls the bottle back, knowing from experience that his tummy will feel better if he eats and drinks slowly.

“Harley and Da are going? Can I go too?” Peter asks quietly. Tony chuckles at the little comment and cuddles Peter closer.

“Da and Harley aren’t going anywhere today, baby. They’re going to visit schools next week. You’re going to come with me to work and play with Buck and MJ. Doesn’t that sound fun? Maybe we can pick up treats from the bakery on the drive over.”

Peter is about to argue that he wants to go with Harley and Stephen because he is a big boy and the facility is boring, but then he cringes at the mention of food and kicks his leg due to his upset.

“Nu uh! Don’t wanna.” Peter whines and Stephen gets up from his seat and comes over, placing a hand on Peter’s bare back.

“You’ll have a fun day with Daddy and your friends, Pete.”

“How about we don't think about it just yet?” Tony asks. “We’ll see how you feel tomorrow and we can make a plan then, okay?” He knows from experience that Peter getting upset when he is sick does not end well and he wants to end the argument before it begins. Harley turns his attention to his phone, not wanting to see Peter upset when he is so little and guessing nothing he would say could help the situation pass over easily. Peter nods a little when he is more or less pleased and sure that his Daddies are not going to force him to eat. He does not want to drink either and hands the bottle to Stephen, but he does not take it yet.

“Can you have one more sip for us, baby?” Stephen asks, rubbing the boy’s back. Peter obeys and takes one tiny sip before handing the bottle over again.

“Poor baby.” Tony says, feeling terrible that Peter still feels so bad. He presses a light kiss to his temple. “Should we go outside, Petey? What do you want to do?” He asks while Harley glances up to check on him. He smiles at Peter’s flushed cheeks, feeling sad to see him so sick and upset. Peter thinks for a minute before laying his head down on Tony’s shoulder.

“Cuddles? Big bear ones?” He asks quietly and Stephen coos quietly before leaning over to give the boy’s forehead a kiss.

“We should bring him in if he isn’t better tomorrow.” Stephen says to Tony, meaning the facility for more thorough exams and tests. Tony nods silently before turning to Peter.

“We have some big bear cuddles. We’ll go to Daddies’ bedroom and we’ll turn on the fan so it’s nice
and cool.” Tony explains to Peter before taking the bottle and IV and turning on his heel. Peter waves his Daddy and Harley goodbye before his other Daddy brings him up the stairs to the master bedroom. “Do you need to potty before we lay down or do you need a change?”

“Maybe change.” Peter mumbles. He used the diaper sometime during his nap, which he only really does when he is really little or sick.

“Okay, baby. We’ll stop off at your room just for a second, then I want cuddles with my little baby bear.” Tony brings Peter into his room and changes him gently, being sure to take his time so there is no risk of a rash. When Tony done, he offers Peter a clean paci and smiles at him. “Do you want cuddles in our bed or in your’s, baby bear?”

“Big bed.” Peter mumbles, lifting his hands to rub at his eyes, but then suddenly remembers the IV cannula when he bumps it a little. He frowns at the pain and whines for his Daddy. He is growing sleepy and cranky quite quickly. Lifting Peter off the table, Tony cuddles him close and collects everything before heading into the master bedroom. He lays Peter down on the bed, setting the IV up beside him and putting the bottle on the nightstand. He climbs in beside the boy and rests his hand on his hip.

“Good boy.”

Peter cuddles up to Tony in an instant, clinging to him as he closes his eyes. He sucks his paci gently, then lazily as he begins to doze. After a few moments, Stephen comes into the room with Harley a step behind him.

“I’m taking Harley home now. Should I pick up anything from the store on my way back?” Stephen asks quietly, not wanting to disturb Peter.

“Can you pick up some Pedialyte? I think we are running low on it. Oh, and Harley.” Tony whispers back, brushing back Peter’s hair while he waits for him to fall asleep properly. The boy in question peaks his head out from behind Stephen. “We can organise another day for you to hang out when Pete’s feeling better.”

“Oh, yeah, I’d like that.” Harley stutters a little nervously. “Tell him I hope he feels better soon.” He adds and waves Tony goodbye.

“Will do. Bye, Harley.” Tony smiles before turning his attention back to Peter who makes a small whimper when his Daddy pauses with the back rubs.

“I’ll be back in an hour or so.” Stephen says with a smile before heading off with Harley. Meanwhile, Peter relaxes properly and grows heavy where he lays as he falls asleep thanks to his Daddy rubbing his back.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! What do you guys think of these domestic chapters at home? Do you prefer this or the chapters at the facility? Also, in the next one Peter will have a nightmare during a thunderstorm. Can you guys guess who his nightmare is about?
Chapter 56 - Nightmare I

Chapter Summary

Peter has a nightmare about his old Mommy during a thunderstorm.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It starts out normally. Peter is sitting on the couch with his Daddies, holding Baby Seal tightly as the voices beside him talk quietly. Suddenly, a pair of heels clicking on the floor approach him and a hand with long, sharp nails reaches out to grab him. Peter lets out a shriek, but his Daddies do not move as Peter is dragged off the couch by his old Mommy and brought into the kitchen. It is not the kitchen in his house, it is the one in her house where everything was cold and dark, and smelt weird. She raises her hand, bringing her nails into a claw and is about to grab Peter, when he suddenly jolts awake. Peter trembles as he desperately tries to get untangled from the covers, so he can escape the bad dream, but then a loud crash from outside makes him jump again. Peter freezes in the bed, taking a few shaky breaths before he begins to wail for help.

Both Stephen and Tony jerk awake when Peter’s cries echo through the monitors. Glancing over at the digital clock on the nightstand, Stephen sees that it is just past 5 am. It is also raining heavily outside with thunder rumbling somewhere in the distance. Tony makes a move to get out of bed, but Stephen is faster.

“I got it, you just go and sleep. You got work tomorrow.” Stephen reminds his partner as he slips into his morning robe before heading to Peter’s room. Once there, he flicks on the main light.

“What’s up, Petey pie?”

When the light is on, Peter brings his hands up to cover his face as he takes big, gulping breaths. He finally builds up the courage to look at Stephen, hoping it is just his Daddy in the doorway before reaching his hands out to be picked up.

“Mommy!” He says, crying with the same fear he felt when a clown tried to give him a balloon at the park. Stephen is just a bit taken aback by Peter’s outcry, as the boy rarely talks about his previous CG. But, the namedropping has become more frequent now as Peter tries to adjust to a life in a home again.

“Oh, baby boy, Daddy’s little, darling baby boy.” Stephen coos to comfort Peter, but also to remind him who he belongs to now. He picks Peter up and holds him tight, swaying just a bit where he stands. “Did you have a nightmare, Pete?”

Peter drops his head against Stephen’s shoulder and cries miserably into the soft fabric of his robe. He does not make any attempt to cling to his Daddy, too tired to move his arms and legs like he normally would when he is getting cuddles. He sniffs and nods slowly before pressing his face into Stephen’s neck.

“Mommy grab.” He mumbles after a few moments.

Stephen feels his heart break in his chest when Peter cries. He is more or less used to Peter crying
due to numerous medical emergencies, tantrums and when he is just tired and upset, but he sounds different now. Peter sounds terrified and Stephen squeezes him just a bit tighter in his grip.

“And did that scare you?” Stephen asks quietly, pacing around the room as he bounces Peter gently in his arms.

“Mommy take.” Peter says, not moving his face away from Stephen’s neck in case she might appear and grab him again. “Don’t wanna see her.” He adds softly, trying to be as quiet as he can so no one else hears. “Bad.”

“You’re right, Petey. Your old Mommy was bad and you will never see her again.” Stephen agrees, trying to validate Peter’s feelings as much as he can. “But, she will not take you, because Daddy and I have you and we will never let you go.” He assures, kissing Peter’s temple gently as he continues to bounce and sway him to comfort him. Peter lays against Stephen quietly, trying to focus on his breathing and the stillness of everything else before a loud clap of thunder has him jumping. Stephen can’t help but jump a little too when the thunder rumbles so loudly all of a sudden and so close. It only seems to upset Peter further and Stephen quickly begins to bounce him again. Peter pouts deeply and a fresh wave of tears start to fall rapidly as he leans his head back so he can cry loudly and freely.

“Shh, shh, Petey love, it’s just a thunderstorm. It will pass soon enough.” Stephen tries to reason, but deep down it does not matter to Peter. “Daddy’s here, Daddy’s here and you’re safe with us, baby boy.”

Shaking his head rapidly, Peter brings a hand up to cling to Stephen’s robe. He balls up the fabric in his fist and coughs through a sob.

“Scary!”

“I know, sweetheart, but it’s just a loud noise, nothing more.” Stephen explains, rubbing Peter’s back a little firmly to help him clear his airways. He wants to offer Peter a paci, but he doubts he will be able to keep it in his mouth while he is still crying. After almost twenty minutes of crying and being tense, Peter has a headache and his throat feels dry. He pulls back slowly and looks at Stephen, not making a move to let go of him. The thunderstorm has also passed and it is just raining quietly.

“Don’t go.” Peter begs, worried he will be tucked back into bed and be expected to go back to normal.

“Of course not, darling boy. You’re sticking with Daddy now.” Stephen says a bit more cheerfully, rubbing Peter’s flushed and puffy cheek with his thumb. “How about we grab a little drink and maybe have a change before climbing into bed with me and Daddy?” He suggests, figuring that Peter could do with a drink after such a long and hard cry. He could use a little clean up and maybe a pull-up change too.

“Wanna watch Merida.” Peter adds, bringing his thumb up to his mouth. He can hear the rain outside, but his Daddy is so happy when it is rainy, so Peter figures it cannot be a bad thing. It is just the loud thundering noises that are not good and should stop.

“Then we’ll do that after a little clean, yeah?” Stephen bargains, grabbing a paci and offering it to Peter. Shaking his head at the offer of a paci, Peter keeps his thumb in his mouth and watches as Stephen makes his way down the hall. Stephen flicks on lights as they go so that Peter will not be so scared. The boy sighs softly when the lights come on and there is no monster waiting for them, though he does glance behind them nervously to be sure.
“Daddy, Baby Seal.” Peter whispers, not wanting to go back to the room, but not wanting his best friend to be by herself either.

“Oh, so sorry, love. Daddy’s being all silly.” Stephen chuckles and returns to Peter’s bedroom to fetch Baby Seal and giving it to the boy. “Sure you don’t want this?” Stephen asks and offers Peter the paci again as they head to the bathroom again.

“Mmmm... No, thank you.” Peter decides, shaking his head at the offer and pressing baby seal to his chest. When they get into the bathroom and the light is switched on, Peter looks at himself in the mirror. “My hair’s all fuzzy.”

“It is kinda fuzzy.” Stephen agrees with a light chuckle and sets Peter on the counter next to the sink. He goes to wet a facecloth and carefully begins clean Peter’s face and then his hands. “Do you want me to brush your hair too, baby boy? We can use the conditioner spray that smells nice.”

At the suggestion of his hair being brushed, Peter shakes his head quickly. His Daddies are very gentle when they work with his hair, but his old Mommy was not and he still is not sure if she is going to pop up all of a sudden. Peter reaches out to hold onto Stephen as soon as his hands are clean.

“Morning?” Peter asks, guessing it must be close to daytime if they are both awake so they do not have to go to sleep again.

“You don’t wanna sleep some more?” Stephen asks just to be sure before picking Peter up again. “We should change into a fresh pull-up and some daytime clothes then.” He adds, hoping that a change will sooth Peter and get him focused on the day rather than the turbulent night. At the suggestion, Peter smiles softly and nods. He drops his head against Stephen’s chest and thinks for a few moments.

“Unicorn?” He asks hopefully, wanting to wear the sweater and leggings set he had just got with rainbows and unicorns printed over it. He has not worn it yet because his Daddies picked his clothes the last few mornings, but he had been waiting patiently for it. Stephen does not push on the manners, which he usually does, as he figures Peter does not need discipline at the moment.

“We’ll see if Daddy has washed it yet so you can wear it.” Stephen smiles before bringing Peter back to his bedroom. He sets the boy on the changing table and begins pulling off his pyjamas. “What do you want for breakfast, baby?”

Peter lays back on the changing table when his top is off, staring up at the mobile above him and putting his fingers back in his mouth. He thinks for a little while before shrugging, not sure what he wants to eat.

“Milk?”

“A bottle sounds good, yeah.” Stephen smiles, rubbing and patting at Peter’s tummy before pulling off his bottoms. “How about some yogurt and fruit, hm? Maybe some crackers too?” He suggests, doubting that Peter wants a heavy breakfast after his upset.

“Just milk.” Peter decides, not sure he wants to eat anything right now. He guesses when his Daddy wakes up, he might make pancakes so he does not want to risk not getting any. He shivers when his pants are off, frowning at Stephen. “Cold.’

“I know, baby, just a moment.” Stephen coos, making quick work of getting the pull-up off, cleaning Peter with a wipe and then getting a fresh pull-up on him before lifting him up again. He cuddles him
close and kisses his cheek twice as he goes to the walk in closet. “Lets see then. Unicorns you said? You picked really well when we were out shopping.” Stephen praises and opens the drawer were the leggings are kept. “Here we go.” He smiles, picking up the leggings and the matching unicorn sweater. “You want fluffy sockies, little one?”

“Daddy sockies.” Peter decides, wanting to wear a pair of Stephen’s. They are always really big on him, but he liked how far they go up his legs and how Tony always pretends his feet are missing when they are taking them off in the evening. He brings one hand up to rest on Stephen’s cheek while he sucks his thumb with the other.

“My sockies, huh?” Stephen chuckles, knowing Peter’s odd obsession with wearing socks that are far too big for him. “Lets see what we can find some.” He says with a smile as he makes Peter sit up on the changing table to dress him, giving his nose a kiss after pulling the sweater over his head. Giggling, Peter puckers up his lips to kiss Stephen back. He leans forward and kisses Stephen’s chin, just missing his lips with how fast he had moved.

“Kiss!” He demands, bouncing on the changing table and letting go of the last bit of fear and upset from the dream. Stephen smiles widely when Peter’s mood changes and gives him a sweet kiss on the lips.

“More?” Stephen asks, cupping the boy’s cheeks to keep him somewhat in place so that he does not fall of the changing table.

“More!” Peter giggles, bouncing more when he knows his Daddy will not let him fall. He has never fallen off the changing table before, but his Daddies have caught him a few times when he tried to jump off, usually when he did not want a change or they had been checking him so it had taken forever. Stephen peppers Peter’s whole face in kisses, going back to his lips between each kiss to his face. After giving a dozen or so, Stephen pulls back a little.

“Is that better, baby boy?” He smiles, stroking Peter’s cheekbones with his thumbs. Squeaking out laughs, Peter nods and clings to Stephen when the kisses stop.

“Like kissies.” He says, leaning his face into Stephen’s touch so he can get as close as possible.

“Wake up Da?” He asks hopefully.

“So do I.” Stephen chuckles, picking Peter up again and cuddling him close. “And I think we should, yeah, or Da’s gonna be late for work. Do you wanna bring Baby Seal along still?” Stephen asks, not wanting to forget the stuffie a second time.

“Baby seal is a baby seal.” Peter says, reaching forward to grab her so he can hold her close. “Gotta bring babies so they don’t get the sads. MJ says babies need a grown up all the time, do they?” He asks, looking up at his Daddy in shock and not realising he falls into that category.

“Babies tend to need grown ups, yeah.” Stephen says, bringing Peter out of the room and down the hall. “They might get the sads or they might need help with something, but most importantly we are there to keep babies company and have fun with them. And get kisses.” He adds with a smile, kissing Peter’s soft cheek.

“Babies are cute.” Peter says, staying calm until he sees the door to his Daddies’ bedroom. He starts to bounce and cling to Stephen at the thought of getting to see Tony. “Dadadadada!” He exclaims, wiggling excitedly.

“Petey, baby, shhh.” Stephen shushes with a smile, pressing his index finger to Peter’s lips. “Lets wake Da up gently. Otherwise we might be dealing with a grumpy Papa bear and we don’t want
“Rawr.” Peter says softly, agreeing that a grumpy Papa Bear is not a good way to start the day. He smiles when they go into the dark room and he sees Tony asleep on the bed. “Da…” He whispers, trying to get out of Stephen’s arms so he can get into the bed.

“There’s a good boy.” Stephen says quietly, setting Peter on the bed next to Tony before going to the window to open the blinds a little as well as the window itself to let in some of the cool morning air before the summer warmth kicks in later. Crawling up to sit on the pillow by Tony’s head, Peter brushes back his hair as gently as he can manage.

“Da, is wake up time.” Peter says, patting his cheek gently to help him wake up. “Is Petey.” He adds, not wanting his Daddy to wake up scared someone was in the room with him. Since Peter seems gentle with Tony, Stephen lets him continue and goes to change from his pyjamas and into daytime clothes. Letting out a little grunt and sigh, Tony lifts a clumsy arm to pull Peter close for a morning cuddle.

“It’s Petey, huh?” He mumbles with a smile, but does not open his eyes yet. “Must be my lucky day to wake up a soft, little baby.” He adds even though it is routine that Peter crawls into their bed when he wakes up before them.

“Are you grumpy?” Peter whispers, laying down beside Tony and stoking his cheek like Stephen had been doing for him.

“Why would I be grumpy?” Tony asks and finally opens his eyes with a yawn. Peter presses a light kiss to his Daddy’s lips before scrunching up his nose.

“Daddy smells.” He informs Stephen, sitting up and patting his chest gently.

“Yes, Daddy should shower before going to work.” Stephen agrees, picking up his phone to check his notifications.

“Wakey time, gotta work. Baby Seal.” Peter says so quickly the words jumble together as he drops the stuffed animal on Tony’s chest.

“Aren’t you a little monkey this morning?” Tony chuckles and takes baby seal into his hand, but does not quite know what to do with it as Peter’s commands were a bit confusing.

“Should we let Da get ready for the day and we can start on breakfast?” Stephen suggests, getting off the bed and offering his hand to Peter to see if he will walk.

“Daddy said you’re a papa bear.” Peter explains, pressing Baby Seal up to Tony’s mouth so he will give her a kiss before pulling the stuffie back into his arms. He moves over to Stephen and smiles at him. “We watch Doc McStuffins?”

“You’re checking Bucky and his pacemaker today, aren’t you?” Stephen asks Tony who hums and nods in reply as he glances over his phone and his notifications.

“Yupp, and Steve said he’s been kinda grumpy lately so really looking forward to that later.” Tony groans a little and Stephen winces in sympathy before lifting Peter off the bed and onto the floor.

“I thought you wanted to watch Brave.” Stephen says.

“We see Buck!” Peter says, bouncing at the mention of his friends name. He claps and squeals in excitement at the thought of getting a play date. “We go see him now? And MJ and Loki?” He asks,
grinning brightly.

“Don’t you wanna stay here at home with me, baby?” Stephen asks while Tony gets up and pads into the bathroom sleepily. “If you wanna go with Da, you can, but then you’d have to go soon and won’t have time to Doc McStuffins or Brave.” Stephen explains, crouching down in front of Peter. Peter considers it for a moment. If he goes with Da, he gets to see his friends and play with them, but it means Daddy will be home alone. Reaching out to touch his cheek, Peter smiles at Stephen and nods.

“I stay with you and no nap.” The boy decides.

“Okay, honey bee, but we are still napping today like always. We can nap together in here.” Stephen says, hoping Peter will not argue with the temptation of sleeping in his Daddies’ bed. Nodding at the compromise, Peter tucks Baby Seal under his arm, then raises his hands to be held.

“Cookies and milk?” He asks, dropping his head to Stephen’s shoulder when he is back in his Daddy’s arms.

“So you do want food after all.” Stephen chuckles, patting Peter’s bum as they head out of the room and down the stairs to the kitchen. When his bum is being patted, Peter relaxes against Stephen and brings his thumb up to his mouth again. The thunderstorm has finally passed properly and the sun is shining through the last rainclouds that are still lingering. It is getting a bit warm already and Stephen heads to the living room to open up the terrace door for some fresh air before they start on breakfast. Peter wiggles when he feels the air come in around them and wraps his legs tightly around his Daddy’s waist.

“Kiss.” He suddenly demands, leaning back so Stephen can reach him, but not taking his thumb from his mouth.

“We’re in a kissy mood today, are we?” Stephen chuckles, kissing both of Peter’s cheeks before kissing his lips. “But, I’m afraid you need more than just kisses for breakfast.” He says and brings them back to the kitchen, leaving the terrace door open for a while.

Supporting Peter with one arm, Stephen uses his other hand to take out his phone and connect it to the speaker system and then puts on one of Peter’s Disney song playlists. Smiling when the music starts, Peter sings softly around his thumb as he watches Stephen move around the kitchen. He points at the cupboard that holds their mugs and his bottles, then to the cookie jar that is kept well out of his reach in the middle of the kitchen island. He dances a little in Stephen’s arms along with the music, glancing outside at the warm, pretty day. Stephen hums along to the song, knowing most of the words after hearing it so often, and sways Peter gently in his arm.

Eventually though, Stephen needs both hands and goes to set Peter in his seat, planting a kiss on his head before handing him one cookie from the jar, hoping that will keep him occupied while he makes breakfast. Peter beams when he is handed the cookie, taking his thumb out of his mouth and holding it with both hands. Stephen had made the cookies the day before so they are still soft and Peter takes his time working through it. He leans back in the seat and watches Stephen as he makes breakfast, still bobbing along to the music playing. First of all Stephen gets the coffee started, knowing both he and Tony need a good cup of it to start their day. Then, he starts on a bottle for Peter and gets the milk heated up. Tony pads into the kitchen, all dressed and fresh from the shower and immediately goes to Peter to kiss the top of his head.

“Morning, baby bear.”

Meanwhile, Stephen gets Peter’s medication sorted out and begins to crush the pills to mix them into
the milk.

“Papa bear.” Peter smiles, holding onto the cookie so tightly it starts to fall apart in his hands. He takes slow bites of it until he is finally done, and his hands and face are covered. He claps his hands and laughs when he sees his bottle. “Daddy, milk please!”

“Yes, yes, just a moment.” Stephen assures, pouring in the medicine which is now in power form before pouring the milk and shaking the bottle well. Meanwhile, Tony grabs a tissue and wipes Peter’s face and hands.

“You’re getting all messy already.” Tony chuckles, patting Peter’s head before Stephen passes the bottle over and Tony gives it to Peter.

“Gotta cookie.” Peter explains to Tony, pointing at the jar so his Daddy could get one too. He takes the bottle with both hands and relaxes back in the chair while his Daddies do grown up stuff to get ready.

“And if you’re a good boy for us, you might get another.” Tony smiles before going to Stephen to prepare breakfast. After a moment or two, they both sit down by Peter with a plate each of eggs and toast and a cup of coffee.

“You want a bite, baby?” Stephen asks, ripping a piece of his toast and offers it to Peter. Taking the toast, Peter sets it down in front of him and goes back to his bottle. Chuckling softly, Stephen takes the piece of toast and eats it when Peter does not seem to want it. It does not take Peter very long to finish his bottle. He sets it down carefully then brings Baby Seal up for a cuddle while he waits for his Daddies to pick him up again. His eyes were starting to feel heavy from being awake so early and having such a busy morning, but he tries his best to keep them open. Considering Tony is in more of a hurry than him, Stephen takes Peter out of his seat and sets him on his lap as he finishes his food. Tony sits back a little after finishing his food and enjoys his coffee for a few more minutes.

“Did he sleep at all after waking up?” Tony asks, meaning Peter who is starting to look sleepy. Stephen shakes his head softly before looking down at the boy. Peter wiggles around in Stephen’s lap until he is in the proper position to be rocked. He brings his hand up again to touch Stephen’s cheek and then turns his attention to Tony, staring at his Daddy with wide, adoring eyes while he finishes his breakfast. Stephen continues to eat while he gently rocks Peter with one arm. Tony smiles gently at Peter before finishing the last of his coffee and setting the dishes aside.

“What you thinking ’bout, muppet?” Tony asks, leaning over to be closer to Peter.

“Nothin’.” Peter says softly, not taking his eyes off Tony as he relaxes further into Stephen’s arms. He reaches over and tries to grab Tony. “Daddy kiss.” He says, pursing his lips expectantly.

”Nothing? You sure, baby?” Tony asks, growing a bit concerned as he gets up and picks Peter up into his arms for a quick cuddle before he has to head to work. He kisses Peter on his lips before kissing his cheeks and nose. When Peter is in Tony’s arms, he clings to him and wraps his legs around his waist. He drops his head to Tony’s shoulder, closing his eyes tightly when they start to feel sore from being tired.

“He’s probably just tired, so I think a nap is in order very soon.” Stephen says as he finishes his own food and begins to collect the dishes at put them in the dish washer. Meanwhile, Tony continues to hold Peter and hums to him softly, giving his temple a few kisses and patting his bum soothingly.

“You wanna try some more breakfast or you wanna have a nap, muppet?” Tony asks quietly.
“Milk.” Peter mumbles, not loosening his grip on Tony. “Wanna have cuddles and watch...” He trails off to yawn and sighs quietly. “Doc?” He adds softly, not sounding sure if that is what he wants.

“You wanna have some yogurt and crackers with your milk, baby? You can’t just have bottles, you see.” Stephen explains and Tony nods in agreement.

“You gotta eat something, baby bear, and then you can cuddle with Da and watch Doc McStuffins.” Tony adds, rubbing Peter’s back with one hand.

“Milk.” Peter whines, wanting to get ready for bed rather than the daytime. He pouts and digs his face into Tony’s shoulder as he closes his eyes again, starting to feel grumpy that he is not getting his way immediately.

“Yes, Peter, you will get milk, but only if you eat some proper food too.” Tony says a little more sternly now, but still rubs Peter’s back.

“If you just have milk, you’ll get an icky tummy and we don’t want that for you.” Stephen adds, standing next to Tony and stroking at Peter’s curls.

“No food.” Peter says, shaking his head without lifting it off Tony’s shoulder. He gets too warm after a few moments and lifts his flushed face away. “Just milk, then food later?” He asks hopefully, not wanting to have to sit up and eat while he is so sleepy. Tony and Stephen share a look, debating the matter silently. They have perfected the skill after having Peter for such a long time.

“You can have half the bottle, then you’ll eat something before you finish the rest. And that is not up for debate, okay?” Stephen bargains, putting on a bit of a stern face to show that they will not debate further.

“Yeah.” Peter says, nodding his head and scrunching up his eyes when the last of the clouds pass and the bright sun fills the kitchen. He draws a pattern on Tony’s chest as he thinks for a few moments. “Baby seal needs a bottle, Da. She doesn’t feel good.”

“There’s a good boy.” Tony praises, kissing the top of Peter’s head and cuddling him for another moment before glancing up at the clock on the wall. He gives Peter another kiss before passing Peter to Stephen and going to get ready for work.

“Oh, she doesn’t? Can you tell me more about that, Petey?” Stephen asks, rubbing Peter’s back as he bounces him.

“Her head hurts and her tummy hurts and her tail hurts.” He explains, yawning again when Stephen starts rubbing his back. “She... She feels icky and needs Daddy.” He adds, pointing to where the toy is upside down in his high chair.

“Oh, poor little baby.” Stephen coos, reaching over to grab the toy and holds it up so they can both see her. “You think she needs some medicine or just a bottle and some cuddles?” He asks, handing the toy over before adjusting his hold on Peter and using his free hand to prepare another bottle of milk.

“Just milk and cuddles. In Daddies’ bed with Merida and Doc.” Peter says, watching as Stephen gets his bottle ready.

“Okay, then we’ll do that.” Stephen agrees easily, grabbing a yogurt from the fridge and a spoon while the milk heats up. Meanwhile, Peter swings his legs sleepily and tucks Baby Seal below his arm.
“Daddy? I don’t want Mommy to come back.”

At the mention of Peter’s old CG, Stephen tightens his grip on the boy.

“She will never come back, Peter. You will never see her and she will never see you. You are safe here with Daddy and I and we love you so much.” Stephen says, kissing Peter’s cheek before looking him in the eye. “Is there anything else on your mind? You can tell me anything, Petey.” He assures.

“Mommy might come back.” Peter says softly. “She goes away, then comes back. She did it lots.” He explains as he thinks about it carefully. Rhodey had helped him make things easier to think about, but only when he talks about it. Dreams are not easy. He chews on his lip and hopes he does not upset Stephen by even mentioning her. “Grandma and Grandpa said they’d keep us together and we were a family. Families are always together.”

“I know she came and went, but she is gone for good now. If she ever comes near you, she will be taken away again by T’Challa.” Stephen explains, wondering if he needs to talk to Tony about scheduling an appointment with Rhodey for Peter. “But they were a bad family, Peter. They didn’t treat you right, they made you really sick, remember? You don’t do that to people you love, people who are family to you.” He explains further.

“But…” Peter trails off and shrugs softly, thinking he is upsetting Stephen, so he decides to stop. He smiles up at his Daddy. “Can we have cuddles now, please?” He asks. “I gotta go find baby seal’s blanket and diaper. She’s too little to go to sleep without them.” He explains.

“But, what? Daddy’s listening.” Stephen assures as he fixes the bottle and passes it to Peter. Then he grabs the yogurt and heads upstairs and to Peter’s room to fetch whatever he needs.

“Baby seal fell outta bed last night.” Peter informs Stephen, wiggling to get out of his hold when they are back in his bedroom. He goes to search for her things, bringing them over to the bed so he can get the toy ready to sleep, though his heart is beating faster from the conversation and the adrenaline has taken over. Stephen senses Peter’s nervous energy easily, but lets him walk around a bit and fix the things for his stuffies rather than forcing him to be still.

“Peter, tell Daddy what you’re thinking about. I really want to know, baby.” He tries gently, walking into the room and crouching down on the soft carpet.

“Baby seal.” Peter answers simply, wrapping the cloth Tony had given him to use as a diaper because her tail got in the way of pull-ups they had for the other toys. He wraps her up in a blanket and pets her head softly. “She still feels icky. She wants it to be quiet, please.”

“Okay, baby.” Stephen lets it be for now, but opens his arms for Peter to be picked up if he wants to or just for a little cuddle. “Let's go to Daddies’ room then and watch Merida while we snack.” He prompts. He will really have to talk to Tony about getting Peter to see Rhodey as soon as possible as he doubts this will be the last time the boy brings up his old CG and all the trauma she put on him.

Peter carefully lifts baby seal up and holds her so her head is against his shoulder. He walks out of the room confidently, trying to act like Stephen and Tony do when they are carrying him through the halls.

“We sleep soon, baby.” He promises, patting her tail gently as he tries to comfort her. Stephen huffs a little as he stands up as he is growing quite worried over Peter. But, all he can do for now is to go along with Peter’s wishes as much as he can. He grabs the yogurt and bottle before following Peter out of the room. They meet Tony in the hallway.
“Hey, I’m heading off now, Petey.” Tony says with his bag over his shoulder and stethoscope around his neck. There are plenty at the facility, but his red one that Stephen gifted him with a few years ago is his favourite and he tends to bring it where ever he goes.

“Bye, Daddy.” Peter says easily, going over to give Tony a hug. He smiles at the stethoscope and tugs at it gently. “Listen?” He asks, wanting to hear Tony's heart when the grown up supplies are within in reach and he is well enough, for once. He smiles when he can see his reflection in the shiny metal, tapping it playfully. Glancing at his watch, Tony sees that he has some time and takes the instrument from around his neck.

“You wanna listen to make sure I’m okay before I go?” Tony asks with a smile, helping Peter get the stethoscope in his ears properly.

“Yeah, Daddy gotta get checked.” Peter says, carefully placing it over Tony's chest and smiling. The heartbeat is incredibly faint as it is through the shirt and he is not really in the right place, but it thrills Peter regardless. He giggles and looks up at Tony. "You good!"

“Thank you, Doctor Petey.” Tony smiles, taking Peter’s hand and guiding it to where his heart is at. He chuckles when Peter’s eyes widen in fascination.

"Can you hear Daddy’s heart beating?” Stephen asks, crouching next to Peter.

“Daddy's heart!” Peter beams, bouncing happily as he listens to the strong, rhythmic beating. He listens for a while before giggling and tugging the stethoscope out of his hears when it starts to irritate him a little from it being too large. Tony takes his stethoscope back and wraps it around his neck again before opening his arms to hug Peter. “Daddy, say hi to Buck and MJ and Lo.” Peter demands, leaning in for a hug.

“I will, baby boy. Buck’s gonna need all the support he can get. You know how he gets about needles and Da’s about to poke him.” Tony winces and then chuckles before kissing Peter’s cheeks. Stephen nods with a laugh, knowing exactly what Bucky is gonna put both Steve and Tony through with his cardio exam. Maybe even Thor too if he is being really troublesome.

“Poor Buck.” Peter says softly, pulling back from the hug then smiles up at Tony again. “Gotta go take care of my baby now. Love you, Daddy.” He says easily, knowing Tony will be back as soon as he is done with work. He walks towards the big bedroom, climbing up into the big bed.

“Love you too, baby boy.” Tony smiles back, glad that Peter is taking the goodbye well, which he does not always do. Stephen let’s Peter go ahead so that he can have a moment alone with Tony.

“I think you should call Rhodey when you get to work and schedule an appointment for Peter.” Stephen says and Tony raises his brows a bit.

“Did something happen?” Tony asks, going to the hall closet to find his shoes and coat. He holds them in his hand so he does not get the floor or any of the rugs Stephen insisted they needed dirty on his way down. “I think he’s booked solid, but I'm sure we could ask for a home visit.”

“He’s your best friend, get him over here during his lunch break or the weekend for all I care, but he needs to see Peter.” Stephen stresses, letting his worry show now that Peter’s out of earshot. “He had a nightmare about Heidi and has been talking about her since. It’s not good.” He explains to Tony.

Tony is taken aback when he realises what has Stephen so stressed. He glances towards the bedroom where he can just see Peter’s tiny feet in the bed before turning his attention back to his partner.

“I’ll talk to him when I get to the facility. Might not be a bad idea for you to sit Peter down first,
though.” Tony suggests. “Properly sit down, with methods Rhodey uses. There’s a few storybooks in my office that he suggested, read them and create a dialogue.” He leans forward and kisses Stephen lightly. When Tony leans forward, Stephen places a hand at the back of his neck to keep him close for another moment. “And don’t panic. We knew this was going to be a long road for all of us, it’s to be expected.”

“Yeah, okay, I’ll try, but this really isn’t my area of expertise. Brain tumours and anaesthesia, sure, but not talking about complex trauma.” Stephen jokes a little before kissing Tony again. It gives him comfort and some courage and he feels like he can let go of his partner now. “I’ll check out the books when he’s napping and then I’ll see you later.” He says with a little smile.

“I’ll speak to Rhodey and ask how we should move forward. Love you, babe.” Tony says easily, checking he has everything before making his way down the stairs to leave.

"Love you too.” Stephen smiles and watches Tony head down the stairs and then out the door before heading into the master bedroom. Meanwhile, Peter rocks Baby Seal gently in his arms, though his own eyes are quickly dropping again as he tries to stay awake until his Daddy is there.

“Is okay.” He mumbles to the toy. “I got you, baby.”

Peter looks quite sleepy, but Stephen is determined to get Peter to eat some more before napping.

“Is Baby Seal doing any better?” Stephen asks and moves to sit next to Peter, keeping the bottle and yogurt on his lap. The boy nods slowly before laying her down between them to keep her safe, patting her head gently before moving to lay down as well.

“Baby Seal is tired, Dada.” He mumbles, trying to lean over the toy so he can rest on Stephen’s shoulder.

“I know she is, but we gotta have some more food before we nap, baby.” Stephen reminds gently, lifting up the bottle so that Peter can simply open his mouth if he does not want to hold the bottle himself. “You can have half of it, then we’ll eat the yogurt.” He adds, reminding Peter of their deal that they made in the kitchen.

Peter opens his mouth for the bottle, slowly drinking as he closes his eyes and relaxes under the covers. They smell like his Daddies and are really warm, so he quickly relaxes into the mattress. Giving Peter a little break from the bottle, Stephen lifts him up and places him between his spread legs so that Peter’s back in pressed against his chest. The position is upright enough for Peter to eat and drink safely.

“Is that tasty, baby?” Stephen coos, kissing Peter’s temple before letting him drink more. The boy nods slowly, taking mouthfuls of milk until he stops and turns his head away to lay against Stephen. Peter stays in the upright position, one hand on Stephen’s leg as he starts to drift off. Stephen figures that Peter cannot stay awake long enough to have the yogurt, so he just lets it be for now and sets the bottle aside. Very carefully, he moves down the bed to lay back more and keeps Peter on his torso, pulling the duvet over him.

“Daddy’s good boy, you’re okay and all safe here.” Stephen whispers and rubs his back gently, hoping that Peter can hear him and will be a bit comforted by it.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading! Some have been asking for more exploring of Peter's mental health, his old Mommy and about how he would react to a thunderstorm. So, how was that?

Next one's called 'Nightmare ll' and follows right after Stephen and Peter's nap.
After napping for forty minutes, all safe and cuddled up to his Daddy, Peter stirs awake. He sits up blearily and looks around the room in confusion as he tries to remember where he is.

“Daddy?” He asks, patting Stephen to wake him up as well. When Peter calls him, Stephen wakes himself up and automatically wraps his arms about Peter.

“Yes, baby?” He mumbles with a little smile.

“Is morning time.” Peter explains, smiling when he gets a hug from Stephen. He leans down and kisses him chastely, patting his cheeks lightly. Baby Seal is still laying in the same spot as before, so he assumes she must still be asleep.

“Yes, it’s morning time, but what about cuddle time, huh?” Stephen asks, keeping Peter close and kisses his cheeks back. “You feeling okay, baby? You don’t usually wake up that early and then nap so early either.” He points out, rubbing Peter’s back. The boy shrugs in reply, not really sure what time it is. He wiggles out of Stephen’s hold and kneels beside him on the bed.

“Can we make a fort? Daddy washed the robot blankets, I seen. Can we use those?” Peter asks. Stephen guesses that Peter is feeling a bit bigger as a bigger Peter is not as keen on cuddles and kisses.

“Yeah, we can do that, kiddo, but first we gotta eat. You barely had breakfast today and we need a full tummy to play.” Stephen argues, patting Peter’s back where he is still laying back on the bed.

“You gotta get up first.” Peter argues back, carefully climbing off the bed and pulling Baby Seal along with him. He stands by the door, waiting for Stephen to get up, tapping his foot and sighing dramatically when his Daddy does not immediately make a move. “Come on, Daddy.”

“Yes, yes, buddy.” Stephen laughs, stretching out on the bed with a low and equally dramatic groan before sitting up and then rising from the bed. “How about some cereal with berries?”

“I don’t like that.” Peter says, though it is not true. He does like cereal and berries, but he just does not feel like eating it today. He skips ahead of Stephen until he reaches the stairs, then carefully grips
the banister as he makes his way down slowly.

“Okay, how about some oatmeal then?” Stephen suggests instead of arguing about the cereal. He follows Peter down to the kitchen, pleased to find that he is taking it slow on the stairs and holds onto the banister. “Take it slow, good boy.” He praises. Both he and Tony have had quite some trouble getting Peter to use the stairs carefully. Luckily the boy has not fallen yet.

“Ick.” Peter says, sticking out his tongue and going over to the refrigerator. He waits for Stephen to open it so he can inspect what is inside and decide for himself what he wants for breakfast. He sits down on the tiled floor, crossing his legs and humming thoughtfully. “Croissant.” He finally decides, struggling with the word a little.

“You want some ham or cheese with it?” Stephen asks, closing the fridge and heading over to where they keep bread and such. He finds the croissants they bought the day before from the bakery that Harley works at, although the boy was not working that day which Peter was quite upset about.

“Nope, just butter.” Peter insists. “And tea.” He adds after a moment. Peter has had little sips of Stephen’s teas here and there, and he likes it very much and keeps asking for his own cup. The boy stays in his spot on the floor. “We need the fort too, Daddy. Don’t forget.”

“Food first, bud.” Stephen says with a nod, not forgetting about the fort. He was planning on making a cup of tea for himself, but when Peter says he wants one too, he pauses a bit. “You want your own cup or just some sips from mine?”

“My own cup!” Peter says, scrambling to his feet and running over to the cupboards. “My mug Pep got me!” He says, pointing upwards to where the little plastic mug with his name on it sits along with the matching egg cup, plate and bowl. They had been housewarming gifts, and Pepper had given Peter a big, soft robe and bath crayons too.

“Which taste do you want then, big boy?” Stephen chuckles, glad to see that Peter is in a good mood. He directs Peter to his seat by the kitchen island before going to get the cup and matching plate. “The red berry one, lemon or mango?” Stephen asks, as Peter does not really have a preference when it comes to whether the tea is green or black.

“Mango!” Peter says, setting Baby Seal on the table so she can sleep some more. He pats her head gently, watching Stephen get everything ready. “Can I change?” He asks, tugging at the sweatshirt he is wearing. “Hot.”

“Sure. Think you can handle it by yourself?” Stephen asks and when Peter nods, he adds some instructions. “Okay, then put your sweater on top of your dresser, not on the floor. Got it? Daddy or I will fix it later and you can pick out another shirt.” Stephen says before giving Peter the clear signal to head upstairs.

Nodding firmly, Peter heads up the stairs with the same caution he had going up. He makes it into his bedroom and smiles as he goes to his walk in closet, tugging open his drawer and sorting through the clothes that are neatly piled up. He picks out a shirt with a blue bear on it and a pair of shorts, dropping them on the floor as he strips off his clothes and tosses them onto the dresser. He takes off his pull-up too and sets it up with the clothes before getting himself re-dressed. It takes a while to figure out the t-shirt, but he gets it on and heads back downstairs.

“Daddy, I did it!” The boy reports happily.

“Well done, bud! And you didn’t leave the clothes on the floor, right?” Stephen asks when Peter returns. The shirt is really cute, but the shorts do not exactly match. Still, Peter looks adorable and
Stephen goes to set Peter’s plate by his spot. The tea still needs to brew for another moment.

“Yeah, on my dresser like you said.” Peter smiles, kicking his feet happily as he slides back onto his seat. He starts eating his croissant happily, wiggling in his spot as he takes it in and looks out the big window at the day. “Sunny.”

“Yeah, it is a sunny day. Do you maybe wanna head out into the garden? Or do you still want to build the fort inside?” Stephen asks, removing the teabags from the cups and adding a bit of honey before bringing the cups over. He sets Peter’s a bit further away so that he cannot reach it yet as it needs to cool down.

“Build a fort outside.” Peter says, not worried about not getting his tea as he is happy with his breakfast. Stephen watches fondly as Peter finally eats, stroking his hair back a little. They might need to get his hair cut soon as it is falling into his eyes. The boy takes a while to finish his food, but eventually he does and turns his attention to Stephen. “Can we play in the sand?”

“Yeah, we can. The sand may be a bit wet from the rain last night, but it will dry quickly in the sun.”

“Then we can get popsicles and stay outside all day!” Peter says, pointing at his mug for Stephen to move over. He brings his thumb up to his mouth out of habit, wanting something to do as he tries to process how excited he is to get into the garden and play. Checking that the tea is cool enough, Stephen brings Peter’s mug over.

“Both hands, bud.” Stephen reminds, gently pulling back the hand Peter has up to his mouth. “Do you know what we need to do before we go outside, Peter?”

Taking the cup, Peter carefully brings it up to his mouth and sips the tea. He sets it down before nodding his head and looking at Stephen.

“Need shoes.”

“That we do, good boy. What else do we need?” Stephen asks, sipping on his own tea and enjoys the quiet moment with his boy.

“Uuhhh...” Peter thinks about it for a moment, looking outside. “Hat?” He guesses, trying to remember all the stuff Stephen and Tony take when they leave the house.

“Yes, very good.” Stephen smiles before he starts explaining. “We also need sunscreen and a drink, so that the sun doesn’t hurt you. Do you know why we put on sunscreen and drink lots of water when in the sun?”

Peter drops his head down on the table, ready for a lecture from his Daddy about something he does not really understand.

“No.” He groans, lifting his head and holding it up with his two hands. Stephen chuckles before tapping under Peter’s chin.

“Because the sun can damage our skin, so we put on sunscreen to protect ourselves and we drink lots of water because it gets hot in the sun.” Stephen explains as simply and briefly as he can.

“Can we go outside now?” Peter asks, sitting up straight in his chair and taking another sip of tea. He crosses his legs on the chair and leans back, feeling proud that he is sitting in a big boy chair and eating by himself.

“Did you finish your cuppa?” Stephen asks before getting up and putting Peter’s plate in the
dishwasher. After Peter drinks the last of his drink, Stephen puts the mugs in the dishwasher too. “Lets go find you a hat and some sunscreen then.” He prompts, lifting Peter up from his seat and setting him on the floor. The boy grabs Baby Seal and cuddles her close before offering her to Stephen to carry. He makes his way up the stairs and into his room, running in and jumping onto the bed.

“Daddy, look! My clothes aren’t on the floor!” The boy says proudly.

“Peter, no running, please.” Stephen reminds for perhaps the hundredth time since moving in and follows the boy up the stairs. He heads straight for the closet to find Peter a hat. “Yes, I can see, baby boy, well done.” He praises as he looks through a few options. But, Stephen does not see the pull-up that Peter took off earlier as it is hidden under the clothes on top of the dresser. Stephen picks up two different hats, one light blue with butterflies and the other light orange with a single rainbow on the front.

“Those are baby hats.” Peter says, scrunching up his nose at the options. They are nice hats and Peter was there when they were bought, and had even agreed to them and said he liked them. It is just that Bucky and MJ wear baseball hats and they look so cool with them on.

“I don’t think so, handsome. People of all ages wear hats out in the sun and rainbows are really popular.” Stephen tries to tempt Peter with a smile. “Besides, no one will see you out in the garden. It’s just you and me and I know you’re a big boy.” He adds, holding out the light orange hat.

“No...” Peter whines, pushing the hat away and flopping back on the bed. He pouts deeply and grabs his pillow to cover his eyes. “Wanna hat like Buck’s.”

Not wanting to deal with a tantrum, Stephen decides to give in his time and picks up one of Peter's two baseball hats. He will just have to put sunscreen on Peter's ears and face too.

“Okay, buddy, just this one time. But, then you better stop pouting.” Stephen warns before holding out the two caps so that Peter can choose. Peter considers it carefully before picking the dark navy cap with a white P on the front. He smiles and puts it on his own head, wiggling happily that he gets to be a big boy who makes the choices. He slides off the bed when he is done, going over to pick up his red converse to hand to Stephen.

“And these shoes.”

“All right, then we just have to go to the bathroom and get the sunscreen. You wanna come along or you wanna go down and start putting your shoes on?” Stephen asks, not taking the shoes from Peter yet. The boy considers it for a moment.

“Outside.” He decides, heading towards the stairs with his shoes in hand. He realises he cannot carry them down and hold the banister, so after a moment he throws each shoe to the bottom of the stairs, then starts heading down. Stephen nods and heads off to the bathroom, but halts when he hears two thuds by the stairs. At first he fears Peter fell, but the sounds do not match a fall.

“What was that?” Stephen shouts, grabbing the sunscreen quickly before heading to the stairs.

“Shoes!” Peter yells back, midway down the stairs with his hand still tightly holding on. He sits down on one of the steps and starts sliding down on his bum instead, wanting to get outside as soon as he could so he can play.

Stephen grumbles under his breath, debating whether to scold Peter for tossing his shoes around, but then realises that the boy is just trying to hold onto the banister. He wishes Tony was around as he is
far better at scolding Peter and correcting his behaviour.

“Okay, okay, let’s just get you covered and then you can head out.” Stephen says, heading down the stairs too and finds Peter by the front door. He opens up the bottle of sunscreen and pours some onto his hands before gesturing for Peter to extend his arm. Thrusting his arm out, Peter leans against the door and waits for Stephen to be done applying the sunscreen. He whines a little when it goes around his face and ears, shaking his head.

“Daddy, stop!” The boy says, trying to get away from his Daddy’s hands. “No more, please.”

“Peter, I’m not letting you go out until I’m done.” Stephen says a little sternly and continues to apply the sunscreen despite Peter’s protests and squirming. The boy wiggles around for a while longer, bouncing in his spot and wiggling back and forth. He brings his hand down to grab the front of his shorts.

“Daddy, gotta go.” He says, trying to get away from Stephen so he can run to the bathroom.

“You can hold on till I’m done.” Stephen says, not making any compromises anymore. He gets Peter’s neck covered too before finally stepping back. “Okay, you can go now.” He allows, standing up and capping the bottle. Running down the hall, Peter stumbles a little to get to the bathroom. He does not make it entirely, so he returns to Stephen with a pout.

“Daddy…”

“Oh, Peter.” Stephen sighs a little when he sees the wet spot on the front of Peter’s shorts. “Come on then, let’s hurry.” Stephen prompts and guides Peter to the bathroom so that he can at least finish on the toilet. He helps Peter out of the shorts quickly and onto the toilet and then discovers that the boy is not wearing his pull-up anymore. Stephen hopes that Bucky is giving Tony as much trouble as Peter is so that they are struggling equally.

Getting onto the toilet, Peter looks down at his lap while he pees and sighs sadly. In his mind it had been so long since he had an accident that this was a terrible failure, but really he had just been wearing protection for so long that he had stopped really noticing. He stands up when he is done, waddling over to wash his hands with his shorts still around his ankles.

“Hey, hey, lift up.” Stephen commands, tapping Peter’s shin to get him to lift his feet and pull the shorts off. He puts them in the sink to rinse out in a bit. “Why aren’t you wearing your pull-up, Peter? What did you do with it?” Stephen asks as Peter washes his hands.

“It’s on my dresser.” Peter answers softly, still embarrassed he had done such a babyish thing. Stephen is speaking a little more sternly than usual, but given it is not Tony, Peter is not terribly worried that he will be in real trouble.

“And why is it on the dresser and not on your little bum, hm?” Stephen asks, patting Peter’s bum over his shirt.

“Because I got changed.” Peter says, wiggling when Stephen pats him and frowning softly. He goes over to dry his hands on the towel. “I told you I had to go.” He points out, feeling a little annoyed that he probably would have been fine had Stephen not made him stay still.

“But, I told you to hold because I thought you had the pull-up still on, Peter.” Stephen argues back and goes to fetch a new pull-up and offers it to Peter, fearing he will upset the boy if he puts it on for him. “If you still had it on, this wouldn’t have happened. Do you understand that?” Stephen asks.

Peter frowns at that and the offer of a pull-up.
"Daddy, I told you." Peter says firmly. "You didn't listen, you're bad." He says, folding his arms and walking out of the bathroom in just his t-shirt while he goes to sulk.

"Peter Benjamin Stark-Strange." Stephen says firmly and loudly, following Peter into the hallway. "Come back here, right now." He adds.

Peter turns and looks at Stephen, keeping his arms folded tightly.

"I want my Daddy." He says, walking back towards him before he can get in any further trouble. The full name made his tummy tense up, but not as much as it does when Tony is the one raising his voice.

"Put on the pull-up. Now." Stephen instructs, making it clear that it is not up for debate and hands the pull-up over. Stephen hates when he has to be stern with Peter, but he cannot let the boy get away with more misbehaving. Sighing, Peter takes the pull-up and tugs it on. In his haste, he gets it on backwards, but he still does as he is told. "Can we go outside now?" He asks, pointing towards the stairs so Stephen knows where he wants to go.

"No, you're going into time out first." Stephen says and raises his hand to stop Peter from protesting. "This is not up for debate. You've acted poorly ever since our meal and I am not having it anymore." He says and takes Peter's hand, bringing him into the master bedroom and pointing him to the corner. "Bum on the floor, nose to the wall, ten minutes." Stephen instructs.

"Daddy said timeout corner is in my bedroom." Peter points out, walking towards the corner regardless and dropping down to the floor. He crosses his legs and stares at the wall, waiting for Stephen to go away so he can maybe turn around or sneak outside, or to call Tony and ask him to get home and make Stephen be a fun Daddy again.

"Peter, no talking." Stephen reminds and goes to sit on the bed, looking at the back of Peter's head till his phone suddenly rings. Peter groans when the phone rings, knowing it is his Daddy and knowing his other Daddy will tattle on him for being bad, even though it was really not his fault. "No moving, no talking, just think about what you've done." Stephen instructs before going into the hall and answering the phone. "Hi, babe."

Tony smiles at the tone of Stephen's voice. He is sat on the station they have on the ward, so that he can keep an eye on the littles there. Mostly, Tony is keeping an eye on Bucky.

"Hey, you sound like you're having a blast." Tony teases his partner.

"Bucky better be giving you hell or today is really unfair." Stephen groans, keeping his voice down so that Peter cannot hear him.

"Bucky is..." Tony trails off to check on the little boy who is currently working his way through a bowl of grapes on one of the beds. "Doing as good as we'd expect. He's barely been sleeping and is too nauseous to stomach a full meal so he's hangry too."

"I bet they all were woken up by the storm, poor darlings." Stephen coos a little. "Have you done the cardio exam yet or are you waiting till he's eaten a bit?"

"That and Steve decided last night was a good time to have a date night." Tony says with a snort, rubbing his eyes as he considers how the exam went. "We got everything done pretty easily, but he complained of some issues with his stomach, so I want to look into that more thoroughly."

"Maybe he was just nervous about the exam." Stephen points out. "He wouldn't be the first Little who gets a lot of butterflies in their tummy before an exam or procedure." He chuckles a little.
“No, he's been complaining for a few days. Steve's been giving him heat pads and tea along with pain relief, but nothing's helped very much.”

“Hmm, I see. Well, I'm sure you got it covered.” Stephen points out and Tony hums in reply. Then, Stephen moves onto Peter. “Peter’s been difficult for a while now, so I put him in time out.” He explains.

“What's grumpy bum doing today?”

“We ate after napping together and then it started going downhill from there. He didn’t like the clothing I offered him and then he didn’t want the sunscreen and then we wet himself because he removed his pull-up and now he’s in time out.” Stephen lists and finishes with a sigh. At the mention of Peter's activities, Tony rolls his eyes.

“Give him a swat and send him to bed for an hour. He knows he isn't allowed to act out. Though, I wonder if he's having issues with his kidneys or bladder if he had an accident when he was at home.” Tony muses, writing down a note to check later.

“You think we should bring him in tomorrow then for a proper look? And I put him in time out already, so wouldn’t sending him to bed be too much? I’ll make him confess before I let him go though.”

“I can bring home some stuff. We just need a sample. Might just be a little irritated if he wet his pull-up last night early on.” Tony suggests, getting up to gather some supplies to bring home. “Maybe we need to do checks through the night.”

“Hmm, sounds like a plan.” Stephen agrees, checking his watch and finds that he still has a few more minutes before he has to get back to Peter. “Have you called Rhodey yet?”

“I did and he said he’s booked solid for the next week at least. We’re at the top of his cancellation list, though.” Tony says, sliding everything they would need to check Peter into a bag. Stephen groans at the fact that it might take two weeks before Rhodey can see Peter. “Has he mentioned Heidi again?”

“Not since we napped, no. He’s feeling a bit bigger, so I let him change his outfit himself and that’s where it all started and he took his pull-up off.”

“Was he wet?” Tony asks, not sure why Peter would take off his own pull-up. He knows he is supposed to go to one of them if he wants it off, and that pull-ups are necessary unless otherwise agreed. He exhales deeply and shakes his head. “I’ll speak to him when I get home. He might just be feeling off from the nightmare and be processing, but it’s still not an excuse.”

“I don’t know.” Stephen shrugs, checking his watch again. “And yeah, I think you should do that. I doubt he wants me around much after I had to scold him.” He chuckles. “But, I should go now, time outs almost done.”

“Okay, honey. Go easy on each other.” Tony says. “I’ll see you soon.”

“Will do, bye.” Stephen says with a smile before ending the call and heading back into the bedroom. While his Daddy was on the phone, Peter tucked his knees up so he could rest his chin on them and closed his eyes.

“Peter, come sit with me.” Stephen instructs, sitting at the bottom of the bed. Opening his eyes and clumsily getting to his feet, Peter goes over to the bed and climbs up next to Stephen. "Have you thought about what you’ve done?”
“I had an accident.” Peter says, guessing that was his biggest mistake of the day since it got a response from Stephen, unlike everything else.

“That’s not why I put you in time out, Peter.” Stephen says. “I put you in time out for taking your pull-up off without asking me for permission to do so first.” He explains. “And you know that we do not allow that, right?"

“Daddies don’t like it when I do that.” Peter informs Stephen, remembering how badly it went over last time Peter had decided to have bare bum time. He shudders a little at the memory before sighing and looking at Stephen. “I’m sorry, Daddy. I won’t do it again on purpose.”

“Okay, thank you for apologising. That was good of you.” Stephen says before lifting up a hand to stroke at Peter’s hair, testing whether he wants to be close or needs some more time by himself to process the whole punishment.

“Can we please go downstairs now? I want to go play.” Peter says, bored of being trapped inside with Stephen. He still does not have his shoes on and he wiggles his toes as he waits for a reply. “We need water, remember?”

“And shorts too.” Stephen smiles a little. “Let’s go find some together this time, yeah?” He suggests, getting off the bed and offering his hand out to Peter.

“Gotcha.” Peter says, mimicking Tony and jumping off the bed. He walks to the door and holds it open for Stephen, feeling too big to need to hold his Daddy’s hand to walk down the hall. “Got the yellow shorts?” He suggests, skipping ahead towards his room.

“Sure thing, go get them.” Stephen smiles and follows Peter out into the hall and to his room. Getting to the walking in closet, Stephen starts folding the sweater and leggings that Peter wore earlier as well as rolls up the pull-up to throw it away. “You can head out and I’ll bring you a water bottle.” He says, deciding Peter’s drink for him already as he does not want more debates.

“With ice!” Peter adds, fixing his shorts in place and turning to go down the hall. He makes his way down the stairs slightly more confidently than he had earlier that morning, deciding his converse are too tricky to put on. He grabs a pair of sandals he usually wears when he is really little and fixes the Velcro strap, rushing out to the back garden. It is warm and sunny, but peaceful given how much space they have between their house and the neighbours, and the fact their neighbours all work during the day. He runs into the grass and drops down to do a somersault, giggling to himself as he plays.

Stephen lets Peter run off and goes to throw the pull-up away before making his way to the kitchen. He picks out one of the ‘bigger’ bottles Peter has and fills it with water and ice, adding a few drops of lemon juice because both he and Tony know that Peter does not really like water, so they have to add some taste to it. He opens the terrace door again and watches Peter run around for a moment, smiling at how happy the boy seems. Running around the garden, Peter moves from the flowers planted around the edges of the path, to the middle of the grass, to the edge of the patio and back around again before he notices that Stephen is standing there. He giggles and drops onto his bum on the grass.

“Daddy, can we have the sand?” The boy asks, lifting his face so the sun shines on it and makes it warm.

“Yes, yes, kiddo.” Stephen says with a chuckle, putting on a pair of shoes that they left at the terrace entrance. “Come get your shovel and buckets then.” He adds, going over to the big box that they keep on the terrace for outside things, including Peter’s toys.
Running up to Stephen, Peter starts pulling out the sand toys they have. He had only gotten to play with them a few times since the toys had arrived, but he had so much fun every time. He brings everything down to the grass and carefully arranges it in a neat row next to the sandbox.

“Daddy, can we swim?” Peter asks suddenly, perking up at the thought.

“Swim in the sand?” Stephen jokes, following Peter down the few steps on the terrace and onto the grass. “You mean the pool? Like when we all went last winter?” He asks, referring to the monthly activity where the whole facility had gone swimming together. He heads over to the sandbox and opens it, pulling the lid back so that it folds into a little bench.

“No, I want to swim here.” Peter says, reaching over start stacking the sand toys instead. “Let’s do that.” Going swimming with everyone had been fun, but his Daddies had held him the entire time and put him in a floaty any time both of them were not around. He did not even get to do froggy kicks because Stephen thought he was ready for a nap and might get too tired in the water.

“We can go swimming, honey, but then Daddy and I will have to plan a bit so that we can all go together.” Stephen says, crouching by Peter and watches him gather his toys and figure out what to do with the sand. “You know, we are all planning another fun monthly trip again at the facility. We’re planning on going to the aquarium this time.”

“I don’t want to go on a monthly trip. I want my own pool.” Peter says calmly, not taking his eyes off the toys as he arranges everything to be a magical castle for a sea princess. He uses his shovel to start piling sand into the bucket, humming as he does so. Stephen chuckles at the idea, shaking his head softly.

“I’d love a pool too, bud, but that’s just not possible.” Stephen says. “And don’t you wanna have fun with Buck and MJ? Everyone will be talking about it and I’d hate for you to feel left out.”

Peter does not respond to his Daddy and continues working on his sand creations instead. After a moment, he looks at Stephen and sighs softly.

“Daddy, can you go inside for a little bit?” He asks, not wanting to be rude, but getting overwhelmed from Stephen’s hovering next to him. He turns around a little and flips the bucket upside down, patting it with the shovel to make the castle stand up on its own. Stephen had expected the request considering Peter’s odd mood ever since the nightmare. He rises from his crouched down position.

“Sure thing, bud. I won’t disturb your building any longer.” Stephen says and sets the water bottle on the little bench so that it is in Peter’s line of vision. “Remember to drink and I’ll leave the terrace door open, so just come get me if you need anything. And please, keep the sand in the box.”

“Uh-huh.” Peter answers, nodding as he focuses on the sand building. Meanwhile, Stephen heads back inside to do some chores, hoping that Rhodey gets a cancelation on one of his appointments so that he can see Peter as soon as possible.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! Sorry if this was a bit angsty ahah but when an anon suggested that we do a scene with Peter having a nightmare, it just had to be about his old CG who treated him so poorly.
The next one is much fluffier and is another chapter with multiple mini scenes in one.
Chapter 58 - Princesses and puppies

Chapter Summary

A collection of a bunch of mini scenes, which includes princesses and puppies.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The bigger littles have to write lines a punishment, but Peter does not get to do that because he is too little to hold a pen. During collective punishments, Peter has to tell the grown ups what he did wrong and go to a playpen while the others write. However, one punishment leads to another as Peter throws a tantrum because he finds it unfair that he can only get picture books and story-time, but MJ gets short chapter books that she gets to read on her own. He gets spanked over Tony’s knee for being an unruly little boy who refuses to listen to the grown ups. However, the doctor only makes it half way through the planned ten spanks because he can tell by Peter’s tone of voice that he is really upset. He lifts the sobbing boy from his knee and lays with him properly, cuddling him close and saying he is forgiven.

“I- ‘m so-sorry, D-Da…” Peter hiccups in between gulps of air and sobs. Tony shushes him again and rubs his back, reassuring Peter that he is forgiven. Once Peter has calmed down, he regresses further and becomes Tony and Stephen’s little baby for the night, suckling on his Daddies’ thumbs for comfort.

Sometimes, Peter becomes very troublesome when Stephen and Tony need to anaesthetise him. Mostly, the boy is just scared of the breathing mask and is not misbehaving on purpose, so Stephen and Tony have to show that the mask is not scary. They put the mask on their own faces, but hold their breaths as not to breathe in the anaesthetic gas, only make it seem like they do.

“Look, Petey, Daddy is doing it. Now it’s your turn and then it’s mine, yeah?” Stephen bargains and brings the mask to Peter’s face. The boy takes quick, little breaths so that he will be able to fight it off, but it just makes his head feel cloudy and his tummy a little sore, so Tony takes the mask off and kisses his cheek gently.

“In through your nose, out through your mouth. Try to hold the air in your tummy for three-seconds, then let it out, honey. You’ll feel better.” Tony explains and he manages to persuade Peter to breathe enough that he relaxes before the mask is even put back on. When they notice that Peter is becoming relaxed in Stephen’s lap, they stop taking turns and Tony just holds the mask to the boy’s face.

“Good boy, Pete. Can you count backwards from 10?” Stephen asks as he rubs Peter’s tummy, rocking him slightly from side to side. Peter goes under before he can reach seven, but his Daddies hold him a little longer before positioning him on the operating table.

Stephen and Tony always get a thrill from watching Peter’s eyes roll back when he is given a sedative or put to sleep for a procedure or exam, enjoying how he falls limp and is at their mercy. Their favourite part is when they extubate Peter after the procedure is over as he begins to make little noises like whimpers and huffs. The boy cracks his eyes open just a little, but his gaze is unfocused and he is somewhere else entirely.
“Daaa...”

“Shh, shh, baby you did so good for us. You're okay.” Stephen coos as he keeps ventilating Peter through the breathing mask as he is not breathing entirely by himself. Tony stands by Stephen’s side and watches Peter closely. Both doctors smirk and share a look before cooing at their boy and continuing with the post-OP care before bringing their boy to recovery.

Once Peter is stable and in recovery, it is just about waiting for him to come back around from the anaesthesia on his own time. If they are both free, Tony and Stephen sit on the edge of the bed at either side of Peter’s hips so that he can see his Daddies’ faces and feel how they are rubbing his tummy gently. They like to feel how the boy’s tummy rises and falls as he breathes.

When Peter starts waking up, he lifts up a clumsy hand and nearly hit himself in the face trying to pull the oxygen mask off. Stephen jumps forward to stop Peter from hurting himself and Tony just starts laughing and calls the boy adorable. They lay down at either side of Peter and listen to whatever thought pops into his high little head while he says all his thoughts out-loud.

“The lights are spinning round and round and round and...”

“No, baby, that’s just the drugs.” Tony chuckles.

While Peter continues to narrate everything, he throws his hands around and hits his lower stomach, which causes him quite a bit of pain as that is where his Daddies fixed him up in the OR. Stephen and Tony each take one of Peter’s hands and hold them, kissing his knuckles and murmuring how he is such a brave boy. But, Peter is not comforted. He whimpers in pain and asks if there is something wrong with him.

“No, honey bee, you hit your tummy with your hand. Try not to move around so much, okay?” Stephen suggests gently. Peter does lay still, but only for two minutes before he starts rubbing both of his Daddies’ faces, saying they are scratchy, but he likes them anyway.

Stephen and Tony have noticed that Peter sometimes gets a lisp while he is well medicated and drowsy. They find it adorable and would love to listen to Peter ramble all day and night, but they know he needs to rest. Once they pop a pacifier in Peter’s mouth, he quiets down and falls asleep again after mumbling around the pacifier for a while, as the boy can hardly fight the pain medication and exhaustion forever and drifts off to a deep sleep. Stephen and Tony share a look and murmur about how grateful they are over the fact that they will never have to deal with a drunk Peter.

A week later, Peter needs a follow-up treatment and finds himself in the sterile OR again. He stares up, his eyes bleary eyes as he looks at the grown ups from under the surgical lights, only sort of seeing eyes, but the light is reflecting and too bright so he is not sure who is over him. So, Peter has to rely on voices to tell and the caregivers know that the Littles are often disoriented and frightened, so they make sure to talk a lot if the Little is awake. They talk about silly stuff they do not really need to say out loud, like what they are doing in simple terms and why they are doing it so the little does not become scared.

“Just gonna wrap this around your arm, little one. And it will give you a good squeeze every five minutes. It’s like a hug. Isn’t that nice?” Someone explains soothingly to Peter and the boy recognises him to be Steve because of his voice.

Peter tries to argue that it does not sound nice at all, but he cannot form words with all the medication in his system, so he just groans and frowns making Steve laugh. The other caregivers in the room also find Peter’s frown amusing and chuckle as they continue to get the procedure room and their little patient ready.
After the treatment, Peter is drowsy and tries to get out of bed to see his Daddies and luckily one of them catches him. They gently direct the boy back down and put the bedrails up higher to keep him safe since he cannot really be held responsible for wandering when he is so out of it. An hour later, Peter is still so drugged up that he is barely awake, but makes soft little noises and whoever is by his side shushes him back to sleep and stroke his cheek, arm or tummy gently. Peter can barely keep his eyes open, but they stay with him anyway until he is sleeping peacefully with his stuffie close.

Sometimes Stephen and Tony cannot help themselves and put Peter through less necessary treatments, procedures and find ways to justify putting him under. They also find pleasure in convincing their little boy that something entirely different happened during nap-time than what actually happened.

One time, Stephen and Tony put a sedative into Peter’s food and stay with him until he falls asleep and Peter does so in Tony’s lap in the middle of the playroom. A couple of hours later, Peter wakes up on the ward with no idea how he got there, how long he was asleep and what was done to him while he slept. He just aches a little bit and he is really thirsty, but no one will tell him what happened, just that he is a good boy who was really good for his Daddies during nap time.

“But, Daddy, I-” Peter tries, but he cannot even form a question because he is so confused. Tony shushes him and offers him a pacifier.

“It’s time for a rest now, okay? No talking and close your eyes, baby.”

Peter just drops his head onto the pillow and sucks on the pacifier, staring at Tony until he cannot keep his eyes open any longer and falls asleep again. A few days later, his Daddies read him Sleeping Beauty and tell him that he is their little princess who sleeps until they are ready to rescue him. After that story, Peter goes under anaesthesia without fussing as much because his Daddies tell him that he is like Sleeping Beauty and he grins a little with the mask on his face before he drifts off. Peter thinks he is going to wake up to a magic castle and a pretty dress, so the two doctors do change their boy into new pyjamas that are like Aurora’s. They also change Peter's bedding in their room so he will get a nice surprise when he goes back to their room.

This leads to Peter having a period where he is obsessed with princesses and his Daddies try their hardest to go along with it because their little is so precious to them. The boy is always so happy and energetic when he gets to dress up, but it also means there is glitter everywhere and Tony gets a knee in his stomach more than once when Peter tries to jump into his arms. One time, Tony is even more unlucky and gets Peter’s knee in his crotch and doubles over groaning in pain while Stephen doubles over with laughter. Tony is being so dramatic about it that Peter starts crying, so Stephen tells him Daddy is just being silly and needs a big cuddle to feel better, but that just leads to Peter jumping on his Daddy to comfort him and Tony gets all of Peter’s weight on top of him again.

Another obsession that Peter develops involves Paw Patrol. The boy pesters Stephen and Tony with comments about puppies and questions until they ask if he would like a puppy, but Peter shakes his head hard.

“No! I'm a puppy!” Peter says and starts insisting they call him a puppy and give him belly scratches. Seeing no harm in some puppy play, Stephen and Tony go along with Peter’s wishes and get him some supplies, which includes a collar. Peter especially likes it after bath time because his Daddies let him play around for a little bit before dressing him, so he is just in his collar, getting tummy rubs and playing with his toys on the carpet while Stephen and Tony get his bed all cosy for him.

Rolling around on the carpet, Peter is on his back with his tongue lolling out of his mouth and pants happily, nuzzling into Stephen and Tony’s legs every change he gets. Eventually, Tony has to pick Peter up and get him into his pyjamas before the boy gets too overtired and grumpy. The boy is not
very pleased about getting dressed, because puppies do not wear clothes, but Stephen distracts him by telling him that he is their good little puppy and telling him they will go get him puppy treats in the morning. Grinning widely, Peter lets himself be dressed and tucked into bed.

One of Peter’s favourite toys during his puppy obsession is a stuffie that has a plastic material that crinkles nicely. He likes to have it in his mouth and shake his head back and forth really hard. Stephen and Tony watch closely and tell Peter to go easy, but Peter just grins around his toy with his face all red and a little unsteady even on all fours. Stephen and Tony try to convince Peter that puppies can use their paws to eat, but it does not stop the boy from leaning over Stephen's water and lapping at it with his tongue. They laugh and cuddle him close, trying to remind him that he is not allowed to drink from glasses, only cups, but he just does the cutest little ‘woof!’ and licks their cheeks.

Even during Peter’s puppy obsession, Stephen and Tony have to carry out check ups on their boy like usual, but they make them into vet visits instead. So, Peter gets lifted up on the exam table and tries to scramble away right away, whining like a frightened puppy would. Tony stands at the front and plays with Peter, scratching the hair above his ears gently while Stephen carries out the check up like a vet would.

“Shh, there’s a good pup.” Stephen praises after listening to Peter’s chest. The boy yelps happily and nuzzles into Tony who coos at him while scratching his head. After getting the pup a good cuddle, Tony presses Peter to his body to keep the boy still. The pup is not alarmed and continues to pant happily, but then he lets out a painful howl and whine when Stephen injects him with a vitamin booster in his thigh.

“Ow, yes, I know, that wasn’t nice.” Stephen coos sympathetically as pulls the needle out swiftly before pressing a cotton ball to the spot. Peter whines again and squirms as much as he can while Tony holds him.

“You’re such a good puppy, such a good boy.” Tony praises and kisses Peter’s nose.

After the check up is over with, Stephen and Tony get Peter a little blanket for him to play on in one of their offices, adding some different toys for the boy to play with as he pleases. Eventually, Tony takes one of the crinkly stuffies and tosses it gently at Peter so they can play catch. Peter makes a large range of faces as he tries to catch the toy, which makes Stephen and Tony burst out laughing which in turn makes Peter growl because he wants to continue playing, but his Daddies are too busy laughing and trying to catch their breaths.

“Sorry, pup, here you go.” Tony giggles and wipes a tear from the corner of his eye before tossing the toy up into the air. Peter rises onto his knees to try and catch the toy, but he misses and the toy hits his nose, sending Stephen and Tony off on another giggle fit. Other things that Peter likes to chew on is the fancy weighted blankets Tony and Stephen have. He gets them sort of gross and full of drool, but Stephen and Tony can hardly be mad because puppies chew. But, they try to get Peter to chew his toys instead and get him plenty, but the boy still chews on their blankets and everything besides the toys. He chews blankets, pacifiers, their shirts when they pick him up and everything but the toys they got him to chew because they are his friends and you cannot chew friends.

During and after Peter’s puppy obsession, Stephen and Tony are extra careful when it comes to their boy’s dental health. They get extra dental kits to bring home to check Peter’s teeth with, and also watch Peter while he brushes his teeth, ready to step in if the boy needs help or is not brushing well enough.

“Ah, ah, all the way back, Petey.” Tony reminds Peter when he brushes just his front teeth. The boy huffs and brushes a little further back, but Tony is not satisfied and takes the toothbrush from the
boy’s hand and finishes the job properly for him.

Peter is not a huge fan of his Daddies brushing his teeth, but what he hates is cleaning his tongue and using mouthwash, so he often hides to avoid it. Stephen and Tony try to be strict, but more often than not they just have to give in and let their boy be. After moving out, the two doctors start bringing Peter to Bruce’s practice and they always have to trick the boy somehow when it is time to see the dentist. However, one time Peter figures it out beforehand and hides for hours in his little playhouse that he has in the garden at the back of the house. The boy ran out in just a onesie and it is raining, so by the time his Daddies find him, he is cold and sniffling.

While Stephen calls Bruce’s practice to cancel the appointment and schedule another, Tony brings Peter to the care room to get him warm and dry, but the boy still catches a cold. So, for the following week the two doctors have a sniffling and whimpering baby on their sofa who cannot breathe properly with his nose all blocked. Tony and Stephen take turns carrying Peter around the house to get him to doze off before they finally put him on the bed in the care room near the humidifier. When Peter is fast asleep, the two doctors start planning how to get Peter to Bruce without scaring the boy and have him running off again.

Peter spends a good amount of time on the care room after moving out. After all, it doubles as a mini ward as it is a fully stocked hospital room with all Stephen and Tony need to care for Peter’s most basic medical needs and keep him stable. They also give him medication there, feed him with an IV if they have to and carry out check ups. The two doctors also let the boy sleep there sometimes if he wets his bed, so they do not have to keep him awake while they clean up.

The care room is decorated just for Peter and he actually grows to like the room. Stephen and Tony find him playing hospital with his stuffies in there many times. They sometimes get the boy ready for bed in the care room, so that they can do check ups and ask him questions about how he is feeling, but the bed they have in there is so cozy that the boy usually falls asleep half way through with a thermometer under his arm or a blood pressure cuff on. Smiling softly, the two doctors continue checking Peter over and just decide to tuck him in and let him sleep in the care room rather than startle him awake by bringing him to his own room. After checking that the monitor is on and they can hear Peter in case he needs his Daddies, Stephen and Tonys sneak out quietly. But, the boy does not stir through the night and actually sleeps soundly and heavily until Stephen comes to wake him the next morning. The boy is not even upset about not sleeping in his own bed or in between his Daddies because the hospital bed is so cozy and he sinks into the mattress so nicely. Chuckling softly, Stephen lifts Peter up along with his blanket because he looks so comfortable and warm.

“Shall we start our day then, baby? It’s nice and sunny out today, so maybe we can check out the park nearby?” Stephen suggests and Peter nods with a wide smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! I kinda feel bad for just sitting on LP content sO here you have a bunch of mini scenes that Soph and I didn't get around to exploring further. I hope it was a smooth-ish read despite the amount of mini scenes and the time jumps in between each one sksk
Next one's called 'Heatstroke I'!
Chapter 59 - Heatstroke 1

Chapter Summary

Peter gets a little too hot.

Chapter Notes

Also, Soph and I are not doctors, but we tried our best to get this right.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It is a warm summer day and Thor and Nat are watching the Littles as the play outside. They are all outside all geared up with hats, light coloured clothing and with plenty of sunscreen on any bare skin. Loki is the only one inside as he got sunburnt the day before and thus needs to recover from that inside or in the shade. After finishing up on the ward, Stephen heads out to see how Thor and Nat are doing with the Littles. Usually he would bring a cup of tea, but it is too hot for that now and he brings his water bottle instead.

“Any scraped knees or bee stings yet?” Stephen jokes, coming up to the two nurses.

“MJ had a little stumble, so we had a cuddle and Thor got her a popsicle which magically cured it.” Nat laughs, not taking her eyes away from the Littles as she stares out at them under her large, dark sunglasses and sunhat.

“We had a long conversations about not disturbing the flowers or any creatures who might be relaxing there, so hopefully no bee stings.” Thor adds helpfully, taking a drink of Natasha's water, then grins at her.

“Hmm, sounds good.” Stephen hums as he eyes as the Littles closely. MJ seems to have recovered completely as she is playing with another Little by the sandbox, while Peter and Buck are over by the swings. “Has everyone been drinking enough? I would rather not deal with cranky babies. The one inside is more than enough on his own.” Stephen chuckles a little, meaning Loki who most likely is starring out the window longingly and will do so until Tony comes to fetch him for another round of aloe vera.

“Their new water bottles are still a novelty, so everyone seems to be working through them pretty well. Peter was having some trouble, though.” Natasha explains, pulling over the water bottle she has been minding and shaking it. “He only got about halfway through, then said he couldn't drink anymore. I think he's embarrassed that he dribbled a little in front of everyone.”

Stephen huffs a little and takes the bottle from Natasha.

“I'll go talk to him.” He says before heading off and groans nearly immediately when he steps into the sun. He wished he had not worn the dark blue scrubs and had picked a lighter colour instead as he feels the clothing soak up all the heat of the sun. But, he can manage for a while.
“Uncle Stephen, look, I’m reaching the sky!” Bucky shrieks as he wings back and forth on the wings.

“Yeah, I can see. You’re like a plane up there.” Stephen laughs before going to Peter. “Hey, big boy, you having fun?”

Peter sits on the swing, head resting on plastic-coated chains as he moves forwards and backwards slowly. He looks up at Stephen and smiles lazily.

“Hi, Daddy. Bucky is going really high.” Peter says, closing his eyes when the sun hits them. He reaches up his arms to be picked up, feeling too heavy and warm to do much else.

“Yeah, he is, bud.” Stephen agrees, putting on a smile despite how worried he gets from hearing Peter’s tone and how sluggish he looks. He picks him up and feels his cheeks, then his neck. “Oh, baby, I think you’ve had enough sun today.” He says, noticing how dry and hot Peter’s skin feels and hands him the bottle before walking through the playground and back to the entrance.

When Peter in his Daddy's arms, he drops his head down to Stephen's shoulder and closes his eyes. Despite how uncomfortably warm it is to be close to someone, he takes more comfort in having his Daddies around him rather than letting him sit by himself. He holds onto the dark scrubs loosely, letting the water bottle slip out of his hands without really noticing.

“Hey, hey, baby.” Stephen says, bouncing Peter in his arms to get him more alert. He speeds up just a bit as he feels how hot Peter is against his side and chest, realising that Peter needs to cool down or they might be dealing with a fainter or even a heatstroke. “Tell Daddy how you’re feeling.” He instructs, taking the bottle before it drops to the ground. Thor comes over when he sees Stephen hurrying back to the entrance.

“Sleepy.” Peter mumbles, keeping his eyes firmly shut as he lets the air conditioning in the building soothe him a little bit. “Head is fuzzy.” He adds after a beat, knowing he has to tell his Daddies when he feels dizzy or his head starts feeling different.

“He doesn’t look too good.” Thor says with a grimace and Stephen shakes his head.

“I think we are dangerously close to a heatstroke.” Stephen says and gestures for the nurse to open the water bottle before he pours it over Peter’s head. It is not the most comfortable nor nice gesture, but they have to cool Peter down fast. When the water is poured over him, Peter jumps and starts to cry. Stephen does not have time to worry about the water wetting his scrubs a bit nor about it dripping to the floor.

“I’m sorry, baby, I’m sorry. You’re running too hot.” Stephen says as he heads to the ward right away. Thor follows a step behind and pages Tony. The cold water is a shock to Peter's system and he is not entirely sure how to process the sudden coldness and the fact it made him aware of how warm he was as well. He shakes and clings to Stephen, freely wailing at how bad the situation is.

“I’m sorry, baby, I’m sorry. I scared you a bit, huh?” Stephen coos, feeling Peter’s forehead, cheeks and neck again and curses under his breath when he only feels warmer. “That wasn’t nice of me, I’m sorry.” He adds before halting by the door so that Thor can open it and they get to the ward.

Peter inhales a shaky breath and shakes his head to agree that it was not a very nice thing for his Daddy to do. He drops his head back on Stephen’s shoulder regardless, not wanting to let go of him even if he is pouring water around. When he spots Tony, he reaches forward with one hand and grabs for both of his Daddies to stay with him.
“Thor, get more water and ice.” Tony says to Thor before heading over while Stephen lays Peter back on a free bed.

“Get his temperature.” Stephen says to Tony, pulling off Peter’s t-shirt and shorts swiftly. “Tell Daddies how you’re feeling, baby.” Stephen instructs again. “You said your head wasn’t good. What else?”

“Hot.” Peter says through sobs. His body is starting to itch from heat rash coming up over his tummy as he just gets warmer and warmer. He scratches miserably at his belly and tries to move off the bed. “Too hot!” He cries, reaching for his Daddies.

“I know, I know, we’ll get you cool soon, baby. But, then we gotta pour more water on you, okay?” Stephen at least warns this time before taking the water from Thor and pouring it over Peter again, soaking his whole body and the mattress. When the second round of water is poured around him, Peter’s sobs turn to screams and he clutches the soaked blanket for comfort. Meanwhile, Tony gets a thermometer in Peter’s ear and gets a reading of 104.1 degrees.

“His organs are frying.” Tony mutters, getting the ice packs wrapped up in towels before placing them under Peter’s armpits. The poking of the thermometer in Peter’s ear and ice packs only add to his distress before he starts to cough as his airways try to clear.

“Peter, I know this is no fun, but you have to be still for us. You’re running way too hot and moving around won’t help.” Tony says, placing a hand on Peter’s chest to keep him down and uses his other hand to place more ice packs around Peter’s groin and then by his neck. When the ice packs go around his groin, Peter gasps and stalls. He struggles to speak at the sudden, intense cold around such a sensitive part of his body.

“Baby, just relax and lay back. We got you, don’t worry.” Stephen picks up an oxygen mask and tries to get it on Peter. It takes a few moments to adjust, but after a while Peter drops back on the soaked bed and tries to stay still, clenching his teeth together tightly.

“Shh, baby, it’s okay, we got you.” Stephen coos, running his hands through Peter’s wet curls to soothe him a bit after placing the mask on his face.

“You’re like a little fishy now, just like in the aquarium.” Tony tries to cheer Peter up just a bit, but also keep him talking so that they can determine the state he is in better. For now, they will just have to wait for the water and ice to bring Peter’s body temperature down.

“Li-like a pen’gin.” Peter says after a slight delay, stuttering due to the coldness surrounding him. He inhales deeply when the mask is on, closing his eyes and letting it wash away the icky, sandy feeling in his head.

“Yes, just a like a baby penguin.” Tony smiles back, pleased to see that the heat has not affected his brain, but they will have to do tests later to be sure he did not suffer any organ damage.

“Lets get an IV and some muscle relaxant.” Stephen says to Thor. The nurse nods and gets the supplies. Peter tries to process everything going on around him, but it is slow. He does not register that Thor is getting a needle, but does notice when they start putting gloves on.

“Da?” Peter asks nervously, looking around at the different grown ups for anyone who would have an answer.

“Just an IV, baby, so we can give you medicine to get better.” Stephen explains simply. “Just relax and do those nice deep breaths for us, yeah?” He adds while taking the needle from Thor and
inserting into Peter’s wrist. Tony moves Peter’s head a bit towards the other side of the bed and strokes his cheek.

“Tell Daddy how you’re feeling.” Tony prompts, trying to distract Peter from what Stephen is doing. The boy flinches at the pinch from the needle, but keeps his eyes firmly on Tony.

“Cold… But hot.” Peter says, focusing on his breathing as he slowly calms down and lets himself be treated.

“Hmm, yeah. You got too hot out in the sun, so we gotta cool you down so that your body doesn’t get hurt.” Tony explains with a smile, still stroking Peter’s cheek gently and lightly. “How about your head? And do you feel icky to your tummy?” Tony asks while Stephen gets the IV taped and hooked up to cool saline. He takes a syringe from Thor and injects Peter with some muscle relaxant to stop him from shivering. Considering what Tony is asking, Peter nods slowly. Now that he thinks about it, his tummy is hurting and he does not feel good at all. He places a weak hand over it and frowns.

“Icky.” Peter reports, closing his eyes when he feels the fluid from the IV start to flow into his arm. He whimpers a little when his feet start to cramp up. “Owie…” He says, trying to stretch them out, then freezing when it hurts more.

“Shhh, baby, try not to move.” Tony says and starts arranging the ice packs that Peter dislodged. “Get some more water and a flannel, Thor.” Tony instructs and the nurse goes to find it, returning quickly. Tony wets the flannel, then runs it over Peter’s body again. The new round of cooling is not as terrible as the first. Peter’s skin is still red and warm, but adapting slowly to the cooling they are putting in place. He leans back against the pillow when the relaxant starts to take effect.

“Daddy… Thirsty.” Peter says, eyes half closed as he starts to feel calmer and heavier.

“Okay, we’ll get you a drink, but you gotta let us know if you feel sick. It’s really important, Peter.” Tony stresses before getting a cup of water with a straw in it. Meanwhile, Stephen gets Peter’s temperature taken again, pleased to find that it is going down.

“103.4.” Stephen informs and Tony smiles a little and comes over with the cup. Stephen helps Peter sit up by lifting the top of the bed a bit.

When Peter sitting up, he feels floppy and weird like he has just woken up from a really long nap. He opens his mouth for the straw, not feeling strong enough to hold the cup himself and drinks the water down quickly. It does not do much to soothe how thirsty he feels, but he pulls back regardless. After a few seconds, he burps then gags and leans over to get to Stephen, whimpering as he does. They all expected vomiting as it is a symptom of heatstroke and Thor is lightning fast with getting a bucket, which he had got as soon as he knew what Peter was suffering from. Tony helps Peter sit upright enough so that he does not choke. Peter throws up all the water again and whimpers as he does so. Once he is done, he flops back on the bed. Glancing over at Tony, he pouts and points at the cup wordlessly for more water to wash the taste out of his mouth.

“Oh, up we get.” Stephen says as he helps Peter sit up again when he falls back. “Just rinse your mouth out, baby bear, and then spit it out.” He adds as Tony lets Peter have some more of the water. The IV will take care of the hydration, so they would rather not have Peter straining himself by drinking and then throwing it up again. Doing as he is told, Peter sticks his tongue out at the after taste and leans against Stephen when he is close enough.

“Cuddle?” Peter asks, wanting to get out of the bed and be in his Daddies’ arms and away from the gross feelings.
“I’m sorry, baby, but we can’t cuddle right now. You’re still too hot and cuddles would only make you hotter.” Stephen explains, running his still gloved hand through Peter’s hair. He grabs the flannel from Tony and helps Peter lay back again before wetting his head and skin again. Tony flips the ice packs and makes sure they stay in place around their boy’s body.

Laying in the bed, Peter stares up at the ceiling as it gets increasingly difficult to move his body as the medication begins to take over. He yawns sleepily and lets them manoeuvre him to get the ice packs and cold water around him.

“Paw Patrol?” Peter asks quietly, hoping he’ll be allowed screen time if he is not allowed cuddles. Stephen and Tony exchange a look and debate silently again.

“Okay, baby. You’ve been so good and brave for us.” Tony smiles, leaning down to give Peter’s forehead a kiss. The boy still feels too warm, but they are slowly getting to a normal temperature. “But, you gotta lay back and relax, okay?” He adds while Stephen gets an iPad from one of the cabinets where they keep entertainment for the Littles on the ward. Peter nods, content to lay in the bed and watch Chase even if the bed is uncomfortably wet.

“Drink too?” Peter asks hopefully, wanting the comfort of a bottle as much as he wants to get rid of the feeling in his throat. He watches as Stephen props the iPad up and smiles softly at it. “Gonna watch the puppies...” He whispers to himself as the screen lights up.

“You can have tiny sips from the cup.” Tony says, putting the cup next to the iPad where Peter can reach it.

“So, what do you think the puppies are up to today?” Stephen asks as he gestures for Thor to clean the bucket and get a new one. Then, he begins attaching electrodes to Peter’s chest to monitor his heart. He also places a blood pressure cuff around his arm.

“Um, maybe they’re...playing?” Peter guesses, grinning when the colourful opening credits begin. “Daddy, look! They’re puppies!” He exclaims, as if Stephen does not already know. His head is still aching and his tummy feels bad, but Paw Patrol is at least making him feel less sad. His thumb slowly makes its way up to his mouth, sucking on it as he stays still and lets Stephen poke around him.

“Yes, I can see and there’s even a puppy here.” Stephen chuckles, tapping Peter’s nose before clipping a pulse oximeter to his finger.

“You got him?” Tony asks Stephen.

“Yeah, I’ll stay with him and monitor him.” Stephen replies and Tony leans over to give Peter’s forehead a kiss.

“You were so brave for us, Petey. You had a little scare there, but you dealt with it like a champ.” Tony praises. Peter grabs Tony’s scrubs with the hand not in his mouth to hold him close.

“You were so brave for us, Petey. You had a little scare there, but you dealt with it like a champ.” Tony praises. Peter grabs Tony’s scrubs with the hand not in his mouth to hold him close.

“Puppies.” Peter says. “Woof.” He adds for effect, not wanting either of his Daddies to leave him when he is still laying sick in the bed. He knows his Daddies well enough that after the poking, one of them usually has to dash away to do boring grown up work, but that does not make him like it at all. Tony growls back at Peter playfully before giving him another kiss, patting the hand clutching his scrubs.

“Daddy’s gotta go and help other little sick babies. But, Da’s gonna stay with you and then I’ll see you later, yeah?” Tony explains, checking Peter’s temperature once more before he heads off.
“102.9” He smiles at Stephen, handing the thermometer to him. Peter pouts, but lets go of Tony so he can go help his friends. He moves slowly in the bed then frowns at Stephen.

“Da, don't like it.” The boy says, patting the bed and wiggling his hips. “Not wearing pants either.” He adds in a whisper, embarrassed his secret is out.

“I know, baby boy.” Stephen coos, checking Peter’s skin again and picks up the flannel before running it over his skin gently. “But, we gotta get you cool, so you’ll just have to rock that pull-up for a bit longer.” He explains before setting the flannel aside.

“It's wet.” Peter complains, not liking the feeling of having a saturated diaper around his waist. He scrunches up his nose and pokes it before looking back at Stephen.

“Did you pee or is it cause I poured the water over your head?” Stephen chuckles, feeling a bit bad for what he did earlier, but it probably saved Peter’s organs from boiling so he does not feel too bad about it.

“Uh…” Peter looks down between his legs and shrugs before looking up at Stephen. He just knows it is wet and his Daddies usually step in and help him a lot quicker than they are today. His own discomfort and little mindspace is making it impossible for him to realise they had other things to handle before considering something so minor.

“If you didn’t go potty, then we’ll keep the pull-up on. We really don’t want you to keep being this hot, baby bear.” Stephen explains before asking. “How are you feeling now? Any better?” He checks Peter’s temperature again and is pleased to find another drop. The boy’s vitals look good too, but they still need a blood and urine sample to test for organ damage.

“Just tired and thirsty.” Peter replies, poking at the pull-up again and trying not to tug it off himself to get away from it. The nausea has passed and his head is not aching anymore thanks to the IV that was set up for him. He watches the screen for a little bit before looking at Stephen again. “Want a bottle, please.”

“You want another little drink?”

“Want my cow bottle.” Peter says, referencing the bottle with farm animals he had taken with him to bed the night before and drank while he watched Sleeping Beauty and his Daddies did grown up stuff.

“From last night? Then it’s in the dishwasher now, baby.” Stephen frowns a little, knowing that Peter really likes that bottle. He brings the cup to Peter’s mouth and lets him have a few sips. “Finish the cup first and then if it stays down, then you can have a bottle.” He decides, not wanting Peter to throw up again. “But, what are the puppies up to, huh? You’re barely watching.” He adds, pointing to the iPad to distract Peter. Stephen stays by Peter’s side as he watches a few episodes of Paw Patrol, busying himself with wetting the flannel and checking the ice packs as well as Peter’s temperature regularly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! The next chapter will continue right after where we left off here.
Chapter 60 - Heatstroke II

Chapter Summary

Stephen continues to monitor Peter as he recovers from the heatstroke.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After a few Paw Patrol episodes, Peter’s temperature reaches 101 and Stephen is comfortable enough to get the blood and urine samples and pages Steve to help out.

“I want a bottle…” Peter says sadly, but reaches forward for the cup regardless. He holds it carefully in his hands, sipping through the straw as he watches the show play out. It ends after a few minutes and a new one begins just as the doors to the ward open and Steve walks in. He smiles at Peter and waves, going over to Stephen.

“Kiddo looks like a little lobster.” Steve says. “How’s he doing?”

“We had a bit of a scare, but his body temperature is at 101.1 and keeps dropping, so we are out of the woods. But, he threw up so we are taking liquids very carefully.” Stephen lists the latest events, tapping Peter’s hand when he drinks a bit too fast. “So, blood and urine to check for damage is next.” He says with a lower voice to not scare Peter.

When he gets his hand tapped, Peter smiles around the straw and sets the cup back down. He leans against his pillow and watches the screen as the grown ups talk about something he cannot hear. Steve nods at the recap and looks at the little boy carefully. His skin is red and will need treatment later, but he and Thor have enough aloe in every fridge in the facility that he is not concerned with treating it. He hums thoughtfully at the two tests due.

“Well, he's pretty good during potty time. That shouldn't be difficult if he can go. The other one might cause a little upset, but nothing a bribe can't fix.” Steve says easily, knowing how worried Stephen must be as well that Peter is having a difficult time.

“I like the way you think, Rogers.” Stephen chuckles at the mention of a bride. “So, urine first as it's the easier one, hopefully.” He says before turning to Peter. “Puppy baby, we need you to go potty for us in a cup. Do you feel strong enough to get up or you wanna use a bedpan? Stevie and I can also help you go with a little tube and you won’t have to pause Paw Patrol for that one.”

At the nickname, Peter giggles and looks at Stephen adoringly before the question makes him blush a little bit. He considers it for a moment.

“I can go potty like a big boy.” He finally decides, raising his arms for Stephen to pick him up. Steve has to look away to stop himself from laughing at Peter's ability to pick the option least suited to treat him every time Stephen lays out their possibilities. Groaning a little, Stephen goes with Peter’s wish.

“Okay, but you gotta let Daddy know if you feel sick or dizzy or hot. It’s really important, puppy.” Stephen stresses, getting Peter disconnected from all the monitors so that he can be moved. After wetting Peter’s hair and skin one last time, Stephen picks him up gently. When Peter in Stephen's
arms, he drops his head onto his Daddy’s shoulder and closes his eyes. He inhales deeply and enjoys the feeling of being close to one of his Daddies again after they would not hold him while he was wet. Steve walks ahead of them into the bathroom and gets a potty out of the cabinet so they do not have to struggle with bottles and samples while Peter is still going. He smiles at both of them as he leaves the room to give them some privacy.

“All right, let’s be quick and get you back to bed with the pups.” Stephen says, not wanting to hold Peter for too long and slow his cooling down, or even worse make him heat up again. “Feeling okay, puppy?” He asks, setting Peter down and removing his pull-up before guiding him to the potty.

“Uh-huh.” Peter says, letting himself be set down on the little potty. He looks up at Stephen and smiles when his pull-up is finally removed, patting his feet against the floor and humming to himself. He looks around the bathroom before suddenly looking back at his Daddy. “We get a puppy.” He decides, telling Stephen rather than asking as he remembers that people can have dog of their own to love. First a pool, now a puppy, Stephen groans inwardly as he crouches by Peter to make sure he does not fall over.

“You got puppies on the iPad, baby.” Stephen tries. He would hate to have a discussion about getting a dog while Peter may be suffering from organ damage.

“No…” Peter giggles, bringing a hand up to touch Stephen’s cheek with his little, red hand. “A real puppy! Woof!” He beams, leaning forward to kiss Stephen, then quickly licking his face instead. “Woof woof!”

“Peter, baby, focus on what you’re supposed to do.” Stephen reminds, but cannot help but laugh at Peter’s kisses and licks. He really wants the boy back in bed as soon as possible. Peter keeps his hands on Stephen as he waits patiently, not rushing himself as he quite likes being out of the bed. Eventually he does start peeing, humming and wiggling in the spot as he goes.

“Dada.” The boy says, trying to get off the potty and onto Stephen as soon as he is done.

“You all done? Good boy.” Stephen praises, helping Peter up and cleans him gently before pulling a fresh pull-up on him. “There, all snug again. You okay, puppy baby?” Stephen asks again as he picks Peter up, carrying him out of the bathroom and thanking Steve who goes to collect the sample and clean the potty.

“Wanna stay with you.” Peter says, eyeing the wet bed and clinging to Stephen a little tighter as his legs wrap around his waist too. “Don’t wanna squish.” He says, referring to the feeling of the blankets below him being soaked through.

“I understand that, pup. It’s just till we get you at a normal temperature, okay?” Stephen says as he returns to Peter’s bed and lays him down again. It is not a hard task untangling him with the muscle relaxants still doing its job. “Now, let’s see what the puppies are up to.” He says and starts another episode of Paw Patrol while he carefully arranges all the ice packs and monitors back in place.

“Puppies.” Peter says, pointing at the screen so Stephen can see too. He frowns when the ice is put back around him, but does not complain as he focuses on the screen. Stephen checks Peter’s temperature again and finds another drop, but he still wets his hair again and some of his skin. The boy gets midway through the episode before looking at Stephen. “Paci?”

“You feeling sleepy, baby?” Stephen asks as he goes to find a pacifier in the cabinet. He finds one with a paw print and brings it over with a smile. Smiling at the paci, Peter opens his mouth and nods. He normally would not be so willing to admit he is ready for a nap when there is so much exciting stuff going on outside, but he is sleepy. He opens his hand wordlessly for Stephen, motioning for
him to lay down with him as he tries to make space for his Daddy.

“Okay, you’ll get to nap in a bit. We just gotta get one more thing over with.” Stephen smiles, stroking Peter’s cheek while he waits for Steve to finish up with the urine sample and brings over a kit to take a blood sample. “Maybe we can also get you on another bed that isn’t like a pool.” Stephen jokes, thinking that is what Peter means when he pats the wet mattress.

“Squish.” Peter says around the pacifier, nodding seriously when Stephen touches the bed. It is an uncomfortable mix of wet, but warm from how long he has been laying there, and the blankets are not offering any comfort. Steve comes over with a tray and smiles, taking Peter’s arm and wrapping a rubber band around it before gently wiping a spot with an alcohol pad. But, the nurse lets the doctor take over then, given it would probably cause Peter less distress if his Daddy was the one taking the blood. Snapping on a pair of gloves, Stephen rises from his seat to get the needle.

“Just a quick poke, baby. Be brave for us and then we’ll move you and let you nap? We should get you a stuffie too. Who did you bring along with you in your backpack today?” Stephe asks, trying to distract Peter from the sample and the pain involved.

“Um...” Peter thinks about it carefully as he tries to remember who he brought. He wanted to bring baby seal, but Tony said she was going to have a spa day with a few other stuffies, so he had to pick someone else. He smiles as he remembers, looking at Stephen just as the needle is inserted. “Unicorn! Ow.” He says, pouting at the poke and watching what Stephen is doing. “Daddy, that hurt.” He complains, frowning deeper when Steve chuckles next to him.

“Sorry, baby.” Stephen winces in sympathy, keeping Peter’s arm still as he gets three vials filled up and hands each one to Steve. “You got the new unicorn? She doesn’t even have a name yet. Should we give her a name?” He asks to keep Peter distracted as he pulls the needle out, pressing a cotton ball to the tiny wound.

“We call her...” Peter pauses to think, looking at the vials and scrunching his nose up at how gross it is. “Baby Unicorn.” He settles, smiling at his name choice. She is a little bit bigger than most of his other stuffies, but she is still a baby and Peter loves her so he thinks it is the perfect choice.

“All right, Baby Unicorn it is.” Stephen chuckles and gets the cotton ball taped to Peter’s skin before removing his gloves. “Do you want a bottle too?” He asks, feeling Peter’s forehead, then his cheeks and lastly his neck. The boy feels much cooler now, like almost normal so Stephen feels comfortable moving Peter, but will not dress him just yet.

“Yeah, want milk.” Peter says, smiling as Steve comes over with the backpack Thor had dropped off. The nurse takes out the stuffie and sets it on the fresh bed opposite Peter’s, pulling back the covers and getting it ready for the boy to lay down. Peter lifts his arms up for Stephen to pick him up. “Da.”

“Just a moment, pup.” Stephen smiles, getting Peter unhooked from all the monitors before picking him up very carefully. “There we go, my little puppy baby.” He coos, peppering Peter’s face with kisses and cuddling him close for just a bit. When he is in his Daddy’s arms again, Peter holds onto him tightly and cuddles into his neck. It has been a long time since he was in a littler headspace and not getting physical contact from a CG, so he has missed it. He does not let go of Stephen as they walk across the ward.

“Kiss.” The boy demands, titling his face back so that he is facing Stephen.

“Kissy, kissy.” Stephen smiles before giving Peter more kisses, some to his lips and some to his cheeks and nose. “Is that better?” He asks, rubbing Peter’s bare back before gently laying him down.
“You ready for a little nap now? You had quite the afternoon just now.”

“Ready.” Peter says, taking Baby Unicorn in his arms and cuddling her close. He presses a soft kiss to the top of her fluffy head, then holds his hand up so Stephen will lay with him. “Story?” He asks, eyes already drooping now that he is on soft, dry bedding.

“Hmm, which one, puppy?” Stephen asks as he gets Peter hooked up to the necessary monitors again and checks the saline bag. “Could you get those to the lab and a bottle for the baby?” Stephen asks Steve. Giving the doctor a thumbs up, Steve heads out to do as he is instructed and to give the two some privacy while Peter gets ready to nap. Peter closes his eyes for a minute before he reopens them to look at Stephen. His gaze then falls on the book on the nightstand.

“Cind’ella.” He decides, playing with his paci before putting it back in his mouth.

“That’s a good choice, puppy.” Stephen smiles once he has got Peter all settled and hooked up to the monitors. He grabs the thermometer and tilts Peter’s head to the side, placing it in his ear. “99.2, that’s almost normal. That’s really good, baby.” Stephen says to Peter, stroking his cheek before noting down his temperature in his chart.

Nodding at the praise, Peter brings his hand up to grip Stephen’s so he can keep him close. He yawns and the paci drops out, falling onto his lap, but he decides it does not really matter as he clutches Baby Unicorn with the other hand. While holding Peter’s hand, Stephen reaches over to grab the Cinderella book from the nightstand. Right when Stephen is about to start reading on the second chapter of the book, Steve comes back into the ward shaking a baby bottle and hands it over to Stephen.

“Warm milk, little bit of vanilla.” Steve says with a smile, turning to leave before Peter notices there are other people around.

“Aw, are we getting real sleepy?” Stephen coos when Peter yawns again. “Thanks, Steve.” He smiles, taking the bottle and checking that it is not too warm before sitting by Peter to give it to him. “Take it easy, pup.” Stephen reminds, picking up the paci with his free hand and placing it on the bedside table. Opening his mouth, Peter waits for Stephen to start feeding him expectantly. He relaxes back in the bed and smiles softly before opening his eyes to look at his Daddy adoringly. Stephen coos softly before leaning down to kiss Peter’s temple, bringing his free hand to cradle his cheek and stroking his cheekbone with his thumb.

“You’re such a good little boy for us. Yes, you are, such a brave Daddy’s boy. You gave us a little scare, but you handled it like a champ and now you’re all better. All ready for a little nap while Daddies make sure you’re okay.” Stephen says softly, trying to lull Peter to sleep and kisses his temple a few more times as he continues to feed him. Between Stephen’s soothing words and the warm milk, Peter falls asleep easily and his grip loosens on his Daddy as he relaxes. Setting the bottle aside, Stephen picks up the pacifier and hands it to Peter who takes it and suckles it gently. Once sure that Peter is asleep, Stephen rises from the bed and checks the boy’s temperature and vitals, noting it all down in the chart. After a moment, Tony arrives on the ward and frowns at how red Peter’s skin looks.

“How’s he doing?” He asks softly, turning Peter’s little hand in his to see if he is burnt all over or just on the tops of his arms, face and legs. “Poor little man.”

“We’re at 98.7 now, so almost there. I’m glad it didn’t take us that long to cool him down, but I guess we won’t know if there’s any damage until the urine and blood samples get back from the lab. Does he look burnt to you?”
“He looks a little red, but that won’t come up properly until later when we wash him. Just lukewarm water and a lot of aloe for a few days should help.” Tony decides, brushing Peter’s damp hair away. “And how about you? Are you doing okay?” He asks, knowing Stephen worries a lot when Peter is sick and this was such a shock to everyone.

“Yeah, Loki has to share some of his aloe with this one.” Stephen chuckles a little, checking Peter’s temperature again and finds another slight drop. “Me? I’m fine, is just- I worry about him, you know? I mean, we could have avoided this if we had stayed with him today. But, I didn’t cause he was so damn stubborn and sure that he would he fine by himself because he felt bigger.”

“Steph, High care Littles get hurt. Every day for stupid reasons, they get hurt.” Tony says, reaching out for him and smiling at his partner. “We can’t keep him locked away, and we can’t force him to be dependent on us when it’s not necessary. It isn’t healthy for him or us to not allow time to be apart.” Tony reaches over for the chart. “His temperature is dropping and he’s happy. Based on that bottle, he has an appetite. You got a urine sample so his body is doing what it’s supposed to. He will be fine.”

Stephen knows that Peter will be fine, but hearing it from Tony like that is far more comforting. He nods a little and reaches to hold one of Tony’s hands in his, but keeps his eyes fixed on Peter.

“He said we should get a puppy.” Stephen chuckles as he remembers. “I just about had a whole body shiver at the idea of all the germs a dog would bring along.”

“We should get a puppy.” Tony says, mostly just to make Stephen jump.

“No, stop, please!” Stephen shudders. “We got our hands full with this puppy baby already.” He adds, smiling softly as he looks at Peter sleep.

“Dogs are good companions, they’re fun and they’ll motivate us to be more active when we’re at home.” Tony teases, nudging Stephen playfully. He takes out his phone when it buzzes and hums. “We’ve already got a puppy, though.” He reads through an email and tilts his head. “We’re taking on a new little at the facility.”

At the mention of a new little, Stephen turns back to Tony.

“Oh? Who are they?” He asks, craning his neck to see the email. Tony hums as he reads through the email quickly and exhales.

“Little boy, physically 22, like Peter. Same headspace range too. He has severe epilepsy and had a major seizure at his current care home, so they don’t feel they’re suited to provide the right care.”

“Oh, I see.” Stephen hums, already thinking about if Peter and this new boy could be friends considering their similar little ages. “Did he suffer any injuries or brain damage after the major seizure?” He asks. “And when is he being transported here?”

“A broken arm.” Tony says and when Stephen winces, he adds. “That’s not the worst though, it says he split his head during a seizure last year. They monitor him as closely as they can, but I think a case like this is bound to cause long term damage.” Tony muses, going over to lift out a fresh chart and jotting the name down. “They’re packing his things and moving him today. Should be here in a little bit, traffic depending. The manager at the care home wants to drive him rather than take us up on an offer to send an ambulance.”

“Jesus, poor kid. Any other conditions?” Stephen asks as he gets his phone out to alert the nurses that they have a new Little arriving in a bit. “And they should have let us send the ambulance honestly. A
little boy with seizures so severe he breaks his limbs? He should only be driven around in ambulances.”

“You’re a mother hen.” Tony teases, reviewing the file attached to the email. “Some issues with minor allergies and anxiety. That’s manageable, hopefully they have a treatment plan in place we can work off.” He sits down at the station and wakes the computer. “We do need a specialty bed, though.”

Stephen rolls his eyes fondly before checking that Peter is okay. He finds the boy pretty cool now and tucks the blanket over his hips, but leaves his torso bare for now.

“I feel like we have a lot of homework to do once he gets here. These High care babies have medical histories as thick as telephone catalogs.”

“He’s also got the added stress of moving to a new location. Littles like Buck and MJ have only known the facility and our treatment, but this kid has experienced a whole other life. It’ll be difficult.” Tony says with a sigh, beginning to put instructions in place for the Little’s arrangements. “I’m putting him in a solo room first, then we’ll build up. The dorm is a lot and we might wake the kids up if he needs us through the night.”

“Yeah, that’s a good idea. Maybe add some anxiety meds to his food the first few days? And then lower the dose until he doesn’t need it and settles a bit. I would very much like to avoid another major seizure.” Stephen says as stress only makes the seizure risk higher. He comes up to stand by Tony now that he is sure Peter is okay.

“We can do that. I think we’ll try to avoid sedatives for a while, I want to see how he handles himself when he’s fully awake to assess if there is any noticeable brain damage.” Tony says, writing their thoughts down so they can be added to the file. “We’ll see if there are any specific triggers for the seizures. If he’s light sensitive, we can take that into account when planning where he’s going and what classes he’s a part of.”

“You sound a bit excited, babe.” Stephen points out with a smile, leaning down to steal a kiss from Tony. “I mean, it’s not often that we get new babies.” He says as both Thor and Steve arrive on the ward and come up to the two doctors.

“It’s nice to have a new baby sometimes.” Tony agrees, turning in his seat when Thor and Steve arrive. Both of the nurses have a wide grin on their faces. “You guys look exceptionally happy today.” He points put teasingly, tapping his pen against the table and glancing between the bed and the documents they had been sent.

“Stephen paged us saying there’s a new Little coming.” Steve smiles as he comes over with Thor. Both nurses glance over the papers.

“Ouch, bad case of epilepsy, poor lad. When’s he coming?” Thor asks. Meanwhile, Peter stirs on his bed and Stephen gets up to check that he is okay.

“He’ll be here in a little bit, we’re going to try to get a room organised for him and some nice touches for it. Ask Nat before going through the supplies for the Littles, you know what she’s like when things are messy.” Tony says, writing a list of everything they would need.

“Oh, how exciting!” Thor grins as he often gets very excited over new Littles and especially when it comes to dressing them up and getting them new toys. Steve nudges him with his elbow.

“Listen to the Doc and don’t piss Nat off.” Steve warns with a laugh, but Thor just brushes him off.
“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Rogers.” Thor laughs. Meanwhile, Peter opens his eyes slowly and listens to the grown ups talking, only trying to sit up when Stephen comes into view.

“Hi, Daddy.” He mumbles around his pacifier, waving at him sleepily. Stephen shushes the other CGs before turning to his boy.

“Hey, you just keep sleeping, pup. You need the rest.” Stephen says quietly, kissing Peter’s temple and strokes his hair in the hopes of lulling him to sleep again.

“What’s happenin’?” Peter asks, trying to get himself sat up straight on the bed so he can see who else is there. He smiles at Thor and Steve, but squeaks excitedly when he sees Tony. “My Daddy!” He says, pointing over at him urgently so that he will come over and say hi. During the nap, his skin did get redder as the burn came up and it feels a little dry and tight, but it does not bother him as he tries to get attention from his CGs.

“Nothing, baby. Daddy and the nurses are just working.” Stephen explains simply before gently pushing Peter to lay back. He can feel that the boy is starting to heat up again and it would be best if he slept some more, so Stephen reaches over for a sedative. “Don’t you wanna sleep some more, pup? You had a very short nap.” He points out as he flicks the air bubbles from the syringe.

“No!” Peter says, giggling and trying to pull Stephen closer. Tony walks over and climbs into the bed next to their boy, yawning widely.

“Oh, I’m sleepy and need a little cuddly baby to snuggle with.” Tony says, laying Peter down and smiling when he just giggles. “Will we be super good and have a nap for Daddy?”

Stephen smiles as he sees Tony distracting Peter and grabs the IV tubing to inject the sedative through the port. The effect is nearly instant as Peter grows lax.

“Be a good boy and just close your eyes for us. We’ll be here when you wake up later.” Stephen coos, giving Peter's forehead a kiss. Checking the boy’s temperature once more, Stephen finds that the cooling has slowed just a bit, so he goes to grab the flannel again. He wets it before placing it on Peter's forehead. He also makes sure the air conditioning is on the right setting. Tony waits until Peter is asleep in the bed before climbing out and tucking the blanket back around his waist. He brushes back his hair before returning to the grown ups.

“No sedatives for the new baby.” Tony says firmly, patting Stephen's back as they start going over everything.

“Yes, Chief.” Steve says, saluting the doctor as he passes by. They all work together in getting things ready till Tony's phone rings. They are calling from the reception, saying that the new Little has arrived.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! A new baby is coming! Who do you guys think he is? Will he and Peter be friends? What will be new baby think of the facility? The next chapter is called 'New little boy l'.
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