Rescue Me and I'll Rescue you

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Rescue Me and I'll Rescue you

by Neuropsyche

Summary

Tony Stark finds an injured Spiderman and takes him home when he can't figure out what else to do with him

Notes

So there will be underage sex in this story - come for the ride or stop at the tags. No clue how long this will be, but given that I love to add detail and draw out a story with a lot of smut, no promises that it will be short. Comments welcome, questions? always!
Not related to the other stories I've written, but they are seeming to employ a similar theme.
Perhaps I will branch out a different day
Queens wasn’t really a place Ironman hung out. It certainly wasn’t someplace that Tony Stark frequented. Aside from a couple of pretty good restaurants, the billionaire had no reason to go there. It was far from home – his apartment in Manhattan or the actual house that he owned but only used on a rare free weekend – and not really on his radar.

And yet, there he was.

Sitting in the limo, waiting for Happy, in a shit-heap of a neighborhood looking for a somewhat less than reputable tech-head that Tony had heard might have a new kind of software that could possibly work with the new Ironman suit he was tinkering with. The only problem? The guy was a complete recluse and pretty much hung out in his apartment all the time, refusing to meet Tony anywhere beyond his tiny little comfort zone.

Geniuses were weird. Stark could attest to that.

Which was why he was willing to try and find this guy. If only to see if he actually had anything Tony could use. He’d pay handsomely for the software, maybe the guy could buy a life somewhere else. Somewhere that didn’t reek of garbage and vomit.

He saw Happy, his driver, walk out of the building they were double-parked in front of and get into the car.

“He’s not here, boss. His mom said he might be back in an hour or so.”

“Where did he go?”

“I didn’t ask. She was pretty flighty.”

Stark scowled.

“Fine.”

“Do we wait?”

“No. I’ve got better things to do, right now.” Besides, the smell of the alleys was really getting to him. “Let’s go back-“

He was interrupted by a commotion on the other side of the street and down about half a block. Three men came running out of that alley at full speed, looking behind them as if being chased. Two were holding guns and the third, incredulously, was carrying a case of beer. They ran by the car as Happy and Stark both watched, startled. Then, as if it could, it got a little weirder, a figure in red and blue, wearing a mask of some sort, came swinging behind them.

Swinging.

On some kind of… well, Tony didn’t know. Rope? String? He was flitting from light post or building, moving quickly and yelling at the three to stop. Right in front of the car, he shot more of the string out of his hand, somewhere, and nailed the guy holding the beer with it, dropping him literally right there on the sidewalk. Without stopping, the costumed figure hit the sidewalk and ran after the remaining two on foot, ducking after them when they ran into an alley.
“Well?” Stark said to Happy, who was still staring. “Follow them!”

That wasn't something you saw every day, after all.

The driver started the car and tires squealed as he made a U turn to drive toward the alley the three had vanished into. Even as they entered the alley, Stark saw another of the men – this one pinned to the side of a building, struggling to free himself of even more of the rope or whatever it was. Happy drove right by him intent on the two retreating figures ahead of them, and Stark tapped his watch to have FRIDAY notify the police of what was going on – just in case no one in the neighborhood already had.

As the car crossed one side street, still following the two running ahead of them, the man being chased suddenly turned, brandishing the pistol at his pursuer. The shots were shockingly loud in the narrow confines of the alley, and the costumed figure dropped. Just as the car reached him, however, he was back on his feet, once more chasing the man who had just shot at him, only now he was limping, holding his thigh with one hand as he did.

“What the hell?”

No one was going to just get up and keep chasing someone after getting shot, Stark thought, shaking his head. Well, yeah, Steve I have a perfect smile and a great head of hair Rogers probably would, but no one else. Even as they watched, the costumed figure proved him right, and stumbled, falling to the ground in a heap of garbage bags.

“The guy with the gun or the guy who was shot?” Happy asked, wanting to know who he should be chasing.

“The guy in the mask.”

The car slid to a stop and Tony looked around, carefully, before getting out – just to make sure the guy with the gun wasn't looking for another target. Then he opened his door and hurried over to the still figure, half-sprawled against a dumpster, holding his side and panting. Blood was pooling from a tear in the thin fabric of the costume he was wearing.

Stark grabbed his handkerchief and knelt down beside him, immediately pressing the cloth against the wound.

“Hang in there. I’ve got first responders on the way.”

“What?” Even with a mask on over his entire head, Tony could hear the voice was young and frightened. “No.” he tried to struggle to his feet. “I’m fine. Thanks for the help. I gotta go.”

He tried to move away, and Tony caught him, feeling ribs even through the sweatshirt the boy was wearing.

“You’re hurt. Help is coming.”

“Yeah, I heard you. I’m okay,” the figure repeated. “I can’t talk to the police. Thanks, though.”

He raised his arm, pointing his hand at one of the fire escapes on the back of the building and more of that rope shot out from his hand. Before he could do anything else, though, Stark stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

“Come on, kid. Let me help you.”
“No! I’m okay. Really.”

He moved and the injured leg gave way under him, causing him to stumble into Tony, who caught him before he could fall. Securing a grip on him Tony gestured for Happy to open the door and the two men hustled the much smaller figure into the back of the car. Tony went in behind him and closed the door with a slam.

“Get us out of here, Happy,” Stark ordered, already reaching for the first aid kit that was kept in the back of the car.

“Where are we going?”

“Whatever hospital is closest.”

“I can’t,” the masked boy said. “Just drop me off anywhere. I’m fine.”

Stark scowled, but reacted to the fear and agony in the voice, even though he had yet to see who he was dealing with face to face.

“Take us to my apartment,” he told the driver.

“Okay.”

The car started, again, and headed back the way they came. In the distance was the sound of a lot of sirens. Shaking his head and wondering if he was now in the company of some kind of ax murderer – or worse – but doubting it, very much, the billionaire turned to his new companion, opening the first aid kit.

“Let’s take a look.”

When he reached for the waistband of the blue sweats the guy flinched from his touch.

“What are you doing?”

Again the voice was surprisingly young, and still afraid. Tony rolled his eyes.

“Relax, kid. I’m just going to look at your leg, I’m not going to rape you or something. Unless you’d rather I cut off the pantleg?”

“No. I don’t have another pair…”

Stark shook his head and raised the partition between the front and back of the car.

“There. Now it’s just us. I’m Tony Stark.”

“I know.”

“Good. Then you know that I’m Ironman, right?”

“Yeah. Of course. Everyone knows that.”

“Then you can probably trust me to help you. Yes? I’m an Avenger, right?”

“Yeah.”

The fear was gone. That was a start, he supposed.
Stark reached for the waistband of the sweats again, and this time when he pulled them down there was no resistance. A pair of ragged boxers joined the sweats down around the boy’s ankles, exposing the gunshot to the boy’s right thigh and a penis that had very little pubic hair surrounding it, attesting to Stark’s impression that this guy was young.

“That’s not too terrible…” Stark said, trying to sound reassuring. He took a bottle of water from the mini fridge and poured it on a hand towel, wetting it. “This might hurt a little,” he warned. “Sure you wouldn’t rather go to a hospital? They have drugs.”

“No. Go ahead. I can handle it.”

He wiped the blood from the wound and the boy gasped and flinched again. This time from pain.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay.”

When the blood cleared, they found a fairly long gash, still bleeding, but not too badly, now. Stark wiped it as clean as he could with the few supplies that he had, poured half a bottle of hydrogen peroxide into it – which elicited a soft moan of agony from behind the mask, and then wrapped a dressing on it and taped it down with an entire roll of tape.

“It’s not pretty, but it’ll do for now,” Tony said, pulling the sweats and boxers up and trying to get them back into position on the skinny frame. “You okay?”

“Yes.” Although he sounded anything but. “Thanks, Mr. Stark.”

“You can call me Tony, kid.”

“Okay.”

“And you are?”

“Spiderman.”

The billionaire rolled his eyes, torn between being amused and being annoyed.

“Really? We’re going to play this game?”

“It’s called a secret identity for a reason,” the boy pointed out.

“Yeah. And that’s fine for the rest of the world, but not for me. Again… I’m an Avenger. Who would I tell and why would I bother?”

The boy sighed, and the sound was defeated. And tired. Tired enough that it made Tony feel tired, too.

“You won’t tell anyone?”

“No.”

An arm came up and the hand pulled the hood off, revealing a much younger face than Tony expected – even from the voice he’d heard.

“I’m Peter,” the boy told him, closing his eyes. “Peter Parker.”
“Nice to meet you, Peter Parker,” Stark told him, almost automatically. At the same time, he decided that it was almost certainly true. “How old are you?”

“Fifteen. Almost sixteen, though.” He looked out the window, leaning against the leather seat of the plush car at an awkward angle. “You can just drop me anywhere.”

“Where do you live?” Stark asked. “We could take you home, make sure your mom and dad know you’re safe. Do they know your secret identity?”

If the thin, pale face could look more lost, the boy managed it. His eyes – a beautiful brown color that Tony found far too appealing – suddenly seemed even younger, and haunted. Peter shook his head.

“No. They’re, um, they’re dead. They died when I was little. My aunt and uncle…” he trailed off. “They took me in.”

“So we’ll take you home and-“

“They died, too. A couple of months ago. It’s okay, though,” Peter said, quickly, as if he was aware that he’d made things extremely awkward at that moment. “I’m okay. Just having a bit of a rough time of it, right now.”

Tony inwardly groaned, realizing that in one short conversation he’d unleashed a ton of the kid’s demons without intending to.

“Where are you staying?”

“Oh… well, here and there.”

“No other relatives?”

“A second cousin somewhere in Florida, but I’m not sure. It’s no big deal. Happens to a lot of people, right?”

“What about foster care? I find it hard to believe that the state didn’t step up…”

Stark was appalled. No wonder the kid looked so tired. So defeated. And so thin and pale. On his own at fifteen? Seriously? He was definitely going to make some phone calls and get the boy the help he needed. He knew senators and congressmen and if they couldn’t do their jobs right and take care of one scrawny kid, then he’d make sure that-

“They let me slip through the cracks, I guess,” Peter told him with a shrug. “It’s okay, though. I’ve read about foster homes. They work for some people – for some kids – and I’m sure there are a lot of good people out there who do good, but I can’t risk that. What if they kept me from doing the Spiderman thing?”

“You’d have a roof over your head,” Tony pointed out. “A safe place to sleep at night.”

“I do. I sleep in the library. After they close. The kids’ section even has a couple of blankets and cushions.”

“What do you eat?”
“I have breakfast and lunch at school.”

“And dinner? What about weekends when you’re not in school?”

“Then I don’t eat. Sometimes. Sometimes I get lucky and find someone with an odd job that needs doing so I can get some money.” He looked uncomfortable, and turned back to the window. “It’s okay. Really. In a couple of years I’ll have my diploma, and then I’ll be able to emancipate myself and get a real job. And then I won’t need to worry about the state sticking their nose in and keeping me someplace I don’t want to be.” Peter gestured at the building they were driving by. “You can just let me out, here. I’ve got to go get my backpack.”

“Your backpack?” Tony repeated, stupidly. He was still trying to wrap himself around the kid’s story, and how crazy he was, thinking that he could take care of himself. “Why?”

“It has my other clothes in it,” Peter told him, matter-of-factly. “I can’t go to school dressed like this, obviously.”

_Obviously._

Stark shook his head.

“Well, I’m not going to just drop you off, okay? I’ll take you home with me. We’ll make sure you get a decent meal in you, and I’ll have someone more qualified than myself look at that leg to make sure it’s properly taken care of.”

“You can’t tell anyo-“

“Without letting them know what happened,” he added, smoothly. “Relax, Peter. Let me figure it out, okay? Just do what I tell you, for now.”

He hesitated, and then nodded.

Tony thought he might have detected just a little relief in the boy’s eyes, and could understand completely. He saw a tremor run through the slim frame, and realized that it was possible the kid might be on the verge of going into shock. He’d been _shot_, after all, even if it wasn’t a serious wound – luckily. He shrugged off his suit jacket, and draped it over Peter.

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” The billionaire opened the minifridge, again, and pulled out an apple. He didn’t really keep a lot of food in the car, because he didn’t spend a lot of _time_ in it. “Here. Eat this. It’ll take your mind off how much the leg hurts.”

“Yeah.” Peter took the fruit, and took a bite, looking over at him, almost shyly, as if suddenly realizing just who he was with. Another indicator that he was probably in shock, Stark decided. “You’re really _Ironman_…”

Tony smiled and shrugged.

“In the flesh.”

“Wow.”

He didn’t say anything else, though. As they drove, slowly because of traffic, he simply looked out the window, his head now resting against the cool glass as if he were simply too weary to hold it up.
Eventually the mostly eaten apple fell from his hand, startling Tony, who had turned his attention to his phone, readying a few things at his apartment with a couple of messages. He looked over and saw that Peter had fallen asleep.

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“You got him?”

“Yeah.”

“Don’t drop him.”

“He weighs like twenty pounds, Happy. I’m not going to drop him. Hold the door for me.”

Still bundled in Stark’s suit jacket, the boy hadn’t woken when the car pulled into the basement parking of Stark’s exclusive apartment building. Which left the options of having him finish his nap in the car or Tony simply picking him up and carrying him to the elevator and to his penthouse apartment. Happy was stronger than Tony and wasn't Ironman and a billionaire, He offered to carry Peter, but Tony waved him off, telling him he didn’t mind. He wanted to hold him - although he didn’t tell Happy that.

He easily gathered the boy into his arms and got him out of the car – without dropping him – and Happy shut the door as directed. Then the driver led the way to the elevator and pushed the proper button.

“What are you going to do with him?” Happy asked, curiously.

“I’m not sure. Take care of his leg, first. No one hears about his alter-ego. Got it?”

“Yeah.”

Who would he tell?

Peter mumbled something in his sleep, turning his head and tucking his face against Tony’s neck with a soft, pained noise that made Stark double-check that he wasn't holding the injured thigh too tightly.

“The doctor’s on his way?”

“Should be here any time. Traffic’s bad.”

As they well knew.

“Let him up as soon as he calls.”

The elevator door opened, and they emerged into Tony’s luxurious apartment. Rather than bother with the sofa, Stark led Happy to the guest room and the driver opened the door and went ahead to pull back the bedding.

“Need help with him?” he asked, as Tony settled the boy somewhat upright on the edge of the bed.

“No. I’ve got him. Go wait for the doctor, will you?”

“Yeah.”

Happy left and Tony pulled the jacket off Peter. Then he propped him up and pulled the sweatshirt
off, too. He’d been right; the boy was almost painfully thin. Probably never had been all that big to begin with, but a couple of months of living on his own and eating sketchy at best had definitely taken its toll. Ribs were showing when they shouldn’t be, and while he was fairly well muscled, it was the lean kind and not bulky.

“We’re going to have to fix that,” Tony murmured, more to himself than to Peter, who wasn’t paying any attention to what Tony was doing. Probably just as well since he stripped the sweats and boxers off, next, leaving the boy naked. The sweats were bloody from the bullet wound, and the boxers were a travesty. “We’ll fix that, too,” Tony decided, easing the boy into the bed, making sure that his head was on a pillow and that the injured leg wasn’t taking any of Peter’s weight.

He hesitated, feeling just a little guilty that his gaze lingered on the boy’s body a little longer than was technically needed. Not guilty enough that he didn’t look at him, though. Only when Peter shivered, visibly, did Tony pull the blankets up and cover him, warmly. He leaned over and brushed a very gentle kiss against the boy’s cheek and went out to wait for the doctor.
A throbbing in his leg pulled Peter from a sound sleep. The first sound sleep that he’d had in a very long time. Not dreamless – he always dreamed, it seemed – but no nightmares. The sound of voices, discussing him. Someone holding him gently in strong arms and crooning reassurances to him while his leg was slowly set on fire, and then holding him, still, once the fire had been put out. Even that hadn’t been scary. He’d been held and supported the entire time, and knew it. Something being held against his lips until he opened his mouth and took the pill, swallowing it with a mouthful of water.

More discussion and then silence when everything went dark once more.

The boy looked around, confused for a moment. He wasn’t in the library – clearly. He was in a bed. A huge, comfortable bed that was piled with blankets and pillows and engulfed him in warmth. The bed was in a room. There was a dresser. A nightstand and a giant flat screen TV on the wall. Two doors led off from the room. One was closed, and the other open. The open one led to a bathroom, with a soft nightlight plugged into an outlet near the door, illuminating the area more than enough for Peter to see everything around him.

Peter groaned at the ache in his leg and remembered, suddenly, why he hurt so much. He sat up in the bed, feeling stiff all over, and pulled the blankets back to look down at himself. He was naked, and there was a brilliant white bandage wrapped around the meaty part of his thigh. Not the same bandage that Tony Stark had cobbled together, either. This one looked like it had probably been done professionally. Which might explain some of the dreams that he’d had.

“Huh.”

He looked around, again, running his fingers along the bandage, trying to figure out where he hurt the most. He thought he might have heard a voice beyond the closed door, but he wasn’t sure. The nightstand had his wallet on it, which had been in his sweat’s pocket. Not that there was much in it. His student ID card and a few quarters. A picture of May and Ben. His webshooters were also there. He didn’t see his sweats, anywhere, or even his underwear. The room had a window, and even though the shades were drawn, he could see that it was dark outside. He wondered how long he’d been asleep.

And what he should do, next.

The door opened, then, admitting a bright light from the next room and Tony Stark. The billionaire turned on the light, which luckily wasn’t as bright in the room Peter was in. Peter pulled the blankets back over his leg as the older man walked over.

“FRIDAY said you were awake…” he told the boy, smiling down at him. “How do you feel?”

He was wearing a pair of sweats and a t-shirt. Peter could faintly see the glow of the arc reactor in his chest through the dark fabric and wondered if it hurt.

“Who?”

“FRIDAY,” Tony told him. “My AI. She pretty much has the run of the place, which will work out well while you’re here, in case you need anything.”

“Oh.”

“You didn’t answer my question, Peter,” Stark said. “How do you feel?”
“I’m fine. Just a little sore.”

“Yes. The doctor said the wound looks clean. He couldn’t stitch it – apparently it’s too wide for that, so we’ll use a pressure bandage and a lot of tape to keep it from opening.”

“I’m okay?”

Tony smiled; a warm smile that made Peter feel a little warm, himself. It had been a long time since someone had cared.

“You will be. With a little TLC, and a lot of food and sleep. He promised.”

“He doesn’t know who I am?”

“Nope.” Stark sat down on the edge of the bed, and pulled the blanket back before Peter realized what he was doing. The older man’s hand went to the wounded leg, and his fingers gently probed the area around the bandages and tape. He looked at Peter, who flushed. “Does that hurt, at all?”

“A little.”

“He gave me some pain medication for you. Pills that can keep it from hurting too much. Want one?”

“Oh. Um… no. Yes?”

The billionaire snorted, amused.

“Which is it?”

“I don’t know,” Peter admitted, uncertainly. “Will they make me loopy? I can’t go out and risk trying to sneak into the library if I’m not all there…”

“You’re not going out, right now, anyway,” Tony told him, matter-of-factly. “For a few days, at least, you probably aren’t going to be up to going any further than the bathroom and maybe the living room.”

“I can’t stay here.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re… you know… you. And I’m not.”

“That made no sense,” Tony said, amused. “You know that, right?”

He moved his hand from the boy’s leg and covered him back up, propping a couple of the pillows behind him to keep him upright, his body pressing against Peter’s while doing so, and an arm almost around the boy.

“Yeah. Sorry. I just… I can’t stay here.”

“Bed’s too little? Room’s too crowded?”

“No. It’s great. They’re both great. I can’t impose.”

“Huh.” Stark rubbed his hand, looking at Peter, intently. His eyes were really intense, the boy decided. And the gaze was shockingly frank. “I looked you up, you know? On YouTube, mostly. There are some interesting videos out there.”
“Yeah.” Peter blushed. “It’s all special effects.”

Tony ignored that. They both knew better.

“You want to be a superhero?”

“No.” he shrugged. “I just want to do what’s right. Help out people when I can. That kind of thing.”

“Like chasing down a trio of convenience store thieves?”

“I was right there. They ran right by me. What was I supposed to do? Let them go?”

“They were armed.”

“Yeah. I hadn’t actually thought that part through,” he admitted.

Stark smiled. He was young. That automatically meant dumb. Or maybe reckless was a better term.

“At any rate, you’re not up to leaving, just yet, and as the ranking superhero in the room, I am officially ordering you to stay here until you’re better.”

Peter frowned.

“Can you do that?”

“Just did.”

“But…”

“You don’t want to stay here?”

“Yeah. I do.”

Who wouldn’t? It was warm, it was luxurious, and it was safe. Further; Tony Stark was there.

“Good.”

“But I’m an imposition.”

“No.” Tony shook his head, reaching out and touching Peter’s cheek for just a moment. “You’re not. You’re very welcomed company. Okay? It’s too quiet here, sometimes. It’ll be nice to have someone hanging out with me. Now do what I tell you. Got it?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Are you hungry? The doctor said the painkillers shouldn’t go down on an empty stomach – or you’ll get sick.”

“Yeah. I could eat.”

“Preference?”

“Anything.”

“Any allergies?”

“Latex and strawberries.”
“Strawberries? Really?”

“Yeah.”

“What are the odds of that…?”

“What?”

“Oh.” Stark shook his head. “Nothing. I was talking to myself. No strawberries. Got it. No latex…? Well, we should probably know that, too. In case I decide you need a balloon to cheer you up, or something.”

Peter shook his head, but didn’t argue.

“I don’t see my clothes…”

“Because I threw them out.”

“What?”

“They were a mess, Peter,” Tony told him. “Your sweats were bloody and gross, and your boxers…? Well, they were pretty much falling apart. We’ll find you new ones. No worries.”

“They’re all I had…” Peter told him.

“No. They were all you had. We’ll get you new ones.”

“But I can’t afford – I mean, I don’t have the money to buy new ones, Tony.”

He was blushing, hotly, now, uncomfortably aware that he didn’t have anything and so used to concealing that from those around him that he was embarrassed by the fact.

“Don’t worry about it, Peter,” Tony repeated, feeling a sudden desire to hug the boy and hold him until he stopped looking so stricken. “The Avengers have a fund for up and coming superheroes. Clothes, food, costumes and anything else that they need. You are a perfect candidate for that. We’ll take care of you. I’ll take care of you.”

“But why?”

“Because someone needs to. Why can’t it be me?”

“Because you’re Ironman… and I’m… well… I’m not. I’m nobody.”

“Peter…”

Now Tony did pull him into his arms. The boy definitely needed someone to bolster him. He couldn’t even imagine the rough time he’d been having, lately. Peter sniffed, and tensed, but then melted into the embrace, accepting it for what it was and burying his face into Tony’s shirt, right beside the arc reactor. Taking comfort in the strong arms holding him while he shook, even though he didn’t cry. He wasn’t ready to cry, yet.

“I’m sorry,” the boy said, pulling away, flushed with embarrassment for having broken down in front of – of all people – Tony Stark.

“Don’t be. Next time I need a hug, I’m coming to you,” he assured him, brushing his hair back from his forehead with a tender touch. “Don’t ever call yourself a nobody, again. Understand? You’ve got
some mad skills and a good heart to go with them”

And obviously a solid set of values, since with the skills Tony had seen on the net, the kid could be taking care of himself better than he was if he was willing to break a few laws and steal what he needed.

“Yeah.”

Peter didn’t look convinced, of course, but it didn’t matter just then. Before the boy could process that, Stark got up, a bundle of nervous energy all of the sudden. He opened the drawer in the nightstand – Peter hadn’t even noticed it – and pulled out a remote, which he handed to the boy, leaning over and brushing a kiss against his cheek.

“I’ll be back in a minute.”

He left, and Peter stared after him, feeling very much like a deer in headlights must. And just as helpless, really.

When Stark returned a few minutes later, he saw that Peter had turned on the TV and was easily navigating the menu, looking idly through the programs available. With Tony’s network and connections, that meant pretty much anything and everything that was there to be watched. He smiled as he carried a tray over to the bed.

“What are you going to watch?”

“I was just looking,” the boy told him, looking at the tray with undisguised interest. That made the older man smile; he was a good cook and had always been proud of the fact. He wasn’t just a pretty face, after all. “Did you want to watch anything?”

“Does that mean you don’t mind if I keep you company while you eat?” Stark asked, settling the tray across the boy’s hips and flipping the legs down to secure it to the bedding.

It was holding a relatively simple meal; baked chicken, home fries and green beans. The doctor had noticed the boy’s malnourished state and had reminded Stark not to try and stuff a ton of food down him the first night, or be prepared to have it all come back up on him if he did, and Tony had taken the advice to heart.

“Sure.”

“Take this, first,” Tony told him, handing over a pill and opening Peter’s bottle of water. “Pain pill.”

Peter knocked it back, willingly, and then looked at him.

“You’re not eating?”

“I already had dinner. Those are leftovers.”

The boy smiled; they didn’t look like leftovers.

“It smells great.”

“Because I am an excellent cook. Can I sit by you?”

“Yeah. Of course.”
Smiling at the sincerity in his expression, Stark settled in beside Peter, propping himself up with a few pillows.

“Eat.”

The TV played on, but while Peter was eating Stark asked him questions about himself. Nothing about his past – not just then, although they were things that he’d want to know, *eventually* – but likes and dislikes, that sort of thing. He was impressed by the fact that Peter was determined that despite everything that had happened, he was going to finish high school, maybe even get himself into a college, if he could figure out the finances. Even more, with a few questions, Tony quickly ascertained that the boy wasn't just a bit smart, he was a veritable *genius*.

Reaching over him, Stark took the webshooters from the nightstand, pressing himself against Peter’s chest to avoid spilling the remains of his dinner by bumping it as he did, and feeling a little thrill go through him when the boy’s hand brushed his side.

“You made these?” Tony asked, holding them up once he was back on his side of the bed.

“Yeah.”

“And the stuff that comes out of them?” he asked. “I made a mess in the living room, experimenting with them.”

Peter smiled; amused by the confession.

“It’ll dissolve in a couple of hours.”

“It already *did*,” Stark confirmed. “What is it?”

“Just some stuff that I made in chemistry class. I use it to swing myself through the higher buildings.”

“Your teacher knows?”

“No. I did it during a lecture. The most recent version, anyway. It’s constantly evolving.”

“As everything should until you get it right.”

“That’s how I feel, too.”

“I knew there was something I liked about you, Peter.”

Peter smiled; and Tony realized that the boy’s eyes were just a little dazed. Like a person who was almost drunk, but trying very hard to convince himself – and *others* – that he was stone cold sober. Clearly the painkiller was taking charge of the kid’s system. Not surprisingly, considering how much of a lightweight he was.

“I’m a *likeable* guy, Tony,” Peter told him.

“Yes, you are.” Ugh. Those brown eyes were working overtime on him. The guy didn’t know it, though, and Tony was a lot of things, but he wasn't someone who’d take advantage. Especially not when the other person was fifteen – and *hurt*, to boot. Well... hurt. Age was just a number, really. “I think I’d better let you get some sleep. Okay?”

“Yeah.” Peter flushed, as if recognizing the tension in the older man’s gaze. It only made him more adorable, as far as Tony was concerned. “Did I say thank you, yet?”
“You did,” Tony told him. “But you don’t have to.”

“Yes, I do. Thank you.”

Stark nodded, reached over Peter to put the webshooters back on the nightstand again – and shivered when Peter touched his side, again. He felt himself twitch and knew it was time to make his escape.

The billionaire got off the bed and picked the tray up from Peter’s lap. He smiled, though, unable to help himself as he bent down and kissed the boy. A light, tender and not quite innocent kiss that was made all the sweeter when Peter licked his lip when Tony pulled back, looking for his reaction without seeming to be.

“Get some sleep, Peter,” he told the boy. “If you need anything, though, tell FRIDAY and she’ll summon me.”

“How do I do that?”

Good point.

“You say ‘FRIDAY, I need Tony.’ She’ll relay to me.”

“Okay.”

The boy closed his eyes, still mostly upright, the blankets pooling around his waist. Stark rested the tray against his hip, freeing a hand to draw the blankets up and over his bare chest and belly.

“Good night, Peter.”

“Night, Tony.”

He left, carrying the tray into the kitchen, and almost immediately heard a call from his AI.

“Peter says he needs you.”

Tony frowned, and went back to the guest room, leaning through the open doorway.

“You okay?”

Peter smiled, sleepily.

“Just checking.”

Stark echoed that smile, amused and a little touched.

“Smartass. Go to sleep.”

“Yes, sir.”

Still smiling, Stark went to go finish his dishes, but he left Peter’s door open. Just in case.
“Peter is awake.”

“About time.”

Tony Stark had been awake since midnight. Of course, he didn’t really sleep all the much, anyway, but he’d specifically told FRIDAY to rouse him at midnight so that he could give Peter another painkiller – just in case. Then, while he was awake – mostly – the boy had said he needed the bathroom, but hadn’t been able to manage getting there alone. Stark was amused to find himself propping the kid up while he peed and then while he washed his hands and face, after.

Watching him, Tony noted that for someone who was living homeless, he wasn’t dirty. Yes, he definitely needed a haircut, and the already noted ribs needed some more meat on them, but he was clean, and his hair was clean.

When he mentioned it, Peter told him that he used the locker room at school to shower, even on days that they didn’t do any running. Which made sense.

“No showers right now, though,” Tony had reminded him. “Not until the doctor clears you to get that wound wet.”

“Okay.”

The boy hadn’t argued. He’d simply leaned even more on Stark as they went from the bathroom to the bed, and had settled into his blankets with a tired and relieved sigh, not even blushing when Tony had double checked the bandage on his thigh for any seepage before covering him back up, giving him the needed pain pill and kissing him, lightly, before telling him to go back to sleep.

With the sun shining outside the bedroom window, Tony didn’t need to turn the light on when he tapped lightly on the door, warning the boy he was coming into the room.

Peter was sitting up, even though the billionaire had helped him into a more prone position the night before.

“Good morning,” he said, cheerfully, walking over to the bed still wearing the sweats and t-shirt that he had been wearing the evening before. He’d already called and advised those who needed to know that he wasn’t going to be in to work. As such, he wasn’t in any hurry to change. “How do you feel?”

“A little sore,” Peter admitted.

“Yeah?” Tony had anticipated the need for the painkiller and handed it over, giving it to Peter with a glass of water. “Take that, and then we’ll have a look.”

While Peter was downing the pill, Tony opened the drawer to the stand once more. This time he pulled out several rolls of bandages, some medicated wipes, some tape and a pair of scissors. Peter set the glass on the stand and then watched as Stark pulled the blankets aside to bare the leg – and all the rest of him, of course – and then settled himself on the bed, next to the boy’s thigh.

Brandishing the scissors, he winked at Peter.

“Hold very still, okay? We don’t want me to snip off parts that are supposed to be there for years to
come.”

The boy blushed, slightly, but also smiled – and only a little nervously.

“Yeah. Are you sure you know what you’re doing?”

“The doctor made sure before he left. Trust me.”

“I do.”

They both watched, though, as Tony cut through the bandages and tape wrapped around Peter’s thigh. Then they both winced almost twin grimaces – although neither noticed the other – when he carefully pulled the bandage and exposed the injury.

“Huh…”

Stark looked up at Peter.

“Huh?” he echoed. “What does that mean?”

“I don’t know. I thought it would look grosser than that.”

“It’s pretty gross, Peter.”

“Yeah. But not… I don’t know.”

“Does it hurt?”

“Yeah. A little.”

“Let me put this medicated stuff on it and wrap it back up. Then we’ll get some breakfast.”

“Okay.”

Peter about jumped out of his skin the moment that Tony touched him with the medicated wipe. He hissed in pain and only Tony’s hold on his leg stopped Stark from tumbling off the bed.

“Shh… shhh…” the older man bent and blew on the wound, gently, an echo of a long-forgotten memory of his mother doing the same for him when he’d skinned his knee. “I’m sorry… shhhh…”

Peter trembled, watching as Tony held his leg in his strong hands, head bent over his lap. He couldn’t see him blowing on the wound, but he could feel it, and he couldn’t see him crooning, softly, but he could hear it. What he could see, to his profound embarrassment, was that the sight of the man so intimately close to him, his hair brushing against his thigh and his lap, was making him aroused, despite the pain lacing through his leg at the moment.

He tried everything that he could think of; thinking of old ladies playing bingo. Of sports – which didn’t do anything for him. Of puppies and kittens and babies. It wasn’t working, and if anything, he was growing harder, and definitely not losing his erection. He groaned, and covered his face with a pillow; any minute Tony was going to look up to check on him and there wasn't any way to hide what was happening.

“It’s okay, Peter…” Stark murmured, still blowing on the gash. When he heard the boy groan so oddly, though, he looked up, alarmed, and was surprised at what he was seeing. The boy was turned on! Probably not a pain kink or something like that, Tony was certain. It was probably the sensation of having him so close. Fifteen was pretty much a hair trigger age, Tony remembered well. Of
course, the sight of Peter so fully aroused didn’t help Tony. He felt himself twitch in automatic response, but he wasn’t fifteen and ignored the sudden excitement that surged through him.

He thought about how best to address the obvious elephant in the room while he finished cleaning Peter’s thigh, taking delight in blowing on the wound, only now with his head turned just a little so he could blow on that eager rod of flesh as well. There was almost certainly something wrong with the enjoyment that he took from exciting the boy so thoroughly, but he couldn’t help it. He layered several thick bandages over the injury, wrapped it with far more gauze than the doctor had, and then taped it all down as carefully as he could.

Then, he moved himself in between Peter’s thighs, nudging the boy’s knees apart, and leaned into him until his face was level with the boy’s.

“Peter…?”

“Yeah?”

His voice was muffled, because he hadn’t moved the pillow.

“I’m done.”

“Okay.”

Stark smiled, and pulled the pillow away, his eyes eager to meet the boy’s. Only Peter had his squeezed tightly closed.

“Hey…” Tony made his voice soft, and he brushed his fingers against the boy’s cheek. “Peter? Come on… open your eyes and look at me. It’s okay. Really.”

“No.”

Stark chuckled, and bent his head, kissing the boy’s too skinny chest and then working his way lower, leaving a trail of wet kisses as he licked and kissed Peter’s belly, and then his stomach, and then finally slid his tongue along the slit of Peter’s cock, tasting the precum that was dribbling from the tip.

Peter moaned, and now it was a mix of agony and excitement. He was tense, though, and held himself still. Even when Tony licked his tongue the entire length of the boy’s shaft, from the root up to the head.

“It’s perfectly normal to be aroused like that,” Tony told him, licking the head of Peter’s cock and then teasing the underside. “It’s part of being a man. And it’s exciting…”

Peter whimpered, and Tony looked up and saw that he still hadn’t opened his eyes. His hands were clenching the comforter on either side of his torso and his breathing was coming in faint gasps.

“Please, Tony…”

Stark smiled, and took the boy into his mouth, his lips and tongue now adding to the moist heat. The flat of his tongue slid along the boy’s shaft and the billionaire hummed, gently, as he swallowed him, the vibrations triggering Peter’s climax. Stark felt him tense, felt his balls lurch and the boy’s hips jerk. He made a pleased noise deep in his throat and clamped his lips around the head of Peter’s cock, sucking down the cum that was spurting from Peter with each jerk of his body. Peter’s cry of completion was exciting, and Tony slid his fingers along his own cock, through the fabric of his sweats, just enjoying the sensation.
When Peter finally came down from his climax, Tony spent a few moments with his head bent over the boy’s lap, licking and cleaning, before he finally placed a tender kiss on the head and moved away.

He got off the bed, entirely, and covered Peter, chastely. Then leaned over and kissed him, full on the lips. Stark’s tongue slid along the boys closed lips, teasing and playing, until Peter relaxed just a little, and opened his mouth to the demanding touch. Tony chuckled into the boy’s mouth, and after a moment, released him and leaned back, with only a hand on the bed, bracing himself.

“Open your eyes and look at me, Peter.”

The boy did what he was told, his doe brown eyes wide with wonder and lust.

“Hey, Tony…”

Stark smiled. God, he was adorable.

“Hey, Peter. You okay?”


“Don’t freak out on me, okay?”

“I won’t.”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. So did I.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I’m going to go make breakfast. Are you okay?”

“Yes.”

“How do you like your eggs?”

“What?”

Tony chuckled. God, he was delicious. And now that he’d had a taste of him, Tony wanted so much more. But he could wait. A little while, anyway.

“Your eggs, Peter. Should I scramble them?”

“Oh. Yeah. That’s fine. Whatever you want to do.”

“Relax a while,” Tony told him, brushing another kiss against the boy's cheek and gathering up the supplies from the bandage change. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

“Okay.”

Stark left, and Peter watched him go, his heart still racing and his head spinning. There was no way he wasn’t in the middle of a wet dream or something. He had to be. He looked down at himself, his mostly flaccid penis still slightly damp with Tony’s saliva and shook his head.
That was amazing.
Peter was aroused again when Tony returned to the guest room carrying a tray a short time later.
Stark wasn't surprised and he hid his amusement, saving the boy's modesty by ignoring the tenting of
the blankets as he settled the tray across Peter's lap, covering him. The boy seemed to appreciate it.
His smile was still a bit embarrassed and his porcelain cheeks were an appealing rose.

“Breakfast,” Tony told him, with a flourish and a wink. “Hungry?”

“Starving.”

Which made Stark frown, even though it had only been a figure of speech. He eyes lingered on the
too prominent ribs and the gaunt cheeks. Luckily, Peter didn’t notice. He was eyeing his breakfast
with anticipation. Eggs scrambled with chopped ham, hash browns, sausages and wedges of oranges
to garnish the plate. There was also a glass of orange juice.

“We’ll fix that,” Tony said, making Peter look up at him.

“You’re not eating?”

“Yes. Do you mind if I join you?”

“No. That’d be great.”

Stark smiled, pleased by the sincerity in the boy’s voice and expression. True to his word, he didn't
seem to be freaking out about what had happened, earlier. Which was a good thing. Especially since
Tony wanted more. Just not at that moment.

“I’ll be right back.”

He went into the kitchen and made himself a tray, gathering his breakfast as well as a pot of coffee,
carried it into the guest room. A minute later, he was sitting next to the boy, propped up by
pillows and his tray over his lap, as well, pouring a cup of coffee and watching as Peter started
eating. He smiled, pleased by the satisfied noises that the boy was making as he made his way
through the meal.

“Don’t eat too fast,” Tony warned him. “The doctor said you should probably have a lot of smaller
meals throughout the day until we get you used to eating regularly, again, so there’s no rush. Alright?
Better to eat it slowly and keep it down.”

“It’s good.”

“Thank you.”

He turned his attention to his own meal, which wasn't quite as substantial as the one he’d set in front
of Peter. He had every intention of getting a little meat on the kid while he had him stuck in bed.
Beyond that, well, they would have to discuss it – later, when Peter wasn't quite at the disadvantage
that he was, just then. But there was no way in hell the boy was going back to living the way that he
had been. Not if Tony had anything to say about it – and he always had something to say about
everything.

Peter finished before Tony, even though he’d been given more food, and the sigh that escaped his
lips when he leaned back into the pillows was as satisfied as Tony had ever heard.
“Thanks, Tony.”

“Did you get enough?”

“I’ll burst if I try to eat another bite.”

“We don’t want that.”

Stark sipped his coffee, finishing his breakfast at a leisurely pace.

“What are you going to do with me?” Peter asked, suddenly. His voice was tense, as if he was afraid to hear the answer, and when the billionaire turned to look at him, he looked nervous. “I mean… are you going to turn me in?”

“No.” Tony set his coffee down. “The plan right now is to get you healthy and back on your feet. Even if I thought that social services was the right way to go with you, they wouldn’t be able to take care of you the way that I can. They have a shitload of kids who need their attention. I happen to only have one, at the moment, and so as long as you’re willing, you’ll stay here and I’ll nurse you back to health.”

“And then?”

“We’ll see.” Stark shrugged. “Whatever happens, it’s not going to be something that I decide, okay, Peter? We will figure it out. Together. I definitely think that you’re old enough to have a say in what happens to you, but you’re way too young to be living on your own. I’m not going to let that continue. Fair?”

“Yes.”

He heard relief in that single word, and it made him smile.

“Done?” he asked, gesturing to the tray.

“Yeah. Thank you.”

“Hold my coffee, will you?”

Tony handed the boy his cup, and moved his tray so he could get up. He stacked his tray on top of Peter’s and left the guest room, carrying them to the kitchen. He’d clean them later. Right now, he wanted to learn more about the boy than what he’d discovered looking him up the evening before. Without asking, he reclaimed his spot next to Peter in the bed, taking his coffee back with a smile of thanks.

“So…” he turned toward the boy, sitting cross-legged on top of the blankets, his intense gaze focused just on Peter for the moment. “I’ve seen the videos, and we both know they’re aren’t doctored. Care to tell me how you do what you do?”

Peter looked afraid, and the billionaire thought that he might refuse. He didn’t press, though, and after a long hesitation, the boy nodded.

“It was a field trip,” he started, looking down at his hands, which were in his lap. “We were checking out a research lab…”

Over the course of the next half hour, in halting, uncertain words, Peter told him everything. He didn’t hold back to make himself look less childish, or selfish, and long before he got to the part
where May and Ben had been killed because he’d refused to step up and help, tears were rolling silently down his cheeks. It wasn’t a story that he’d had an opportunity to tell anyone, and while it was scary to tell, it also was a relief, knowing that someone else would know his biggest secret – and his biggest shame.

“So, basically, I brought all this down on myself,” he admitted, refusing to look at the man who was watching him – even if he could have seen him through the tears that were blinding him. “If I hadn’t hesitated, May and Ben would be alive, and I wouldn’t be alone. I deserve it.”

He felt Stark shift and found himself gathered into his arms and held. Felt Tony tuck him under his chin.

“You don’t deserve anything that happened, Peter,” the billionaire told him. “Believe me. If anyone knows about paying for the mistakes we make, it’s me. Since I’m the authority on the need for redemption, I can tell you without hesitation that while it’s right to try and atone for the perceived wrongs we commit, it’s not the universe that punishes us. It’s us.”

Peter was lost in the feeling of being held. Of being supported after so long without either. He had to lift his head, though, and look at Tony.

“I don’t understand…” he admitted.

“Because it’s way over our heads,” Stark assured him, wiping Peter’s cheeks with his thumbs and leaning down to kiss him, tenderly. “For now; this is your takeaway. You can’t control what the guy that killed your aunt and uncle did – so that isn’t your fault. You don’t deserve anything terrible that happens, and you’re not alone and never will be again, if I have anything to say about it. Got that?”

“Yeah.”

Whether he believed it or not was another matter, and not one that Peter was feeling up to facing, just then.

“You should probably get some sleep,” Tony told him, not showing any inclination to release him, just then.

“You’ll stay with me?” Peter asked, unable to keep himself from tightening the hold he had on the older man.

“Sure.”

But not in the awkward position that he was in, just then. He stretched out beside the boy – still on the top of the blankets, thank you very much, since being under them with the naked boy would have required someone with a lot more willpower than Tony had – and opened his arms, allowing Peter to sidle up against him in whatever position would cause his leg the least amount of pain. The boy sighed as his head found Stark’s shoulder and his arm draped across his stomach, his hand splayed just above the waistband of his sweats.

“I’m a wreck, Tony,” he murmured.

The billionaire chuckled, and sifted his fingers through Peter’s hair.

“We all are, kid. Believe me. Some just hide it better than others. Go to sleep.”

Worn out, Peter did as he was told and was soon dozing, his breath warm and moist against Tony’s neck. Stark debated getting up, now that he had the boy asleep again, but he didn’t. He was warm,
and he was in a good position – although it would have been better if Peter’s hand was just a little lower. Instead, he stayed where he was, and worked out designs in his head for his newest suit. Napping, himself, off and on as the morning progressed.

It wasn't something that he normally did, but the company was good. Peter wasn't the only one who thought they had a monopoly on being lonely, after all.
Stark woke Peter with another pain pill, and another meal on a tray resting over his lap. While Peter made his way through a couple of sandwiches and a bowl of soup, Tony told him a slightly edited version of his own history. Some of it Peter already knew, of course, because it was part of the sensationalism that came with being Ironman and having a superhero right out in the open for the public to admire.

But there were a lot of reasons behind the events that the public knew about, and since the boy had been so straightforward with him, it was only fair to reciprocate and share some of those reasons with him – even though they didn’t always cast the billionaire in the best of lights, either. By the time Peter was done eating, he knew more about Tony Stark than most people did, and the older man was ready to switch the focus of the topic from himself over to the boy, once more.

“Let’s check and make sure my doctoring is holding up,” Tony said, moving the tray off Peter’s lap and pulling the blankets back to expose the leg.

He almost expected the boy to hesitate, but was pleased when he didn’t.

Both of them leaned over to look, and Tony touched the area around the bandages, looking up into those gorgeous brown eyes, looking for any indication of discomfort. He didn’t see any pain, but he did find those eyes watching him with what could only be described as a hunger.

“Does it hurt?”

“Yeah. But I don’t think it’s the bandage. I think it’s just the leg.”

“If it gets unbearable, tell me,” Stark said, slipping a finger carefully under the bandages to see if it felt too tight.

“You could blow on it,” Peter suggested, reddening when Tony looked back at him, eyebrow raised. “Like you did this morning, I mean… it felt good. It made it not hurt so much.”

Stark felt a thrill go through him, but he schooled his expression to not look too excited. No sense scaring the boy – or inhibiting him, for that matter. Besides, he was taking a risk, and Tony was more than willing to reward the courage to ask for what he wanted. Even if it was indirectly.

“You liked it when I… blew on it?”

“Yes.”

The billionaire slid his hand from the inured thigh up a little higher, brushing his fingertips against Peter’s already hardening penis. The boy sucked in a deep breath and the organ in Tony’s hand swelled.

“Do you like this, too, Peter?” he asked, softly, stroking his hand along the length of the boy.

“Yeah.”

“What do you want me to do, Peter?”

“You know.”

“I do.” Stark smiled. “But I want you to say it. You say it, and I’ll do it.”
“Tony… please…”

The boy was brilliant red, now; a combination of desire and embarrassment.

“Say it, Peter…”

“I can’t.”

The billionaire slid his thumb along the head of Peter’s cock, precum already making itself felt, dribbling from the slit and slicking Tony’s fingers.

“Sure you can. Tell me what you want me to do…”

“Tony…”

He took pity on him – to a point.

“I’ll tell you what… I’ll say it, you *repeat* it… okay?”

“Yeah.”

“I love what you’re doing, Tony…”

“I love what you're doing, Tony,” the boy echoed, his eyes closing in bliss and his hips shifting in time with Stark’s motions.

“Don’t stop…”

“Don’t stop.”

“Suck my cock, Tony…”

“Suck my cock, Tony.”

“Fuck me, Tony…”

“Fuck me, To-“

Peter opened his eyes, realizing what he’d said, and Stark chuckled.

“Say it, Peter. *Fuck me, Tony…”*

“Fuck me, Tony.”

Tony smiled and bent over the boy’s lap and took him in his mouth, his tongue already lapping up the precum and searching for more. Peter moaned in approval, and tentatively put his hand on the back of Stark’s head, his fingers curling in the billionaire’s hair as Tony bore down on him, swallowing him completely, using every trick he knew to give Peter as much pleasure as he could, as quickly as he could. He didn't want to prolong anything and maybe allow Peter to hurt his leg. He was already addicted to the noises the boy made when he was excited, though; they were music to his ears.

Not surprisingly, Peter didn’t last long, and he was grunting as his cock unloaded into Tony’s mouth only a few minutes after Stark had begun. Tony finished him off, and then moved up on him, his mouth seeking Peter’s in a kiss that gave the boy a chance to experience what his own cum tasted like smeared on the billionaire’s tongue and lips.
He was pleasantly surprised when Peter’s hands roamed his body, sliding along his shoulders and then his sides, even sliding under his shirt to feel bare skin.

Tony pulled away, pressing a few butterfly kisses against the corner of the boy’s mouth and smiling at how satiated he looked. And he’d only had a blow job! He couldn’t even imagine the expression he’d be wearing after a night of hot and heavy fucking.

“Did it help?” he asked Peter.

“What?”

Stark chuckled, again, and kissed the boy’s neck and chin, his tongue leaving wet stripes as he licked the tender flesh there.

“How does your thigh feel?”

“I can’t feel it, at all.”

“Then you were right; I made it feel better.”

Peter smiled.

“Yeah.”

“If you eat all your dinner tonight, maybe I’ll make it feel better, again, this evening.”

“Yeah?”

“If you’re okay with it.”

“Serious?”

“Yes. But practice saying it, because you have to ask me tonight, and I’m not going to help you.”

Stark eased himself away from Peter’s lap, careful not to jar him, and he covered him back up. Much as he really enjoyed the idea of the boy simply being naked and exposed for him to look at him any time he wanted to, Peter was decidedly malnourished, and as such, he was susceptible to being cold. The room’s ambient temperature – no matter how warm – wouldn’t be enough to keep him getting chilled, especially with an injury, and the billionaire wouldn’t risk him just to satisfy his own voyeuristic desires.

The boy hesitated, seeing the swelling in the front of the sweats Tony was wearing, proof that he’d been excited by what they were doing.

“What…?” he blushed. “What about the rest? What you had me say, I mean?”

“I just wanted to hear you say it, Peter,” Tony said, feeling his cock twitch at the thought of claiming Peter for his own. “You’re not up for that, yet.”

Although Tony most certainly was.

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Peter spent the rest of the afternoon in bed watching movies and napping off and on during them. He wasn’t always alone. Tony had taken the day off, but he did need to make a couple of calls for work, and there were dishes to be done from breakfast and lunch, both. But he had time to spend with
Peter, too. It wouldn’t be right to tell him he was important and then abandon him to a television companion, after all.

In between the dishes and the phone calls, he needed to start dinner, which was going to be a stir fry. Not hard to make, but a lot of prep work; chopping, peeling and slicing, as well as getting the leftover chicken from dinner the night before into the perfect sized chunks.

But he check on the boy frequently, as the afternoon wore on. If Peter was asleep, he’d watch him sleep for a while, wondering why he felt such an instant connection to him – which was unusual for Tony Stark, who didn’t connect well with anyone.

If he was awake when he’d look in on him, Tony would come sit on the edge of the bed and tease him, gently, about whatever he might be watching – especially if it was a chick-flick – or would fuss over him, making sure that he wasn’t hurting and didn’t need a painkiller, or didn’t need help to the bathroom.

Sometimes he’d flip the blankets back again – just for a few minutes – and would slide his fingers along the boy’s uninjured thigh, just to watch him blush. Which he did. Every time. That would amuse Stark, who would cover him up, again, warmly, and then press a soft kiss against his cheek before getting up to go finish a task.

Each time Peter would smile at him; that soft, wonderful smile and those hopelessly adorable eyes would sparkle with happiness at the attention, and Tony would feel a flutter of happiness, too. He’d go work on whatever it was that needed doing, but would invariably return to the guest room – just to see what the boy was up to.

All in all, not the worst of ways to pass an afternoon.
“This is good.”

“Yeah? Thanks.”

“You really made it?” Peter asked, looking down at the plate of stir-fry. It also held a side of noodles, since Tony wanted to load the boy with more carbs than the main dish afforded. “You don’t have a chef or something out in the kitchen cooking?”

Stark smiled.

“Nope. Cooking is one of my lesser known abilities. Save the world, come home and make a quiche. The secret life of Ironman.”

It was Peter’s turn to smile.

“Exciting.”

Tony rolled his eyes, and gestured to Peter’s plate.

“It’s better when it’s warm. Eat.”

Peter turned most of his attention to the meal, gladly, but still was very much aware of the man beside him. Ironman. He couldn’t help but be simply blown away by the fact that he was sitting in bed, eating dinner so casually beside Tony Stark, who was willing to tease him and joke with him so nonchalantly about him being an honest to god superhero. Even more crazy – and exciting – was the fact that Peter had spent the half hour that Tony had been making dinner trying to practice how to ask the man to suck his cock.

Those exact words. He blushed, even as Tony told him about maybe letting him get up to look around the rest of the apartment since he’d been asleep when they’d carried him up there. He felt himself getting hard, thinking about how good – good wasn’t even the word, really; what he’d felt when Tony had sucked him off transcended good like a phoenix might transcend a pigeon. But it had been that and more.

And he’d done it twice. And would do it again after they ate. Would just pull the blankets back and bend his head over Peter’s lap and would-

“Peter?”

He started, torn from his own waking wet dream, and looked over at Tony.

“Sorry. What?”

The billionaire’s expression was amused, and Peter blushed, hoping he couldn’t tell what he’d been thinking. Luckily the tray and the blankets were covering the real evidence of those thoughts.

“I asked if you’d like me to show you around the apartment, later.”

“Oh. Yeah. Of course. Thanks.”

Stark’s smile grew, and the intense look in his eyes told Peter that the older man knew exactly where his mind had been. His next words proving it.
“Eat your dinner. Every bite, though, right?”

“Yes.”

Peter turned his attention back to the meal in front of him, and while they ate Tony told him about the newest Ironman suit that he was working on – which was interesting enough to pull his thoughts from the upcoming main event of the evening – at least as far as Peter was concerned.

“I made a cake for dessert,” Stark told Peter, hiding his amusement as the boy watched him toy with the last few bites of his dinner. Peter had finished before him; either because he’d been hungry – which was probably true, regardless – or because he was a horny, eager teen who was really looking forward to having more of the same attentions Tony had given him earlier. Either way, Stark had slowed his own pace down a bit, just to watch the boy squirm while waiting for him to finish eating, as well. “Do you want a slice?”

“What kind?”

“White cake, vanilla bean frosting.”

“Later,” Peter said. “I probably couldn’t finish it, right now.”

Despite the doctor’s orders, Tony had been giving the boy pretty big portions, so that was understandable. He didn’t do things little, after all.

“It’ll be fine until you’re ready.” He moved his tray, and got out of the bed, then stacked his tray on Peter’s and moved them, not at all surprised to see the tenting in Peter’s lap. He ignored it – although he did lean over and brush a quick kiss against the boy’s lips. “I’ll be right back.”

“Okay.”

Peters eyes were bright with anticipation when Tony returned to the guest room, and the older man sat down on the edge of the bed, deciding to put him out of his misery.

“You have something to ask me?” he asked, bluntly, his own eyes amused as he waited for the boy’s reaction.

Sure enough, those porcelain cheeks reddened, brilliantly.

“Yes.” Stark waited, patiently, and Peter swallowed. “Will you suck my cock please Tony?”

It came out in a rush and so strung together that it actually took Tony a moment to separate the words and decide what he’d been asked. And he was used to handling data instantly through the Ironman AI! He chuckled, and debating just for a moment making Peter say it again, slower, but he didn’t. Instead he nodded, leaned in and kissed the boy, pleased that he’d been brave enough – or desperate enough – to actually say the words.

“Absolutely.”

He pulled the blankets back, revealing Peter’s fully aroused and very eager cock, and slid his hand along the boy’s leg as he kissed him, again. This time, however, he allowed his tongue to nudge those delicious lips, gently urging Peter to open them. After a moment, he did, and Tony slowly explored his mouth, leaning in and using the motion to press Peter backward against the pillows. While he kissed him, silently teaching the boy how to return the kiss, he shifted his body, moving
until he was between Peter’s legs on the bed, moving the blankets further until they were well out of
the way and it was only Peter under him, now, when he finally broke the kiss.

The boy moaned softly when Tony moved over him, brushing Peter’s cock with the front of his
sweats, allowing his own aroused cock to press into the boy’s, only the fabric of Tony’s sweatpants
keeping the two from touching directly. Tony groaned, too, though, at the sensation and moved
away, bending his head and running his tongue along the head of Peter’s throbbing, anxious cock.

“Yes… right there, Tony…” Peter murmured, and Stark felt the boy’s hand on the back of his head.

He smiled to himself and ran his tongue along Peter’s shaft, teasing and tracing the contours of the
young man’s arousal before finally drawing him into his mouth and slowly enclosing him in its moist
heat, the flat of his tongue tasting every inch.

Peter made his approval known without words; his hand tightened on Tony’s head, his cock swelled,
and his hips jerked of their own volition. Tony chuckled, and the vibrations against Peter’s sensitive
flesh only made him whimper with pleasure.

Making sure that he wasn't touching the injured leg in a spot that would cause any discomfort, Tony
went to work on Peter, giving him everything he had been brave enough to ask for. He licked him,
he sucked him, he alternated between the two and sometimes did both at the same time. He released
him completely and then turned his attention to the boy’s testicles, rolling them individually into his
mouth and then sucking both at once, his tongue lapping at them while his hands came to Peter’s
bony hips to hold him still when the boy started bucking in response.

Finally, he swallowed the boy’s cock and squeezed his throat around the head, humming and
moving just right, and it was all that it took to set him off. Peter groaned and his entire being tensed,
warning Tony in time to pull back to allow himself the chance to catch the cum that was suddenly
flooding his mouth as the boy released with a cry that he couldn’t have choked back for anything.

Tony fondled Peter’s sensitive balls, milking them as he suckled the boy, urging him to give him
everything that he had until Peter finally collapsed into the pillows, spent and trembling. Tony made
a few more passes over the head of Peter’s cock with the flat of his tongue, and then moved to kiss
him, again, his eyes locked on Peter’s incredulous ones.

“You did so good,” Stark murmured against his lips. “So good, Peter.”

“Yes…?”

He was breathless, and panting, his chest rising and falling under Tony’s hand.

“Yes.” He kissed him, again, and then sat back a little, still between his thighs. “Worth asking for, I
hope?”

“Yes.” He hesitated. “I could… I mean, you don’t mind if I asked again, sometime?”

Which was exactly what Tony wanted to hear.

“I think I could live with that.” He looked down between them. Peter was still deflating, caught in
that in between of hard as he could ever be and coming down off a mind-blowing orgasm, and the
billionaire brushed his fingertips along the faltering shaft, carefully. He was well aware just how
ultra-sensitive he would feel just then and the last thing he wanted to do was cause any discomfort
after that. “You might want to work on slowing your delivery a little.”

The boy blushed, but he smiled, shyly – which was positively endearing, as far as Stark was
concerned. He braved a look down between them, as well, just thinking how surreal it was to see anyone playing with him – much less Tony freaking Stark. His eyes were drawn to the bulge in Tony’s sweats, though. Although bulge wasn’t really the word for it. It was pretty much the outline of the older man’s cock straining against the fabric. Large and eager and compelling.

“Can I…?” Peter gestured at Stark’s groin, and the billionaire only hesitated for a moment before nodding – and only then because he was more than aware that he wasn’t the king of self control.

“Yes.”

Peter’s hand trembled only a little less than Tony did when the boy reached for the waist of his sweats and pulled on them, drawing the fabric away from Tony’s throbbing and eager erection. The moment took a definite wrong turn when Peter’s uncertain grip slipped and the elastic snapped back into place, eliciting a grimace from Tony, who closed his eyes with a soft curse at the discourteous treatment of his most tender parts.

“I’m sorry,” Peter said, quickly, aghast. He reached out, his grip much firmer as he pulled the waistband back, again, and Tony chuckled at the lunacy of the situation, reaching down to avoid another inopportune snap of fabric by cupping himself as Peter slid the sweats down to free the older man’s cock and balls completely. “Did I hurt you?”

“Not too much,” Tony assured him, releasing his hold on himself and drawing Peter’s hand to his shaft while leaning in to kiss him. He groaned when he felt the boy tentatively wrap his fingers around him, sliding his palm against him with a gentle, tentative, caress. “It’s okay.”

Peter looked down at what he was doing, and Tony pulled back just a little to allow both of them to watch as the boy began stroking him more firmly, now.

“Should I blow on it…?” Peter asked, his beautiful eyes lit with humor and a little excitement.

Tony laughed, loving the boy right then and there, even as his cock twitched in excitement at the idea.

“You should,” he agreed. “But not right now,” Stark told him. He wanted nothing more than to drive himself deep inside the boy – either hole, or both of them – but he also wasn’t going to rush things. And he wasn’t going to let Peter hurt himself getting into an awkward position to pleasure him that might hurt that injury of his. “Just do what you’re doing, and forgive me for the mess I’m going to make…”

Peter nodded, turning his attention to jacking Tony off. He was a teenaged boy; this was something that he knew. He’d never done it to someone else, of course, but the motions were the same, the precum drooling from the slit making the motions slicker and smoother. Then more when Tony made it even more exciting when his breathing started coming faster and he closed his eyes, whispering softly, telling Peter – or maybe just talking to himself – about just how good it felt and what he wished that he was doing.

“Just like that…” Tony’s voice was harsh with excitement. “Right there… harder… I need you so much… I’m so hard for you, Peter…”

“Yes…” Peter whispered, getting excited at just how eager the older man was; how his cock was swelling even more in his palm. Stark had already told him what he’d liked hearing, earlier, and Peter was willing to try to make it better for him. “Fuck my hand, Tony… you’re so hard… all for me… Fuck me, Tony…”
That was all it took. Stark grunted and Peter’s hand was suddenly slick with cum. The next thrust of the billionaire’s hips drove a rope of the white fluid against Peter’s belly and then another crossed his chest. Tony’s hand covered the hand Peter had on him, forcing him to stay where he was while Tony came over and over, his hips snapping, hard, as he painted the boy with his seed until he couldn’t do anything but brace himself with his free hand, his forehead resting on Peter’s collarbone, his hand still holding Peter on him.

“Are you alright?” Peter asked.

Stark nodded and took a couple of deep breaths before pulling away, and looking down at the two of them.

“Yes. Did I hurt you?” he asked, suddenly looking at the bandaged thigh, that was at an awkward angle, but with no pressure against the wound as near as he could tell.

“I’m okay,” the boy told him. “That was exciting.”

“Yeah, it was.” Tony drew back, and released Peter’s hand so he could let go of his cock. Then he carefully pulled his sweats back up over it. “Your foreplay techniques need some work, though, young man.”

Peter blushed, but grinned.

“I said I was sorry. Next time you should come to bed naked. Then you won’t have to worry about it.”

“Don’t tempt me.”

Stark got himself off the bed, legs just a little wobbly, and vanished into the bathroom. Peter heard water running, and a moment later the older man returned with a wet towel that he used to wipe the mess he’d made of Peter’s belly and chest. Then he wiped the boy’s flaccid cock, before pressing a tender kiss against the head and covering him once more with the blanket.

“Thanks, Tony.”

The billionaire smiled.

“You’re welcome. Cake?”

“Yeah.”
Peter woke with a start and a cry of fear that he couldn’t choke back. Caught in the throes of the nightmare, he moaned, softly, and closed his eyes, trembling, grasping a pillow and holding it tightly to his belly like an ungainly teddy bear.

“No…”

The agony from his leg at the motion only added to the still very vivid nightmare, and he found his breath coming in short gasps as panic overcame the softness of the bed he was in and the ambient light that was supposed to be soothing.

The light came on, but he was barely aware of it. Barely aware, too, when he was suddenly not alone in the bed and strong arms came around him, gathering him gently against a warm, willing body.

“Easy, Peter,” Tony crooned into his ear, peppering his cheek and temple with kisses while he held him, closely, trying to warm his chilled body. “I’m here…”

“I can’t breathe…”

“Sure you can.” The calm voice cut into his terror. Helped him to focus. “Take a deep breathe, honey.”

“I can’t.”

“Deep breath, Peter,” came the reply. Stern and loving both. Demanding to be obeyed.

Peter gasped, inhaling in a stuttering moan.

“Another.”

He did as he was told. The tight bands that seemed to be constricting around his chest eased as the oxygen he was getting in each breath increased and the next breath was even steadier.

“Good…” the voice crooned with approval. “Another deep breath.”

Peter managed two. Then he realized that he wasn’t alone, and he opened his eyes. And met the concerned dark gaze of Tony Stark.

“Tony…”

“Hey, Peter…” The billionaire was holding him against his bare chest, arms wrapped around his shaking form, legs tangled with his own, which made Peter vaguely aware that for the first time Tony had joined him under the blankets. “You’re okay.”

“Yeah.”

He wasn’t, though. He dropped his head to Tony’s chest, burying his face against the tender skin. He was so scared, still caught in the lingering images of the nightmare.

“It’s okay, Peter…” Tony cooed. “I’m here. I’ve got you.”

“Please don’t leave me.”
“I’m not going to,” Stark assured him, drawing the blankets up over the two of them and tucking the boy’s head under his chin. “I’m right here.”

They’d spent the evening in bed together. Both of them wrapped in that glowing euphoria that follows an orgasm, intensified by having achieved that release with the help of the other. Tony had brought cake and with a slight smile had fed Peter’s to him bite by bite, kissing the boy approvingly every time he ate even the most modest of morsels. Peter turned on a movie, but neither really paid attention to what they were watching.

Peter was worn out. Injury and the sensation of sexual satisfaction combined with being enclosed in strong arms that were determined to comfort put him to sleep long before the movie was over. Tony had held him for a long time, but eventually he got up, covered Peter warmly and took the dishes into the kitchen, leaving the boy to his sleep.

He’d checked on him twice before he’d gone to his bed. Once after showering, and once after checking his email and phone messages. There were several that needed replies, but all of that could wait until the next day. For a change, he was a bit sleepy - thanks to a very pleasurable hand job - and he’d settled in his bed, thinking that maybe he’d catch an hours' sleep before checking on his houseguest, again. He’d had almost been asleep when FRIDAY had alerted him that something was wrong with Peter, and Tony had come running.

They were quiet for a long time; Peter clinging to him and shaking, Tony holding him and caressing his hand along the boy’s bare back. Finally, Peter seemed to slump against him, and he sighed; a mixture of embarrassment and exhaustion.

“You’re alright,” Tony told him, again, leaning down a little and kissing the top of his head. “I’ve got you.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No need to be. Nightmares and panic attacks are pretty much run of the mill around here. We can handle them.”

“You have them?” Peter asked, sounding surprised.

“All the time.”

“How do you deal with them?”

“I drink and I don’t sleep.”

The boy snorted, softly.

“That probably won’t work for me.”

“I don’t recommend it. Do you have them often?”

“Nightmares? All the time. The panic attacks don’t come very often. But they’re scarier.”

“Yeah. I know.”

“You don’t have to stay with me,” Peter told him, kissing his chest. “I’ll probably be able to sleep, now. I’m sorry if I woke you.”

“I’m not. Extra cuddling. Can’t go wrong with that, right?”
Peter smiled and closed his eyes, content in the knowledge that he was safe and protected, and too tired to keep his eyes open now that the nightmare was done. He was asleep in minutes, still enclosed in Tony’s arms. Stark shifted him just a little into a more comfortable position.

“Lights, FRIDAY,” he murmured, softly.

A moment later the room was bathed in darkness with only the light from the bathroom illuminating the pale skin of the boy Tony was holding. He drew the blankets up and allowed himself to drift off, as well.

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He woke to the room washed in the pale light of dawn coming through the cracks in the shades and the delightful feeling of Peter’s hand inside his sweats, stroking his already aroused cock.

The boy must have felt the rest of him tense – he was too close not to notice – and his hand still.

“Awake?”

Tony groaned and put his hand over Peter’s, silently encouraging him to continue what he was doing.

“Yes. Good morning. How do you feel?”

Peter hadn’t left the protective confines of the billionaire’s arms.

“My leg hurts and I want to suck your cock.”

Stark snorted, amused, and he stretched beside Peter. He wondered how long the boy had been practicing to be able to say that without stammering or losing the verbal space key.

“We’ll take care of your leg.”

“And the other?”

"Say it again."

Peter only hesitated a moment.

"I want to suck on your cock, Tony."

God.

“We’ll see.”

“I’m not scared, Tony.”

“No. I can tell.”

"Then why won’t you let me try? I won’t bite you, I promise.”

The kid was killing him.

“I’m not worried about that. If we can find a comfortable way for you to try it, later, without hurting yourself, I’ll let you. Okay?”

“Oh.” It was obvious that Peter hadn’t thought about maybe hurting himself in the attempt. “Yeah.
Okay.”

The older man pulled Peter’s hand from his sweats with regret, and then released his hold on the boy completely and got up. He was hard, but it was pleasant, and it made him hyper-aware of the brush of fabric against his cock as he moved to the side of the bed. This time as he opened the nightstand drawer for the supplies that he needed to change the bandages, it was Peter who pulled the blankets back to expose himself. He was erect and not even blushing – too much.

Tony positioned himself between his knees – which did elicit a blush and a shiver – and he smiled at the boy, equal parts amused and pleased at just how responsive Peter was to his proximity.

“Hold still.”

They both watched as he cut the bandages away, and Tony was pleased to see that what had been a raw, red wound the morning before had already scabbed over and looked better.

“It looks okay…” Peter said.

“It looks great, Peter.” Tony winked, holding up the medicated wipes that had hurt the boy so much the day before. “None of these, I think.”

“Good.”

“Lots of bandages, though, to keep it from opening if you bump it or something.”

Peter watched him as he layered thick, soft pads down along the wound and then wrapped it tightly, and taped it down.

“You do good work, doctor,” the boy said, quoting a movie that was far too obscure for Stark to catch the reference.

“Thanks. Wait until you see my bill.” It pleased Tony that Peter was able to smile at the joke, and he moved the remaining supplies back to the drawer. “I’m going to make breakfast.”

“But…”

Stark looked at Peter, who had an oddly disappointed look on his face, and hid his amusement as well as he could. Clearly the boy had other things on his mind than eating, just then.

“Yes?”

“Do you have to?” Peter asked. “I mean… it’s still kind of early. I’m not really hungry, just yet.”

“Did you have something else in mind?” Tony asked him, and now he did allow the boy to see his smile, which made Peter roll his eyes as he realized that Stark was waiting to be asked.

“Yes.” He only hesitated a moment, and the blush wasn’t quite as noticeable. “Will you suck on me, Tony? Please?”

“I think that’s a fine idea, Peter,” the billionaire said, bending his head.

Peter sighed and closed his eyes as Tony’s mouth closed over him, wondering what he’d done in a past life to have this be his reality, just then.
“Ready to try getting out of bed for a while?” Stark asked, once he’d finished Peter off and had gently licked the boy’s now quivering cock clean.

Peter sighed in contentment, opening his eyes and coming down off his most recent Tony Stark induced high.

“Really? Can I?”

“We’re not going to go any further than the couch,” Tony told him. “But, yeah. It probably wouldn’t hurt for you to have a change of scenery.”

“Okay. Yeah.”

“I’ll be right back.”

The billionaire left and Peter found that if he closed his eyes and concentrated, he could almost follow Tony’s progress across the apartment. Of course, since he didn’t know what rooms were which, it didn’t really matter, but it gave him a homey feeling to listen to the movements, and it settled an inner desire that he had had since he’d been cast so brutally out on his own.

It wasn’t long before he heard soft footsteps once more heading to the door to the room he was in, and he opened his eyes and saw Tony return, carrying a small bundle, which he handed to Peter.

The boy saw that there was a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and a long-sleeved t-shirt.

“They’re mine,” Tony warned him, standing at the edge of the bed. “So they aren’t going to fit. But baggy clothing is better than no clothing. Well… in this instance, it is. I personally prefer you naked.”

Peter smiled and pulled the shirt on easily enough. Moving to get the pajamas on wasn't quite as easy, and he winced when he jarred the injured thigh. Stark moved to help him, first sitting him upright on the edge of the bed and then pulling him carefully to his feet, where the boy leaned on Tony, who pulled the pants on and then tied the drawstring to keep them from sliding off his bony hips.

“Thanks.”

Stark slid his arms around Peter’s waist, his hands slipping under the pajamas to cup his ass and pull him up against his pelvis – and his semi-erect penis.

“My pleasure.” Peter felt a shiver run through him that had nothing to do with being chilled, but it drew Tony’s attention from his own less than pure thoughts and back to what he was doing. “Come on, sweetheart. Let’s get you settled.”
He took the injured side, supporting Peter’s negligible weight as the boy shuffled his way out of the guestroom and into the living room, getting his first view of the apartment that Stark called home.

“Wow…”

Tony stopped, giving him a chance to look around from the doorway. The apartment was – not surprisingly – large and luxurious. The main room was a combination of living room and dining room and the hardwood floor was big enough to be a basketball court. Windows lined the entire far wall from floor to ceiling, giving an amazing view of the city that stretched on forever it seemed to Peter. At the moment, most of them were shaded completely, muting the morning sunshine. There was a huge flat TV on the wall, with a plush leather sofa facing it. There were blankets and pillows on it, as well as the normal cushions Peter would usually expect. A coffee table and a smaller couch of the same color and fabric also furnished that area of the room. A small dining room table was against a pair of the windows, with four chairs surrounding it. There was an ultra-modern kitchen, all marble, steel and copper. There was an island that had a range built into it and a couple of bar stools tucked into cleverly designed alcoves, and a wall of appliances; dishwasher, huge refrigerator, another oven and a sink that was probably big enough for Peter to bathe in.

“Be it ever so humble…” Stark said with a shrug. “The bathroom is that way, and that door goes to my bedroom.”

“It’s nice.”

“Thank you. I would take credit for it, but FRIDAY did all the decorating, based on my preferences and hobbies. Which reminds me; FRIDAY? Activate Welcome Wagon protocol.”

“Activated. Waiting for voice verification.”

Stark smiled.

“Say your full name for her, please.”

“Oh. Um. Peter Benjamin Parker.”

“Confirmed.”

“You now have access to my AI. In case you need more than just to let her know you need me.”

“Like what?” Peter asked as Tony moved, walking him over to the sofa and easing him down into it.

“Anything. House controls; temp, lights, shading on the window and door locks, to start. You want the TV on? Now you can have FRIDAY do it, or use the remote – whichever is easiest. She is also interfaced into my phone, my watch and every other aspect of my life, so you can simply tell her to call me if I’m not here, and she will.”

“Cool.”

“She will not make you breakfast, however,” Stark told him, leaning over and bundling the boy in the blanket and then propping the injured leg up, the foot going onto the coffee table in front of him. “That’s my job.”

“Can I help?”

“No. For one thing, I don’t want you on that leg any more than necessary. For another, can you even cook?”
“Yeah. Of course.”

“For example…?”

“Macaroni and cheese? Spaghetti. Anything out of a can.”

Stark rolled his eyes, and leaned down once more to kiss Peter, softening his criticism.

“Then you can be in charge of dinner if we have any three-year-olds over. Otherwise, I’ll take care of the cooking. Fair?”

The boy nodded, not at all offended. He was well aware that his culinary skills weren’t on par with his wall climbing abilities.

“Yeah.”

“Rest, okay?” Tony told him, tucking the blanket around the boy a little more. “Breakfast won’t be long.”

“What are you making?”

“Crepes. Normally they would be strawberry, but that’s completely off the table in your case, so they will feature blackberries, instead. How are you with whipped cream?”

“I like it.”

“Good.”

The room was situated so that Peter only had to turn his head to be able to watch as Stark went into the kitchen and started pulling ingredients out of the fridge and mixing bowls and small appliances from various cupboards. He leaned his cheek against the cool leather of the sofa and watched, admiring the man himself much more than what he was doing – which was pretty much a mystery to him.

“A crepe is a pancake?”

“A thin one,” Tony confirmed, not looking up from what he was doing. “Then it’s usually – but not always – wrapped around something else.”

“Like a burrito?”

Stark frowned, looking over at him, and then shrugged.

“Sure. More like the tortilla, though – only sweeter. You fill it with what you like the most. I like fruits and cream cheese, or whipped cream, but it can have veggies or meats in it if you prefer the savory route. Which we can try another time if you’re interested. Today, it’s blackberries and whipped cream.”

“Whatever you want.”

Peter wasn’t hard to please on the best of days, really, and he was certainly not going to complain if Tony wanted to make him something that sounded so good. The boy fell silent, watching as Tony worked his way through the kitchen, smoothly, humming to himself and obviously enjoying the preparation of the meal. He was clearly having a good time. The boy closed his eyes and drifted off, relaxed to the point of sleepiness by the domestic scene in front of him.
“Wake up, honey…”

He opened his eyes to Tony’s amused gaze; the billionaire crouched down beside his position on the sofa so he could be at eye level. Peter raised his head from the back of the sofa, sleepily.

“I feel asleep?”

“Mmm-hmm. And you can go right back to sleep, as soon as you’ve eaten.”

The boy sat up and saw that the coffee table in front of them was now loaded with a platter stacked with little pancake burritos, stuffed with a dark blue filling and topped with more of it. There was a bowl of whipped cream and two plates, and he saw that there was another plate filled with sausages. It smelled as amazing as it looked, and his stomach growled, appreciatively.

He moved his foot off the table with a little help, getting it out of the way and also making it easier for him to get closer to the food.

“It smells great.”

“Thank you. Milk or orange juice?”

“Milk.”

Stark went to the kitchen and returned with a glass of milk that he set in front of Peter, and a cup of coffee for himself.

“Dig in before they get cold.”

Peter did as he was told, taking an empty plate and loading it with a few of the crepes and then covering them in whipped cream and stabbing a few sausages. Tony waited until he’d established himself with his meal, and then did the same with his own plate. They were silent while they ate, mainly because Stark didn’t want to distract the boy from his breakfast, preferring that he fill himself up, first.

When he was done, Tony cleared everything but his cup of coffee and then sat down next to Peter, once more.

“I need to go in to the office for a few hours, today. Will you be alright here, alone?”

Peter hesitated. Not because he was afraid to be alone – he’d been alone a lot the past few months, and while he hated the idea of being by himself, again, he wasn’t afraid – but because he wasn’t sure if he should stay there without Tony being there.

“I could go to the library or something,” he suggested. “Until you get back.”

“No. Even if I wanted to risk your thigh letting you move around, I want you to stay here, where you’re safe. And comfortable. I just need to know if you’re okay with the idea, or if you’d like me to have someone come keep you company.”

“I don’t need someone to stay.”

“FRIDAY will be here if you do need anything. You can spend the morning on the sofa and watch TV or sleep. Whatever you want to do. I won’t be gone any longer than I have to be – and I wouldn’t go at all if not for a meeting I have to attend.”
“I’ll be okay,” Peter told him, reacting to the sincerity in Tony’s expression. He really didn’t want to leave – and not because he was afraid Peter was going to steal the silverware while he was gone.
“You won’t be gone long?”
“No longer than I have to be.”
“And when you come home, I can try to suck you?”

Tony felt a shiver of excitement go through him at the thought, and he smiled at the boy’s dogged determination. He wanted to try and wasn’t going to stop pestering him until Tony let him. Probably the engineer or scientist in the kid. He found a puzzle, or something he wanted to try and now he was determined.

Who was Tony to stand in the way of personal discovery?

He nodded, taking the boy’s hand and pressing it against his groin, closing his eyes for just a moment, and making a pleased noise when Peter traced the length of him through the fabric of his pajamas.

“Yes. You can suck me when I come home.”
“You’re in a good mood…”

Tony turned to Pepper, who had walked up to him and nodded, unable to hide it – and really, he had no reason to bother.

“I am.”

“Feeling alright?”

He smirked.

“I’m not allowed to be in a good mood?”

“You are,” she corrected. “I’m just not used to it. New project?”

That was usually the only thing that made him happy; working in his workroom or lab, fixing something, or building something.

“You might say that,” Stark agreed, with a genuine smile. “Yes.”

“Well, good. Are you ready for this meeting?”

“Of course.”

He was there, after all. Even though he’d much rather be at home, with Peter. Giving the boy a chance to open his pants and pull out-

“Tony?”

He pulled himself from his thoughts, looking over at her.

“Yeah?”

“We’re ready.”

“I’ll be right there.” He turned, looking out the window in the hallway outside of the boardroom. “FRIDAY? What’s Peter doing?”

The AI replied immediately, softly speaking into his ear from the glasses that he was wearing.

“Sleeping.”

“Is he alright?”

“Yup.”

“Tell me when he wakes up, will you?”

“Will do.”

Cheered, Stark turned and went into the boardroom, also, taking his place to the right of Pepper, and tried to focus on what was being said, rather than who was sleeping on his sofa, just then.
He didn’t receive the notification.

When Stark returned home a few hours later, Peter was still asleep on his sofa. He was on his back, sprawled comfortably, bundled in the comforter with his head and upper body supported by a few cushions and pillows. His injured leg was propped up on a pillow, raising it out from under the blanket. The TV was off, but there was soft music playing in the background, and there was an open and mostly empty bottle of cola on the coffee table, proof that he’d managed to get himself as far as the fridge at some point that morning.

Tony watched him sleep as he took off his suit jacket, enjoying the sight in front of him. Peter looked so peaceful, just then. Not like a boy who had been trying to survive on his own for the past three months or so. He couldn’t resist the urge to brush his fingers along his porcelain cheek, his thumb tracing the too prominent cheekbone as his finger slid along his jaw.

Peter stirred at the touch, as Tony privately hoped that he would, opened those gorgeous, soft eyes, and looked up at him, sleepily. And smiled.

“You’re home?”

Tony nodded.

“Yeah. How are you doing?”

“I’m okay…” he replied, owlishly, absently reaching for the hand that was still touching his face and capturing it in his own. “Sleepy.”

“Go back to sleep for a while, then.”

“Will you stay with me?”

“Let me change into something that isn’t a suit and a tie, and I’ll join you.”

The boy nodded and let go of his hand, closing his eyes, again, and Stark went into his bedroom and changed into a pair of sweats, deciding that since he didn’t have anywhere else he needed to be that day, he was done.

“FRIDAY, all calls to voicemail and if anyone asks, I’m not home,” the billionaire said as he walked into his bathroom to wash his face.

“You got it.”

Peter was sitting up when Tony returned to the living room, but he still leaned a little. Stark moved a pillow and simply took the spot beside him, pulling the boy back down and playing pillow for him, now.

“Did you have a good morning?” Peter asked him, stretching a little.

“I had a meeting I couldn’t miss. It was dull and I would much rather have stayed home.”

The older man pulled Peter’s shirt up, baring his stomach and chest, and slid his hand along the boy’s smooth skin, teasing his nipples, idly, and enjoying the way Peter shivered at the contact. This wasn’t the same as being cold, after all.

“At least it wasn’t an all day meeting…”
“True.” His hand slid under the pajama bottoms and he wasn't surprised that the boy was already becoming aroused. “Feels good?”

“Yes.” Peter closed his eyes, giving himself up to what Tony was doing to him. “I get to play with you, too. Don’t forget.”

Tony chuckled; he'd been thinking about it all morning. But now he had his fingers wrapped around the boy’s cock, stroking him.

“Me, first,” he said, easing Peter off his lap and sliding out from under him, replacing his body with the cushions to prop him upright. “Watch what I do, this time, and see if it’s something you want to try with me.”

He had ended up on his knees beside the couch, so all he needed to do was pull down the front of the pajamas to free the boy’s now throbbing cock. Rather than immediately swallow him like he might have, this time he spent a lot of time licking the head, and then the shaft, using his tongue to tease the underside of the head and then to work his way down to the boy’s testicles, which he rolled in his mouth and played with as well. Only when Peter was panting and mewling with desire did he finally bring the head into his mouth to suckle and enjoy, and – not surprisingly – Peter climaxed after only a few minutes of that. He groaned a warning, Tony’s hand came to his shaft to keep him where he wanted him, and the boy exploded into his mouth.

Stark made an approving noise as he lapped at Peter’s shaft, clearing him off, and then sucked him into his mouth once more to release him with a wet pop before looking up at the boy, who was watching with hooded eyes; utterly satiated, but also fascinated. It was one of the most interesting expressions Tony could ever remember seeing on someone.

“Well?”

“What, um… what does it taste like…?”

The billionaire chuckled and moved up and kissed Peter, his tongue immediately demanding and receiving access to the boy’s mouth. He slid his tongue along Peter’s and then stilled, waiting for the boy to figure out what he was doing. And was pleased when it only took a moment for him to do so. His tongue traced along Tony’s, and then slid into his mouth, testing and tasting himself on the older man’s tongue and lips. He sighed into the boy’s mouth when he felt Peter’s hand hesitantly slide into the front of his sweats and groaned when the boy took hold of him, but didn’t break the kiss.

They separated only when Peter was breathless and had to lean back, and the boy’s chocolate eyes met Tony’s, his hand still moving, slowly, making its presence felt.

“Well?” Stark asked. “You don’t have to, you know? What you’re doing right now will set me off, and I’d be fine.”

For now, anyway.

“No.” Peter smiled. “It’s not fair that you suck on me and all I do is a hand job.”

“I don’t mind.”

“I meant; it’s not fair to me.”

Tony chuckled and pulled Peter’s hand from his pants before pulling away from him and standing up. God, he was cheeky, too. Get the kid some weight and some stability in his life, and the billionaire couldn’t wait to see the personality underlying that young exterior.
“Sit up and turn this way,” he said, helping him keep the leg from bumping anything as Peter turned on the sofa and sat upright, parting his knees so Tony could stand between them. The position put the man’s aroused cock right at eye level with the boy, and Tony reached out and carded his fingers through the boy’s soft curls. “When it happens, I want you to *swallow* it, understood? It’s exciting to watch – and a lot less messy.”

Peter nodded, eyes going from Tony’s face to the swelling in front of him and Stark held himself still to give the boy all the time he needed. Peter didn’t make him wait, though. His hands brought the front of his sweats down, and Tony’s large cock bobbed, eager, demanding attention. As he watched, the boy reached for him, hand once more stroking the turgid shaft before he tentatively leaned forward and kiss the head, his lips parting just a little to allow his tongue to lick the dribble of precum that was already escaping.

“*Yes…*”

Peter looked up and met Tony’s eyes, surprised at the sounds of excitement so soon. Obviously completely unaware just how erotic he looked handling Tony so intimately. He smiled, suddenly a little more confident, and began kissing his way along the head, and then the shaft, working his tongue down to Stark’s testicles and using his hand to hold the heavy sack so he could roll them one at a time in his mouth before he licked his way back up toward the head.

Tony was breathless by then and couldn’t help the way he moved himself, just a little, nudging Peter’s lips with the head of his cock.

“Suck me, Peter,” he crooned. “Please.”

The boy opened his mouth and did as he asked. His hand kept him from taking more than he could handle at one time – and at first, it was just the bulbous head of Tony’s cock that he lavished his tongue and mouth on. Then he tried to take more and Tony had to exert every ounce of self-control that he possessed to stop himself from holding Peter’s head with his hands and fuck that go perfect mouth furiously.

Peter was drooling on him, now, saliva running down his chin and Tony’s shaft in equal amounts, soaking the front of the boy’s shirt and slicking Tony’s balls. His hips started moving, slowly, allowing Peter a chance to become accustomed to the motion and Tony’s fingers curled in the boy’s hair, although he was careful not to hurt him. Peter gagged himself, once, trying to take too much into him at one time, but he and the billionaire both pulled back at the same moment, giving him a chance to regain his equilibrium before he started in on Tony again.

The boy must have realized that he was getting close, because he doubled his efforts and sucked harder, making noises that were almost obscene as he slurped and lapped at the swollen flesh Tony was feeding him.

“Now…” Tony warned, his hand tightening on Peter’s head as his hips jerked forward just a little and his balls tightened a moment before he erupted.

He watched – and felt – as Peter’s lips clamped down on the head of his cock, as if to avoid anything escaping. The boy’s mouth and throat worked furiously as he swallowed him, and Stark groaned at the sensation of those muscles moving against his ultra-sensitive rod. When Tony had still with a soft expletive of satisfaction, Peter ran his tongue along the shaft, and finally the head of his cock, clearing any excess as he’d seen Stark do, and only then did he look up at the older man, almost shyly.

“Well?”
“B+,” Tony told him, running his fingers through his hair, and smiling, softly down at him.

“That’s it?”

“Can’t give you an A, my sweet. You gagged and could have thrown up on me.”

"Because I was trying to take more in..."

"No participation trophies here, Angel."

“It’s harder than it looks…”

Tony chuckled and tucked himself back into his pants, then reclaimed his spot beside Peter on the couch.

“It just takes some practice. You did great.”

“B+ great,” Peter grumbled, rolling his eyes, but leaning into Tony’s side as the older man put his arms around him, basking in the afterglow of a pretty good blow job.

“I enjoyed it.”

He was also enjoying the way Peter was stroking his stomach and thigh, almost possessively.

“I’ll work on it,” the boy mumbled, his face buried in Tony’s chest. “But, yeah, I did almost make myself throw up, trying to get too much in at once. There’s probably a better way to handle that, and maybe a different angle...”

“Which is why we didn’t do this after lunch,” Tony told him, amused at the analytical way Peter was going over their activities. “See how that works?”

Peter looked up at him and smiled.

“Makes sense.”

“Ready for lunch?”

“Yes.”
Despite sleeping most of the morning, Peter was tired. Worn down from his body repairing itself from not only the gunshot wound but the rough time he’d had the last few months, his system was forcing him to rest now that he was in a safe place to do it. Add in the sexual release and the endorphins that came with it, and he was almost asleep before he finished the simple meal of soup and sandwiches that Tony made them.

Peter said that he was going to go back to bed. Not that the sofa was uncomfortable – it was far better than anything that he’d ever slept on, even before he’d taken to sleeping in the library at night – but he was more comfortable where he could stretch out and the bedroom was quieter and more relaxing.

Tony helped him into the room, and Peter sat on the edge of the bed and pulled his shirt off. “What are you doing?” the billionaire asked, as the boy untied the draw string of the pajamas and lifted himself, awkwardly, to slide them off, as well.

“I like sleeping in the buff,” Peter said, blushing a little. He hadn’t known that he did, until he’d done it a few times, but the satin sheets felt amazing against his skin and there was definitely a sensual quality to having nothing covering him but the bedding. “It’s okay, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, of course. You can do whatever you want,” Stark assured him. As if he’d say no to that?

He pulled the blankets back for the boy and smiled as he eased himself under the covers. “Can you stay with me for a while?”

“I’m going to do the dishes,” he told Peter. “Then I’ll come back and keep you company.” Stark kissed him, though, and slid a hand along his chest and under the blankets along his stomach, eliciting a sigh of pleasure from the boy. And from himself.

“That was fun, Tony,” Peter said, closing his eyes. He was as asleep enough, now, that he didn’t blush at all. “We can do it again, right?”

“Sure. Whenever you want.” The billionaire folded the pajamas and t-shirt and set them aside so Peter could find them when he was ready for them. “But not right now, okay?” he leaned over and kissed the boy’s temple. “Go to sleep.”

He nodded and did as he was told. Stark stayed there, sitting on the edge of the bed for a long moment, watching him sleep. Then he went to go do the few dishes, and start the prep needed for dinner.

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Peter woke with a warm body beside him, tucked right up against him, a gentle hand idly caressing his shoulder. He opened his eyes and saw that Tony had joined him in the bed, lounged above the covers, propped up by a few pillows with one hand on Peter and the other sifting through his tablet, the glow of the screen soft and gentle.
The boy sighed, and nestled closer to the older man, already addicted to the feeling of being held, and being warm, and feeling safe. It had only been months, but he felt like it had been years, and he was so tired, emotionally, that it felt good to not have to be the one to make all the decisions, just then.

“Awake?” Tony asked, his hand stilling on Peter.

“Yeah.”

“How’s the leg feeling?”

“It just throbs,” Peter told him, honestly. “I’m almost getting used to it hurting all the time.”

“Or you’re getting better and it’s not bothering you as much.”

“Maybe.” The boy rolled onto his side, resting his face against Stark’s chest, his hand coming around him to hold him. “How long did I sleep?”

“A few hours. It’s good for you, the doctor says.”

“You called him?”

“Yeah. I want to make sure we’re doing everything for your leg that we can. Our job is to watch that it doesn’t open and bleed and that no red lines form from it. He’ll come check on it in a couple of days.”

“You’re going to let me stay here that long?”

Stark nodded.

“I don’t see why not. It’ll give you time to heal up, and us time to figure out the next step for whatever is best for you.”

Peter started to say that Tony was best for him, and froze, the statement dying on his tongue. He’d known the guy for two days; what would he think if he made some off the wall comment like that? Of course, Peter had known him a lot longer than that, Tony Stark just didn’t know it. They’d met before, but Tony wouldn’t have remembered, and Peter never would forget.

He shivered, and Stark felt it.

“Are you cold, Peter?”

“A little.”

His blankets had slid down a bit while he’d been sleeping, and then more when he’d rolled to hold onto Tony.

The billionaire pulled the blankets back up over him and pressed a little closer, arm holding him right up against his side to share his body heat.

“Better?”

“Yeah.” The boy slid his hand down, though, along Stark’s chest, and then along his stomach. “Can I…?”

He felt the older man’s chuckle, and was close enough to him to feel him tense a little.
“Yes.”

Peter allowed his hand to slide under Tony’s sweats and his searching fingers found the man’s flaccid penis. He ran his fingers along the length of it, allowing his thumb to rub against the soft head.

“What do you have a girlfriend, Tony?” Peter asked, curiously, trying to remember if he’d seen anything in the social pages or one of the newspapers that might have mentioned anyone.

“No. You?”

Peter shook his head, feeling the man start to respond to his hand. Nothing too solid, yet, just a bit of interest. It felt so weird to be touching someone else in a way that he’d ever only touched himself, but it was exciting, too.

“No. I’m too much of a nerd, I think.”

“Boyfriend?”

“No. You?”

“No. Believe me, I’m just as much of a nerd as you are – only older. And more jaded.”

“Older, yes.”

“You’re too young to be jaded, Peter.”

The boy snorted, and Stark remembered who he was talking to, tightening his hold on Peter, and pressing a kiss against the top of his head as he watched the boy’s hand under his sweats. Of course he was jaded. He’d lost everything. Everyone. Tony knew the feeling well. Probably why he connected so well with him. What was the saying? The miserable love company?

It wasn't exactly how it went, but it was probably equally valid. The billionaire didn’t feel like wallowing in a pity party, though. He wasn’t alone, just then. He had a beautiful young man playing with his cock, and would have him at least a few more days, unless Peter decided he wanted to go. Tony hoped he didn’t. He’d rather enjoyed the sensation of having someone to come home to that morning.

“Can I suck you, Tony?”

The question broke into his introspection, and almost startled him.

“Are you up to it?” he asked, looking down at their positions.

There wouldn’t be too much maneuvering involved. Peter’s head was on his chest. Not that far from his groin, already. If he were careful, and didn’t put any weight on the injured leg, he could probably swing around a little and make the reach.

The boy clearly had the same idea. Peter shifted, bending himself over Tony, and coming halfway out of the blankets to do so. Stark felt him pull his cock free of the sweats at the same moment he found the boy’s ass right under his hand. Peter moved again to take his weight onto his good leg, lifting himself up a little off the bed, and pressing that flesh right against Tony’s hand, whether he realized it, or not.

The billionaire groaned as he felt Peter’s mouth on him, tasting him and teasing him with tentative
licks. At the same time, he palmed the boy’s ass cheek, squeezing him and caressing him, the sight making him even harder, more excited. He had his ass right there, almost completely hairless and almost certainly virginal. Untouched but so tempting. Waiting for a man to take it. Make it - and Peter - his. His legs separated a little and Peter’s cock and testicles were now in Tony’s reach, as well. He slid his hand along the boy’s crack, stopping at his tiny, puckered entrance for a moment, nudging his finger against him.

Peter groaned, pressing back against his touch, even as his lips parted and he took Tony’s cock into his mouth.

“Yes… don’t stop, Peter.”

Tony brought his other hand up, easing Peter’s leg over his torso so the boy was straddling him, relying on the bandages to keep it from aching too much as he found his naked ass right in front of him. A hand on either white globe and he was caressing the boy, spreading his ass cheeks wide one moment, stroking his cock from behind him the next. He teased the boy’s sack, rolling his testicles gently in his hand, stroking him again when Peter’s hips began to move.

The entire time, he never stopped sucking on him and Tony found himself getting close almost embarrassingly soon. He whimpered, his hands stilling on Peter’s hips, now, holding the boy, tightly, but concentrating on that young mouth and what he was doing to him. How much suction he was applying as it felt like he was trying to suck Tony’s testicles up through the head of his cock.

“Oh, yes… more like that,” Tony said, his hips pressing upward, trying to drive himself down the boy’s throat but thwarted by the boy’s hand grasping the shaft of his cock to only allow the amount of length he could handle at that moment. “Suck me, Peter…”

The boy renewed his efforts, excited at the encouragement, and he began bobbing his head up and down over Tony’s groin, which did amazing things to his ass from Stark’s point of view. The billionaire grunted and climaxed, his fingers digging into Peter’s hips as he came, feeding the boy spurt after spurt of his hot cum, and shuddering in pleasure when he finally came down off the high.

“Jesus, that was hot…”

Peter chuckled, still licking his shaft and Tony squeezed the boy’s ass once more before he sat up a little and eased him off of him, being far more gentle, now, than he had been.

“Better than a B+?” Peter asked, as Stark tucked him up against his side. He’d reciprocate in a bit, but he needed to catch his breath, first.

“I’d give you extra credit on that one,” Tony assured him, kissing his forehead. “Just for the view.”
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

They spent the evening relaxing together, each enjoying the fact that they had someone to spend that time with.

Once Stark caught his breath, he abandoned Peter long enough to go get their dinner in the oven. Then, to the boy’s utter delight – and satisfaction – he returned to the bed. He carefully double checked the bandages on the injured leg to make sure he hadn’t hurt him positioning him like he had earlier, and then spent the better part of an hour lavishing attention on Peter’s cock, bringing him to climax repeatedly, and enjoying the way he writhed under him, pleading for release one moment, begging him not to stop the next. It was exciting to Tony, who naturally had a controlling and dominant personality already, and if Peter had a chance to experience a little pleasure (or a lot) after having such a rough time of things, well that was all to the good, then.

Two horny birds, one delicious stone.

He left Peter still quivering in the bed and went to finish making dinner. While he was chopping ingredients for a salad to go with the casserole he had in the oven, he looked up and saw the boy walking gingerly out of the guestroom wearing the pajama bottoms and heading slowly for the sofa. Tony smiled at how pleased Peter looked at getting himself up and around, and finished what he was doing before he walked over to him, leaning over the back of the sofa to pull the blanket around his naked shoulders and press a kiss against his temple.

“You shouldn’t be on that leg any more than necessary.”

“I wanted to come see what you were doing.”

“Making salad. Nothing exciting.”

The boy didn’t say it, but as far as he was concerned, everything about Tony was exciting. His looks, his voice, his touch. All of it. Instead, he smiled, looking up at him.

“Can I help?”

“Nothing left to do,” the billionaire assured him, brushing his fingers along his cheek. Jesus, his eyes were a menace. Gorgeous and hopeful and added to that smile? Tony almost wished that he’d saved something for Peter to chop. “Dinner will be done in a minute.”

“It smells good.”

They ate on the sofa, with Tony urging Peter to have seconds of everything. Which he did. Stark was amused by just how much food the boy could eat, chalkling it up to his youth and the metabolism change that had probably been brought on by the whole spider bite thing. He was fine with that; the more he ate, the sooner his ribs wouldn’t show like they did, and the angles of his cheekbones would soften a little.

“There’s leftover cake for dessert,” he told Peter when they were finished. “If we don’t eat it tonight it’ll be just stale enough that it won’t taste that great.”

The boy nodded, and Stark picked up their dishes and headed into the kitchen, just as he heard Peter
“You want to watch a movie?” Peter asked him, loud enough to be heard over the water running in the sink while Tony cleared the dishes to put them into the dishwasher.

“You’re not picky, though. Find something you want to see.”

Tony cut them both a slice of cake; Peter’s was a fair bit bigger than his own, and carried them out to the couch. Then he went back for another cup of coffee for himself and a glass of milk, which he set down in front of the boy.

“You know I’m fifteen, right?” the boy pointed out. "Almost sixteen."

Stark nodded, painfully aware of the fact.

“Yeah. So?”

“You could offer me coffee.”

“Did you want coffee?”

He hadn’t mentioned any desire for it before then, so Tony had naturally assumed it wasn’t something that he drank.

“No. I just want to be offered it, sometime.”

The billionaire rolled his eyes.

“Can I bring you some coffee with your cake, Mr. Parker?”

Peter smirked.

“No. I’ll have milk.”

“Eat your cake.”

Inwardly, though, he was grinning like an idiot, pleased as hell that he was willing to banter with him like that. He sat down beside him, and Peter shifted, sharing his blanket and then leaning into his side once he’d finished the cake. Tony didn’t even bother. He slid an arm around his narrow waist and held him against him, tucking Peter’s head under his chin.

Not surprisingly, the boy didn’t make it through the movie before he fell asleep. Tony didn’t mind, though. He just held Peter until it was over and then slid out from beside him, making sure he didn’t wake him. He pulled the blankets back on the guestroom bed and then gathered the boy into his arms and put him to bed, tucking the blankets warmly around his, but not stripping him down like he might have, since he didn’t want to risk waking him up.

The billionaire kissed him, tenderly, and then turned out the lights.

“Wake me if he has a nightmare, FRIDAY,” he ordered, softly, thinking that he could probably actually sleep for a while, and heading for his room.

“You got it.”

>>>>>>>
It was Peter who woke Tony in the middle of the night, not FRIDAY. Stark roused when the boy pulled his blankets back and slid under the covers with him, tucking his chilled body right up against Tony’s warm one.

Tony rolled onto his side, not even opening his eyes, and pulled the boy up against him, hand sliding down his hip to warm him, vaguely aware of the fact that Peter wasn't wearing the pajamas that he’d been put to bed in.

“You okay?” he asked, sleepily.

“Yeah.” Peter brushed a kiss against his chest. “It’s alright?”

“Yes…”

He was almost asleep again when Peter’s hand moved between them, seeking and finding Tony’s groin in the dark, and carefully caressing him, his fingers sliding along Stark’s penis. Tony sighed in pleasure at the sensation, holding himself still and waiting to see what the boy wanted from him. When Peter simply continued to stroke him, Tony decided that he just wanted to explore – which was fine. He could certainly live with that – and the hard-on it was producing.

“Feels good, Tony?” came a whisper in the dark.

“It’s amazing, Peter,” he replied, honestly. “I love it when you touch me.”

The boy made a pleased noise, which made Tony smile. His own hand simply slid along Peter’s hip, lightly, his mind lost in the pleasure of the touch and nothing more compelling, just then. When he was fairly well aroused, Peter shifted, and Tony wondered if the boy’s plan was to vanish under the blankets and suck him off. He didn’t, though; he rolled in Stark’s embrace, and pressed his back against Tony’s front, tucking himself perfectly into the curve of Tony’s body and reaching for his hand to bring it around him.

Then he went still.

Tony sighed, thinking that he was definitely going to have a word with the kid, later, about getting him hot and bothered only to go to sleep. Peter shifted against Tony, who suddenly realized this his aching cock was right against the boy’s ass. The boy’s beautiful ass. He felt himself twitch and couldn’t resist moving his hips, just a little, to feel the throbbing head of his cock brush against Peter.

The boy made a soft noise and pressed back and Tony groaned at the sensation. It was so tempting. He was right there. He moved his hips, again, his hand suddenly on Peter’s ass, spreading his cheek just enough to allow Tony to slide his cock along the boy’s crack, precum making the motion a little slicker. The sensation was so hot. Peter’s ass so perfect. Designed just for him. Just to hold his cock. He rutted, gently against him, his hand on his hip, his cock sliding back and forth along Peter’s ass crack, the tip occasionally nudging the boy’s opening as Tony pushed it by. Then nudging it, again, working himself up, feeling his cock swelling with an aching desire to go further. Much further.

Peter moaned, and the sound was all it took to send Tony over the edge of his teetering self-control. His hand on Peter suddenly shifted, and was joined by the other as Tony moved behind the boy. He sat up, moving his legs and rolling the boy from his side onto his stomach, and then positioning himself between Peter’s thighs before the boy probably had any idea what was happening.

His hand went to the head of his cock, rubbing it against Peter’s untried opening, precum drooling from Tony’s slit. The boy whimpered when Tony forced a finger inside him, and the hand that wasn’t working Peter’s tight hole splayed on the boy’s back, holding him down. Impatient and eager,
Stark didn’t bother with another finger. His eager cockhead found its mark in the dark, guided by Tony’s fist, and he pushed his hips forward, pressing his assault on that too tight hole, ignoring the moans of the boy as he forced his young body to yield to his demanding needs.

Stark grunted when he cleared that tight ring of muscle, and a thrust was all it took for him to find himself balls deep and hilted inside the boy. Peter cried out with pleasure – or pain – Tony didn’t know, and at the moment didn’t care. He pulled back, then pushed himself back in, one hand on Peter’s hip, the other keeping him in position, making sure he took everything Tony was giving him. He grunted as he slammed the boy, his weight and each demanding thrust pinning him to the sheets, and then his hand pulling him back against him as he withdrew, only long enough to thrust back into him.

“Yes…” Tony whispered in the dark, loud enough to be heard over the sounds Peter was making under him. “Take it, Peter. Fuck… that’s so good… You’re so tight… So tight for me…”

The billionaire moved his hand, both of them now on Peter’s hips, holding him tightly as he fucked him, mercilessly, each thrust harder than the last, his cock swelling inside that tight ass that held him so perfectly. Driving the boy into the mattress with each thrust, building until he knew he was going to blow his load and fill Peter so hard he’d be snorting it out his nose.

“Hang on, baby,” he grunted, his hands moving to Peter’s shoulders, his body completely covering the slight frame under him. “I’m going to fill you up.”

Peter was making soft noises, muffled by the mattress and bedding under him and completely driving Tony insane with lust. He snapped his hips forward, pulling the boy back, repeatedly, until he crested, and drove deep, stilling inside Peter as he exploded in a climax like nothing he’d felt in far too long. With a grunt he came, his balls unloading rope after rope of his seed inside Peter’s bowels, dousing the fires created by his repeated thrusts.

Ultra-aware of the boy trembling under him, Tony hitched his hips a few more times, sliding himself in and out of that now incredibly slick ass as he softened, Stark gave a truly satisfied sigh and pulled himself out of Peter. He pulled the blankets over them with one hand, and tucked Peter’s unresisting body against him with the other, making sure his cock was still right up against the slick crack.

And went to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

To clarify this chapter. There was no non con involved. Peter knew what he was doing, and wasn't being forced.
Chapter Notes

so as the story evolves I may need to add tags. Nothing too dramatic and I will apologize now if you see something in the tale that I don't tag for. Sorry!

Peter woke the next morning sore. Not just his leg – which ached a lot – but his rear, his shoulders and his back all ached as well. He stretched under the blankets, reaching for Tony, automatically, and encountered an empty space where his warm body should have been. He opened his eyes and verified what his hand was telling him, and then looked around, thinking that maybe he’d gone to the bathroom and would be right back.

Twenty minutes later, limping and moving slowly, he walked out of Stark’s bedroom, wearing a pair of pajama bottoms found in a dresser against the wall. Tony was sitting slumped in the smaller of the two couches, his head in his hands and a drink on the table. He, too, was wearing a pair of pajama bottoms and nothing more, and he looked up when Peter made his way to the bigger couch.

“Did I hurt you?”

Peter noticed that his voice had an odd quality to it that he’d never heard before.

“A little,” he admitted, easing himself down into the leather with a wince and a sigh. “It’s okay.”

“Yes, it’s definitely not okay,” Tony said, downing the drink. “I’m sorry.”

The boy couldn’t understand why he looked so upset. Or why he was drinking so early.

“It doesn’t hurt that much, Tony. Really. My leg hurts worse than anything.”

“It shouldn’t hurt, at all, Peter. I just… you were there, and so perfect, and I couldn’t help myself. It’s not an excuse, but-“

“Wait,” Peter interrupted. “Are you upset that we had sex?”

“I’m upset because I pretty much raped you.”

“I came into your room.”

“Needing to be held.”

“Wanting to have sex. I came to you, Tony. I wanted to try it, but I didn’t know how to ask. It’s not something I’m good at, you know. So I thought that if I put myself where you’d be able to do it, you would.”

“I did. Completely out of control.”

“Yeah? I thought maybe that was how it was supposed to be. I could have stopped you, though. You didn’t rape me.”

“Peter, I was all over you.”
The boy smiled, remembering.

“Yeah, you were. That was the best part.”

“It’s not funny.”

Chastised, he lost the smile.

“I’m sorry.”

“So am I.”

Peter reached for the blanket that had been discarded the night before, feeling a little chilled and a lot vulnerable, suddenly.

“Don’t be mad, Tony. Please? I just wanted to know what it felt like.”

Stark frowned.

“I’m not mad at you,” he said, realizing that they were definitely not on the same page. Peter seemed to think he was mad at him, while Tony was completely upset with himself for forcing himself on the boy so roughly. “I’m mad at me.”

“Why?”

“Because I hurt you, Peter. That was your first time, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then it should have been done right.”

The boy shrugged. As far as he knew, everything went where it was supposed to go. He didn’t say that, though, because he didn’t want to make Tony any more upset than he was.

“It wasn’t that bad.”

“Did you even climax?”

“Earlier.”

“While I was inside you?”

“No. I didn’t have a chance.”

“That’s what I mean.” The billionaire rubbed his face. “It could have – should have – been done with a lot more finesse. I was just too eager to get myself inside you.”

Peter hesitated.

“We could try it again. I mean, not right now.” He didn’t feel like doing much of anything, just then. “But sometime.” Tony stared at him, and Peter blushed, uncertainly. “If you wanted… that is.”

“I’ve already hurt you once.”

“It’s my leg that hurts, mostly,” the boy said. “And my back, a little.”

“And your rear?”
“A bit. Not as much as my leg. And you didn’t have anything to do with that.”

“Is there any bleeding?”

“I didn’t check.” He moved the blanket, looking down at his leg, which was covered by his too loose pajama bottoms. “Do you want to look?”

Stark sighed and got up, walking over to the big couch, and sitting down next to the boy.

“I do. But I wasn't talking about your leg.”

Which elicited another blush when Peter realized what he meant.

“Oh. I didn’t check there, either…”

“Do you mind if I do?”

“Oh. No. You can.”

Tony helped him to his feet, and Peter leaned on the arm of the sofa and dropped his pajamas. Tony frowned at the bruises marring both of the boy’s hips. Evidence of just how hard he’d been clutching him. He made a tsking noise and ran his fingers along a particularly dark one.

“Does that hurt?”

“No.”

“Bend over for me.” Peter complied, and Tony’s hand slid along the boy’s ass, which was also bruised where he’d grabbed and been rough in the dark. He shook his head and slid his fingers along the boy’s crack, while Peter trembled under his touch. “Am I hurting you?”

“No. Just cold. It’s okay.”

He checked for any sign that he’d actually torn Peter’s delicate flesh in his urgency, but didn’t see any indication, luckily, and told him to go ahead and sit down so he could check the leg wound. The bandages didn’t show any sign of seepage or blood, and Stark was relieved that he’d thought to use extra padding the day before when he’d redressed the injury.

“I think you’re okay,” he said, meeting Peter’s eyes as he reached down and pulled the pajamas back over him and tied them on. “Are you hungry?”

“No. Not yet. Sleepy, really.”

“Go back to bed for a while, then.”

“Will you come with me?”

“I don’t think that’s such a go-“

“Please, Tony. I’m… I really would like to be held.”

“That’s what got us in this position in the first place.”

Peter couldn’t help the sting of tears. Disappointment in himself for being so dumb, and having ruined things between him and Tony, just when they were getting started, really, and distress that he’d asked for something so blatantly and had been denied, no matter how gentle that denial had
been. He nodded, though, and turned away before Tony could see him crying over something so stupid.

He couldn’t escape quickly enough for that, though. Not as sore as he was, or as slowly as he moved. Stark saw the first alligator tear roll down the boy’s cheek as he turned toward the guest room and he pulled Peter into his arms, bringing him back down onto the couch, but this time into his lap, tucking his head under his chin.

“I’m sorry,” Peter murmured, burying his face against Tony’s chest. “I’m just being dumb.”

“Or you’re overwhelmed, and you need to be held,” the billionaire told him, rocking him, gently. “I’m sorry, too.” He pressed his cheek against the boy, cooing soft words of praise as they sat there. “You’re so brave, Peter,” he whispered. “So beautiful. It’s okay. Really. I’m here.”

He settled, the words and tone of Tony’s voice making all the difference, and soothing him. Peter sighed against his bare skin, feeling a haze of comfort and happiness well up inside him at the words.

“You think I’m beautiful?”

“Yes, honey. I know you are.”

He didn’t feel beautiful. Not with his face puffy from crying and his nose plugged up and running at the same time. But he couldn’t doubt the sincerity in the older man’s voice.

“That’s nice.”

The billionaire smiled at the position he found himself in. Holding his young lover in his lap and whispering sweet nothings in his ear wasn’t really his style, but here he was. Peter was certainly young, and despite the way he’d botched it, he was his lover – and would almost certainly be again, soon. He felt his cock twitch at that thought, but tamped his desire down, ruthlessly. That could wait for another time. He chuckled.

“You’re nice. Let’s go back to bed for a while, okay? We’ll let you get some rest.”

“Yeah.”

He helped Peter off his lap and to his feet, but when Tony took his hand, he didn’t lead the boy into the guestroom, he guided him to his bedroom, and back into his bed.

“Thanks, Tony,” Peter said, as Stark undressed both of them and eased them both under the blankets, tucking the boy against him; belly to belly since he didn’t dare spoon him, again, just then. “Do you have to go to work, today?”

“No. I’m going to spend the day with you. If you’re alright with that?”

“I’d like that.”

He closed his eyes and sighed when he felt those strong arms wrap around him, cocooning him in warmth and comfort. And he went to sleep.
Soft fingers brushed his cheek, rousing him just a little from his nap. The gentle voice that followed the touch woke him completely.

“Peter? Wake up, honey.”

He opened his eyes, reluctantly. He was tired, and warm and despite aching everywhere, he was comfortable. Tony’s eyes were locked on his and Peter blinked, owlishly.

“Hey…”

“I want you to eat, alright? Then you can go back to sleep if you want to.”

“Okay.”

He’d already brought the tray into the bedroom, Peter saw as he sat up. Loaded with enough food for both of them. Ham, eggs and English muffins with apple slices. Tony put the tray over Peter’s lap, and settled beside him, reaching for one of the apples. He had put on a pair of pajama bottoms but was bare-chested.

“How do you feel?”

“I’m okay, Tony. Just a little sore.”

“That’s how you feel, physically. Which is also important. But what about mentally?”

“Stupid.”

Stark smiled, his gaze tender.

“This isn’t on you, Peter.”

“I came to you,” the boy reminded him. “It’s not like you hopped into bed with me and jumped my bones.”

He’d been so excited – and nervous. But Tony had been so responsive when he’d sucked on him, and he’d felt the older man’s hands on his ass, and his finger pressing against him while he’d been taking care of Tony’s cock. Peter had wanted so much more. He just hadn’t known how to tell him – not without getting tongue-tied and probably making himself look like an idiot. Which would definitely had killed the mood.

Peter had decided that a quiet seducing might be the best – and least uncomfortable (for him, anyway) – way to go about trying to move things along with Tony. He didn’t know how long he’d have the man to himself like he did – it was Tony Stark, after all, and he had a lot of other responsibilities – but Peter definitely had had a sexual awakening, and he was suddenly greedy for a chance to experience it all before he healed up and went wherever he was going to go, next.

He hadn’t actually had any plan in mind, except that when Tony hadn’t been in the guestroom bed when Peter woke, he started thinking that if he just joined Tony in his own bed, he wouldn’t be able to ignore him. And then once he’d done that, and the billionaire hadn’t seemed to mind, Peter decided that if he had him hot and bothered and then, just kind of presented himself, Tony could take things from there.
So he had. And Stark had.

Peter hadn’t expected it to be really good, the first time. He knew first times were more for the experience and to prepare for later times, but his first time had been more painful and… fierce… than he’d expected. Tony had done what he’d wanted him to do, though, so the plan itself had been flawless, really. He’d taken hold of him, had gotten behind him and had spread Peter’s legs and had taken him. It had been exciting, too. Feeling him so hard. So eager. Pressing down on him, pushing him into the bed, grabbing him. Even feeling him drive into him – that had been so primal that it had almost been more pleasure than pain, if there had been a chance to become accustomed to what was happening.

Tony hadn’t done that, however, and Peter had found himself being pummeled with the man’s lust and unrelenting thrusts. But even that, though, hadn’t been all bad. It had hurt, yeah, and not just a little, but the way Tony had spoken to him, had punctuated each motion with dirty talk (or what, for Peter, was dirty talk, anyway) that had been exciting, too.

But then, just as Peter was starting to get the rhythm of things, it had been done. He’d felt himself flooded with warmth, which had burned a little in those raw spots inside him, and Tony had calmed, and then had pulled out and had simply held him and gone to sleep, leaving Peter unfulfilled and quivering with aching need – and aching body.

It had taken him much longer to fall asleep.

“I handled it badly, though.” Stark shook his head. “We definitely needed more communication, more preparation and a lot more foreplay.”

“Yeah. I’m sorry.”

“So am I, Peter. We’ll work it out.”

“Okay.”

“Eat your breakfast before it gets cold.”

Peter slept again after eating. He was just too tired and worn out to stay awake. Tony didn’t make it any easier for him to try, either, since he cleared the tray and dishes and had then joined Peter under the blankets, with the boy gathered in his arms, head tucked warmly under his chin and body right up against his own. The boy had tried to stay awake, just to wallow in the sensation of being held. Of being wanted.

Tony had lulled him to sleep with gentle words of love and praise.

When Peter had woken before lunch, Stark had still been there, keeping him company and doing some wallowing of his own. It was a pleasing – and satisfying – sensation to have someone who wanted to be held by him. Maybe even someone who needed him. He waited to see if Peter was going to go back to sleep, but when the boy sat up, he released him so that he could.

“What anyone told you you’re adorable when you’re sleeping?” he asked, tenderly.

Peter blushed at the compliment, making the billionaire smile.

“Not lately.” Or ever. “I’m pretty sure I snore and drool… not that adorable.”
“You’re wrong. On all counts.”

Peter shook his head, pleased.

“Thanks.”

“I’m going to go do some shopping this afternoon. Do you have any request for dinner?”

“You do your own grocery shopping?” Peter asked, surprised. “Not an online service?”

“Of course not. I’m not going to trust someone else to find me the perfect tomato or squash, now am I?”

Oh.

“Yeah. I guess not.”

“What’s your favorite meal? And if you say pizza or a chalupa I’m going to toss you out on your head.”

Peter grinned.

“I’m pretty sure I’m stronger than you are. You know that, right?”

Stark rolled his eyes.

“Answer the question.”

“Lasagna. With sausage and hamburger. And bread. And no olives, because they are gross.”

“Got it.” Who puts olives in lasagna? “Are you alright with me leaving you alone, for a while?”

“Yeah. I’ll probably just sleep – or watch a movie.”

“Since someone has almost certainly found – and stolen – your backpack by now, I’m going to get you some clothes, too. As much as I love you naked, you're going to need something to wear, eventually. You’re a boxers guy by preference, or was that just because that was all you had?”

Peter blushed at the reminder of how tattered his underwear had been.

“Preference.”

“Got it. Favorite color?”

“Anything is fine. I’m not picky.”

Stark kissed him, just because he could. And because he wanted him to be picky.

“Answer the question, sweetheart.”

“Blue. Dark blue, though, not baby blue. And green.”

“Got it. Can you think of anything else that you need?”

“No. Thank you. When are you going?”

“I’ll feed you some lunch, first. Make sure you don’t starve while I’m gone.”
“I’m hardly going to *starve*…”

Tony ran his hand along the boy’s side, his fingers noting the prominent ribs.

“No. You’re not going to starve,” he agreed, seriously. “Can I feed you sandwiches? Or do you want something more elaborate?”

“Sandwiches are fine.”

Anything was fine. Peter was getting used to being fed regularly, again, and liked it. To have so many *choices*? Even better.
Tony Stark had a few secrets. Things that the public – and most of the people around him – didn’t know. Some were bigger secrets than others, but one of the less important ones was that he loved to shop. He preferred to do his own grocery shopping, his own car shopping and his own real estate shopping. Basically, if it could be purchased, Tony would much rather he be the one to pick it out before buying it.

Which had been one of the reasons he’d been in Queens the day they’d found Peter; to purchase that software.

“How’s the kid?” Happy asked, opening the door of the sedan for Tony.

He would drive himself but sometimes it was a bitch to find parking and this way Happy could just drop him off and then pick him up when he was finished.

“He seems to be doing well,” Stark answered, honestly, not surprised by the question. Happy asked about Peter each time he saw Stark. He was, in a sense, his project, too, since he’d been with Tony when they’d found the boy. “He sleeps a lot, eats everything I put in front of him and the leg is still attached.”

“That’s a start.”

“My thoughts, exactly. We should have weighed him the day we found him, to have a control and see if he’s gaining any weight.”

“He’s not shy about eating?”

“No. So I need more food, to handle his appetite, and he needs some clothes, because he doesn’t have anything.”

“Poor guy. What’s going to happen to him?”

“Depends on what he wants,” Tony replied. “Whatever it is, there will be a lot of food, it’s not going to be living on the streets, and he’s not going to be wearing rags.”

“Good. Mega store?”

“Please.”

He could find clothes and groceries in one stop and wouldn’t be away from Peter any longer than necessary – even though the boy was already dozing off on the couch when Tony had kissed him and left the apartment, reminding him that FRIDAY was a word away if needed.

Wearing jeans and a pullover sweatshirt and not being followed by a crowd of press and fangirls, Tony was able to somewhat blend in with the other shoppers. He started on the clothing side of the store, pushing his cart ahead of him as he found everything that he could think of that Peter might need – and a few things he probably didn’t need, but that Tony wanted him to have.

Cart satisfyingly full, he moved to the grocery side and made sure he had enough fresh food to feed the two of them for the next few days – including the ingredients for lasagna that evening – and then headed for the checkout stand.
FRIDAY confirmed Peter was still asleep on the sofa when Happy and Tony returned to the apartment. The driver helped Stark carry the copious bags and packages up to the penthouse, stacking everything on the kitchen island as quietly as possible. Then he walked over and looked down at the sleeping boy.

“He needs some sun, boss. Maybe he should spend some time on the balcony every day.”

“Now that he has clothes to wear, that’s not a bad idea.” Stark hadn’t considered that. “The doctor will be by to check him out day after tomorrow. Maybe we can get some color on him by then.”

Happy nodded, and headed for the door. He had a lot of other assignments.

“Let me know if you need anything.”

“I think I’m good until tomorrow morning, Thanks.”

Happy left, closing the door behind him, softly, and Tony leaned over the back of the sofa and watched the boy sleep for a long few minutes before he remembered that he had groceries to put away – including ice cream – and dinner to prep.

He put the groceries away, and set water to boiling for his lasagna noodles, but then he carried all the remaining packages into the guest room and busied himself in there, whistling cheerfully while doing so.

He woke with a start, his head coming off the pillow with a frightened gasp, the weird dream fading almost immediately, but the confusion it had caused lingering.

“Shhh…” A hand palmed his cheek, and the voice was calm.

Peter opened his eyes and saw Tony sitting on the arm of the sofa, right next to his head, looking down at him. His eyes were soft, despite the concern he could see in them.

“Tony…” He looked around, without moving his head from the older man’s touch. “What smells so good?”

It wasn’t what he’d intended to say, but the smell of something savory permeated the room and his sleep-fogged brain.

Stark smiled, his thumb brushing Peter’s cheek.

“Dinner. How do you feel?”

“I’m okay.”

“Still sore?”

The boy moved a little and nodded.

“Yeah. A bit.”

“Hungry?”
“Sure.”

“We’ll eat in about half an hour.”

“Okay.”

He put his head back down on the cushion, closed his eyes and reached up and caught the billionaire’s hand where it was against his cheek.

“You smell good.”

Tony chuckled, leaning over and kissing Peter’s ear.

“That’s dinner, Peter. Not me.”

“Smells good.”

“Are you going to be awake enough to enjoy it?”

“Yeah.”

“Open your eyes and tell me that.”

He did as he was told, looking up at Stark, a little more awake, now, and losing himself in the older man’s tender gaze.

“I’m awake.”

“Good.”

“Kiss me, again.”

Tony brushed his lips against Peter’s ear, tenderly, and then moved to his lips and repeated the gesture, his tongue sliding along the boy’s lower lip, tasting him, briefly, before smiling.

“Like that?”

“Yeah. Again?”

He was kissed, again, this time not quite as gently, but still perfect.

“Better?”

“Yes. Did you go to the store?”

“Yes.” Tony’s smile was all for Peter. “I picked you up a few things.”

“A toothbrush?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact. They’re in your room. Let’s go see if I guessed your sizes right.”

“A toothbrush is pretty much one size fits all.”

“I got you more than a toothbrush.” He walked to the front of the couch and offered Peter his hand to help him to his feet, where he stood, unsteadily for a moment. Then they walked at Peter’s slow pace to the guestroom door. “If you don’t like something, you’re under no obligation to keep it to yourself – just so you know.”
Peter was going to ask him what he meant, but he stopped at the door, staring. The room wasn’t any
different, but there were many more items in it, now. Starting with a box on the stand by the bed, 
near his webshooters. Peter walked over and picked it up, looking back at Tony.

“You got me a cell phone?”

“I noticed you didn’t have one,” he said, with a shrug, walking over and sitting on the edge of the 
bed, where he could watch the boy. “Not only is it odd, but it’s dangerous. If something comes up, 
you need to be able to call for help. My private number is already programmed in under your 
contacts, and you’re on my network – meaning unlimited calling, data and texting, of course.”

“That’s…” Peter was amazed. He’d had one, of course, but when the plan didn’t get paid, they’d 
turned it off. He’d still used it for music and for some Wi-Fi aps until it had fallen out of his sweats 
during a swing and had dropped 43 floors to its inevitable demise. That had been weeks ago. 
“Wow…”

“Don’t say it’s too much,” Stark said. “Because it isn’t. Just say thank you.”

“Thank you.”


Peter turned to the dresser. On it was a stack of toiletries; toothbrush and toothpaste, a brush and a 
comb, shower gel, and deodorant. There was also a dark blue backpack.

“It’s a nice one.”

“You’re just confirming that I have good taste,” the billionaire said, his expression slightly self-
deprecating. “Check the dresser.”

When Peter opened the top drawer, he found bundles of socks and several pairs of boxers. All silk, 
he noticed, and while they were mostly various blues and greens – and a few plain white ones, he 
smiled when a particular pair caught his eye, and picked them up, turning to Tony.

“Ironman boxers?”

Stark shrugged.

“I couldn’t resist. I bought a pair for myself, too. They’re silk. And my face is all over them. Can’t go 
wrong.”

Peter chuckled, and put them back, closing the drawer and opening the next, feeling a thrill of 
happiness even as he revealed nothing more exciting than two stacks of neatly folded t-shirts. Some 
were plain solid colors, others had designs, but Peter couldn’t see what they said since they were 
folded and he didn’t stop to look. He closed that drawer and opened the next, finding sweats and a 
pair of pajamas. The drawer below that was stuffed with jeans, also neatly folded.

“Wow.”

“Pull a pair out,” Tony suggested. “We’ll want to make sure of the fit. I just guessed, really. None of 
the sizes mentioned scrawny teenager.”

It hurt a bit to bend over, but he didn’t even notice, really. When he pulled a pair of the jeans from 
the drawer, he saw that there was a new pair of tennis shoes sitting beside the dresser, as well. He 
limped over to the bed, carrying the jeans and set them in the space next to the older man, who
reached for him and with a careful grip on his bruised hips moved Peter to stand in front of him. He untied the drawstring on the sweats that Peter was wearing and allowed them to fall, looking up at the teen, who was watching him.

“I don’t know what to say,” Peter told him. “It’s so much.”

Stark shook his head.

“It’s not enough,” he replied, reaching for the jeans. “But I didn’t want to go all out crazy. Especially without being sure of sizes. We’ll get you healthy enough, and next time you can come with me and pick out the next lot, yourself. Hands on my shoulder.”

Peter steadied himself with a hand on Tony, while the man lifted a foot at a time to get him out of the sweats and then put his feet into the legs of the jeans and pulled them up, his hand carefully tucking Peter’s penis into them before he zipped them and buttoned them. The boy smiled.

“Should have brought over the Ironman boxers.”

“Commando is fine, for now,” Tony said, not bothering to resist the desire to slide his hand along the front of the denim and smiling at the twitch he felt in reply. “You won’t be in them long. Fit okay?”

“Yeah. They’re great.”

“No chafing?”

“Well, I don’t have any underwear on, so a little. But they’re perfect. Thank you.”

“This might come as a surprise, Peter,” Tony said, reaching for the button and undoing it, and then pulling the zipper down. “But I don’t have a lot of people to buy things for. I had a good time picking things out for you. Besides, now I get to unwrap you, which is always fun, too.”

He pulled the jeans down and bent to help Peter step out of them, but didn’t reach for the discarded sweats. Instead, he put his hands on Peter’s hips to steady him, and nuzzled his face against the boy’s groin, his mouth unerringly finding the teen’s already interested penis.

Peter made a soft noise of appreciation, looking down and watching as the billionaire licked a trail of moisture along his semi-erect shaft and then started teasing the head, which sent shivers through him, and he moved his hand from Tony’s shoulder to his hair, hesitantly, running his fingers through it, admiring how perfect he was.

“That feels good, Tony…” he murmured.

Which made the older man chuckle and draw Peter into his mouth, his head bobbing as he began sucking him in earnest, now, mouth, lips and tongue all apparently committed to getting Peter as hard as he could be in record time, since that’s what happened. The boy groaned as he watched Stark play with just the head, his tongue flicking against the underside of it, finding the most sensitive spots and teasing those spots until Peter couldn’t stop his hips from moving.

“Please…”

Tony brought him back into his mouth and one hand left Peter’s hip and began fondling him, the shaft would be stroked when it wasn’t buried in Tony’s mouth, and then his fingers would gently roll the boy’s testicles, playing with them, teasing them. He slid his hand to Peter’s ass, cupping the flesh there and pulling the boy even closer, burying his cock into his throat for a moment and humming, which sent a shiver of pleasure through the slim frame and was all it took to send him over the edge.
His body tensed, and Tony backed off just a little as Peter’s cock spasmed, and the boy grunted as he came, Stark’s mouth filling with warm, salty, cum. He clamped his lips around Peter and made approving noises as the boy’s hips jerked with each spurt, guzzling him down with considerably more noise than was really necessary.

He licked him off and then stood, bringing his arms around Peter’s shuddering body, holding him close and hugging him, feeling Peter holding him, tightly.

“You alright?”

The boy nodded; his face buried against Tony’s shirt while he trembled from his release.

“Yeah. That was great.”

“Yes. It was.” He took the boy’s head in his hands, a palm cupping each cheek, and tilted his face toward his own, his eyes meeting those beautiful chocolate brown ones, which were slightly glazed at the moment as Peter was working on coming down from his climax. Stark smiled, amused and feeling something else that he couldn’t quite label – even in his own head – and he kissed the boy, gently. “I think-“

There was a sudden beeping noise from the kitchen, and Stark swore, softly, and chuckled.

“I think the lasagna is done.” He kissed Peter, again, and then knelt down and helped him get his too baggy sweats back on, pulling them up and tying them around the slim hips, covering the bruises he’d left the night before. “Come join me when you’re ready. Okay?”

“Yeah.” Peter stopped him before he could move away, though, and he hugged him, again. “Thanks, Tony.”

“You’re welcome, honey.” He ran his fingers through Peter’s curls, and kissed his cheek, and then his ear, feeling his own body responding ardently to the boy’s closeness. The oven timer beeped, again, insistently, and he pulled away with a warm smile. “I have to go get that, or we’ll be picking out charred noodles.”

He left, and Peter sat down on the bed, weak-kneed and unable to stand all that steadily without the billionaire’s strong arms supporting him.

“Wow…”
They ate dinner at the dining table. Lasagna was just too potentially messy to try to eat anywhere else. Not in bed or on the couch, anyway. Stark was suitably gratified by Peter’s obvious enjoyment of the meal. It made the extra work he’d gone to all worth the effort.

“This is amazing.”

“Thank you. Do you want more?”

“Yes, please.”

As the boy made his way through a third helping, Tony finished his own serving and lingered over a fresh garlic roll, watching him with a mixture of amusement and enjoyment. He was beautiful.

“Whatever is left over will reheat fairly well for your lunch tomorrow,” he told the boy. “I’m going to be gone most of the day, unfortunately.”

“You have to work?”

“Yes.”

Peter nodded. He’d known Tony Stark wasn’t going to be able to be with him every minute of every day, after all. He was probably insanely busy, what with Stark Industries and being Ironman and an Avenger. Peter was lucky to have had him as much as did, he was sure.

“Okay.”

“You’ll be alright, alone?”

“Yeah. Of course. Probably just sleep some more. But if you needed something done, I could do it for you. Laundry or something?”

Tony smiled.

“No. The housekeeper does that – and she doesn’t come until day after tomorrow. All I need you to do for me, right now, is get yourself healthy. Happy suggested that you spend some time in the sun, too. Maybe you can sit out on the balcony and get some fresh air tomorrow, too.”

“Yeah, if that’s okay.”

“Of course.” He gestured to the now empty plate. “Finished?”

Peter nodded, watching as Tony cleared the table, but easing himself to his feet to help take some of their dishes to the sink at his slow shuffle. He felt alright, really. Sore and achy, but no stabbing pains anywhere. Which was a relief.

Stark took the dishes from him but then sent him to the sofa to get him off his feet.

“Find us a movie to watch, Peter,” he ordered the boy. “I’ll be right out.”

The boy did as he was told and went into the living room, feeling a little groggy, but only because he’d eaten a lot more than was probably good for him. It’d been good, though, and he was smiling when he picked up the remote, easing himself down onto the sofa. A few minutes later, Tony was
behind him, leaning over him and pressing a kiss to his ear while his hands ran along Peter’s chest and belly.

“Why are you wearing clothes?” he asked, softly, his breath tickling Peter’s ear. “I want you naked for me, tonight, please. I’ll be right back.”

Peter felt a thrill go through him at the words and he nodded, watching as the older man vanished into his bedroom and then sliding out of his clothes and bundling up in the blanket that he’d slept in all day. Not for modesty’s sake, but because without clothes, he was a little cold. He picked up the remote and was flipping through movie options when Tony returned, wearing only a pair of pajama bottoms, which he took off immediately and joined Peter in his blanket – warming the boy almost instantly.

“Sci-fi okay?” Peter asked, cuddling against the billionaire’s side.

“Whatever you want, honey,” Tony told him. He took the remote, though, and paused the movie Peter had chosen before setting it on the coffee table. “First, though, let’s do some communicating. I want you to know what my intentions are for this evening, and I want to know what you think about them. That way there aren’t any surprises or uncertainty. Fair?”

“Yes.”

Stark pulled Peter onto his lap, easily, the boy’s light frame making him easy to maneuver. He tuck his head on his shoulder, his hand resting on the uninjured thigh, the boy’s legs slightly parted.

“I want to touch you. Caress you, and taste you and suck on you.”

“Okay.”

“I want to fuck you, too, but I’m not going to.”

“Why not?” Peter asked, surprised and a little dismayed. “Because of what I did before?”

Tony kissed his, softly.

“No. It’s not a punishment, Peter – which is exactly what I thought you might think, and why we’re communicating. You’re still hurting from that, and I want to give you a chance to heal a bit. And I don’t want to jar your leg any more than necessary. There’s plenty we can still do, and I assure you, I’m going to do it. We’ll see how you feel in a couple of days, and try the rest, then.”

“I don’t hurt too much…”

“I don’t want any arguments, honey. Your ass is off limits to my cock right now, and I mean it. I want the next time to feel good for you – which means painless. Right now, it wouldn’t be.”

“Oh.”

He chuckled at the disappointment he could still hear in the boy’s voice.

“You’ll enjoy tonight. I promise.”

“I can play with you, still?” Peter asked.

“Of course.”

“Anything I want?”
“As long as you don’t try to stick my cock into your ass, yes. Anything. And we don’t hurt that leg.”

He pouted a bit; lower lip actually sticking out – which was adorable, Stark decided. But then he nodded.

“Okay.”

“Good. Any questions?”

“You want to fuck me, though, right?”

Tony smiled.

“Absolutely.”

“Good.” Peter slid his hand along Tony’s chest, stopping hesitantly at the arc reactor. “Does it hurt you? Can I hurt you?”

“No to both. And it won’t hurt you. Just don’t try to take it out, please. Without proper grounding, it’d shock the hell out of you – and I wouldn’t be in any condition to help.”

“Gotcha.”

“And no hickeys,” Stark added. “This has to be our secret, and a trail of bite marks from neck to penis would almost certainly give us away.”

“I’ll be careful,” Peter promised.

“Ready?” Tony asked.

“Yes.”

“FRIDAY? Lights. Play movie.”

The room was suddenly dark aside from the TV and the movie started. In that pleasant darkness, Tony slid his hand along Peter’s thigh and found his semi erect cock with his fingers. As the opening credits began playing, he was already stroking the boy, his mouth seeking the teen’s and his own cock making its presence felt against Peter’s hip.

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By the time the movie was over, the blanket was a mess and Tony and Peter were both streaked with cum in various stages of drying. Peter had climaxed first, not surprisingly. Tony had simply held the boy on his lap and jerked him off, whispering all the things that he wanted to do to him while Peter writhed on top of him. When he had finally erupted with a gasp and had finished trembling, Peter had shifted his position, and Stark approved. Straddling his knees on either side of Tony’s thighs, moving carefully to avoid jarring his leg, but trapping the billionaire’s cock between them and resting his cheek on Tony’s shoulder while gently stroking him.

Tony found he was the one writhing, eventually, and he closed his eyes as Peter turned the tables on him, whispering in his ear with every stroke.

“I love you being hard like this…” he murmured. “Imagine it being inside me. Filling me… making me moan in pleasure as you hold me down and take me all night… So hard… I’ll be under you, begging you for it…”
“You’ll be mine,” Tony told him, grunting, as his hips started jerking.

“All yours,” Peter agreed. “Yours to fuck, any time you need me. Every time…”

The older man came with very little warning, cum smearing Peter’s hand and both of their bellies and chests.

“God, Peter,” Tony moaned, running a finger through the stripe on his belly and then pressing it against the boy’s lip. “When did you suddenly get so good at dirty talk?”

Peter licked the finger clean and nuzzled Tony’s neck.

“It’s easy in the dark.”

“We’ll work on making it easy in the light, too,” Stark promised, sliding Peter off his lap, now, and stretching him out on the sofa, parting his legs and putting himself between them before lowering his head to unerringly find his now erect penis with his lips and tongue.

Whatever the boy had been planning to say was swallowed by the moan that suddenly escaped him when Tony slid a finger along his ass and touched his puckered hole.

“Oh! I thought you said-“

Stark released Peter’s cock with a wet pop, licking drool and precum from the head.

“That wasn’t my cock, honey.”

Eventually they left the couch and went to bed. They stopped in Tony’s bathroom, still naked and he wet a couple of towels and grabbed some soap and cleaned Peter’s body, tenderly, his lips kissing the boy’s neck and jaw, careful not to leave any marks as he had all evening. He even bent him carefully over and washed his hair for him. The teen then sat on the bathroom sink, drying himself, watching with a little jealousy and a lot of possessiveness as Tony showered.

Both were slaked when they ended up in bed, Stark wrapped around Peter’s warm, naked, body and Peter’s head resting on his shoulder.

“Tony?” Peter said, almost asleep.

“Hmm?”

“I like movie night.”

The billionaire chuckled, running his fingers through the boy’s hair.

“So do I, honey.”
Waking up naked with someone was a new experience for Peter. Something that was exciting, and comfortable, and relaxing. Arms were around him and he was being held, and he felt loved, and wanted and cherished. It was a heady experience for someone who had been all alone for the last few months and had expected to be alone for at least the next year or so.

“Awake?” Tony asked, sleepily, when Peter shifted in his arms.

He’d been awake a few minutes, himself, but was in no hurry to start his day, really.

“Yeah.”

“How do you feel?”

“Good. Comfortable.”

Stark chuckled.

“Me, too.”

The boy lifted his leg, bringing it over Tony’s hip, making a pleased noise when their bodies got that much closer and he felt the billionaire’s cock brush against his belly.

“Now?”

“Better.” Tony kissed him, moving his hips a few times to slide his cock against Peter, finding a nice slow rhythm as he rutted slowly against him. “So much better.”

Peter sighed, his cock twitching excitedly at the contact.

“Please, Tony…”

“Please what, honey?”

“You know…”

“Say it for me.”

He flushed.

“I... putitinme…”

“No, Peter,” Tony said, kissing the boy, again. “I don’t have time to do it, properly, and when I do, I’m going to want to hold you, after, and maybe do it again, almost immediately. I’ll go get the medical supplies, though, and check your leg to see how you’re doing.”

“Tonight, will you?”

“Let’s wait and see, okay? Sometimes a little spontaneity can make things more exciting.”

Peter pouted.

“I tried that. Tell me again how it worked out?”
The billionaire smiled, lovingly, down at him, and reached out and touched the lower lip that was once more protruding.

“You’re so fucking adorable, Peter.”

“But not fuckable…”

He rolled away from Tony, but not out of his arms. He was pouting, but nothing would make him leave the safety and warmth of that embrace until he had to.

“Extremely fuckable, honey,” Stark assured him, pressing himself against the boy’s rear, his throbbing cock nudging his ass. “But I’m not going to hurt you, again. Which means that whether we like it or not, we’re going to wait until the time’s right. Got it?”

Peter nodded, reluctantly, and felt the arms around him tighten and Tony’s lips come to his ear to kiss him. He realized, though, that the sooner he healed, the less time he was actually going to have with him. Not like they were right now, anyway. For all he knew, what they would decide was best for him was for him to end up going to a foster home, or maybe even an orphanage or something. A place that he’d be well treated, he was sure; Tony would make sure of that, Peter knew. But it wouldn’t be with him, any more. The thought made him sad, and he found his eyes burning with the sting of tears.

He sniffed, and ducked his head to wipe his eyes with his shoulder.

The older man noticed immediately, of course, and he sat up, using his existing grip to turn Peter to face him, drawing him back into his arms.

“Peter?” his expression was concerned, and his eyes worried. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” he lied. “I’m sorry.”

“Come on…” Tony tucked his head under his chin, rocking him, tenderly. “Tell me. Please?”

There was no way he was crying because he’d been told he’d have to wait to have sex. Not the woeful expression Tony had just seen before a tear had dripped from the boy’s beautiful eyelashes.

“It’s dumb.”

“Tell me. I can’t fix it if I don’t know what it is.”

“You can’t fix it, anyway,” Peter assured him, sniffing, again. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not the sex thing, is it?”

Better make sure, rather than be wrong.

“No.”

“Then what?”

“I’m going to get better and then I’m going to lose you.”

He buried his face against Tony’s chest, sniffing, again, and trying to choke back a sob, but failing.

Again, it took the older man a moment to reconfigure the sentence with spaces, and he made a soft sound and tightened his hold, pulling Peter up into his lap like a much younger child.
“You’re not going to lose me, honey. You can’t.”

“Yes, I am. I’ll be wherever I end up, and you’ll be busy. I’ll be alone, again…”

“No, Peter. No…” Tony felt his own eyes sting at the utter grief in Peter’s voice. “It won’t be like that. You’ll be someplace safe, and with people who care about you, and you’ll still see me, because who else is going to teach you how to be a superhero? Huh? Who else is going to love you? We’ll figure it out.”

He hadn’t thought about that. Peter was Spiderman, after all. Maybe he and Tony could meet, sometimes. Maybe he wouldn’t lose him, completely. He wouldn’t have it like it was, now, but he’d known that this part of things wasn’t going to last. That was a fairy tale, and Peter had learned very early on that real life didn’t have the happy endings that the storybooks his mother used to read him had.

“You promise?” he asked, childishly, but unable to help himself.

“Of course I do.” Poor baby. Tony rocked him, crooning gently to him and pressing kisses against his ear, and his tear-stained cheek. No wonder he was anxious to have all the experiences that he could; he was so certain that he was going to be sent packing as soon as possible. “You know… just because you get better, it doesn’t mean you’re leaving here, right away…”

“It doesn’t?”

“Of course not. We still will need to find the perfect spot for you to be. You’re going to help choose it, and it might take a while, after all, because I’m going to be incredibly picky about where I let you go – and who I let have you.”

“Oh.”

The crying had stopped, now, and the billionaire squeezed him, tightly, and then pulled away to look down at him. Peter’s eyes were red from crying, and puffy, and his cheeks were smeared, but he didn’t look quite as despondent as he had before.

“Do you trust me?” he asked the boy, smiling, softly.

“Yes.”

“Good. Now kiss me.”

Peter did what he was told and shifted so he could kiss the older man, which he did. Tony could taste the salty tears on his lips, and he licked them off, gently, before pulling back, again. Peter sighed, and wiped his eyes and cheek with his forearm.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, honey.” He kissed him, again. “Do you want me to stay home, today?”

Peter shook his head.

“No. It’s okay.”

He knew if it wasn’t important, Tony wouldn’t be going to work; he’d be staying home with him, instead.

“Okay. Let’s check out your leg, yeah? See how it looks.”
“Yeah.”

Tony let him go and got out of his bed.

“Wait here. I’ll bring the scissors to you.”

He stopped long enough to pull on pajama bottoms and then vanished, but returned a minute later, carrying the supplies needed to check and then change the bandages on Peter’s thigh. The boy pulled the blankets aside and bared his leg to the billionaire, who got back on the bed and settled in between Peter’s knees, running his hand along his uninjured leg, first, and sliding it along until he ended at the boy’s groin, his fingers tracing Peter’s cock, which wasn’t hard, yet, but was showing signs of interest in the attention.

Peter smiled, also enjoying the attention.

“It doesn’t hurt, too much,” he said, before Tony could ask.

“Good.”

Stark cut the bandages off, and they both looked at the injury.

“It doesn’t look too bad,” Peter decided. “Better than before, right?”

“Yes, I agree. We’ll put extra bandages on it, though.”

“Why?”

“Because if it doesn’t hurt as much, you won’t be as cautious, and I don’t want you to bump it trying to do more with it.”

“Oh. That makes sense.”

“This isn’t the first time I’ve seen an injury,” he reminded the boy as he started applying thick layers of bandages before wrapping the leg, again. “I want you to have clothes on, today, too, okay? Keep from getting chilled – especially if you go out on the balcony.”

“Okay.”

“But not yet,” Stark told him, his expression changing as he reached out and pushed Peter backward with a hand against his chest. “First I’d better take care of your problem, hmm? Blow on it? Make it feel better?”

Peter smiled, leaning into the pillows behind him and closing his eyes as he felt Tony’s lips find his cock and start teasing it.

“Please, Tony…”
“What are you doing?”

Stark looked up, startled. He hadn’t noticed Pepper had entered his office.

“Research,” he told her.

“Porn?”

He didn’t even scowl; she’d caught him watching an interesting video, one time, and now she was never letting him live it down.

“No. I’m looking at the requirements to become a foster parent.”

“What? Why?”

“It’s just research.”

Pepper frowned.

“Because…?”

“It’d probably give Stark Industries a gentler face to the public if I were to sign on to be a foster parent, don’t you think?”

“You understand being a foster parent actually involves foster children, right? Kids? Little people who are not adults? That require nurturing? Food?”

“I’m aware, yes.”

“Have you been drinking?”

“It’s just research, okay? Something I’m looking into.”

“Please warn me before you make any kind of life changing decisions. So I can get ready with the denials for the press conferences.”

“It pays.”

She rolled her eyes. Money was the least of his concerns and they both knew it.

“What would you do with a foster kid, Tony?” she asked, realizing from his expression that it wasn’t just something he was looking at, randomly, but something he was genuinely interested in. “They require a commitment, and time, and love, and compassion. While I’m not saying you aren’t capable of that – some of them, anyway – it’s a lot of responsibility.”

He sighed and turned off the display.

“Did you need something in particular?”

Peter was curled on the sofa, reading, when FRIDAY spoke up and startled him.
“Incoming call from Tony Stark.”

“Really?”

“Yup.”

The AI was as casual as any actual person, Peter already knew. It was amazing to him that Tony had been able to create her that way. He was such a genius.

“How do I answer it?” he asked, uncertainly.

“Say accept call, and I’ll connect you.”

“Accept call.”

“Peter?”

The boy smiled.

“Hi, Tony.”

“You doing okay?”

“Yeah. Just reading a magazine I found in your room.”

“Wait. Not the ones under the bed, right? The Popular Mechanics ones in the nightstand?”

Peter chuckled; he’d found those magazines, as well. It wasn’t like Tony was hiding them, after all.

“No. The Popular Mechanics one. The one about your initial suit. It’s a pretty good article.”

“Yeah. Did you have lunch?”

“Not, yet.”

“Don’t forget to eat, okay?”

“I won’t.”

“There are some snacks in the cupboard, too: chips, crackers, granola bars – anything you want and I don’t have, just make a list, or tell FRIDAY.”

“I’m good,” Peter assured him. “What are you doing?”

“Getting ready to go to a working lunch with some of the financial officers. All kinds of exciting. I’d much rather be there. With you.”

Which made the boy smile, again.

“I wish you were, too. Are you having a good day?”

“It’s okay. We’re going to barbeque on the balcony for dinner, alright?”

“Okay.”

“Steaks? Or chicken?”
“Not hotdogs?”

There was a pause, and then the billionaire’s voice was amused.

“Hotdogs, it is. I’ll be home around four.”

“Okay.”

“Bye, honey.”

“Bye.”

The call ended with a mostly silent click, and Peter put the magazine aside and got up, feeling just a little sore as he did. The leg wasn’t bothering him too much, and his other aches and pains were pretty much gone. Gone enough that they didn’t really hurt him, anyway. He was pretty tough, though. He’d fallen off a building more than once learning how to use his webshooters, and he’d slammed into a few walls learning how proper angles worked when swinging. Bruises for the most part – never a broken bone.

A gunshot was definitely more serious, obviously, but he healed pretty well.

He rubbed his hands on the denim of the jeans he was wearing, feeling the bulky bandage on his thigh underneath, and decided that some lunch was a good idea. He’d even do what Tony had said, earlier, and go out and eat on the balcony – which was large and airy and a grill, and another kitchen island, with several barstools, a small table, and a couple of lounge chairs for people to sit in.

He went to the fridge and pulled out the leftover lasagna. Tony had already put it in the container it could be reheated in, and he’d smiled, earlier, when he’d seen the post it note on it telling him how long to microwave it when it came time to reheat it. He heated his lunch and then carried it toward the sliding door to the balcony.

“Put a shirt on,” FRIDAY told him, making him roll his eyes.

Smiling at the craziness of being nagged by a voice in the wall, he set his lunch down on the kitchen island and limped his way back to his room. Reaching in the dresser and pulling out a blue t-shirt at random. Peter grinned, though, when he saw that it had the Captain America logo on it, and pulled it on, admiring it – and the fact that Tony had a pretty good sense of humor. He wondered if one of the green t-shirts would end up being an Incredible Hulk shirt, but he didn’t take time to look.

“Better?” he asked, walking back out into the living room.

“Yes.”

He hadn’t actually expected a response from the AI, but he chuckled and reclaimed his dinner and went out into the sunshine to eat. It was hard to be lonely when there was someone looking out for you, after all.

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Tony returned home at closer to four-thirty. He had a paper bag in his arm and closed the door, looking around.

“Peter? I’m home.”

“He’s on the balcony,” FRIDAY informed him, helpfully.
“Vitals?”

“Normal.”

“Thanks.”

Stark carried his bag into the kitchen, looking out the sliding glass door that led to the balcony as he did. He saw the boy on a chaise lounger and smiled as he put the few groceries that he’d brought home away. Then he went into his room and change from the suit he’d worn to the tower into a pair of jeans and a polo shirt and went outside to join him.

Peter was asleep, he saw. Bundled in a light blanket, resting on his side, he was snoring, lightly, and drooling just a little. Tony smiled and knelt down beside him, brushing his fingertips against the porcelain cheek, softly.

“Honey?”

“Hmmm?” The brown eyes opened, unfocused for just a moment before seeing him, and the smile that followed made Tony’s heart flip-flop in his chest. God. “You’re home?”

“Yeah.” He leaned over him and kissed his temple. “Did you have a good day?”

“Mm-hmm. You?”

“I missed you.”

That made the smile grow and Peter’s hand came out of the blanket and rested against his chest, but then slid lower, until he was caressing the older man’s jeans and the suddenly growing bulge that he’d found there.

“I missed you, too, Tony.”

“How are you feeling? Still pretty worn out?”

“No.” He proved it by sitting up, and Tony smiled when he saw the Captain American t-shirt when the blanket fell to his waist. “I’m good.”

“Come inside.”

They went inside, and Tony led him into the living room, pushing him gently down onto the sofa.

“You’re still limping.”

“Not as much.” Peter reached for him, running his hands along his hips, taking advantage of the fact that the older man was still standing, which put him at the perfect level for what he suddenly was aching to do. “I’m fine.”

Tony made a soft, approving, noise when the boy nestled his face against the front of his jeans, and he felt himself responding immediately.

“I’ve been thinking about you all day,” he told Peter, running his fingers through the boy’s hair with one hand and unbuttoning his jeans with the other. “Thinking about how amazing you are. And how exciting it would be if I came home and you were just waiting for me to put my cock into your mouth…”

“Yeah?”
Peter smiled at that, and reached into Stark’s boxers and pulling out his penis, stroking it as he looked up at him, eyes excited.

“Yes.” Stark reached down and moved Peter’s hand. He was aroused enough, now, to do whatever he wanted. “Open up, honey.”

The boy did as he was told and Tony slid his cock into his open mouth, careful not to push too deep. Peter moaned around the throbbing flesh and Tony cupped his cheek.

“You’re going to learn how to deepthroat me,” the billionaire told him, his breath coming quickly already, his hips jerking himself into that warm, moist mouth. “Eventually you’ll be able to swallow all of me, any time.”

Peter moaned, again, and worked his tongue along the shaft and head of Tony’s cock each time it was pushed into him or pulled out. His hands tightened on Tony’s hips, and he nodded in agreement, but was too stuffed full of cock to say anything else just then.

“I’m going to fuck that gorgeous face of yours every day, sweetheart,” Tony said. “Make sure you always have a belly of cum when I get home.”

His hand suddenly tightened in Peter’s hair, and he held the boy still as his entire body tensed, his hips snapping forward but careful – even in his height of excitement – not to thrust too hard and gag him. Peter’s mouth was suddenly awash with cum as Tony climaxed with an excited groan and the boy swallowed as quickly as he could, his lips tightening on Tony, and his throat flexing as he swallowed everything Stark gave him, and then tried to milk him for more, eagerly.

Finally, he pulled away, releasing Tony with a slurping sound that was exciting to both of them.

“Damn… that was exciting,” Tony said, tucking himself back into his pants and then going to his knees in front of Peter and kissing him, hard, enjoying the flavor of Peter, mingled with his own. He smiled when he pulled away, and smoothed the boy’s hair where his eager hands had messed it up.

“I’m not really going to expect that every day when I come home, but it’s an arousing thought.”

Peter smiled.

“You okay? I didn’t go too deep?”

“No. I’m alright.”

“I hate to be selfish, but as much as I’d like to strip you down and suck you dry, I’ve invited a few people over to barbeque with us. Do you feel up to helping me peel some potatoes?”

“What? Oh. Sure.” He let Tony pull him to his feet and lead him into the kitchen. “They know I’m here?”

“They do. And they know you’re injured.” He added as he opened a drawer and pulled out some potatoes and a couple of peelers. “They do not – as I promised – know that you’re gifted and they
don’t know that we like to see each other naked. Which needs to stay that way, right?”

“Yeah. Of course.”

He wasn’t going to do anything to get Tony in trouble. He wouldn’t do that. Ever.

“Good. Quiet evening at home, but I thought you could use some company other than my own. Maybe get a few new contacts to put into that new phone of yours.”

Peter just nodded, dumbly, hoping that none of the people coming were part-time social workers, or something, and started peeling. Which was something that he hadn’t done in a very long time.

“What are you going to make with the potatoes?” he asked. “French fries?”

Stark smiled, pulling a large kettle out and filling it with water and putting it on to boil.

“What are you going to make with the potatoes?” he asked. “French fries?”

Stark smiled, pulling a large kettle out and filling it with water and putting it on to boil.

“Potato salad. We’ll make enough to have leftovers for lunch, tomorrow.” He picked up the other peeler and one of the potatoes. “What did you do, today? Besides suck on my very appreciative penis?”

The boy chuckled, blushing slightly, but trying to act worldly – as if he did that sort of thing all the time.

“I slept, watched TV, read that magazine, had lunch and then fell asleep outside.”

“It’s a good thing it’s not warmer,” Tony told him, cutting the peeled potatoes into smaller chunks to make them boil faster. “You’d have sunburned.”

“Yeah. What did you do?”

Tony told him about the meetings that he’d had, and the projects that he was working on. Not Ironman suit projects, which weren’t done in his office, but in his workroom or lab. Peter didn’t know a lot about the research being done at the tower or with any of the other companies owned by Stark Industries, so he was interested, and asked intelligent questions when he didn’t understand a concept Tony brought up.

They were done with the potatoes and Tony was boiling macaroni for a pasta salad as well, when FRIDAY mentioned someone was at the apartment door.

“Get that, Peter, will you?” Stark asked, his head in the fridge looking for the mayo.

The boy nodded and went to the door, opening it. And then stood there, staring in shock. There were three people at the door, and he knew who all of them were.

Steve Rogers grinned, cheerfully; more than accustomed to seeing the look on the boy’s face. He glanced at his companions, who were also obviously amused by the surprise they were causing, and then raised an eyebrow.

“Hey, kid. Nice shirt.”
Peter blushed.

“You’re Steve Rogers.”

“In the flesh. And you must be Peter.”

“Yeah.”

“Can we come in?” Rogers asked, pointedly.

“Oh. Yeah.” Peter moved to the side, waving for the three to enter, still staring as he closed the door. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Rogers said. “Obviously Tony didn’t tell you we were coming.”

“He said he invited a few people,” Peter replied. “Not that it was going to be Avengers.”

“He likes surprising people,” the woman who had entered behind the others said, looking around for just a moment, but then studying Peter, himself. “You know me?”

“Natasha Romanoff. Black Widow.” He hesitated, uncertainly, and then offered her his hand. “I’m Peter. Peter Parker.”

She took his hand in hers, and her smile was dazzling, he decided. “It’s nice to meet you, Peter. This is James Rhodes.”

“Yeah,” Peter said, nodding and letting go of Romanoff’s hand to offer it to the other man. “War Machine, right?”

“In the flesh – so to speak.” The dark-skinned man’s gaze was just as intent as Natasha’s had been, as if they were all trying to figure him out in a single glance. “You can call me Rhodey.”

“Wow. Thanks.”

“You can call me Steve,” Rogers said, offering Peter his hand, as well.

“Really?”

“Sure.”

“Wow.”

Romanoff smiled, clearly amused.

“You already said that, Peter.”

He blushed.

“Sorry.”

She winked, silently telling him that she was only teasing.

“Good, you’re here.” They all looked over to see Tony. “You all met Peter?”
“Yes.”

“Good. Rogers, go start the grill, will you?”

“Sure.”

He left the room, heading unerringly toward the balcony – proof that he’d been there more than once for a barbeque. Rhodey followed.

Peter headed for the kitchen, as well, but his gait was a lot slower. Natasha and Tony both matched it, though, and Stark pulled out a barstool for the boy, who sat down with a grateful sigh.

“What’s for dinner, Tony?” Romanoff asked.

“Steaks and hotdogs. Potato salad, macaroni salad, chips and ice cream.”

“Hotdogs, huh?” she looked over at Peter, who blushed, again.

“I asked for them,” he admitted.

She smiled.

“I like hotdogs. Good choice. Tony told us you hurt yourself,” she said, looking down at his leg, the bulk of the bandage showing on his right leg under his jeans.

“Oh. Yeah. I just got a little shot.”

“A little shot, huh?” she repeated, as Tony rolled his eyes.

“Let’s go outside,” Stark suggested. “You can tell everyone the story all at once, that way.”

“Sounds good,” Romanoff said. “Got a beer for me?”

“You know where they are.”

Peter waited until she had opened the fridge and gathered three drinks for herself and the others, and left. Then he turned to Tony.

“What do I tell them?”

“The truth. You were chasing robbers and one shot you. You don’t need to mention web swinging if you don’t want to. I told them you were hurt and Happy and I found you. They also know about your aunt and uncle.” He touched Peter’s hand. “It’s a matter of public record, and Natasha is nothing if not thorough. She’ll know everything about you, by now – aside from the Spiderman thing, of course. No reason to hide it, and no reason to be afraid she’ll say anything.”

“And the others?”

“They’ll follow her lead. And mine. I promise. They’re here because you might as well meet them, and they need to meet you. Eventually, you’ll be wiling to share your alter ego with them, and they’re the ones that will know how best to utilize those abilities of yours.”

“What about you?”

“I’ll be the one who prepares you to do whatever they think needs to be done.” He smiled. “Have fun, tonight, okay? They’re not here to make you nervous, they’re here to make you smile – even if
they don’t know it.”

Which did make him smile.

“Okay.”

They gathered up some bags of chips and headed out to the balcony as well, and from the smoke coming from the barbeque, Rogers had obviously gotten it going. Now all three were sitting around the island, each with a beer, enjoying the view of the city the height afforded them.

“Dinner will be in half an hour or so,” Tony announced as he dropped a couple of bags on the island and made sure Peter had a cola in front of him. “Potato salad is cooling; we’re waiting on the macaroni to cool. Steaks are in the fridge, Steve.”

“And don’t forget the hotdogs,” Natasha added, winking at Peter, who smiled, self-consciously.

“The grill will be ready in plenty of time.” Rogers looked at Peter, his blue eyes twinkling with humor. “Tell me you’re a love child from Tony’s past. Please.”

Romanoff snorted, amused, and Rhodey laughed, outright. Peter felt a warm feeling bubbling up inside him as they allowed him to be a part of their cheer. It had been a long time.

“Nothing like that,” he said. “Sorry. Tony and Happy helped me out the other day.”

They were all watching him, now, and Tony came over to stand next to him, leaning on the island near where he sat.

“It’s a good story,” Stark said. “Filled with me being heroic.”

Romanoff rolled her eyes, but all of them were looking at him, still, waiting for him to tell the story, not Tony.

So he did.

It wasn’t even all that edited. He mentioned walking by the store that was being robbed, and thinking that he might be able to help and had chased them. And had been shot. He was also upfront with them as to why he hadn’t wanted to go to a hospital and speak to the police, admitting that he was living on his own and his family were all gone. And that he didn’t want to find himself in a situation that he was a ward of the state and being forced into a home he didn’t want to be in.

The others listened without comment, and when Peter was finished, he shrugged.

“Tony said we’d figure it out, so I guess that’s the next step.”

“Once he’s a little healthier,” Stark added.

“Must be crazy being right up close with Ironman,” Rhodey said, smiling.

“I met him before,” the boy said. Then he hesitated. “Kind of.”

“Yeah?” This was news to Tony. “When?”

“During the Expo. When the metal drones all went crazy.”

“You were there?” Rhodey asked, curiously.
“Yeah. I was little. May and Ben took me, but we got separated. One of them came at me, but Tony – well, Ironman – saved me from it. He even spoke to me. It was pretty exciting. And scary.”

“I did?”

“Yeah.”

Tony moved to the wall near the balcony door and swiped a hand across it, activating an invisible display.

“FRIDAY. Archival footage. Hammer Expo. External monitoring. Find me a little kid that I spoke to.”

“You save all that stuff?” Peter asked, surprised, as the display went crazy with images.

“I save everything, Peter,” Tony told him, smiling.

The screen stopped, showing a little kid in an Ironman mask, standing in front of a giant droid, holding a hand up as if to stop it. And then being startled when the thing exploded. All four of the adults fell silent, and Tony played it, again, this time freezing the image when they heard the suit tell the kid he’d done a nice job and take off.

“That’s you?” Natasha asked, walking over to get a closer look, her hand sliding to Peter’s shoulder. He nodded.

“Yeah.” The boy looked at Tony. “Can I have a copy of that?”

Stark was silent, staring at the screen, his expression unreadable.

“Tony?”

“I’m sorry. What?”

“Can I have a copy of that?” Peter repeated.

“Sure.”

“I want one, too,” Steve said.

Romanoff chuckled, impulsively hugging Peter from behind, almost hitting him with the beer bottle still in her hand.

“You bastard! An Avenger born!”

Peter smiled. And flushed, recognizing it as high praise.

“I was little,” he reminded her. “And dumb.”

“Pretty impressive,” Steve told him. “Maybe I should be wearing a shirt with your picture on it, instead?”

The boy’s blush went brilliant, and they all laughed.

“Bring me the steaks, Tony,” Rogers ordered. “Let’s eat.”

“Don’t forget my hotdogs,” Romanoff reminded him, her hand still on Peter’s shoulder. “And
ketchup.”

“And mustard,” the boy added.

“And mustard.”

Stark rolled his eyes, pleased at how happy Peter looked, and went to do as he’d been told.

Perfect. Even better than he’d planned, really.
“Did you have a good time?”

Peter’s smile was answer enough, but he nodded all the same.

“It was fun. I like them.”

“Yeah. They’re good people.” He looked around the balcony, which was littered with dirty dishes, empty potato chip bags and beer bottles. “Slobs, though. The lot.”

The boy chuckled, stacking the plates to carry into the kitchen.

“They offered to help clean up,” he reminded him. “You mentioned the housekeeper was coming, tomorrow, and sent them all home.”

“They were supposed to insist, Peter,” the billionaire huffed, dumping trash into a garbage bag he was holding in his free hand. “That’s what you do. No matter what the host says.”

“It won’t take long to clean it up.”

“How’s the leg? You’ve been on it a bit.”

“I slept all day, though,” he reminded him. “It’s not too bad.”

“The doctor is going to be by in the morning to check it,” the older man said. “We’ll get a better idea of how you’re doing, then.”

“Pretty sure I’m doing good. It feels good. I feel good.”

Stark smiled, and dumped the bottles into the bag, as well, watching as the rest of the dishes were stacked up.

“We’ll save the rest for the housekeeper. Let me help you with those dishes.”

They carried the dishes inside, closing the balcony door behind them.

“You’ll notice Steve ate the last of the potato salad? That means we don’t get any for lunch tomorrow.”

“It’s okay.”

“I’m going to take a personal day, tomorrow,” Stark told the boy. “I want to be here, obviously, when the doctor checks your leg. If he says it’s safe, would you like to go somewhere – get out and get some fresh air?”

The boy’s expression was clearly interested.

“Where do you want to go?”

“Anywhere. Think about it, okay? We’ll wait and see what the doctor say, though.”

No sense going crazy and damaging all the good they’d done so far with that leg, after all.

“Okay.”
“Go get ready for bed,” the billionaire said, shooing Peter out of the kitchen with a hand and a smile. “Teeth brushed, face washed and not a stitch of clothing.”

Peter did as he was told, limping slightly, despite telling Tony that he felt good. Stark watched him vanish into his bedroom, and turned to finish loading the dishwasher.

Peter was stretched out under the blankets when Tony walked into his darkened bedroom. He’d clearly stopped in his own room, first, because he, too, was ready for bed, and had no intention of sleeping alone. He slipped off the pajama bottoms that he’d been wearing and set a tube of lube on the stand by the bed before pulling the blankets back and joining Peter under them, scooting close to the boy.

“Still awake?”

“Yes.” Peter cuddled up against Stark, his hand sliding along his chest as he hugged him. “Thanks for tonight. It was fun.”

“I’m glad.” He tilted the boy’s head up toward him and kissed him, tenderly. “Your night isn’t over, though, honey.”

“No?”

In response, the billionaire ran his hand down Peter’s chest, along his belly and then to his pelvis, his fingers searching for – and finding – the boy’s cock. He stroked him as he kissed him, feeling the organ swell under his touch, and capturing Peter’s approving moan in his mouth.

“No.” Tony kissed Peter, once more, and then moved away from him, pulling the blankets back, out of the way, and rolling the boy onto his back. “Open your legs.”

He did as he was told, and Tony moved between them.

“Tony…”

“It’s okay, Peter,” he murmured. “Let’s talk for just a moment, though, okay?”

Preferably before he had hold of Peter and would be able to talk him into anything.

“Alright.”

“I’m going to make love to you, tonight.”

“Yes… please…”

“You want me?”

“Yes, Tony…” his hips bucked, without Stark even touching him, and precum was trickling from the boy, who looked up at him, as if worried he might be leading to a but. I’m going to make love to you, but… Stark had no such willpower. He wanted to be inside Peter, again. Wanted to love him all night, gently, furiously, somewhere in between. All of it.

“Shhh…” he calmed the boy with a touch, leaning down and kissing his chest, teasing his nipples, one at a time, licking them and then blowing softly on them, smiling as they hardened from the attention. “We’re going to go slow, okay? I’m in charge. Understand?”
“Yes.”

“You’re so beautiful, honey.” His lips went lower, his tongue leaving a trail of kisses and gentle nibbles along Peter’s stomach and then licked the boy’s swollen cock, lapping precum and teasing the underside of the head. “So delicious.”

Peter’s breath caught in his throat and he arched against the touch. Tony smiled, always pleased by how responsive Peter was. He took him into his mouth and began sucking on him, drawing him all the way to the root, his tongue working all the surface of Peter’s cock while the boy writhed under his attention. Peter cried out, unable to hold himself completely still, or quiet.

“Yes… Oh, please, Tony… don’t stop. Don’t ever stop.”

Stark grunted, his mouth too full to answer, and turned back to what he was doing, sending a shiver of excitement down the length of the boy’s cock and beyond when he started to caress his testicles with his hand. Peter moaned and climaxed, unable to hold out and not trying to. His hips bucked up against Tony’s mouth and the billionaire drank him down, swallowing his cum with noisy pleasure while Peter shuddered with release.

Tony smiled down at the boy, who was watching him with an almost drunken expression, and then he bent his head and started again, tenderly taking the ultra-sensitive shaft back into his mouth, sucking Peter, licking him and teasing him until once again he was throbbing and hard. The boy put his hand on Tony’s head, stroking his hair, watching as the older man’s incredibly talented mouth played his entire length like an instrument and once more, after a longer period of time, Tony patiently coaxed an orgasm from the boy.

“Tony…” he was breathless by now, and limp with the euphoria that comes with the sensation with having his insides turned out.

Stark let go of his penis and moved up on him, kissing him, tenderly.

“You’re doing great, honey.”

Peter reached down between them, feeling the hard throbbing of Tony’s cock brushing his belly and then his thigh as the billionaire moved over him.

“Please…”

“We’re getting there… shhh.”

Now Tony kissed him, quieting him with his mouth and tongue, his lips claiming his, and then moving to brush trails of moisture along his cheek, then his jaw and then lower to his chest. While his mouth moved, his hand did, as well. Peter was too distracted to notice that Tony had reached for the lube, but he didn’t miss the slick hand that suddenly found its way between them, along his once more aroused penis and then along his crack.

He gasped as Tony’s lips closed over his nipple, and Tony’s finger nudged its way into his tight ass the same time. Tony switched to the other nipple, his tongue marking its path, while that finger moved within Peter, sliding along his insides, looking for the spot that Peter didn’t even know existed until he found it and the boy jumped, a mixture of shock and pleasure crossing his beautiful features.

“Tony!”

Stark chuckled against Peter’s chest.
“Liked that, did you?”

“God…” His body moved on its own, trying to position that finger, again, helpless under Tony’s touch.

Tony wet his fingers with more lube and added another into the boy, stretching him, preparing him, and once more finding his prostrate and making him writhe with ecstasy at the simple touch.

“You’re so responsive, Peter,” Tony crooned, approvingly. He was laying somewhat on the boy, now, his weight trying to hold him still, even though Peter was a lot stronger than he was. He’d been right about that. “This isn’t supposed to hurt, so make sure you tell me if it does. Understand?”

“Yes. Please, Tony… it hurts when you’re not inside me. Please…”

He kissed his jaw.

“It’s going to happen, my love. We’re almost there. Stay with me. Yeah?”

“Yes.”

A third finger had Peter again begging. Wriggling and pressing against the invasion that felt so good to him, had him begging for more. Tony ignored his pleas, working the boy ruthlessly until he finally was sobbing with want. Only then. He shifted, his legs parting Peter’s even more, if possible, and his slick cock sliding along Peter’s crack to stop at his hole. He held himself in position with one hand and gathered the boy with his other, forcing that unrelenting rod of flesh against that still tight entrance, the head forcing its way past the first tight ring of muscles that resisted Tony for a moment and then held him once he made his way through.

Peter moaned, bringing his feet up, wrapping them tightly around Tony’s hips to keep him from escaping, but Stark had no intention of going anywhere but deeper. He continued to press, until with a final, gentle thrust, he was completely inside Peter and had once more claimed him as his own.

“Okay?”

The boy nodded, his hands on Tony’s shoulders, and Stark began to fuck him, pulling back, then easing forward, the motions forcing moans and sighs of pleasure from both of them. He picked up his pace, his hips eager, now, driving him deep and then pulling him out, only to repeat the process.

“You’re so perfect, honey,” Stark grunted, smiling at the flush created by the praise – and the thrust that accompanied it. “So tight. So strong. And brave. So perfect. So fuckable. Do you believe me, now, Peter? How much I wanted your ass. Wanted to be inside you…”

He leaned back just enough to allow himself to watch as he slid into Peter, again and again, faster and with more force as their ardor grew and his rhythm increased. His hands reached for Peter’s ankles and he held them, anchoring himself as his hips snapped forward, again, again, Peter crying with pleasure at each thrust. It was so hot to watch the lithe, young, body under him, taking him so eagerly, so willingly.

Tony slammed himself forward, burying himself deep into Peter’s ass and came with a triumphant grunt, washing Peter’s insides with hot, boiling, cum. He let go of his ankle and was still jerking inside the boy when his hand found Peter’s cock, demanding with forceful strokes that the boy release himself once more, too. Peter cried out Tony’s name as he came, as well, spraying both of them with ropes of cum and trembling as Tony released his cock and collapsed on top of him, also shuddering and panting.
The boy brought his arms around Tony, holding him close, and Stark chuckled, wearily, into Peter’s neck.

“Now you know who you belong with and who you belong to, don’t you?” he asked, softly.

“To you…”

“Absolutely.”

He kissed Peter’s neck, feeling his balls try to empty just a little more into Peter’s ass, but his rapidly deflating and incredibly sensitive penis sliding out of the boy.

“That was so good…”

“You’re so good,” Tony told him, reaching for their blankets to cover them, even as he shifted off Peter’s slender frame and cuddled him up against his chest, tucking his head against his shoulder, running his fingers through his sweat-drenched hair. “It seemed like you enjoyed it.”

“B+,” Peter murmured, into his skin, his voice telling Tony immediately that there wasn’t going to be an immediate round two. He was already falling asleep; giving into the euphoria and the aftermath of a good, hot fucking. “Maybe an A-.”

Tony chuckled, and closed his eyes.

“I can live with that.”

He was a perfectionist, true, but Peter was his project, and there was plenty of time to fine tune their techniques.
Peter woke the next morning alone in his bed, but the warm space beside him was indication that Tony hadn’t been gone long. The boy rolled, slightly, his face burying into the sheet and mattress, breathing in deeply Tony’s scent as he stretched, feeling pleasantly sore and delightfully satiated. As well he should, since sometime in the middle of the night, the billionaire had woken him with a gentle kiss and a demanding touch, his already throbbing cock eager to have another go at the boy.

They’d taken their time exploring each other, hands and mouths everywhere, lips and tongues tasting, teasing and arousing. Tony showed Peter how to excite him and gave him all the time he needed to put those techniques into play, allowing the boy to feel just what it was like to have someone under you, writhing in pleasure. It culminated when Tony had claimed Peter once more, this time putting him on his belly and taking him from behind to give him a much better understanding of just how it should have felt the first time the older man had covered him.

Peter didn’t have any complaints.

He sighed, enjoying the feel of the sheets around him, and then looked up when Tony was suddenly there, sitting beside him on the edge of the bed, wearing only pajama bottoms. Stark ran his hand along Peter’s back, sliding his hand to cup his ass cheek, gently.

“Good morning.”

Peter smiled up at him, adorably tousled and looking, appropriately enough, as though he’d been thoroughly fucked the night before. Tony decided it looked good on him.

“Morning.”

“How do you feel?”

“A little tired,” Peter admitted.

“Sore?”

“Only a little. A good sore. If that makes any sense.”

“Oh, it does.” Tony’s cock was a good sore, too. “We need to get you up and ready for your day, alright? The doctor is going to be here in an hour or so and we need you fed, cleaned up and sitting on the couch.”

Peter stretched, bones making crackling noises and looking like a pleased cat as he nodded, but he reached for the front of Stark’s pajama pants and pulled them down, baring the billionaire’s limp penis.

“I want you inside me, Tony.”

“Oh, that’s going to happen, honey,” Tony assured him, kneeling on the bed and allowing his cock to hang in front of Peter’s face, near his mouth. The boy captured it with his lips and tongued it, but Tony reluctantly pulled away after a moment of pure bliss. “We don’t have time, right now, though. Come on, I’ll help you get cleaned up, then you can get dressed.”

Peter pouted at having lost what was fast becoming his favorite toy, but he did what he was told, allowing Tony to help him into the bathroom, where the older man had him lean up on the vanity by
the sink once more and proceeded to wash him with soap and water and washcloths.

“Once your leg is better, we’ll be able to explore all the fun that comes with showering together,” Tony promised him, the washcloth carefully wiping Peter’s entire body, being careful with his rear – in case he was more tender than the boy was telling him – and then ending with his penis, which twitched, but showed little interest in much activity after the night before. “And bathing. That’s fun, too.”

“Yeah?” Peter smiled, his eyes watching Tony’s face, loving the way his expression was so intense, when all he was doing was something so mundane. “You have pretty eyes, Tony,” he finally said. “Did you know that? They’re intelligent. And so focused.”

The billionaire smiled, meeting Peter’s gaze, and those chocolate eyes that he loved so much.

“Are you trying to seduce me, young man?” he asked, teasing him, gently.

Peter blushed, pleased that he’d made him look so happy.

“Is that how it’s done?”

Stark kissed him.

“That’s a good start.” He dried Peter off, and put his arms around him. “I think you’re done. Get dressed, okay? I’m going to take a shower, and then you can help me make breakfast.”

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They had barely cleared the breakfast dishes when FRIDAY announced the doctor at the door. The man was older, not much bigger than Peter, himself, and carried a quiet authority that made him think he was used to telling people what to do. He also was very kind as he greeted the boy, knowing that Peter wouldn’t have remembered the first time they met.

“How’s the leg?” he asked both of them, moving to sit on the coffee table in front of where Peter was sitting on the sofa.

“It looks good, Robert,” Tony replied.

“Drop your pants, son,” the doctor ordered Peter, who blushed and did as he was told, losing the jeans, and glad he hadn’t decided to put on the Ironman boxers like Tony had suggested when the billionaire had come out of his shower wearing his. “Now sit down. Tony, hand me those scissors.”

“Robert’s one of the doctors at the Avenger’s facility,” Tony explained to Peter as the man started cutting through the bandages Stark had put on the thigh the day before.

“Really?” Peter asked, interested.

“I know you didn’t just look at me when you said old,” Stark said.

“You’re not as old as Steve…”

“Like that’s saying anything, the guy’s a hundred.”

The doctor snorted, and turned his attention to the wound he’d bared. He ran careful fingers along
the scabbed over injury and nodded, watching Peter’s reaction as he did.

“Hurt?”

“No. It’s not too bad,” Peter replied, honestly.

“Steve said you were limping last night, but just a little.”

“Yeah. I feel it when I walk, but no sharp pains or anything.”

“Is that about right?” Tony asked. “Should we keep him off it, more?”

“No. It’s muscle damage, Tony. It’s going to hurt when he uses the muscle. Young guy like him, though, they heal fast and they’re impossible to hold down once they stop hurting too much. It looks good. Much better than I expected, really, considering how it looked when I first saw it.”

“That’s a relief.”

“We’ll keep it covered, but he’s probably safe to be on it a bit.” The doctor gave Peter a hard look. “If it starts bothering you, you sit down and rest it for a while. Don’t undo all the good we’ve done by pushing too hard. Understood?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” They all watched as he expertly covered it and then wrapped and taped it. “Go ahead and get dressed.”

The doctor pulled a supply of medical equipment from the bag he’d brought and stacked it on the coffee table, and addressed Stark.

“Keep it dry. I’ll want to see him in a week or so.”

Tony nodded, and smiled over at Peter.

“Maybe we’ll save you the house call and I’ll bring him up to the compound.”

The boy grinned, excitedly, and the doctor snorted.

“You do that. It’s a pleasant change from day after day of physicals and training injuries.”

He finished what he was doing, made very little small talk – which didn’t really surprise Peter – and then left.

Tony smiled, and looked at Peter, expectantly.

“We’ll, it’s not a clean bill of health, but I suppose that would have been too much to ask for with a gunshot wound. Where do we go to celebrate?”

“Really? We’re still going out?”

“He said we could – as long as you tell me if it starts hurting so we can get you off it. What would you like to do?”

“Can we go to the tower?”

“No.” Stark chuckled and kissed him to make him lose the disappointed look. “If we go there today,
I’m going to end up bombarded with people wanting me to make decisions. How about we do save a trip to the tower for tomorrow – since it’ll be a weekend, and then I’ll show you around while no one is there? I’ll even show you my workroom, if you’re interested.”

“Really?”

“Of course.”

“Wow.”

“Don’t be surprised if I bend you over the table and have my way with you, though,” he warned the boy, touching his cheek. “The only thing more exciting than working is you.”

Peter chuckled, and then his expression got excited.

“Can we go to Coney Island?”

Tony frowned.

“You sure you’re up to that?”

It was an amusement park, after all, and a lot of excitement, and a lot of walking.

“Yeah. I’ve never been. Please, Tony?”

The billionaire didn’t have a chance; those big, beautiful eyes were so excited. So hopeful. He melted, and then caved.

“If that’s what you want to do, then absolutely. Go put some shoes on. I’ll get changed into jeans and we’ll make a day of it.”

Peter hurried as much as he could into the bedroom, his whole being radiating excitement, and Tony shook his head, amused with himself for falling for a pair of pretty eyes.

Or maybe being complimented. Who knew?

“Who cares?” he muttered, smiling, as he headed into his own room.
“Wow… you look like shit.”

Tony couldn’t even muster the energy to scowl at Happy, who opened the car door for him. He might look like shit – and he probably did – but he felt much worse than that.

“I wouldn’t advise taking any corners too sharply,” he warned, crawling into the back of the car, shakily. “Otherwise you’re going to be cleaning up carnival food vomit over the weekend.”

The driver smirked, and smiled at Peter, who followed Tony into the back of the car.

“He’s paying the price for trying to keep up with you, huh?”

“Yeah. I think so. Thanks for coming to get us.”

“You’re welcome. Don’t let him throw up, again, okay? I have a date this weekend, and I want to use the car to impress her.”

Peter nodded, moving to sit beside Tony, who had leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes, miserable. The partition between the front and back was closed, so he couldn’t see when the driver got into the front, but he heard the door close and then the motor started.

“We'll be home, soon, Tony,” Peter assured him, brushing his fingers along the clammy cheek, following the line of facial hair along the billionaire’s jaw. “Hang in there, okay?”

Stark nodded and allowed his cheek to come rest on Peter’s bony shoulder, but he never opened his eyes.

Peter watched as they pulled away from the entrance to the park, and stroked Tony’s hair, reassuringly, hoping to avoid another explosion of projectile vomiting.

Stark had driven them there, saying there was no need to bother Happy, since they weren’t going to be buying a lot of things, and they had no set schedule so it wouldn’t be fair to have the driver take them the hour it took to get there from the apartment, make him wait for them all day only to drive them back. Not when he was perfectly capable of driving, and Peter hadn’t had a chance to have Tony chauffeur him around in one of the sportscars, yet.

Besides, they were having a fun day, not a work day.

Peter had looked the place up during the drive, mentioning the Cyclone and the Thunderbolt, both being rollercoasters, and asking if he was interested, or would rather do something a bit less problematic, like the carousel or something. With his pride stung (and still a little annoyed at being called old by the doctor), Tony had reminded the boy that he was Ironman. He flew around at dizzying speeds all the time.

He could handle anything Coney Island could throw at him.

Peter had smiled, excitedly, resting his hand on Tony’s thigh during the drive, and thanking him again for taking him. Stark had simply smiled, his hand resting over the boy’s when he wasn’t shifting, and asking what else they had as far as entertainment there, as he hadn’t been to Coney Island since he was a teen, and he wasn’t wiling to put a year on that last visit.
When they arrived, they decided to have lunch, first. Without the press of fangirls, fanboys and paparazzi, Tony Stark was just another good-looking guy shepherding an excited youngster, going eagerly from one food vendor to the next, indulgently buying the boy whatever he looked at – even though Peter had tried to tell him that it wasn’t necessary. Even more, he offered Tony some of whatever he was eating, wanting to share the experience in a way that he hadn’t had someone to share with for so long – and Tony had taken everything offered, unwilling to say no to him.

As a result, though, the billionaire had eaten more carnival food than was probably good for him, even though it paled in comparison to how much Peter ate. Nothing was safe as they made their way from one end of the boardwalk toward the rides; burgers, fries, nachos, Chinese food, cotton candy, corndogs with extra mustard, a slice of pizza, they had a sampling of all of it. And in some cases, much more than a sample.

And then they’d hit the rides.

Peter was young and had an Iron stomach. Tony was *Ironman*, and was not so fortunate. The first roller coaster had been alright. The second one not too bad. After that, though, Tony had gone from having a good time simply being with Peter, to feeling a little queasy and then to unexpectedly throwing up just as they were exiting another round of the Thunderbolt – which was much more intricate a ride than the Cyclone.

The boy had immediately been concerned, but Tony had waved it off, reminding him that they were eating from public food stalls and someone had probably not cooked something completely. Something like that. He’d sat out the next ride, and had shooed Peter away, telling him to go ahead and ride without him. Peter hadn’t left him, though. Even watching the rides move seemed to be too much for Tony’s stomach, now that the dam was breached, and he was definitely looking green one minute and pale the next.

Peter had mooched a wet cloth from one of the closer vendors and had lovingly wiped Tony’s clammy face, and suggested they should get him home. Stark had objected, not wanting to end the good time the boy was having, well aware that they had been few and far between, lately. Peter insisted, though, and won, reminding Tony they could always come back a different day and pointing out that they weren’t going to have fun if he couldn’t keep his stomach under control. He was fine, he promised.

Then, he’d taken Tony’s phone and called Happy to come get them. By then, just watching the rides had pretty much turned Tony inside out and he knew he wasn’t going to be able to drive them home. The driver had told Peter to hang on; he’d be right there, and he’d bring someone else to deliver the sportscar home, as well.

Closing his eyes and not doing more than simply sipping on the bottle of water Peter had brought him had helped Tony get more control over his stomach by the time Happy pulled up at the entrance. Peter’s gentle touch and tender coaxing had been enough to get him on his feet and to the car, along with a steadying hand on the boy’s shoulder. He was mostly asleep by the time they pulled into the parking garage of the apartment, and it had taken every bit of persuasion Peter possessed to get him out of the car, and even that might not have been enough if Tony hadn’t heard Happy tell the boy he’d just carry him up to the apartment and put him to bed.

*That* particular image had made Tony open his eyes and force himself upright.

“I’m good…”

The driver didn’t look convinced, but Tony clenched his stomach muscles and forced himself out of the car, leaning heavily on Peter, now.
“You’re sure?”

He still looked pretty green, after all.

“Yeah. Peter can get me to my bed.”

Happy looked at Peter, who nodded.

“Yeah. I’ve got him. Thanks for rescuing us.”

“He didn’t\textit{ rescue} us,” Tony corrected. “I could have driven us.”

Peter rolled his eyes, amused, and the driver shook his head with a smile.

“Don’t hurt that leg, okay?”

“I’ll be careful. Thanks.”

With a firm grip on Tony, and taking a lot more of his weight that it appeared he was, he got the two of them into the elevator. The moment the doors closed and the car lurched upward, though, the billionaire lost the tenuous control he had on his stomach and heaved, again, only staying on his feet because Peter’s grip hadn’t wavered.

On the plus side, there wasn’t anything left in his stomach and his heaves were dry heaves that sounded horrible, hurt like hell, but didn’t soil either of them.

“I’ve got you,” Peter told him, holding on until the heaving – and the elevator – both stopped.

When the door opened, Peter just scooped Tony into his arms and carried him to his bedroom, putting him carefully onto the bed.

“FRIDAY?” Peter said, easing the older man’s vomit soiled shirt off his body. “What do I do with someone who has been throwing up?”

“Keep them still, and hydrated. As long as it isn’t illness related, it will pass – usually in 24 hours.”

“Hear that?” Peter said, brushing Tony’s hair back, comfortingly. “You’re fine.”

“Yeah…” Tony didn’t open his eyes, but he did catch Peter’s hand. “Your leg?”

“I’m good. I’m going to undress you.”

“And then I’ll fuck you.”

Peter smiled.

“Probably not.”

He unbuttoned Tony’s jeans and pulled his shoes and socks off. Then it was a simple matter to slide his pants and boxers off, leaving the billionaire naked. Then, since Tony was on the blankets, he pulled a blanket off his bed and covered him with it, tucking it around him and making sure to roll him on his side when FRIDAY suggested it. He stopped and grabbed a bottle of water for later, setting it on the nightstand.

“How do you feel?” he whispered cuddling up behind Stark (not willing to test being in front of him, just then).
“Terrible.”

Tony sighed, feeling comforted, though, having Peter against him.

“Poor baby…” Peter ran his hand, soothingly, along Tony’s arm, over the blanket. This one was on him, and he knew it – even though Tony had made the choices that had led up to it. “You can pick where we go, next time.”

“I can tell you where we’re not going…” Tony whispered, already starting to drift off, now that he was warm, wasn’t moving, and was wrapped in loving arms that were caressing him.

Peter smiled, nuzzling a gentle kiss against his ear.

“Go to sleep, Tony.”
When he woke, he was warm and in bed. He wasn’t completely sure that he remembered going to bed, but he definitely remembered getting back to the apartment, and just how miserable he’d been. Tony held himself still, trying to get an idea of how he felt, now, waiting to see if his stomach was still rebelling. He sighed, a combination of relief and annoyance with himself, glancing at his watch and finding it was well into the middle of the night; hours after they’d have arrived home.

Then he realized that he wasn’t alone in the bed, judging by the arm that was flung over his side, hand resting on his hip. Peter’s hand. He turned in the boy’s embrace and saw that Peter had wrapped himself around his body, spooning him from behind. Fully dressed and wearing what he’d been in when they’d left the apartment that morning, it was obvious that he’d simply stripped him and put Tony to bed and had then fallen asleep where they lay. Probably trying to comfort him, if Tony remembered correctly the last words he’d heard before falling asleep.

As if to confirm that, Peter reacted to his motion, his hand moving to pet him.

“Shhh… I’m here… go to sleep…”

The billionaire lay still for a moment, watching, waiting for the boy to open his eyes, but he didn’t. When Tony stilled, Peter went back to sleep. Tony watched him sleep. He looked so young, which Tony knew that he was, of course, but even asleep there was a hurt about him. Or maybe it was an anxiety. He could hide it, sometimes, when he was awake, but it was his default state, not surprisingly. Stark wanted to kiss him or hug him, whatever it took to make it go away, but it wasn’t that easy, he knew. This was a hurt that had been with him so long, now, that it was a part of him.

Something that wasn’t going to simply vanish with a few solid meals and some affection.

Tony carefully untangled himself from the boy, and the blanket, and slid out of the bed. He needed the bathroom, but more importantly, he needed to brush his teeth and get rid of the taste of stale vomit that lingered in his mouth. Wordlessly, he covered the sleeping boy with the blanket and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind him to avoid disturbing Peter.

“FRIDAY? What time did we come in?”

“Four-thirty-seven.”

“Peter brought me?”

“Correct.”

When he was done in the bathroom, he felt a little better, anyway. He sat down, still naked, on the edge of the bed and picked up the bottle of water from the bedside, opening it and drinking it down. His stomach roiled, and he wondered if he’d been pressing his luck. Holding still, waiting to see if the water was going to reappear, he felt the boy moving behind him in the bed, again.

“Tony?”

He sounded much more asleep than awake, and Stark turned, and stretched out beside him, his hand coming to palm his cheek as he opened his eyes.

“Hi, honey.”
“How do you feel?”

Those wonderful eyes looked worried, and sleepy, but Tony smiled, trying to ease that concern, anyway.

“Better. How long have I been asleep?”

Peter closed his eyes, ready to go back to sleep.

“What time is it?”

“Two-thirty.”

“Nine hours.”

“That long?”

That was unheard of. The billionaire hadn’t slept more than five hours at a time since… well, he couldn’t even remember.

“Think so…”

He wasn’t completely awake.

“How long have you been asleep?”

“A few hours.”

Meaning that he’d been concerned and had watched over him while he’d slept – just in case something had happened. Which also explained why Tony had slept so long, of course. Peter had soothed him back to sleep any time he’d tried to wake.

“Did you eat?”

“At the park.”

“Since then?”

“No.”

“We need to get a meal in you.”

“I’m sleepy.”

“I don’t want you skipping meals, now that we’re finally getting some weight on you.”

“I’ve missed meals before,” Peter pointed out, still not opening his eyes, allowing the warmth of the blanket to lull him back to sleep.

Tony wasn’t having any of that. Besides, he was wide awake, now, and fidgety with excess energy.

“Come on, honey,” he whispered, leaning over to nuzzle Peter’s ear and press tiny kisses against his cheek. “We’ll eat something and then you can go back to sleep.”

“Tony…”

“Come on. I want you fed.”
Peter groaned, and opened his eyes, realizing that the older man wasn’t going to let him go back to sleep. He sighed and sat up as Tony pulled the blankets back.

“Nothing too crazy.”

He would eat and go back to sleep. No four course meal or something.

“Okay.”

Tony retrieved a pair of pajama bottoms from the dresser and pulled Peter out of the bed, almost bodily, since he wasn’t in any hurry to get up. With one arm around him, and still pressing kisses against his cheek to try to wake him, he guided his young lover to the kitchen island and seated him on a bar stool so he’d be able to talk to him while he cooked.

Peter put his head in his hand, immediately, resting it braced on his elbow. And closed his eyes.

“We’ll just have omelets,” Tony told him, pulling a pan out and heading to the fridge for the ingredients. “Nothing too extravagant, okay?”

“Yeah.”

He already knew that he had to cook Peter’s eggs extra well done; the boy didn’t like runny eggs, and that included the inside of an omelet.

“Ham?”

“Yeah.”

“Cheese?”

“Yeah.”

“Spinach?”

“Yeah.”

“Olives?”

“Okay.”

Tony rolled his eyes, well aware that Peter hated olives. He reached over the island and brushed his fingers against the boy’s cheek.

“Hey?”

Peter opened his eyes.

“Hmmm?”

“Wake up.”

The boy sat up, clearly making an effort, and opened his eyes, wider, watching with forced interest as Stark chopped ham and some onions and spinach, grated cheese and then put together a couple of quick omelets. He slid Peter’s out of the pan, expertly, and onto a plate, placing it in front of the boy, and handing him a fork. The boy nibbled on it, for a moment, and then put the fork down, and let his head fall to his arm, which was resting on the cool marble of the island.
When Tony slid his omelet onto his own plate and turned back to Peter to make sure that he didn’t need anything, the boy’s eyes were closed, once again, his midnight snack mostly untouched. Stark snorted, torn between annoyed and concerned, and then smiled.

“Fine. You’re sleepy. I get it.”

He gave him a few minutes to allow the enticing odor of the meal to wake him, while Tony wolfed down his own, but when his was gone and Peter’s was untouched, he came around to Peter’s side of the island and scooped the boy, gently, up into his arms. Peter mumbled something, turning his head, his face nestling against Tony’s neck, and was still.

The billionaire carried him back into his bedroom, braced him carefully in one hand while pulling back the blankets and then smoothly undressed him, realizing for the first time that Peter was still wearing his shoes, even. Once he had the boy properly naked, Tony got him back into the bed, stripped out of his pajamas and joined him under the blankets, sliding easily against him.

Peter reached for him in his sleep, his head going to his chest, his hand sliding along his belly. Tony stilled, tense, waiting for the boy to go lower, but Peter’s caress ended along his hip, instead, and he sighed, contentedly, and was quiet. Tony grumbled silently to himself, his own body pretty much wide awake and definitely interested in an early morning/late night tryst.

Instead, he gathered Peter a little closer, sifting his fingers through the boy’s curls, and allowed himself to relax and simply enjoy holding him.

That was fine, too. Just not as physical.
When he woke, he was aware of a few things all at once.

It was daytime; there was light coming through the lightly shaded windows of Tony’s bedroom. He wasn’t alone in the bed; Tony’s mouth was nuzzling his neck, lips kissing and tongue sliding wetly along his jaw, and the older man had draped Peter’s leg over his own, opening him and bringing him right up against his pelvis, where Tony was stroking them both, holding them together and lavishing them with exquisite attention.

The boy moaned his appreciation of waking up to the sensation and heard Tony chuckle close to his ear.

“Are you awake?” he whispered.

Peter nodded, sliding his hand down to meet Tony’s, running a finger along the head of the billionaire’s already aroused cock.

“Mm-hmm…”

“I need you, Peter…” his voice was urgent, his entire body tense. “Please…”

In response to the ache he could hear in Tony’s voice, Peter pulled himself from Tony’s grasp and moved, turning himself onto his stomach and opening his thighs.

“Fuck me, Tony,” he told him, softly, still clearing the sleepiness from his system but more than willing to be claimed by the older man. Especially if he was that anxious, and needed him so badly. It was intoxicating to be so wanted, really. “Whatever you want.”

Stark groaned, and rose up, immediately taking position between Peter’s legs, sliding a pillow under his belly, and then nudging his knees even further apart as his hands went to the boy’s ass. He’d been awake for hours, watching Peter sleep, pressing his cock against Peter’s soft skin and waiting for him to wake, until he simply hadn’t been able to wait any longer. No one had ever accused him of being patient.

He wasn’t so far gone, though, that he was going to have a repeat of their first time. That was never going to happen, again.

He lubed his fingers and slid one into Peter’s tight hole, pressing tender kisses along the boy’s lower back as he worked him, stretching him and teasing his prostate, making sure to get Peter as worked up and aroused as he was. Which was easy, considering his youth and the fact that everything was so new for him.

“Work yourself against the pillow, sweetheart,” he said, reaching around and guiding Peter’s cock into the silken fabric. He crooned encouragement as the boy did as he was told; his hips moving to thrust himself slowly against it, his front end coming down a little, raising his ass to Tony, entreatingly. “There it is,” Stark murmured, approving of the motion – and anything that gave the boy pleasure while his own hands were busy. “You’re so beautiful, Peter.”

He slid another finger into that tight ass, stretching Peter, getting him ready with eager motions while his cock throbbed against the boy’s thigh, drooling precum on him with every motion the boy made.

“Please, Tony…”
Peter was pressing against the fingers invading him, and Stark removed them, squaring the boy’s hips and guiding his fat cock head to his opening with one hand, while the other gentled Peter, caressing his back.

“Ready, baby?” he didn’t really wait for an answer, moving his hips, nudging that still tight hole and forcing the boy’s body to yield to him. “So tight, Peter…” he groaned as he slowly claimed him as his own, once more. “So perfect.”

Peter moaned into the bedding, where he’d buried his face, eyes closed as he concentrated on how good it felt. How amazing everything felt. Tony’s hands on him, touching him, giving him something to focus on while his body was so perfectly filled by him, while Peter’s own cock was engulfed in the fabric of the pillow, precum soaking it, creating even more friction and exciting him further.

The moan turned into a whimper as Tony hilted inside him and made tiny thrusts with his hips making sure Peter knew he was filled. Was his.

“So fucking beautiful,” Tony told him, pulling himself out and then moving back in, his pace gentle now that he was where he needed to be, willing to make the pleasure last for them both. “You’re so beautiful, Peter.”

Peter’s hips were working hard, moving against Tony, trying to encourage him to speed his pace, and working the pillow. He was trembling, anxious for his release, eager to feel the billionaire fill him with his seed. He turned his head, his face red, listening to the praise and getting even more excited by it.

“Please… harder, Tony… please…”

“You want me to fuck you harder?” Tony crooned, increasing his pace, reaching his hand around Peter to find his cock and stroke it, recognizing that the boy was a lot closer to climax than he was. Not surprisingly. “Cum for me, Peter… show me how much you need it.”

The touch was all it really took. The dirty talk and encouragement simply made it that much better.

Peter cried out in pleasure and release, his hips bucking forward, driving his cock in Tony’s grasp. He climaxed, spraying Tony’s hand and the pillowcase with ropes of cum, his hips not stopping until his balls were drained, and still Tony stroked him, praising him for being so good. So obedient. For doing what he’d been told.

Then, when Peter was reduced to just clutching the bedding with his head buried in it, Tony moved his hands back to the boy’s hips, holding him tightly and increasing his own pace, now, feeling himself building to his own orgasm, spurred on by Peter’s satiated noises.

“My beautiful boy,” Tony grunted. “Going to fill you up. I’m so hard, Peter. Just for you. You’re so perfect.”

Each praise punctuated with a thrust; each harder than the one before, and each driving him deep into the boy. Stark finally groaned, snapping his hips forward and stilling as his entire body tensed for just a moment, and then released, his cock exploding in climax.

Peter made a soft noise as he felt the billionaire release inside him, filling him with hot cum, and he moaned once more when Tony collapsed onto him, breathless as he clutched the boy, kissing his neck and his ear, holding him, heart pounding against Peter’s back.

“Oh, honey,” Tony whispered as he finally pulled away from Peter long enough to pull out, toss the pillow aside and then gather his young lover into his arms, feeling him tremble with their combined
“Oh, baby… you’re so amazing. Such a perfect fit for me.”

Peter nodded his agreement, but didn’t say anything. He pressed himself against Tony’s body, closing his eyes and burying his face against his chest, waiting for his heart to stop slamming his ribcage and his body to calm down before he could even try to say anything. How had he ever thought the first time was the way it was supposed to feel?

Stark kissed his ear, tenderly, watching him with just the faintest concern when he didn’t say anything, wondering if he’d been too rough in his eagerness and had hurt him, again.

“Are you okay, honey?” He ran his hand along his cheek. “Peter?”

“Yeah.” He turned to look at him. “I just… it felt good. You know? Almost so good it hurts.”

Tony nodded his understanding, and tightened his hold on him.

“I don’t want to overwhelm you,” he murmured. “But you make me so crazy with want. You have no idea how beautiful you look under me. How much I love seeing you open, just for me. It’s like nothing I’ve ever had before. Like no one I’ve been with.”

“Really?”

The older man smiled.

“Yes.” He kissed the boy. “I’m sorry I woke you. I just couldn’t wait any longer.”

“I don’t mind.”

“Did it hurt?” Tony asked, running his hand along his body, cupping his ass for a moment. “Was I too rough?”

“No. I’m tough, Tony.”

The billionaire chuckled.

“Do you feel up to going to the tower, today?”

“Yeah. Of course. How do you feel? Stomach okay?”

“After the ride I just had? I’m perfect, honey.” He squeezed him again, and sighed with pleasure at where he was, just then. “We’ll go after breakfast.”

“Okay.”

And after they cleaned up a bit.
Despite it being Saturday the tower wasn’t completely abandoned. There were always projects being worked on, even if the executives were gone for the weekend, and always a full compliment of security personnel. None of which were a problem for Tony, of course. He took Peter right through the parking garage entrance, walking by security with a wave as they buzzed him and Peter into the main lobby, and then pointing out the different elevators that went to different zones to make things easier for the people that worked there.

“We need to run by my office, first,” the billionaire told the boy. “Then maybe we’ll jump up to the R&D floors and see who’s around. Or, I’ll show you my workroom, and if you want, we’ll goof around in there.”

“Goof around as in build something?” Peter asked as they waited for the elevator that was designed for the executive floors. “Or the other one?”

Stark smiled.

“I had meant as in build something, but the other is an option, too.” The elevator dinged and opened, and Tony pushed him in ahead of him, amused. “There’s nothing on my schedule for today or tomorrow, so we have all the time we need to look around. If you see something interesting, let me know, okay? We’ll stop and I’ll explain it to you.”

“Okay.”

The elevator stopped and Tony led the way out of the car.

“This is the executive level. My office has a corner, Pepper Potts has a corner and a few of the high up big-wigs are scattered around. There are two conference rooms and a boss’ only dining room. Special invitation only.”

“Fancy.”

Peter was awed by Tony’s office, which was large, and beautifully decorated with an amazing view from the large windows.

“Have a look around,” Tony told him, enjoying the boy’s reaction. “All the newest toys.”

“Did FRIDAY design it, too?”

“Of course.”

“Is she here, too?”

“FRIDAY?”

“Hey Peter.”

“Wow.” He grinned. “Hey, FRIDAY.”

“I told you she’s everywhere I am, didn’t I?”

“Yeah.” The boy walked over to Tony’s desk and ran his hand along the top of it, looking back at Tony. “Is this place private?” he asked, curiously.
“Absolutely. FRIDAY protects my privacy. And yours, too, of course.”

He smiled and sat down in Tony’s chair, running his hands along the leather armrests, which were tailored to Stark’s forearms. Tony thought the large, imposing chair made him look even younger, but he was adorable. Especially when he grinned, delighted, and started pretending to push papers around – probably acting out every office movie he’d ever seen.

“I want to see those numbers, Franklin,” the boy said, picking up the phone’s handset and talking into it. “And I don’t want any excuses!” He slammed the phone down, and scowled, pretending to smoke a cigar, thinking, and then picked up the phone, again. “Get me batman! Use the red phone.” Then he looked over at Tony. “You! Stark! Why are you just standing there? Shouldn’t you be getting me some coffee? Or coming over here and trying to butter me up for a raise, or something?”

Tony’s expression was amused as he walked over and sat on the edge of his desk, but his expression was nothing compared to Peter’s. His chocolate eyes were bright and playful, and his smile warmed them even more – and made Tony melt to see it.

“Well, Mr. Parker,” he purred, leaning over and brushing the boy’s cheek. “I know you don’t drink coffee, so I guess I’ll just have to butter you up and try to get a raise out of you.”

Peter laughed, outright, and twirled in the chair, turning to look at the view before bringing the chair to a stop back facing Tony.

“You wouldn’t have to try very hard; you know that.”

The billionaire smiled.

“I count on it.”

“What do you do in here? Run the company?”

“No. I leave that to the others. They’re better at it than I am. I sign off on the decisions that the executives make, double check that they’re going the direction I want them to go and pretty much stay out of the way so they can do their jobs and let me do mine.”

“Being Ironman.”

“Pretty much.” He leaned over and kissed Peter, tenderly. “Want to go look at the suits?”

“Can we?”

“Of course.” He winked, giving the boy his best seductive look, without it actually being a seductive look. “If you’re nice to me, I’ll let you try one on.”

Peter’s eyes lit up.

“Really?”

“Why not?”

“Wow.”

“You’d have to be pretty nice, though…”

The boy stood up, his hands going to Tony’s knees and pushing them apart so he could stand even closer to him, and he rested his head against Tony’s shoulder, silently asking to be held. The older
man put his arms around him without hesitation, and kissed his ear before tucking his head under his chin.

“You know I’d be nice to you for nothing, right?” Peter pointed out, sincerely, even as his hand went down to Stark’s lap and rested on the soft swelling in his jeans. He didn’t grope him; he wasn’t even teasing him. He was just being delightfully intimate, because he knew that he could.

It made Tony smile, because he did know. Peter hadn’t sought him out looking for a relationship that he could cash in on in any way, shape, or form. Which didn’t mean Tony wasn’t going to do anything and everything for him that he could, of course. It just meant that he was doing it because he wanted to – and because he loved the boy.

He felt his stomach lurch at the realization, and he pulled back, pushing Peter away to hold him at arm’s length for just a moment, staring at him. Those brown eyes looking back at him were cheerful, and loving, and warm, and Tony drew the boy back into his arms. It wasn’t love. He’d known him for less than a week, and love at first sight was about as real as the tooth fairy, Tony knew. It was probably just the infatuation that comes with the rare, and the delightful. An amazing new toy.

It sure didn’t feel like that, though. The billionaire had never been in love, but this was what he thought it must be like. He brushed the thought away, saving that internal argument for a different day. He was in a good place, with a good person, and that was enough for now.

“I know, honey.”

“Can we go look at them?”

“Can I hold you a little longer, first?”

“Yeah.”

The boy rested his cheek against Tony’s chest and closed his eyes, his hand abandoning Stark’s lap in order to snake around his body and hold him, as well.

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“How many do you total?”


“But you can only wear one at a time.”

“Yes, I know.” He smiled, fondly, at the line of displays, each holding a suit, or a piece of one. “But, like your webshooters, they’re always evolving. Eventually I’ll get it just right – and then I’ll start looking for way to improve it.”

Peter laughed.

“That’s me, too. Right now, the webbing I use will dissolve in a couple of hours, but I’d like to get it down to an hour, or so.”

“Not less?”

“I use it to hold down criminals,” the boy reminded him. “The police don’t always get there, right away.”

“That makes sense.” Tony shook his head. “We should have brought it with us; you could have used
one of the labs to work on it.”

“We could do that?”

“They’re called R&D labs for a reason, right?”

“Yeah.”

He looked thrilled at the prospect, and Stark smiled, feeling excited, too. For an entirely different reason. His eyes darkened with desire and he sat down in a chair, reaching for Peter.

“Come here, honey…”

The boy must have sensed the change in his demeanor, because he saw him shiver, excited, as he did as he was told, and Tony brought him between his knees, reaching for the button on his jeans.

“Tony…”

“Shhh, it’s okay, Peter. I’m going to suck on you. You’re good with that, right?”

“Yes. Are you going to bend me over the table, too?” he asked, as Tony reached into his boxers and pulled out his cock, beginning to stroke it, tenderly.

“Do you want me to?”

“If you want…” he sighed, resting his hand on Tony’s head, fingers sifting through his hair as he watched the older man expertly make him swell with a simple touch. “It sounds exciting, but I don’t think it’d be very comfortable.”

Tony chuckled, and dipped his head to lick a moist stripe along the shaft of Peter’s cock, ending at the head and flicking his tongue under it.

“I can wait until I get you home to bend you over, honey. But I need to taste you, now.”

Peter groaned.

“Maybe you’ll get that raise, after all, Stark.”

“It’s looking good,” Tony agreed.
Chapter Notes

This would have been put up sooner, but I had an eye doctor appointment and I couldn't see after he dilated my pupils. It's VERY hard to type when that happens lol

The Ironman suit was configured to fit Tony Stark like a glove. Like a *gauntlet*, actually. Because of that, none of the eight fully completed and functional suits came close to fitting Peter Parker. The boy didn’t care, though. He grinned the entire time Tony encased his forearm and hand in steel and alloys, eyes widening in excitement at the hydraulic sounds that accompanied every movement that he made, and he couldn’t help but hold the hand up at his reflection in a mirror and spout off classic movie one-liners before making noises that were supposed to be repulser blasts.

Tony sat on the table in his workroom and smiled, indulgently, as the boy literally played with his multimillion-dollar projects. Yes, they were serious business, but police dogs came home and played with their handlers’ children, right? It was nice to see something that was designed with such potential for destruction and violence making someone so happy.

Especially when that someone was Peter.

When Peter had run out of lines, he finally pulled himself from the mirror and went over to where Tony was sitting, watching.

“I don’t know how you get anything done,” the boy told him, extending the arm so the billionaire could take the armor off. “If I looked this cool, I’d have a hard time keeping myself from stopping at every reflective window I flew by.”

“It takes a little willpower,” he admitted, deactivating the metal casing, and pulling it off Peter’s arm. “Are you ready to get something to eat? Or do you want to go check out the R&D labs?”

“The labs.”

They left Tony’s workroom, moving at Peter’s slightly measured gait, but the leg didn’t seem to be bothering him too much. Stark was watching for any tell-tale limping, like the doctor had suggested, but he seemed to be doing better.

“The workroom at the new compound is pretty interesting, too,” Tony told him.

“Why? What are you working on there that you aren’t here?”

“Nanotech.”

“Yeah? Like in *Stargate SG-1*? Or *Time Hunters*? Or *The Calling*?”

“Like in…” Tony shrugged, unable to think of a movie involving anything close to what he was working on – but then, he didn’t watch that many movies. Truthfully, he’d probably seen more the last week while hanging out with Peter than he had in years. “Like in the Nanotech is pretty impressive shows...”
Peter grinned.

“Cool. Are you going to put that in your next suit?”

“Depends on how it comes out. It’ll take some more research, and a lot more development.”

“You do all that by yourself?”

“Yeah. I work better alone. Less distractions.”

“Sure. I can understand that.”

They made it to the elevators and Tony hit the appropriate button, then put his hand on Peter’s shoulder, affectionately.

“When I take you out to have Robert look at your leg, I’ll show you. Some of it’s groundbreaking.”

“You’re really going to take me there?”

“Yeah. Why not?”

“Because I’m not an Avenger.”

“Neither is Robert.”

“Yeah, but he works with them.”

“You might, some day. We’ll just hedge on that bet and show you what they can do. Don’t worry about it, alright? Not everyone there is an Avenger.”

“Like who?”

“The lady in the cafeteria.”

Peter rolled his eyes at that, and Tony smiled.

“You’ll have a good time, I promise. Besides, Steve and Natasha will be there. They like you, already.” Before he could say anything else, the elevator stopped, depositing them on their floor and he used the hand on the boy’s shoulder to steer him out of the car and down the corridor, stopping in surprise when he saw movement through a glass window of one of the first rooms they walked by.

“Hey… come on, honey. There’s someone I want you to meet.”

They went to the door and Tony rapped on it, lightly, before walking in. Peter stared at the man who looked up.

“Wow.”

Tony frowned, looking down at him.

“Wow?”

The boy grinned, excitedly, and turned to Tony.

“Do you know who that is?”

“Do you?”
“Yeah. Duh.”
The man frowned, too, looking at Tony, and then at the boy, clearly confused.

“You know me?”

“Well… no. I mean. Yeah. No, though.”

“What?”
Tony rolled his eyes.

“He gets like that when he’s excited. Or confused.”

“You’re Bruce Banner,” Peter said.

“How do you know that?” Bruce asked.

“Yeah. How?” Tony echoed.

The boy blushed.

“I saw your TED talk. And I’ve read your papers. And saw the 60 Minutes episode – although I wasn’t supposed to be up that late.”

“You know my work?”

“A lot of it,” Peter told him. “I mean. Some. A bit. The older stuff. I haven’t been able to keep up recently. When did you come to New York? I heard you were working on research in India…”

“Where did you hear that?”

“A blog I read a few years ago.”

Peter was practically wriggling in excitement, which made Tony smile.

“Bruce? I want you to meet my friend Peter. Peter, as you obviously already know, this is Bruce Banner.”

“Yeah.”

Banner put his hand out.

“Nice to meet you, Peter. How are you?”

“Good. Thanks.”

“How do you know Tony?” He looked at Stark. “Oh. Let me guess; love child?”

“No. Why does everyone keep saying that?”

Peter smiled.

“He helped me out.”

“If you’d have been at the barbeque the other night, you’d have heard the story. But no; you wanted to work on your little project here…”
“It’s not a little project, Tony. It’s big. Groundbreaking big.” He stopped, interrupting himself. “I thought you were sick. What are you doing here?”

“Where did you hear that?”

“I don’t reveal my sources. What happened?”

“Too much Coney Island with Peter.”

“You went to Coney Island?”

“Yeah.”

“Yesterday?”

“Yes. Keep up.”

The doctor scowled.

“I’ve been trying to get you to go there for years. What the hell, Tony?”

Stark shrugged, smirking.

“Kid made me a pretty good offer. I was going to show Peter some of the empty labs before we go to lunch. Why don’t you show him yours, and I will buy you lunch in return?”

“Yeah?”

“Sure. If you’re interested.”

“And then I get to hear the story how you met?”

“Sure. If Peter doesn’t mind telling it, again – or listening to me tell it. My version has a lot more me in it. His is probably more factual.”

Banner raised an eyebrow at him, and shook his head, then turned his attention to the boy, who was watching him, hopefully. He smiled, and nodded.

“Come on, Peter. Let me show you around, and tell you what I’m working on. It’s far more interesting than welding together a talking hunk of metal, believe me.” He put a hand on the boy’s shoulder, and used that to turn the boy around, toward the table and the displays that he’d been working at before the knock on the door. “And you can tell me what you thought of my gamma project. Did you hear about that one?”

“Yeah.”

Peter started explaining the experiment as they walked away, and Tony rolled his eyes, shaking his head.

“That boy is such a nerd.”

“So, what are you going to do with him?”

Tony looked over at Peter, who was playing the pinball machine in the game room of the pizza place
they’d gone to for lunch. Then he looked back at Bruce and took another pull from his beer bottle.

“The game plan is to get him healthy. Then figure that out. Robert looked at his leg and said he’s almost there. He’s going to check him out in a week or so.”

“And then what?”

“Find him a safe place. A home.”

“Do you know how hard that is? No one wants to foster teenagers. They want babies, and little kids. Not angst teen who are just going to be trouble.”

“Peter’s not a lot of trouble.”

“He’s a teenaged boy, Tony. Remember what you were like as a teen? I remember what I was like. They’re tough. And foster homes that handle them are tough, too. He’s going to get chewed up and spit out.”

“I’m not going to let him go to just any home, Bruce,” Tony assured him. “I’m going to check the place out, first. Let Peter check it out. Talk to the people there. Make sure it’s a good fit for him. He can’t be on the street. He’s too young to take care of himself.”

“Of course he is. What if you can’t find a place?”

“I will.” He looked over at the boy again. “He deserves a good place. He’s had it pretty rough – and none of it’s his fault. He’s so alone…”

“Yeah. I can see that.”

Bruce was good at recognizing loneliness in others. Because of the other guy, he tended to avoid people as much as possible.

“You notice Peter didn’t ask you for a selfie? Even though he’s obviously a huge fan – although I have no idea why…?”

“Come to think of it, yeah. I didn’t notice it, but when someone does actually recognize me, they usually want a photo.”

“I had him in a room with Captain America, Black Widow and War Machine the other night. He didn’t ask any of them for a selfie, either.”

“Did you ask him why?”

“Romanoff did. He said that he didn’t have anyone to show them to, and that everyone who’d be interested in what he was doing was already in the room with him.”

“Ouch.”

“Yeah. So now you see why he’s not going to just go anywhere. It’s going to be someplace great, and I’ll keep him until we find it.”

“If Child Services doesn’t find him, first.”

Stark scowled.

“They don’t know they’re supposed to be looking for him, clearly,” he muttered. “His aunt and uncle
died three months ago, and no one seems to have realized that he was left alone to take care of himself. Not the school, or the state, or even any of the kids at his school.”

“Well, let me know if I can help, okay?”

“Yeah. Thanks.”

“What are you going to do, now?”

Tony stood up.

“I’m going to go beat him at pinball. Coming?”

“What?” Bruce looked over his shoulder, and watched as Tony walked up behind the boy, tapping his shoulder and giving him a cocky look as he clearly challenged him to a game. “Well, yeah.”

Pinball was a science, after all. And he was much better at science than Tony Stark. Everyone knew that.

He shoved the rest of his slice of pizza in his mouth and went to join them.
“Did you have a good time?”

Peter nodded, smiling broadly at the question.

“It was great, Tony. Did you?”

“Yes. Go sit down, will you? I don’t like how much you’re limping.”

“It’s just a little stiff,” Peter assured him, walking into the apartment and doing as he’d been told, easing down onto the sofa with a sigh. “That was so much fun.”

Tony smiled, because he had to agree with the boy.

“Yeah. It was, wasn’t it?”

If someone would have told him a couple of weeks ago that he could spend the day at the tower and not do any work, hang out with a fifteen year old at a pizza place and then go go-cart racing with the same teen and not be doing it because it was some Make-a-wish thing that Pepper had forced him into doing, he would have called that person crazy and suggested a drug test to whoever their supervisor was. But he had. And he’d had a good time doing it. And he had a little checkered flag to prove that he was a better go-cart driver than Peter - and all the other little kids that he’d beat out three times in a row.

True, Bruce had done the pizza place with them before telling them that he needed to go finish writing up the results of the project he’d been working on that afternoon, but even without Bruce there, he’d had fun.

Peter was good company. And good for him, Tony thought, smiling at the realization. Home before midnight and stone cold sober? Really? If this kept up, he might even start sleeping regular hours, or something. Then the Earth would probably stop spinning and hell would well and truly freeze over.

“What are you thinking about?” Peter asked, curiously, when Tony smiled at him, but didn’t seem to really be looking at him.

The billionaire walked around to the back of the sofa and leaned over, running his hands along Peter’s shoulders and then chest, still feeling those prominent ribs, even through the boy’s shirt. He nuzzled his ear.

“I was thinking that you’re good company, honey. And that I should probably feed you some dinner.”

“We just had pizza a few hours ago,” Peter reminded him, reaching up to touch his cheek, enjoying the sensation of being held.

“It’s been five hours, and Robert told me that you should be eating as much as we can get into you.” He slid his hand under Peter’s shirt. “You’re still too thin. We need to fix that.”

Peter just shrugged, well aware that he wasn’t going to gain 20 pounds in a couple of weeks, no matter how much Tony fed him. He’d never been all that big to begin with. But he also knew Tony wouldn’t let him argue about eating. It was as if he considered it personal that Peter wasn’t packing on the pounds. And maybe he did, since he was the one doing the cooking.
“What are we having?”

“I’ll put together a casserole. You get into something more comfortable and start thinking about you want to do tonight.”

“Okay.”

Before he could get up, though, Tony tilted his chin and kissed him, softly, his eyes dark with some unnamed emotion that made Peter shiver in response.

“Very good company,” Stark murmured against his lips.

The boy smiled.

“You are, too.”

He watched as Tony headed for the kitchen and then got up and went into the guest room and changed into sweats and a t-shirt. He was returning to the living room just as Tony was closing the oven.

“An hour or so for dinner,” the billionaire said, crossing the room and pulling Peter into his arms.

“What ever shall we do while we wait?”

Peter rested his cheek against Tony’s chest.

“You could teach me how Nanotechnology works.”

Tony chuckled.

“Before dinner?”

The boy shrugged.

“No. But enough to give me an idea of the tech that you’re using. It’s not proprietary, is it?”

“No. And even if was, I’d still tell you, if you really want to know.”

“It sounds interesting.” Peter told him, sliding his hands along the older man’s sides and running them under the back of his jeans. “We could do something else, if you’d rather?”

Tony snorted.

He loved the idea of taking Peter to the sofa and undressing the two of them and spending the evening making the boy writhe with pleasure until he was begging to be fucked in every way possible. Perversely, he was also enamored of the thought of showing someone who was really interested in the tech just how it worked, and how it might be applied to his suits. Peter was intelligent and interested, and that appealed to the engineer in him, and the love that he had of the technology.

Did he love science more than sex? He hesitated at that particular thought, but then decided that no, probably not, but since it was Peter who wanted to know; who was looking at him so hopefully, he was willing to curb his desire for the boy – temporarily – in order to show the boy what he wanted to know. To teach him something new. Something that they were both interested in. So maybe he loved - there was that word, again - Peter more than he loved sex.

He hugged him, close, for just a moment, and then let him go.
FRIDAY. Bring up the specs on the Nanotech experiment from the last time we were at the compound. Trials seven and eight.” He smiled at the boy and then led him over to the island, where two displays immediately brought up a series of diagrams and videos, dated from a few weeks before. “You’re going to love this.”

It wasn’t something that could be explained in the hour before it was time to eat. It certainly wasn’t going to be understood that quickly, even though Peter was intelligent enough to catch on to what Tony was trying to do with the technology almost immediately. Explaining how it worked took much longer.

They discussed it while Tony pulled ingredients out to make a salad to go with their casserole, and then while they ate, with the billionaire describing the history of the tech and where he saw it going as far as using it in his suit and maybe for other Avenger related items – like the Quinjet. While Peter helped him with the dishes, he explained what other companies – almost all of them owned, or partially owned by Stark Industries – were doing with similar technologies but different applications; including medical and research.

By the time Tony pressed him down onto the sofa and handed him the remote, telling him he’d be right back, Peter knew as much about Nanotechnology as he could learn in one evening. Tony was a good teacher, he thought, as he turned on the TV and pulled the comforter that was pretty much always on the couch for him to use over his lap. He didn’t dumb things down, but he made sure that he didn’t move on to the next concept before Peter had understood the previous one.

That was pretty cool. And it excited him that Tony was willing to treat him like he was almost an equal – at least in the science side of things. Peter was well aware that he was way behind when it came to life experience and intelligence. Tony was probably as brilliant as they came, and the more time Peter spent with him, the more he recognized that. But he shared his knowledge – of all things – freely with him, and Peter loved him for it, and wished that he knew how to thank him for that.

Saying thank you all the time just didn’t seem to be enough, really.

“What are we going to watch?”

He was pulled from his thoughts by Stark’s return, and he shrugged, smiling as Tony joined him on the sofa, getting under the blanket with him and putting an arm around him, pulling his head down to his chest.

“Do you have a preference?” he asked, shivering when Tony’s hand slid along his side.

“Whatever you want to watch, honey.”

He started a sci-fi movie, and tossed the remote onto the coffee table. Tony put his feet up and Peter sprawled along the length of the couch, resting against him. The movie was one they’d both seen before, and interesting, but there was a lot of petting and caressing going on during it, and both of them were fairly aroused by the time the final credits rolled.

Stark pulled his hand out of Peter’s sweats and kissed him, hungrily.

“You have a choice…”

“Yeah? What?” the boy asked, breathlessly.

“I can take you to the batting cages, tomorrow, or we can go golfing.”
Peter frowned; that wasn’t at all what he’d been expecting. Especially since Tony’s cock was throbbing and eager under his hand, even though they were both still dressed.

“What?”

Tony smiled, amused and pleased with himself for surprising the boy.

“I was told to make sure you get some fresh air. Which means actual exercise – outside. So tomorrow, we’re going to golf, or we’re going to go to the batting cages. Which would you prefer?”

“I’ve never done either,” Peter admitted, sitting up and slipping his leg over Tony’s thigh, straddling him, carefully, to avoid jarring his injured thigh. “What do you want to do?”

“I want you to decide,” Tony told him, sliding his hands under Peter’s sweats, cupping his ass in his palms and pulling him against his body, feeling his arousal and reacting to it, predictably.

“Batting cages.”

“Good.” The billionaire kissed him, and then ran his tongue along the boy’s jaw, tracing his way to his ear. “It’s sexy that you’re so smart,” he murmured. “You know that, right?”

Peter lifted his chin, giving Tony free access to his neck, too.

“Yeah?”

“Mm-hmm…”

“You have a choice…” the boy said, suddenly.

“What’s that?” Stark asked, curiously, kneading Peter’s ass, tenderly.

“Fuck me out here, or take me to your bed and do it there.”

Tony chuckled, and turned, easily picking Peter up and moving him onto his back along the sofa and then sliding his sweats down and tossing them to the side. He dipped his head and drew his tongue along the shaft of the boy’s throbbing cock, eliciting a pleasured groan.

“We’ll start here and work our way into my bed. How does that sound?”

“Perfect.”
“So what do I do?”

“Seriously?”

Peter frowned, feeling foolish. And a little defensive.

“I told you I’ve never done this before. I mean, maybe when I was really little, but not that I remember…”

Tony smiled, relieved that it didn’t appear that Peter’s feelings were hurt by his surprise. He’d just assumed the boy knew how to play baseball, and he knew that he shouldn’t have, He resisted the urge to kiss him by way of apology and took the baseball bat from him, and then the helmet. Then he waved him out of the cage itself, to stand behind the chain link fencing.

“Watch me, okay?”

“Yeah.”

Peter watched as the billionaire took a couple of practice swings with the bat and then inserted a token and hit the start button, turned slightly toward the center of the circular structure, where a few other people were out in the morning sunshine, also trying their hands at baseball in a cage. A moment later, there was a wuffing sound and a ball came flying at Tony, who swung at it and hit it somewhat off to the side.

Less than ten seconds later, another appeared, and Tony swung and missed it. Fifteen times the balls came, and Tony hit eleven of them with varying degrees of distance and direction, but Peter was impressed. And excited to give it a try, now.

“Got it?” Tony asked, putting his hand on the helmet, which was now on Peter’s head, making sure it was on tight enough to not come off.

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” He handed Peter a token and went to take the spot the boy had vacated, clapping his hands, encouragingly. “Hit ‘em out of the park, Peter.”

The boy grinned, looking back at him and then putting in the token and swinging the bat, experimentally. The ball came while he was still making the test swings, but he was quick, and the bat came up to hit it off the end, making it actually come up behind him and hit the fencing between him and Tony.

“Are you okay?” Peter asked, looking back at Tony.

“Watch the balls,” Stark told him, waving his hand toward the machine that was sending the balls at him.

The boy turned and ducked as the next ball hit his helmet, knocking it off.

“I’m okay,” Peter told Tony, seeing the concern in his expression. “It hit my helmet, not-”

The next one came at him without any more warning than the others, and he brought the bat up, again, to keep it from hitting him. The bat caught the ball — only because Peter was insanely fast —
and this time it fouled off and hit the boy in the mouth, knocking him backward.

“Peter!”

“I’m alright.”

He was getting the hang of the timing, now, and despite the blood he could taste in his mouth, he was turned the right direction this time to see the next ball come at him. He swung and hit it, giving himself a moment of respite to bring his shoulder up to his bleeding lip before the next ball came and he hit that one, too, sending it right back at the machine. He didn’t have time in between the balls being sent at him to get his helmet back on, and the thing was right in the path of the trajectory of the machine, so he didn’t try. He just kept hitting them until they stopped coming.

Fifteen total balls, just like Tony.

“Are you okay?” The billionaire asked, frowning at the blood, but seeing nothing but a smile – a bloody one, at that – on Peter’s face.

“Yeah. It’s easy, really, once you get the hang of it.”

“Try getting the hang of it a little faster, next time, okay?” he asked, touching the swollen lip, tenderly, and pulling it back to make sure the boy’s teeth were all still there. “Does it hurt, much?”

Peter smiled. Tony noticed it was a little lopsided, but his beautiful eyes were excited and happy.

“Just a little. Can I go again?”

“You want to?”

“Yes. Please?”

He shrugged and handed him the helmet.

“Have fun.”

Who was he to say no? At least the leg wasn’t hurting him too much.

They had lunch at a burger place just north of the park. Tony watched Peter, carefully, as he ate, but even though he was having a little trouble opening his mouth around the swollen and cut lip, there was nothing wrong with his appetite.

“You look like you got in a fight,” Stark told him with a slight smile.

“Yeah?” Peter looked impressed. “I’ve never been in a fight before.”

“Never?”

“No. You?”

“A time or two, yes.”

They were icing it, but with Peter’s pale skin, there was no way to avoid the bruising that had come with the blow.
“It doesn’t hurt,” Peter told him, trying to take the worry out of Tony’s expression. “Really.”

“Good. How’s the leg?”

“It’s a little stiff, from all the swinging I was doing. Doesn’t hurt too much, though. More like an ache that isn’t quite ready to go away, yet.”

“Well, we’ll get you home and get you off of it for a while, okay?”

“All right.”

They finished eating – Peter polished off Tony’s fries and then went back for an order of onion rings, too – and then got into Tony’s car.

“Next time we’ll try golfing,” the billionaire told him. “It’s probably safer.”

“They don’t throw the balls at you, right?”

“Right. We’ll get you a set of clubs. They work better when they’re tailored to your swing.”

“You golf?”

“All rich people golf, Peter,” he said, smiling. “I thought you watched movies.”

“I think that’s all doctors golf,” the boy told him.

“Same thing.”

“Does Bruce golf?”

“No.”

“He’s a doctor.”

“Yeah. But golf is frustrating. We don’t let him do things that are frustrating. Or that can get him angry. Or… well, we just keep him happy and in his lab.”

“What about Robert?”

“I don’t know. Probably. You can ask him, yourself when you see him, next.”

“Okay.”

When they arrived at the apartment, Tony took the icepack and sent Peter to sit down on the sofa and get off his leg. Then he set the icepack in the sink and joined him, looking the lip over, again.

“Poor guy,” he murmured. “I should kiss it, and make it better.”

Peter smiled at that, and leaned in for the kiss, which was cautious but sweet.

“It’s fine. Really.”

“Good.” He leaned back, pulling Peter with him so the boy was resting his cheek against his chest.

“I have to work tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow’s Monday?”
“Yes.”

“I need to go to school, Tony.”

“What?”

“I’ve missed a few days, now,” Peter reminded him, without raising his head. “I can’t miss too many; I’ll get behind.”

Stark frowned.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea, honey? Your leg…”

“I sit most of the day at a desk. It won’t hurt me.”

“I don’t know, Peter…”

“If I keep missing days, they’ll hold me back. I can’t afford for that to happen, Tony. I need to graduate without any delays.”

“Yeah. I know.” He held him, both of them quiet for a while, just enjoying the contact with the other. He didn’t know why he didn’t like the idea of Peter going back to school. It wasn’t like he’d been shot at school, after all, and now the guy had decent clothes to wear and wouldn’t stick out. He’d been going for a couple of months, now, after all. No harm had come of it. Maybe it was just the thought of him being somewhere that no one seemed to care about him. Tony wanted him to understand how great he was. How special he was. And he wasn’t getting that attention at school. He shrugged, though, and turned his head, kissing his ear. “We’ll see how you feel in the morning, all right? If you’re up for it, still, Happy and I will drop you off on the way to the tower – and we’ll come get you. Or he will, if I’m tied up.”

“I could take the bus.”

“It’s better my way. I don’t want you standing that much.”

“Okay.”

Stark smiled and kissed his cheek again.

“Have I told you lately how beautiful you are?”

“Even with a busted lip?”

“Especially with a busted lip. It’s a battle scar, right? That’s sexy.”

“I got hit with a baseball,” Peter said, a smile in his voice, happiness welling within him at the sincerity of the compliment. “That’s hardly a battle.”

“It’s sexy. You’re sexy. And amazing.”

The boy closed his eyes, wrapped in warmth inside and out.

“I love you, Tony.”

The billionaire pulled his head back, just enough to look down at the boy in his arms, even though he couldn’t see his face just then, buried as it was against his chest, next to the arc reactor. He slid his fingers through the slight curls, tenderly, and felt his lips pull into a slight smile.
Son of a bitch. Is *that* what it felt like? It had to be.

“I love you, too, Peter.”
“Are you sure you feel up to this?”

Peter smiled, and nodded.

“Yes.”

“Your leg isn’t hurting?”

“No.”

Tony knew it wasn’t; he’d checked it only an hour ago, making sure the wound was still healing – and it was. Then he’d kissed Peter and told him he’d blow on it to make it better, and had spend a while with the boy’s cock, just to make sure he wasn’t feeling any pain, at all. Once he’d drained him dry, he’d licked him clean and Peter had reminded him that he needed to be to school by eight.

Which meant breakfast, first, because Tony wasn’t going to trust a school cafeteria breakfast to get his young lover through to lunch. Completely ignoring that it was what Peter had been living on, basically, for the last three months. He’d gotten him out of bed and told him to get dressed, and had made both of them a hearty breakfast, calling Happy to come get them with plenty of time to spare.

“How’s the lip?”

“It looks worse than it is.”

It wasn’t too bad, either. Swollen and bruised, with a cut that made it a little painful for Peter to smile – and it had kept Tony from letting Peter hurt himself trying to have his way with the billionaire, orally, the evening before.

“Good.”

FRIDAY announced the car’s arrival and the two headed for the elevator.

“Who hit you?” Happy asked, frowning, when he saw Peter’s mouth.

The boy smiled.

“A baseball.”

The driver looked at Stark.

“You played baseball?”

“We hit the batting cages, yesterday. He got hit with one of the balls.”

“Does it hurt?”

“No,” Peter told him, getting into the car. “I’m pretty tough.”

Happy looked at Stark, and then shrugged. The kid was up and about not too long after getting shot.

“Yeah, you are.”

He closed the door behind Tony, and Stark smiled at Peter after making sure the divider was up
between the front and the back seats.

“Is it wrong that I find it incredibly hot that I’m taking you to school?”

The boy smiled.

“Probably. But I love it.”

“You have your phone?”

“Yes, in my backpack.”

Not that he needed it for anything. The only person he could call was already planning on picking him up when school was out.

“Good. If you need anything, you can call me. I’m in meetings today, but they aren’t important. Got it?”

“Yeah. Thanks.”

“Got your lunch?”

He smiled and patted the new backpack.

“I’m set, Tony. Don’t be so nervous. I’m okay.”

“I know you are.” He kissed him, softly. “I put some extra granola bars in your backpack, though. Eat in between classes. And there’s some money in your wallet if you need anything that we couldn’t think of.”

“You didn’t have to do that.”

“I know. But that’s never stopped me from doing anything, before.”

He asked Peter about his classes, making sure he knew which ones he had that day and how he felt about the teachers, and before they knew it, Happy was bringing the car to a stop outside the school.

“We’ll meet you right here,” Tony said, as Peter opened his door. “Unless something comes up, and then I’ll text you.”

“Okay.” The boy leaned into the car once he’d gotten out. “Have a good day, Tony.”

“You, too, Peter.”

He shut the door and headed into the school with all the others, and Tony watched until he couldn’t see him again, and then lowered the partition and told Happy to go ahead and get them to the tower.

“Tony?”

He turned, drawn from his thoughts, scowling because he was trying to pay attention to what was going on and his mind kept turning to Peter; wondering what he was doing. Worrying if his leg was bothering him, or if he was trying to do too much with it.

“I’m sorry, yes?”
Pepper frowned.

“What’s going on with you, today?”

“Nothing. What did I miss?”

“That depends on when you stopped listening.”

“We’re still discussing the merging with the Japanese company?”

“Osawa, yes. If you want access to their Nanotech, then yes, a merger would be the way to go – or outright buy them. I think the merger would be better.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do.”

“I’ll start the process.”

“Thank you.”

She nodded, and then hesitated.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“What?”

“Whatever it is that’s put that dreamy smile on your face and has you so distracted.”

“I was thinking I’d sign on as a foster parent.”

Pepper frowned.

“We discussed that.”

“I know. Although, technically, you discussed it and told me what a bad idea it was.”

“Which it still is.”

“I don’t think so.” He sat up a little more, looking at his watch. “Get the paperwork for me, will you? I know there’s a couple of forms, and they’ll want to do a background check. Give them access to what they need to know – nothing more. If they need to inspect my apartment and the house on the coast, give them video – unless it needs to be done in person, then find me a time to do it during the morning or early afternoon.”

“What are you going to do with a foster kid, Tony?”

“Nurture him. Raise him up. Be there for him like no one else has.”

“What?”

He looked over at her.

“What?”

Pepper rolled her eyes and stood up.

“Fine. But you’re not dumping the kid on my doorstep when you lose interest in a week or two.”
“Right. Thanks.” He looked at his watch again. “Are we done?”

“Why? Do you have a hot date?”

“As a matter of fact, I need to go pick someone up. I’m done for the day. If anything comes up, it can wait for tomorrow.”

“Right.”

She left and Tony turned his chair around to look out the window at the view of the city below him, then he hit a button.

“Happy? Are you getting close?”

“Pulling in now.”

“I’ll be right down.”

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“Good. Let’s get you home and you can tell me all about your day.”

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“Thanks, Happy,” Peter said as he got out of the car. He had managed to regain his composure on the drive back to the apartment, and was able to make sure that the driver knew that Peter knew what he’d done and appreciated it. “That was really cool.”

The driver smiled.

“You’re welcome. See you tomorrow.”

Tony nodded and put a hand on Peter’s shoulder, steering him to the elevator, carrying his backpack.

“What do you have in here?” he asked. “Rocks?”

“All my books,” Peter told him. “I have a lot of homework.”

“Anyone give you any problems about being out of school?”

“No.” The elevator let them off on their floor. “I told them we had an emergency out of town. They were more interested in my busted lip,” he added, rolling his eyes. “My gym teacher said it was a beauty.”

“What did you tell them?”

“The truth,” he admitted. “I wanted to say I got in a fight, but I didn’t think I’d be able to pull off the story, so they got the batting cage incident story, instead.”

“How do you feel?” Tony asked. Pulling the boy down onto the sofa to sit beside him, pulling him into his arms once more. Sex aside, he was finding that he could simply hold Peter for hours, if they could both sit still that long. “Any pain?”

“My leg’s a little sore. The rest of me is fine.”

“Did you have lunch?”

Peter nodded.

“Yes. It was good, too. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. What kind of homework do you have?”

“Everything. Math, physics, English and Spanish. I’m surprised my gym teacher didn’t assign me pushups to do at home, or something.”

Tony chuckled, and pulled away from him, only to kiss him, softly and hungrily.

“You’re not going to get it all done in a day, but I’ll help you. You know that, right?”

“I was hoping you would,” Peter told him. He smiled, his eyes lighting up with happiness and something else that Tony wasn’t quite sure of. “It… I was… um… it seems like forever since someone was glad to see me after school. Thank you for coming to get me.”

The billionaire’s smile was sad, but his hug was loving.
“I was glad to see you. Don’t ever forget that, okay?”

“Okay.”

He held him for a long time, just reassuring the boy that he wasn’t alone, and crooning tender words in his ear; he was beautiful. He was amazing. So sexy that he could barely breathe sometimes when he looked at him. He loved him.

Peter was smiling when Tony finally pulled away.

“I’m going to change. Then we’ll celebrate all your homework by spending time before dinner in my bed, okay?”

He felt a tightening in his loins at the hungry look in Tony’s eyes, and nodded.

“Yeah.”
“Well that’s a step up from coming home and doing homework…”

Tony chuckled, looking down at Peter from his position between the boy’s legs, still deep inside him, but deflating, now that he’d emptied himself into him.

“So I rate somewhere above homework? That’s a start.”

He leaned over and kissed the boy, tenderly, hitching his hips a few times before pulling out and gathering Peter into his arms to catch his breath and enjoy the euphoria that came with his climax.

The boy sighed, too; a sound of utter contentment and a puff of warm, moist air on the billionaire’s neck.

“Well above homework.”

“We’ll get cleaned up and you can work on some of it while I make dinner.”

“What are we having?”

“Fettuccini alfredo with grilled chicken. If you want, I’ll make extra so you can take it for lunch, tomorrow.”

The boy brushed his lips against Tony’s neck, eliciting a sound of approval.

“You’re too good to me.”

“Yeah, well…” he kissed him, deeply, and ground himself against his lithe form. “You’re worth being good to, right?”

Peter smiled, knowing that Tony was doing that to bolster his self-esteem. And it was working. He loved hearing the older man say things like that. Loved being told he was beautiful, and wallowed in the loving looks he would catch Tony tossing his way – when he was on top of him and working him, masterfully, or even when they were simply hitting baseballs at the batting cages.

It was exhilarating. And addicting.

As much as he said it, Peter was starting to believe it.

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Tony had a good evening. Starting with the pure happiness – to the point of tears – that had been Peter’s reaction at being picked up from school and made much of. Then a slow, enthusiastic, time in bed bringing both of them to completion before starting dinner. While Tony made their meal, he thoroughly enjoyed himself, watching Peter work on his homework at the kitchen island and explaining his assignments to the older man when he was asked about them.

They didn’t get even close to all of it done; there was a lot of it. But Tony was impressed by the quality of the work that Peter had for homework, confirming what he already knew. The boy wasn’t dumb, by any means. Behind those beautiful eyes and that open face of his was the mind of a scientist, and the billionaire was looking forward to watching it develop and seeing where Peter went with it.
And that wasn’t even including the whole Spiderman thing.

When dinner was ready, they ate at the table like a real family would – something that Tony hadn’t done in a long time, too, so it was almost a novelty for both of them. After eating Peter wanted to work on his homework some more, but Tony reminded him that he wasn’t going to complete it all in one short evening and convinced the boy to spend time with him on the sofa, cuddling, while they watched a movie, instead.

“I could get used to this very easily,” Tony told the boy, brushing his hand against Peter’s side while they watched the show, both of them so relaxed they were basically melted against the other.

“What do you normally do at night?” he asked, curiously.

“Depends on the night and how I feel. Mostly, like I told you before, I stay up all night and work. Either on Stark Industry things, or developing new tech to integrate into my suit – or doing the integrating. Sometimes I go to parties. Sometimes it’s a lot of parties.”

“Like in the movies?” Peter asked, turning his head and resting his chin on the billionaire’s collarbone and admiring his eyes when he asked. “Lots of tuxedos and fancy dresses and alcohol?”

“All of the above,” Stark confirmed.

“Pretty women throwing themselves at you?”

“Sometimes. Pretty men, too.”

“Yeah?”

“Of course, honey. If they’re not fans of my money, they’re fans of Ironman, and they want to jump in the sack with me. To make me their conquest. Or to have me make them mine.”

Peter thought he sounded jaded about the whole business, and he supposed that like all things like that, too much of a good thing was still too much.

“You’d really rather be watching a movie than at a party talking to interesting people, eating expensive food and drinking Champaign?”

Tony smiled down at him, kissing the tip of his nose since that was what he could reach without moving.

“Yes. To all of that. I’d rather be watching a movie with you than doing any of those things. Plus, when the movie is over, instead of staying up all night working, or staring out the window, I’m going to have you in my arms, and I’ll sleep. That’s infinitely better than any of those other things. You’re better than all of that.”

The boy blushed, prettily, and Tony ran his hand along his hip, sliding his hand under the sweats that he’d changed into so that he could palm his ass. He shifted a little so he could kiss him a bit more seriously, and as he always did, Peter responded with a shiver of pleasure.

He was extremely responsive.

“Get naked for me, Peter…” Stark whispered, and let the boy go so that he could comply.

Peter pulled his shirt off, first, and then got up – moving carefully to keep from jarring his leg – and took off his sweats before rejoining Tony on the sofa, now straddling him so he could rest his cheek
against the older man’s chest but still bring his hand down between them to fish his half-aroused cock out of the pants he was wearing. Tony sighed, contentedly, as Peter began stroking him, just gently fondling and playing with him as the movie played in the background and the billionaire kneaded and played with his ass cheeks. He was already nicely stretched from earlier, so Tony knew that he wouldn’t need much preparation to make him fuckable, but he loved the foreplay and could spend hours doing what they were doing just then.

Peter wasn’t quite so patient. His own cock throbbing, now, and smearing precum against Tony’s stomach or slicking his own hand with it when his attentions to Tony's cock brought the two together, Peter’s breathing was quickening in growing excitement and eagerness, although Stark wasn’t in any hurry and gentled him with his touch and a few whispered words.

“Shh, honey…” he crooned in the boy’s ear, still not touching his cock; still just playing with his ass.

“We have all night.”

Well, not all night. It was a school night, and he probably shouldn’t keep him up too late. That thought was exciting, though, and Tony smiled, spreading Peter’s ass cheeks and then sliding a finger along it, testing him and then reaching for the lube without breaking the rhythm of Peter’s strokes.

“I want to be your conquest, Tony,” Peter murmured, feeling the billionaire’s fingers inside him, teasing him, playing with him and slicking him up – getting him ready.

“You’re my everything,” Tony told him, sincerely, his hands moving to Peter’s hips and lifting him, while the boy’s hand on Tony’s cock guided him to his puckered opening, nudging himself with the head.

Peter brought his arms around his neck, his lips seeking Tony’s, and Stark’s tongue invaded the boy’s mouth as his cock impaled Peter’s tight, perfect ass.

“Yes…”

The boy’s moan of desire was exciting, and Tony lifted him so he could pull him back down onto him. Then repeated the action again and again. Slowly, at first, and then with more force, driving his hips up to meet his prize as they both felt themselves winding up to the final climax. It didn’t happen immediately, though; after school sex was a great way to make sure there was prolonged pre-bedtime sex, and that was something that they were both going to keep in mind for next time.

Peter rode Tony, his cock slick and hard, rubbing against Tony’s stomach, now, with each motion, the boy’s eyes closed as he focused on the sensations that had hold of him and weren’t letting him go any time, soon.

“You’re so perfect, sweetheart,” Tony crooned, feeling Peter’s body tensing and knowing that even without being stroked he was near climax. Tony had already recognized that the boy loved being praised and was excited by it, and that was fine, since the billionaire loved to watch him blush at the words. It was even better when he was getting off on them, as well. “So tight… so amazing. Just for me.”

“Yes…” Peter whimpered, his hand moving to his cock, stroking himself, now, face red and anxious as Tony’s hands came to his cheeks to force him to look at him. His dark eyes meeting Peter’s chocolate lust-filled ones. ‘Please, Tony…”

“So brave. So strong,” Tony responded, allowing his lust to show in his expression. Not holding anything back. “So perfect for me. Everything I need, right here on my lap. Riding on me so
The words were having their effect on Tony, too, of course, and he felt his testicles tense, and his entire shaft swell as he was suddenly overcome with his orgasm, which shot through his entire being, culminating in an explosion of cum into Peter’s ass. Tony’s pulled him down tight onto his lap, thrusting hard to fill the boy as he unleashed inside him and was aware that Peter was climaxing, as well, cum shooting against his fist and Tony’s belly.

They held still for a long moment, shuddering as they rode the wave of pleasure, and then came down on the other side, holding tightly to each other.

“Wow…” Peter murmured into his chest, rolling his hips a little, feeling Tony still inside him. “You’re good at that.”

The billionaire chuckled, kissing him.

“You make it easy, honey. We should get cleaned up and get you to bed.”

“Yeah. It’s a school night.”

God, it was just as exciting coming from his mouth, Tony decided, as he eased Peter off his lap. He didn’t move right away, though, instead cuddling with him and simply being with him and feeling his heart beating against his own chest.

“Leg’s okay?”

“Yeah, Tony,” Peter assured him, now sounding sleepy. “Everything’s okay.”
“I bet you’re glad you’re not riding the bus, today…”

Peter smiled and nodded, shivering despite the fact that he was warm and dry inside the back of the car.

“Yeah.”

Outside it was raining. Not just a gentle fall sprinkle, either; it was coming down hard, and there was a definite chill in the air as they drove toward Peter’s school.

“We’ll be by to pick you up,” Tony reminded him, zipping up the boy's new jacket when they arrived, and then handing him his backpack. “Don’t stand out in the rain waiting. Got it?”

“Yeah.” He kissed him, quickly, and then opened the door. “Thanks for the ride, Happy,” he called to the driver, who waved a goodbye as he turned the car back into traffic.

Peter had a pretty good morning. Despite the fact that he was behind in all his classes, he knew it was only temporary, and so did his teachers. They all knew he was bright and well able to keep up with their class, even if he’d been gone. He was daydreaming a little in third period, looking at the rain falling outside the window and thinking about what kind of experiment he would do for science when he was pulled from his thoughts by the English teacher calling his name.

“Peter? The principal needs to see you.”

The rest of the class made the expected ooohs and cat-calls as he gathered his backpack and jacket, smiling, unconcerned. Unlike some of them, he stayed out of trouble and under the radar, so had no reason to be worried about a summons to the principal – or anyone else, for that matter.

He did frown, however, when he was ushered into her office and found that she wasn’t alone. Another woman – a little older, and maybe a little sterner looking was there, as was Peter’s guidance counselor.

“Sit down, Peter,” the principal said, gesturing to the chair across from her desk. Peter set his backpack and jacket on the floor by the chair and settled into it. “This is Mrs. Miller.”

He nodded a greeting, uncertain why he was suddenly nervous.

“Hello, Peter,” the woman said. “You can call me Rachelle. I’m with Child Protection Services.”

“Oh.”

His counselor spoke.

“The bruise on your face was pretty serious, Peter,” the man told him. “So we wanted to make sure it was really from a baseball, and not something more nefarious. Something that might need to be looked into.”

“I got hit with a baseball at the batting cages,” he said, feeling a shiver go through him. “There’s probably video, or something.”
“Yes…” Miller frowned. “When we sent an officer to do a wellness check at your address on record, we found some… disturbing facts started coming to light.”

“Why didn’t you mention your aunt and uncle’s passing?” the counselor asked, curiously. “We could have helped.”

“Oh.” Peter’s mouth was dry, and he shivered, again. “Yeah. I… didn’t… I mean. I wasn’t sure what to say.”

“Where have you been living, Peter?” Miller asked, gently. “Who has been taking care of you?”

“No one. I mean. I have a place, now, but I was alone for a while… I’m okay, though,” he added, quickly.

“We’re going to want to have you looked at,” she told him. “To make sure you’re healthy. And that you’re eating enough and being taken care of. And that no one is abusing you.”

Peter found himself on his feet, panic coursing through him. This was what he’d been worried about happening, yes, but even worse, he’d seen movies and knew that they were probably going to have him looked at by a doctor, or something. Not only would the doctor see the gunshot wound and probably recognize it for what it was and want to know about it – which meant talking about his abilities – he had the bruises on his hips, still, from when Tony had grabbed him, and a doctor would think he was being hurt.

They'd draw their own conclusions and Tony might be in trouble. Peter needed Tony.

And then they’d tell the CPS woman, who wouldn’t keep it a secret. Tony might be in trouble. Peter would, too, but he was much more worried about Tony. If he wasn’t bruised, it’d be no big deal. It was a good thing that Tony was watching him, and the CPS officials would probably agree. As it was, though, he couldn’t go with them. Couldn’t let them see his bruises.

“I’m fine,” Peter said, quickly.

“It’s nothing to be worried about,” she said, recognizing his panic, immediately. Of course, she dealt with scared children all the time as a matter of course for her work. “We’ll make sure you’re safe. There are places that can take you in. Make sure you’re eating right.” She hadn’t missed his too thin face and prominent cheekbones. “You’re too young to take care of yourself.”

“No. I mean, yeah, I know. But I’m. I can. I’m okay. I don’t want to go to a home.”

“It’s for the best, Peter,” the principal said, frowning. “You can still go to school and-“

“No!” he was well into a panic attack, now, worried what would happen to Tony if someone saw his bruises and connected them with the billionaire. The batting cages had to have a camera, but that wouldn’t explain the other bruises and he couldn’t lie well enough to even try to come up with a story. “No,” he said, trying to fight down the panic, but failing. “Please…”

“Hey…” the counselor stood as well, a looming presence that was much too close to the boy in his current state of anxiety.

Overwhelmed by the panic of his own doing, Peter broke and ran from the office, rushing through the door of the school office before anyone had a chance to react. Long before any of them thought to call the school’s resource officer – a police officer assigned to the school during the hours when the students were there – the boy had run out of the building and vanished into the driving rain.
The woman manning the giant reception desk in the lobby of Stark Industries frowned when she looked up from her monitor and saw the boy suddenly standing in front of her. Pale and shivering, drenched to the skin and only dressed in a t-shirt and jeans, he was a sorry sight; his large brown eyes scared and worried looking.

“Can I help you, sweetheart?” she asked him, kindly.

Peter shivered, trying to look a little less pathetic and well aware that he was dripping on the marble floor.

“I need to see Tony Stark, please.”

He’d bolted from the school without his backpack or his jacket. By the time he’d made it as far away as he felt safe and had found himself a protected spot on a rooftop to wait out the panic attack, Peter was wishing that he had them both. The rain had soaked him, quickly, and his jacket would have been useful, of course. Maybe not as useful as the cell phone in his backpack, though. Then he could have called Tony and told him what had happened, and asked what he should do.

Once he’d calmed down a little, he recognized that wishing wasn’t going to do him any good and had walked the goodly distance from where he was to the tower, taking most of the morning to do so and getting wetter and wetter, since the rain didn’t let up. By the time he reached the tower, he was freezing, despite the exercise, and his leg had stiffened up and was bothering him.

“Mr. Stark?” she repeated. She gave him a friendly smile. “I’m sorry. He’s very busy. We have special tours set up for the building,” she added, quickly, reaching for one of the flyers and handing it to him. “You just have your mom or dad sign you up and you can come. He might even make an appearance. He does that, sometimes.”

Not very often, but he looked so disappointed that she had to add it in.

“Could I leave a message?”

“Sure.”

She handed Peter a piece of paper and loaned him a pen and he wiped his damp hands off on his wet jeans and wrote a quick note, which he handed back to her.

“Please make sure he gets it.”

“I will, sweetheart.” She frowned; he looked so vulnerable. “Do you need help? I could call someone. Your mom?”

“No. I’m okay,” Peter assured her, backing up. “Thank you.”

She nodded and watched him leave the building, then looked at the note he’d left.

*Tony, I need to see you. Meet where you found me. Please. – Peter*

“Huh.”

She shook her head and put the note in the IN box, well aware that Tony Stark wasn’t going to be looking through the thing any time soon – if ever. That was what assistants were for, after all. They could decide if the note was something Mr. Stark would need to see.
“Do you see him?”

Happy shook his head, looking at the dwindling crowd of students leaving the school, all of them holding umbrellas or putting up the hoods on their jackets or sweatshirts.

“No. Want me to go inside and see if he’s waiting and just hasn’t seen us?”

“No. We’ll give him a minute – just in case he got held up by a teacher, or something.”

They sat and watched as the crowd thinned to nothing, and Tony tried calling – again. The calls went to voicemail – which was by default just a number and that the user was unavailable. Not surprisingly, Peter hadn’t set one up, yet. The text that he’d sent had also gone unanswered.

Finally Tony muttered something under his breath and reached for the door handle.

“I’ll go find him,” he said, unable to sit still any longer, and suddenly worried that something had happened to the boy. It wasn’t like Tony was listed as an emergency contact, after all. “Wait here.”

“Yeah.”

The billionaire took the umbrella Happy handed him and went into the school, following the well placed signs to the main office, since he didn’t see Peter in the halls.

“Can I help you?” a secretary asked, obviously distracted by a small group of people – and a police officer – who were talking behind the counter.

“I’m trying to find one of your students. He was supposed to meet me, and he didn’t,” Tony told her, politely. “Any chance of seeing if he was held up by one of his teachers?”

“Of course.” She smiled, prettily, at him. “His name?”

“Peter Parker.”

The woman frowned, and turned toward the others, all of whom had heard him. One of them stepped forward.

“You’re looking for Peter Parker?”

“I am.”

“And you are…?”

“Tony Stark.”

They might not have immediately recognized him, but they all knew his name. Obviously.

“What’s your interest in Peter Parker, Mr. Stark?” the woman asked.

“I’m looking for him. Who are you?”

“Rachelle Miller. CPS. We’re looking for him, too.”
“So, let me get this straight…” Tony said, pacing the room and stopping only long enough to level a look at everyone in the room – except Happy, who had joined him instantly, when he’d called. “It took you three months to figure out that he was on his own, and the minute you did, you thought the best thing to do was scare him and let him run away?”

Miller scowled.

“We didn’t try to scare him, Mr. Stark – and we couldn’t catch him before he escaped.”

“He didn’t escape,” Stark snapped. “He’s not a prisoner. No wonder he was afraid, if that’s the attitude you presented to him.”

“What exactly is your interest in Peter?” she asked, frowning – well aware that it had been a poor choice of words.

“My driver and I found him in an alley a week ago – shot by someone who had robbed a convenience store.”

Happy nodded his agreement.

“We took him and got him a doctor.”

“And it didn’t occur to you that CPS should be involved?”

Tony wasn’t cowed by her. He’d faced down presidents and pompous assholes plenty of times. She wasn’t even close to that bad.

“It did occur to me that you should be involved,” he corrected her. “Three months ago, when he needed you. Since you weren’t, it occurred to me that maybe what he needed now was some one on one care.”

“You should have handed him over to us.”

“So you could find another crack to lose him in?” he asked, sarcastically. “Not a chance.”

“We need to find Peter,” the principal of the school said, breaking into the verbal sparring. Probably just as well, Happy thought, since the billionaire was clearly warming up to his subject and wasn’t holding back. “Right now that’s what is best for him.”

“Yes.” Miller looked at Stark. “I assume he hasn’t contacted you.”

“Not that I know of. I gave him a phone for emergencies, but he’s not answering.”

The counselor held up a cell, which Tony recognized as the same model as the one he’d given Peter.

“It was in his backpack, which he left here. Along with his jacket.”

“It’s raining like a sonofabitch out there,” Tony said, adding yet another thing to be worried about. “If he’s out in this, he’s going to catch a chill.”

“We have the police looking for him,” Miller assured him. “Can you think of any place he might go? A safe place?”
“No. My place? Maybe. Except that I’m not completely sure he knows exactly where it is. He was out of it the first time Happy and I took him there, and we haven’t exactly been out and about a lot – not with his injured leg.”

And the few times they were, the boy was decidedly distracted by himself in the car. But maybe,

“He says he went to the batting cages,” the counselor said.

“Yes. And took a shot from a baseball, as he told you.” He scowled, fury rising up in him once more to drown out the worry for just a moment. “Goddamn you people. You’ll check a cut lip and not bother with obvious weight loss, or the fact that he was out of school for a week? Maybe lying dead in the alley from a gunshot wound? The kid is skin and bones. Someone had to have noticed.”

“There are a lot of children here,” the principal said, defensively. “We can’t monitor them all the time.”

“All the more reason for him to have been with me, then,” Tony told her, looking at all of them.

“Where else?” Miller asked, ignoring the attitude. It wasn’t the first time she’d heard complaints, obviously, and she knew they did the best they could with the resources that they had.

“I don’t know. He told me that he was sleeping in the library, but not which one, and said that he was only eating at school, for the most part – so no restaurants, obviously.”

“We’d like to put someone at your house – in case he goes there.”

“Not a chance in hell. First of all; I’m not going to give you carte blanche to do anything in my private residence, and secondly, he’d see them and stay away.”

“If he comes to you for help, you would be wise to turn him over to us.”

“If he comes to me for help, I’m going to make sure I’m in the right position to give it to him,” Tony snapped. “You people had your chance to help him. All of you. You dropped the ball. Stay away from my apartment building, or I’ll have you arrested for trespassing.”

He stormed out of the room, with Happy behind him, heading through the building and back to the car. The sky, already dark from the storm, was beginning to show signs of the fast approaching evening, and there was no sign of the rain stopping any time soon.

“Where to, boss?” Happy asked.

Tony sighed, settling in. He couldn’t think of any place to look, first-hand, and shook his head, frustrated. “My place. I need to be there if he comes for help, and I need to make some calls.”

Besides, FRIDAY was there, and she was his best bet, right now, to find his boy.

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He waited in the alley as long as he could, but by the time the sun had gone down, Peter needed to find someplace else to be. Tony wasn’t coming. Maybe he hadn’t received the message, yet. It had been later in the day when he’d arrived at the tower and maybe he wouldn’t get the note until the next day. Whatever it was, the boy knew he couldn’t stay where he was.

For one thing, it was too exposed. He was already soaked and shivering, and there was no place to take cover from the rain. For another, it was dangerous for someone as young as he was to be out in
the open at night. He was a target for every mugger and pervert that walked the alleys – and Peter knew that there were some out there. He’d met up with them, and escaped them, simply because he was faster and a lot stealthier than they were.

He went to the roofs. They were familiar to him, and not a lot of people were as comfortable with heights as he was. He’d have snuck into the library, out of the rain and the cold, but he was worried that someone might think to look for him there, and he didn’t want to be trapped in an enclosed space. All he had to do, he decided as he found an overhang in a sheltered corner and hunkered down with his arms inside his sleeves wrapped around his body to try and stay warm, was wait. Once the bruises were gone, he’d allow them to find him, again – unless Tony showed up and had a better plan.

Peter shivered, feeling his stomach growl. Hungry, cold and alone once again, he couldn’t help the wave of self pity that suddenly came over him. He wanted nothing more than to have Happy drive up, suddenly, with Tony in the back of the car, hugging him tightly and telling him how wonderful he was, and how happy he was to see him. He certainly didn’t feel brave, just then, so that one was off the table.

The boy sniffed, wiping tears onto his already soaked shirt, and then remembered that Tony had told him there was money in his wallet – in case he’d needed lunch the day before. Hopefully, he slid his arm out of his shirt and reached for the wallet in his back pocket, pulling it out with a little difficulty. His hands were cold, and the leather was wet and sticking to his wet jeans.

And he felt a wave of excitement, even as he shivered, again. Tony’s lunch money was a hundred dollars. He counted it, again, just because he couldn’t believe it. Five twenty-dollar bills. Peter smiled, relieved. It wasn’t a fortune, but it really was. It was enough to let him lay low and heal, anyway. He could get himself a room – not a nice one, but one that would give him protection from the elements. And something to eat, too.

He put his wallet back in his pocket, but stayed where he was, just then.

It was too dangerous for him to move from his hiding spot, right nw. He could do everything he needed to do in the morning, when it was daylight and safe. So what if he didn’t eat dinner? He’d missed meals before. It wasn’t fun, but it wasn’t the end of the world. He sniffed, again, thinking about being cuddled up beside Tony in a warm bed and warm arms, and closed his eyes, hoping to go to sleep and escape some of his misery.

He eventually shivered himself to sleep, but the nightmares followed.

>>>>>

"Anything?"

"Not yet."

Tony had set FRIDAY to checking all security cameras, looking for anyone close to Peter's build and then using facial recognition. The boy had been in the apartment and at the tower, now, and both were places where the AI would have all the different angles needed to get a good scan of him. The problem was that there were a lot of security cameras in the city, and even for FRIDAY that was going to take time.

He sighed, and threw himself down onto the sofa, and then got up, pacing, anxiously, stopping and looking once more at the security cameras around the building, hoping for a sign of a slightly built figure lurking around - or even brazenly coming up to the door. There was nothing.
"Come on, honey..." he murmured, going to the window and watching the rain falling, outside. "Where *are* you?"
The next morning was chilly and still raining. Peter was on the move as soon as it was light enough, though. He was exhausted, and so cold that he didn’t think he’d ever be warm, again. The lobby of the hotel opened at seven o’clock and even though it was a dingy place, they rented rooms by the day and they were cheap. The boy had used the roof of the building many times as a place to watch the city below, and was familiar with it – and the kind of people that lived there. He didn’t want any part of them, but he definitely wanted some place out of the weather. He was tired of being cold.

He entered the lobby and after a quick conversation with the desk clerk, he obtained a room for eight days, sliding four of his precious twenties across the caged counter and waiting for the clerk to write him a receipt and hand over the key to one of the smallest rooms on the very top floor. They were the cheapest, since the building didn’t have an elevator, and no one wanted to walk twenty flights after a long day.

Peter didn’t care.

He didn’t think he’d actually need eight days; Tony would get the message before that, he hoped, and they’d figure out what to do before he ran out of time. Or his bruises would clear up, maybe. The boy took the key and his receipt, and then headed out one more time, even though he wanted nothing more than to go lie down and get some sleep. He needed something to eat, and it was going to have to be cheap.

Ironically, he went to the convenience store that had been robbed by the man who’d shot him. Careful budgeting allowed him to buy two loaves of bread and some bologna, a jar of peanut butter and some cans of canned spaghetti and meatballs that would taste better heated, but he knew could be eaten cold. His new room had a small kitchen, he’d been told by the bored clerk, but Peter didn’t have any pots or pans.

Or dishes, for that matter. He splurged and bought a corn dog for breakfast, taking a great handful of condiments, napkins and plastic spoons. The boy wolfed the corndog as he made his way quickly to the hotel, walked up the stairs, ignoring how much it hurt his legs, which was throbbing from abuse and cold, and finally reached his room, limping, painfully.

He unlocked it, closed the door and locked it again behind him – including the chain and the deadbolt – and looked around. It was tiny; there was room for the bed, a cheap wooden chair, and a rod with some empty hangers served as a closet. The window was dirty and the curtain was black, probably to hide how dirty it was, as well. The bed didn’t have a pillow, but there were two blankets on it, and they didn’t smell too bad. He saw the stove, a tiny sink and a fridge, and set his groceries on the counter. The tiny bathroom only had a toilet, but he was just glad that he didn’t have to share with the rest of the floor like some places did.

The best thing about the room – at least at the moment – was the fact that the building was old and used a radiator and it was so warm it was almost painful to Peter, who was chilled to the bone. He pulled off his soaking wet clothing and draped them over the counter to dry and wrapped himself in the cleanest of the two blankets.

He’d go out, later, and watch for Tony, but first he needed some sleep. He looked around the room, feeling alone and incredibly vulnerable. Trembling almost violently, he lay down on the squeaky bed and cried himself to sleep, again.

><><><><><>
“Anything?”

Tony shook his head, looking at four different displays, watching as FRIDAY scanned through countless amounts of video footage in front of him. As a way to cut down useless searching, Tony had her ignore Staten Island, completely. It was just too far away, really, and he couldn’t think of any reason that Peter would go there. That left a lot of ground to cover, and a lot of video feeds, but the AI could handle more than one at a time.

Tony had advised her to start with the school’s video, had FRIDAY followed Peter’s progress out the door and through an alley without any trouble – confirming that Peter didn’t have anything on but a t-shirt and jeans as protection from the elements, and a shot from an ATM surveillance camera had given Tony a good look at the boy’s face, which was pale and terrified.

They’d followed his progress a few blocks, heading toward the water, and then FRIDAY had lost track of him, as if the boy was purposely trying to avoid detection.

The billionaire decided what he’d really done was go to the roofs, where he could avoid people more easily and probably find a place to hide himself, hopefully calming himself down enough to think. Unfortunately, there weren’t a lot of video cameras trained on rooftops. And that was going to make things difficult. Not to mention, Peter didn’t have the webshooters on, so he wasn’t going to be doing any swinging.

“No. Not yet.”

“I could go out and drive around,” Happy offered. “Maybe check the libraries? See if he’s hanging out in one to stay out of the rain.”

“FRIDAY’s watching the libraries,” Tony told him, not turning from the displays. “Thanks. It’s a good idea.”

Happy watched Stark for a minute, silently, and shook his head. The man had been staring at the displays almost nonstop now for more than forty hours. Peter had been missing for two days.

“You should get some sleep. I’ll watch things for you.”

“No. I’m fine.” He looked over at him. “Is she here, yet?”

“She’s on her way up. That’s what I came to tell you.”

Before he finished processing what he was being told, the door to the apartment chimed and Happy went over to open it. Natasha Romanoff walked in, with Steve Rogers beside her.

“I got your message,” she said without preamble. “What’s going on?”

“It’s Peter,” Stark told them. “He’s gone to ground, somewhere. I need help finding him.”

He turned from the displays and sat down on the couch, rubbing his face, tiredly. Then told the two of them what had happened, as far as he knew.

“So you want me to find him before CPS does?” Romanoff asked.

“No. I don’t care who finds him,” he told her. “I just want him found. He’s scared, might be hurt, and he’s alone.”

“But if I find him before CPS?”
“Then take him directly to the compound – unless he’s injured and needs a hospital, of course. CPS can wait their turn. They didn’t do diddlyshit for him, before, so they’ll have to forgive me if I don’t trust them to handle things properly, now.”

Rogers frowned.

“We can’t kidna-“

“I can,” Romanoff said, interrupting. “I’ll take care of it.”

She had a lot of contacts, after all; SHIELD and otherwise. Looking for one little guy in a city filled with them would be difficult, but not impossible.

“Get some sleep, Tony,” Steve said. “When we find him, he’s going to need you, and you’re not going to be any help to him if you’re a zombie.”

“I know.”

He did. He just couldn’t help but worry.

>>>>

“What are you doing here so late? I thought you had a date.”

The man scowled.

“She has a headache, or some other bullshit excuse. So I’m finishing up some things for Miss Potts and then I’ll go home and binge watch Big Bang Theory or something.”

“Right. So you’re really going to go home and watch porn.”

“Yeah, probably.”

“What do you have left? I’ll help.”

“Yeah?”

“Sure. Unpaid interns have to stick together, right?”

“Yeah. Thanks. Do the INBOX for me, will you? Just sort who each message goes to – and don’t bother putting any for Mr. Stark into his mail slot, he’s out for a few days. Everything for him goes to Miss Potts.”

“Man, I’d watch porn with her…”

“Are you fucking trying to get fired?”

“What?”

“There are security cameras everywhere, dillweed. They’re probably listening to us, right now.”

“Whatever. They have better things to do than watch the lobby. All the interesting stuff happens in the offices; everyone knows that.”

“Yeah, but those are secured and encrypted.”

“Huh. Speaking of encrypted, check this out. ‘Tony, I need to see you. Meet where you found me.}
Please. – Peter’. What do you suppose that’s all about?”

“Who knows? Maybe it’s a fanboy letter.”

“Throw it away?”

“No. Put it in Miss Potts’ slot. Let her deal with it. It might be something important, and I don’t want to lose my job because a message went awry.”

“ Seriously?”

“What?”

“No one talks like that. Jesus.”

“Just put it in her box, alright? God.”

“Relax. There. Done. Happy?”

“I will be when we’re finished.”

“Yeah.”
“Miss Potts is at the door.”

“What? Why?”

“I didn’t ask. Do I let her in?”

Tony sighed, tiredly. Three days, now, and still not a word from Peter – although FRIDAY had found a video clip of Peter – ironically – in the convenience store near where Tony had initially found him. That had sent him and Happy back there, where they spent an entire afternoon driving around, focusing on the alley and looking for any sign of the boy. Only to leave disappointed when it was just too dark to see anything.

He hadn’t heard from Natasha Romanoff, either. Not since the day before when she mentioned that someone might have a lead for her, and asked if Peter had had any money on him. Tony mentioned putting some twenties in the boy’s wallet, but admitted that it hadn’t been much.

He was exhausted and worn down with lack of sleep and worry. Definitely not in the mood or mindset to handle a verbal clash with Pepper Potts. However, she was at the door, and not on the phone. Which made her much harder to ignore.

“Yes. Let her in.”

Whatever she’d been planning to say died on her lips when she entered Tony’s living room.

“What the hell is going on?”

“What?”

“You look terrible.”

“Did you need something?”

It wasn’t the first time. She’d seen him in the throes of a project, before, where he would spend days on end working without seeming to take a break. This was just like that – only not quite the same. Being worried took a lot out of a person.

“Who is Peter?”

Tony gave her a sharp look.

“Why do you ask?”

“Tell me who he is, and I’ll tell you what I know.”

“Pepper. I don’t have time for games. Where did you-“

“I don’t have the patience to wait you out, Tony. Tell me who he is, or I’m walking out right now, and you can go to hell.”

He sighed.

“He’s a guy Happy and I found in Queens.”
“And…?”

Obviously, there was more to the story than that.

Tony gave her the same story that everyone else had. The truth, only somewhat edited. Pepper was perceptive, but she didn’t press beyond what she’d been told. She didn’t know if she even wanted to.

“How didn’t you tell me about him?”

“I did. Sort of. Remember? I was talking to you about becoming a foster parent.”

“Oh.”

“And you said it was a bad idea.”

“It is a bad idea, Tony. There are other ways to help this Peter kid. If you’d have asked me, I’d have told you – and we could have it all sorted bef-

“I don’t need a lecture,” he snapped. “What do you know about him?”

“I know that he left a message for you in the lobby Tuesday,” she said, holding up a piece of paper. Stark snatched it from her hand and read it.

“Shit.”

“Well? Is it going to help?”

He sighed.

“No. I’ve been there. Happy and I were there all day, yesterday. FRIDAY found a video of him close by so I thought I’d try and see if he was around.”

“No luck?”

“No,” he scowled, looking at the note, again. “Fuck. He’s going to think I blew him off – or worse. Sonofabitch.”

“When is the last time you slept?” she asked, suddenly.

“I don’t know.”

“And eaten?”

“Earlier.”

“When, earlier?”

“Earlier. I’ve got things to do. Thank you for the message. Anything else?”

“Sit down,” she ordered him, walking over and taking his hand, pulling him to the sofa. “You need some sleep.”

He did what she said, but he was tense, and distracted. Definitely not in the mood to be bossed around, just then.

“Pepper…”
“Sit right there. I’m going to make you something to eat, and then, when I know that you’ve eaten, I’ll leave you alone. Fair?”

“I’m fine. I don’t-“

“I mean it.”

He gave a tired sigh, and nodded. She was right; it wouldn’t hurt him to eat. FRIDAY was right there. If she found something while he was eating, she’d tell him. He didn’t have to be watching the display.

“Fine. A sandwich, though. Something quick.”

“Of course.”

Pepper went into the kitchen and opened his fridge and frowned when she found that he’d allowed the fresh produce to brown up, or become soft, depending on what it was. Out of character for him, but not unheard of when he was distracted.

“I assume you’re planning on bringing him back here when you find him?” she asked, pulling a loaf of bread.

“Of course.”

“The CPS woman you mentioned will have something to say about that.”

He gave a soft, amused, snort, leaning his head back against the leather of the sofa and closing his eyes.

“She might. But I went so far over her head that if she tries to even look up that high, she’ll get a nose bleed.”

“Let me look at options,” Pepper said. “Fostering him might not be your best choice to help him.”

“I can’t think of a better way to protect him from the system,” the billionaire pointed out.

She fell silent, already making her own plans of who to call when she left, looking at everything from a legal standpoint. She made him a simple sandwich, cheese and turkey, the best pieces of the limp lettuce, tomatoes and the disgusting mayo that he liked so well. She hummed to herself as she put it together, and then cut it into two for him.

By the time she brought it to him, though, he had fallen asleep where he sat.

Pepper smiled, and wrapped the sandwich in plastic, putting it in the fridge. Then she covered him with a blanket that was draped over the couch and headed for the door.

“FRIDAY? Tell him his sandwich is in the fridge when he wakes up and nag him until he eats it.”

Without another word, she left, turning the lights off behind her.

She had some calls to make.

“You’re sure?”
“Pretty sure.”

“You understand how annoyed I’ll be if you’re lying to me…?”

The desk clerk nodded, cowed and aroused at the same time. She was incredibly sexy, but he was terrified of her.

“I’m not. It’s him. He came in five days ago and rented a room upstairs. I remember because he was so wet, and thin.”

“Where is he, now?”

“I don’t know – I haven’t seen him since then.”

She looked at a security camera, drawing his eyes that way as well.

“Fake?”

“Yeah.”

“What room?”

“I don’t…” he looked at the books. “2003.”

“You don’t mention me. Understand?”

“Yeah.”

Romanoff made a slight gesture with her head, and she was suddenly joined by Steve Rogers, who had been guarding the lobby door and listening to her intimidate the desk clerk.

“You know… you’re kind of scary.”

She smiled.

“Yeah. I get that vibe, sometimes.”

They were slightly out of breath by the time they made it to the top floor, and the assassin walked to the door that was marked 2003. She put her ear to it, looking at Steve as she listened.

“Hear anything?”

“Someone coughing.”

“Young someone?”

“It’s a cough, Steve,” she said, rolling her eyes. “Not singing in the shower.”

She tapped, lightly on the door, but there was no response – and she hadn’t really expected one. She heard the cough, again, a little louder.

“We should have gotten the key,” Rogers said. “I’m not thrilled with the idea of going all the way back down to get it.”

“We don’t need it.”

She pulled out a knife and flipped it open, and jimmied the door for all of three seconds. Then a
quick motion to undo the security chain as she opened it, and without a sound the two of them were suddenly in the room.

“Ugh…”

It smelt terrible, and they both felt their eyes watering almost immediately.

Romanoff went to the bed, frowning at the boy, who was bundled in the blankets, which were soiled with urine and worse. She saw his clothes on the chair near the window. The room was boiling hot - which probably added to the reek.

“Peter?”

Her soft query was answered with a racking cough, and she shook her head.

“He’s sick.”

“Take him to the hospital sick?” Steve asked. “Or to the compound sick?”

“Peter?” she tapped his cheek, gently, which was flushed and red. He opened his eyes at the contact, and she saw they were dull and tired. But he looked at her. “Hey… wake up.”

“Natasha?”

She nodded, and looked at Steve. He wasn’t delirious.

“We’ll take him to the compound.” Romanoff pulled the blankets off him, carefully, and tossed them aside. He was naked and covered in his own filth. “As soon as we get him cleaned up.”

Rogers nodded.

“I’ll go find some towels.”

“Stay with us, okay?” she told the boy, running her fingers through his dirty, messy hair. “We’re going to get you straightened out and feeling better.”

“I’m tired…”

The complaint ended with a deep cough than left him trembling and leaning against her.

“It’s okay,” Romanoff assured him. “We’ve got you. You can rest.”

When Rogers returned a few minutes later with a couple of somewhat clean towels, they wet them down and wiped the boy’s body as clean as they could. She noted in passing that his leg looked like it was almost healed – a small victory, but if it hadn’t been, the open wound would have almost certainly infected. So they’d take it.

Steve held Peter while they dressed him in his own jeans and t-shirt, and then scooped him up into his arms, easily.

“Got him?”

“Yeah.”

He didn’t mention that the boy was painfully light. They’d both seen those ribs and his gaunt face.
“Let’s get out of here. I’ll call Tony from the car.”
Happy was in the apartment when the call came in through FRIDAY. Tony closed his eyes, relieved, and felt the driver slap his shoulder, excitedly.

There wasn’t a lot of information to give him, Romanoff told them. She and Steve had Peter, who was clearly sick and was in and out of lucidness just then. They were on their way to the compound, and she’d already called ahead and Robert would be waiting for them.

“I’ll drive you out there,” Happy told him.

“I can drive myself,” he assured him. “Or better yet, I’ll go Ironman and get there even sooner that way.”

“I want to check on him, too,” he was told. Besides, there was no way Stark should be behind the wheel of a car just then. Not as wiped out as he was. Probably better not to have him in a suit of high-tech armor, either. “You’ll want to pack him some clothes, though.”

“Yes. Good point.”

While Happy made a quick meal of sandwiches to feed Stark on the drive, the billionaire went into Peter’s room and grabbed a couple of changes of clothes for the boy, feeling another surge of relief go through him as he and his driver met in the living room. Happy took the bundle of clothes from him and hit the elevator button.

“Let’s go see how he’s doing.”

Tony was distracted enough on the drive that he ate everything that Happy handed him. Three sandwiches and two sliced bananas – which was more than he’d had to eat, combined. in a couple of days.

Steve was alerted to their arrival and was waiting when Happy pulled the car up to the entrance to let Stark out by Rogers.

“I’ll park and come find you.”

Tony thanked him and got out, his eyes only on Steve.

“How is he?”

“Dr. Anderson is getting him cleaned up, now, and running tests.”

“Where did you guys find him?”

It hadn’t been important when Romanoff had called, but now he was curious.

“A rent by the day hotel in Queens.”

“How does he look?”

“He was pretty weak,” Steve told him as they walked inside and headed for the infirmary. “Natasha thinks that he was probably in bed for days, to judge by how filthy he was. Too weak to take care of
himself. He was coughing when we got him, but he woke up and he knew us – which is why we brought him here, instead of a hospital.”

“Thanks, Steve.”

“You owe me, Tony,” Rogers told him with a smile. “I had to carry him down nineteen flights of stairs. He’s not heavy, but that’s still a lot of stairs.”

Stark actually smiled at that, but lost the smile when they rounded the final corner of the corridor and saw Romanoff leaning against a doorway, watching activity in a room. Tony stopped beside her, reaching for her hand, automatically, as he looked into the room as well.

There were two nurses with Dr. Anderson. All were fussing over Peter, who wasn’t aware of any of the scrutiny, since he was clearly asleep – even from the door. He had an IV stand beside the bed with more than one bag attached to it, and there were tubes and hoses running from the boy to various equipment that was clearly designed to monitor his progress.

“How is he?” Tony asked.

Romanoff squeezed his hand.

“He’s pretty out of it. Sick and underweight – but he was scrawny before, so that’s nothing new. Just the illness.”

“How did you find him?”

“A lot of canvassing in the neighborhood around the convenience store. I conscripted every SHIELD agent I could grab and inundated the area until we got a hit. Sorry it took so long.”

“Thank you so much.”

“Go check on him. I’m going to go get a drink. Come find me, later.”

She squeezed his hand and left him alone in the doorway, Steve following her, and Stark walked in as the doctor looked up at him.

“Tony…” he said, looking down at the boy. “Not exactly what I thought you meant when you offered to save me the house call to check his leg.”

“I know. How is he, Robert?”

“He’s sick, poor guy. Exposure, dehydration – if it’s not pneumonia I’ll kiss your ass in the middle of the street at high noon. Romanoff says he was holed up in a little room and from what she saw he’d managed to buy himself food, but hadn’t eaten any of it. Probably too tired to take care of any of it, initially, and then too weak, after the illness took hold.”

“You look like shit, though. When did you sleep, last?”

“It’s been a while,” the billionaire admitted.

“Well, say hello to him and then go get some sleep. I’ve got him on a fair cocktail of medications,
right now, so you’ll be lucky if he can manage more than a hello. Which is fine. By the time you’ve managed to get some sleep – and something to eat – and get yourself looking more like yourself so you don’t scare him, he’ll be feeling a little better, as well.”

“Thanks, Robert.”

The doctor and both nurses left the room.

He walked over to the bed, and looked down at the boy sleeping in it. Peter’s face was pale and – if possible – even thinner than Tony remembered it being. The bruise on his lip was almost faded, and the cut was barely noticeable. They’d put him in blue flannel pajamas and had him bundled under several warmed blankets. Stark could hear his raspy breathing even before he sat himself on the edge of the bed. He reached for the boy’s hand and leaned over to put his cheek against Peter’s cheek for a moment.

“Hey, honey,” he whispered, sitting up again and tenderly pushing his bangs back from his forehead. “I’m here…”

Peter reacted, either to the voice that he had almost certainly been waiting to hear, or the touch that he’d ached to feel. Either way, those rich brown eyes that Tony loved so much opened, slowly, and turned his direction. They were glazed over, of course; a result of his illness, or the medication being fed into his system – or both – but Tony smiled to see them open, even if it was only for a moment. He felt the sting of tears and he leaned over, again, his face going into Peter’s shoulder as he sobbed, quietly, relief and fear and every emotion that had a name and many that didn’t all welling up within him, needing to be purged.

As he cried, he felt a tentative touch on his head and Peter’s hand came up to comfort him, although his eyes closed, tiredly. It was a long moment before Tony pulled himself away, reluctantly, and sniffed, wiping his eyes on his shoulder and catching the hand and kissing it, softly, before setting it on the boy’s chest.

“I’m going to let you get some sleep, but I’ll be right here if you need anything.”

There was no response; Peter was asleep, again, but that was fine. Tony kissed his cheek, then brushed his lips, and got up and left him to his rest.
Tony had permanent quarters in the Avengers compound. He built the place, after all, it was only fair that they afforded him a place to sleep if he was in the area and working. He fully intended to go there and get some sleep, but he wanted to stop in and talk to Romanoff and Rogers for a minute, and knew that Happy would come looking for him – once his driver had had a chance to check on Peter, as well.

As such, he walked into the lounge not long after leaving Peter, and sure enough, Natasha and Steve were both there, sharing a table and speaking, softly.

“Well?” Steve asked as Stark got himself a drink and then joined them. “Did he wake up?”

“Only for a minute,” Tony answered. “And he didn’t say anything.”

“He’ll be fine, Tony,” Romanoff assured him. “He’s tough.”

“Yes.”

But he wasn’t. He was so young, and so fragile, and now he was so very sick.

“Do we need to worry about the authorities looking for him?” Steve asked, curiously.

“No. I’m not going to broadcast that we have him – yet – but if they find out, they’re not going to come to the door looking to take him from us. I had a long discussion about Peter’s case with various high-ranking public officials and have been given temporary custody of him until such time as a permanent solution is applied. Pepper’s working on that. Once we – and that we includes Peter – decide what’s the best course of action, then that’s what we’ll do.”

“They gave you custody of him?”

“Temporary, but, yes. They really didn’t have a choice. Peter’s an embarrassment to them – they let him fall through the world’s largest crack and for three months. I reminded them that I am a very loud and vocal person with a billion followers on social media and plenty of time to post anything that might suit my fancy. They didn’t exactly bend over backward to do what I said, but no one complained – publicly – when Pepper asked the judge for the injunction.”

“So he’s fine here, then, until he’s healthy,” Natasha said, approvingly, looking over as Happy walked into the lounge, too, and went to get a drink before he joined them. “Good. We’ll be able to keep a better eye on him, here.”

“Agreed.” Stark looked at Happy. “You saw him?”

“Yeah. He looks awful.”

“Should have seen him two hours ago,” Steve said.

“How did you track him to the hotel?” Tony asked, Natasha.

“One of the SHIELD guys asked the right homeless person. We were flashing his school photo to everyone. Guy saw him go into the hotel on Wednesday morning with a bag of groceries and didn’t see him come out. Homeless people are pretty observant. They have to be in order to find their next meal – or fix.”
“We’ll want to find that guy and reward him.”

“Already did.”

“You’re sticking around here?” Happy asked the billionaire.

“Yes. Thanks. You don’t need to, though. I’m not going to be going anywhere for a while.”

The driver shrugged.

“I’ll wait around until I know he’s awake and talking.”

“We’ll get you a room,” Steve told him.

“Speaking of,” Natasha said. “You look like you could use some rest, yourself. Go get some sleep, Tony.”

“I want to be there when Peter wakes up.”

“I’ll watch him and call you. Go. And do something with the stubble on your face, too. You look scruffy.”

Stark finished his drink and did what he was told. He left them to their conversation and went to his quarters. He took a shower, first, shaving while he was in there because he couldn’t stand the thought of looking scruffy – which was probably why Romanoff had used that particular word in the first place – and then went to bed, curling up to a pillow and trying to pretend it was Peter next to him, holding him close and keeping the bad dreams away.

>>> True to her word, when Tony walked into the infirmary several hours later, looking much more rested and refreshed than he had, Natasha was seated in a chair next to the bed Peter was sleeping in. She had her feet propped up on the edge of the bed and was sharpening a knife, patiently, and smiled when she saw him enter the room.

“You look better.”

“I feel better. Thank you. Has he woken?”

“No. Hasn’t moved since I sat down. They’ve been in and out changing IV bags and his breathing isn’t quite as hoarse, I think. They gave him some kind of treatment; blew some medication down into his lungs or something with a pipe-looking thing. It was creepy.”

Stark smiled. This from a woman who was sharpening a dagger just to keep herself from being bored?

“As long as it works.”

“Do you have him, then?”

“Yeah. I’ll stick around and keep an eye on him. I said thanks?”

“You did.”

“Thanks, Natasha.”
She smiled, standing up and stretching as she put the knife away.

“You’re welcome. I’ll check in on you when they bring breakfast.”

There weren’t any windows, but Tony had a watch and knew it was just past midnight, now. He realized something else, as well, suddenly.

“Do me a favor and have someone order up a birthday cake.”

“It’s his birthday?”

“Not, yet, but he’ll turn sixteen in three days. I had planned on making it, myself, and having an Avenger theme. I won’t make it, but given our current location, I think the theme is appropriate. Looks like there’ll be a few more than I anticipated.”

The assassin smiled at that.

“I’m not your personal secretary, Tony.”

“I know.”

“But I don’t mind being Peter’s – for the day, anyway. I’ll take care of the cake. You’ll have to figure out the guest list.”

He shrugged.

“It won’t be a long one, we already know that.”

“We’ll see about that. As long as he’s well enough to enjoy it.”

She left without another word, brushing her hand along his shoulder, supportively. Rather than take the chair that she’d abandoned, Tony, settled himself on the edge of the bed. He didn’t want to pester Peter, but he wanted to reassure himself, and he wanted to see those brown eyes, once more.

He reached down and touched the porcelain cheek with tender fingertips.

“Peter?”

There wasn’t an immediate response, but Tony wasn’t in any hurry, and he didn’t press. He just continued to brush his fingers against Peter’s cheek, then his jaw and his neck, relieved and satisfied with simply being with him and caressing him. Reassuring himself that he was really there, and was really going to be alright. He murmured gentle words of encouragement to the boy as he touched him, reminding him just how wonderful he was. How strong. How amazing.

Eventually the boy’s eyes fluttered open and he looked around, owlishly, without moving his head – which was probably aching, Stark decided.

“Honey? Look at me…”

Peter did, and the boy’s expression went from slightly pained and uncertain to worried and scared.

“Tony…?”

He smiled, immediately trying to reassure, without overwhelming him. With the medications he was on, Tony knew he’d need to be slow and methodical to avoid confusing or scaring the boy.
“Hey, honey. You’re okay.”

“Tired.”

“Yeah. Go back to sleep, okay?”

Peter raised a hand. Not far; about to his side. A wordless entreaty followed by a gentle admission in a hoarse whisper.

“How do you feel?”

His voice sounded beyond tired, really.

“Yeah. You’re okay. We’re at the compound.”

“Tired.”

Tony took the hand, leaning over and kissing the boy’s cheek, and then his lips, gently.

“How do you feel?”

Peter closed his eyes, which told Stark exactly how he felt without words. But Peter eventually did answer.

“Yeah. Go back to sleep, okay?”

Peter raised a hand. Not far; about to his side. A wordless entreaty followed by a gentle admission in a hoarse whisper.

“Tired.”

Tony took the hand, leaning over and kissing the boy’s cheek, and then his lips, gently.

“You don’t have to be. I’m here. I’ll stay with you, honey.”

The boy opened his mouth, as if he was going to say something else, but instead he nodded, and his grip went limp as he fell asleep, once more.

Stark released his hand and transferred over to the chair and settled in, listening to the monitors and the sound of Peter’s raspy breathing.
Peter’s sleep was restless. Images were flashing through his mind so quickly that his illness-muddled and drug-fuddled mind couldn’t actually hold onto them long enough to make any sense of them, but slow enough that he could see them and feel the anxiety and other emotions that came with them. Images of the rain and the corner of the roof that he’d huddled in. The people from the school and the state were always chasing him, no matter where he tried to hide. The dingy room where he’d disgraced himself by wetting the bed, because he just couldn’t pull himself out of it in time to make it to the bathroom.

He heard voices, too; Tony’s most frequently. The billionaire whispering into his ear, assuring him that he was there, reminding him, gently, that he was fine, was wanted, was safe and was very much loved. There was also a woman, and his tired mind was sure that it was Natasha Romanoff, even though his more lucid moments left him wondering why he would be imagining that there were Avengers hanging out with him, talking to him in his sleep. Even the others, but he wasn’t so certain.

The dreams were the scariest, though. He kept seeing Tony leave him. Mad at him for running away, or mad at him for staying. It seemed that he couldn’t win, either way. He apologized, repeatedly, and promised not to do it, again, ignoring the disembodied voices that told him he didn’t have any reason to apologize, at all.

And he was always cold.

Even when he felt like he was burning up, he was shivering and asking for them to turn up the heat. It was never enough, either. They would tell him he was fine; they would even be right beside him in the bed, holding him close and allowing him to share their body heat, and still he shook, with cold and with fear.

He heard Tony’s voice. Heard a feminine reply and then a warm body settle in beside him in the bed, arms going around him and a warmed blanket being pulled up around them and tucked under him. Warm blankets. A warm body. Secure and suddenly not as restless, Peter sighed, and suddenly realized that he wasn’t so cold, after all, either. He drifted off, again, but the dreams stayed away, and so did the cold.

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“How’s he doing?”

Tony looked down at the boy who was tucked against his side, and then at Steve.

“Fever broke in the middle of the night. He’s finally getting some real sleep.”

“That’s a relief.”

“Yeah.”

“Need me to take him for a while?”

Stark shook his head, but offered up a smile. The Avengers might not know about Peter’s extraordinary abilities, but they had certainly rallied around the boy as if he were one of them. The ones that had actually met him had all been in to check on him one way or another – including Bruce and Happy, even – and Steve and Natasha had both spelled Tony those times when he’d been sent to get sleep or something to eat by the medical staff. Neither of them had shown any self-consciousness
when it came to taking Stark’s spot beside the boy, sharing warmth and security as he needed it. Peter was always restless, no matter who was with him, and always trembled in their arms.

“No. Thanks, Steve. I’ll stay with him until Robert sends me packing.”

The one disadvantage to being at the compound instead of at his apartment; the people around him were – in many ways – as strong-willed as he was, and had no problem telling him what to do and nagging him mercilessly until he did it. Of course, the benefits of being where they were greatly overrode that minor nuisance, and Tony was relieved that Peter’s recovery was in more competent hands than his own.

The cough was minimal, now – although his breathing was still raspy – and now the fever was gone, as well, taking the shaking with it.

“Call me if you need me.”

“I will, thanks.”

Rogers left, and Tony turned his attention to the boy, once more, shifting just a little to get more comfortable and move Peter to a more comfortable position. They’d moved him into an actual bed rather than a hospital one, since he didn’t need to be mobile for testing or anything, and it would be more comfortable, too.

It was definitely more comfortable for those lounging next to him.

“Tony…?”

Moving him must have woken him, Stark realized, brushing his hand against Peter’s cheek and looking down to see that his eyes were, in fact open. And looking a little less confused than they had been, lately.

“Hi, honey. I’m here.”

“Where are we?”

His voice was just above a whisper, but there wasn’t any fear or anxiety in it, like he’d shown the many times he’d started apologizing in response to God only knew what terrible things were playing out in his illness-fogged mind.

“The Avenger’s compound.”

Tony had told him that before, of course, in the many one-sided conversations that he’d had with the boy while trying to calm him. This time, he seemed to be paying more attention.

“Really?”

“Yeah, Peter. When you’re feeling better, we’ll show you around, okay?”

He nodded, closing his eyes, but burying his face against Tony’s shirt.

“I’d like that.”

“Do you hurt, honey?”

“No. Is my leg okay?”
“It’s fine. Almost completely healed, Robert says.”

Peter was silent for a minute and Tony thought that he might have fallen asleep again, if not for the tenseness he could feel in the slim body huddled against him.

“Did you ask him if he golfs?”

The billionaire chuckled, relieved that he was well enough – or at least lucid enough – to remember that question was one that he’d been planning on asking the doctor.

“No, baby. Not yet. Remind me the next time he comes in, okay?”

“Alright.” Another pause, and then the hand holding him tightened. “I waited for you.”

Tony gathered Peter into his arms, mindful of the wires and tubes but needing to reassure him with his touch. He felt his eyes stinging, and forced down the tears that threatened at the thought that Peter might believe that he’d abandoned him when he’d needed him the most.

“I know, honey,” he said, rocking the boy, tenderly. “I didn’t get the message until it was too late. I’m so sorry.”

“I love you.”

Stark smiled, brushing his fingers through Peter’s hair, soothing him.

“I love you, too. Get some sleep, okay? I have something planned for you when you’re feeling better.”

“What?”

“It’s a surprise. Go to sleep.”

Peter might have argued if he were feeling better, but the short conversation that they’d had was all he was up to, at the moment. He was too tired for much more, and the fact that he went back to sleep so quickly was proof of it. Tony held him until he was certain that he was asleep, and then eased him back into the position beside him, which would be more comfortable with all the wires.

He pulled the blanket back up over the sleeping boy and picked up his tablet once more, picking up where he’d been when Steve had come in to check on them.
When Peter woke, next, he was alone in the bed. But not alone. He opened his eyes, finding himself on his back, propped into an upright position by a mountain of pillows, presumably. He was in a small room, with white walls, no windows, and very little furniture aside from the bed that he was in. There was a TV on the wall directly in front of him, an open door that led to a bathroom, and when he turned his head, he saw that there was a chair beside the bed.

Occupied at the moment by Natasha Romanoff, who was holding a book in her hand, but set it aside when he turned his head, and smiled at him.

“Good morning.”

It was a gentle smile, that made her eyes warm and made Peter want to smile, too.

“Morning.”

His voice was raspy, his throat dry. Peter coughed, softly, and she reached for a cup with a straw and held it toward him.

“Here, Peter, take a sip.”

It was only water, but it was exactly what he wanted. He was so thirsty. She pulled it away before he had as much as he wanted, though, with an apologetic look.

“We’re not supposed to let you have too much at a time,” the Avenger told him. “Your stomach isn’t giving you any problems right now, and Robert wants to keep it that way.”

He nodded, looking around, again.

“I’m really at the compound?”

“You are,” she confirmed. “We brought you here five days ago.”

He brought his head down to the pillow, too tired to hold it up. Five days. He was never going to catch up on the schoolwork that he was missing. There was no way. Presuming he was even allowed back after taking off like he had. Maybe they’d put him in jail, or something to keep him from running, again. Wherever it was, it wasn’t going to have Tony. Or Avengers. The thought made him tear up, and Romanoff noticed, immediately, of course, and responded, automatically – even though she didn’t know why he was upset.

She reached out and brushed his too long hair back from his forehead, tenderly.

“It’s okay, Peter. We’re happy you’re here. We want you here.”

He sniffed, gathering the shredded remains of what little dignity he had left – bawling in front of an Avenger; they’d never take him seriously.

“You found me?”

Did he remember that right?

She nodded, still brushing her fingers against his forehead.
“Steve and I did. Tony was so worried about you. So we went out hunting for you, found you, scooped you up and brought you back here to make sure you were taken care of, properly.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Where’s Tony?”

“He’s off sleeping,” she replied. “Or he’s supposed to be. He doesn’t always do what they tell him to do.” She smiled. “We’re supposed to tell Robert when you wake up enough to have an actual conversation so he can feed you – *breakfast*, in this case. Can you stay awake?”

He nodded.

“Yes. I think so.”

“Good.” She leaned over and brushed a gentle kiss against his forehead as she stood. “Stay put. I’ll be right back.”

“Ohkay.”

He wasn’t *going* anywhere, obviously. He saw that he was hooked up – with wires – to what he recognized as an IV, and wondered what the clear fluid that was being administered was. He’d seen enough movies and hospital dramas to know that one was probably saline to keep him from dehydrating, but the other could be anything.

Before he had much chance to do more than that, there was a gentle tap at the door and it opened, admitting the doctor Peter remembered having met at Tony’s when he’d looked at his leg, and Natasha. That reminded him that he wanted to look at his leg and see how it looked, but he didn’t have a chance, just then.

“Peter,” the doctor said, smiling. “I’m glad to see you awake and alert. How do you feel?”

“A little tired,” he admitted.

“Yes. That’s to be expected. Do you remember me?”

“Robert.”

“Excellent.” The doctor pressed a cool hand against the boy’s forehead. “Do you know where you are?”

“At the Avenger’s compound.”

“And how old are you?”

“Fifteen.”

Natasha smiled.

“Wrong. Today’s your birthday. You’re *sixteen*.”

He looked over at her.

“Really?”
“Scouts honor.” She held up two fingers, like she was taking an oath. “Happy birthday, sweetheart.”

He smiled.

“Wow.”

Robert smiled, too, and another person – a big, hulking guy who probably weighed twice what Peter did – walked in, carrying a tray with some medical implements on it.

“Why don’t we clear some of this equipment, then, and then feed you some breakfast to celebrate?” the doctor asked, gesturing to the man to set the tray on the bed by Peter.

“Okay.”

“Natasha? Scoot.”

She rolled her eyes, but got up and did as she was told, and Peter would have told him she didn’t mind her being there, but a moment later he was relieved that she’d been sent away, since some of the equipment had been a catheter and Peter was uncomfortable enough when it was removed – he definitely wouldn’t have wanted her in the room with them.

“I was sick?” Peter asked Robert.

“You’re still sick,” he confirmed. “We’ve got it under control, now, though. Do what we tell you to do and I’ll have you on your feet in a couple of weeks.”

“A couple of weeks?”

“Yes. Don’t be so surprised. Being underweight like you were made you susceptible to getting sick, and being exposed to the weather we had, before, was just pneumonia waiting to happen. You’re going to need to get a lot of rest, more than anything, and gain some weight back. On the plus side, your leg looks good, so we’re not going to have to worry about that.”

“Oh.”

He was still trying to wrap his mind around being in bed for a couple of more weeks.

They finished clearing all the equipment, including the IVs, and covered him up, again.

“Breakfast is on its way,” the doctor told him. “We’re going to keep you in here, today, and see how you’re looking tomorrow. You can get up to use the bathroom – with help – but other than that, you stay in bed, alright? You’re going to be weak from being asleep for so long and I don’t want you taking a fall.”

“Alright. Thank you.”

He smiled.

“You’re welcome. Now-“

Whatever he said was interrupted by another knock on the door, and this time it was Tony Stark who stuck his head into the room. Peter felt his heart pound faster and a little surge of something that was a cross between giddiness and happiness when he saw him.

“Am I interrupting?”
“No. Come in,” the doctor said. “I was just telling Peter my expectations for the day, and you might as well hear them, too.”

Tony walked over, his eyes on Peter, who was watching him. He was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, with an unzipped sweatshirt over it, sleeves pushed up.

“How do you feel?” he asked the boy as he moved out of the way of Robert, but found a good spot to sit on the edge of Peter’s bed, close at hand.

“Okay. A little tired.”

“No headaches, and his breathing’s pretty clear,” the doctor confirmed. “We’ve taken out the catheter and the IV lines, which means he’s on his own for better or worse. I want him in bed, today, except for trips to the bathroom. If you’re not here to help him, then call for one of the nurses to give him a hand. He’s not to be on his feet for more than that. He probably won’t want to be.”

“It’s his birthday, Robert.”

“I’m aware.”

“Maybe one little excursion tonight?”

The doctor hesitated.

“In a wheelchair. And then right back to bed. Until I say otherwise, he’s not to leave his bed for anything but the bathroom. Got it?”

Peter nodded, immediately. Tony only a moment later.

“Yes.”

“Good. His breakfast is coming.” He looked at Peter. “No strawberries and no latex, according to Tony, here. Anything else we need to know?”

“No, sir.”

“Good. Eat your breakfast and get some rest. If he needs anything, Tony, call me.”

“Thanks, Robert.”

The doctor nodded, and left, and the nurse went with him, closing the door behind them. Tony smiled at Peter, and brushed his bangs back before leaning over to kiss his forehead and then his lips, tenderly.

“I’m so glad to see you sitting upright, honey. You had me so worried.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

“I’ve really been here five days?”

“Six, technically.”

“What’s going to happen to me?” the boy asked, unable to stop himself from worrying. “I can’t miss that much school. They’re going to hold me back, and what about the woman from the state? She
must be looking for me and they’re going to put me in—"

“Shhh… honey, stop. You’re going to upset yourself and undo all the rest that you’ve been getting.” Tony shifted enough that he could put an arm around the boy, but didn’t cuddle against him. He was going to need his hands free to eat, after all. “CPS isn’t going to do anything to you. They know where you are, and they’re fine. We’ll worry about school, later. You’re smart enough to catch up, and between myself and the geniuses here, we can help you with anything you need. Understand?”

“Not really…”

He chuckled, and kissed him, again.

“Do you trust me?”

“Yes.”

“Then trust me and don’t worry. Nothing is going to happen to you. You’re safe and you’re going to be fine. Alright?”

“Alright.”

“Happy birthday.”

Peter smiled, and Tony’s expression softened as his heart flip-flopped inside his chest at the sight. “Thank you.”

“We’ll celebrate later.”

Another tap on the door and a woman rolled in a cart that held a tray with a few covered dishes. “Hungry?” she asked, cheerfully, as she rolled it over to the bed.

“Yes.”

She smiled and handed the tray to Tony, who put it over Peter’s lap before uncovering the food. Eggs, sausages and toast with grape jelly on the side. A bottle of orange juice.

“I’ll come check on you later,” she told them both, and left them, closing the door behind her.

“It looks good,” Tony said, situating himself next to Peter, with an arm casually sliding behind him so he could touch him and not be in the way.

“Did you eat?”

“Yes. Don’t let it get cold, okay?”

The sooner they put some weight back on him, the better.

Peter did what he was told, but he didn’t make it all the way through the meal. He’d been awake long enough to reassure himself that all was well with his world, and his body was ready to sleep, again, whether he agreed or not. In between the sausage and the toast, he found himself listing almost drunkenly against the billionaire’s warm, comforting presence, and before he made it to the eggs – which were runny and not his first priority, anyway – he was dozing.

Tony smiled, not at all concerned. He moved the tray out of the way and simply relaxed beside Peter,
still holding him from behind, tucking his head against his shoulder so he was more comfortable. He craned his head around a little so he could kiss him, softly, and smiled when the boy's lips twitched, automatically, in response to the touch.

“I love you, honey.”
Tony woke him, gently, at lunchtime, easing him awake with a careful touch and soothing words. Peter sat himself up, willingly enough, and ate most of the meal put in front of him; soup with noodles and chicken, and half a chicken salad sandwich. Tony wasn’t the only one to sit with him, either, as he ate.

“Company is coming,” Stark warned him as he put the tray over his lap, brushing a kiss against his forehead as he did.

“Oh. Who?”

“Bruce and Natasha are going to eat with us,” he was told. Tony smiled, obviously amused by something, even though he didn’t mention what it was. “They think you need more company than just me, now that you’re awake and more interesting than you were when you were just sleeping.”

Peter didn’t mind; he had spent time with both, before, and liked them. Even better, he was comfortable with both of them. And probably did a lousy job of hiding that he was excited that either of them wanted to be with him.

“Really?”

The billionaire rolled his eyes, but he nodded.

“They should be here any-“ A knock on the door interrupted him, and Bruce’s head poked into the door, looking around. “Time.”

“He’s decent,” Banner said, looking back over his shoulder and opening the door, more. “Come on.”

Natasha was with him, and they were holding bags that were labeled as coming from a sandwich shop Peter had never heard of. The two walked over to the bed and Bruce claimed the only other chair in the room, leaving Romanoff to sit on the edge of the bed.

“How are you feeling?” she asked Peter as she parceled out sandwiches from the bag, handing one to Tony and Bruce before taking the last for herself. “You look better.”

“I’m okay,” Peter assured her. “A little tired.”

A lot tired. But he didn’t need to tell her – and she could see it without him mentioning it.

“A lot of sleep will set you right,” Bruce told him. “And as much food as you can stuff down him, Tony. He’s way too thin.”

“We’re working on it,” Stark assured him with another smile.

Despite being tired, lunch was entertaining for Peter, and he forced himself to try to stay awake and enjoy it. Both Natasha and Bruce were good company, and they asked him all kinds of questions that hadn’t come up in Bruce’s lab, or while barbequing on the balcony of Tony’s apartment. Nothing so personal that Peter squirmed, or anything painful, but definitely things that plainly told the boy they were trying to get to know him better.

It was flattering and exciting – especially considering who they were – and he managed to keep himself awake through his soup and most of the sandwich before he just nodded off in the middle of
a conversation about his better subjects at school.

Natasha looked at Stark, who shrugged, unconcerned.

“Robert warned me not to worry when that happens. He’s really weak, still, guys, and there’s no immediate cure. Just as much sleep as he can get, and someone to keep the nightmares at bay so he can rest.”

“Do you need a break?” Bruce asked.

“Not right now. Thanks.” The billionaire smiled. “I appreciate you hanging out with him like this. He was pretty excited when he heard you were coming.”

“Rhodey sent me to gather intel,” Bruce admitted. “For tonight.”

It was amusing to hear him speak like a spy, and Romanoff and Stark both smiled at that.

“Did you?”

“Yes. I’ll see you this evening.”

He left, and Natasha looked at Stark.

“I’m going, too, then.”

“You got your intel, too?”

“I didn’t need it,” she admitted. “I learned what I needed at your place the first night. But I do need to get things set up.”

“If you need anything, just put it on a tab for me to handle.”

She snorted, gathering all their garbage and stuffing it back into the bag.

“I think he’s probably worth the bill. I’ll take care of it. Just make sure you get Cinderella here to his ball.”

“I will.”

The assassin left, taking Peter’s lunch tray, as well, and Tony debated whether he wanted to settle in beside Peter so that he could cuddle with him – and risk waking him up – or if he’d just watch him sleep from the chair he was sitting in. He decided to not risk waking him. Plenty of time to cuddle, later, after all. He wanted Peter rested for that night.

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“Peter?”

It wasn’t so hard to wake up. Not like before. Peter didn’t feel amazing, but he was young and enhanced, and even though he was sick and malnourished, the extra stamina was making a difference. Especially now that he was being fed and allowed to sleep.

He opened his eyes and saw Tony and the doctor standing by his bedside.

“Hey. Everything okay?”
“It’s fine, son. Sit up for me, will you?”

The boy did as he was told, and with Tony hovering over him, watching anxiously, the doctor checked Peter out, listening to his heart and lungs, especially, before asking him a few pointed questions about how he felt. Peter answered them, looking over the doctor’s shoulder at Tony, who would smile, softly, each time their eyes met.

God, he was adorable.

“Well?” Stark asked, when the examination wound down.

“You can have him for two hours. Then back into bed – unless he starts flagging before that.”

“Fair.” He looked at Peter as the doctor left the room, only to return in moments with a wheelchair.

“Ready to go?”

“Where are we going?”

“It’s a surprise. Let’s get you into your coach.”

They helped him out of the bed and into the wheelchair, and then – just to make sure – he was bundled in a blanket to keep him warm.

“I mean it, Tony. Two hours.”

“Come by and check on him,” Stark replied as he pushed Peter out of the room and they headed down a corridor.

“Where are we going?” Peter asked, again, looking around with interest.

It was the Avenger’s compound, after all, and he was excited to see more of it than just the white walls of the room he’d been in.

“You’ll see,” was the evasive answer. “Are you warm enough?”

“Yes, thanks.”

They came around another turn and entered a large open area. The lights were low, but Peter didn’t have any trouble seeing everything around it. It was a room, with a bar against one wall and several tables with chairs scattered throughout and a couple of sofas, pinball machines and a dartboard against the other wall. Also present was a giant flat screen TV on the wall.

None of it was being used at the moment, but suddenly the lights went on and several people stood up from behind the bar.

“Surprise!”

Peter smiled as he realized that he recognized many of them – and that the room was somewhat decorated with party favors of all sorts, and each of them proclaiming in one way or another that someone had just turned sixteen.

“What’s this?” he asked, turning to look over his shoulder at Tony, who was smiling at the surprise in his expression.
“We’re having a *baby shower,*” came the reply – automatically sarcastic, but he couldn’t help himself. He smiled to soften the words, and hugged him from behind – but didn’t kiss him, like he wanted to. “Happy birthday, honey,” he said, softly.
“It’s a birthday party?” Peter asked, flushing with a mixture of excitement and pleasure, as the others came out from behind the bar and the lights went on. “Really?”

“Of course. You’re the only one having a birthday, today, and we had to use up the decorations.”

“Happy birthday, Peter,” Natasha told him, coming up and leaning over to kiss his cheek.

The boy’s blush deepened, amusing Tony. Yeah, he was more than happy in his bed, but Peter clearly didn’t have any aversion to being made much of by a beautiful woman, did he?

“Thanks.”

“We have to feed you,” Tony told him, pushing the wheelchair over to one of the larger tables. “So you’re going to eat, and meet some of the others, before we do cake and presents.”

“Presents?”

“Of course. It’s not a birthday without presents.”

“Listen to him, Peter,” Bruce said, overhearing the conversation as he and Rhodey walked over, as well, both already holding drinks. “You have to have presents. It’s a scientific fact – I could write out a proof, if you need me to.”

Peter blushed, again, and Tony was touched by just how happy he looked, just then. The party was a great idea, and the others were being amazing. Natasha pulled Tony away from his spot beside the wheelchair.

“Go get his dinner, Tony,” she ordered. “I’ll make the introductions.”

Stark looked down at Peter, questioningly, but the boy was perfectly comfortable with Romanoff. Clearly the most dangerous woman in the world – probably – had him firmly wrapped around her finger, and knew it.

“I’ll be back in a bit. No booze for him.”

She snorted, and shooed him away, gesturing for the others to come and say hi to their guest of honor – and their excuse to have a party on a weeknight.

By the time Tony brought his dinner, Peter had met more Avengers and SHIELD agents than he’d have believed he ever would. The more well-known ones, like Steve Rogers and even Sam Wilson, and then the behind the scenes people, who didn’t tell him what their responsibilities were, save that they looked more like spies to the boy – based on his years of spy movies, but no actual practical experience.

He was also introduced to some of the other medical staff and an on-call surgeon, as well as the bartender and a couple of cooks.

When he’d eaten, Romanoff had whisked him away in his wheelchair and challenged him and Hawkeye to darts, and had unknowingly started an insane competition between the three of them that had all the others placing wagers on the outcome of the matches.
None of them actually knew he had any super-human skills – except Tony, of course – but they were learning. The boy’s hand-eye coordination was phenomenal, especially with the practice that it had taken him to learn to shoot webbing exactly where it needed to go to precipitate a proper swing, and he was as good at darts as Hawkeye and Natasha, both. And had proven it, much to the encouragement of those who were betting on him.

Then Tony had come to reclaim him, telling everyone it was time for cake – which had been met with approval, as well.

The cake was enormous. Chocolate with chocolate frosting on one half, white cake and vanilla frosting on the other. Perfect for everyone. On it were sixteen candles, and written in frosting was Happy Birthday Peter with an Avenger’s A underneath it.

“That’s a nice touch,” Tony said, softly, to Romanoff, knowing she was the one responsible for it.

She smiled.

“Something tells me he’s going to be a somewhat permanent fixture around here, one way or another.”

The billionaire winked, and then borrowed a lighter from the bartender and lit the candles.

“Make a wish, Peter,” Steve said.

The boy’s smile was practically frozen on his face, but he nodded, closed his eyes for just a moment, and then blew out the candles – with a couple of tries. He was sick, after all.

“I’ll cut this and start dishing it up,” Sam said, taking the cake. “What flavor do you want, birthday boy?”

“Chocolate. Thank you.”

Suddenly, there was a small pile of gaily wrapped presents sitting on the table in front of him and one lone birthday card.

Peter opened the card, first, and saw that it was signed by all of them, rather than each of them getting him a separate one. He was amazed, and it showed in his expression. And he was touched, and that showed, too. Tony followed the boy’s eyes as he read each individual message, some simply a greeting with a signature, others a little more personal and he smiled, softly, as Peter’s eyes watered just a little.

Finally, he looked up at the group watching him.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Natasha told him. “Open your presents, so we can have cake.”

The boy picked up one from Happy, first, and found two open ended tickets for admission to Coney Island, which made him smile – and made Tony roll his eyes as the driver winked. Then he found a handsome chess set made of a combination of wood and marble from Natasha, who kissed him, exuberantly, when he thanked her.

Which made him blush and made the others laugh.

The presents were fun.
The Avengers didn’t know him well – some only had the information that Bruce and Natasha had garnered from their questioning at lunch and had hurried to buy gifts that he might like; books, games, a box of various science experiments from Bruce, who promised that when they did them they would add a little more intricacy to them to make them less juvenile and a lot more interesting. Considering the components that he had available to him in his lab at the tower, Peter knew it would be a lot of fun.

All were sincere, though, and Peter knew it. And appreciated it.

He thanked them, again and again, and they assured him that he was welcomed. Then they fed him cake and ice cream before Robert nudged Tony and reminded him that he was over the two hour time restraint and it was time to get Peter back into his bed.

Everyone said goodnight to him, and with his present piled into his lap and his heart singing happily in his chest, Peter was pushed back to his little medical room by Tony – who assured the doctor and his staff that he could handle getting Peter to bed.

“Thank you,” the boy said, his eyes bright with pleasure, as Stark piled the presents onto the rolling table that was situated by his bed.

“Did you have a good time?” Tony asked him, unnecessarily.

It was written all over his face.

“Yes.”

When Stark put an arm around the boy to help him out of the chair and into the bed, Peter held him, tightly, burying his face against the older man’s shoulder. Tony groaned, softly, and hugged him close, glad that he’d closed and locked the door behind them. Peter wasn’t going to be up to anything physical anytime soon, but Tony was fine with simply holding him for as long as he wanted him to, as well.

“God, I love you, honey,” he murmured into his ear, pressing a series of tender kisses against the porcelain cheek since it was all he could reach with Peter tucked against him the way he was. “My beautiful boy. So amazing. So brave. So sexy…”

Peter clung to him, soaking up the love and the attention that Tony was giving him, shaking a little with emotions that he couldn’t suppress, just then.

“I love you, too, Tony,” he whispered into his neck, finally, as he pulled away.

Stark kissed him, properly, then, and couldn’t help when his hands slid down and cupped the boy’s ass, pulling him close for a moment before he gently put him to bed and drew the covers over him, warmly.

“You didn’t open my present,” he reminded Peter.

“You got me a present? I thought the party was from you.”

“Natasha did most of the work organizing the party,” Tony admitted, kissing him, again, licking his tongue along the boy’s lower lip. “I would have had a magician – or a clown. So it’s probably better that she did it.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small box, which he handed to Peter.
“Wow…”

It was a watch. Black and gleaming, with an analogue face, but several buttons that told the boy there was much more to it than what met the eye. The band was black metal as well, but Peter saw it was engraved with his name. The date. And an Avenger’s A.

“Like it?”

“I love it.”

“It has a built-in communications feature,” Tony told him. “Which I will show you how to use, later. But there’s a direct line to me.” He snapped his fingers and pointed at Peter’s wrist and the boy offered him his hand, watching as the billionaire put the watch on and secured the band. “Now… if you ever need me, I’m a call away. And I’ll never be too busy. Got it?”

Peter nodded, silently, and Tony cradled him in his arms, holding him and whispering sweet nothings into his ear until the excitement of the party and the sugar in the cake were finally overwhelmed by the exhaustion that was always on the periphery and Peter fell asleep in his arms.

Then he just held him because he wanted to.
“I’ll be back by four.”

Romanoff nodded, tolerantly. It wasn’t the first time she’d heard that.

“Got it.”

“He needs to eat all of his lunch.”

“Yes, Robert has told us.”

“I’m just saying. He gets this tired look on his face and wants to sleep instead, and that’s not okay. You have to make him eat.”

Steve rolled his eyes, amused, and looked over at Natasha, who had folded her arms over her breasts, but was clearly just as entertained by Tony’s hesitation to leave.

“Okay.”

“No strawberries, and no-“

“Latex,” Bruce finished. “Yes, we know.”

“Watch for the nightmares.”

“We will.”

“I’m just a phone call away if he needs anything…”

“We know, Tony. Go.”

“Yeah.” Stark shrugged and turned to Happy, who was leaning against the door of Peter’s room, watching the billionaire give the Avengers instructions for how to watch Peter sleep. “Ready?”

“Yes.”

It was the fifth day after Peter’s birthday party, and as much as he didn’t want to, Tony needed to go to the tower. Being at the compound and staying close to Peter had put him behind as far as the few important aspects of the company that he needed to be there for – namely meetings – and he’d put them off as long as he could. There was a threat of mutiny – Pepper had threatened to have his office painted orange if he missed the meetings and he believed her. So he was leaving Peter in the hands of the others.

They watched him leave with Happy, and Steve grinned and looked over at Peter, who was asleep and blissfully unaware of the fuss that Tony had made.

“Who wants first watch?”

“He probably doesn’t need anyone actually with him,” Bruce said. “I mean, he’s been sleeping pretty well, right?”

“I’d say three nightmares in five days doesn’t count as soundly,” Steve said, watching as Romanoff nodded her agreement. “Besides, after that nervous poppa scene? We’re definitely going to sit on
him and make sure nothing happens.”

“I’ll watch him, first,” Natasha told them. “I can use the time to set up the training schedules that work best for me, and then when you’re watching him, Steve, you can ratify them.”

“Sounds good. Need anything?”

“Just a cup of coffee.”

“You have to come with us, son.”

The voice was his counselor, the expression was serious.

“it’s for your own good.”

This was the CPS woman – Miller, his mind supplied.

Peter stepped back, feeling the first stirrings of anxiety as he looked at the group that was standing in front of him. Teachers, office staff and the CPS people – only this time there were also soldiers gathering around him, as well, looking to block him in. To hold him where he was.

“No. I don’t want go with you. I want to stay here. Please?”

“There’s no one here for you. We can take care of you.”

“You don’t have a choice. If you don’t come with us you’ll be alone.”

“I don’t want to be alone…” he whispered. “I’m so tired. Please…”

“You’re fine, here, Peter,” a soft, feminine voice assured him.

“I’m scared… they want to take me.”

The crowd of people surged forward, toward him, and the boy trembled, trying to stand his ground.

“Come with us. Now.”

“No. Please… Tony…”

“You’re okay, Peter. It’s alright.”

Hands were touching him, trying to calm him, and he heard a deeper voice joining in with the first – but at the same time the soldiers were pulling guns and he felt a stabbing pain along his thigh when one of them shot him.

“No!”

The panic had hold of him, now, and he knew it. He tried to force it down. He tried to breathe, but he couldn’t. The fear surged up as the CPS woman reached for him, and he bolted with a terrified cry.

“So, the Osawa merger is going to be a done deal,” Pepper said, looking at the group seated around the table and then stopping at Tony. “We just need your signature.”
“You write my signature better than I do,” he reminded her, blandly. “Go for it, I’m on board with the merger.”

He really wanted that new version of Nanotech, after all, and she knew it. Not that his own wasn’t just as good, but the more options that he had for his suit, the happier he was. And-

“Mr. Stark?” They all looked over at the woman at the glass door to the conference room. “Nick Fury is on the phone for you.”

He frowned and came to his feet, looking at Pepper.

“Do whatever you need to do,” he told her, leaving the room and going to his office, which was conveniently close by. He walked into the door. “Connect Fury, FRIDAY.”

“Tony?”

“Yeah?”

“We need you back here. Now.”

So, the world was ending, or something happened with Peter. Tony went for his suit, hoping the world was ending.

“I’m on my way.”

It was Bruce that met Tony at the entrance to the compound when the Ironman suit landed after a very short flight. The suit disengaged and ejected Tony, who emerged, still dressed in the expensive tailored suit he’d been wearing in the meeting.

“What’s going on?”

“Peter had a nightmare – Robert says it was a panic attack.”

“Is he hurt?”

They were already heading inside, but Bruce didn’t lead him to the infirmary, they were going the other direction and heading toward one of the large staging areas. A small crowd was gathered in a corner, and made way for the billionaire when they saw him, revealing Natasha on the floor with a sobbing Peter clinging to her as if to a lifeline. Steve was crouched down beside them, his lip bleeding and his eye blacked. Sam and Rhodey were both standing close by, looking equally battered, and Nick Fury was standing to the side, watching everything with the same intensity that he did everything.

Dr. Anderson was standing close at hand, as well, and Stark saw a syringe in his hand.

Tony dropped to the floor on the other side of the boy, looking at Natasha, who had a slight cut above her eye that had left a trickle of blood, now smeared.

“Peter?”

The boy hadn’t noticed his approach, but when Tony reached for him, he threw himself into his arms, wrapping tightly against him.

“I’m sorry…”
“It’s okay,” he murmured, holding him tightly. “Shh…” He looked at Natasha. “You okay?”

She nodded with a slight smile.

“Yeah. He got in a lucky shot, is all.”

“And not just one,” Steve said, chagrined.

“What happened?” Tony asked – not Peter, who was still wrapped up in his own misery and shaking so hard that Tony was surprised he wasn’t shaking, too.

"He went back to sleep after eating lunch, and had a nightmare," Bruce said.

“Panic attack,” Robert told him. “From everything they’ve described to me, that’s what it had to be.” He gestured at the boy. “This isn’t the result of a nightmare.”

“I’m sorry…” Peter repeated, his face buried in Tony's expensive shirt. “Please…”

“Hey, it’s okay,” Stark assured him, as Natasha rested her hand on the boy’s shoulder, too.

“You didn’t mention panic attacks,” the doctor said.

“He’s only had one with me,” Tony said. “I didn’t even think…” he looked at the others. “Anyone hurt?”

He wasn’t worried about the bruises. That was nothing serious.

“No,” Steve assured him – and Peter. He cocked an eyebrow. “You went on for an hour about how he’s allergic to strawberries and didn’t think we might need to know that he can run up walls?”

“Not to mention he’s pretty freaking strong,” Sam added.

“Yeah.” Tony looked down at the boy in his arms, and was relieved to see that his trembling was subsiding – as were the sobs. “It wasn’t really my place to tell, but I probably should have anyway.”

He’d given his word, though.

“Let’s see if we can get him back into bed,” the doctor told them, his voice as calm as always. This wasn’t even the weirdest thing he’d seen this week, even. It was the Avengers, after all. “Then we’ll get everyone bandaged up and have a talk.”

“Yeah. Good idea.”
It turned out that they couldn’t get him back into his bed.

That was literally the last place Peter wanted to be, just then. When Tony suggested Peter would be more comfortable in his room, Peter trembled and pleaded with him not to make him go back to sleep. None of them were immune to the heart-rending sobs – Tony especially – and they ended up in a small conference room just off the corridor. Tony settled on a small sofa, with Peter still clinging to him, while Natasha took the other side to brace the boy protectively between them. The others took seats nearby, all watching as the billionaire soothed Peter back into a semblance of relative calm before turning his attention to them.

“You saw him walk up a wall?” he asked, looking at Steve.

“Yeah. I was trying to get him back into bed. Sam stepped in front of him to cut off his break for it, and he dodged and went up the wall.”

“Damn.”

“You didn’t know he could do it?” Bruce asked.

“He told me that he could,” Tony said. “But I’ve never seen it. He’s been hurt. I didn’t want to ask for a demonstration until his leg was healed.”

“There’s video,” Fury told him.

“I’ll check it out, later. What happened?”

“He started mumbling in his sleep,” Romanoff told him, her hand brushing Peter’s hair, lightly, causing the boy to open his eyes and look over at her, wordlessly. “I knew he was having a bad dream, and tried to calm him down. But it became worse, and Steve and I both tried to tell him he was fine. Then he just lurched out of the bed and ran.”

“He put up a hell of a fight when we cornered him,” Rhodey said. “We weren’t trying to hurt him; just keep him from going anywhere that he might hurt himself. You know how it feels…”

“Yes. There wasn’t anything you could have done, really. I know how unreasonable I am when I get stuck in a panic attack.”

“So how does he do it?” Bruce asked, looking at Peter, whose face was still against Tony’s side, the billionaire’s arm around him, supporting him. “Was he born that way?”

Stark looked down at Peter, brushing his hand against his head, too. Like Natasha, he was just trying to keep him calm. Peter looked up at him, sensing his scrutiny.

“It’s your story,” he said to the boy. “You tell them.”

Peter looked at the Avengers sitting in front of him, all watching him, expectantly, their faces interested – and bruised, because of him. He felt Tony’s hand move to the small of his back, silently supporting him, but telling him, also, that he needed to do this.

“I was on a field trip. At the end of the school year. We were checking out some labs where they were doing some radiation experiments…”
There wasn’t a sound in the room while the boy told them what happened. His voice was barely a whisper, sometimes, especially when he reached the part where he’d lost his aunt and uncle. And that he knew he was responsible, although Tony had told him that he couldn’t count himself at fault for what others did.

“I know better, though,” he said, softly, worn down from the panic attack and now the emotional retelling of his story. “If I can stop something bad from happening, then it’s my responsibility to – and I’ve been trying to make up for it…”

Steve shook his head, looking at Tony and understanding a lot better, now, just why Stark connected with the boy so completely.

“I have to agree with Tony on this one, Pete,” Rogers told the boy, gently. “You can do what you can do to try and stop evil in the world, but you can’t take responsibility for it. That’s on the ones who do the evil in the first place.”

“That’s what I told him,” Stark said, giving Peter a one-armed hug. “See? It’s not just me talking out of my-“ He smiled, knowing Rogers wouldn't appreciate the language. “Steve agrees with me, so you know it must be right. Makes sense?”

“It made sense when you said it the first time,” Peter replied. “It doesn’t make it easier to believe. I’m sorry I freaked out on you guys.”

“I am, too,” Sam told him, smiling. “Look at my pretty face. Now all the honeys will have-“

“Did you just say honeys?” Romanoff interrupted.

“Chicks? Babes? Hot mamas?”

Peter smiled, well aware that they were making an effort to put him at ease, and it was working.

Tony smiled, too.

“Let’s get you back to your room, okay?” he told the boy. “I’ll feel better knowing you’re not being corrupted by these guys, completely. We’ll let them wear you down, a little bit at a time.”

“Okay.” Peter reached for Natasha’s hand and she took it with a slight smile, squeezing it, briefly, before letting him go.

“I’ll come check on you later, baby,” she told him. “We’ll try out the chess board.”

Tony and Peter left, with the billionaire’s arm around the boy, still, and they all watched him go and then broke up, as well, since they had all been busy before Peter’s panic had pulled them away from what they’d been doing.

“Am I the only one not getting a father/son vibe from those two?” Rhodey asked as he, Steve and Natasha walked out of the room, heading back toward the training rooms.

“I think they’re good for each other,” Romanoff said.

Steve nodded.

“Peter definitely brings out Tony’s soft side, doesn’t he? I didn’t even know he really had one, to be honest.”

“He’s sixteen,” Rhodey said. “That’s pretty young. As much as I love Tony, how do we know that
he isn’t… you know… forcing him into… things?"

“The kid just beat up all the Avengers and can walk up walls,” Romanoff pointed out. “If there’s more going on between him and Tony than what they’re sharing, then it isn’t something he’s being forced into. Which means it’s none of our business.”

Steve obviously agreed.

Rhodey shrugged, but the bruises on his face – and the lack of them on Tony Stark’s – proved Natasha’s point. Besides, he’d known Tony longer than all of them, and he’d never seen the soft side, either. It was nice.

“I suppose.”

“How do you feel?” Stark asked as he guided Peter into the room and back to his bed.

“Stupid.”

“You shouldn’t,” Tony told him, smiling and leaning over to pull the blankets back. Someone had obviously been in to make the bed, since they were tightly tucked in and didn’t look like they’d been discarded during a nightmare. “You should feel relieved. They all know your story, now. No secrets, honey. Even better; they know what you’re capable of. Now they can help you learn how to use your talents, better. Like we discussed before.”

Peter shrugged.

“Yeah.”

“What brought on the panic attack?” Tony asked, brushing his hand along the boy’s forehead. He was going to have to get him out for a haircut, and soon. “Do you remember?”

“They were trying to take me away,” Peter told him, leaning forward, silently asking to be held.

Tony complied, and sat on the edge of the bed, gathering him into his arms, and tucking his head under his chin.

“What?”

“My counselor. The CPS people, and some soldiers.”

“Ah. Time for a little communication, then…” he murmured, pressing a kiss against Peter’s ear. “I was going to wait for you to be a little better, but if you’re that worried about it, then we should discuss things. Yeah?”

“What things?” Peter asked him.

“You. And your future. Where we’re at right now…”

“What do you mean?”

“The state knows about you, now, honey. They know about you being on your own.”

“I know.”
“They want what’s best for you, but they don’t know what that is, and you weren’t well enough, really, to have a say in things – and I promised you that you would, remember?”

“Yes.”

“So, for right now, I had a judge give me temporary custody of you.”

“What does that mean?”

“That means no one is going to make you do anything that you don’t want to do, because they have to go through me, first. This will give you a chance to get well, and my people a chance to gather all your options and lay them out for you, so when you’re ready, we can see what will be best for you.”

Peter was silent, obviously thinking that through. Then his hold on Tony tightened.

“What about us?”

“Still has to be a secret, I’m sorry to say. We’re getting closer, though,” he added, tenderly. “You’re sixteen, now.”

“But you still love me? Even though I’ve caused so much trouble?”

“More than ever,” Tony confirmed. “You can’t make me stop loving you, Peter. Even if you didn’t want to be with me. Didn’t want to love me back. I’d still love you.”

The boy sniffed, and the billionaire hugged him, tightly.

“Don’t cry, honey. It’s all going to work out for us. You’re so beautiful… so perfect for me. So strong and so brave.”

He was doing it, again, Peter realized, with a gentle thrill, as he buried his face into Tony’s shirt and listened to him croon praises to him. Telling him how amazing he was when Peter felt like he was anything but any of those things. Reminding him just how much he loved him, and making him wish that he didn’t feel so weak, just then, or so tired. And that they were back in Tony’s apartment where they could freely hold each other, and Peter could prove to Tony just how great he was, too.

“I love you, too, Tony,” Peter assured him, closing his eyes.

“Good. Because I need you.”
“Are you sure you’re okay? I could stay.”

Peter smiled, and shook his head.

“No. I mean, yeah. I’m okay. You’re coming back here, though, right? Not staying at your apartment?”

“I’ll be back sometime around four. Steve’s going to be around all day, he said – and Bruce. Natasha’s going to be gone with some of the others. If you need anything, though, and you can’t find one of them, I’m only a call away.”

He reached for the hand that wore the watch that he’d been given.

“I’ll be fine. No repeat of yesterday, I promise.”

He was out of bed – for a little while, anyway. And feeling a lot less stressed for having had the talk with the Avengers — and the one that he’d had with Tony.

Peter was actually dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, with a hooded sweatshirt over that – to ward of any chill, since he was still underweight and susceptible to being cold. He had already eaten breakfast – with Tony, who had double-checked with him that he wasn’t going to feel abandoned if he went to the tower for the day. The boy had plenty to keep him occupied, and had several Avengers to keep him company, as well.

The billionaire nodded and kissed him, softly, and then a little more urgently when Peter’s lips parted for his tongue. He chuckled at just how quickly he escalated what had been intended as a simple goodbye kiss, and pulled himself away, reluctantly.

“Walk me out?”

“Can I?”

“You’re not a prisoner, here, honey,” Tony assured him as they headed for the door and then along the corridor that led toward one of the exits. “Nick has already made sure to inform anyone who isn’t already aware of who you are that you’re cleared to look around. Stay away from any place that’s marked authorized personnel only – for now, anyway – but aside from that, look around and check the place out. Don’t wander off, though, okay? I don’t want to have to send Natasha and Steve out to find you, again.”

His hand slid to the small of Peter’s back, under the sweatshirt, caressing him.

“Okay.”

They were silent as they walked out into the gray morning. There was a promise of rain in the air, but Peter wasn’t concerned, now. If he didn’t want to be rained on, he could go inside.

“Peter!” Happy smiled a greeting to the boy as he opened the car door for Tony.

The boy grinned in reply, genuinely cheered to see him.

“Hi, Happy.”
“You doing alright? Need anything?”

“No. I’m good, I think.”

“How’s the leg?”

“A little bit of an ache, but not bad.”

“You look good. Eat something, though,” the driver told him, closing the door. “You’re too thin.”

“I will. Drive safe.”

Happy winked down at him, and moved to get into the car. Peter watched it drive off, and then turned to look at the building that he was standing in front of, feeling a thrill of excitement go through him. He was at the Avengers facility, and had all day to explore it, if he wanted to. Which he did, of course.

He headed for the door and was surprised to see waiting for him, leaning against the door frame. Captain America smiled a cheerful good morning to him as he neared.

“Are they gone, then?”

“Yes.”

“How do you feel?”

“Pretty good.”

“Good. I thought I’d give you a tour of the place, this morning,” he offered. “Then you can do whatever you want – but you’ll at least know your way around. What do you say?”

Amazed that he’d want to spend any time with him – especially considering the black eye and other bruising Peter had given him the day before – Peter smiled, feeling excited at the company and who it was.

“Yeah, that’d be great. Thanks.”

“We might borrow you later,” Rogers said, closing the door behind them as they headed inside. “Just so you know.”

“Oh? Why?”

“I lost my frisbee up on the roof a few days ago, and your skill set makes you the perfect guy to go up and get it down for me.”

Peter chuckled, and felt Steve put his hand on his back, good-naturedly.

“I could do that.”

“Good. Let me show you the lounge and the conference rooms, first. Then you’ll know where to go for lunch, later, if I’m not around and you can’t find anyone else.”

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“What are you doing?”
Peter looked up from the book and the paper that he had in front of him on the table and saw that Bruce Banner was standing in front of him.

“Schoolwork.”

“Yeah?” Immediately interested, he came around to the other side of the table, looking over the boy’s shoulder. “Chemistry?”

Peter nodded.

“I’m pretty behind, so I thought I’d get some of it done.”

He’d spent most of the morning with Steve, who had pretty much taken him all over the compound. Peter had seen things he was sure weren’t included in any regular tours – if they gave them to the general public. He’d been to the commissary, the labs, the control room, the staging areas, the Quinjet hangar and even the drilling grounds. Steve had even shown the boy where the personal quarters were for all of the Avengers and staff who lived there full time, and those few – like Tony – who had quarters there, but didn’t always use them.

They’d had lunch with Rhodey and Sam, who had joked with Peter, treating like a welcomed guest, if not an equal, and reminding him that if he needed anything they only had to ask. Then everyone had left him to his own devices, assuming (correctly) that he was close to being overwhelmed by so much contact with so many spectacular figures, and Peter had wandered back to his little room in the infirmary and had taken a much-needed nap.

Tony had checked in with him a couple of times – using the communication device on the new watch (which had excited Peter, of course) – but the boy had assured him that he was fine and everyone was treating him well, and yes, he’d eaten lunch and had had plenty of rest.

Now, though, he had time before he expected Tony back, and the lounge was quiet, so he thought that since Happy had delivered his backpack to him when he’d come to pick up Tony, he might as well take advantage of that time and take care of things that he needed to do.

“Can I help?” Bruce offered, pointing at one of the equations that Peter had copied down from the book. “You have that inverted, by the way. Unless you did it on purpose?”

“No. I didn’t notice. Thanks.”

Peter grinned, as the brilliant scientist pulled up a chair and settled next to him to help him with his homework. It was just a crazy topper to a crazy morning and afternoon, and he couldn’t help the way he trembled just a little, barely able to stop wriggling in excitement as the little fanboy inside his soul shouted in glee at being so close up with all the Avengers.

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Tony hesitated at the entrance to the lounge, immediately looking for Peter, and smiling when he found him. The smile grew when he saw that he was sitting with Bruce, who was about as animated as he could remember his friend being. They were looking at a textbook as near as Tony could tell, and he assumed, correctly, that they were working on Peter’s schoolwork.

He sighed, a little tired from his day, and happy to be done. It was a longer day, driving out to the compound to be with Peter, instead of going to the apartment, but seeing how happy he looked, it made him glad that he was there – just then – instead of just sitting in the apartment waiting for Tony to come home.
He walked over to the table and both looked up as he neared, and the billionaire’s heart flip-flopped like it always did when he caught sight of that happy face. Especially when those eyes lit up, and he knew it was in reaction to seeing him.

“Hey, guys,” he said by way of greeting. “Tell me that’s homework?”

Peter nodded.

“Bruce and I got all my chemistry done,” he reported.

“I saved the English for you, though,” Banner told him, leaning back in his chair. “I know how much you love gerunds.”

Stark rolled his eyes, amused.

“You're too kind.” He turned to Peter. “Did you have a good day?”

The boy nodded.

“It was great.”

“I’m going to go get a drink,” Bruce said, deciding to give them some time alone so Tony could reassure himself that the boy was doing fine. “You got him, Tony?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Thanks, Bruce,” Peter said, gathering up his textbook and his notes.

“You’re welcome. I had fun.”

He had, too. Peter was bright, and interesting – and he listened, which was always nice.

“Come keep me company while I change?” Tony asked, eager to get out of a suit and into something more comfortable.

“Yeah, of course.” They got up and headed for the lounge entrance. “How was your day?”

“Long. Four meetings and then I finally escaped long enough to hit my workroom for a while before I had a couple of calls I couldn’t get out of making.”

“Did you eat lunch?”

“Yes.”

“A good one?” Peter pressed, thinking that he looked tired. “Not just a sandwich, or something?”

Tony regaled him with a description of his lunch, relieved that he’d actually eaten since sometimes he forgot to do so. He was going on about the pie that he’d had for dessert when they reached Stark’s quarters and he ushered him in and closed the door behind them with a sigh.

“Tired?”

He nodded.

“A little.” Peter followed him into his bedroom and sat down on the bed while Tony undressed, hanging his suit up, neatly before pulling jeans and a long-sleeved shirt from a dresser. “It was a long
day."

“I missed you,” the boy told him, honestly.

Stark smiled and walked over to the bed, parting Peter’s knees and stepping into the space between them.

“I missed you, too, honey.”

Peter leaned forward, pressing his face into the front of Tony’s boxers, nuzzling him, gently, and Tony felt himself twitch in almost immediate response to the contact. The boy felt it, too, and looked up at him, bringing his hands to the older man’s hips.

“Can we…?”

Tony slid his fingers through Peter’s hair, feeling his heart start to beat a little faster.

“Are you up to it?” he asked. “Not too tired?”

“No.”

He slid Tony’s boxers down, freeing his still mostly flaccid penis, and pressed a gentle kiss against the head, his tongue coming out to taste him.

“Oh, that’s nice, Peter,” Tony purred, watching as the boy started to slide his tongue along him, leaving wet trails that were definitely getting his attention. “Don’t stop, honey.”

Peter drew him into his mouth, and Tony slowly pressed his hips forward and back, closing his eyes as Peter’s lips tightened around him and created suction that had him aroused in very little time. The boy made an approving sound and began working his cock in earnest, sucking one moment, and then licking the next, making slurping noises that left Tony gasping as he slowly began to build to his climax. It didn’t take too long, of course – he’d been without Peter’s touch for way too many days.

The boy fondled his testicles, rolling them in his hand one at a time and then tugging on them as he strove to put as much of Tony into his mouth as he could, and the billionaire grunted and brought both hands to Peter’s head, holding him in place as he came, an almost urgent load of cum that the boy swallowed as eagerly as Tony fed it to him.

“Oh, Peter,” Tony sighed, watching as the boy sucked all of his deflating cock into his mouth, now, and pressed his nose against Tony’s pubic bone, and stroking his hair, absently, as Peter licked him clean, searching for anything that he might have missed. “That was perfect. You’re so perfect.”

Peter smiled, his hand replacing his mouth, as he fondled Tony, gently.

“I was hoping you wouldn’t mind letting me do that…”

The billionaire chuckled, pulling himself out of Peter’s hand, carefully and walking over to close his door, securely, and lock it. Just in case. His quarters were private, and guarded by FRIDAY, even at the compound, but the last thing he wanted as he walked back to the bed – and to Peter – was to be interrupted.

“You’re welcomed to me anytime,” he assured him, reaching for the boy’s shirt and kissing him. “But first, I get to return the favor.”

Peter allowed him to push him backward onto the bed and moaned into the kiss before pulling away
long enough to pull his sweatshirt and shirt off.

“Whatever you want, Tony.”

“Anything?”

“M-hmmm…”

Stark gathered him into his arms and slid his hand down to the button of Peter’s jeans.

“That’s exactly what I want to hear, honey.”

And exactly what he wanted to come home to every day.
They had dinner in the lounge.

Natasha and Bruce were already there when Tony and Peter joined them, and as the four of them made their way through a meal that was decent – but not as amazing as Tony’s cooking, Peter decided – Romanoff told them about where she’d been and what she’d done that day and was planning for the next. It made Peter proud that she was telling him, acting like he was part of the team and willing to allow him into what was obviously a very small group.

Then, as they lingered over dessert – which was simply ice cream – she asked him about his day, and he told her about exploring the compound with Steve and then having lunch, and then how Bruce had helped him with his homework before Tony had returned.

“Did Steve show you everything?” she asked, amused by how excited he was about something that was so mundane to her.

“Probably not everything,” he admitted. “But a lot.”

She cocked her head, able to read him pretty well. Of course, she read everyone pretty well, really.

“What were you hoping to see that you didn’t?” she asked.

The boy blushed.

“I was just wondering where you guys keep the Hulk.”

“What?”

“It’s okay. I mean, I wasn’t going to go and gawk, or anything – although I did want to see him. Or meet him? Is he… I mean… does… do you guys hang out with him? Or is he just in a cage, somewhere until he needs to come help with something?”

Tony coughed, choking on his ice cream, suddenly, and purposely not looking at Bruce, who was staring at Peter. Then he turned and looked at Tony.

“He doesn’t know?”

“How would he?” the billionaire asked. “I didn’t tell him.”

“Tell me what?” Peter asked, wondering if he’d offended someone – but not sure how.

Bruce hesitated, but fair was fair; Peter had told them his secret, the scientist would share his.

“I’m the Hulk.”

“What?”

“The Hulk,” Bruce repeated. “That’s me.”

“No. I mean the big green guy. You know. Muscles and torn clothing?”

Romanoff snorted, amused. Tony managed to contain himself a little better, but his eyes were also amused when he looked at Peter.
“Bruce is the green guy, Peter,” Stark told him. “Sometimes.”

“Really?” he hesitated, wondering if they were teasing him, somehow, but uncertain. “How does that work?”

“Lab accident gone wrong,” Banner explained. “I was hit by some crazy high-band gamma rays. Now, most of the time I’m me… sometimes, when I need to be, I’m the other guy.”

“You’re the Hulk?” Peter repeated, dubiously.

“Yup.”

“The Hulk spent the day helping me with my chemistry homework?”

“No,” Bruce corrected. “Bruce Banner did. The Hulk doesn’t know diddly about chemistry.”

“I think he knows more than he lets on,” Romanoff said, giving Banner a coy look.

Tony rolled his eyes and the obvious attraction between the two.

“Don’t confuse him, guys. Or me, for that matter.” The billionaire turned to Peter. “Right now, when he’s calm and cool, Bruce is himself. Bruce Banner, genius scientist.”

“Thank you, Tony.”

“Get him mad, though, and the gamma cells take over, and then he gets big, turns green and is mostly uncontrollable. The Hulk. Two individuals, two different psyches and a crazy manipulation of cellular structure.”

The boy looked at Bruce.

“Really?”

“Yeah. “

“That’s why you don’t golf?”

Banner frowned.

“What?”

“Oh. I asked Tony if you were a golfer – because you’re a do- never mind, it’s dumb. Wow…”

Now it was Bruce’s turn to blush, just a little, and Natasha smiled, amused at both reactions.

“Wanna touch him?”

“Can I?”

“Sure, I do.”

Peter reached out and poked Bruce with a finger, and the scientist made a sudden roaring sound that startled the boy, and then made him laugh when he realized what he’d done. Bruce grinned, making Natasha and Tony both smile, as well.

“So… um… how mad do you need to be?”
“Used to be, it didn’t take much,” Bruce admitted. “Now I have a lot more control over it.”

“Otherwise we wouldn’t be able to let him anywhere near Tony,” Natasha added, making Peter look over at Stark, who shrugged, innocently.

“Believe me, he has it well under control, Peter,” Tony told him.

“And when you’re…”

“The other guy,” Bruce supplied.

“Yeah. Him. When you’re the other guy, do you know what he’s doing? Do you remember?”

“No. Not usually. We’re separate that way. I usually have to ask – or watch security footage, if there is any.”

“Does it hurt?”

“No.”

“Wow…”

Peter blushed, realizing that he was staring, but Bruce didn’t mind. The scientist recognized the questions being asked were out of curiosity, and he already knew from spending time with him that afternoon – and before in his lab with Tony in the tower – that Peter was analytical like every good genius should be.

“I’ve done some self-experimentation videos,” Bruce said. “If you’re interested, you can check them out. It shows the change, and everything. I even recorded brainwaves and neuron rhythms.”

“Thanks.”

“Or, we can take you golfing and wait for it to happen on the 3rd hole, par five,” Tony added.

“Probably not a good idea,” Banner pointed out.

The boy smiled, still clearly interested, but Stark was ready to usher him back to bed, unwilling to allow him to be on his feet too much and undo the good that had been done so far with him.

“I think that’ll wait for another day,” he said. “Let’s get you back to bed. You have all day tomorrow to gawk at Bruce.”

“I’m going to be at the tower, tomorrow,” the scientist corrected. “Working on my new gamma project.”

“Then you can gawk at Natasha,” Tony told the boy, standing up, and brushing his back, lightly. “Come on.”

Peter didn’t argue, since he was ready to call it a night.

“I’ll see you guys,” he said to both of them, still bemused and amazed at the revelation about Bruce.

They both told him goodnight, and with Tony beside him, a hand causally resting on the small of his back, they left the lounge.

“Pretty cool, huh?” Stark said, softly, as they walked the corridors.
“Amazing, really, yeah. Have you seen him change?”

“Couple of times. Makes me glad to be in my suit, believe me.”

Peter didn’t know the compound well, yet, but he did recognize that they weren’t heading back to the infirmary.

“Where are we going?” he asked, curiously.

“I’m going to put you to bed.”

“My room is that way, though.”

Stark smiled.

“I’m going to put you to my bed,” he said, softly.

“Oh.” Peter hesitated. “Is it alright?”

“Absolutely. I spoke with Robert about putting you in temporary quarters since you’re doing so much better – you certainly don’t belong in the infirmary, any longer. He signed off on it, as long as we make certain that you get plenty of sleep – so we will. But I want you to be sleeping in my arms.”

The boy felt a thrill go through him at the thought. It had been so long. At least, to him, it seemed like it had been.

“You have to work, tomorrow?”

“Yes. So, I’ll be gone all day. But it’s Friday. Why don’t I have Happy bring you to the apartment tomorrow afternoon, sometime, and I can have you to myself this weekend?”

“I’d like that,” Peter said.

“So will I, honey,” Stark agreed. “I’ll make sure the others know so no one thinks you’ve wandered off.”

They reached Tony’s quarters and he guided the boy into the main room, closing the door behind them with a solid click. Then he put his arms around Peter, holding him close and pressing his face into the boy’s neck, eliciting a soft moan.

“I want you inside me, Tony…” Peter whispered.

“Which is where I want to be,” he assured him. “But not tonight. We’re going to sleep, so you are rested tomorrow and Robert says you’re good to come spend the weekend in the city with me.”

“Awww… Once?”

“No.” He smiled at the way Peter pouted, and he dipped his head to kiss him, lightly. The boy had been sucked off twice before dinner – he wasn’t going to explode with need or want. “Do as I say, Peter. Believe me, I’ll make it up to you, later.”

“Fine.”

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“Tony?”
Peter was naked, his belly pressed against Stark’s, with the billionaire’s arms around him, both of them hard and throbbing, but true to his word, Tony wasn’t doing anything about either of them, despite the fact that Peter was squirming, just a little, with want. Stark had his head on the pillows, eyes closed and enjoying having the boy so close.

“Yeah, honey?”

“Tell me you love me…”

Stark opened his eyes, meeting Peter’s.

“I love you, Peter Parker.”

The boy smiled, making Tony’s resolve waver, but he stood his proverbial ground and just hugged him, tightly, kissing his neck without causing any marks.

“What else?”

The billionaire smiled.

“You’re beautiful. And sexy.”

Peter closed his eyes, happiness welling up inside him.

“I love you, too.”

Tony made a pleased noise, deep in his throat – almost a growl.

“Go to sleep.”

The boy chuckled, and cuddled a little closer, trying to ignore how excited he was and do what he was told. Eventually, it worked, and he drifted off in Stark’s arms.
“Are you alright?”

Peter nodded at Bruce, who hesitated as he got into the car, making Tony wait, too.

“Yes. Thanks.”

He wasn’t being a hundred percent honest, but Bruce didn’t need to know. Peter was frustrated to the point of being near tears – but it was his own fault, and he couldn’t blame anyone but himself.

“You sure? You look upset.”

“Yeah. No. I’m okay.”

“He’s fine, Bruce,” Stark assured him, a little annoyed – and somewhat frustrated, as well. “Let’s go.”

Banner got into the back seat and Tony hesitated, stopping to study Peter, his expression softening as he looked at the boy, his back to Bruce.

“I’m sorry, honey,” he said, softly. “We’ll take care of it tonight. Okay?”

Peter nodded, and watched as Tony shut his own door and Happy drove off, heading toward the city, and then he sighed and headed back toward the building, his destination the lounge, and some breakfast.

Tony had planned to have breakfast with him. A nice, leisurely meal where they could discuss what Peter might want to do that weekend. Instead, Peter had been restless all night, even in Tony’s warm embrace, and had kept him awake. And that had made them sleep in, despite FRIDAY trying to wake the billionaire more than once.

Then Peter had wanted some quiet time with the two of them, oral time, like he was getting used to having whenever he wanted. Unfortunately, Stark was already behind, and didn’t have the time. If he was the only one driving into the tower, he would have waited, but the project Bruce was working on was time sensitive and Tony pointed out to Peter that their time management issues – and horniness – shouldn’t be Bruce’s problem, and had gotten himself showered and dressed, instead of staying in bed with the boy.

“Make sure you get some breakfast,” Tony had told him as Peter dressed, too, his lower lip stuck out in an adorable pout that the billionaire was trying to avoid looking at. “And call me if you need anything.”

Peter had sniffed at that, but had been silent. Tony knew what he needed, and calling him wasn’t going to help the problem, was it?

Now that he was gone, Peter was restless with no outlet but a walk to the lounge and a meal of toast and juice. Which was where he was when Robert found him and joined him at the table and began asking him questions about how he was feeling, to get an idea of where he was, as far as getting over his illness.

Glad for the distraction, Peter answered him honestly. He wasn’t coughing any longer, felt pretty good, but hadn’t slept well the night before, and might take a nap later. The doctor had asked him
what he’d eaten for breakfast, and when he was told, had ordered a pile of scrambled eggs with ham and had watched the boy eat every bite. Just to make sure he was fed, properly.

Peter sighed, but didn’t argue. The doctor was used to dealing with people a lot older and more hot-headed than he was. The boy didn’t have a chance against him, no matter how stubborn he wanted to be, and Robert was actually good company, asking Peter about hobbies and what he liked to do for fun.

When Peter asked him if he golfed, he confirmed that he did (pointing out that he was a doctor, and all doctors golfed). When he asked if Peter did, the boy had admitted he’d never tried it. The result of that was the two of them standing out in the drilling field less than half an hour later with whiffle ball golf balls and the doctor’s own personal set of clubs and an impromptu lesson.

Surprising himself, Peter had enjoyed the lesson. The balls wouldn’t go very far, no matter how hard he hit them, and by the time Robert had to leave to check on his only two patients, Peter was already getting the hang of things.

“Have Tony take you out to a driving range,” the doctor suggested as they walked back into the building, Peter carrying the clubs. “You’ll get a better feel for the swing with real balls.”

“Thanks.”

“Drop those in the lounge for me,” Robert told him. “I’ll collect them later.”

Which had Peter back in the lounge feeling a little better for having had some fresh air, and in a better mood when Natasha found him sitting there debating whether he wanted to go work on homework or go take a nap or something.

She noticed he looked restless and suggested a walk. Since he was still, technically, sick, she didn’t think he was probably up to anything more taxing, but that was fine with Peter. The two of them went outside and she took him around the outer perimeter of some of the compound, showing him security cameras that were cleverly hidden, and guard stations that were manned by drones and automated systems for the most part, but one SHIELD agent who had a German Shepherd attack dog with him that Peter played with for a few minutes, cooing over the vicious animal while it licked his face and made him giggle.

He was smiling, then, when Tony called to check on him as he and Romanoff walked back to the building. The billionaire looked relieved and asked him how his day was going and what he’d been doing. He seemed pleased that he was hanging out with Natasha, but told the boy that Happy was on his way to come collect him, and to make sure he was ready to go.

“You have time for lunch with me, though,” Romanoff had said, her hand possessive on his shoulder. “Come on.”

He smiled, thrilled that she was so willing to spend her time with him. Not only a super secret spy (he now knew) but also an Avenger who was gorgeous and smelled amazing? How could he not enjoy her company? They went back to the lounge and Peter was just finishing lunch when Happy walked in looking for him.

The boy thanked Natasha for spending the morning with him and allowed Happy to shepherd him out to the car, and Peter just sat up in the front with him, thinking he’d feel ridiculous being driven around in the back of the luxury car.

“Do you want me to stop for anything?” the driver asked, as they pulled out of the compound. “The
boss and I will stop for groceries when I pick him up tonight, but if there’s anything you want right now, we can get it.”


They were quiet on the drive, but Peter assumed that Happy preferred it that way. Driving in the traffic they were in probably took a lot of concentration, after all, and he probably didn’t want to risk scratching the car.

“Need me to walk you up?” he asked when they pulled into the parking garage of the apartment.

“No. Thanks for the ride, Happy.”

He got into the elevator and FRIDAY let him in when he reached the door.

The apartment was just as he remembered it, of course, and Peter roamed it, freely, feeling restless, now, and anxious for Tony to be home so he could hold him. He pulled homework out of his backpack to work on some of it, but he couldn’t concentrate, and was working himself into a frustrated bundle of nerves by the time FRIDAY announced that Tony was in the elevator and on his way up.

Peter smiled, excitedly, practically squirming, and was standing at the kitchen island when the billionaire walked in, carrying a bag of groceries. He smiled at the boy, hugging him with his free arm and kissing him, tenderly, but he was clearly distracted. Not too distracted to ask Peter about his day, though.

“Hi, honey… did you have a good day?”

“Yeah. You?”

“No. We’re having problems with a merger, and it’s driving me insane.” He set the bag down on the counter, and started putting produce into the fridge. “Are you hungry?”

“No. I’m okay.”

He was hungry, but not for food, and he didn’t want Tony to start cooking dinner until he’d been taken care of.

“FRIDAY, call Pepper.”

There was a very short delay, and then a woman’s voice came over the system, and Peter was quiet while she and Tony discussed some company that Peter had never heard of – a Japanese company to judge by the name. The billionaire was clearly annoyed, even though Peter didn’t understand much of what was being said – although he did hear the phrase Nanotech several times, which made him think that whatever it was, it was keeping him from doing the Nanotech thing with his suit.

Peter tried to soothe Tony as he conversed with the woman, trying to put his arms around him and hold him, or awkwardly placing himself in the way when Tony would begin pacing. Each time, Tony would brush a hand along his back, or his side, or once his hip, but would move to avoid the boy, who finally gave up and went and sat down on a bar stool.

When the call finally ended, Tony pulled down one of his displays and tapped in a few commands, and Peter saw the name of the company once more displayed.

“Tony…?”
“Yes, honey?”

He didn’t turn from what he was doing.

“Can we…?” he blushed. “I’m… I need to… you know…”

Asking for what he wanted wasn’t his strong suit, still, and he was very much aware of it.

“After dinner, Peter. I’m busy with this, right now. I want to beat the clock in Japan.”

“But you said that we would…”

“I said we would, tonight. Give me a minute, okay?”

Peter felt the sting of tears, and he tried to insinuate himself into the billionaire’s embrace, sliding between him and the display.

“Please?”

Stark sighed, and tucked the boy’s head under his chin, holding him with one hand, but still manipulating the display with the other, not doing anything about Peter’s problem. At least nothing that the Peter wanted him to do.

“Give me twenty minutes…” Tony told him, brushing a kiss against his temple.

The boy sighed, but pulled away, and sat back down on the bar stool, his cheek in his palm, braced on the kitchen island as he watched Tony’s handsome face concentrate on the data being displayed. He was clearly focused, and Peter didn’t want to distract him, but he was getting used to being the focus of the billionaire’s world, and didn’t like being ignored.

When a half an hour went by, Peter sighed, somewhat loudly, to remind Tony he was there. With no reaction.

Twenty minutes after that, Peter got up and headed for the living room. His rear was getting sore from the bar stool and his leg was numb.

“FRIDAY, call Bruce Banner.”

Stark jerked his head toward the boy at the command.

“FRIDAY, cancel call. What are you doing, Peter?”

“I thought I’d see what Bruce is doing,” the boy replied, moodily. “Maybe he has time for me.”

“Why are you being a shit? I’m almost done.”

“I’m not,” Peter told him. “I just don’t want to sit here and watch you work. I could have stayed at the compound and had someone willing to talk to me if I’d known you were going to be too busy to.”

Tony scowled, and Peter expected him to really lay into him – and recognized that he probably would have deserved it. Instead, Stark’s features softened, and he dismissed the screen with a single swipe.

“Come here, honey.” The boy did as he was told, and found himself engulfed in the older man’s arms, his head tucked under the chin, kisses peppered against his ear and his cheek. “I’m sorry. I’m
used to coming home and working,” he murmured.

Peter sniffed, his eyes stinging him as he turned his head and put his cheek against Tony’s chest and held him.

“I can wait,” he said. “I just don’t want to.”

Stark chuckled.

“I thought I had the market on being selfish,” he chided, gently. “It’s getting late. How about we make dinner, and then I’m all yours the rest of the night?”

“Promise?”

“Absolutely.”
Dinner was fish. Nothing too fancy; some salmon steaks and seafood pasta on the side with a simple salad that Peter helped make. Not fancy for the *billionaire*; Peter had never had salmon before and watched with interest, thinking that it didn’t look at all like tuna. Tony was attentive to the boy while they prepared the meal, and while they ate. He asked him for specifics about his day, and gave him some details of his own, avoiding the merger at the moment, since that would make him want to go back to his display.

“You had lunch?”

“With Natasha,” he confirmed.

“Something hearty?”

“*Spaghetti.* She insisted.”

Stark smiled, well aware that Romanoff didn’t like seeing Peter’s face so thin, either, and was all for getting some weight back on the boy.

“Good.” He gestured to the plate that Peter had cleared, knowing Tony wouldn’t do anything with him until he’d finished his meal. “Are you done?”

“Yes. It was good, thank you. Want me to do the dishes?”

“No.” Stark stood up and leaned over as he picked up the plates. He kissed Peter, tenderly, and then smiled. “I want you to go get naked and meet me in my bed.”

The billionaire chuckled at how quickly Peter obeyed. He took his time clearing the dishes from the table, and loading the dishwasher, but he was hard by the time he walked into his bedroom to find Peter sprawled on his bed, waiting.

He had wanted to be posed for him, trying to be more worldly, but once undressed, he’d been cold, and had been forced to seek refuge under the blankets, or present himself shivering. Which wouldn't have been at all erotic, he was sure. When Tony walked into the bedroom, Peter pushed the blankets back a little, to show that he wasn’t dressed, as he’d been told, and the billionaire sat on the edge of the bed, sliding his hand along Peter’s cheek, then jaw, and followed the line to his neck and chest, while Peter trembled at the touch.

“Cold?”

“A little.”

“You’re still too thin,” he murmured, able to feel each individual rib as his fingers trailed to Peter’s belly.

“I eat everything you guys feed me,” Peter pointed out, a little self-consciously. He uncoiled, though, at the touch, stretching himself out and watching Tony’s eyes as he caressed his belly and then made his way back up to his chest. “I’m sorry I was impatient.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t impatient, enough,” Tony countered, standing up and taking off his suit jacket.
and unbuttoning his shirt. “Another example of the need for communication, is all.”

The boy had his complete attention, now, though. Stark watched him as he undressed himself, letting his clothes simply fall to the floor as he slid out of them, piece by piece until he was standing by the bed, naked and already throbbing.

“Suck me, Peter,” Tony told him, feeling a thrill of excitement go through him when the boy hurried to obey.

Peter came out from under the blankets, now, moving on his hands and knees to reach for Tony’s cock with one hand, guiding it into his mouth, hungrily. Tony murmured approval and slid his fingers through the boy’s hair, watching as he ran his tongue along the shaft of Tony’s cock, teasing the underside for a moment with his tongue before taking it back into his mouth and sucking on it, again.

Stark groaned and slid his hands from Peter’s hair down his body, sliding along the boy’s hips and then leaning over to cup his ass, squeezing and kneading them and trying to resist the urge to slam himself into that hot, moist mouth.

“So good…” he cooed, watching his cock vanish repeatedly into Peter’s mouth when the boy started bobbing his head on the rod of flesh, his cheeks sucking hard with each motion. “So pretty, sweetheart. Suck me…”

The words spurred the boy on, and Peter’s fingers played with Tony’s testicles, rolling them in his hand, teasing them. Milking them. The billionaire released his ass and straightened up, both hands coming to Peter’s head, holding the boy still while he fucked his delicate mouth, lips stretching with each motion.

“Do I cum now?” Tony asked him, silkily. “Or make you wait for it?”

In response, Peter shifted, never losing the hold he had with his mouth, but bringing his hands up to Tony’s hips and digging his fingers in, holding the older man firmly in place while he flattened his tongue and slurped on Tony’s cock, noisily.

Stark groaned.

“Look at me, honey…”

Peter looked up at Tony, his brown eyes even darker with desire and it tipped him over the edge. His entire body tensed, and his balls tightened. Peter felt it and sucked harder, and Tony climaxed, emptying himself into the boy’s willing mouth as his hips jerked, trying to sink deeper, although he was careful – even in the height of his release – not to gag him.

He sighed with pleasure, watching as Peter swallowed him, and then lapped at his deflating cock like an eager puppy, clearing the last of Tony’s cum, and then simply nuzzling his testicles and the root of his shaft, enjoying the scent and the feel of the older man.

“You’re getting good at that,” Stark told him, approvingly, bringing his hand under Peter’s chin to force him to look up at him.

It made Peter smile, and his cheeks reddened just a shade at the praise.

“Practice, right?”

Tony smiled, too, but then pushed him, gently, backward, following the boy’s body with his own
until he was covering him, his knees on either side of Peter’s thighs, his lips coming down to claim his in a heated kiss. Peter moaned, opening his mouth to Tony’s tongue and surrendering to him, willingly. Stark’s hand went down between them, pressing Peter’s cock against his belly, stroking him with firm, eager motions.

“So perfect,” he crooned into the boy's lips. “So hard for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

“My beautiful boy… so pretty. So wonderful…”

Peter was thrusting in time to the motions Tony was making, and the words that were in such awesome rhythm. He was so close. So ready to explode.

“It’s okay, honey,” Tony whispered, moving his lips to Peter’s ear, his tongue trailing moisture along the boy’s sensitive flesh. “Cum in my hand. Get us messy… you can do it.”

That was all it took, of course.

With a strangled cry that Tony captured when he kissed him, once more, Peter thrust his hips against Tony, bucking under him and nearly dislodging him in his eagerness as his balls tightened and released, and the boy came, spraying himself and Tony with ropes of hot cum, the billionaire encouraging him and stroking him until he finally stilled under him.

Tony licked Peter’s jaw, wishing that he could leave a trail of love bites but knowing better. Instead, he settled for another kiss, and then raised himself up a little, looking down at their cum and sweat smeared bodies, first, and then at the boy, who had closed his eyes, but opened them when he sensed his lover’s gaze on him.

“How is the leg?”

Peter looked dazed, which amused him. He had every intention of fucking him stupid, but it had only taken a hand job to do it.

“What?”

“How does your leg feel, honey? Does it hurt?”

“No. It’s okay.”

“Good. Then let’s go take a bath. I’ve been waiting to fuck you in the tub, and now I can.”

“How does that work?” Peter asked, trying to figure out how he wasn’t going to drown under Tony in a tub filled with water.

Stark kissed him again and then forced himself to get up, a hand reaching for Peter and pulling him to his feet, as well.

“I’ll show you.”

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Tony settled the boy up on the counter by the sink, putting him in a perfect position for him to be able to kiss him, lightly, running his fingers through his tousled hair.

“Bubbles?” he asked, moving away to turn on the water to the jacuzzi tub.
“I don’t know,” Peter admitted. “Is it better with them?”

“Depends on the individual,” he was told. “Can’t go wrong with slippery, though, right?”

The boy smiled, and shrugged.

“You’re the boss.”

Tony added a fair amount of bath beads to the water, making sure to hit the gentle jets so they would bubble up and then returned to stand between Peter’s knees.

“I am the boss,” he murmured, nuzzling Peter’s neck, and licking his jaw. “You realize that, right?”

“Yes…”

“Good. No more pouting. Or sulking. If you want something from me, you need to learn to articulate that desire. To ask me for it. Understand?”

The boy turned his head, not liking that, at all, and allowing it to show.

“I’m no good at that. You know that.”

“I know, honey,” he agreed, holding him in his arms and guiding Peter’s cheek to his bare chest. “But you need to learn. It’s that whole communications thing we keep talking about.”

“I tried to tell you what I wanted. You ignored me.”

“Well, I need to work on it, too. I’m not used to needing to worry about what someone else needs or wants. It’s been just me for a long time. Now, it’s we.” He looked over at the tub and saw that it was about where he wanted the water to be. “And right now,” he said, pulling away. “We are going to take a bath.”

He turned off the water and gestured for Peter to come over to the tub, as well. Then he eased himself into the water, and held his arms to the boy.

“Belly down, honey,” he said. “Put your knees on either side of my hips so I can hold you.”

It was an awkward position to get into, but once he was in the tub and sprawled on Tony’s lap, leaning against his chest, it was extremely comfortable. Peter was just far enough back on Tony’s thighs that the older man’s cock and his own were trapped in between their bodies, and as they cuddled together in the hot water, occasionally one of them would reach between them and slide a palm along them, keeping them erect, but not so aroused that it was desperate.

“You’re so beautiful,” Tony crooned into Peter’s ear. “You know that, right?”

The boy smiled, loving the compliment.

“Yes.”

“And sexy.”

“What else?”

Tony chuckled; he was creating a monster – or maybe a praise kink. He didn’t care, though. He could feel Peter swelling against his stomach with every word, and that was making him more aroused, as well. His hand went to Peter’s ass, sliding through the soapy water and finding his tight
hole which was neatly exposed since the boy was straddling him so perfectly.

“You’re irresistible,” he told him, sliding his finger into him, making Peter gasp and tuck his face against Tony’s neck. “And amazing. Brilliant. Gorgeous.”

Another finger joined the first, stretching Peter as Tony praised him, preparing him. Peter’s hips started to grind, gently, pressing the boy against the fingers that were invading him, making the boy whine softly against Stark’s jaw.

“Please, Tony…”

“What do you want, honey?” Tony asked, adding another finger, now, his cock throbbing in anticipation.

“I want you…”

“To…?”

The boy tucked his face deeper against the billionaire’s neck.

“You know.”

“Say it,” Stark told him, his hands now kneading the boy’s ass, spreading his cheeks even further. “Communicate with me.”

“I want you to fuck me.”

“Raise up a little.”

When Peter did as he was told, Stark guided the head of his cock against the boy, and nudged the head against the still plenty tight opening. Tony’s hands went to Peter’s hips to control just how much the boy took at a time, and Peter moaned into his neck as Tony impaled him on his thick rod, filling the boy completely and not stopping until he was flush with his thighs, resting once more in Tony’s lap, but now pinned there.

“Perfect,” Tony told him. “My perfect boy; so tight. So hot. Just for me.”

“Just for you, Tony,” Peter assured him, rolling his hips and feeling himself stuffed full.

“I’m going to fuck you all night,” Tony told him. “Fill you up, and then turn you over and start again.”

Peter gasped, again, as the words were accompanied by the action, and Tony began moving the boy, lifting him, then lowering him, teaching Peter the rhythm that he had been seeking without even knowing it.

“Yesss. Please…”

He raised up and then simply dropped himself down, causing Tony to gasp, too. Soon they two were moving in hard, fast jerks, breath coming faster as their pace increased, their ardor rising. Tony moved his hand once more to Peters cock, and he started stroking him in time to their thrusts.

“I want you to cum for me, Peter…” he cooed. “Cum for me, sweetheart.”

He came, first, his hips slamming upward, driving himself into the boy as hard as he could, Peter’s arms around him, anchoring himself firm against Tony as he rode the cock that was invading him,
seeming to swell even larger and then tensing and driving home once more time to shoot Tony’s hot cum deeper than he’d ever had it before, it seemed.

The boy cried out in pleasure at the sensation and he climaxed, as well, his cock jumping in Tony’s hand and splattering the two of them and dispersing into the hot, soapy, water.

Peter collapsed against Tony, trembling in his embrace, and the older man hiched his hips several times, pulling the boy down onto his lap, feeling Peter’s tight hole caressing and squeezing in on his shaft. Peter’s head rested on Tony, their hearts pounding, hard, and breathing coming in gasps for a few long moments.

The boy made a satisfied noise, rolling his hips, experimentally, his weight keeping Tony inside him, for the moment.

Peter woke first the next morning.

In Tony’s bed, bare-ass naked with the billionaire’s arm comfortably around him and his front pressed right up against Peter’s back. The boy shivered, even wrapped up as he was, since their blankets had shifted in the night and they weren’t covered from the waist up.

He felt Tony’s grip tighten for just a moment, and then let him go, bringing the blankets back up to cover them both, but reaching around to tuck them under Peter.

“You cold, honey?”

Peter nodded.

“Yes. It’s okay.”

He was always cold. Unless Tony was covering him like a blanket – or the evening before when they were in the tub. Between the water and Tony, Peter had been pretty warm.

Tony snuggled closer, his head lifting from the pillow and his lips finding Peter’s ear, which really made the boy shiver. But this time in reaction. Peter pressed himself back against him, longing to feel Tony’s cock against the small of his back, or even better, against his rear. He was already sporting an erection, but he usually did many mornings. And had since he was fourteen.

Nothing new.

Sometimes he’d take care of it. Sometimes he wouldn’t and it would eventually go away. Now, of course, he had Tony, and that meant he didn’t have to ignore it and wait for it to go away.

Tony’s hand slid along Peter’s side, down his hip and around, until he was caressing the boy’s cock, his fingers wrapped around the shaft.

“Hmmm… what do we have here?” he murmured in Peter’s ear. “Feels like someone has a problem.”

“Yes…” Peter approved, completely, of Tony stroking him.

“What are you going to do about it?”

The boy huffed.

Tony had taken them back to bed after getting out of the bath, and in the glowing aftermath of their bathtub sex, he’d told Peter that he was going to expect him to tell him what he wanted from now on. That would be a new way for them to communicate, and to be on the same page, so to speak. Unless they were doing something that Peter didn’t know anything about, like trying something new, then Tony wouldn’t expect him to know what he wanted, and knew Peter wouldn’t know what to ask for.

Otherwise, Tony would only get Peter off if he told him how he wanted it done.

It wasn’t the way Peter wanted it; he became flustered and uncertain, which made him tongue-tied, but Tony had seemed serious at the time, and obviously hadn’t forgotten the new restriction now that morning was upon them.
The question, then, was if Peter was more stubborn about it than Tony was. Or, more to the point, really; was he horny enough to lose the inhibition?

“Tony…”

Stark let go of his penis and wrapped his arms around him, hugging him, lovingly.

“Say the words, Peter,” he whispered, encouragingly. “It’s not that hard.”

He was wrong, though, because it was. Feeling very much abused by the new rule, Peter closed his eyes, trying to relax.

“Please…?”

“Please, what, honey?” The billionaire caressed his side, sliding his fingertips along Peter’s ribs.

He opened his mouth intending to ask to be sucked, and literally nothing came out but a ridiculous sounding squeak. He gave up.

“Nothing…”

Peter rolled over, into Tony’s side and buried his face into the billionaire’s chest. He didn’t want to have to ask for what he wanted. It wasn’t fair. Of course, it wasn’t anything new, either. Tony had made him ask from the very beginning. It just didn’t make it any easier.

“Poor baby…” Tony cradled him in his arms, but he didn’t reach for the boy’s cock, even though he could feel it throbbing against his thigh. “Maybe later.”

“No.” Peter sniffed. “It’s easy for you. You’re good at it.”

“Because I learned how,” Tony pointed out. “Let me demonstrate.” He pulled away, just enough to look at the boy; his doe brown eyes watery with frustration – he wanted to say it, he just knew it wouldn’t come out right, and he’d look and sound stupid. “Suck my cock, Peter. Now.”

Just because Peter wanted to hold out, it didn’t mean Tony was willing to.

There was only a moment’s hesitation before the boy did as he was told. He moved out of Tony’s embrace and pushed the blankets out of the way, exposing Tony’s somewhat aroused penis. Turning away from the older man because he knew Tony liked watching his ass, he bent over and slid his tongue along the shaft, flicking the underside of the head and flattening his tongue to lap at the precum that was drooling from the tip.

“Good…” Tony kneaded Peter’s ass while the boy teased him into full arousal and then hitched his hips slightly, nudging the head of his cock against Peter’s lips. “Open up, honey. Suck me.”

Peter did. He opened his mouth and drew Tony into him as far as he could, slurping and sucking as he bobbed his head up and down, eagerly. The hand that wasn’t bracing him above Tony’s cock wrapped around himself and he started stroking his own cock in the same rhythm that he was sucking Tony’s, while the billionaire played with his ass cheeks and watched with approval. Soon Peter was climaxing, his hand stroking faster and harder, and his rhythm faltering for a moment on Tony’s cock as he came, smearing Tony’s belly and his hand. Stark steadied him with a firm grip on his hips until the boy’s orgasm crested, and then silently demanded he continue what he was doing, until Tony, too, was suddenly grunting in pleasure at his release, feeding Peter a load of morning cum.
The boy cleaned him off, licking him, lovingly, and lapping at his testicles when Tony pulled him away and tucked him back up against him, pulling the blankets back up to keep Peter from getting cold.

“See? I told you what I wanted, and I got it,” Tony told him, tucking Peter under his chin. “Why is it so hard for you?”

“It just is.”

“Say it now.”

“What?”

“Whatever you wanted me to do.”

Even as he held him, he could feel the heat of the boy’s blush against the bare skin of his chest.

“I… I wanted… I wanted to be sucked.”

Tony smiled, and pressed a soothing kiss against his ear. It was really a problem with him, but he was determined to get him over it. He wanted to know what Peter wanted, and that meant the boy needed to be able to tell him.

“We’ll try again, later, okay? Give me a chance to finish waking up, and then we’ll have breakfast and go find something to do to take our minds off your mental block.”

“Like what?”

“Whatever you want to do.”

“It’s your turn to choose, remember?” Peter reminded him. “I picked Coney Island.”

Good point. They weren’t going to repeat that, were they?

“Robert showed you how to golf, you said?”

“Yes. Kind of.”

“Then we’ll go to the driving range.”

“He said that, too,” Peter replied, looking up at him. “It’s not really driving, though right? Not cars, I mean.”

Stark smiled.

“No. You’ll see. It’s all about golf.”

But he had a lot of cars, too. If that was something the boy wanted to do, it could be arranged.

“Can we have crepes for breakfast?”

“Yes, honey.”

That wasn’t so hard. If sex were food, Peter would be fine.
When they finally got out of bed, Tony pulled Peter into a communal shower with him. He lavished attention on the boy, washing him lovingly and reminding him just how amazing and wonderful he was. He didn’t want Peter to think that he didn’t love him or cherish him with the new rule about asking for what he wanted. He did love him. But he figured this was one of those times when tough love was needed. Or self love if the boy had to keep pleasuring himself because he wouldn’t ask Tony to do it for him.

He wasn’t too worried, though, really. Peter was smart. And brave enough to try and save the city one little guy at a time. He’d figure it out. Tony would make sure of it. He wasn’t going to be able to keep his hands off him for too long, after all.

They both enjoyed the contact that the shower provided. Tony spent a lot of time with soapy hands running along the boy’s porcelain skin before rinsing him and washing his hair. Peter never asked him to suck him or stroke him, though, and Tony didn’t offer. But he did kiss him, soundly, several times and both were pleasantly breathless by the time they dried off and got dressed for their day.

Stark made breakfast, while Peter sat at the kitchen island and watched. As he cooked, Tony explained the driving range at the golf course and how it worked.

“We’ll whack a few buckets of balls and see how you do,” he said, finally, as he handed Peter a plate loaded with crepes and sausages. “If you don’t hate it, we’ll go out and golf 18 holes. Sound good?”

“Sure.”

When they were finished eating, Peter helped clean the kitchen, figuring that since he couldn’t really cook, it was at least some way that he could contribute to the household chores. Then he grabbed a sweatshirt, even though it was a warm, sunny day, Tony pulled his golf clubs out of the closet, and the billionaire drove them to the exclusive golf club that he preferred.

Their first stop was the pro shop. The clerk helped the two find a set of clubs that fit Peter’s reach and height, and even though the boy pointed out that it was folly to buy him clubs since he didn’t even know if he’d like the game, Tony purchased the set of clubs, a matching bag, shoes and a glove, just to make sure he had everything.

“You can’t share clubs,” Stark told the boy as they carried their bags out to the driving range. “It’s like sharing a toothbrush, or something. It just isn’t done. Besides, sometimes we’ll be on different parts of the hole, looking for our balls.”

Peter smirked at the unintentional innuendoes in the conversation, causing Tony to roll his eyes, amused, and he grinned, pleased to see the boy so cheerful.

“Grow up, Parker.”

The boy chuckled, but didn’t say a word as Tony went to buy a couple of buckets of balls for them to whack.

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“It’s not very hard…”
“It is,” the billionaire told him, watching as the boy hit several balls in a row to the exact spot he’d been told to aim for. “You’re just exceptionally good at it.”

He was, too.

It had simply been a matter of Tony finishing the lesson that Dr. Anderson had started, and giving Peter a chance to get the feel of the clubs and how the swing was supposed to be. Then he’d simply stood back and watched as the boy put on a display for himself and the others on the driving range, easily hitting whatever he was told to hit; which included distance markers, other colored golf balls and a few times the specially designed vehicle that was driven out to collect the balls being hit.

Clearly his impressive hand eye coordination and the strength that was augmented by his spider enhancements had an interesting side-effect. He was really good. Tony was interested in seeing just how good.

“Ready to give it a try in real world applications?”

“Yes.”

They left the small crowd of surprised onlookers and went to get a golf cart.

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“Seriously,” Stark said a few hours later, sitting at a table in the dining room of the country club, basking up the sunshine streaming through the window they’d been seated next to. “I could make a killing with you, wagering on golf shots.”

Peter blushed with happiness at the praise, even though he knew that he had very little to do with how good it turned out that he was at golfing. It was ridiculously easy, after all.

“I’d rather stay under the radar,” he admitted.

“Yeah? Well, it’s something to think about if the whole superhero or scientist things fall through.”

The boy smiled at that.

“I have a few years, either way, most likely.”

“Probably.”

They ordered lunch and had a good time.

The club was exclusive enough that Tony was able to just be himself and not have to worry about people coming up to him asking for autographs or pictures, and that gave him a chance to relax and enjoy Peter’s company. A few people did walk up to say hello, but they were either businessmen or politicians that had contact with the billionaire before and were simply being social.

When they weren’t being interrupted, Peter was questioning Tony about the latest incarnation of the Ironman suit and what kind of refinements he was planning for it. Since Stark could literally discuss tech for hours – if not days – the conversation rarely faltered as they ate their lunch, had a leisurely dessert and then packed Peter’s new clubs into the trunk of the car with Tony’s and drove back to the apartment.

“You know,” Stark told him as they left the parking garage and entered the elevator, glad to be home. “There’s no reason you and I can’t work on making you a better suit than the one we had to
throw away. Something bullet-proof, even, maybe.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“I don’t know,” the boy said. “It’s just a part-time thing,” he pointed out. “Not like Ironman or anything.”

“Don’t sell yourself short,” Tony told him. “You’re trying to do good and you’re doing it with no real recognition. I think that’s pretty great. But you definitely need a better outfit. Something tighter, safer, and a better way to incorporate your web spinners – maybe even work on the webbing a bit, if you’re willing. Although Bruce has more chemistry chops than I do, so we might hit him up for some assistance.”

“Really?”

Tony rolled his eyes, and hugged the boy as they exited the elevator and walked into the living room.

“Yes, really. Stop sounding so shocked. Of course, I want to help you. Bruce will, too, I bet.”

“It’s just a lot to take in,” Peter said, leaning into the embrace and resting his cheek against Tony’s shoulder, holding him. “I’ve always hidden it, you know? The thought of having someone actually help me be better at it is new…”

“I know, honey.” Tony pressed a kiss against his temple. “But I’m here for you, okay? Just remember that. Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

He put his arms around the older man, sliding his hands under the back of the polo shirt Stark was wearing and savoring the fact that he was allowed to touch him like that when no else did. Tony chuckled, feeling his loins tighten a bit at the touch – and it wasn’t even remotely erotic or sexual! He’d barely brushed the skin on his back.

“I love your hands, Peter,” he murmured into the boy’s ear, his own coming down to slide under the back of Peter’s jeans, cupping his ass in his palms and pulling him tightly against him, grinding his pelvis against the boy’s belly. “You’re so sensual.”

Peter shivered. He didn’t know about that, but he loved Tony’s hands, too, and wanted them on him. Everywhere.

“I need you, Tony,” he whispered, closing his eyes when the older man’s hand found his crack, caressing him, tenderly, but arousing Peter so easily. “Please.”

“Ask me for it,” Stark crooned, his breath hot and moist in Peter’s ear. “Tell me what you want, honey, and I’ll do it to you all night long.”

“Visitors coming to the elevator, boss,” FRIDAY cut in before Peter could even attempt to open his mouth to try to form the words that were already catching in his throat.

Tony groaned; hugging Peter closer.

“Who is it?”

“Bruce Banner, James Rhodes, Steve Rogers, Natasha Romanova and Sam Wilson.”
“What? What are they doing here?”

“Unknown.”

“It was rhetorical, FRIDAY.” He kissed Peter, quickly, and then let him go, looking down at the boy’s jeans to see if there was any unmistakable sign of arousal. He looked slightly dazed, but the front of his pants weren’t bulging, just yet, so they were probably fine. “Let them up.”

By the time the elevator doors opened, and the visitors exited the car, Tony and Peter were at the kitchen island; Tony with a beer, Peter with a cola. They looked over as the others walked in, and all of them were carrying bags of groceries.

“Hey, boys,” Romanoff said by way of greeting, walking over to the kitchen and dropping her bags on the counter, followed by the others, who did the same. Bags of white paper - obviously meat-chips, condiments, side dishes and who knew what else? “What are you two up to?”

“We just got back from the country club,” Stark replied, gesturing to the golf clubs that had been left unceremoniously next to the entrance when they’d arrived home. “What are you guys up to?”

“We were in the neighborhood and thought we’d join you for dinner.”

“In the neighborhood?” Tony echoed.

“Sort of,” Bruce said, smiling. “I was at the tower, anyway.”

Stark looked at the others.

“We were hungry,” Steve said, shrugging. “And since you have a grill, and no personal life, we figured it would be safe to stop and get the makings and come find a place to cook some steaks. We brought hotdogs,” he added.

“There are grills at the compound,” Tony pointed out.

He had had much different plans for the evening, really; plans that definitely didn’t include anyone other than himself and Peter.

Romanoff chuckled, and slid her arm around Peter, pressing a kiss against his cheek, impudently, and smiling when he blushed brilliantly.

“But Peter isn’t at the compound,” she said. “Is he?”

The billionaire smiled at just how happy Peter looked, and shrugged. They could finish their conversation later, and he had all night to play in the bedroom. It made his heart happy to see the boy so pleased that they had singled him out to want to spend time with him.

“Fine. You can all stay,” he told them. “But you have to help clean up the mess you make. The housekeeper isn’t coming for a few days.”

“Deal.”
“You need help with him?”

Tony looked down at the boy, who had fallen asleep on the chaise lounger, and shook his head.

“Nah. I’ve got him, Steve. I’ll wake him up and send him to bed when you guys are gone.”

“We’re going,” Rogers told him, looking at his watch. “The coach turns into a pumpkin at midnight, and it’s coming up on that, now.”

Stark smiled, looking at the small group still hanging out on his balcony.

“Thanks for coming over. Peter had a good time.”

“Just Peter?” Rhodey asked.

“Of course. I mean, you guys did just come barging in, unannounced, eating all my food, drinking all my booze and keeping me from my nightly fix of Deadliest Catch.”

“I’ll remind you that we brought the food,” Sam pointed out.

“And the booze,” Romanoff added.

“Whatever. Don’t do it, again.”

His smile clearly told them otherwise, and they all could tell. Gathering up their things, they said their goodbyes. He reminded them that Peter might end up at the compound during the next week and then walked them out. He returned to the kitchen long enough to make sure that any leftovers had been put in the fridge, and then walked back out to the balcony and crouched down beside Peter’s sleeping form.

They’d had a good evening. There had been a lot of food; Rogers loved to grill and was good at it. He’d brought steaks, hamburger, and hotdogs. There were chips, pasta salad and potato salad (store made, but not bad, despite it) and raw veggies to balance out all the rest. With cupcakes as a treat for dessert. As they’d grilled, Tony had described just how impressive Peter had turned out to be as a golfer, which had made the boy blush in pleasure at the looks they gave him.

Then, as they eaten, the talk turned to Peter’s other abilities and that progressed to them turning to the outside display and Tony having FRIDAY pull up all YouTube videos that had captured Spiderman in action. There weren’t a lot, but the ones they had were impressive. Steve asked about the webbing, which had ended up with Peter bringing out his webshooters and the Avengers all experimenting with them, leaving the balcony in a sticky mess that had fascinated all of them - but Bruce, especially - until the stuff had dissolved a couple of hours later.

By then, though, the day had caught up to Peter, and he’d fallen asleep on the lounge chair. Rather than wake him, then, they’d simply covered him, warmly, with a blanket, and turned the discussion to other things that the boy wouldn’t have found interesting, but they did.

He brushed gentle fingers along Peter’s cheek, then leaned over to kiss his closed eyelid.

“Hey, honey, wake up…”

“Hmmn?”
He didn’t open his eyes, but the tender tone of Tony’s voice must have bled through into whatever dream he might have been having, because he did smile. Which made Tony smile, too. God, so fucking adorable. And all his.

“Peter?” The billionaire whispered. “Let’s go to bed.”

“I’m sleepy.”

Tony rolled his eyes. Sleepy Peter was adorable, yes, but just a little exasperating, as well.

“Which is why we’re going to go to bed.”

“Okay…”

Tony waited, but the boy simply shifted, just a little, under the blanket, and was still, once more.

He tried, again.

“Hey.” His hand palmed the boy’s cheek. “Come on. Bedtime.”

Peter groaned, softly, and opened his eyes, looking up at him.

“What?”

“It’s bedtime, honey,” Tony told him. “Ready?”

“Yeah.”

He still wasn’t completely awake, but he did sit up, leaning heavily against Tony, who put an arm around his waist and pulled him to his feet, bracing him. Peter sighed and allowed Stark to guide him into his bedroom, prop him up on the edge of the bed and start undressing him; shoes and socks, then his jeans and boxers and finishing with his sweatshirt and t-shirt.

“You’re so beautiful,” Tony murmured, running his hands along the boy’s body as he maneuvered him into the bed and made sure there was a pillow under his head. “So lovely.”

Peter’s cheek reddened, and he smiled, but he didn’t open his eyes, still much more asleep than awake.

“FRIDAY, lights.”

The lights in the room lowered to almost nothing, with only a nightlight in the bathroom casting illumination onto the scene. Which was plenty for both of them.

The billionaire undressed, feeling his cock swell at the sight of the boy in his bed, and he slid under the covers beside him, gathering Peter into his arms and draping one of the boy’s legs over his hip to make sure there was no space in between them. Now his cock was pressing against the tender skin of Peter’s stomach, and leaving trails of precum in its wake as Tony slowly rutted himself against him, his hand on the boy’s hip keeping him in position.

Peter responded to the touch, and to the motions, his hand finding Tony’s cock and holding it against him as the older man continued what he was doing, his breath coming a little faster.

“Feels good?” Peter asked, his tone making Tony wonder just how awake he was at the moment.

“So good…” he moved his hand from Peter’s hip to his cheek. “Open your eyes, sweetheart. Look at
me.”

Peter did as he was told, and Tony felt his heart skip a beat when those beautiful eyes opened and looked at him, slightly glazed with sleepiness, but much more alert than they had been.

“Hey, Tony…”

“Hey, honey. I need you, Peter… please?”

“I’m yours,” the boy assured him, closing his eyes, again, but caressing Tony’s cock with exquisite tenderness. “Only yours.”

“Tell me what I can do to you.”

“Anything.”

“Be specific,” Tony whispered, still under the constraints of his own rule. “What do you want me to do to you?”

“Tony…”

“You said it was easier to say in the dark,” the billionaire reminded him, gently. “It’s dark. Say it.”

There was the slightest of hesitations, and then…

“Fuck me, Tony. Suck on me. I want you to make me feel good. Please?”

It was easier to say in the dark, he didn’t know why.

Stark groaned, and pushed Peter onto his back, moving the blankets aside and finding the boy’s cock unerringly, even in the dim light. Peter whimpered as his mouth enclosed the throbbing shaft, sucking eagerly on just the head, first, and then sliding his tongue down along the shaft as he engulfed him, fully, his throat closing over the flesh for just a moment before he had to pull back to take a breath and do it again.

He felt the boy’s hand in his hair as Peter’s back arched, driving him into Tony’s mouth, obviously trying to be careful, but unable to completely keep from thrusting his hips. Stark took hold of Peter’s hips and gentled him with the touch, but didn’t stop what he was doing, and was soon rewarded with a cry of pleasure as the boy climaxed. Clamping down on him, Tony slurped and licked him, milking him for everything that he had in him, and making approving noises designed to heighten the sensation.

He didn’t stop, either, just because Peter came. He nuzzled his lips against the boy’s testicles for just a moment, to give Peter a chance to catch his breath, and then he chuckled, softly, at the satiated sigh of relief, and started lapping the sensitive shaft, teasing it and silently, but concisely, demonstrating the reward for being able to ask for what he wanted.

Peter groaned when he realized that Tony wasn’t finished with him, and he threaded his fingers through the billionaire’s hair, closing his eyes and giving himself up to him and to the sensations coursing through him.

“Yes… don’t stop… please…”

Since Tony’s mouth was once more filled, he couldn’t answer him with more than a muffled moaning noise, but his fingers caressed Peter’s balls while his mouth, lips and tongue brought him
right back to attention and soon had him exploding once more into the older man’s mouth. Tony licked him clean, slowly, debating if Peter needed him to suck him off once more, or if he was good to go for a little while, at least. When a few gentle licks and nibbles didn’t produce more than a slight twitch, he smiled and moved up on the boy, pressing kisses along his back, then his sides, his neck and then claimed his lips.

“That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

“It was,” Peter admitted. “But thank you.”

Tony nudged the boy’s thighs apart, covering him almost completely, and reached for the lube.

“We’re not done, honey,” he cooed, his own cock aching for release, too. “Open up for me, Peter. Daddy’s going to fuck you all night.”

Peter felt a thrill go through him at the whispered promise, and shifted, opening his legs and giving himself over to Tony.

“Please…”
Don't let it be said I don't listen to requests and put them in when it fits

Peter woke with a start and a gasp, jerked from the nightmare before it really began by his own subconscious mind recognizing that it was coming and waking him before it could hit. He felt the arms that were holding him tighten, automatically, and a sleepy voice spoke against his neck.

“Shh, honey… I’m here. Daddy has you…”

He held still, trembling, waiting for the panic to wash over him, but it didn’t. The presence of the man pressed against his back was keeping it at bay, and he could have cried with relief at the realization. He turned in Tony’s embrace, easily – one of the few perks of being small and wiry like he was – and buried his face against the billionaire’s chest, shivering.

The motion woke Tony, who tucked him closer, reacting automatically to the shivering, trying to warm him, even though the blankets were still covering them this time.

“Are you okay?” he asked, softly.

“Yes. Sorry.”

“Bad dream?”

Tony was beginning to understand that the boy he loved so much was easy prey for the self-doubts that brought the nightmares – one of the reasons that he was always so willing to praise him and remind him how wonderful he was.

“Yes… no… I’m not… no. No.”

He ran his fingers through Peter’s hair, keeping his face right up against his chest.

“So… no?”

He was so bad at articulating when he was flustered. Amusing, somewhat, but potentially dangerous – for a superhero in the making.

“I think so, but I woke up, first.”

“Oh. Are you alright?”

The boy sighed, feeling only the man he was cuddled against and his own slightly aching body. Aching because of how well used he was, just then. Tony had been exaggerating about spending the entire night fucking him, but not by all that much.

“I’m okay,” he assured him, and the shivering was subsiding, proving him right. “Go back to sleep.”

Tony hadn’t opened his eyes, worn out from so much of a good thing. He pressed a kiss against Peter’s hair and did as he was told, but came awake once more when Peter shifted and started to
move out of his arms. He automatically reached for him, again, to keep him close.

“Where are you going, honey?”

“To the bathroom,” Peter whispered. “Shh…” he turned the tables on the older man and caressed him, tenderly, his hand brushing his cheek, tracing the line of facial hair on his jaw. “Go to sleep, Tony.”

He settled with a tired sigh and Peter slipped out of the bed and pulled the blankets up, tucking them around him before walking to the bathroom and closing the door, silently, before turning on the light. He shivered, again, this time with cold, and started the shower, thinking that he’d warm himself up with hot water instead of waking Tony by using him to do it.

The water was really hot – Peter handled warm a lot better than he did cold – and he washed himself, thoroughly, enjoying the smell of vanilla and coconut from the body wash and shampoo mingling in the steamy room. Then simply stayed under the spray, letting the steam and water both settle him as the warmth permeated even that cold spot in his core that always shivered, even when the rest of him was fine.

The water never turned cold. Never deviated from the initial hot that it started with – something unheard of for Peter, who had only lived in apartments equipped with a single hot water heater with a finite tank. He tilted the showerhead until he could rest his forehead against the tile in front of him and still have the spray striking the back of his head, with the water running down from his neck and to his back, easing every ache. Then he closed his eyes and allowed his mind to rest as languidly as his body was.

Right up until strong arms came around him, startling him from his half-drowsing state.

“Shhh…” Tony was just as naked as he was, holding him from behind, and burying his face in the junction of his neck and shoulder.

Peter should have realized that the billionaire would notice when he didn’t return to their bed, and would have come looking for him to check on him.

“I’m okay,” he assured him, before he could ask.

“Good.” He wasn’t shaking. That was a start. “You’re warm.”

“Yeah. Feels good.”

The older man smiled and hugged him, tightly.

“Yes, it does. Come back to bed, honey. I’ll keep you warm, now.”

Tony waited for Peter to nod, and then reached around him and turned off the water, drawing the boy out of the shower and into the steaming, hot, bathroom. He toweld them both dry, spending much more time with Peter – especially that unruly mop of damp curls – and wrapped the boy in a warm bathrobe before opening the door and leading him out into the much cooler bedroom.

Peter shivered at the change of temperature, and Tony settled them both back into the bed, keeping the robe on the boy to retain what warmth he could. Much as he preferred him naked, he also preferred him warm, and at the moment, he didn’t really need him naked. Not after their most recent round of sexual activity. He was ready for cuddling – and couldn’t do that without the boy, obviously.
Peter pressed right up against Tony, who murmured something unintelligible in approval, and kissed the top of his hair.

“I didn’t mean to wake you up.”

“You didn’t. I never sleep, remember?”

The boy smiled.

“We’ll have to fix that.”

“If anyone can, you can,” Tony told him, sincerely. “Feeling better?”

“Warmer. I didn’t feel bad, or anything. Just restless and a little chilly. I didn’t want to keep you awake.”

“It’s my job to take care of you.”

“Why?”

“I saved your life. That makes me responsible for you, right?”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“I wasn’t that shot up… I probably wouldn’t have died.”

He was so glad that Tony and Happy had found him, though. Being on his own had been so lonely.

“I meant the first time we met.”

“Oh.” He smiled, thinking back to that scary evening, and how incredible the moment had been. “Yeah. I probably wouldn’t have survived that one.”

“See?” Tony slid his hand inside the robe, resting his palm against Peter’s prominent ribs. “You’ve been my responsibility for years, and I just never knew it. But I’m here, now, and I’ve got you, honey.”

“Then you shouldn’t be so mean to me…” Peter told him. “Making me ask for everything I want. You should just know.”

“It’s important that you communicate with me,” Tony replied. “It’s not fair to me to make me guess. What if I bent you over and made love to you when all you really wanted was for me to suck on you? Or what if all you wanted was to be held and comforted, and I buried your head in my lap, instead? Eventually, it would become worrisome at best, annoying and festering at the worst. I want to know what you like, and what you don’t like, so I can make you feel good. All the time.”

“What do you like?” Peter asked, saving that explanation in his mind for later consideration, since he was sure Tony was right.

“Anything.”

“I could say the same, and you’d tell me to be specific.”

Which was true, and Tony knew it. The problem with loving someone who wasn’t an idiot.

“I like to be in charge. Once you tell me what you want from me, I enjoy being the one who decides
when it happens, and how.”

Peter already had figured that out.

“Yeah. What else?”

“I enjoy having my cock in your mouth. I’d like you to learn how to deepthroat me, if we can do it without hurting you.”

“Does it hurt?”

“It can, baby. If we weren’t careful. I’ll never hurt you. Not on purpose – and I expect you to tell me right away if I do it, accidentally.”

The way he said it made it an order, Peter realized.

“I will.”

“Good. Now, it’s dark in the room, right?”

“Yes.”

“And we’re communicating. Yes?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me what you like – as far as you know. I’m not up to doing it, right now, but I want to know what you enjoy the most.”

Peter blushed, and felt Tony’s hand brush along his side, reassuring him.

“I don’t… I’m not sure.”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” Tony reminded him, aware that he was getting flustered. “It’s part of our relationship – and an important one. Daddy can’t make you feel good, if I don’t know what turns you on the most.”

The boy smiled.

“Does it only have to be what you do to me?” he asked. “Or can it be the way I like it when you say I’m perfect, or brave, or beautiful?”

“Of course, it can be those things. If they make you feel good, then I’ll keep doing it.”

“Your turn,” Peter said. “What can I say to you to make you feel good?”

He wasn’t a smooth talker, and was painfully aware of it.

For the first time, though, he felt Tony hesitate. Could practically feel the older man’s uncertainty.

“It’s communicating,” Peter told him, more than willing to throw the billionaire’s words back at him. “I want to excite you, Tony. How do I do that?”

“Call me daddy, honey. Be my baby – at least in bed.”

“That’s it?”
“Say it, Peter. It doesn’t even have to be filled with expletives.”

Tony had no trouble telling Peter what he wanted – especially since the big desire was now out between them.

“Daddy…”

He felt the shiver go through Tony; he couldn’t miss it being as close as he was.

“Yes. Just like that.”

The boy smiled, and kissed Tony’s neck.

“A compromise?”

“Hmmm?”

“You want to be daddy, right?”

“Yes.”

“And in charge.”

Obviously. Which was almost certainly a part of the daddy thing, Peter guessed.

“Absolutely.”

“Then if I’m stumbling over telling you what I want you to do, specifically, then I want you to decide, until I’m able to tell you. Daddy decides by default.”

Tony hesitated.

“You don’t use it as a way out, though,” he countered. “You really have to make an effort to try before you tell me you can’t.”

“Fair.”

“What else?”

“You teach me to cook.”

The older man chuckled.

“I can do that.”

“I love you, daddy.”

Tony groaned and hugged him, close.

“I love you, too, honey. Think you can go back to sleep for a while?”

It was still early, and he didn’t want a grumpy boy on his hands later on in the day.

“Yes. You?”

“Yeah.”
He tucked Peter right up against him, feeling the warmth from the boy and making sure it was skin that he was up against, not the cloth from the bathrobe.

“Say something to make me feel good, daddy,” Peter told him, testing out the word, as if to familiarize himself with it.

Tony smiled; wondering if Peter realized that he was also making his desires known. It wasn’t much, but it was there.

“You’re amazing, baby,” he whispered, caressing Peter’s cheek with his fingertips. “Beautiful, and strong, and brave.”

“Hmmm…” the low, pleased note that rumbled from Peter’s chest made his heart happy, and Tony rested his chin on Peter’s head.

“We’re going to get you a haircut, later today, honey. Daddy’s boy is looking shaggy. Okay?”

“Yes, daddy.”

Oh, yes, Stark thought as he closed his eyes, nestled right up against his prize. He could definitely get used to that. His cock twitched at the thought of hearing Peter say it when he was driving into him, his body pinning the boy under him. He could wait; he wanted Peter to get some sleep, but it wouldn’t be too long.

Absolutely.
Peter woke Tony a few hours later. He wasn’t trying to; he was trying to get out of the robe without making any more movements than necessary, but he was tangled in it and one arm was pinned, while the belt of the robe had somehow managed to get twisted around his other arm and under him. Tony stirred, his arm automatically pulling Peter closer, comforting him if he was having a bad dream, reminding him that he was there, if he wasn’t.

“You okay, baby?”

“I’m stuck.”

The billionaire opened his eyes and pulled the blankets back enough to see what he meant, and smiled at the tangled mess revealed.

“Yes, you are.” He moved back, lifting himself up, since somehow he’d rolled onto one corner of the fabric, while Peter squirmed and twisted himself around, trying to pull his arm free. “Another argument for sleeping naked, right?”

“I know.” He’d been cold, then, though, and had been glad to have the robe on. Now he just wanted free of it.

Finally, he was forced to roll out of the bed completely and sluff it off, allowing it to fall to the floor. Tony looked up at him, sleepily, his gaze tracking the boy’s body, approvingly, and he put his hand on the spot Peter had vacated.

“Come back to bed, honey. I’m not ready to get up, yet.”

Peter complied, willingly, and slid into his spot beside Tony, cuddling up against him and sliding a hand along the older man’s chest.

“Morning, daddy…”

Stark smiled, and hugged him tightly, pinning the hand between them.

“God, that’s sexy.”

The boy echoed the smile, and pressed a kiss against Tony’s neck since he couldn’t move, otherwise.

“How far does the daddy thing go, though?” he asked, uncertainly. “I mean; you call me baby – and I like it – but we’re not talking about diapers and bottles or anything, are we?”

Tony chuckled.

“No. Unless that would be something that you wanted to explore. People do it. Baby powder, wipes, pacifiers; the works.”

“I’d rather not.”

“I agree.” He moved away enough that he could run his hand along Peter’s arm, and then his side, simply touching him. “I wouldn’t be above a little de-aging, though. Not during sex – you’re perfect the way you are when we’re in bed – but if you were to crawl into my lap while we’re watching a movie or something, wanting to cuddle, I could live with that.”
“You’d like it?”

“Yes. I think so.”

“Okay.”

“Don’t try to overthink it, okay, honey? We’ll play with it; let it evolve as we go. You find what’s comfortable for you, and I’ll find what works best for me, and we’ll just enjoy each other.” His hand slid to Peter’s penis, his palm sliding along the semi-erect rod and stroking him, tenderly. “I enjoy you, all the time.”

Peter closed his eyes, taking a long shuddering breath as he gave himself up to the touch.

“That feels good, daddy…”

Tony felt his cock twitch, eagerly, as a surge of excitement went through him. It sounded even better than he’d imagined.

“Yeah, baby? You like that?”

“Yes.”

“Want me to play with you, honey?”

“Please, daddy.”

“What do you want me to do, Peter?” Tony whispered, stroking the boy’s cock, which was now wide awake and starting to drool precum into the older man’s hand.

“You know.”

“I don’t, though, baby,” Tony said, gently, still stroking him, lightly. “What if I guess wrong? Tell me, sweetheart. Let me know so I can do what my baby wants me to do to him.”

Peter tucked his face against Tony’s chest.

“I want you to fuck me, daddy.”

It was said quickly, but Tony was getting adept at understanding the boy’s strung together sentences. He smiled and hugged him, proud of him for being able to say it at all, and not annoyed by how it had been delivered.

“My brave boy,” Tony crooned. “So courageous. So smart. So wonderful.”

Peter shivered, practically writhing in pleasure at the praise, and Tony stilled him with a gentle touch.

“You don’t want me to suck you, baby?”

“No. Not right now. Please?”

“Of course.” He kissed him, slowly, running his hand to his own cock, which was throbbing and eager. “Show daddy how you want it, honey. Belly down, or belly up?”

The boy moved away from him and lay down on his stomach, opening his knees and raising his hips, presenting his ass to Tony and looking over his shoulder at him.
“Oh, god, Peter,” Tony murmured, rising up to his knees and slipping his body between the boy’s legs so he could slide his hands along his ass cheeks, kneading them and spreading them. “You’re so fucking beautiful. So gorgeous, baby.”

Peter whimpered, pressing back against his touch, his hands curling in the bedding under them.

“Please…” he whined. “Please, daddy…”

Tony reached for the lube and slicked his fingers, before sliding one along the boy’s crack and pressing it against that puckered entrance that was begging to be filled. The boy shuddered as he invaded him, teasing, caressing and already starting to prepare him.

“Like that, baby?” Tony asked, reaching around and stroking Peter’s cock with his free hand, even as another finger joined the first.

“Yes.”

The boy was anxious, now, but Tony slowed his pace, wanting to allow it to draw out as much as possible, considering he was so hard he thought he was going to explode any minute, now. He used a third finger inside Peter, reaching for – and finding – his prostate as his pace increased once more on the boy’s cock. The combined sensations sent Peter over the edge and he moaned as he came, smearing Tony’s hand and his own stomach with his cum, his hips jerking uncontrollably.

“So beautiful,” Stark whispered, still stroking him. “Daddy’s little boy…”

“Yes, daddy… please…”

Tony let go of Peter and pulled his fingers from his ass, moving now to cover the boy, his bobbing, eager cock unerringly sliding along his crack and nudging his opening as Tony wrapped an arm around him to hold him in position and braced himself with the other hand. Then he ground his hips forward, his groan of satisfaction muffled by Peter’s shoulder as he sank himself into his boy’s tight body, claiming him once more.

“My baby,” he cooed, holding still for just a moment, savoring the words and the actions, equally. “Say it, Peter… please…”

“Daddy…” the boy moaned, turning his head so Tony could kiss him, which he did. “Daddy…”

His hips herked in response before he even knew what he was doing, and Tony gasped at the sensation and pulled back, moving forward, again.

“So perfect, honey,” he said, thrusting himself into the boy, repeatedly, driving him into the bedding and the mattress. Pinning him under his weight. “So beautiful. Just for daddy.”

Peter’s hand found his cock, stroking it in the same rhythm as Tony’s thrusts, and then increasing his pace as the billionaire’s words excited him further.

“Yes…”

He came, again, with a strangled cry, just as he felt Tony tense and erupt inside him with a final, hard thrust, warmth spreading through his body at the sensation of being filled in so many ways – and so perfectly.

Peter collapsed under Tony’s weight and the older man followed him down, his heaving body resting on the boy’s slender frame, holding him tightly as his hips jerked and his cock emptied inside
him.

“Wow…”

Tony chuckled, weakly, at the amazement in Peter’s interjection.

“Yeah, wow.” He nuzzled the boy’s ear, sliding his tongue along the sensitive flesh. “Are you okay? Was I too rough?”

“No. It was good. It was great. You were great.”

“So were you, honey.” He looked down at the boy underneath him, and reluctantly slid out of him before gathering him in his arms. “So perfect. So beautiful.”

Peter made a happy noise and cuddled up against him, soaking up the praise and the sensation of being held in equal parts.

“Thank you, daddy.”

Tony chuckled.

“You are most welcome, baby.”
Chapter Notes

this is just going to be a blank, guys. I messed up, or my laptop did, or the site did. Just ignore it until I fix it. Sorry

IGNORE THIS SPACE (ugh)
It was pretty comfortable to just lie in bed cuddled up to a warm body that wanted nothing more from you than to be allowed to cuddle up with you, as well, Tony had to admit. It felt good. Wonderful, even. A hand slid along Peter’s side forced them out of bed, though; the ribs he felt reminding the billionaire that they didn’t want the boy skipping any meals.

He cajoled Peter out of bed with promises of more loving later, if he was good (and really, even if he wasn’t, Tony was sure – he didn’t have that much willpower, after all) and got the two of them showered and sent the boy off to get dressed.

“Let’s go out to eat,” Tony suggested, when Peter returned, wearing jeans and a t-shirt with a sweatshirt over it. “I’m in the mood for buffet.”

“Whatever you want, daddy,” he said, agreeably.

The billionaire smiled, pulling him into his arms and hugging him.

“God, you’re amazing. Have I told you that, recently?”

“It’s been too long,” Peter replied, sliding his arms around his waist, clinging loosely to him.

Tony kissed him and then forced himself to pull away.

“Come on, honey. I’m starving, and you need a haircut.”

“Are you getting one, too?”

“We’ll see.”

The restaurant was a favorite of Tony’s and the staff knew him well. They put him in an out of the way area that would keep autograph and selfie seekers away – for the most part – and was still close enough to the buffet that they didn’t have to hike too far.

“Hungry?” Tony asked as they were seated.

“Yeah. Do you come here a lot?”

“Sometimes. I like it; the food’s good and the staff doesn’t gawk.”

“Do you prefer to eat out, or make your own at home?”

“Depends on what I’m in the mood for,” Tony admitted. “Today I want a variety, and it’s easier to come here and not make that much food just for the two of us. If I just wanted a piece of chicken, or something, then it would be worth staying home for. We’re out and about, anyway, today, so we might as well eat out, too. Makes sense?”

“Yeah.” He smiled. “The daddy thing’s off the table in public?”

That made the billionaire smile, too, and his eyes gleamed with a mixture of humor and lust.

“If you get an urge to call me that, by all means, do it. I will warn you, now, that you can expect me
to pull you into a closet somewhere and have my way with you, if you do.”

Peter chuckled.

“I suppose I’ll have to control myself, then.”

“Only in public. When we’re at home, you call me whatever you want. Understood?”

“Yes.”

They both ate well. Not surprisingly after the evening that they’d had, of course. Peter went back four times for one thing or another, Tony noticed with approval and just a little satisfaction. Approval that he’d gain weight back that much quicker the more he ate, and satisfaction that it was almost certainly his attentions that were driving the boy’s appetite that morning.

If that’s what it took to make sure he was hungry, he’d fuck Peter as much as the boy wanted. And then turn him over and go, again.

When they were done eating – and Tony sent Peter back for another piece of cake just to make sure he was properly stuffed – they left the restaurant and went to the private spa where Tony always got his hair cut, his manicures and his massages. The staff were great, and he smiled as he watched them take Peter in hand and not only give him a manicure – which made the boy blush for some reason, but also the much-needed haircut.

“How much are we taking off?” the stylist asked Tony and Peter.

The man was one of the nicest guys Tony had ever met; flamboyantly homosexual and willing to flirt with anything with a heartbeat – including one woman’s Yorkie, Tony saw, once.

“Just make him look handsome,” the billionaire said.

“We’re keeping these beautiful curls, though, right?” he’d asked, raking his fingers through Peter’s hair almost indecently.

“Not all of them.”

The man smiled, winking outrageously at Tony as he made a fist in Peter’s hair.

“Enough to hold onto?”

Tony smirked, amused.

“Just cut his hair, William. Stop digging for gossip.”

That had triggered a cascade of amused laughter, and the boy found himself on the receiving end of his first-ever four-hundred-dollar haircut.

When the haircut was finished to Tony’s satisfaction a pair of masseuses arrived; sexy and very professional.

“Massages?” one of the women asked Tony, who shook his head, deciding that Peter would have spontaneously combusted if they’d asked him to take his shirt off – much less his pants – in front of any of the women.

“Just the haircut, today, I think.”
He took his still blushing boy out to the car, running his hand through the new haircut.

“Well?” Peter asked.

“You look great, honey.”

Which meant Peter was smiling, pleased, when he got into the car and buckled up.

“Thanks, daddy,” he said, sincerely. “I feel good.”

Tony smiled.

“Anything else you want while we’re out? Anything that my baby needs?”

“Not that I know of,” Peter told him.

He wouldn’t know what he needed, anyway. He hadn’t even thought of a haircut, really, until Tony

pointed it out.

“We’re going to stop at the grocery store, and then we’re going home,” Tony told him. “I’m tired of
sharing you with everyone else.” He reached out and took Peter’s hand, resting it on his thigh, and
then starting the car. “Keep your hand right there, all right?”

“Okay.”

Like that was a hardship.

Peter probably had more fun than was normal at the store. Part of it was certainly because he hadn’t
had the money to do real grocery shopping in months – and no place to cook any food that he may
have purchased if he had. The other part was simply watching Tony shop.

It had started a little rough. They were just parking the car when Tony asked Peter what he wanted
for dinner. The boy had shrugged, saying he didn’t have any preference, and the older man had
rolled his eyes, amused, and told him to pick something. Peter’s experience with food was a lot
different than Tony’s, and feeling just a little edge of uncertainty, he’d suggested mac and cheese and
hot dogs.

“Seriously?”

The realization of just how far apart they were, socially, suddenly hit Peter from out of nowhere, and
he actually felt the sting of tears, knowing he’d made himself look ridiculous. As if it hadn’t been
proved to him at the spa or even the restaurant. He turned his head, so Tony wouldn’t notice. That’s
what he got for trying to open his mouth.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “Whatever you want is fine.”

Tony did notice, immediately, of course, and mentally kicked himself. Here he was trying to get the
boy to articulate his needs and wants, and he’d just automatically mocked him. True, it had been in
amusement – at least it had for Tony – but he knew right away that Peter didn’t see it that way, and
that he’d probably undone every tiny step forward that the boy had made.

“Oh, honey, I’m sorry,” he said, sincerely, cupping Peter’s chin and turning his head back toward
him to make him meet his gaze. Peter’s beautiful brown eyes were bright with unshed tears, and
Tony was glad for tinted windows as he leaned over and kissed each one, tenderly, and then had
kissed Peter’s lips. “Macaroni and cheese, it is,” he crooned. “With hotdogs.”

“You don’t have to…” the boy said, trying to look away, but held in Tony’s grip, and in his loving, adoring, regard. “It was just the first thing that came to my mind.”

“Then it’s what you wanted,” the billionaire pointed out. “And I shouldn’t have teased you, knowing how difficult it was for you to put yourself out there. Forgive me?”

“Yes.”

Tony closed his eyes, pressing his cheek against Peter’s.

“Say it, honey… please? I need to hear it.”

“It’s okay, daddy…”

He’d had to hold Peter for a long moment after that. Not because the boy needed comforting, but Tony wasn’t going to walk through the grocery store the way his slacks were suddenly bulging in the front, and tinted windows or not, he wasn’t going to have Peter going down on him in the car in the middle of a parking lot just because he’d been stupid.

Aside from that hiccup, though. It was fun for Peter.

They walked through the doors of the grocery store and Tony had put him in charge of pushing the grocery cart. The boy trailed behind the older man, watching as he navigated the produce section with as much intensity as he did everything else; testing each piece of fruit or vegetable that he picked up. He double-checked with Peter on what he liked and didn’t like, stayed away from the strawberries completely, and chose enough produce to last them a few days, grumbling because Peter informed him that he didn’t really care for bananas, either.

They they’d gone through the dry foods aisles, and Tony had sifted through items there with almost as much intensity as he’d done his produce shopping. Peter didn’t know what he was looking at when he examined each box, bag or can, but more often than not, something was put back on the shelf rather than into the cart. The meat department was next, and Tony had had Peter pick out what kind of cuts of meat they’d have for dinner the next few evenings.

The boy had quailed at the thought of getting a lobster. Not because he didn’t like it – he’d never had it – but they were alive, and he looked like he was going to cry when Tony told him how they were prepared.

“No lobster,” the billionaire had promised him with another of those tender smiles. “Ever.”

It was obvious to Peter that Tony loved to grocery shop, though, and it was fun for the boy to see him enjoy himself like that.

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“You’re sure you can carry all that?”

“Yeah. I’m good.”

“Don’t drop anything.”

“I’ve got it.”

“We could make two trips.”
“No need to. Really.”

Peter was loaded down with grocery bags, but he could have easily carried twice what he had in his arms. He just would have needed longer arms to be able to hold onto them. He did have to let Tony guide him out of the elevator and into the kitchen where he set everything on the kitchen island, and smiled at the copious amount of food in front of them.

“You’re not hungry, yet, are you?” Tony asked him, brushing his new haircut, admiringly.

“No. Not even close.”

“I’m going to put these away. Go find us something to watch. Movie. TV. I don’t care what.”

“Okay.”

He went into the living room and sat on the sofa, listening to Tony hum to himself as he put the groceries where they belonged, and then vanished into his bedroom for a few minutes, before coming out dressed in sweats and a t-shirt and settling beside him on the sofa.

“What did you find?” he asked, sliding his hand behind the boy to hold him, comfortably.

“Movie? The Mummy?”

“That’s fine, honey.”

Peter set the remote on the coffee table and slid his shoes off, and then climbed into Tony’s lap, silently asking to be held.

“It’s okay, daddy?” he asked, feeling Tony put his arms around him.

“Yes, baby. I told you; any time you wanted. Can we take off the sweatshirt, though? I’ll keep you warm.”

He moved just enough to allow Tony to pull it off, and then returned to his previous position against the older man’s chest, guiding Tony’s hand to his lap, but not saying a word.

Stark kissed his cheek, and gently caressed the slight swelling in the front of Peter’s jeans with that hand, and drew a throw blanket over the boy’s shoulders to keep him from getting cold.

Then they settled in to watch the movie and spend some quality time, just the two of them.
“Is your leg numb?” Peter asked when the movie was over.

Tony chuckled, brushing a kiss against the boy's temple.

“You don’t weigh enough to cut off circulation, honey. How about a change of position, though, if we watch another?”

“You’ll watch another? You don’t have something else you’d rather be doing?”

“No. I’m pretty happy right where I am.”

He let go of the boy, allowing him to decide how he wanted to sit, next – or if he wanted to get off of his lap, completely – and was pleased when Peter straddled his thighs and pressed against him, belly to belly, with his cheek resting on his shoulder. He could feel the swelling in Peter’s pants; proof that Tony had been caressing him throughout the movie, but he wasn’t desperately aroused, and neither was Tony.

It was pleasant.

“Are you alright like this, baby?”

“Yes.” Peter cuddled against him, his hands between their bodies, trusting Tony to hold him steady. “I just like being held.”

“My precious boy,” Tony crooned, bringing the blanket up over Peter’s shoulders, again. “We’ll watch another and then I’ll start dinner.”

“Okay.”

Peter closed his eyes, body relaxing completely in the billionaire’s embrace, and he was dozing before FRIDAY even started the sequel to the first movie.

Tony wasn’t too surprised; Peter had slept a few hours, off and on, the night before, but he was still getting over being sick – even though he was doing well. He needed the sleep. Rather than move him and put him to bed, or shift him to lower him to the sofa to allow him to sleep there, the billionaire simple cradled his pliant body, shifting him to a slightly more comfortable position.

Peter mumbled something Tony couldn’t understand and whimpered in his ear, but Tony shushed him, gentling him with a touch and a loving kiss. A moment later, the boy was still, again, and Tony closed his eyes; just enjoying the position and the company.

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It was a soft conversation that woke him some time later. Tony’s voice near his ear, talking to someone. He opened his eyes and raised his head from the older man’s shoulder, looking around, sleepily, for whoever he was talking to. The room was empty except for the two of them, and Tony held up the phone in his hand, and pressed a finger against his lips, silently telling him to be quiet for a moment.

Peter sighed, and allowed his head to drop back to the muscular shoulder, faintly able to hear that the person on the other end of the call was a woman, but unable to understand what she was saying.
Tony’s free hand caressed his back, idly, sliding under his shirt and running along his spine, and the older man looked at him and brushed a kiss against his lips, tenderly, before responding to the conversation.

“I can definitely understand how that would work, Pepper. Go ahead and sign off on it if you think it’s the way to go…”

He winked at Peter, who shifted a little, but held himself still, shivering a little when the blanket fell off his shoulders. Tony didn’t help when he slid his tongue along the boy’s jawline, smiling when Peter responded by lifting his head and providing more access to that tender skin.

“Alright,” Tony said. “We will see you first thing in the morning. No. I won’t be late.”

He ended the call and tossed the phone to the sofa beside them, and turned his full attention to the boy in his lap.

“Did you sleep well, honey?”

“Yes.”

“I’m going to go start dinner, or it’s going to be after bedtime before we’re ready to eat. Let me up, alright?”

“Do I have to?” he asked, comfortable. “I want to be held, daddy.”

Tony chuckled; hugging him close for a moment to reward him for telling him what he wanted – and calling him daddy, which most of the time would get him whatever he asked for, although Peter might not realize it, yet. He wasn’t going to let the boy get in the way of his own recovery, though. Dinner came first.

“You do,” he confirmed, bringing his hand down between them to caress the front of Peter’s jeans and making a pleased noise when he felt the soft swelling twitch on the other side of the fabric. “Come keep me company.”

Peter grumbled, but did as he was told, climbing off Tony, and then off the couch, giving the older man a chance to regain his feet. They both stretched; muscles stiff from being in the same position for so long.

“Was that work?” the boy asked as they walked into the kitchen.

Peter sat at the island, but Tony went around to the other side.

“It was. Pepper has been working on this merger I want so badly, and she’s pretty sure that the conditions are met for both sides.”

“That’s good?”

“Yeah. It should be. It’s a good deal for both companies. We get access to some of the tech they’re working on, and they get the financial backing that only Stark Industries can provide.” He pulled out a large pot and filled it with water, setting it on the stove to start boiling. “She’s been looking into options for you, too,” Tony told him.

“She knows about me?”

“Yes. Of course she does.” He smiled, to reassure him. “She’s the one that convinced the judge to
give me temporary protective custody of you. And she has the legal knowledge to go through the system looking for the best possible choices for you.”

Peter felt a little nervous at that, wondering what it would be. He was still having visions of foster homes and orphanages – and the movie about Oliver Twist that he’d seen many years before came to mind.

“Do you know if she found anything?” he asked, unable to hide that uncertainty.

“She wants to go over them with us. Tomorrow morning. What do you think?”

He must have paled, because Tony suddenly poured him a glass of water and handed it across the island to him.

“So soon?”

“It’s just options, honey,” Tony assured him. “We need to know your choices are so you can have the best outcome. We’re not going to do anything you don’t like. Right?”

“What if the CPS people try to take me away?”

“They can’t. Only a judge can allow them to do that, and Pepper knows a lot of judges.”

“All of them?”

“No. But most.” He reached over and brushed his fingertips against Peter’s cheek. “You don’t have to come with me. If you want, I’ll have Happy drive you out to the compound and you can stay there, instead.”

Without him, though. Peter shook his head.

“I’ll go with you.”

He needed to know what was going to happen, and he didn’t handle worry very well. Chances were, he’d end up at the compound worrying himself into a panic attack or something.

Tony looked pleased.

“That’s my brave boy,” he said, approvingly, making Peter blush with happiness at the praise. “We’ll go to the tower in the morning, then, and when we’re done, if my merger has gone through, we’ll go to the compound and have lunch with some of the others to celebrate.”

“And if it didn’t?”

The billionaire scowled, but he shrugged.

“Then we’ll go to the compound to have lunch with the others so they can listen to me bitch about it.”

Peter smiled at that. The way he said it made the boy think that it wouldn’t be the first time.

“Okay.”

Tony walked around to Peter’s side of the island, and slid his hand along the boy’s chest. Then he bent and kissed him.
“Either way we’ll get a good lunch out of it.” He reached for the button on Peter’s jeans, and unfastened them. “It’s going to take a while for the water to boil for the macaroni. Is there anything I can do for my baby while we’re waiting?”

Peter felt a hitch in his breath, and he looked at Tony, hopeful and worried at the same time. The billionaire smiled, understandingly, well aware that yes, there was something he wanted, but knowing the same issue was going to come up. He moved right up against where Peter was standing, and slid his hand into the boy’s jeans, under his boxers, caressing the throbbing and eager flesh he found there.

“Daddy…” Peter whimpered.

“I’m going to help you, honey…” he whispered. “Close your eyes. Pretend it’s dark, and tell me what you want…”

He did what he was told, resting his hand against Tony’s chest, and then following with his head, burying his face into the shirt against the arc reactor.

“Please…”

“Say it, baby. You can do it. You’re so brave.”

“Suckme.”

“So brave…” Tony murmured, going to his knees and pulling the boy’s jeans and boxers down, as well, freeing his cock, which was already hard and eager. Tony slid his fingers along the shaft. “So beautiful, baby.”

Peter moaned when Tony took him in his mouth, sliding his hands to the older man’s head, his fingers holding him, tightly, as he began sucking on him. Tony swallowed him down into his throat, humming and sending vibrations through his entire being, which elicited a groan that Peter couldn’t bite back – and no reason to try to.

“Yes, daddy…”

His hips started moving in time with Tony’s head bobbing, and the older man’s hand went to his testicles to knead them and roll them in his fingers. Then he pulled back almost completely, and sucked on just the head, while stroking the shaft before moving to take him into his throat, again.

He only repeated the motion a couple of times before Peter’s climax built and then began crashing over him, sending shock waves of pleasure through his body, causing his balls to tighten in Tony’s hand and his hips to jerk forward, forcing his hot cum into the older man’s mouth, where Tony slurped and sucked it down, noisily, making little sounds of approval.

His knees faltered and he sat down on the barstool, with his cock still in Tony’s mouth, and the billionaire chuckled, throatily, taking a final suck on the tip before pulling off of the boy and claiming his mouth for a kiss. Peter opened his lips to Tony’s tongue, tasting himself and the unique flavor of his daddy.

Tony hugged him, close, and then broke off.

“Good job, baby. I’m so proud of you.”

The boy blushed with pride.
“Thank you.”

Tony pulled his jeans back up and simply hooked the button.

“Why don’t you go change into pajamas? We’re not going anywhere else this evening, and I already know who I want for dessert.”

“Okay.”

Knees still a little wobbly, Peter got up and headed into the bedroom. Stark watched him go, a soft smile on his lips and his expression filled with a hunger that had nothing to do with macaroni and cheese and hotdogs.
By the time Peter returned to the kitchen, wearing flannel pajama bottoms, socks and his reclaimed sweatshirt, Tony had the macaroni boiling and almost finished. He greeted the boy with an approving smile, and asked him how many hotdogs he wanted to go with his macaroni and cheese and Peter had been obliged to let him know that the hotdogs were supposed to be chopped up and mixed with the main dish, not eaten separately.

The billionaire had rolled his eyes, good-naturedly, at that information and had set Peter to chopping up the hotdogs, while he grated three kinds of cheese and pulled out a casserole dish. Then, he’d mixed everything together with the pasta, covered it up and set it in the oven to finish letting it all melt together for a short time.

“What are you making, now?” Peter asked.

He was chopping lettuce and tomatoes into pieces for a salad to go with their meal. It wasn’t pretty, but it was the first step in him learning to cook, and Tony was taking that seriously. While he did that, the billionaire was pulling out a mixer and flour and ingredients that Peter normally associated with baking, not cooking.

“I thought you might want some cookies – for dessert.”

“You’re going to bake cookies?”

“You don’t like them?”

“No. I mean, yeah. Of course.” Who didn’t like cookies? “Why didn’t we just get some at the store? It would have been easier, right?”

“But not as good. It doesn’t take long, and they taste better when they’re homemade.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“Chocolate chip? Peanut butter? Oatmeal raisin?”

“Chocolate chip.”

“Good choice.” He gestured for Peter to pay attention to what he was doing – especially since he had a knife in his hand. “We won’t actually bake them until we’re done with dinner, of course. But the dough should rest, anyway. It’ll give you a good treat before bed.”

“You’re not having any?”

“Maybe. But I intend to have my treat in bed.”

The boy blushed, responding to the lust and love he saw in the older man’s expression, and he smiled, amazed that it was all for him.

He turned his attention back to the chopping, but was watching what Tony was doing, too, and frowned when he finished mixing all the ingredients, added the chocolate chips and then started to cover the bowl with cellophane to let it sit until baking.

“Aren’t you going to try it?”
“It’s raw, honey. You don’t eat raw cookie dough.”

“Sure you do. It’s almost better that way. May would let me lick the beaters when she made cookies. She and Ben shared the bowl.”

“You’re lucky you didn’t get salmonella.”

“Please, daddy?”

Tony groaned, but it was purely mental. Those eyes were irresistible when his boy turned them on him full force like that. Add the softly uttered daddy, and there was nothing he could do. He’d eat cookie dough and get salmonella a dozen times for the boy.

He opened the drawer and pulled out a spoon.

“Not much, though, okay? I don’t want you to spoil your dinner.” Peter nodded, and Tony scooped out a glob of the dough, and then walked around to the other side of the island, where the boy was standing and held the spoon against his lips. “Open up, baby.”

He did as he was told and the boy closed his eyes in bliss at the taste, and Tony about came in his pants at the expression on his face.

“That’s good, daddy,” Peter told him, opening his eyes, again. “Thank you.”

Tony kissed him, tasting cookie dough and Peter, and then pulled away.

“FRIDAY? How long until the symptoms for salmonella start showing?”

“Six to seventy-two hours.”

Tony kissed Peter, again.

“We’ll see how you feel in six to seventy-two hours,” he told his baby. “Then you can thank me.”

The boy grinned.

“I’ll be fine.”

Dinner was great. Not surprising, though, since Peter already knew Tony could cook. He shouldn’t have been too shocked that the billionaire could make something as humble as macaroni and cheese and hotdogs into some kind of culinary masterpiece, but he had.

They sat at the table and ate like a real family, with Peter asking about the merger that Tony wanted. It was important to him, and that made it important to the boy, as well. When they were done eating, Tony pulled out a couple of cookie sheets and some parchment paper to avoid any mess and started spooning dough onto them, while Peter cleared the dishes and rinsed them to put them in the dishwasher.

The first set had gone into the oven and were beginning to make the entire apartment smell wonderful when FRIDAY suddenly spoke up.

“Unknown visitor at the elevator.”

“What?” Stark looked at his watch. “Who’s coming by at 8 o’clock on a Sunday?”
A display at the island lowered, and turned on and Peter and Tony both saw Rachelle Miller in the security camera footage.

“What the hell…?”

Peter paled.

“What do you think she’s doing here?” he asked, suddenly afraid.

“One way to find out.” He swiped the display. “Can I help you?”

She looked around at what had been a disembodied voice.

“It’s Rachelle Miller from Child Protection services, Mr. Stark. I’m here to do my inspection.”

“Are you aware that it’s 8 o’clock?”

“May I come up, please?”

He rolled his eyes.

“FRIDAY, let her in.” The elevator doors opened on the ground floor, and the video showed her vanishing into it. Tony looked at Peter. “Don’t be afraid, honey. She can’t do anything to you. Sit down.”

He looked ready to faint.

Peter was seating himself on a barstool when the elevator opened and the CPS agent walked out, looking around. She was dressed casually and carrying a bag, and walked over to join them in the kitchen.

“Please excuse my interruption,” she said, giving them both a somewhat forced smile.

“Why are you here on a Sunday?” Tony asked, not smiling at all.

“The state requires at least one non-scheduled wellness check of any children newly placed into custody, and an inspection of the domicile to ensure that basic needs can be provided to that child. I’m here to take care of that.”

Stark scowled.

“Fine. What do you need?”

She set her bag on the counter, just as the oven beeped. Tony went back around and pulled the cookies from the oven, setting them on the stovetop in the island, warning both of them that it was hot, before putting the next cookie sheet into the oven and restarting the timer.

Miller looked at Peter, pulling a clipboard and pen from her bag.

“You’re looking very well, Peter,” she said. “How do you feel?”

“Fine.”

His answer was guarded, but she wasn’t surprised. She was well aware that her job could frighten
youngsters, after all.

“Have you eaten today?”

Since they were still cleaning up the remains of their dinner, the answer was obvious, but Peter nodded.

“Just had dinner.”

“Were you fed breakfast?”

“We had brunch at a buffet.”

“Very good. Your clothes appear to be in good condition. Are you warm enough? Do you have a place to sleep?”

“Yes.”

She looked at Tony, her expression approving.

“He looks much better than he did, Mr. Stark. It’s clear you’re taking good care of him.”

Tony nodded, not ready to be friends, but accepting the comment at face value.

“He’s pretty easy to handle.”

“Now I need to inspect your home.” She shrugged. “A formality, in your case, but required.”

“What do you need?”

She consulted her clipboard.

“An adequate source of water supply.”

“FRIDAY. Turn on the kitchen sink.”

A moment later the faucet in the sink came on, and Tony looked at Peter, who understood the look.

“Oh. Um. FRIDAY, turn off the kitchen sink, please.”

It turned off.

Miller smirked at the display, but made a note on her clipboard.

“Does he have his own bed?”

Tony nodded.

“Watch the cookies, Peter,” he said, moving to the other side of the island. “He has the guest room,” the billionaire told the woman, walking her over to it, and opening the door. “He has his own bathroom – we got him all the toiletries he needs; soap, shampoo, toothbrush. Bought him warmer clothes and I took him to get a haircut this morning.”

She nodded, looking around, once more.

“Then I’ve seen everything that I need to see. I do apologize for interrupting, but like I said, we’re required to check.”
“Right. Need anything else?” he asked as they walked back to the kitchen so she could put her clipboard away and get her bag.

“No. Thank you.” She handed Peter her card. “If you need anything, Peter. Please, call. Any time.”

“I’m good,” the boy assured her. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

Stark walked her to the door.

“How many of these unscheduled visits can we expect?” he asked, softly. “I get that you’re doing your job, but he’s on edge enough as it is.”

“Yes, I can see. And I saw it the first time we met, too. This is it. You’re doing a fine job of taking care of him, and that’s what my report will say.”

“Thank you.”

She left, and Tony waited until FRIDAY reported that she was out of the elevator and heading to her car. Then he turned back to the kitchen in time to hear the oven timer buzz, again. Peter got up and grabbed a potholder and took this batch out, setting it down before closing the oven door.

Tony met him at the oven, reached over him and turned the appliance off.

“You okay?”

“Yeah.”

He looked pale and frightened, though, Tony saw. He put his arms around him, pulling him into an embrace.

“It was a normal check,” he assured the boy, tucking his head under his chin. He could feel Peter trembling. “She said you look good and everything is fine.”

“Okay.”

“My beautiful boy. So amazing. So wonderfully brave.”

If he ever needed the bolstering that Tony’s words could give him, now was definitely the time, Stark knew. Peter held him close, but the embrace lost some of its desperation.

“That was scary,” he said, finally.

“Yeah. I know, honey.” Tony pulled back enough to kiss him, softly, and then he smiled, his eyes meeting those beautiful brown ones. “But I know just the thing to make my baby less frightened.”

“What?”

“Fresh-baked cookies. And a glass of milk.”

Peter smiled, amused – which was a much better look on him, Tony decided.

“Milk and cookies? Really?”

“Why not?”
“Are you going to have some?”

“I’ll have mine with coffee, but, yes.”

The boy hugged him, again.

“Okay, daddy. Milk and cookies.”

“And then bed, I think. We don’t want to stay up too late. Pepper will skin me if we’re late tomorrow.”

“You’re her boss, though?”

“When she remembers it, yes.” He pulled away, and guided his boy to the table. “Sit down, honey. I’ll get you some milk.”
The cookies were good.

Fresh out of the oven and warm. *Perfect.* Tony watched Peter as the boy made his way through half a dozen of them and a glass of milk, approving the appetite and the way he lost the worried look in his expression as they discussed some of the homework that Peter had left on the far end of the table. Tony pretty much wanted to discuss anything that didn’t have to do with surprise inspections or CPS, to allow Peter a chance to settle back down.

By the time he was finished with his coffee and Peter was done with his snack, the boy wasn’t quite so pale, and was able to smile at a couple of Tony’s less than great jokes. He was still jumpy, though, and Tony hadn’t been able to get him completely calmed down.

“Bedtime, honey,” he finally said, giving up on doing it with words alone. He stood up and leaned over to press a kiss against the boy's forehead. “Yeah?”

“Okay.”

“Go brush your teeth and get ready. I’m going to clear these dishes and put the leftovers away.”

Peter nodded and got up, as well, vanishing into his bedroom, and leaving Tony to take care of the remaining cookies and load the dishwasher.

He didn’t have to double check the locks and windows or the door to the balcony. Those were all monitored by FRIDAY, after all. It was simply a matter of telling the AI to turn down the lights for the night, and going into his bedroom. Peter was still in his room, but by the time Stark came out of his bathroom, ready for bed, the boy was in his bed, blankets drawn up to his chin and big, brown eyes watching as he walked over.

Tony undressed, his eyes never leaving Peter.

“How do you feel, baby?”

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “Edgy?”

“Yeah. I can tell.” He slid under the blankets, gathering Peter into his arms, and pressing a kiss against his temple.

“Daddy…” the boy pressed his face into Tony’s chest.

“Shhh, baby boy. I’m going to just hold you for a while, okay? We’ll see if we can get you to a reset point from earlier.”

“Okay.”

Tony ran his fingers gently through Peter’s newly shorn hair, stopping – *just once* – to see if it was long enough to take a handful. He was close enough to feel how tense Peter was; his entire body was hyper alert, it seemed, but the billionaire knew it wasn’t anything that he’d done. It was the unexpected visit, tearing a freshly built scab off a gaping, raw, wound.

“If my merger goes through and I get that Nanotech, I’m going to incorporate it into my suit,” he murmured into Peter’s ear. The world’s nerdiest pillow talk, but nothing wrong with that, right? His
baby was listening, and was focusing on him, instead of the scare that he’d had. “I’ll figure out how to incorporate it with FRIDAY, and add in a mental aspect, somehow, and then I’ll be able to activate the suit with a thought. A piece of it here or there, or the whole thing all at once.”

“What do you do with the Nanobots when they’re not activated?” he asked, his voice muffled by Tony’s chest.

“I haven’t quite figured that out – yet,” Tony admitted. “One of the reasons I want this merger to go through.”

“What will you do if it falls through?”

“Start figuring it out on my own.” Tony’s fingers stilled for just a moment while his mind went through the possible scenarios, but a minute motion from the boy in his arms drew his attention back to what was more important.

“I could help you…” Peter suggested, softly, as if he wasn’t sure how the offer would be accepted.

“You’d help?”

“Yes. I mean, you know… if you wanted help. I could read up on it, or something, first. Make sure I knew what it was about, for sure, and then you wouldn’t have to try and figure it out, alone.”

He smiled, even though Peter couldn’t see it, and brushed another tender kiss against his temple.

“Thank you, baby,” he murmured. “I’m going to take you up on that, you know. Even if the merger goes through. It’ll be fun, being in the workroom with you.”

He could feel the tension was draining out of the boy as they were speaking, which was the whole idea, of course.

“I’d like that,” Peter assured him.

“Yeah?” Tony pulled back, just enough to look at his beautiful eyes. They were calmer, now, he could see – even in the muted light of the room. He smiled at Peter, not aware of the look of love that he was giving the boy just then, but seeing the reaction, and forced to pull away – just a little – from the sudden wellspring of love that bubbled up inside him. “You can’t name them, though. The Nanobots, I mean. No making them pets. Got it?”

“Yes, daddy.”

He smiled, recognizing that the boy was feeling better, now.

“Good.” He hugged him, again, and then turned him in his arms, rolling him so that Peter’s back was to his front, but bringing his arms tightly around him to make sure he understood that he wasn’t being pushed away. Tony’s hand went to Peter’s hip and pulled him back against him, the boy’s rear now tucked perfectly against his pelvis. He was aching, now, and his hips were moving, almost imperceptibly, arousing him as he felt Peter’s skin against his cock. “If you want a pet, we’ll think of something.”

“I’ll think about it,” Peter told him, sliding a hand along Tony’s arm, feeling the sudden hardness against his rear. He pressed back against it. Against Tony’s hard body. “Daddy…”

“Shhh, honey… slowly…”
Tony’s hand came down between them, sliding along the slit at the top of his cock, harvesting the precum that was smearing the boy and then sliding his finger along Peter’s crack, finding his tiny hole and teasing it.

“Yes…”

“Like that, baby boy?” Tony asked, craning his neck so he could kiss Peter as he started preparing him, more precum working to make his invasion easier. “You’re so beautiful, Peter. “So tight. So delicious.”

Peter moved against the fingers that were stretching him, making little sounds of pleasure that were only adding to Tony’s excitement.

“Please, daddy. Yes…”

He reached behind him, a hand finding Tony’s hip to try and bring him closer to him – if it was at all possible.

The older man pulled his fingers out spitting on them and rubbing it on his cock before he lifted Peter’s leg and positioned the boy just so, pressing the head of his cock against that perfect ass.

“Ask me for it, honey,” Tony murmured, almost desperately. “Beg for daddy to fill you up…”

"Please, daddy,” Peter moaned. “I need it. Please. Put it in me. Fill your little boy.”

He groaned and held Peter’s hip, keeping him in place while he pressed against him, gentle despite his lust, and the boy moved back against him, forcing him in when his body resisted. Tony hilted inside Peter with a gasp of pleasure and he rested his face on the boy’s arm, kissing his elbow and licking a trail up to his shoulder.

“That’s my baby. Right there.”

Peter whined, moving his hips.

“More, daddy.”

“Shh… who’s in charge, honey?”

“You are, daddy,” Peter whimpered, still wriggling against him. “You’re in charge. I need it, though. Make me feel good.”

“Oh, fuck…”

The boy was so good. He probably didn’t even realize it, Tony decided, as he began moving against his acquiescent body, pushing himself slowly in, and then drawing himself out with almost painful slowness to start, and then a little faster, a little harder, once Peter caught his rhythm and became accustomed to the feeling of him.

All his. Just for him.

He groaned, biting Peter’s shoulder with his teeth, only just remembering at the last moment to curl his lips over them to protect the unblemished skin, and started thrusting harder. His breath was coming in gasps, now, as Peter begged him to fill him. Begged him not to stop. Moved back against each thrust to take that much more of him with each movement, his voice a siren call that the billionaire couldn’t resist. And didn’t bother trying to.
“Yes, baby,” Tony groaned, his climax rushing up on him and hitting with exquisite agony, a final hard motion burying him deep as he unloaded inside Peter. “Shit…” his body was trying to turn inside out, it felt so good, and he clung to the boy, anchoring himself to the real world as his mind went elsewhere for just a perfect moment of bliss.

Peter made an approving noise from somewhere in the dark and Tony opened his eyes and took a deep, shuddering breath. Kissing that shoulder a little less urgently, now. He rutted his hips a couple more times, feeling his cum making the motion even easier, now, than it had been, and then he allowed himself to slide out and he slid his hand around Peter’s hip to find his hard cock.

“No, daddy…” Peter whispered, pulling himself away from the touch, and then rolling in Tony’s embrace until he was facing him, again, and looking up at him, his eyes even darker – and not just because of the lack of that much light. “I’m okay.”

“But you’re hard, baby,” Tony objected, finding him and stroking him, gently.

He was hard. Throbbing eagerly in his hand.

The boy pressed closer, pinning Tony’s hand, stopping him.

“It’s okay,” he murmured, kissing the older man’s chest. “It feels good. This time can just be about you.”

He could have argued, of course. Could have exerted his dominance over the boy – and he was well aware that it existed. Peter was his, after all. But he didn’t. Because while he was dominant, Peter owned Tony just as much – if not more – than the billionaire owned him. If he didn’t want to do anything but cuddle, then Tony wasn’t going to do anything more than that.

“Yes, daddy. Go to sleep.”

He didn’t argue. Instead, he let his baby lull him to sleep.
“Hey, Happy.”

“Peter. How are you doing?”

“Good, thanks.”

“You look good.” He did, too. “Going to work with the bossman?”

The boy smiled.

“Yeah. Want a cookie?”

“Thanks.”

Happy smirked at Tony, who rolled his eyes as he followed the boy into the back of the car. The driver closed the door and then shoved the cookie in his mouth as he went around and got behind the wheel.

Breakfast of champions.

Tony smiled at the boy; he looked so happy. It probably didn’t hurt that he’d woken Peter that morning with his head in his lap, taking care of his morning wood before the boy had even been aware it was there. Peter had climaxed almost before he realized what was going on, and Tony had simply kissed him, tenderly, told him good morning, and then went back to the boy’s cock and teased, licked and sucked until he’d unloaded once more.

That was the way to start a day.

Then it had been a shower; with a lot of kissing and caressing as they washed each other. Tony was sorely tempted to press his baby up against the tile and take him, just because Peter was so willing, so accessible and so fucking delicious, but they had to be at the tower on time, and if he took the time to make love to Peter properly, they’d have had to skip breakfast.

Which wasn’t an option, of course.

They had waffles. With blueberries and whipped cream. Normally, for Tony, it would have been strawberries, but that wasn’t happening. He had blueberries as well – and a banana. Peter had pointed out that just because he couldn’t have strawberries, it didn’t mean Tony couldn’t, but since Tony didn’t know how serious the allergy was, he wasn’t willing to even have them in the apartment.

He didn’t mind making the adjustment, he told the boy. And he meant it. Peter was worth it.

They’d had breakfast, cleaned the kitchen, and then they’d packed up the remaining cookies and headed down to meet Happy.

“Have I mentioned how beautiful you are?” Tony asked the boy as the car pulled out into traffic. He was running his hand through Peter's hair, ostensibly straightening it, but really just wanting to touch him.

Peter blushed, happily, his porcelain cheeks reddening, which only made him more adorable as far as Tony was concerned.
Peter smiled, and leaned into Tony’s side. He would have crawled into his lap, but he didn’t want to wrinkle the expensive suit he was wearing. The boy could get away with jeans and a sweatshirt, but Tony was expected to look the part when he went to work.

The billionaire put his arm around Peter, holding him with one arm, and flipping through his phone with the other. Peter didn’t try to carry on a conversation since he didn’t want to bother him, but he didn’t really need to. Tony’s hand was sifting through his hair, or caressing the back of his neck, making sure Peter knew that the older man was happy to have him with him.

They pulled up to the tower and the doorman opened the back door, holding an umbrella over Tony when he stepped out of the car.

“Good morning, Mr. Stark.”

“Morning.” Tony looked back at Peter. “Put your hood up,” he told the boy, just barely stopping himself from calling him honey.

Peter did as he was told and stepped out of the car into the rain, but they were only rained on for the very short time it took to walk to the entrance of the incredible building. Peter thanked the doorman, who told him that he was welcomed and then turned to the next car pulling up.

“What does Happy do when he’s not driving you around?” Peter asked Tony as they crossed the lobby to the receptionist desk.

“He does a lot of work related to the Avengers,” Tony told him. “Or he runs errands that I don’t have time to do.” He turned to the woman at the desk and asked her to make Peter an ID badge to allow him into the mag-locked doors. “All access,” he told her, winking cheerfully at Peter. “I don’t want him locked out of the bathroom at the wrong time.”

The boy blushed and rolled his eyes and was still smiling when the woman took his picture and handed him the badge a minute later.

“Wow.”

Stark smiled.

“Pin it on and don’t lose it, okay?”

“Yeah.”

Since he’d already toured the place with Tony, he knew they were heading for the executive floor, which was where the man’s office was. They didn’t go there, though, when they got out of the elevator. Instead they went to another office, which was just down the hall. Stark knocked, and then ushered Peter in when they heard a reply on the other side.

The woman at the desk watched them walk up and she stood when they arrived, smiling at Peter, curiously.

“You must be Peter.”

He nodded, shyly.
“Yes.”

Tony smiled; God, he was adorable. He put a hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“Peter, this is Pepper Potts. Pepper, this is Peter Parker.”

“You’re a PP, too, huh?” she said, offering him her hand.

“Yes.”

“And,” Tony said. “Get this; Peter’s allergic to strawberries.”

“No kidding. Really?”

He nodded.

“Yes.”

“So am I.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely. The only thing I’m allergic to, but it’s a doozy.”

“Yeah. I can’t get close to them.”

She smiled, charmed by the boy – which didn’t surprise Tony at all – and then turned to Stark.

“Congratulations. You now own a portion of a Japanese tech giant.”

Tony smiled, too.

“It went through?”

“I sent the electronic signatures this morning. The hard copies of the contracts will be coming by courier tomorrow.”

“Yes. I owe you a steak.”

She shrugged.

“That’d be a good start. How are you two doing this morning?”

“We had a surprise inspection by a CPS agent last night,” Tony said. “She barged her way into my apartment like she thought she was going to catch me beating Peter, or something.”

“We are? Pepper asked him, winking at the boy.

“We were making cookies,” Peter told her.

She raised an eyebrow.

“Really?”

Stark nodded.

“Yes. We brought you some.”
Peter handed her the bag and she smiled, startled, but pleased when she looked into it.

“That was very… thoughtful.”

“Surprised?” Tony asked, amused.

“Yes. A little.”

He smirked.

“Do you have any news for Peter, here?” he asked, pointedly.

“Options,” she said, gesturing for the boy to sit down, which he did; nervously. “He just turned 16, right?”

They both nodded, and watched her. It was a measure of just how intelligent she was that she didn’t need to bring up any notes.

“Then, technically, he could apply to be emancipated.”

“He’s too young to be on his own, Pepper,” Tony objected. “He tried that. It didn’t work.”

“No. I know. But if he applies for emancipation, it frees him from the limitations that would be placed on him as a ward of the state.”

“What do you mean?”

“For one thing; as a ward of the state, he has to be placed in a foster home – or with someone willing to act as guardian to him. If he is emancipated, then he just has to prove that he has a safe place to live, and an income to provide the basic needs.” She looked at Tony. “Or someone willing to take him in – not necessarily as an official guardian.”

“Really?”

“Yes. He has to finish school. Can’t get married. Is still subject to a junior driver’s license and all the regular restrictions that come with being 16, but it would keep him out of the foster care system, completely.”

“Other options?”

“You can continue as his guardian like you have been, until he’s eighteen. We could find a foster home – or someone else willing to act as guardian – or someone could adopt him. There really are several choices, once you stop and look through all of the legalities.”

Tony looked over at Peter.

“Hear that? It’s not hopeless.”

The boy nodded, silently.

“There’s no rush in making the decision,” Pepper told Peter, aware that he was probably overwhelmed by the discussion. He was just a baby, really, poor little guy. “You guys think about it and let me know. We’ll find the proper papers, or individuals to take care of it.”

“Thank you, Pepper,” Tony told her.
“Yeah,” Peter said, nodding. “Thank you, very much.”

“How are you guys getting along?” she asked, curiously.

“Peter makes me stay home, eat healthy, and go to bed at a reasonable hour and actually sleep,” Tony told her. “It’s unbearable.”

She smiled at that.

“You look like you’ve been getting sleep. Good job, Peter.”

The boy blushed.

“We’re going to let you get back to whatever we interrupted,” Tony told her, standing up. “Thank you again for the information – and for the merger.”

“You’re welcome.” She smiled at Peter. “Thank you for the cookies.”

“You’re welcome.”

He got up, too, wiping his hands on his jeans and leaving with Tony, closing the door behind him. Pepper watched them go and then turned her computer display on, again. Then opened the bag of cookies and picked one up.

Her diet could wait for a different day.

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They went to Tony’s office from Pepper’s, and he locked the door behind him, giving them some privacy. It wasn’t anything new; he always locked the world away, so nothing unusual there. He just didn’t normally have someone on his side of the door with him. The moment it was closed and secured, he turned to Peter, checking his reaction to Pepper’s information.

The boy looked calm. Uncertain, but calm. And a little overwhelmed.

“Are you okay, honey?” he asked him, running a palm along his still too prominent cheek.

“Yes. I’m just… well, I thought I had to be out of school to sign up to be emancipated. So I’m… well I don’t know. I don’t know what to… how do I… I-“

“Hey…” Tony cut him off, immediately seeing the beginning of either a panic attack in the works, or just a lot of unnecessary worry. “There’s no hurry on any of this.”

“But-“

“Are you happy?” Tony asked him, cutting him off, his eyes meeting those chocolate ones that held worry and concern far too often.

Like they did just then.

“What?”

“With the way things are, right now. You and me. Are you okay with it?”

“Yes. Of course.”
“Then there’s plenty of time to decide. You’re safe. You’re loved. When you’re ready, we’ll sit down and talk about what you think would be the best option for you, but there isn’t any hurry. Okay?”

He nodded, his tongue coming out to lick his lower lip.

“Okay.”

The billionaire smiled, and kissed the boy, his own tongue taking a taste of that same lip.

“So beautiful,” he whispered into the kiss. “So sexy. And amazing.”

Peter whimpered, his hand coming to hold Tony for support, savoring the praise the older man was giving him. Feeling it calm him and make him feel all of those things, all at once.

“Daddy…”

Tony hugged him, tightly, just wrapping his arms around him and tucking Peter against him.

“My baby…” he pressed a kiss against his ear, knowing what had him the most concerned, because he’d voiced the fear early on. “Just remember; whatever you want to do, you have to include me in there – somewhere. I need to be with you.”

Peter sniffed, and Tony walked over to the low-slung sofa that he sometimes would nap on when he found himself unwilling to go home at the end of the day. He lowered them both onto it and Peter crawled into his lap, burying his face against his neck. The billionaire could feel his tears on his bare skin.

“Happy tears, honey?” he asked, softly, running his fingers through his hair, tenderly.

“Uh huh.”

“Good.”

They were silent for a long time, while Tony comforted him and Peter soaked up Tony’s strength and confidence and used it to settle his equilibrium. Finally, he drew a shuddering breath.

“I’m glad you got your merger.”

Stark smiled, broadly, and hugged him even closer.

“So am I, Peter.” He pulled away enough to look at him, to be able to gauge how he was doing, and was relieved to see that his eyes were much less troubled. “When you’re feeling up to it, we’ll go to my workroom and I’ll let you see some of the Nanotech data – to start getting you up to speed on the technology.”

The boy looked surprised.

“You’re really going to let me help you?”

He rolled his eyes, allowing Peter to see his amusement, and kissed his forehead.

“I’m certainly not going to do it alone.”
They spent the morning together in Tony’s workroom.

Tony pulled a stool out from under the main workstation and pushed Peter down onto it with a caress and a kiss to the top of his head.

“Sit here, baby,” he told him, bringing up a display and entering a few commands. “This is the basic history of the company that we’re merging with, and the introduction to the Nanotech they’re working it. It’s the presentation they hooked me with, so it’ll have all you need to know to start learning about it.”

Peter nodded, excited by the fact that he was sure no one else was getting a chance to look at the information he was. Not to mention the whole idea of being part of maybe helping Tony build – or at least work on the concept of – his next suit. He started looking through the displayed information, reading about the history, and Tony watched him for a moment, and then turned to his own display, bringing FRIDAY online with it to begin running schematics and possibilities.

The room was silent almost immediately.

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“Happy has arrived in front of the building.”

Tony lifted his gaze from the screen, slightly startled by the interruption.

“What? Already?”

He looked at his watch, and realized that he’d been working for almost three hours. It only seemed like minutes, really. He looked over at Peter, who was running his hand along the display the billionaire had set him in front of, flipping through several images. Tony recognized it as diagrams on the way the Nanotech worked. The boy was clearly lost in thought, because he hadn’t looked up at FRIDAY’s announcement.

“Peter?”

He reached out and touched his shoulder, and Peter started, looking over at him.

“Yeah?”

Tony smiled; was it weird that found it incredibly sexy that the boy could get lost in technology like that?

“Happy’s here.”

“I’m almost done with this…” he said, gesturing back to the page he’d been reading.

How many times had he said something like that to Rhodey, or to Pepper? Tony wondered.

“FRIDAY will save your place. We need a break, and Happy’s waiting to take us to the compound – unless you’d rather have lunch somewhere else?”

“No.” As if he’d ever turn down a chance to eat with an Avenger? Or go to the Avenger compound? “I’d still like to go there. If you do.”
“Yeah. Come on.”

They both stretched; stiff from being in the same position so long, and Tony guided Peter out of the workroom with a casual hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“Did you learn anything?” Tony asked the boy as they headed for the elevator.

Peter nodded and started explaining what he’d read. He knew Tony already had the information down, but it was a good way to make sure that he had understood what he’d seen – and it never hurt to give the other a refresher. He was distracted when they walked out into the rain, and Tony simply flipped his hood up for him, nodding thanks to the person who held the umbrella for him while opening the door to the car and waiting for Tony to usher Peter into the back.

“Compound, boss?” Happy’s voice asked over the intercom.

“Yes, please.” He looked at Peter. “Do you need us to stop for a snack or anything? Something to hold you over until we get there?”

“No. I’m good.” The boy smiled; his eyes lit up with cheer. “That was a pretty fun morning, daddy.”

“Being in the workroom, you mean?” Tony asked, reaching out and playing with the string on the hood of the sweatshirt.

“Yes. The best of everything. Being with you and learning something new and interesting.”

“I had a good time, too, honey.” He patted his leg. “Come sit in my lap, I want to hold you.”

Peter did as he was told, willingly. He brought his leg over Tony’s thigh to straddle him, already having decided that if he was allowed to choose, this was his favorite position. Belly to belly and able to simply rest his cheek on Tony’s shoulder, where he could always steal a kiss if he wanted, or could just listen to his heartbeat.

“It’s okay?” he asked, just to make sure Tony didn’t mind.

While it was a great position as far as Peter was concerned, it was Tony who was taking a lot of Peter’s weight, negligible as he said it was. And it was Tony who would be responsible for keeping Peter from falling off his lap if they had to stop suddenly or anything.

Stark nodded, though, and guided Peter’s head to his shoulder, turning his own and kissing the boy’s ear.

“It’s perfect, baby…” Tony murmured. “Will you be upset if I look through some information during the drive?”

“No.”

He kept his cheek on Tony’s shoulder and watched as he pulled out his tablet, handling it easily with the hand that wasn’t holding Peter. Specifications for the new suit came up; mostly they were broad sketches at this stage, but it was still interesting to Peter, who undid a couple of the buttons on Tony’s shirt and slid his hand under it, idly running his fingertips along the billionaire’s chest and belly while he looked at the information, too.

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It was still raining when they reached the compound a little after the noon hour. Happy pulled the car
up under the awning, and came around to open the door. By then, Peter had returned himself to his
place in the seat beside Tony, and he was the first one out when the door opened, this time, eager to
see who was around.

“Thanks, Happy.”

“You’re welcome.”

Tony rolled his eyes at the driver, amused at the boy’s eagerness, and unbounding energy.

“We need to invest in some Xanax, I think.”

“They don’t make a big enough dose to hold him down…”

“True. We’ll want to leave around 5 o’clock.”

“I’ll be around.”

Peter was already at the door, turned and waiting for Tony, who walked over.

“Go,” he said, waving him off. “I’ll meet you in the lounge.”

The boy didn’t even hesitate; ready for some activity after a morning of sitting still followed by an
extended car ride, he trotted down the corridor, with Tony following at a much slower pace.

Steve came around a side hallway just as Stark reached it, and the blonde man gave him a smile by
way of greeting.

“What are you doing here?”

“Came for lunch.”

“Where’s Peter?”

“He went on ahead. He’s probably in the lounge and done eating by now.”

Rogers smiled at the purely illusory annoyance in the other man’s tone. Stark looked like he was
thoroughly enjoying the boy’s company.

“How’s he doing?”

“He’s rebounding pretty well. No trouble sleeping this weekend. I took him to the tower to talk to
Pepper about what his options were, and he was a little overwhelmed by all of them, but I reminded
him that we’re not going to do anything unless he’s on board, so I think he’s okay.”

“You’re not going to keep him?”

“He’s not a puppy, Steve.”

“You know what I mean.”

He did know. Tony shrugged.

“If that’s what he wants. Yes. I don’t have to be his guardian, though. I’d still hang out with him, but
if he didn’t want to make the arrangement that we have now permanent, I wouldn’t stand in his way
of whatever he did want – unless it wasn’t safe for him, of course.”
“Right. How long are you going to be here?”

“We’re here for lunch, and to allow him some time to hang out with the Avengers. Home for dinner and bed at a reasonable hour.”

“Is he back in school, yet?”

“No. I meant a reasonable hour for me.”

They turned and reached the entrance to the lounge as they were talking, and found Peter sitting at a table with his doctor. Robert looked up and greeted Tony and Steve with a smile.

“Tony! Peter tells me you two went golfing.”

“We did,” Stark confirmed as they sat down. “He’s a natural. Shot a 45 on eighteen holes.”

The doctor’s eyes widened.

“Seriously?”

“Yes. I’m never taking him, again. He made me look like an amateur.”

Tony winked at the boy to make sure he knew he was only teasing, but Peter’s smile told him that he already knew.

“Just remember,” Robert said to Peter, leaning over conspiringly. “I taught you everything you know.”

The boy nodded his agreement.

“Where’s Romanoff?” Tony asked.

“Right behind you,” came a feminine voice, making all of them look over. The spy had joined them without anyone noticing, and she walked around to stand behind Peter, leaning over and hugging him, her thick mass of hair cascading down around them as she kissed his cheek, soundly. “How’s my favorite spider?”

Peter blushed, but his brown eyes smiled at the cavalier treatment.

“I’m good. Thanks. You?”

“It’s raining out,” she told him, unnecessarily. “It’s messing with my hair. What are you guys doing here?” she asked, taking the empty seat beside Peter, but now addressing Tony.

“We came to have lunch,” the billionaire said. “You guys can help me celebrate my new tech company merger.”

“Is it boring?” she asked.

“Nanotech,” he replied. “Cutting edge.”

“Sounds boring.”

“Where’s Bruce?” Stark asked, scowling. “He’ll be impressed.”

She smirked.
“He’s in the city.”

“You’ll probably hear from him,” Steve added. “He’s been talking about having something for Peter to look at for the last day or so.”

“For me?” Peter asked.

“That’s what he said.”

Tony nodded; pretty sure he knew what it was.

“Well, he knows where to find me. You guys ready to eat?”

Conversation around the table during lunch was mostly about the Nanotech to start – which was interesting to Peter and boring to the others. When Tony had explained it as far as he could, the topic was switched to other Avenger matters that were simple logistics and noting that would keep the interest of a sixteen-year-old boy. Not surprisingly, then, when Peter was finished with his lunch he asked if he could go look around.

Tony looked at Steve, who nodded.

“I don’t see why not. I’ll let security know that he’s here, so they don’t stop him if they see him – and to be polite if they find him someplace sensitive.”

“Stay away from the sensitive places,” Tony told him.

“I will.”

The boy got up and left, and they all watched him until he was gone.

“He looks like he’s doing well,” Romanoff noted.

“He is. The CPS people came by last night and confirmed it.”

“Did they throw a surprise inspection and wellness check?” the doctor asked.

“Yup.”

“Yes, they love to spring those on a Sunday night when people are already stressed enough about getting ready for the week ahead. What did they find?”

“We were baking cookies.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“You didn’t bring any?”

“Happy and Pepper were on the receiving end of the leftovers. What little there was to bake once he talked me into letting him eat the cookie dough.”

“You didn’t let him eat raw cookie dough, Tony…” Robert said.

“Why not?” Steve asked, at the same time Romanoff started to say the same thing. “It’s better raw,
really. Especially chocolate chip, since it has brown sugar.”

Natasha nodded.

“Because he could get sick,” the doctor said. “Do you have any idea how hard salmonella can hit a person?”

“We used to eat it all the time when I was a kid,” Steve said. “Never had a problem.”

“He looks fine,” Romanoff agreed.

Tony rolled his eyes.

“Peter agreed with you, and used his big brown eyes to get me to go along with him,” he admitted. “If he gets salmonella, you guys are going to be dealing with him – just for agreeing with him.”

“He’s fine,” Steve assured him, turning the conversation back to the training schedule and how he wanted to use the firepower the Ironman suit could bring – even when it came to providing something as simple as air cover.

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Peter had a pretty good time, even though he was alone as he wandered through the compound. He started in the corridors but saw the Quinjets through one of the many windows and ended up going outside to the landing pad to take a closer look. Yes, it was raining, but he sheltered under one of the planes to look at it, and he didn’t get too wet.

From there he saw a helicopter – something that he’d never had a chance to look at up close before – and he went over to that landing pad to get a look at it, as well. He was pretty wet by the time he decided he was ready to go back inside, but the rain hadn’t been too cold, so he wasn’t shiver or anything.

Just wet. A glance at his watch told him that he’d been looking around a little longer than he thought, and he was just getting ready to call Tony, when an overhead speaker startled him by mentioning his name.

“Peter Parker, report to the front entrance.”

Feeling a surge of happiness and excitement at being named, specifically – in the Avenger’s compound, no less – he turned and headed for the entrance and found Tony waiting for him near the car with Natasha standing next to him talking to him.

Romanoff wasn’t the only one to frown when they saw how wet the boy was. Tony looked concerned.

“What happened to you?” he asked. “You’re soaked.”

“I went to look at the jets,” Peter replied, cheerfully. “Did you know they have a helicopter, too?”

“Yes. Are you cold?”

Tony put his hand on the boy’s forehead, but Peter shook his head.

“No. I’m okay. Really. Just wet.”

“Well, let’s get you in the car. Say your goodbyes.”
Peter rolled his eyes, good-naturedly, and Natasha caught him in a hug, despite the fact that his sweatshirt was damp.

“Tony’s going to bring you out for the weekend,” she said. “We’ll take you up in the helicopter if the weather’s good.”

“Really?”

“Why not?”

He grinned.

“Thanks.”

“Get in the car,” Tony told him. “Get that wet sweatshirt off.” He looked at Happy, who was standing by the door. “Find me a blanket, will you? And a towel if we have one.”

“Sure.”

The driver went to the trunk and Romanoff smiled.

“Relax, poppa. He’s not even shivering. I checked when I hugged him.”

Stark rolled his eyes, amused despite his concern.

“Let’s get him a little healthier before we start letting him do dumb things like this, okay?”

“Over protective much?” she asked, not even hiding her amusement at his reaction to the boy being wet.

“Yes. We’ll see you this weekend.”

“Bring me cookies, Peter,” she said, loudly.

“Okay.”

Tony took a blanket and a towel from Happy and got into the car, closing the door behind him. Peter smiled, looking far more happy than chilled, but Tony started drying his hair, anyway.

“That was fun, daddy,” he told him, accepting the semi-rough treatment without any complaint. “Thanks.”

Stark sighed, and pulled the boy’s t-shirt off, since it was wet, too, and draped it on the other seat.

“I’m glad you had a good time, honey, but try to stay dryer, next time, alright? I worry about you being wet.”

His face fell.

“I’m sorry.”

Tony brushed a kiss against his lips, lovingly.

“Don’t be sorry. Just don’t get sick. Alright?”

“I won’t.”
Contrite, Peter climbed into Tony’s lap and the older man draped the blanket over him to keep him warm. He didn’t guide his head to his shoulder or chest, though, instead catching his lips for another kiss; this one more heated.

“When we get home, you’re going into the bathtub for a while – to make sure you don’t catch a chill.” Now he did put Peter’s head on his shoulder, but his free hand didn’t reach for his tablet. This time it slid down between the two of them, reaching for the button on Peter’s jeans. “Until then, I’ll keep you warm, okay, honey?”

“Yes, daddy.”
“You don’t need to get the door, Happy,” Tony told his driver when they pulled in to the parking garage much later.

“Gotcha. I’ll be by to get you in the morning.”

“Thanks.”

“Night, Peter.”

“Night, Happy. Thank you.”

Peter got out of the backseat of the car, dressed once more in his sweatshirt, which was now dry, and carrying the t-shirt. If he walked awkwardly to the elevator, the driver could assume it was because he was stiff from the long drive. He wasn’t, though. He was stiff because Tony had spent the entire trip from the compound lightly stroking Peter’s cock.

Not enough to get him off, and really, not even so much that Peter was whining about it. It had simply been the loving touch of someone who wanted to make sure his baby was feeling wanted and appreciated – and Peter definitely did. When they’d reached the apartment garage, Tony had kissed Peter’s ear and tucked him carefully back into his jeans. Then he’d reached for the sweatshirt and had dressed him in it, as if he were a much younger child.

Peter hadn’t minded; he was in a pleasant state of anticipation when he got himself out of Tony’s lap, well aware that spending that much time stroking him had also aroused the billionaire, if the hard rod of flesh he’d felt against the denim of his jeans the past half hour was any indication. He didn’t know what Tony had planned for them, but it was almost certainly going to be a good thing.

“How do you feel, honey?” Tony asked him in the elevator.

“I’m okay.”

A hand brushed his forehead, sliding down his jawline and cheek.

“Chilled? Are you warm enough?”

“I don’t feel too cold. Just like usual.”

He was always cold, Tony knew that, though.

“I want you to go take a bath. I’ll start dinner and come check on you.”

“Okay.”

Tony kissed him, though, before he could move toward his bedroom. A soft, tender, kiss that made Peter smile. The billionaire nibbled lightly on the boy’s lower lip before releasing it.

“A long bath, baby, okay? I want you warm before you get out of it.”

“Yes, daddy.”

He growled, tempted to bed him over the arm of the couch and hear him begging for daddy to stuff him full, but he pulled away, instead.
“Call FRIDAY if you need anything.”

He went to the kitchen to pull the ingredients for their dinner, while Peter went into his bedroom, shedding his clothes as he headed for the bath. He left them on the vanity near the sink and started water in the tub, and then went to the dresser for a pair of pajama bottoms and a t-shirt, as well as another sweatshirt. This one had a SHIELD logo on it, and had been a gift from Steve – which made it priceless.

When the tub was full – he didn’t bother with bubbles – he eased into the hot water with a sigh of contentment and leaned back. Submersed as he was, it was one of the few times that he ever really felt warm. It wasn’t because he’d been sick, though, because he’d always been that way as long as he could remember. It just was worse when the seasons changed and it started getting colder outside like it was.

Peter closed his eyes, allowing himself to relax, and slid his hand to his cock, sliding his palm along it, lazily, almost automatically, feeling himself begin to swell once more. That felt good, too, and he smiled, thinking that he was probably the luckiest person on the planet. At least the luckiest 16 year old. He was pretty certain that he was getting a lot more attention, sexually, than any kid in his school. Except maybe some of the seniors, he supposed, if the bragging he heard in the locker rooms had any truth to it.

“You have no idea how sexy that is.”

Tony’s voice from the doorway made him open his eyes and turn his head, and Peter blushed, slightly, at having been caught playing with himself. His hand still.

“Oh. Yeah. I was just…”

“Don’t stop on my account, honey,” Tony purred, walking over and sitting on the edge of the tub, easily. He leaned over and slid a fingertip along the head of Peter’s erection, smiling when it twitched at the touch. “Like I said; I think it’s sexy.”

“I was just thinking of you…”

Which elicited another smile.

“Good. That’s exactly the effect I want to have on you. Are you warmer?”

“Yes.”

The older man reached for a washcloth and body wash, and dipped the towel in the water before applying liberal amounts of the soap.

“Sit up a little, baby boy. Let daddy wash you.”

Peter did as he was told, and watched Tony’s face as he washed his back and neck with the washcloth. The man was so handsome. So masculine. His eyes were so focused on what he was doing. The billionaire smiled, catching Peter watching him, and leaned over and kissed him as he began to wash his shoulders.

“Feels good?”

“Yes, daddy.”

The cloth moved to the other shoulder and then to Peter’s chest and belly.
“God, you’re beautiful.”

Peter shivered, despite the hot water, and Tony ran the cloth along his swollen cock and then under the surface of the water to wash his testicles and slide between his legs. The boy lifted his rear, giving him access to his ass and he was washed there, as well, before the cloth moved to his legs and Peter settled back in the tub.

“That feels good.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“You like daddy’s hands all over you?”

“Yes.”

The towel ended up at his penis, again, and he sighed when Tony washed it, needlessly, a little longer.

“You’re clean, honey,” Tony finally said. “Go get in the shower to rinse the soap.”

The boy heaved himself out of the tub, cock bobbing in front of him as he did, and Tony steadied him as he stepped out of the tub and moved to the shower, shivering just a little as he turned on the water and waited for it to heat up. Tony hit the bathtub drain to release the water, and then walked over and watched Peter shower, his face turned into the spray and water pouring over that delightfully aroused body.

The boy turned off the water, finally and saw Tony holding a thick, fluffy, towel. He smiled and stepped into the older man’s embraced, holding still while his body was carefully dried and then his hair was attacked with another towel until it was only just damp. Tony smiled as he pulled the towel away and Peter felt himself get lost in the love he saw in the billionaire’s eyes.

“Thank you, daddy…”

“You’re welcome.” He picked up the comb on the sink and ran it through Peter’s hair, taming it – somewhat – before pressing his cheek against the boy’s, his hand running along his belly. “Go get on your bed, belly down and wait for me.”

Peter shivered, again, and did as he was told. He left the bathroom and went to his bed, positioning himself in the middle of it, above the blankets with his hips slightly raised, his cock under him but not pinned between him and the blankets, and trembled; a mixture of the cool air in the room against his now warm skin, and anticipation.

“You’re so beautiful,” Tony murmured as he walked out of the bathroom and sat down on the edge of the bed. “So pretty, baby.”

He blushed with pleasure at the compliments, and smiled, sweetly up at the older man.

“Thank you, daddy.”

Tony ran his hand along Peter’s hip, the alabaster skin a little flushed with the warmth of the bath and shower. Then he stood up and undressed, and Peter saw that he was hard and eager. It made him tremble, again.
“I want to do something to you, baby,” the billionaire murmured, shifting onto the bed and parting Peter’s thighs, opening him to his gaze. “If you don’t like it, tell me, okay? I don’t want to scare you.”

Peter nodded, craning his head around but not really able to see what Tony was doing.

“Alright.”

He felt him nudge his knees further apart and get between them, and felt his breath on the delicate flesh.

“So beautiful,” Tony said, again, his hands kneading Peter’s cheeks, spreading them open.

The boy about jumped out of the bed when he felt Tony’s lips on him, kissing one of the mounds of flesh right up against his crack. Tony settled him with a gentle caress and murmured words of reassurance, smiling at the reaction, but not worried about it. Peter would tell him if it wasn’t good. He knew he’d simply startled him. He tightened his hold and kissed him, again, and while Peter was a tense bundle of nerves under his grasp, he didn’t try to escape the touch.

“You’re so brave,” he crooned, sliding his tongue against that tight hole, and tasting it. Soap and Peter. “So very wonderful…”

The boy moaned at the sensations coursing through him, and writhed under the touch and the praise, his fingers fisting the bedding he was sprawled on. Tony played with him for several long minutes, getting Peter used to the sensation of being tasted and touched, his tongue invading the boy and then his fingers replacing it, stretching him, lovingly, preparing him and enjoying him.

Finally he lifted his head and shifted once more, now on his knees. He lifted Peter’s hips, giving himself a better angle and nudged the boy’s opening with his eager cock.

“Beg me, baby,” Tony whispered, wanting to hear him.

“Please, daddy…” Peter moaned, pressing back against Tony as he began sliding into him. “Please…”

He hilted, easily. The boy was still wonderfully tight, but Tony’s care made Peter able to handle the invasion and even though he moaned, wonderfully, as he was filled, there wasn’t any tenseness that came with discomfort.

“Yes, honey,” Tony crooned, slowly backing out and then pushing forward, his hands on the boy’s hips, Peter’s body his for the taking. “So perfect… so amazing… so tight for daddy.”

“Daddy…” Peter buried his face into the blankets under him, his hips grinding back against Tony as he was fucked, slowly at first, and then a bit faster as the sight of the boy under him and the moans of him begging for his daddy excited him. “Please, daddy… please…”

“Oh, Peter… goddamn…”

He was driving into him, now, each thrust pushing the boy into the mattress, each motion sending Peter’s aching cock into the bedding. The friction had him trying to rut against the bedding while taking Tony’s blissful assault at the same time, and he was sobbing in a mixture of pleasure and frustration.

“Daddy…!”
“Who do you belong to, baby boy?” Tony murmured, covering the boy, now, his mouth against Peter’s ear, his belly pressed to the boy’s back, holding still deep inside his prize.


“Yes…” he reached around and found Peter’s painfully hard cock and the boy cried out at the merest touch, overly sensitive and reacting to it. Tony started thrusting again, keeping contact with Peter’s back, his weight adding to each thrust as he pounded Peter and stroked him in the same rhythm as the raspy breathing that was dampening the boy’s ear. “Mine. All mine.”

Peter climaxed, strips of cum splattering the bedding and smearing Tony’s hand, and he would have collapsed if not for the hand Tony had holding him. The older man continued fucking him, each thrust harder than the preceding, each motion more excited.

“Daddy…” Peter begged, trying to help him. “Yes, daddy… all yours… just yours.”

Tony groaned and drove deep, his entire body tensing as he came, his orgasm filling Peter with waves of hot cum, while his hips jerked uncontrollably. He cursed; his breath ragged as he collapsed onto Peter, driving him even deeper into the bedding, where he lay, helplessly pinned as Tony caught his breath and came down from his climax.

“Jesus, baby…” he crooned, pulling out of Peter and then rolling off of him, and dragging the boy onto him, instead, hugging him, gratefully. “You’re so perfect. Did you know that?”

Peter rested his cheek against Tony’s bare chest, uncertain how to respond to that.

“I love you.”

Tony smiled, hugging him close, and peppering his face with butterfly kisses.

“I love you, too, honey. Are you alright?”

“M-hmm.”

“Daddy wasn’t too rough?”

“It feels good when you are,” Peter told him, sleepily, feeling the euphoria combining with the sensation of being held so lovingly gather him into its own embrace, lulling him to somnolence. “I like how excited you get.”

The boy was falling asleep on him, Tony realized, amused. He was a living embodiment of all of the complaints lovers had about the person who would fuck you, pull out, and then immediately roll over and fall asleep without any pillow talk to speak of.

“Don’t let me hurt you,” Stark told him, moving out from under him and then kissing him once more before he got off the bed and pulled the top, soiled blanket out from under the boy and then maneuvered him under the rest of them, unwilling to let him get chilled. “I want to love you, but not injure…”

Peter mumbled something that sounded like agreement, but could have really been anything, and Tony smiled.

“Take a nap, honey,” he whispered – well aware that Peter was going to sleep whether he wanted him awake, or not. “I’ll wake you when it’s time to eat.”
Then he kissed the boy, again, found his clothes and went to go check their dinner.
It was still raining the next morning when they pulled out of the parking garage on their way to the tower.

“You’ve got your phone on you, right?” Tony asked Peter, running his fingers through the boy’s hair, lightly.

“Yes.”

“So if you need anything, you can call.”

“FRIDAY isn’t in the R&D labs?”

“Not in all of them, no. Only my workrooms.” He smiled. “Researchers can get edgy if they think they’re being spied on, and FRIDAY definitely would qualify as big brother.”

Peter nodded.

He was pretty excited.

As they’d been sitting down to dinner the night before, Bruce had called Tony and mentioned that he was going to be at the tower the next day to do some work in his lab, there, and had said, offhandedly, that Peter might be interested in what he was doing, if he didn’t have anything else planned for the day. The billionaire had glanced at Peter who had nodded, excitedly, and then had asked what time he’d wanted him there.

“Whenever works best for your schedule,” had been the response.

“I’ll bring him in with me in the morning.”

He had some merger details to finalize and then several video meetings and local meetings he needed to attend, so it would work out well – and keep Peter from being stuck by himself all morning.

The boy had been excited, then, wondering what Bruce was working on and asking Tony if he knew. Since Stark only knew that Bruce could be working on one of a dozen different projects at a time, he’d been forced to respond with a simple ‘I don’t know, honey’, and had set to distracting Peter with a movie and some cuddling on the couch.

Which had worked, of course. Peter was rested from his nap and feeling content, and had crawled into Tony’s lap after dinner, straddling him, but with his hips far enough back that he’d been able to reach down between them and pull the older man’s cock out of his lounge pants and play with it; idly stroking it as they watched the movie, keeping him aroused and pleasantly alert.

When the movie was over, Peter simply slipped out of his lap and to the floor, his slight body between Tony’s knees to hold them open and had given him a blowjob, teasing him for much too long before finally swallowing Tony’s load of cum. Stark had crooned in approval, kissed him soundly and told him it was bedtime. Nap or no nap, he wanted the boy well-rested for the morning.

Naked and cuddled next to him, though, Peter’s mind went back to Bruce’s invitation and he’d started wondering aloud if it was a gamma project or something else.

“If Bruce and I are working on a gamma project,” he murmured into Tony’s ear. “And there was an
Tony had been only somewhat listening; his tablet in one hand and the other arm holding Peter. At that rumination, however, he rolled his eyes and turned the tablet off and told FRIDAY to dim the lights.

“Go to sleep, honey.”

He’d remind Bruce in the morning when he saw him that they couldn’t do any gamma experiments.

“Night, daddy.”

He’d tucked his nose against the older man’s neck and had done as he was told.

Bruce was waiting in the lobby when they arrived. He was leaning against the receptionist’s desk – not the same one that Peter remembered seeing there the day he’d come looking for Tony after running from the school – and perked up when he saw the two of them crossing the room, sticking out of the crowd, easily.

Tony, because he was Tony Stark. Peter because he was the only fifteen-year-old in the area.

“Hey, guys.”

“Sorry we’re late,” Tony said, meaning it. “Traffic is a bitch because of the rain.”

“Yeah, it was for me, too.” He grinned at Peter. “How are you doing?”

“Good. Thanks. You?”

“I’m good. Sorry I missed you, yesterday, at the compound.”

“What are you going to be working on?” Tony asked, curiously, as they headed for an elevator, Peter’s new all access badge already pinned to his shirt.

“Secret Avenger things,” Bruce said, looking at the other passengers in a sly manner that made Peter smile and Tony throw another of his famous eye rolls. “You can come look before your meeting, if you want.”

Visions of Spider Hulk and Hulkier Hulk flashing through his mind, Tony took him up on the offer, and they rode in relative silence to the R&D floor that Bruce’s lab was on, and they were the only three to get off at the stop.

“Well?” Tony asked, since they were alone.

“I’ve been working on Peter’s web fluid,” Bruce said, as they walked into his lab and closed the door. “I know he said it’s pretty good, now, but you did mention wanting to get the dissolve time down, and I thought we could see how my formula works.”

“I didn’t bring the shooter,” Peter said, his brown eyes lighting up, excitedly, despite that. “Wow. Really?”

“I jury-rigged one that will work for now,” Banner told him, smiling at the animation in the boy’s
expression. “The shooter is really going to be on Tony to work out with you. Mine will dispense the fluid, but not the way you’ll need it. All we need for our purposes, though, is for the right density to shoot from anything, to give us a control.”

Peter turned to Tony.

“You’ll help me with the shooter?”

He nodded, pleased at how delighted the boy looked.

And why wouldn't he?

“I will. You and Bruce figure out the formula, and I’ll help you make sure the delivery system is there.”

“Wow.”

Secure in the knowledge that they weren’t working on anything more dangerous than web fluid, Tony told them to have fun, and mentioned that his schedule should have him free for lunch sometime around 1 o’clock, if that was doable. Then he left them to their work, and went to get started on his own – although his agile mind was already coming up with different designs that would more efficiently with Peter’s webbing, even as he headed to the elevator.

Bruce turned to Peter once the door had closed behind Stark.

“So, I know you gave me the general formula that you were using in the most recent version,” he said, walking over to the supply cabinet. “So let’s make sure I have that right, first, and then we can use it for our control for today.”

“Okay.”

He handed Peter a pair of safety glasses and a white lab coat and the boy grinned, slipping it on over his sweatshirt.

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Tony was sitting at the head of the conference table. In front of him were several of Stark Industries operation officers, one of the financial officers, two vice presidents and Pepper Potts, who was more efficient and important than all of them combined. He had a small stack of papers on the table in front of him and set the pen he’d been holding down beside them, looking at Pepper, and then at the display screen where three Japanese men were sitting, with a similar stack of papers and a pen.

“That’s it, then,” Tony said, forcing down the little squee that tried to escape and settling for a professional smile. “Welcome to Stark Industries.”

“Thank you,” one of the Japanese men said, bowing. “I think this will be beneficial for all.”

“I intend for it to be.” He felt his phone buzz in his pocket, and surreptitiously looked at it. All he saw was Peter’s name, but it was enough for him to turn back to the display, and to Pepper. “Pepper’s going to work on some logistics with you and the others, but I appreciate your time, gentlemen. Especially given the time of day it is, there.”

“Our pleasure.”

Stark escaped the room without showing a smug smile at just how good his day was going, and went
to his office, closing the door behind him before pulling his phone out. It was a text, and he smiled, softly, and sat down at his desk, looking at it.

Not just words, but a selfie with him and Bruce in the lab; both wearing eye protection goggles and smiling at the camera that Peter was obviously holding.

*Lunch soon?*

The billionaire felt just the faintest sting of threatening tears. Peter had taken a *selfie*. He wondered if Bruce had suggested it, or if the boy had requested it, but in the end it didn’t matter, since it just meant that he was getting through to the boy, reminding him that there were people who were interested in what he was doing.

He flipped his camera up and took a picture of himself, the city in the background, sprawling out the window behind him, and sent a quick reply.

*When you guys are ready. I’m done for the day. Come to my office.*

He hit send, and then swiped the display on his phone, sending the image to the larger display on his desk.

“FRIDAY, pull up initial schematics for web shooters v.1.3.”

The display came up, but Tony made sure the picture stayed where it was, as well, and even as he toyed with different options – also considering Nanotech, now that he was going to have it available – his eyes would constantly stray to the picture; namely the boy in it.

He wouldn’t make a big deal about it, but they’d have to celebrate. Somehow.
They had lunch in the executive dining room. Sitting at a table by a huge window that gave them a
great view of the city and was private, so they were able to discuss anything, freely.

“What did you learn today?” Tony asked Bruce and Peter as they were seated.

“I learned that Peter isn’t just pretty smart,” Bruce said, with a fond smile at the boy. “He’s seriously
genius material.”

“Yeah?”

“The web fluid is incredible, Tony,” Banner said, leaning forward and speaking softly, out of habit
more than need. “Peter’s version was created at school. During other assignments.”

“He told me that,” Tony said, also smiling, because Peter was flushing with pleasure at having
someone who was as well respected as Bruce call him a genius. The praise thing was obviously not
confined to just sex. “Were you guys able to improve on it?”

“Yes.”

Peter nodded, too.

“Bruce was already working on a newer version, but we had to make sure not to change the
functionality, obviously, so it didn’t lose its tensile strength.”

“I think we were able to make it stronger – and that’s just today’s version. I might play with it some
more, once we have Peter test the latest batch we whipped up.”

“You’re ready for testing?” Stark asked, surprised.

“Yes. We just need you to make a shooter that will handle the new version, since it’s a little less
viscus than Peter’s first concept.”

“You have a sample for me?”

“We have several. It reacts to air, so that’s something you’ll need to keep in mind when you’re
designing the delivery system.”

“Yes, I noticed that when I was examining the set he had when we found him.” Tony smiled at
Peter, not even bothering to hide how proud he was. “I’ll work on it this afternoon.”

Peter flushed, looking about as happy as Tony could ever remember him being.

“Okay.”

Bruce grinned; he hadn’t missed how happy the boy looked, either.

“I’m done with him, for now, so he’s all yours after lunch.”

Tony nodded, looking at Peter.
“I have one meeting I can’t get out of, right after lunch. You can hang out in my office, if you want, or my workroom.”

“You’re going to turn him loose in your workroom – unsupervised?” Bruce asked.

Stark shrugged.

“FRIDAY will keep an eye on things. Peter won’t go crazy and start making plans for world domination. Right?”

The boy shook his head.

“No.”

“See?”

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“You’re not going to make plans for world domination, right?”

Peter smiled, and shook his head, looking around the workroom, still awed by it, even though it wasn’t his first visit.

“No. I don’t want to rule the world.”

“Good.” He ran his fingers through Peter’s hair, tenderly, his expression a mixture of pride and cheer. “I’ll probably be gone an hour or so. FRIDAY will give you whatever information you want on Nanotech, and you can continue looking at that – or if you want to draw up a concept for what you want your new shooters to look like, you can do that.”

“Really?”

“Sure.” He kissed Peter, and scowled when his watch went off, an alert to remind him he had the meeting. “FRIDAY? Don’t let him get into trouble.”

“Gotcha.”

“Thanks, Tony,” Peter said, walking over to the table that dominated the room.

“You’re welcome, honey.”

The billionaire left, and Peter brought up a 3D display screen and held both hands up against it.

“FRIDAY? We need a 3D representation of my hands and wrists, please.”

Once the AI knew the dimensions of his wrists, they could at least start on the bracelets that would keep the shooters on, and he could start designing. It was a heady thought, he decided as the scanners ran over both hands and then his wrists, to realize that he had the most advanced tech in the world right there – literally – at his fingertips.

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“Have I told you just how amazing you are?” Tony asked Peter, as they were sitting in the back of the car on the way home, later that day.

Peter blushed, pleased, and shook his head.
“You did, before.”

“It still applies.” He pulled the webshooters out of his pocket and examined them. “These are just the prototype, but they look good enough to be a finished product.”

“You built them,” the boy reminded him. “I just worked on the design a little.”

“A lot.”

With FRIDAY helping him, Peter had actually had the design completely laid out and ready by the time Tony had rejoined him after his meeting. It wasn’t like he was starting from scratch, after all. He’d already built a pair of webshooters and knew what he was looking for in the design. He’d explained the concept to the billionaire, using drawings, graphics and his own hands and wrists, and hadn’t been surprised that Tony caught on, immediately, to what he was trying to do.

The man was a genius, after all.

Tony was also an engineer who loved building and creating, and as Peter had watched, he’d seated himself at his worktable and started making what Peter had come up with. By the time they called it a day, he had a working prototype.

“They’re still pretty amazing,” Peter said, also looking at the webshooters in Tony’s hand. “When can we test them?”

“We’ll take them to the compound this weekend,” Tony replied. “That way we’ll be close to my workshop there, and can make any modifications on the spot.”

And the others could learn what Peter could do while Tony was learning it, as well.

“Thank you,” Peter told him, hugging him. “For making them, I mean.”

“You’re welcome.”

It had only taken a couple of hours, after all, but it had made Peter smile, and that was worth far more to him. Not to mention, he had genuinely enjoyed doing it. He put the webshooters in his pocket and pulled the boy onto his lap.

“Is there anything that you want to do tonight, honey?”

Peter shook his head, leaning his cheek against Tony’s chest.

“Just be with you.”

“I have something I’d like for you to try out,” Tony told him, nuzzling his face into Peter’s hair.

“What is it?”

“I’ll show you when we get home.”

They didn’t really speak the rest of the drive, both thinking their own thoughts, which were similar – even though they didn’t know it. They were enjoying the company of the other and wondering what they’d done before they had someone to hold like this.

When Happy pulled into the garage twenty minutes later, Peter was the first one out the door.

“Same time tomorrow, boss?” Happy asked, as Tony got out as well.
“Yes. Thank you.”

“Chicken for dinner,” Tony told him as they exited the elevator. “Fried or baked?”

“Whatever you want to make.”

He frowned, pulling off the jacket for his suit.

“That isn’t what I asked you, Peter,” Tony said. “Do you want your chicken fried or baked?”

Peter flushed at the reprimand, gentle though it was.

“Fried.”

Tony nodded, and hugged him close.

“You get to decide, too,” he reminded him. “Even for something as simple as what we’re having for dinner.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” He slid his hands along the boy’s sides and down to his rear, cupping his jeans and pulling him up against him, and pressing his cheek against Peter’s. “I’m going to go change. Why don’t you go put something loose on, too? Sweats or pajamas, whatever you want.”

“Okay.”

They separated, and Peter went and changed into sweats. They were generally warmer than pajamas, after all. He returned to the living room before Tony did, and sat down on the sofa, picking up the remote and turning on the TV.

Stark joined him a few minutes later, also dressed down, although he was wearing a t-shirt and a pair of lounge pants. He was holding a tube of lube and a small item that Peter didn’t recognize. He held it up for Peter to look at as he sat down, and the boy frowned.

“What is it?”

An anal plug. A butt plug in other parlances. I want you to wear it.”

“What does it do?”

“It has a few uses. The main one for us will be that it will keep you open and ready for me, whenever I want you. I put this inside you and later on, when I want to be inside you, I just take it out and I can fuck you – without preparing you, since you’re already open.”

“Oh.”

“We’ll use lube, of course,” Tony said, noticing the less than interested tone. “It won’t hurt you.”

“What are the other uses?”

“It should feel good for you. This one isn’t as big as many of them, but you can rotate your hips a little – grind against it – and it’ll make you feel full. Can we try it?”

He hesitated, but nodded, and Tony smiled.
“Stand up, honey.” When Peter did, Tony positioned him in between his knees, first, sliding his hands along Peter’s belly and chest. “So brave,” he murmured, caressing him. “Always willing to do what daddy wants to, right?”

“Yes.”

“I’m going to make my big boy feel good,” Stark murmured, pulled the front of Peter’s sweats down and taking his time playing with Peter’s cock, rousing him with his tongue and lips and then sucking on him, exciting the boy and making him lose the uncertain look in his expression. “So beautiful,” Tony said, before licking his tongue along Peter’s shaft, making the boy moan.

“Please, daddy…” Peter said, his hands on Tony’s shoulders. “Yes.”

“Not yet, baby,” Tony told him, pulling back and releasing Peter’s cock. “Bend over for daddy.”

He pulled the boy’s sweats down completely while Peter complied, and spread his ass cheeks, exposing his puckered hole. Tony applied lube to his finger, and stretched Peter, who whimpered at the intrusion and pressed back against him. After careful attention, he applied another finger and brushed the boy’s prostate, which made Peter tremble with desire.

“So good for me, aren’t you, sweetheart?” Tony cooed as he lubed the butt plug and began working it into Peter’s ass. “Daddy’s beautiful boy…”

“Yes.”

Tony inserted it, completely, and leaned back, spreading Peter’s cheeks and admiring his handiwork.

“That’s perfect, baby. Now turn around and let me finish you.”

Peter did as he was told, facing Tony once more, and the older man turned his attention to Peter’s cock, taking it into his mouth and slurping on it, sucking the head, and then lapping at the shaft, rolling his testicles in his hand, lovingly.

The boy’s hips were rocking, now, and he came with an excited grunt, his hips snapping forward and his cock exploding in Tony’s mouth. The billionaire swallowed what he was given, licking Peter’s cock to clean him, thoroughly, before he pulled his sweats back over the boy’s hips and looked up at him, sliding his hand along Peter’s ass, massaging him through the fabric.

“How does it feel?”

Peter didn’t know, really. It was a new sensation for him. He just nodded.

“Okay.”

“No pain?”

“No. It doesn’t hurt.”

“Good. Make sure you tell me if it does hurt you.”

“Alright.”

Tony stood up and hugged the boy, kissing him sensually before letting him go.

“Come help me make dinner, honey.”
so, if interest is waning, I could wrap the story line up a little quicker. I like writing out the mundane life as well as the smut, so it could also be allowed to go a lot more.
Thoughts? feelings?
They peeled potatoes – all part of Peter learning how to cook – and then Tony set them to boil. He also pulled a chicken out of the fridge and parted it with only a few skillful chops with a butcher knife. Peter stood by the kitchen island and watched, impressed; he’d never had a reason to use the butcher knife in the knife set that May and Ben had had – now he knew what it was used for. Tony put some spices in a small, shallow bowl of flour, put the chicken back in the fridge and washed his hands.

“Now we wait for the potatoes so we can start frying chicken. Corn okay?”

“Sure.”

“How do you feel?” he asked, coming around the island to slide his hand along Peter’s hip, his fingers going to the indentation of the boy’s ass, touching him lightly through the fabric of his sweats.

“Okay.”

Tony kissed Peter, bringing the boy’s hand down to his belly, and then guiding it even lower to the growing bulge in his lounge pants. Peter ran his tongue along Tony’s lower lip while he wrapped his fingers around the shaft of Tony’s cock, sliding his thumb along the tip which was dribbling precum.

Stark groaned.

“God, that’s so good, baby,” he murmured watching Peter’s eyes and the boy stroked him. “Come on, let’s go see how well that plug works…”

He carefully pulled himself away from Peter’s hand and guided the boy just as far as the couch. Peter found himself being bent over the arm of the sofa rather than laid out on it, and Tony pulled the boy’s sweats down to his knees while freeing his cock from his pants.

“You’re so beautiful,” he told Peter, sliding one hand along the white flesh of Peter’s ass, stroking himself with the other. “I’ve been waiting all day to be inside you, honey. I wanted to bend you over the table in the workroom, but we decided that that wouldn’t be comfortable, remember?”

“Yes…”

Peter waited, anticipating, and Tony carefully pulled the plug from his tight hole, the motion making the boy moan, and exciting Tony, further. He nudged Peter’s thighs apart and lubed his cock, but didn’t touch the boy’s ass – except to spread his cheeks. Peter whimpered as the thick head of Tony’s cock pressed against his hole and started to force its way inside him.

“Is it hurting you?” Tony asked, hesitating.

Peter shook his head, bracing himself on the arm of the sofa, his forearms against the leather.

“No, daddy…”

At the words, he felt Tony take hold of his hips and finish the process of working his way inside him.
until the billionaire was hilted and had his stomach and chest resting over Peter’s back.

“Fuck, baby… so perfect. So tight.”

He pulled partially out and then slammed himself back into Peter, making the boy grunt with the motion. Then he hesitated, and did it, again. And again.

“Yes, daddy…” Peter groaned, moving back into him with each thrust once he’d caught the rhythm Tony was getting into.

“My baby…” Stark grunted. “So perfect. Just for me… so tight…”

Each word accompanied a thrust until his hips were jerking too quickly for Peter to keep up, his lust making him hold the boy’s hips and jerk him back onto each thrust. Peter moaned, partially in pleasure and because he knew the noise would excite Tony – and it did. His thrusting increased, his breathing was ragged, and soon he slammed deep into Peter and groaned in triumph as his climax washed over him and he emptied himself wonderfully into Peter, who let his head droop, just a little as he felt the warmth washing through is insides.

“How was that, honey?” Tony crooned, pulling Peter’s head up so he could kiss him while his hips were still jerking, dumping the last of his hot cum into the boy. “Did you like it?”

“Yes, daddy,” Peter answered, straining to kiss him. “It felt good.”

“Yeah, it did…” Tony pulled out and Peter felt him replace his cock with the butt plug, once more. “We’ll want to try that again, later, I think,” he said, with a smug grin. The older man reached around to Peter’s penis, which was hard, but not achingly so. “Do you want me to take care of you, baby?”

“No.” He’d had a blowjob; he could wait. “I’m okay.”

Besides, he hadn’t had as much chance to become aroused as he normally did. It had happened a little more swiftly than he’d become used to. Probably Tony was just excited by the new toy and that had made things go quicker.

“I’ll take care of you tonight,” Tony promised, pulling his pants up and then straightening Peter’s as well and he brought the boy upright and hugged him. “Thank you, honey… that was wonderful. You’re wonderful.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Let’s go finish making dinner. I’m starving.”

It felt awkward to sit with the plug inserted into him. It didn’t hurt, but it was odd. Peter found himself sitting with his hip just a little cocked in order to keep from putting his weight on it. Tony – who was fairly observant at the best of times, and more so when it came to Peter – noticed as he was putting the mashed potatoes on the table.

“Are you alright?”

“Yes.”

“You don’t look comfortable. Are you sure I didn’t hurt you?”
“Yeah No. I mean. I’m okay. It just feels weird.”

The billionaire smiled, leaning over to nuzzle Peter’s neck, lovingly.

“Good?”

“No. But not bad, either. I’m not sure,” he admitted.

“It’ll probably take some getting used to,” Stark conceded. “But you’ll try?”

“Yes.”

“That’s my brave boy.”

Which, of course, made Peter flush with pleasure and want to try as hard as he could for him.

When they were finished eating, Tony told Peter to go find something for them to watch and he’d take care of the dishes, which weren’t too bad, since Tony tended to clean things as he cooked. When he came out of the kitchen, telling FRIDAY to dim the lights, Peter was stretched on the couch with a documentary about Space Camp playing.

Tony sat down next to him, and Peter moved into his lap, but didn’t straddle him like he would normally have done, since he didn’t care for the pressure and the way the plug shifted when he started to move his leg over Tony’s. Instead he just sat crossways and rested his cheek under Tony’s chin.

“There is chicken left over,” the older man murmured, tenderly, his hand sliding under the sweatshirt Peter was wearing so he could caress his belly. “You can have that for lunch tomorrow, since I’m going to be working all day.”

“Okay.”

“You’re alright staying home alone?” he asked, stroking his stomach, but working his way lower.

“Yes.”

There really wasn’t much for Peter to do at the tower with Tony working, so it would probably be better for him to just stay home. He didn’t mind. At least, he didn’t think he did.

“We don’t want to hurt you, so we’ll go easy on how long you wear your plug,” Tony told him, his hand finding Peter’s cock, now, and stroking the length of it through his sweats. “I’ll take it out tonight, after we’re done playing, but I’ll put it back in tomorrow morning before I leave, so you’re ready for me when I come home.”

“I’d be ready for you, anyway,” Peter pointed out, wondering why Tony thought he needed the shortcut, at all. Had he done something wrong? Not done enough? “You don’t need to use that…”

Tony hugged him, close, kissing him.

“It’s exciting this way, honey. Such instant access to my baby’s ass. I can walk in and just bend you over and fuck you, fill you up and then plug it all inside you.”

It certainly sounded like it excited him, Peter thought, uncertainly. He could feel Tony getting hard under his leg. Peter didn’t think it was really all that great, though. It was uncomfortable, and he rather liked it when Tony spent the time needed to stretch him playing with Peter’s ass, finding that spot inside him that made him jump every time he touched it. But maybe it was just him being
unhappy about trying something new when he didn’t see anything that was wrong with the old.

He was certainly willing to admit that he didn’t know that much about such matters. Maybe it’d get better – like how the first time he’d had Tony inside him wasn’t so great, but it got much better after Tony had taught him how it was supposed to be.

“Okay.”

He turned his attention to the show, and to how good it felt when Tony was stroking him, like he was. Not so much that he was trying to drive him crazy with want, but enough to make him hard.

“Think you’d want to go to Space Camp?” Tony asked, watching the simulators that were being used by the young people on the screen while playing with Peter’s cock. He had his hand inside the boy’s sweats, now, loving just how good he felt against his fingers; how alive he was every time he found a particularly sensitive spot and made him twitch. “It looks like they’re having a good time.”

“I saw the movie,” he replied, closing his eyes in pleasure. “I don’t want to be accidentally launched into space when they do a test of the engine.”

“Did that really happen?”

“In the movie, it did.”

Which made the billionaire decide to have FRIDAY pull up the movie and they watched that, instead, with Tony paying less attention to the movie as it went on and more attention to Peter’s cock, which was now dripping precum and slicking his hand. By the time the movie was over and everyone had been brought safely back to earth, Peter was making delightful noises and his hips were moving almost on their own in time to Tony’s caresses. He kissed the boy, heatedly, and released his cock.

“Bedtime,” he said, and he felt another surge of anticipation. “Get ready and meet me in my bed, honey.”

Peter did as he was told, and smiled when Tony came out of his bathroom, naked and already hard and ready. He didn’t have any complaints with the way the older man pushed the blankets back and bent his head, taking Peter into his mouth and sucking him until he climaxed, while the boy writhed under him. He shivered when Tony flipped him onto his belly soon after that, and pulled the plug, again, but he couldn’t help but whine in disappointment when he once more simply pressed himself against Peter’s already open ass with just a lubed cock and slid into him without playing with him, first.

He enjoyed the way Tony made love to him; the man had already had him once, and because of that, he wasn’t in any real hurry and took his time, reaching around halfway through and finding Peter’s cock again and making him climax into his hand. But Peter felt discombobulated despite that, and when Tony came inside him, thrusting hard and telling him how amazing he was, and how perfect and wonderful he was, Peter didn’t feel like he was any of those things.

He sniffed, tucking his face against Tony’s side as the billionaire gathered him into his arms and pulled the blankets over them, to protect Peter from getting chilled.

“Are you alright?” he asked, sliding his fingers through Peter’s hair. “Did I hurt you?”

“No. I’m not hurt.” He hesitated, not wanting to disappoint, but remembering that Tony had told him that he gets to choose, too. “I don’t like it,” he finally said, softly.
“What, honey?” Tony asked him, sleepily, feeling Peter's blush.

“The thing.”

“The thing?” he waited, but Peter didn’t expound. “The anal plug?”

“Yes.”

“Does it hurt?”

“No.”

“Is it too big?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Why don’t you like it?”

Peter blushed harder, unable to respond with the exact reason, still unable to articulate what he wanted - or in this case, didn't want.

“Because.”

Tony rolled his eyes and hugged the boy.

“That’s not a very good reason, baby. You just need to get used to it. We’ll try it for a few days, off and on so you can see how good it is. Okay?”

He sniffed, again.

“I don’t like it,” he said, petulantly.

“Well, I do. You’re going to wear it all day tomorrow. That’ll give you a chance to get used to it.”

His voice was firm, even though his touch was loving, and Peter huddled against him and closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep, but even when he did, his own uneasiness and discord followed him, and he slept poorly.

Chapter End Notes

okay, so it'll keep on, then - but it won't all be roses and candies
“Are you alright, honey?”

Peter shrugged, moodily. He hadn’t slept well the night before, and was tired and grumpy.

“Still sleepy…”

“You can go back to bed after you eat something,” Tony promised.

He was tired, too, really. Peter had tossed and turned, restlessly, no matter how much Tony soothed or caressed him, and that had kept him awake, as well. Since meeting the boy, he’d been sleeping fairly regularly, and was used to actually getting rest at night, so the lack of sleep was telling.

“Okay.”

Tony pulled Peter into the shower with him and woke himself up by spending time sliding his soapy washcloth along the boy’s body, washing both of them and stroking Peter’s cock, lightly. The older man loved to see how those beautiful brown eyes darkened when Peter was aroused, even when they were doing more than touching each other. He turned his attention to Peter’s rear, then, and had washed him thoroughly and slid his finger into him, making the boy respond with a soft moan that resonated wonderfully in the shower.

“You’re so beautiful, baby…” he crooned, sliding another finger in to join the first, stretching Peter, who was resting his face against Tony’s wet chest, leaning against him. “My beautiful boy.”

“Yes…”

“Come on” he said, releasing him and making sure they were both thoroughly rinsed before pulling him out of the shower and drying them both off. “Let’s get you ready for your day.”

The billionaire reached for the anal plug, which was sitting by the sink after Tony had cleaned it, but Peter shook his head.

“I don’t like that thing,” he said, looking away, not wanting to see how Tony was going to respond. “I don’t want it.”

“We talked about this, honey,” Tony said. “It just takes getting used to.”

“I don’t like it.”

Stark frowned.

“Why?”

“Because.”

“Peter…”

His voice was more annoyed, now – and exasperated, and Peter knew he was partially to blame, because he wasn’t telling him why he didn’t like it. Didn’t like how using the thing bypassed his favorite part of their lovemaking, altogether. But he wasn’t the one being unreasonable.

“I’m sorry.”
“It doesn’t hurt you, though, right?”

“No.”

“Then why not try it? For me?”

“I did try it. I don’t like it.”

“Do we need to get a smaller one? Maybe it’s bigger than you’re ready for.”

“It’s not too big, Tony,” Peter told him. “I already said it doesn’t hurt.”

“Then what’s your problem?”

Peter blushed.

“It isn’t fun for me.”

“Oh.” Tony nodded, understanding. “Then I’ll get you one with a vibrator in it. You’d like that one, better, honey.”

“No. I don’t want any of them. I don’t like it.”

“I do, though. What happened to me being the daddy? Being in charge?” he asked, annoyed, now.

Being told no wasn’t something he enjoyed – ever. Not in his work life or in his social life – and certainly not in his sex life.

“What happened to me having a say in things?” Peter countered, turning his back and leaving the bathroom.

“You’re not saying anything, Peter,” Tony snapped, following him out and into the bedroom. Peter had seated himself on the edge of Tony’s bed, and was reaching for the sweats that he’d discarded the night before. “Just that you don’t like it.”

“I shouldn’t have to say anything else.”

That brought Tony up short. He scowled, annoyed, because Peter was right – of course – but that didn’t make him happy about it. He hated being in the wrong more than pretty much anything. And hated admitting when he was wrong, even more.

“Fine. You don’t have to wear it.”

But he was irritated, now, and it was the billionaire who turned away this time, going to his dresser for underwear and socks and then vanishing without another word into his walk-in closet to find a suit to wear.

Peter waited, wanting him to come out and tell him that he understood. Or that he wasn’t mad. Or at least that he still loved him, but he didn’t. He could hear Tony moving around, getting dressed in the closet instead of returning to the main room, and decided that he probably wasn’t on his list of favorite people, just then, and he probably didn’t want to talk to him. Feeling hurt and upset, he slid his sweats on and went to the guest room to get dressed, too.

He was suddenly pretty cold.

When Tony came out of the bedroom, dressed and ready for his day, he didn’t see Peter waiting. The
guest room door was closed, telling him where the boy was, at least, so he went to the kitchen to make breakfast. Still annoyed because he’d *really* enjoyed the anal plug sex and now Peter’s baffling refusal to have anything to do with them meant it wasn’t going to happen again, he might have chopped the ham and vegetables for their omelets a little harder than usual, or scrambled the eggs more than necessary.

By the time he put the bread in the toaster, he was still annoyed, and the boy hadn’t made an appearance, yet – which was *also* annoying.

“Peter, come eat.”

Uncertain if he’d heard, he asked FRIDAY to pass the message along that breakfast was ready, and looked up when the bedroom door opened a minute later. Peter walked out, dressed in jeans, socks and a black sweatshirt that Natasha had given him, but that Tony didn’t care for because it only emphasized how pale the boy was.

“Breakfast is ready,” Stark told him.

Peter nodded, and he walked over to the table and sat down, and Tony could see just how guarded his expression was; as though he was uncertain how his reception was going to be. That was understandable, the billionaire decided, since he didn’t know exactly how he felt, just then. He didn’t say anything as he buttered toast and slid Peter’s omelet and toast on to a plate and brought it over to set it in front of him.

“Thank you.”

“Yeah.” Tony filled him a glass of orange juice, too, but he ate *his* breakfast standing at the island, watching as Peter refused to look at him and pushed his food around the plate. “Eat, Peter.”

Not honey, or baby, or sweetheart, the boy noticed, fighting back the sting of tears. Just *Peter*. He’d seen the annoyance in Tony’s expression when he’d sat down at the table, and could hear it in his voice. He was mad at him. Or *disappointed* – which was equally bad. He took a bite of the omelet, obediently, and swallowed without tasting it.

The silence was unbearable.

“I’m sorry.”

“No need to be,” Tony’s reply was sincere, but he couldn’t help that even he could hear how annoyed he sounded. “You were right; you *do* get a say in what we do, and you shouldn’t have had to tell me more than once that you didn’t like the anal plug. But it’d be nice to know what your problem with it is, so we could address it.”

That was fair. Peter blushed and kept his eyes on his breakfast.

“Itskipsallthegoodparts.”

Stark rolled his eyes, trying to determine what he’d just said – and then what he meant by it.

“Happy is pulling into the garage,” FRIDAY announced.

“I need to go. We’ll finish this conversation when I come home.”

Peter nodded, but wouldn’t look up at him. Tony sighed, and was tempted to cancel his day – despite the wrath of Pepper it would have brought down on him, since the meetings were important. He put
his plate in the sink and walked over to the table, sliding his fingers through Peter’s still damp hair. He hesitated, and then leaned over and pressed a kiss against the boy’s temple.

“Eat, okay? And don’t forget there’s chicken for your lunch. If you need anything, you can call me.”

“All right.”

Without another word, Tony left.
“You know, the meetings would be a lot more productive if you were actually paying attention.”

Stark scowled, looking up at Pepper, who had followed him into his office and was leaning against his desk, where he’d flopped into his chair.

“I’m paying attention.”

“Yeah? What was the last one about?”

He honestly couldn’t have told her.

“Stark Industries.”

She scowled.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No.”

“Is it Peter?”

“No.”

“So, it’s Peter? What’s going on? Tired of him, already?”

“I’m not tired of him, at all, Pepper,” Tony snapped. “We just had a bit of a disagreement.”

“Let me guess… he wanted to eat something from a box, and you wanted to feed him something homemade?”

“Funny.”

“So, what was the disagreement about?”

“Nothing.”

She rolled her eyes, now.

“Right. Which is why you’re so distracted.”

“I’m fine.”

“Then get your head out of your ass and pay attention, please. I don’t want to have to go over the Clift notes with you, later, for each of these meetings.”

“Fine.”

He watched her leave, still scowling, and turned to look out the window.

“FRIDAY? What’s Peter doing?”

“Sitting on the balcony.”
Which was what he’d been doing when he’d asked her to check on him before the meeting, as well. And where he’d been most of the morning. Yes, he was using his AI to keep track of Peter, and maybe it wasn’t exactly ethical, but he wanted to make sure the boy was alright. He had been so uncertain, earlier, and Tony was aware that he probably hadn’t handled things with him very well. Which wasn’t all that unusual, for him, really. It was more uncommon that he’d gone and managed to find someone who seemed so perfect for him. So desirable. Someone that he honestly loved – and not just for a weekend, or for an evening.

He leaned back in his chair, still looking out the window.

“Sleeping?”

“It doesn’t appear that he is.”

“Did he have lunch?”

“No. And he dumped his breakfast down the sink.”

So she was a tattle-tale. He didn’t mind.

Tony frowned at that, still trying to figure out what his cryptic message about the anal plug had meant. He understood the words, but not really the meaning. It skips all the good parts? It didn’t skip anything, really. Just the need to finger the boy. He’d still made sure to allow Peter his pleasure, first, before he’d taken the plug out and had fucked him. Especially before bed. He’d sucked him off twice, just to reward him for being so willing to try something new.

He’d even said that he’d enjoyed it, and he had seemed to.

“Why is he so frustrating?”

“Because he isn’t doing what you want him to do.”

“I didn’t ask you.”

She didn’t respond, but he still knew she was right.

He sighed. Fine, the anal plug wasn’t going to happen. But he still wanted to know why. Was it the thought of having something artificial inside him? Was it uncomfortable? He’d have to press the issue and try to get Peter to tell him a little more about what was going on inside that brilliant, stupid head of his. Otherwise he might as well not bother trying to introduce anything new into their sexual activities.

“Call Peter.”

There was a lengthy pause before he heard his voice, and he could tell by the background ambience that he was on the balcony.

“Hello?”

“Hi, honey. I’m just calling to hear your voice. What are you up to?”

“Just sitting on the balcony.”

He sounded tired to the billionaire’s perceptive ear.

“Did you have lunch, yet?”
“No. Not, yet.”

“Did you get a nap?”

“No, yet.”

“I miss you.”

There was a pause, and he wondered what had caused it. Was the boy debating what his response was? Was he just relieved that Tony wasn’t there, at the moment? Maybe he didn’t miss him. Maybe he was mad at him. What if he had pressed him too much on the stupid anal plug issue and Peter was having second thoughts about their relationship?

He was well aware that the boy didn’t need him anywhere near as much as he needed Peter.

Tony felt the stirring of panic inside his chest; a heavy knot that made his pulse suddenly race and his skin feel clammy. He sat up in his chair, suddenly needing to pace, and forced all of that down with a deep, practiced breath before he let it get out of hand. Before he let himself succumb to the incipient panic attack.

“I miss you, too.”

The tightness in his chest eased, a little, at that simple phrase.

“Make sure you eat lunch, okay?”

“I will.”

“We’re having spaghetti for dinner. Meatballs?”

“Yeah, that’s fine.”

“I love you, Peter.”

“I love you, too.”

The call ended, and Tony sighed, running his fingers along the line of his facial hair, still staring out the window. He’d have to think of something to do for Peter. To make sure the boy understood how much he cared about him.

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Peter waited until the call was ended and then stood up, walking over to the safety railing of the balcony and looking down at the city below him. He shivered; not because of the height – he was fine with heights and always had been – but because he was cold. It wasn’t raining, but it was threatening to, and had been all morning. He’d been on the balcony, needing the fresh air and the sensation of not being cooped up in the apartment, all morning.

Almost since Tony had left.

He wasn’t really thinking about anything, really. He was just allowing himself to wallow in a pool of self-pity. A big pool that was threatening to drown him. It wasn’t that big of a deal, he supposed, thinking back on the whole quazi argument that he’d had with Tony about the butt plug. He should have just allowed it. But he didn’t like it, and had really expected his wants to be taken into consideration a little more quickly. Especially since Tony seemed to care how he was doing, and was always checking on him.
Case in point, the phone call that had just ended.

He sniffed, and wiped his nose with the sleeve of the sweatshirt. So maybe he wasn’t so mad at him, after all. Or – maybe – he *was* mad, but wasn’t as mad as he *had* been? He’d sounded sincere when he’d told him to eat something. Had sounded sincere when he said he loved him.

Peter felt a little less depressed at the thought. The knot in his stomach eased just a little and maybe he *was* hungry, after all? He walked into the kitchen and opened the fridge, trying to think of something that he could do to tell Tony that he was sorry for refusing to do what he wanted. Aside from saying that he was sorry – since he’d already done that.

Something that didn’t include the anal plug, though.
“See you tomorrow morning, boss?”

Tony shook his head as he got out of the car.

“No. I think I’m going to take the day off. Take a personal day.”

He was the owner of the company; he could do that, right?

The driver nodded, and shut the door behind him.

“Call if you need anything.”

“I will.”

“Tell Peter I said hi.”

“Definitely.”

He headed for the elevator, pulling his suit jacket off as he went and already loosening his tie. He’d spent a little time lost to the world in his workshop after the last meeting and was definitely ready for some quiet time with Peter. He hoped the boy wasn’t ready to eat, yet, because he just wanted a chance to put his feet up and relax for a while, first. Maybe talk about whatever it was that had bothered him.

He frowned when the elevator door opened, immediately smelling the distinct odor of something charred and noticing a faint haze of smoke along the ceiling, despite the apartment’s hi-tech ventilation system.

“FRIDAY?” he asked, automatically. “Is something on fire?”

“No. Not anymore.”

“What?”

The billionaire turned toward the kitchen and froze. Standing at the island in front of the stove was Peter – who was also frozen, looking like the proverbial deer in the headlights. The kitchen was a disaster; there were dirty mixing bowls strewn along the counter, the mixer itself was on the end of the island with another bowl still attached, the beaters sticky with some kind of gooey mess. There was a powdery white substance – flour, he was certain – everywhere. It was on every surface of the kitchen, smeared on Peter’s black sweatshirt, jeans, on his face, and in his hair.

Tony saw cookie sheets stacked five high with various dark blobs on them – which was a puzzle in itself, since Stark was well aware that he only had 3 cookie sheets in the entire apartment. The milk was on the counter, there were eggshells everywhere, an open – and almost empty, bag of sugar laying on its side next to the mixer and a fair amount of smoke coming from the oven.

“Tony…” Peter finally said, breaking the silence as the older man took in the scene. “You’re… you’re home early.”

He nodded, finally able to move. He walked over to the island and stopped just short of the mess.

“Yes. I called it a day to come and spend some time with you.”
“Oh.”

“What’s going on?”

“I was… I thought I’d make you some cookies,” Peter told him, his brown eyes wide and slightly watery – probably because of the smoke coming from the oven that he was trying to ignore. “It… didn’t… um… yeah. It didn’t go quite like I expected.”

“Yeah?” He noticed that two eggs had fallen to the floor, breaking and splattered along the tile. “I hope so…”

No one could plan this, could they?”

“Don’t get mad,” the boy said, quickly, holding up a hand, placatingly. “I’ll clean it up. Honest. It just got a little out of hand.”

“Chernobyl got out of hand, honey,” Tony said, looking around. “This is a nightmare.”

“I’m sorry. Like I said, I’ll take care of it. Just… go sit down, or something.”

The older man walked over to the cookie sheets, close enough, now, to see that they held burned cookies. Five on the bottom one, fifteen on the next, seven, two and then an even dozen. All burned, though, and some uglier than others.

“Did any turn out?” he asked, curiously.

“This next tray might,” Peter replied, looking away for the first time and down at the oven, opening it and frowning, before reaching in with an oven-mitted hand and pulling out a smoking sheet of charred disks, and setting it, sideways, on the top of the cookie sheet stack. “No. None.”

“Where did you find the cookie sheets?”

“Oh. I borrowed some.” Peter closed the oven door, taking off the mitt and wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his sweatshirt, which smeared the flour already there. “From the lady that lives below you.”

“When did you meet her?”

Tony didn’t know it was a woman who lived below him. He’d never met any of the neighbors.

“In the lobby, when I was asking the concierge about finding more flour. She introduced herself and loaned me what I needed – after I used all of yours up.”

“She did?”

“Yeah. I owe her a dozen eggs, a bag of flour, sugar and some peanut butter.”

Stark looked at the cookie sheet that was still smoking a little on the rest of the stack.

“These are peanut butter?”

“No. I ran out of peanut butter. This batch is chocolate chip.”

Tony walked back over to look into the mixing bowl. Sure enough, it looked like chocolate chip cookie dough.
“How many batches have you made?”

“Eight.”

“Jesus…”

“Don’t be mad,” he repeated, looking worried and much younger, suddenly. “I’ll take care of it. Just go relax.”

“I can’t relax, Peter,” Tony told him, walking around to the other side of the island and noticing that the two eggs he’d seen on the floor weren’t even close to the only things that had obviously rolled off the counter. There were more eggshells there, and some flour and sugar and maybe even butter smeared – with a shoe print where Peter had probably slipped in it, from the looks of things. “This is going to take hours to clean up.”

“And I’ll do it. I promise.” Now his expression was anxious, clearly upset with himself. “Please…”

Tony held up a hand.

“Shh… I’m not mad. Okay?” Not amused, really, though. “It’s alright.”

Peter’s eyes watered, and this time it wasn’t the smoking oven.

“I just wanted to surprise you.”

“You did.” He leaned over and brushed a kiss against the boy’s cheek, tender and gentle. “Do you have any more cookie sheets?”

Looking a little surprised, Peter nodded and pulled an empty one from the sink. It had been used before, but the boy had paid attention when Tony had been baking cookies, because it only had parchment paper in the bottom and whatever burned cookies had been there were now in the garbage.

Along with a fair number of others.

Stark took it and walked over to the mixing bowl, setting the sheet down and putting parchment paper down on it. Then he stepped back and hung his jacket over the back of a barstool before opening a drawer in the island and pulling out a small ice cream scoop. He then walked, carefully, back to the oven and turned the temperature down to 350.

“You can’t bake cookies at 450 degrees, honey,” he said. “They’re going to burn every time.”

Obviously.

“The recipe said 450.”

“Are you sure?”

Peter shook his head, no.

“I’ll double-check.”

“Later,” Tony told him. He walked back to the mixing bowl and started dropping cookie dough onto the empty cookie sheet, with Peter watching, silently, nervously waiting for the explosion that had to be coming. The billionaire finished, and handed the tray to the boy, double checking that the oven had dropped to the right temperature by then. “Put those in and set the timer for ten minutes.”
“Okay.”

He did, and Stark looked around.

“I’m going to go change. Then I’ll come help you clean this up.”

“I’ll do it,” Peter said. “It’s my mess.”

“Then I’ll come *supervise.*”

“Okay.” The boy looked around, and back at the billionaire, who was already unbuttoning his shirt.

“I’m sorry.”

Tony smiled and pulled him into his arms, hugging him close as he’d wanted to do all day. Of course, in his very vivid images, he didn’t have flour and butter suddenly smearing his front, probably ruining his shirt, and Peter didn’t smell like brown sugar.

“It’s alright, baby. This is one of those where we’ll rule it that it’s the thought that counts. Okay?”

Peter buried his face into Tony’s chest.

“Yeah.”

“But I’m not cooking, tonight,” he added. “We’ll order a pizza or something.”

He didn’t have any surface to even *try* to cook on, especially spaghetti.

“Alright.”
When Tony returned to the kitchen, dressed now in lounge pants, a t-shirt and socks, Peter was on the floor of the kitchen, between the island and the counter. He was wiping up the eggs, flour and butter that Tony had seen on the floor. Sitting on the stove was the sheet of cookies that the billionaire had prepared, obviously out and cooling.

They looked perfect.

“Don’t slip on anything,” Peter warned him, hearing him coming and not looking up from what he was doing. There was a decidedly defeated note to the boy’s tone of voice.

“I’ll be careful.”

Even though he wasn’t helping, Tony took all of the burned cookies – still on the sheets – to the trash and dumped them, as well as the parchment paper. Then he stacked the cookies sheets on the counter, to be washed. Staying on the non-appliance side of the island, he also took the newest sheet of cookies and put them on a plate so he could stack that sheet with the others as well.

While Peter was distracted with the floor, he also rinsed the beaters and righted the bag of sugar, wiping all the excess off the counter and into the mixing bowl. Then he put the milk and eggs back into the fridge.

“I can do that, Tony,” Peter assured him, looking up and seeing what he was doing.

Stark saw that his expression matched his voice. Decidedly downcast. He could understand. The cookies were an experiment, and had been a failure in every sense of the word. But it wasn’t the end of the world. Like anything, he could try again, another time, and they’d be the better for this hiccup. Peter just wasn’t seeing it that way, yet.

“It’s fine. What’s the neighbor’s name?”

“Monica. She’s nice.” He set a couple of soiled towels up on the counter, and reached for another to get the last of the butter. “She has a flower shop, she said.”

“I wonder what her boyfriend sends her for Valentine’s day…”

That produced a slight chuckle.

“Chocolates?”

“Every year? That could get boring.”

“She has a dog. Boomer. He’s big and playful. She said I could come pet him anytime, if I wanted.”

“That was nice of her.”

He’d have to meet the woman, though, before he really allowed that. Just to make sure she wasn’t someone who was going to try to use a chance encounter with Peter to become a less chance encounter with himself. Or worse; some kind of try at getting him into a relationship of some sort. It happened, and Tony was always cautious. But not enough to tell Peter to stay away from her. He’d wait and see.

“Yeah.” The boy got to his feet and tossed the other towel onto the growing stack of dirty ones.
Then he opened the dishwasher and started putting mixing bowls into it, along with the spoons. “Did you have a good day? Aside from me ruining the surprise cookies and destroying your kitchen?”

Tony nodded, leaning against the counter, plucking one of the cookies from the plate and taking a bite – and tried to hide his grimace at the taste. They looked delicious, but he’d obviously used way too much salt in the mix, because they were terrible. Luckily, Peter hadn’t noticed. He was concentrating on the dishes.

“I thought about you all day. It was great.”

That made Peter blush, as he’d hoped it would.

“Yeah?”

“Yes.” He smiled. “As a matter of fact, after my meeting, I looked Bruce up and got your new web fluid from him so I could adapt the new shooter to it. It’s loaded and ready to be tested.”

Peter looked over; eyes excited.

“Really?”

“Yes. I was thinking, if you’re not busy tomorrow, we could drive up to the compound and try them out.”

“Wow. You don’t have to work?”

“Tried the day off. Steve and Bruce are interested in seeing how the stuff works – and so am I, I admit. Interested?”

“Sure. Of course.”

“Good.”

Peter turned back to finish loading the dishwasher and Tony wiped down all the surfaces with a clean cloth, then tossed it and the others into a hamper. The housekeeper could deal with them, later. The boy looked around, making sure that he hadn’t missed anything.

“It looks better.”


“Yeah.”

He left and the billionaire watched to make sure that he was gone, and then tossed the plate of well-baked but absolutely awful cookies into the garbage as well and then dumped it all into the compactor to hide the evidence. Then he washed his hands and went into the living room and sat on the couch, putting his feet up on the coffee table and leaning back into the leather, closing his eyes, tiredly.

It had been a long day, really, and he was short on sleep from Peter’s restless night.

“Can I sit with you?”

He opened his eyes, surprised at the question. Looking at Peter, he saw that he was hesitant and uncertain, standing beside the sofa, now wearing sweats and a blue sweatshirt. He’d managed to get
the flour out of his hair and had washed his face.

“Of course, you can, honey,” Tony told him, patting the spot beside him. “I’m not upset about the kitchen. Don’t worry.”

The boy sat down, but Tony noticed he didn’t climb into his lap as the older man hoped that he would. He was definitely in the mood to cuddle.

“What about earlier…?” Peter asked. “Are you mad?”

Tony shook his head.

“No. I wasn’t mad at you, at all – just so you know. Mad at me, frustrated with you.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“So am I.” he sighed, and brushed his palm against Peter’s cheek. “Ready to communicate?”

Peter looked down at his hands, which were in his lap, and Stark could feel his cheek warming under his palm.

“I already told you.”

“No.” Tony corrected. “You mumbled something and then I had to go. It’s not the same. You trust me, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then tell me what happened, so I don’t do it, again.”

“You didn’t do anything, Tony.”

“Must have, honey, because I thought we were having a good time.”

The boy wouldn’t look up at him, so Tony didn’t realize that he was crying until he saw a tear fall into the cloth of the sweatshirt’s arm, darkening the gray fabric.

“I didn’t like it.”

“Which part, honey?” Tony asked him, gently, deciding to pick it apart. “I sucked on you and made you feel good. That was alright, yeah?”

“Yes.”

“Then I took out the plug. Did that hurt?”

“No.”

“Did you like it?”

“It didn’t hurt.”

“The only other thing that I did was stick my penis into you. You didn’t like that?”

“No. I liked that. It felt good. Really good.”

Tony rolled his eyes.
“Peter, you’re killing me, baby. I can’t figure out what’s missing. Help me.”

The boy leaned over and put his head on Tony’s leg, burying his face against his hip.

“You didn’t play with me first.”

It was muffled.

“What?”

He moved his chin a little to free his mouth, but kept his nose and above pressed into Tony, his eyes closed.

“I said, you didn’t play with me…”

“What do you mean? I sucked-“

“With my rear,” Peter interrupted, digging his face deeper into Tony’s hip, flushing.

“Oh.” Oh. He looked down at the boy, who was practically curled into a ball, now, refusing to look anywhere but into his side. Tony assumed he had probably closed his eyes, tightly, as well. “You like it when I play with your ass and get your ready…? When I finger you?”

Peter nodded; his voice muffled when he replied.

“Yes.”

Which was the whole point of the plug; to skip that part, entirely. No wonder he wasn’t happy with the thing.

“Poor baby…” Tony slid his hand along Peter’s hip, comforting him. “I got you used to it, and then took it away.”

“Yes.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Okay.”

“Look at me, honey.”

Peter turned his head, looking up at him with one big brown eye, the other hidden by the hood of his sweatshirt and Tony’s pants.

“Yeah?”

“You have to tell me why you don’t like something. That way I don’t think you’re just being stubborn.”

“It’s hard,” he told him. “I’m no good at it. It comes out wrong – or not at all, sometimes.”

“Then you need to work on it,” he chided, brushing his knuckle against Peter’s cheekbone. “We’ll work on it. I spent the day going crazy trying to decide if I’d somehow hurt you and you just weren’t telling me.”

“I’m sorry.”
He sighed.

“I didn’t say that to make you apologize, baby. It’s just to underscore how important it is that we communicate. It’s part of being in a relationship with someone – and especially being in one with someone like me. I can be a real asshole, sometimes, and you need to be able to rein me in when I start doing something that you don’t like – or don’t want to do. Otherwise, there are going to be a lot of hurt feelings on both sides, and I don’t want that.”

“I don’t, either.”

“Good.” He smiled down at the boy. “Have I told you, yet, today, how pretty you are?”

Peter shook his head, smiling.

“No.”

“You are. My precious boy. Are you hungry?”

“Yes.”

“So am I. How about Chinese food, though, instead of a pizza?”

“That sounds good. We can have cookies for dessert.”

Yeah…

“I’m afraid we can’t. They ended up in the garbage. I dropped them when I was moving them to the other counter. I’m sorry.”

There was a time to tell the truth, and there was a time for a white lie. This was not a time to tell the boy the surprise that he’d worked on all day had been terrible.

“It’s okay. We can make more some other day.”

“Together, though, alright, honey?”

Peter nodded and buried his face against Tony’s hip, again, feeling better about everything.

“Yes.”
While they waited for their dinner to arrive, the two of them simply stayed right where they were. Both were tired; the restless night and the emotional day – separate though they had been – was catching up to them, and neither was really in the mood to do more than just be still and enjoy the other’s company. Peter still had his cheek resting on Tony’s thigh, his face no longer snug into the fleshy part of his hip, but still close to it, seeking comfort in the contact but not just ready to cuddle in his lap.

Tony slid his hand along Peter’s side, not trying to arouse him, or anything, just wanting to touch him, and make sure he knew how cherished he was.

Something the billionaire had been reminded of that very day.

“My baby,” he crooned, sifting his hand through Peter’s hair and smiling down at him when Peter’s head turned to allow him to look up at him. “We’re not going to stay up too late, tonight, alright? I want to leave bright and early tomorrow.”

Peter nodded; that was fine.

“Who’s going to be there?”

“Depends on who hears about it, I imagine. They all are going to want to see what you can do – I’m interested in seeing it up close and in person, too – so if they are around, I suspect you can expect a small audience. We’ll keep the numbers down to the core group, though. The SHIELD guys don’t have any reason to know what your particular skillset is, after all. And the less people who know your alter-ego, the less chance of someone blurting it out to a family member or something.”

“True. Will Bruce be there?”

“Yes. He’ll want to study the webbing and make sure it dissolves the way you guys expect it to. It better, or the gym is going to be unusable for days while it gets cleaned.”

Peter smiled at that, but before he could respond, FRIDAY announced the delivery person was at the elevator. Tony cleared them to come up, and Peter moved his head enough to allow the older man to get up. He sat up while Tony retrieved dinner and had the AI lock the elevator down once the delivery person was gone.

“Are we going to be there all day?” Peter asked, watching as Tony sorted out who got what food.

“I don’t know.” Stark sat beside Peter. “Did you want to do something while we’re there?”

“If Bruce would let me, I’d be interested in seeing his transformation videos.”

“Yes, he’s going to let you, I know…” Tony nodded, approvingly. “It’s definitely interesting, and something that you should see, so you know his abilities, like he knows yours. Eat.”

Since the boy had dumped most of his breakfast without tasting it and had only had a chicken leg for lunch before he’d started his disastrous baking attempt, Peter was hungry, and worked his way through the large meal while he and Tony watched a documentary on mining operations in the Rocky mountains. Tony was noticing a pattern with Peter; he loved movies and knew many by heart, but he was also a big fan of any show that could teach him something – like educational documentaries.
Which was fine. They were going to have to address his schooling, eventually, but Tony had his own ideas about that, and was half-heartedly waiting to hear what Peter wanted to do before they decided what school he was going to be going to.

The show ended about the same time Tony finished eating. Peter was done long before that, and had once more put his head on Tony’s leg – only this time he was turned away from the billionaire’s hip so he could watch the show. Stark set his empty container aside and ran his hand along Peter’s side, sliding it under his sweatshirt and tracing his fingertips along the boy’s ribs.

“Still awake?”

“Mm-hmmm.”

It didn’t sound like he was very awake, though.

“Go get ready for bed, honey. I’ll be there, shortly.”

“Okay.”

Peter sat up, and stretched, and Tony caught him in a kiss before he could move any further. A gentle kiss that became more heated when Peter sighed into it, the moan exciting Tony and making him automatically run his hand along the boy’s stomach and lower to check his state of arousal. He chuckled, pulling away.

“My baby’s hard…”

Peter blushed, but nodded.

“You do that to me,” he said. “Just being with you, sometimes.”

“The feeling is entirely mutual,” he assured the boy. “I’m going to get this cleaned up.”

He watched as Peter vanished into his room, and then Tony picked up the few dishes from their dinner – considering that they ate out of the to-go boxes for the most part – and then told FRIDAY to close things down for the night while he walked to the island to throw the garbage out.

By the time he was finished with that, and had gone into his bathroom to do his own nightly ritual of washing, cleaning and flossing, Peter had found his way into his room – and into his bed. Which thrilled Tony every time. He walked over and looked down at the boy, who was snuggled under the covers, but watching him, his brown eyes sleepy and soft.

Tony undressed, and watched Peter’s gaze trail the length of his body as he did. He smiled, leaning over and kissing his cheek.

“Room for me?”

“Sure.”

The boy pulled the blankets back, revealing that he wasn’t dressed – not surprisingly, of course – and Tony slid in beside him and gathered him up against his belly and chest, turning on his side to be able to see him, better.

“Hey, baby,” he murmured into Peter’s ear, brushing his lips against it and nibbling on the lobe just so he could feel him tremble. “My beautiful boy.”

Peter smiled, flushing with pleasure at the compliment.
“I love when you do that, daddy.”

“Why do you think I do it?” he asked, his hand stroking Peter’s cheek. “How do you feel, honey?”

“Sleepy. You?”

“Yeah. It’s been a long day.” He smiled. “But yours isn’t over, just yet, baby. Roll over for me.”

Peter pulled away enough to do what he was told, turning himself in Tony’s embrace and then moving back against his warm body, and sighing when he felt his big hand run along his hip, and then to his rear. Tony pushed him just a little, situating him so that he was more on his belly, and then slid his fingers along Peter’s crack.

“Daddy…”

“Shhh, baby. Daddy’s going to play with you for a little while. Okay?”

He trembled, his body responding not just to the touch, but to the love in the older man’s tone. And the desire he heard there.

“Yes, daddy.”

Tony smiled, even though Peter couldn’t see it, and reached for some lube. He didn’t need much, though. Not for what he was doing. The billionaire slicked his fingers and then slid one into Peter’s tight hole, teasing him with the single digit while Tony turned Peter’s head to kiss him, lovingly.

“My brave boy,” he said, in between kisses. “My beautiful baby boy.”

His calloused fingertip found Peter’s sweet spot, then, and the boy arched his back as Tony stimulated him, closing his eyes in bliss and making a noise that made Stark smile and redouble his attentions.

“Open your eyes, honey,” he said, gently. “I want to watch you.”

Those glorious brown eyes opened, again, and Tony slid another finger into the boy, caressing him and teasing him, but not actually stretching him. He had no intention of actually sliding himself into the boy. He was just making up for lost time and enjoying the reaction he was getting. Peter was beginning to rock his hips in time with the movements that Tony’s fingers were making, his eyes dark, now, with lust.

“Daddy… please…”

“You love that, don’t you, honey?”

“Yes, daddy… yes.”

How had he missed it? Of course, he was usually behind Peter, and not watching his face like he was, just then, but still.

“My beautiful boy. So perfect. So amazing.”

Peter whined, his body trying to escape the pleasure and demand more of it all at the same time, and Tony used his hand to send him to the edge of his climax, only to bring him back – and he hadn’t even touched that dripping cock that was working the bedding. He kissed Peter, again, nibbling his lower lip, which then vanished between Peter’s teeth as the boy concentrated on what he was experiencing. What Tony was doing to him.
The older man pulled his fingers out of Peter and rolled him onto his back, once more and before Peter realized what was happening, Tony had his cock in his mouth, deepthroating him and slurping the precum from the head and shaft, where it had trickled.

“Yes, daddy… oh god, please, don’t stop…”

He hummed against the boy’s cock and Peter gasped and then groaned as his climax overtook him, almost unexpectedly. Tony caressed him, wordlessly demanding that the boy feed him every drop and Peter’s hips bucked, urgently, as he tried to do just that.

Eventually, he settled with a gratified noise that made Tony chuckle as he licked the base of Peter’s cock.

“You’re amazing, Peter Parker,” Tony whispered as he gathered his baby into his arms once more, double checking to make sure the blankets were up and around him, and guiding the boy’s face to his shoulder. “Don’t ever let me deny you what you want, again. Understand?”

“Yes, daddy.” He closed his eyes with another satisfied noise, and then sent searching fingers down to Tony’s hard cock. “What about you?”

Stark chuckled and kissed him, closing his eyes.

“I can wait. Go to sleep, honey.”

Peter nodded and did just that.
“Are you about ready, honey?”

“I’m coming.”

Tony smirked, amused as he always was when he heard someone say that – and more amused that it was Peter.

“No, you’re not; you’re just breathing hard,” he muttered the tagline to the old joke softly enough that Peter couldn’t have heard it – even with his enhancements.

The billionaire was in a good mood. For one thing, he’d slept incredibly well the night before. Of course, he’d had Peter in his arms; the boy’s body pressed right up against him, keeping him warm and stealing his body heat at the same time. More importantly, he was a steady presence that kept the nightmares away.

The other reason Tony was in such a good mood was also Peter. He’d woken that morning with the boy’s head under the blankets and his ass in the air. Even better, his mouth was firmly latched onto Tony’s cock, and he was already well on the way to getting Tony off. Stark had initially thought he was dreaming, and it had been such a good dream, but when he woke, the reality had been so much better. He’d simply palmed Peter’s ass and had crooned words of encouragement until he practically exploded into the boy’s mouth.

The best way to wake up, ever, as far as he was concerned.

They’d showered – and Tony had been amused when he’d found a chocolate chip in Peter’s thick hair – but hadn’t mentioned it. When they were both clean, and Tony had had a chance to suck Peter in the shower, they’d dried off and dressed, and Peter had seated himself at the kitchen island and chatted with Tony while the older man had made them a hearty breakfast. Tony had done dishes, while Peter went to collect his backpack, although instead of homework, it had a large supply of the newest version of web fluid and the new spinners as well as Peter’s original ones.

“FRIDAY?”

“He’s coming.”

Before Tony could call him again – or use the same reply to the AI – Peter came out of the guestroom, looking cheerful and alert. He was wearing jeans, a green shirt that was barely noticeable under the gray SHIELD sweatshirt that he had on against what would be a morning chill that Tony had promised him wouldn’t last long, since Stark had remotely started the car and it was warming up as they waited.

“Sorry,” Peter said, smiling an apology that Tony didn’t need – but was always willing to be smiled at. “The right side shooter was under the bed. I couldn’t find it.”

“We’re not in any hurry, honey,” Tony assured him. “You look beautiful, by the way.”

Peter flushed, as Tony knew he was going to, and ducked his head just a little.

“Thank you, daddy.”

They loaded into the elevator, with Tony’s hand on the small of Peter’s back, and the boy turned and
pressed his lips against Tony’s neck.

“What was that for?” the billionaire asked.

“Just because I love you.”

“You’re killing me, Peter.

The boy smiled.

The drive to the compound wasn’t a short one. It didn’t matter, though, because it gave them a chance to talk. Peter wanted to discuss the new nanotech that was going to be used in the newest suit, but Tony had a different topic in mind that he wanted to address, first. Something that he’d discussed a few days before with Pepper – and then with Bruce.

“Let me ask you something,” Tony said, as they drove out of the city and the crazy traffic, freeing his attention up for a little conversation. “And don’t overthink the question – or let the answer bother you, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Do you have any close friends at your school?”

“What?”

“Friends,” Tony repeated, glancing over at him, briefly, to try and gauge how he felt about the school – and the people in it. “Anyone that you’d miss if you didn’t go back there?”

“Are they kicking me out?”

“Nope.” He set his hand on the boy’s thigh. “Answer the question, honey.”

“No. Not really. A few people that have the same classes with me that I see more than others, but…”

“But if you’d have had anyone close, then they would have known what was going on with you and could have told someone – even if you didn’t want them to.”

“Yeah.”

“I was thinking that you might benefit from a different learning dynamic. Since I have you to myself right now, I thought I’d address the question.”

“What do you mean?”

“What if we homeschooled you, instead of having you back in that school?”

Peter frowned. He could tell from Tony’s tone and expression that he didn’t like the school – or maybe the administrators – and he wasn’t trying too hard to hide it. Of course, Peter was pretty sure that Tony blamed the school for him being homeless. He didn’t, though, because he was the one that had kept things secret.

“Can we do that?”

“Pepper says we can. All students can be homeschooled. It’s just a matter of getting the curriculum
and having you work on it and be able to pass the exams.”

“How would that work?”

Tony shrugged.

“I suppose it depends on what you decide you want to do. If the solution that you think works best for you has you with me – in any capacity – then I’d take responsibility for your schooling. I don’t have to have a teaching certificate – and if I did, I would get one. You could work from home, or we could set you a place in the tower as your room, or office or whatever word you want to use.”

“You’d be willing to do that?”

“Of course. Even more, if I’m not free, Bruce has already pointed out that his name has more initials after it than mine does, and he’d be willing to help out – so would the others, in whatever capacity needed.”

The *Avengers* would homeschool me?”

Tony smiled at the awe in his voice.

“If you thought that it would be best for you, yes. We think it would. I’m normally a huge fan of having a kid in a school – where they can socialize with people their own age and have friends. You, however, had that opportunity, and the jackals there didn’t bother. We think you’d be better off with us – even though most of us are old enough to be your parents.”

“Wow.”

“I suppose Steve could cover history… Bruce and I have the sciences down, of course… Nick has a degree in Modern Literature – although he won’t admit that to anyone – so that’d cover English, grammar and sentence structure. Rhodey and Sam both have political science degrees.”

“What about Natasha?”

He shrugged.

“She can be the PE teacher. Is spying and assassination taught in your school? It’s been a while since I’ve been.”

Peter smiled.

“They *really* said they didn’t mind?”

“Yeah. They want you to succeed – and to be happy. None of us think that your school can give you that environment. It’s your choice, however, okay? And not one that you have to make, right now. But we will want to get things set into motion as far as your schooling – whatever you decide you want to do.”

“Wow…”

Tony didn’t point out that he’d already said that. He just took Peter’s hand and set it on his leg so he could cover it with his own.

“Just think about it, okay?”

“Yeah. I will.”
There were only two people waiting for them when they arrived at the compound. Steve and Natasha. Both walked over to the car when Tony parked it in front of the building; Steve went to Tony’s side of the car and Natasha went to Peter’s door and opened it, greeting the boy with a smile and a hug when he got out of the car.

“Good morning.”

Peter blushed, even though she hadn’t done more than said hello and gave him what had been a very chaste hug.

“Good morning.”

“How was the drive?”

“It was fine,” Tony said, getting out of the car and looking at Steve. “If you hug me I’m going to scream.”

Rogers smirked.

“You’re safe with me. Natasha has a crush on Peter – don’t tell him.”

Since he was all of ten feet away, there was no way that Peter hadn’t heard, and Romanoff made a show of covering Peter’s ears.

“And now the world will be without Captain America… because I’m forced to kill him.”

Peter laughed, outright, and Tony chuckled.

“Is everything laid on?”

“Yeah. We did what we could to set up the gym – it’s the tallest building we have.” He looked at Peter. “You don’t mind giving us a demonstration while you’re checking out your new shooters?”

“No.”

It was flattering that anyone other than Bruce and Tony were even interested.

“You brought them?”

“Yes.”

Natasha frowned and put her hand on his forehead.

“You’re feeling okay? Had breakfast? Slept last night?”

Peter smiled.

“Yes.”

“Then let’s go. I’m looking forward to this.”

“It’s not that exciting,” Peter admitted. “Seen one guy run up a wall, you’ve seen them all…”

Steve laughed, outright, and looked at Stark.
“You’re coming?”

“Of course.”
They walked to the gym as a group and when they arrived Peter saw that there were a few others waiting, as if they’d been told he and Tony had arrived and were heading to give them demonstration. Peter smiled at Robert, Sam and Nick Fury, as Bruce came over to double check that the version of fluid was the proper one for the wrist devices Tony had built.

“Are you ready?” Bruce asked Peter.

The boy rolled up his sleeves a little to attach the web shooters to his wrists, rolling them to get them settled. Then he wiggled his fingers while looking around. The basketball nets were down and the bleachers were out. The ceiling was high enough to give Peter an idea of distance, and he could leap from the bleachers if he needed to in order to get some momentum.

Normally, he’d just fling himself off a building.

“Yes.”

“We’ll get out of your way,” Steve said, leading the others to where Sam, Robert and Nick were sitting on one of the bleachers.

They greeted Tony with nods and then they turned when Peter moved at a trot toward the bleachers on the other side and leaped to the top of them. Before they realized what he was planning, the boy jumped off the top of the bleachers, flinging his arm out and shooting webbing. It caught the ceiling and he used his momentum to swing himself at an impossibly fast rate toward them, then changing directions with another shot of webbing, and going back the way he’d come.

“Wow…” Sam said.

“Interesting in a gym,” Steve said. “Ridiculously dangerous on a building…”

“No fear of heights, I assume,” Fury murmured, more to himself.

The boy shot a web at the support structure of one of the basketball hoops and came into an arc on the other side of the large room. His centrifugal force brought him around the turn at a dizzying speed and he jerked his hand up to shoot another web in mid-swing when the line supporting him snapped, suddenly, and he went barreling into the bleachers with a heart-stopping crash and an explosion of wood and metal brackets.

They were on their feet immediately.

“Jesus!”

As a group they reached him, just as he came out from under the now damaged bleacher structure, a small scratch on his temple trickling the smallest line of blood down his cheek.

“I’m okay,” he assured them when he saw them all coming at him. “The line snapped, Bruce. We might need to-“

He was interrupted by Tony.

“You’re bleeding.”

“Let me see,” Robert said, already stepping up. He was the doctor, after all. “Tilt your head, Peter. I
need a little more light.”

“I’m alright,” Peter told them – again. “It didn’t really even hurt.” He looked at the battered bleachers. “I broke your bleachers, though. Sorry.”

Tony rolled his eyes, torn between concern and relief.

“It’s fine. Let Robert look you over.”

“It was just a fall,” the boy said. “I’ve done worse. Really. Banged into walls and fell off rooftops – all kinds of things. The formula is probably just a little off, Bruce. Maybe we went a little light on-”

“Let’s get you sat down for a minute,” Robert interrupted, automatically going into doctor mode – of course.

“I’m fine.”

“Just do what he tells you, Peter,” Tony said. “It’s old news to you that you crashed and burned, but it’s very new for us. We need to reassure ourselves.”

“You hit pretty hard,” Sam added, as they all walked with him back to the other set of bleachers and Robert sat Peter down on them, reaching for an alcohol pad and opening it.

“Yeah, I had a lot of force going into the last swing.”

“Your suit should be fitted out with a bubble-wrap option,” Natasha said, hovering like the rest, but obviously relieved that he seemed to be fine, just like he was telling them.

Peter smiled at that, and then winced and hissed with pain when the medicated pad touched his cut.

“Don’t be a baby,” the doctor told him, his tone amused. The kid slammed into bleachers and practically destroyed them, but a little sting of alcohol makes him flinch? “This will only take a second.”

“Is he alright, Robert?”

“Seems to be. It’s pretty small. I’m not even going to use a band-aid on it.”

“Yeah, I’m okay,” Peter said, looking over at Tony, even though his head was still in Robert’s grasp. “Probably no more swinging, though, until we modify the formula.”

Bruce nodded.

“The tensile strength is where it failed, probably.” He gave Peter a look that the boy wasn’t quite able to decipher, but he also looked impressed. “Your formula never failed like this?”

“Oh yeah. Several times. I worked it all out in the middle of the night – obviously – and on rooftops and in narrow alleys so I wouldn’t fall too far when it broke.”

“Kid’s a genius, Stark,” Fury said.

“Yeah, he is,” Bruce agreed, smiling. “I’ll start working on the new one.”

“Arms and legs are okay?” Tony asked Peter.

“Seem to be. I’m tough.”
The billionaire wasn’t the only one to smile at that.

“Robert? Think we should do x-rays? Just to make sure he didn’t break anything?” Steve asked.

He was used to taking a fall like that, no problem. But Peter was just a scrawny, underweight kid and it had looked horrific.

“Peter? Walk to the other side of the room and back for me.”

The boy did what he was told, thinking that it was great to have someone – someones, in this case – worry about his well-being, but if they were going to be like this every time he took a simple spill, he wasn’t going to be able to get much done. He watched Tony as he walked back, but he seemed to have gotten over his own shock at Peter’s fall, and while he was watching him, carefully, he wasn’t frowning like he had been.

“No limping,” the doctor observed. “His stride is fine. If you start hurting, make sure you let someone know.”

“I will. Thanks.”

“End of the demonstration for today, folks,” Tony told them. “We’ll work on modifications and let you know when the next show will be.”

“Preferably without the tumble,” Romanoff told Peter, sliding a hand on his shoulder, looking relieved that he was alright. “You about gave me a heart attack.”

“Me, too,” Fury said. “I’m going to go get a drink.”

It wasn’t even close to five o’clock, but oh well.

“I’m going to go to my lab, here,” Bruce said, shaking his head. “We’ll figure out the difference, and keep the viscosity. Where are you two going to be?” he asked Tony.

“In my workroom,” Stark replied. “Call or come by if you need us.”

“Thanks, Bruce,” Peter said. “The new webbing is a lot finer – I really like it.”

“If we can keep it from snapping on you.”

The boy shrugged.

“I figured the first set out in school during free time and I’m not a brilliant scientist. I’m sure you can figure it out – if anyone can.”

Banner smiled at that, and Tony was amused to see that his friend was actually blushing a little.

“Come on, Peter,” he said. “I want to get your opinion on the new shooters.” He looked at the others. “We’ll meet for lunch?”

“Sure.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah.”
Tony closed the door to his workroom, and FRIDAY locked it, automatically. The billionaire hated interruptions when he was working and even more; didn’t like when people walked in when he was deep in thought and subject to being startled. Then he turned to Peter.

“Get naked.”

The boy froze, startled.

“What?”

Stark grinned, amused by the response – which had been just as startled as he’d hoped.

“I want FRIDAY to get an accurate scan of your body, honey. Natasha mentioned a bubble wrap option in your suit when you took your tumble, but it occurs to me – and has a few times in the past weeks – that you don’t have a suit, and we need to correct that.”

“How?”

“I’m going to make you one.”

His eyes widened.

“Really?”

“Yeah. I threw out the other one; it’s only fair I replace it.”

“Wow.”

“Don’t get too excited, now,” Tony warned him. “It’s not going to be an Ironman suit. What you do requires a lot more flexibility than anything metal will give you, so it’ll have to be fabric – of some kind. I’ve been looking into options.”

“Still…”

“Yeah.” He gestured at the boy. “So, get naked for me. Let’s get you scanned. Keep the webshooters on, though. They’re going to be necessary. And your underwear – unfortunately. Probably don’t want you going commando in the suit.”

Peter pulled his sweatshirt off, and blushed when FRIDAY started playing stripper music in the background. The billionaire snorted, amused, and took the boy’s sweatshirt, and then watched as he undressed. He noticed that Peter hadn’t come out from his tumble as unscathed as they might have hoped.

There were several marks that were going to end up being bruises – some on his back and some along his arms and legs.

“You don’t hurt?” he asked as Peter stood in his boxers. His Ironman boxers, Tony saw, smiling despite the bruising.

“No. I’m okay. Really.”

Stark stepped up to him and slid his arms around Peter’s waist, unable to resist and really, there was no reason for him to even try. Peter sighed, and rested his cheek against Tony’s chest.

“You’re so beautiful, honey. So wonderful. I was so proud of you; swinging around the gym like that. So amazing.”
Peter trembled, melting against Tony’s body, soaking up the praise and the love in equal measures while the billionaire reassured himself that his baby really hadn’t taken any harm in his fall. *That* had been scary.

“Thanks, daddy,” Peter whispered.

Tony reluctantly pulled away. It wasn’t *cold* in the workroom, but it was too chilly for Peter to be running around undressed. He pressed a gentle kiss against his ear, feeling his own thrill at being called daddy in such loving tones.

“Stand still for a moment.”

As soon as he was separate, FRIDAY took the scans needed to make sure the new suit wasn’t going to be baggy. Tony handed Peter his pants.

“The fluid failure aside,” he asked as Peter started dressing. “How did the shooters work for you?”

“They were perfect.” Of course, he’d designed them based on the old ones, so of course they were exactly what he needed. “The motion was really smooth, and it cut off exactly where it needed to.”

“Good. Any modifications needed?”

Peter held up his left hand.

“This one pinched a little when I swung with my weight on it. Think we could work on that?”

“Yeah.”

He pulled the boy over to the table and settled him on a stool, already working on a string of different ideas for the suit, even while he started asking Peter questions about what needed adjusting and where.

The boy watched Tony; his brown eyes almost fixated on the older man as he found himself someplace that he never in a million years would have dreamed he could be.
It was a measure of just how brilliant – or maybe, focused on the problem – Bruce was that by the time he joined Peter, Tony, Steve and Natasha in the lounge at lunch time, he had a new version of fluid to have Peter try. They’d already dumped the last version, so after lunch, Peter and Tony loaded it into the webshooters, and Peter had given the gym another try.

This time the demonstration went off without a hitch – even though all the adults tensed any time the boy went into any kind of a turn, and eventually Peter ended up standing upside down on the ceiling, rubbing his wrists, with the hood of his sweatshirt falling down over his head and threatening to fall off his skinny frame entirely, until he’d flipped and landed in the classic superhero stance – probably without even noticing it.

He was practically wriggling with happiness; Tony was amused to see. Between the adults being so relieved that he hadn’t taken another spill and heaping praise on how impressive his demonstration was (and it had been incredible) and the fact that he now had a newer, better version of his web fluid, the boy was glowing. Stark and Bruce waited in the gym with him for an hour, even though the others had to leave for their other responsibilities, and sure enough the webbing started dissolving at the correct time.

Peter had heaped praises on Bruce, who had taken it almost as cheerfully as Peter had. Tony watched them interact for a few minutes and then mentioned to Banner that Peter was interested in seeing his transformation videos. Peter blushed, but Bruce only smiled; he was a long way from the time when he might have been embarrassed or self-conscious about his change.

Instead, they’d gone to his lab and had spent a little time going over the videos, which Peter watched with a combination of infatuation and horror to see such a violent reaction take place in Bruce’s body. He kept looking over at the scientist, and then comparing him to the creature on the video.

“A real Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, huh?” Bruce commented, well aware why he was doing it.

_He’d done it, too._

“Yes.”

“The big guy saved my life, though,” Tony said, sitting on the edge of the table Bruce normally ran his experiments on. “Bruce hasn’t. Big guy; one – Banner, nothing.”

Peter had smiled at that – as had Bruce. Then Tony told them both that it was time for the two of them to head back to the city.

“I had a good time,” Peter told him, buckled in and watching as Tony drove them off the compound grounds and onto the highway heading south. “Thanks.”

“Yeah?” Stark smiled. “I’m glad. So did I.”

He should take personal days more often. Of course, this one was a working day, as well, since he was – technically – consulting on superhero business. Peter wasn’t an Avenger (yet) but he was definitely an up and coming superhero, whether he thought of himself as such or not.

“What are we having for dinner?”

“I haven’t decided, yet,” Tony admitted, reaching over to bring the boy’s hand to his thigh. “We
need to make a stop at the store on the way home, so if you want something other than spaghetti, I’m willing to be convinced.”

“I’ll think about it.” He let his fingers trace the line of muscle in Tony’s thigh through his slacks.
“What are you getting at the store?”

“Well, we need a dozen eggs, flour, sugar and peanut butter to replace what you borrowed from the woman who lives below me.”

“Monica,” Peter supplied, helpfully.

“Right. Plus, we need all of those to replace what we don’t have, now.”

Good point.

He enjoyed the store as much as he had the first time, and for the same reason. Even though the groceries weren’t even all going into his own cupboards and fridge, Tony was just as exact about what he was purchasing when it came to the foodstuffs involved. More, even. Loaded with groceries, they went home, first, put everything away except what wasn’t staying, gathered up the borrowed cookie sheets and headed for the lobby, first, and then to the elevator that allowed them to go to the other floors of the building, rather than the personal one for the penthouse.

“You know which one?” Tony asked as they exited the elevator.

“Yeah. Thanks.”

There weren’t too many doors to choose from. While Tony’s apartment covered most of the top floor of the building, the ones right below him weren’t tiny, either, and were probably just as luxurious. He’d see. Of course, he might not. If he had any concerns about this Monica woman having any intentions of trying some kind of moves on him (or on Peter?) they’d simply return the borrowed sheets and replaced items and thank her politely and go.

When Peter knocked on the closest door to the elevator, Tony heard a large, booming, bark coming from the other side of the door.

“That’s Boomer,” Peter told him.

If the bark was any indication, the dog was huge. And vicious. Another reason not to stay, really. Stark wasn’t in the mood to be chewed on.

When the door opened, Tony had to smile, all concerns about illicit affairs and attempted trysts dissolving. The woman who answered, one hand on the door, the other on the blocky head of the dog standing beside her, was seventy – at least – and even though she glanced at Tony, her smile was immediately for the boy beside him.

“Peter!” She engulfed him in a hug that he returned with a smile, holding her carefully to make sure he didn’t squeeze too hard.

“Hi, Monica. We brought your stuff back.”

She pulled away, and now she did look at Tony.

“So, you did.”

“This is Tony.”
Stark freed a hand to offer it to her, and the dog at her side made a low growl, which made the old woman snap off a sharp command in what sounded like German, and the dog sat down.

“Sorry about Boomer,” she said, taking Tony’s hand in both of hers. “He’s protective.”

“Which is the whole idea, right?” Peter asked, smiling and reaching for the dog to run his hands over the animal’s ears and jowls. “To make sure you’re safe.”

She nodded, waving both of them into her apartment, which was only somewhat smaller than Tony’s, he saw, as she closed the door behind them. Now that he’d been given the all-clear, the dog was bumping its head against Peter, trying to get more attention and pettings.

“Yes.” She headed for the kitchen, still spry and mobile, Tony saw as they followed. “My son didn’t want me living alone – as if! So, the compromise was that he train a guard dog for me.”

“Peter said you own a flower shop.”

“I do,” she said, taking the eggs from him and putting them in her fridge. She named the place and Tony shook his head. It wasn’t one shop, it was several hundred, with locations all over the country. “I spend three days a week at the flower shop, with Boomer, just to keep my hands in things. She gave him a look. “He tells me that you’re Ironman.”

“Sometimes.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you. How did the cookies turn out?”

“They were wonderful,” Tony lied. “Thank you for the loan.”

Her smile told him that she knew he was lying, but her glance at Peter – who had flushed with pleasure at the praise told her why he’d done so – and she nodded.

“I’m glad to hear it. Next time, bring me some, Peter.”

“We will.”

He was on the floor, now, with the big dog – a rottweiler, Tony thought – all over him, playing and wrestling. The billionaire nodded.

“Definitely.”

Of course, he’d make sure the next time they baked cookies that they would be edible, so that was a promise he could keep.

“I was just getting ready to make dinner,” she said. “Care to join me?”

“We don’t want to impose,” Tony told her, even though Peter looked up, hopefully, his arm around the dog’s neck.

“Nonsense. Peter? Do you like macaroni and cheese? I cut up hotdogs into it and add some extra cheese. My boys loved it.”

Tony rolled his eyes, amused, and knew that they were going to have dinner with Monica.

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“That was fun.”
Stark looked at the boy standing beside him in the elevator, holding the large bundle in his hands. Which was leftover mac and cheese, ready to be reheated, a dozen peanut butter cookies that Monica and Peter had baked while waiting for their dinner and a small vase with some flowers in it – to brighten up their day, Monica had said.

He nodded.

“Yeah. It was.”

He meant it, too. The woman was a treasure, really, and he’d enjoyed talking to her while she’d made them dinner and then had shown Peter how she baked cookies. Always peanut butter, she said, so that Boomer could have a taste. Tony hadn’t complained when she’d given the boy the beaters to clean, but he started the salmonella countdown in his head once more – just in case.

“She’s nice.”

“You’re right.” He brushed his fingers through the boy’s hair, smiling, warmly, at him. “I liked her.”

“Really?”

“Yes.” Of course, she liked Peter, so he thought he might be a little biased toward her because of that, but he didn’t mind. “If you want to go visit her, again, I don’t think that’s a bad idea, at all.”

She’d told them over dinner that she was working the next day, but that if Peter wanted to come for a visit the day after, he was always welcome. She’d handed Tony her business card, but had scratched out the printed number and wrote her personal cell number on it.

“Great.”

They reached their floor and went inside.

“Put that stuff away, will you, honey?” Tony asked. “I’m going to go change.”

“Okay.”

When Tony returned to the living room wearing nothing but a pair of pajama bottoms, Peter was sitting on the couch, the flowers on the kitchen island. He settled in next to him, and the boy climbed into his lap, still dressed, but wanting to cuddle.

“Lose the sweatshirt,” Tony told him, sliding his hand under the sweatshirt and the t-shirt, running his fingers along Peter’s stomach and chest. “I want to touch you and you have too many layers on…”

Of course, with him, one layer was too many, really.

Peter slipped it off, taking the t-shirt as well, and not bothering to claim it. Tony ran his fingers over the bruising from Peter’s fall, looking at the boy’s eyes as he did, watching for discomfort.

“Do they hurt?”

“No, daddy,” he assured him, shivering at the touch as he leaned against Tony, his belly and chest pressing against the billionaire’s. “I’m fine. Really.”

Tony turned his head and kissed his temple, turning on the TV, but sliding his free hand down, under Peter’s jeans and cupping the swell of his ass in his palm.
“You’re even better than that, beautiful boy,” Tony assured him. “So pretty. So wonderful.”

Peter moaned softly in his ear, which made Tony shiver, too.

“Daddy…”

“What do you want to do, tonight?” he whispered, kneading the boy’s ass. “Can you tell me, honey?”

Peter flushed and stuck his face into Tony’s neck.

“The good things…”

“Come on, brave boy,” Tony crooned. “So strong. So sexy. So beautiful… tell daddy what you want me to do to you, so I do what you want, and not just what I want.”

Peter was practically breathless, but Tony gentled him with a touch.

“Play with me, daddy…”

Tony smiled; it was a start. He pulled his hand out of the boy’s pants and hugged him.

“So brave. So perfect. Then what, sweet baby? Say it.”

The boy buried his face deeper into Tony’s neck, trembling, ecstatically.

“Fuckmedaddy.”

“Yes, honey…” Stark crooned, reaching down between them and pushing his baby back just far enough to allow him the room needed to reach for the button on his jeans. “I think that can be arranged.”

Peter moaned, already lost in the sensation of being Tony Stark’s world.
Tony’s voice in his ear drew Peter from his slightly dazed nap; the breathy words and the touch of his facial hair against Peter’s smooth cheek causing him to shiver, even though he was warmly covered with the blankets that his lover had tucked around him after he’d pulled out of his trembling body a short time before.

“You’re not going to forget to eat breakfast, right?”

He stretched, Tony’s arms on either side of his body, even though the billionaire was now dressed, and Peter was naked, stretched out on his belly, legs still slightly parted and ass still wet from Tony’s early morning attentions.

“Yeah. No. I’ll eat.”

“I put some money in your wallet,” Tony told him, nuzzling his ear. “If you want to go somewhere or do something. Don’t go too far, though, alright?”

He turned his head and looked up at him, sleepily.

“You didn’t have to do that, daddy.” He was used to not having money, after all. “I’m fine.”

“I know, honey, but I want you to be able to do whatever you want – if you want to do it. Let me spoil you a little.”

Peter nodded, too sleepy to really put up much of an argument.

“When will you be home?”

“As soon as possible, but probably not until late. You’re sure you don’t want to come in with me? I could put you in the workroom, let you play with the suits…”

“No.” He’d be a distraction and Tony wouldn’t get anything done. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, honey.” There was a tender kiss that almost reached his lips, and the weight that had been on the bed with him lifted. “Happy’s here, so I’m leaving.”

“Okay.”

“No baking!” he added as he left the bedroom.

Peter chuckled and closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

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“Hey, boss.”

“Morning, Happy.”

“How’s the kid?”

“Sleeping in, the lazy punk.”

The driver smiled. Well aware that the insult wasn’t in any way sincere.
“He’s a teenager, that’s what they do, right?”

“I’m learning.”

He settled into the back seat as Happy drove them out of the parking garage, and pulled out his tablet, too impatient to get started on his newest project to even wait until he made it to the tower. He scanned through several different options for fabrics and materials, trying to decide what would work best for a suit for Peter.

Not metal was really the only limitation he was placing on himself, because he hadn’t been lying when he said the suit would require more flexibility than metal would offer – plus it would be heavy as hell, and even though Peter was strong, there was no point in making him a big and bulky suit. It would be awkward.

*Bullet-proof* would be nice, though. Or at least something that would catch the majority of the force of a bullet if one were to hit the suit. *Kevlar*? He frowned, bringing up an example of the sturdy fabric, and scowling with dissatisfaction. That wasn’t exactly what he had in mind.

By the time they reached the tower and Happy had opened the door for him, he still hadn’t found what he wanted.

“What time, boss?”

“I’m not completely sure. Figure after three and before six.”

“Peter’s home?”

“Yeah. If he needs anything, you’ll end up being the gofer – unless you’re doing something else?”

“No. I don’t mind, you know that.”

The driver had his own proprietary feelings for the boy; after all, he’d been with Stark when they’d found Peter, and he couldn’t help it that every time he saw the boy he checked to see if his cheeks were a little less gaunt and if those big eyes of his were cheerful rather than worried.

“I know, thanks.”

“Call when you’re ready.”

Tony nodded and went into the tower, greeting the doorman, cheerfully. Nothing like a good fuck with an incredible partner and a new project to start a day off the right way, after all. He headed for the elevator, but didn’t go to his office. Instead he went to see if Bruce was in. Maybe he’d have some ideas about fabric. The billionaire was well aware that Bruce had done research on different fabrics to keep his from tearing every time he morphed into the other guy, after all.

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Peter slept until mid-morning before his stomach finally pulled him out of bed. Stretching and yawning, he went into the guest room and showered, studying the bruises on his legs, side and arm in the mirror. Nothing too bad, really. Some of the ones he’d gotten when he’d slammed into walls on his first attempts at learning the physics of web swinging had been epic, after all. These were baby bruises compared to that, and hardly hurt at all, even when he pressed on them.

The boy dressed in jeans, a t-shirt and a sweatshirt, and then went to the kitchen to find breakfast.
"Morning, FRIDAY."

"Good morning, Peter. Breakfast is in the fridge."

He smiled when he opened the fridge and found a plate with breakfast burritos covered and waiting; a post-it note telling him to remove the cover and to microwave for 3 minutes. Obviously he wasn’t going to be allowed to make Tony worry about him cooking his own breakfast, just yet. He could fry eggs, though – although they ended up more scrambled than anything – and toast wasn’t hard. His go to breakfast was usually just cereal, and he’d have to make sure they picked some up the next time he was at the store with Tony.

Just in case the billionaire was running behind and didn’t have time to cook.

"Boss wants to know if you need anything…"

Peter smiled, realizing that Tony had probably asked FRIDAY to let him know when he got up – maybe even double-check to make sure he was eating.

“I’m good, thanks. Tell him I’m going to go for a walk when I’ve finished eating breakfast and that I have the leftovers from last night for lunch.”

He took his breakfast from the microwave and ate it out on the balcony to get an idea of what the weather was like. It was sunny and a bit chilly, but the sweatshirt should be enough to keep him warm. Peter soaked up a little of the sunshine while eating, thinking about the conversation that Tony had had with him about schooling him from home – which, of course, made him mull over the options that Ms. Potts had told him about.

He knew Tony wanted whatever he wanted. He knew what he wanted was Tony, for however long he was going to want to be with him.

Peter was aware that he wasn’t as sexy, or beautiful, or amazing as Tony told him he was – although he loved it when he called him all of those things, and more. As such, he wasn’t much of a prize for a handsome, well sought after billionaire who could have his pick of probably anyone. No matter how much he liked to think that he was.

Eventually Tony would have to move on, and find someone who didn’t cause him so much worry all the time. Someone old enough to vote, even. They’d still be friends, Peter hoped, but depending on when that dreadful day happened, Peter didn’t want Tony to be shackled to him by a legal guardianship.

He thought maybe the emancipation would be the way to go, and then see if Tony would care if he stayed with him the way things were just then, and getting homeschooled. If Peter was good enough, he figured that he could get his schooling done and maybe even get a scholarship somewhere. Plenty of kids went to college before they were eighteen, and he knew it. He was smart enough to do so, as well, he was certain.

It would take a little more thought – and, of course, he’d run it by Tony to see what he thought.

Peter shook his head, and decided that the day was too bright for gloomy thoughts – and thinking about not being with Tony was pretty gloomy. He went and got his shoes on and picked up his wallet from the nightstand in the guest room. A glance inside made his eyes widen as he counted three hundred dollars in twenties and found a note.

Your homework today is to spend this on yourself, honey. I love you
Peter smiled, wondering what Tony thought he would want that would cost *three hundred dollars*. At the minute, all he could think of was that he’d be able to stop anywhere he wanted for lunch. Which probably shouldn’t be much of a shock, since eating had been one of his biggest worries before Tony had rescued him.

With a smile, he left the apartment and went out to explore Tony’s neighborhood.
It was later than Tony had anticipated when he finally returned to the apartment.

“Peter? Honey, I’m home.”

It secretly thrilled him to be able to have someone to say that to, and that it was someone as amazing as Peter just made it that much better. He heard the squeak of the boy’s shoe on the tile in the kitchen and turned from the guest room door – where he’d anticipated him to be – toward the kitchen instead.

Peter was walking toward him, everything about him exuding sincere happiness. The boy slid into his embrace, easily, dodging the paper bag in Tony’s hand to slide his own hands under the older man’s suit jacket and wrap his arms around him.

“Hi, daddy,” he murmured into his chest. “I missed you.”

Tony smiled, hugging him with his free hand, and turning his head to press butterfly kisses against his ear.

“Hi, baby.”

It wasn’t a surprise to Peter that he was late. Tony had called him once he realized that he’d lost track of time in his workroom and apologized, telling him that he was on his way, and not to worry about dinner; he’d have Happy stop somewhere and he’d bring dinner home with him.

The boy held him for a long moment, and then stepped back, taking the bag from him.

“Are you okay?” he asked Tony. “You look tired.”

“I am,” Stark admitted. “I’m sorry I’m late. I’ll have FRIDAY nudge me from now on.”

“It’s alright. Go ahead and get changed, okay? I’ll put this onto a couple of plates, and we can eat while it’s still warm.”

“Thank you.”

Tony went into his room and changed out of his suit and into sweats and a t-shirt, returning to the main room to find that Peter had plated up their burgers and fries and had poured Tony a cup of coffee and set it beside one of the plates and had pulled a cola from the fridge for himself. He went over and sat down, noticing a box that looked like it had a jigsaw puzzle in it. To judge from the front cover, it was a ridiculously complicated one that was a pile of coins of all sorts, sizes and different colors.

“Did you have a good day?” Peter asked, watching him take a sip of his coffee.

“It was productive,” Tony told him. “Nothing too exciting, though. Not yet, anyway. How about you? What did you do?”

“ Took a walk.” The boy smiled. “Did you know there’s a comic store a few blocks from here?”

“No.” And he never would ever have known it – except that Peter must have discovered it. “Is it any good?”
“Yeah.”

“Did you buy yourself something there?”

“No. There wasn’t anything I needed. But it was fun to look through the stuff, and I talked to guy the behind the counter for a while.”

“You don’t have to buy something you need,” Tony reminded him, taking a bite of his burger, suddenly starving. “I’ll buy you whatever you need. You were supposed to buy something you wanted.”

“I got that puzzle,” Peter told him, pointing to the box Tony had noticed. “It’s pretty tricky, I think.”

“That’s it?”

“Yeah.”

The billionaire frowned, reaching over and picking up the box to examine it.

“Did it cost you three hundred dollars?”

Peter smiled, knowing what he was getting at.

“No. It was $5.99. I found a little arts and crafts store, near the comic book store. They had it.”

“I wanted you to get yourself something you wanted, honey.”

“I did. It just wasn’t that expensive, is all. I had fun, though,” he added. “Looking around and knowing that I could have bought something if I really wanted it.”

Tony grumbled.

“That’s something, I suppose.”

Peter smiled, and turned his attention to his dinner with typical teenage enthusiasm, telling Tony about the many small shops that he had found in the area. Shops that Tony didn’t know existed, since he never walked the neighborhood. He drove – or was driven – into the parking garage and went to his apartment. Peter, on the other hand, had been curious enough to look around.

And then cajoled Tony into promising that he’d come walking with him, sometime.

When they were done eating, Peter sent Tony to the sofa, recognizing that he was weary. The boy wasn’t tired at all. He’d slept in and had then had a very relaxing day, doing nothing too important. He threw the garbage from their meal away, and then went over to join Tony.

“Can I sit on your lap?” he asked, hesitantly. “Or are you tired?”

“No, baby. I’m never too tired to hold you.”

Peter smiled and pulled his sweatshirt off and crawled into Tony’s lap, straddling him and resting his cheek on his shoulder, while his hand slid down between them to trace the outline of the soft swelling in the billionaire’s sweats. Tony sighed, contentedly, running his hand along Peter’s back as he felt himself reacting to the tender touch.

“Feels good, daddy?”
“Yes, honey. Don’t stop.”

“Okay.”

Peter didn’t slide his hand under the sweats Tony was wearing, but he didn’t need to in order to be able to feel that his daddy’s cock was beginning to swell under his touch.

“You didn’t see anything you wanted while you were out, today?” Tony asked him, reaching down and pulling his cock out of his sweats, silently telling Peter that he wanted more direct contact.

“Not really. Nothing I need.”

“I wanted you to buy yourself something,” Tony purred into his ear. “I want my baby happy.”

“I’m happy, already,” Peter told him, sincerely. “You don’t have to give me money… I just want you. For as long as you’re willing.”

Tony rested his cheek against the boy’s and then covered his hand for a moment, stilling the motions on his hard shaft. He wanted to be able to concentrate on the conversation they were having.

“I know I don’t have to give you money, honey. But I have a lot of it, and no one to spend it on. Which means that – by default – you’re going to end up the recipient of a lot of expensive gifts. Not because I think I have to get you things, but because I want to give you things. I enjoy seeing you happy. It makes me happy. There aren’t a lot of things that do, you know.”

“Being Ironman?”

“It doesn’t make me happy, but I enjoy doing it. Just like I enjoy making things, like the suits, and whatever else comes up. But they’re not a person, honey. At the end of the day, what I need and want, is to come home and be greeted by someone who loves me, and wants to spend time with me. You. That’s what makes me happy. Get it?”

“Yes.”

“So, I’m not taking a role as sugar daddy – just so you know – because I know that you don’t necessarily want presents and exotic things. But I’m going to spoil the fuck out of you, whether you like it or not, because I love you very much and you make me smile when you smile.”

“Just don’t go crazy, okay?” Peter said, allowing his hand to move along Tony’s shaft, once more. “I’d rather have the puzzle on the table – and you solving it with me – than something super expensive that I’d have to do by myself.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Peter smiled and kissed his cheek and then slid himself off Tony’s lap, easily coming to a stop on the floor between his knees.

“You know what would make me happy, right now, daddy?”

Tony shivered, feeling his warm breath against the head of his cock. He looked down at Peter, his eyes half-lidded, dusky with desire.

“What, baby?”

“Sucking on you.”
Tony smiled, his fingers carding through Peter’s curls.

“Go ahead, beautiful boy. Suck on daddy’s cock.”

He closed his eyes and leaned back as the boy’s mouth closed over his cock, drawing him in. Tony groaned with pleasure as the boy’s tongue worked along the shaft, wetting it and sucking it, his lips playing with the tender and most sensitive spots. Then his eyes widened in surprise as he felt Peter try to take him all the way into his mouth, the head of his cock bumping the back of Peter’s throat, making him gag, just a little.


The boy smiled up at him and tried, again, obviously anxious to try and deepthroat the older man. He didn’t quite manage the full girth before he was forced to back off, but he wasn’t too far off, and the sight and the sensation of his cock vanishing into Peter’s mouth was arousing enough that Tony wasn’t helping the process by swelling even more.

Finally Peter gave up and settled on sucking the head and upper shaft of Tony’s cock, stroking the rest of the shaft and caressing the heavy sack as he slurped and licked, lapping at the precum dribbling from the slit and then sucking like it was a bottle. Tony had both hands on the boy’s head, now, holding him somewhat in place as his hips thrust his cock into his mouth, carefully, but with abundant eagerness. He murmured encouragement to the boy, reminding Peter just how sexy he was, how beautiful it was to have his cock in Peter’s throat.

Eventually, his entire being tensed, and he came, feeding the boy his cum in hot gobs that Peter swallowed down, willingly. Tony held him place for a long moment while he trembled with his release, and then pulled Peter back into his lap, kissing him, hungrily.

“You’ve been practicing?”

The boy blushed, slightly, but was obviously pleased with how excited it had made Tony that he’d almost taken him all the way.

“Yes. Kind of. With a cucumber.”

Tony smiled.

“That’s fine, honey. But you can always practice on me. I’d appreciate it a lot more than the cucumber would.”

Peter chuckled and wrapped his arms around Tony, sliding them under his shirt.

“I’ll remember that, daddy.”
Mindful of the fact that Tony was tired from his day, Peter didn’t suggest that they do anything – not even something as mundane as trying to start the puzzle. Instead, he simply cuddled with him on the couch, giving him the company that Tony so longed for and taking that same companionship. His head resting on the billionaire’s shoulder as he asked him about his day and what he’d done.

It was a good way for Tony to wind down, and for Peter to hear more about the projects that the older man was working on – and he was amazed at just how many there were going at once, and how complicated they were.

“I have to work tomorrow,” Tony told him, eventually, nuzzling his neck with his lips, but not making any marks – as much as he’d love to do just that to show the world who the boy belonged with – and to. “Natasha called me and reminded me that you’re invited out there this weekend. Are you still interested?”

“Yeah.” Of course. “Can I go visit Monica, tomorrow, while you’re working?”

“You can do anything you want, honey, as long as you’re not putting yourself in danger – or getting into too much trouble.”

Peter smiled.

“You’re leaving me wiggle room to get into a little trouble?”

“If you do it with Monica, you can. I trust her to keep things from escalating. Otherwise, behave. Understand?”

“Yes, daddy.”

He shivered at that meek compliance and the softly uttered daddy.

“Make sure you’re home by four. I’ll have Happy swing by and pick you up before he comes and gets me and we’ll go out to the compound for the weekend – so pack some clothes.”

“Okay.” Peter ran his fingers along Tony’s jaw. “Can we take a bath, daddy?”

“Is that what you want to do, honey?” He asked, pleased that the boy was willing to vocalize his desires – even if it was something that simple. It was a start, after all. “Want daddy to bathe his little boy?”

Peter blushed, but nodded and looked at him, hopefully.

“Like you did. Washing me… and holding me… If you’re not too tired?”

Tony would never be too tired for that. Especially since Peter was so reluctant to ask for anything.

“No. I’m not too tired. Go start the water. I’ll meet you in there.”

Peter nodded and kissed him, and then got up and disappeared into Tony’s bedroom, since his bathtub was a little nicer. Stark smiled, and stood up, as well. He went through the apartment to make sure things were where they needed to be for the morning, and to double-check the fridge to make sure that there was sausage and eggs available to make for breakfast.
By the time he walked into the bathroom, the water was running, and Peter was kneeling next to the tub, his knees on the bathmat.

“Honey? Why are you still dressed?” Tony asked, walking over and taking his hand to pull him to his feet. He smiled, lovingly, at the boy and put his arms around him. “So pretty. So sexy. Daddy will help you get ready for the bath, okay?”

Peter flushed and trembled, but nodded, and Tony could see that the baby talk was exciting Peter, too. He slowly undressed the boy, kissing his chest and stomach as he pulled his sweatshirt and t-shirt off and hung them over a towel rack before reaching for the button on Peter’s jeans.

“My baby is so beautiful,” Tony crooned, sliding them down, the boy’s penis already showing signs of his arousal as it was freed from his boxers and he stepped out of them. “So pretty, Peter… you’re wonderful.”

“Daddy…”

The billionaire slid his hand along Peter’s cock, stroking him, tenderly, his fingers wrapping around the shaft and caressing him.

“So hard for me, honey?”

“Yes.”

Tony let go of him and turned off the water, double-checking to make sure it wasn’t too hot before he undressed and stepped into the tub and sat down.

“Come here, baby,” he murmured, holding Peter steady as he drew the boy down on top of him, his lithe body straddling Tony’s, and his hard cock pinned between their bellies when Peter brought his head back down to Tony’s shoulder. “I love holding you like this.”

“Me, too,” he agreed, a hand on either side of the older man, caressing Tony’s hips and sides since Stark had him wrapped up in his embrace and that was the only part of him that he could reach. He closed his eyes, allowing Tony’s hold on him and the hot water to relax him completely. They were silent for several long minutes, just being together. Then: “What would you buy, if you had three hundred dollars?”

“I do have three hundred dollars,” Tony reminded him.

Peter smiled.

“I mean, if you were walking through the neighborhood, all the stores that I told you about all around you… what would you want?”

“A loaf of fresh bread from the bakery – maybe a cinnamon roll – if they looked right, and didn’t have raisins in them. You mentioned an antique store? Maybe I’d look around and see if they had something interesting there.”

“While you ate your cinnamon roll…” Peter murmured, his body limp, completely, now.

“Yeah. If it doesn’t have raisins.” Tony reached for the washcloth and the body wash, well aware that they were both going to fall asleep in the tub if things continued as they were. Which was all well and good, except that he was quickly learning that Peter was hard to wake up once he was drowsing. “Let’s get you cleaned and then I’ll put you to bed. We can finish this discussion there.”
“Okay.”

Tony washed his back, fist, since it was easiest to reach, and then ran the washcloth under the water along Peter’s ass, taking his time and occasionally sliding his bare hands along the fleshy mounds – and in between them, which would make Peter’s sigh in the older man’s ear, delightfully. Then he washed his thighs and calves and had Peter sit up on him a little so that he could run the washcloth along his neck, chest and belly. Finally, he washed the boy’s cock, which had been flaccid, again, while they were relaxing, but had started swelling as soon as Tony began washing him.

It didn’t help that the billionaire crooned a litany of how amazing, and wonderful and perfect Peter was as he washed him. Playing on the praise kink that the boy had, but meaning every word.

He smiled down between them, losing the washcloth, now, and sliding his soapy, wet hand along Peter’s cock.

“So hard for daddy, aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes,” Peter whispered, leaning back a little. Tony brought his knees up so the boy could rest his back against his thighs, bracing him. “That feels good.”

“I love playing with you, Peter,” Tony told him, his hand stroking him, easily, his eyes on Peter’s chocolate ones, so dark with desire, now, and alternating between watching his face and looking down to watch as Tony fondled him. “So perfect. You fit my hand just right. Like you were made for me.”

“Please, daddy.”

“Daddy’s going to make his baby boy feel so good. Going to make him squirm…”

He already was; the boy's hips were moving with Tony’s east motions, rubbing that beautiful ass against Tony’s cock, making him swell, also, the head every now and then finding Peter’s crack and sliding along it, wonderfully as the boy rocked against him. Peter whimpered with need, which only made Tony harder.

“Daddy…”

“What do you want me to do, honey?”

“You know.”

“Say it,” Tony told him, stroking Peter’s cock, keeping him throbbing, but not giving him his release, just yet. “Tell daddy, brave boy. Beautiful, eager and wonderful baby.”

He was flushed, now, a combination of desire and aching need, and Tony smiled at him, catching his chin with the hand that wasn’t keeping him hard and making him look at him.

“I need it,” Peter whined.

“Say it. Come on, baby,” he coaxed. “You can say it. You’re so perfect. Tell daddy. Make sure we give you what you want, tonight. Say it, honey…”

“Fuck me, daddy,” the boy whispered, closing his eyes, but not speaking so quickly that Tony had to sort out what he was asking for. “Please… please…”

Tony slid his hand under Peter, finding his crack easily when the boy raised up a little for him.
“That’s my brave baby,” he cooed, as he played with the boy, sliding a finger inside him and beginning to stretch him, finding his prostate and caressing it, which made Peter arch in the double – triple – pleasure of having his ass played with, his cock stroked and the praises heaped on him all at the same time.

His climax was inevitable, even though it surprised both of them, and his gasped as his balls tightened and his entire body tensed, a sudden rope of hot cum painting Tony’s chest and followed by another, almost immediately. Tony stroked him, harder, helping him find absolute completion, while he slid a second finger into his ass, still playing with him and encouraging him.

“Yes, baby… Keep going, honey. Is there more for Daddy?”

Peter shuddered and collapsed on Tony’s chest, trembling, his heart pounding and his breath hot against the older man’s neck, pinning Tony’s hand and his half-aroused cock between them.

“That was so good…”

Tony chuckled at the astonishment in the boy’s tone, and he turned his head to kiss him.

“You’re not done, yet, honey,” he crooned, his hands going to the boy’s hips and raising him up a little before guiding the head of his eager cock against the boy’s tightly puckered hole. “Daddy needs his baby, now… ready?”

“Yes.”

The boy pressed himself down, even as Tony raised his hips up, and with an easy, careful set of measured thrusts, Tony soon found himself engulf in Peter’s willing body. They were still for a moment, enjoying the sensation, and then Tony’s hand returned to Peter’s cock, already sliding along that ultra-sensitive shaft.

“I do love bath time with my baby,” the billionaire murmured.

“Me, too, daddy,” Peter assured him, grinding his hips down and meeting Tony’s upward thrust, forcing him that much further inside him, which made them both gasp.

Peter braced his hands on the sides of the tub, while Tony stroked his cock with one hand, and held his hip with the other, alternating between baby talking him with words of praise and talking dirty to him. Both were having their effect on the boy, who was focusing on trying to get the head of Tony’s cock to hit that spot inside him that felt so amazing, with each thrust, while Tony watched his eyes as he finally found the spot – and the rhythm – and began riding him, deliciously.

“Daddy… daddy… daddy!”

Each thrust was a breathless cry of pleasure that had Tony climaxing much sooner than he expected, just as Peter’s cock jerked in his hand again, triggered by the flush of hot cum washing through his insides.

“Yes, baby…” Tony moaned as he grasped the boy, tightly, wrapping his arms around him, holding him close and feeling the boy rutting the last of his climax between their bodies. “That was so good, Peter. So fucking perfect. You’re so perfect.”

Peter’s cheek was once more against Tony’s shoulder, and now he could hear the older man’s heart beating in a discord to his own, but it sounded so perfect.

“Thank you, daddy,” Peter whispered. “I really wanted that.”
Tony chuckled, tiredly.

“I know, baby,” Of course he did; Peter had *told* him what to do. “Let’s get showered off, and go to bed. I’m ready to cuddle the hell out of you.”
“Hey, Happy.”

“Hey, Peter, my man,” the driver greeted him, cheerfully. “How are you doing?”

“Good. Thanks. You?”

“I’m great. Ready for the weekend?”

“Yeah. Want a cookie?”

“Absolutely. Did you make them?”

Which made Peter think that he’d probably heard about the cookie fiasco. That made him smile, though.

“I did, but I had help from the lady that lives below Tony. She’s a lot better at baking than I am, trust me.”

“Oh, got yourself a girlfriend?”

Peter smiled, and even blushed.

“No. But I do like her – she has a dog.”

Happy shook his head.

“You have it backwards, Pete. You’re supposed to be the one using the dog to find yourself a hottie. Not the other way around.”

“Ah. I’ll keep that in mind, thanks.”

“You’re welcome. Need help with anything?”

“Please.”

Peter handed him his backpack, electing to carry the three paper bags he was holding. They were somewhat bulky, but not heavy.

“The boss is running just a little behind schedule,” Happy told him as they rode the elevator down to the parking garage.

“Yeah, he called me, too. Did you have a good day?”

“I did, thanks. Ran a lot of errands and drove some VIPs around.”

Peter grinned, walking out of the elevator.

“Anyone I’d know?”

The driver smiled at the boy’s enthusiasm, walking over and opening the trunk of the car to put Peter’s backpack in it.

“I can’t tell you that. It’d violate driver/drivee confidentiality.”
"What? That's not a thing…"

"Of course, it is."

"Come on… I’ll give you two cookies…"

"What kind are they?"

"I have peanut butter, or chocolate chip."

"One of each and I’ll give you a hint."

The boy held out one of the paper bags and Happy saw that it was fairly loaded with cookies. He carefully picked out two cookies, sniffing them, appreciatively, and then opening the back door for Peter.

"One of them has a name that rhymes with Bomb Bruise…"

The boy got into the car.

"Really?"

"Yup."

"Cool."

He settled in and Happy closed the door for him. Peter set his bags carefully on the seat next to him and then opened the partition. Happy rolled his eyes, amused, but not surprised.

"Yes?"

"Where did you and Mr. Bruise go?"

"Can’t tell you."

"More driver/drivee confidentiality?"

"Something like that. Now hush; I need to concentrate so I don’t rear end a taxi, or something."

"Oh. What if it was the Cash Cab? You ever see that guy while you’re out driving? That would be exciting, wouldn’t it? I-"

"Peter…"

"Yeah?"

"How many of these cookies have you had?"

The boy grinned.

"A few."

"I’m closing the window. Find something to eat in the fridge and stay out of trouble."

Happy winked at him to soften the criticism, but he closed the partition, and Peter shook his head and settled into the plush seat of the limo, fiddling with the radio and then pulling his phone out of his pocket and taking a selfie and sending it to Bruce, Tony and Sam. He’d already inundated
Natasha with pictures of him and Boomer throughout the afternoon, and Steve had been sent the pictures Peter took with the guy that was dressed up like Captain America outside the comic book store, although Natasha had warned him that Steve’s phone was a dinosaur. He’d have sent something to the others, but they’d been smart enough to not share their personal numbers with him.

They pulled in to the front of the tower and Peter watched the people walking by, even though they couldn’t see him through the tinted windows. They didn’t have to wait as long as thought they would, though, before Tony appeared at the door, talking on his phone. He nodded a silent thank you to the man who held it open for him and then to Happy, who opened the car door for him.

Peter moved over to let Tony settle in his seat, and smiled when the door closed but didn’t say anything, to avoid bothering him while he was talking. Tony reached out with his free hand and brushed his fingers against Peter’s chin before patting his lap, silently telling the boy where he wanted him.

“Yes, I completely understand. Yes. Right. Well… how do I sleep at night knowing the bad guys hate me? With my underwear down, so they can kiss my ass…”

He winked at Peter as the boy tucked himself into Tony’s lap, straddling him and avoiding jarring him as he did. Tony put his free arm around his young lover, holding him securely as the car went around a corner, and Peter allowed his cheek to come down on Tony’s shoulder.

“I need to go,” Tony told the person on the phone. “I’m off the grid this weekend; if you need something that can’t wait, you’re going to have to try and get Pepper to do it for you.”

The billionaire ended the call and tucked his phone inside his jacket, then put both arms around Peter and turned his head to kiss him, tenderly.

“Hey, baby.”

“Hi, daddy. Did you have a good day?”

“The usual bullshit, honey. But it wasn’t too bad. It’s better, now, though. How about you? You spent time with Monica?”

“We made cookies.”

“Yeah? Did you bring any?”

“Almost all of them. I thought the others might want some.”

“That’s thoughtful.”

The boy unbuttoned one of Tony’s shirt buttons, and slid his hand under it, running his fingers along bare skin.

“I got you something,” he said, looking up at him, shyly.

“You did?”

Peter nodded, and reached over to pluck one of the paper bags off the seat beside them. He handed it to Tony, who let him go long enough to look inside and the reach in and pull out the small velvet covered box.

“What is it? Please tell me it’s a wedding ring. I do.”
The boy blushed with pleasure at the sincerity and the glint in the billionaire’s eyes.

“It isn’t. Sorry.”

He watched, hopefully, as Tony opened the box, wishing with all his being that the gift was well received. Tony’s expression was unreadable, though. At least Peter couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“They’re cufflinks,” the boy told him, helpfully.

“I see that.” The billionaire smiled. “Where did you get them?”

“At the antique store down the block. Monica and I went for a walk, today, and we stopped there – with Boomer. She helped me pick them out. The man told us that they once belonged to Nikolai Tesla. Monica called shenanigans – whatever that means – and the two of them started arguing.”

“Yeah? Who won?”

“I think she did, but the man brought out a piece of paper and proved he was telling the truth.”

“These belonged to Tesla?”

“Yes. Do you like them?”

“They’re amazing.” He looked at them, and then back at Peter. “You spent your money on these?”

“Yes. I got a really good deal, though. Monica talked him way down.”

“That money was for you to buy something for you.”

“It was to buy something I wanted,” Peter corrected. “I wanted something that you would like. Something that you didn’t have. Besides, I still have the puzzle.”

He looked like he was going to argue with the boy, but he didn’t. Instead, he smiled and put the box back in the bag and kissed Peter, gently, his tongue licking the boy’s lower lip until it opened and then tasting him. Peter moaned into the kiss, his hand going back into the shirt, caressing everywhere he could reach. Tony pulled back, finally, his eyes dusky with desire that Peter could feel echoed in the bulge pressing suddenly against his inner thigh.

“Did you get me a cinnamon roll, too?”

“I ate it,” Peter told him. “It had raisins.”

“God, I love you, honey…”

“I love you, too, daddy.”

Tony kissed the boy again, reaching down between them for the button on Peter’s jeans.

“Have you ever had sex in the backseat of a car?”

The boy smiled. Tony knew everywhere he’d had sex. He’d been the one doing it, after all.

“No.”

“That’s going to come off the bucket list, right now,” he said, reaching out and carefully moving the
bag of cookies and the other bag from the seat beside them and then easing Peter off of his lap and onto it, unzipping his jeans and then pulling them down before unbuckling his belt. “Daddy’s been thinking about you all day, baby.”

Peter finished getting his pants off and reached for Tony’s zipper.

“Yes… please, daddy…”
“I don’t know how I’m going to sleep the next couple of nights without you in my arms,” Tony told Peter, softly, his arms wrapped around the boy, who was once more in his lap, but now wonderfully satiated and pliant against him. “I’m addicted to you, you know that, right?”

Peter smiled; it was almost the same as praise, and good enough to make him flush, happily.

“Yeah?”

“Absolutely.”

Tony kissed his ear, and sighed.

“My beautiful baby.”

“Mmm… daddy.”

The billionaire chuckled. He wasn’t the only one addicted, clearly. They hadn’t taken a lot of time with their loving, just then. Movies aside, sex in the back of a moving car – even a luxurious one – wasn’t as comfortable as sex in a bed or a shower or bathtub. But it had been good. Tony had made sure of it. Neither had any complaints.

“What else did you do today?” he asked, getting them both switched over from hot sex to the mundane. Although he could – literally – spend all day telling Peter just how amazing he was. “Besides make cookies with Monica, find me a present and eat my cinnamon roll?”

“We went to the park with Boomer. She let me walk him.”

“Really?” Not so impressive, but he sounded enthusiastic about it. Of course, the dog weighed more than he did, so it was probably exciting for him. “He didn’t drag you along?”

“He’s pretty well trained.”

“It sounds like you had a good time.”

“Yeah, I did.”

Tony ran his hand along Peter’s side, sliding his hand under the sweatshirt he was wearing. He wasn’t trying to arouse; just then, even the teenager’s libido was slaked for the time being. He was feeling those ribs, and trying to decide if they were still as pronounced as they had been even a week ago.

“You had lunch?”

He knew that they did; Peter had taken a picture of him and Monica sitting outside a café with the huge dog and had sent it to him. It had been one of several pictures sent to him that day. Each one was another sign of Peter being happy, and Tony had created a file to store them in.

“Sandwiches and potato salad.”

“Good. We’ll get you settled into the room next to mine and have dinner with whoever is around. Then spend some time in my workshop, if you want – or you can look around, if you’d rather.”
“Are you going to start designing the nanotech into your suit?”

“I’ve got it drawn up in my head, but if I don’t get it into the system, FRIDAY can’t help me get it to integrate.”

“Can I watch?”

“Of course, honey.”

No one was waiting for them when the car pulled up to the Avenger compound, but that wasn’t too much of a surprise. It was the end of a workday, and the end of the week. They would all be finishing up whatever needed to be done before they could relax, or planning whatever they were going to do over the weekend. Just because some of them lived at the compound, it didn’t mean they were always there.

Some would take the weekend and get away.

“Sunday evening, boss?” Happy asked, opening the back door and then going to the trunk to get Peter’s backpack for him.

“Afternoon. I don’t want to get home too late.” He looked at Peter. “Okay?”

Peter nodded, taking his backpack and draping it over his shoulder.

“Thanks, Happy.”

“You’re welcome. See you guys Sunday.”

They headed inside, to Tony’s quarters, first. As much as the billionaire would have loved to have Peter in his rooms, and in his bed that weekend, he figured that was probably pushing things, a little. They had to be low key, he’d explained to Peter. Even with his friends. The boy understood, and was willing to go along with whatever Tony needed from him. He sat on the bed and watched as the billionaire changed out of the suit that he was wearing and into jeans and a t-shirt with a zippered sweatshirt.

Then they went to the room next door, which wasn’t as luxurious, but was more than comfortable to a boy who had been homeless. Peter set his things on his bed, snatched up the bag of cookies, and he and Tony went to see who was in the lounge, and what they were serving for dinner.

“Peter!”

Before they had done much more than entered the room, Peter found himself engulfed in a cheerful hug. He grinned, and Tony rescued the cookies before they could get crushed, or dropped, and the boy hugged Natasha.

“Hey.”

“How’s my favorite guy?” she asked, kissing his cheek before letting him go. “And who owns the dog you were hanging out with today?”

“That’s Boomer,” Peter told her as she grabbed his arm and pulled him over to an empty table, joined by Tony – and Bruce, who had been at the bar with Natasha when the two had walked in. “He’s
“Ooooo, Monica…” she smiled, giving Tony a sly look. “New girlfriend…?”

Stark rolled his eyes, and sat down, putting the bag of cookies on the table.

“She’s seventy – and has three boys and a half dozen grandchildren.”

“Whatever floats your boat,” she told him, smirking.

Peter grinned at the teasing; he loved the fact that she was so irreverent with the people around her. Including him.

“She lives in Tony’s building. Under him.”

“Oooooo…”

“The floor beneath mine,” Stark corrected, also amused, but pretending to be annoyed. “Grow up, Romanoff.”

Bruce chuckled, and then peeked into the bag on the table, curiously.

“Cookies?”

Peter nodded.

“I made them Today. Natasha told me to bring cookies, so Monica helped me bake some.”

“You remembered?” the assassin asked, her beautiful eyes lighting up as she looked in the bag, too. “I love you, Peter Parker.”

He blushed, pleased that she was so happy – which made Tony smile as everyone helped themselves to a cookie.

“Hey,” the billionaire cautioned as Peter was handed a chocolate chip cookie, as well. “Don’t spoil your dinner.”

“One cookie isn’t going to kill him, Tony,” Bruce said.

“How many cookies did you eat while you were baking them?” Tony asked Peter, pointedly.

“A few,” he admitted.

“And you had a cinnamon roll?”

“Two.”

“One cookie. Then you eat a real meal before you drown yourself in any more sugar.”

“He’s tough,” Natasha said, shaking her head, and taking a bite out of her cookie. “Come sit by me, Peter. I’ll let you have all the cookies you want.”

“And you’ll put up with him when he’s bouncing off the walls, later?” Tony asked, arching an eyebrow.

“No. Then he goes back to you, of course.”
"One cookie, Peter," Tony repeated.
“Why are you out of bed?”

Peter started, dropping the puzzle piece in his hand, and looked over his shoulder. Natasha Romanoff had come up behind him without him hearing her. Which was saying something, because he heard everything, now, it seemed, and it was pretty tough to sneak up on him – even distracted like he was.

“Oh. I couldn’t sleep.”

She sat down at the table he was sitting at – the same one they’d all had dinner at many hours before – her intelligent eyes studying him.

“Nightmares?”

He looked surprised, but she gave him a slight humorless smile. He didn’t know it, but she was very good at reading people, and Peter Parker was pretty much an open book to her. His eyes carried a somewhat haunted look to them, just then; a look that she’d seen many times – and had worn herself on several occasions.

“How did you- I mean… yeah. Sometimes.”

“A lot?”

“Yeah. All the time.”

She frowned.

“From being shot?”

He shook his head.

“I got them before that. Even when I was pretty little.”

“How did you know?” she asked, reaching out and brushing his bangs back from his forehead.

“Ben and May had me going to a therapist. He said it’s probably because they woke me up when they told me that my mom and dad’s plane crashed. That maybe I’m afraid to sleep because something else bad might happen – or that I think something bad is happening…”

Poor baby.

“They couldn’t do anything?”

He shook his head.

“Can’t protect me from my own imagination, I suppose.” Realizing that she’d just gotten more from him than pretty much anyone – except Tony – Peter tried to change the subject, embarrassed. “What are you doing up?”

They’d had dinner in the lounge, and Peter had enjoyed himself. Not only because the adults had made sure to include him in their bantering but because they (including Steve and Sam both, who had joined them) had worked their way through a large portion of the cookies and had made much of just how good they were. Which made Peter practically squirm with pride.
He’d have to make sure that Monica knew.

When they were finished eating, Peter and Tony had spent several hours in the workroom. Peter hadn’t really done anything more than keep Tony company while the older man had started the process of putting the ideas bouncing around in his head into the computer system that included FRIDAY, but it had been thrilling to the boy to watch him work. Especially since Tony hadn’t lost himself in what he was doing, like he said that he normally would.

Instead, he’d occasionally look over at Peter to tell him what he was doing, or what he was thinking. Including him in the process, and making sure that he wasn’t feeling left out. Or ignored. A couple of hours into his researching, FRIDAY chimed up, telling Tony that he had wanted to be reminded that it was getting late, and that they didn’t want to keep Peter up all night in his workshop. Tony had made an annoyed face, but the smiled at his own annoyance, and had turned off the display and held Peter for a long, quiet moment, his chin resting on the boy’s head.

Soaking up the love to take with him to bed, he’d said, softly.

Peter had soaked it up, too, and he’d felt calm when he and Tony had separated outside the boy’s door a short time later. He’d even managed to go to bed feeling that same calm. When he’d woken from the restless sleep a couple hours later, though, he’d known that he wasn’t going to get back to sleep any time soon, and hadn’t wanted to stay in bed. No matter how comfortable. Since that would have normally been a cue for him to get dressed in his spider suit and go out and watch the city below him – something he obviously couldn’t do just then from the compound, and because he didn’t actually have a costume, anymore – he’d opted to take his $5.99 puzzle to the lounge and work on it.

It would keep him distracted, and wasn’t something that he was going to be able to finish in only a few minutes, so maybe he could get sleepy, again. Besides, it would keep him out of trouble.

“I don’t sleep that much,” Natasha told him, offhand, picking up the top of the puzzle box and looking at the picture. “Pretty complicated.”

“Yeah. 5,000 pieces. I like the harder ones.”

“Can I help?”

“Sure.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes, each distracted by trying to find the edge pieces and put them together.

“How come you didn’t go cuddle up next to Tony when you had your nightmare?” she asked him, softly, not looking up from what she was doing.

“I’m not allowe-“ he froze, realizing what he was saying, and feeling the blood rushing from his face. He looked up at her. “I mean… I-“

She was quick to reassure when she saw the sudden panic in his expressive brown eyes – and the way he paled so quickly was a little frightening. The assassin didn’t want him passing out on her.

“It’s okay, Peter. Really.”

“How…? I mean. Did Tony… We’re not-“

Romanoff put her hand on his arm, trying to ground him with the touch.
“I read people pretty well,” she told him. “You two aren’t hiding it.”

“Please don’t tell anyone. He’ll get in trouble, and I-“

“I’m not going to tell anyone, sweetheart,” she assured him. “I haven’t, yet, have I? And I’ve known for a while.”

“You have?”

She nodded.

“I told you; I read people. It’s what I do. It helps keep me alive.”

“Oh.”

“He’s not hurting you? Making you do anything that you don’t want to do?”

Peter shook his head.

“No. He couldn’t, really. I’m a lot stronger than he is.”

“Yeah. That’s pretty much the way I figured it.” She shrugged. “I, personally, think you’re good for him.”

“You do?”

Romanoff smiled.

“I’ve known Tony Stark a long time, now – before he even realized it. He’s brilliant. And can be charming. And handsome, of course. But he can be focused to the point of self-destructive, and can be a real asshole, sometimes.”

“That’s what he said,” Peter told her.

She chuckled.

“I told you, I read people well.” She poked him in the chest. “You are a good grounding for him. He clearly loves you – I don’t know if he’s said it or not – and you give him someone to focus on other than himself. Besides, if he is watching out for you, then he’s also going to take care of himself, by default. I can tell he’s been getting more sleep than he usually does, and he’s certainly smiling more than I’ve ever seen him, before.”

“He is?”

“Yes. He looks almost happy,” she told the boy. “It’s a good look for him. And for you.”

“I am happy.”

“I can tell. Even if I couldn’t, the five hundred pictures that you texted me yesterday would have given me some kind of indication of your state of mind…”

He blushed.

“Sorry. I didn’t know who else to-“

“I’m not,” she interrupted, the apology. “I gave you my number for a reason and I like seeing what
you’re up to during the day. Don’t tell anyone, but you make me happy, too, Peter.”

“Do?”

“You’re a good guy, and good company.”

If he could have reddened further, he would have. It made her smile. Something that she didn’t do enough, either.

“Thanks, Natasha.”

“You’re welcome.” They turned their attention back to the puzzle, and were silent for a few more minutes. “I promised you a helicopter ride, remember?”

“Yes.”

“Still interested?”

His eyes lit up.

“Really?”

“Not right now,” she told him, quickly, smiling. “But maybe this afternoon? The weather’s supposed to be clear.”

“Wow.”

“You’re going to need to be rested, though,” she added. “I’m not going to take a sleepy, grumpy, teenager on any kind of extended flight. Let’s get you back to bed, okay?”

Peter nodded, looking down at the puzzle pieces on the table. He’d actually intended to finish it, but hadn’t gotten very far, yet.

“Let me get this cleaned up.”

“Leave it,” Romanoff suggested. “We’ll work on it, later. I love puzzle.”

“You do?” he asked, standing when she did.

“Don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll fit in well, around here,” she told him, sliding her arm around his waist as they walked out of the lounge and toward the residential side of the compound. “We all like them. In one form or another.”

They were silent as they walked through the quiet corridors, and she looked at him when they stopped in front of his door.

“You’re okay?”

“Yeah. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. I’ll see you at breakfast.”

“Okay.”
He hugged her, spontaneously, and she chuckled and wrapped him in her arms, holding him for a long moment before letting him go.

“Get some sleep.”

“I will.”

He went into his room, closing the door quietly behind him. Taking off his shoes, and the sweatshirt that he’d been wearing, he crawled back into his bed and bundled himself up under the blankets. When he did, eventually fall asleep, cuddling one of his pillows against his stomach, it was mostly dreamless.
A soft voice that was filled with love and cheer woke him. It was joined by a tender touch as a warm body slid under his blankets and cuddled up beside him, a hand sliding around him to hold him, close.

“Are you going to sleep all day?”

He smiled, and felt a gentle feeling of love wash over him as he opened his eyes and saw Peter watching him.

“I might. Are you going to stay with me, if I do?”

“If I did, I’d miss breakfast,” the boy pointed out, his chocolate eyes amused. “You wouldn’t want that, would you?”

Tony groaned.

“That’s not fair.”

Peter smiled, and kissed him.

“Good morning, daddy,” he murmured, softly.

He gathered the boy into his arms.

“Tell me you locked the door.”

“Yeah.”

Tony kissed him, softly at first, and then with a little more fervor.

“Good morning, baby.”

“I missed you.”

“I missed you, too. How’d you sleep?”

“Okay. You?”

“Lousy.” He slid his hand down Peter’s belly and under the jeans he was wearing, finding Peter’s penis, and caressing it, lightly, while watching the boy.

“Oh… what’s this?”

Peter smiled.

“Keep that up and I’m going to miss breakfast, too…”

Tony rolled his eyes.

“Fine. But later, we’re going to have some us time, understood?”

Still under the blankets with him, the boy rolled Tony onto his back and sprawled on top of him, straddling his hips and resting his head on Tony’s chest, holding him down in the best possible way.
“Yes, daddy.”

“God, I love you.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“Natasha said she’d take me for a ride in the helicopter, today.”

He frowned, straining to look down at him.

“She did?”

“Yes.”

It was obvious that he was excited by the idea. Tony brushed his baby’s hair back from his forehead, admiring how those beautiful eyes lit up at the thought.

“Then I guess you’d better get off me so we can get some breakfast into you.”

The boy kissed his chest and rolled off, taking the blankets with him and landing on the floor in an undignified heap of tangled bedding and limbs.

“I’m okay.”

Tony chuckled and got himself out of bed.

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Fifteen minutes later, Tony was dressed and ready for his day, and they walked into the lounge – only to find a small group gathered around the table they’d eaten dinner at the evening before. Steve, Natasha, Bruce and Nick Fury were working on a jigsaw puzzle, and Peter smiled when he realized that it was the one he’d brought with him.

Natasha had been right; they did enjoy puzzles. Obviously, since none of them had even looked up when they approached.

“What’s going on?” Tony asked, looking over Fury’s shoulder. “Is that your puzzle?” he asked Peter, without waiting for a reply.

“Yeah. I started it last night.”

“Sit down, Tony,” Fury said, not looking up. “We’re going to have breakfast, soon.”

“I need coffee.”

Peter sat down, though, and immediately started looking for pieces, while Tony walked over to the bar area and poured himself some coffee, then brought it over and watched the people at the table. None of them were paying any attention to him, but occasionally one would reach over and steal a needed piece from one of the others’ pile.

“Bruce?” Tony finally spoke up, noticing that Banner and Peter were gathering edge pieces, methodically – scientifically, even – while the other three were going for the middle pieces. He thought that there was probably something in there that someone could do a study and write a paper on. The science of jigsaw puzzles or something. “Did you get a chance to finalize Peter’s web
“Yeah, Tony. There's a supply in my lab for him.”

Romanoff looked up.

“I’m taking him up in the helicopter, today.”

Tony nodded, taking a sip of his coffee, amused, because she didn’t ask – and she wasn’t asking for permission. She was just making sure that he understood that she was going to need a chunk of Peter’s time that day so she could do it. He liked that about her; she was very strong-willed.

“Any destination in mind?”

“I’m making a couple of deliveries upstate. He could tag along and get a ride in the process.”

Peter looked up, too, his eyes bright. He was asking permission, Tony realized.

“Sounds good. When are you going?”

“Sometime after breakfast.”

“After we get this thing put together,” Steve said.

“Are you going, too?”

“Yeah.”

Tony rolled his eyes, deciding that none of them were going to be any good for a conversation until they were finished with the puzzle. He looked around, pulled a chair over and sat beside Peter. With one hand resting on the back of the boy’s chair, he started looking for edges, as well.

“You okay?”

Peter nodded, smiling, widely.

“Yeah.”

Steve reached around Stark and tugged on the harness the boy was wearing.

“He’s good, Tony.”

“Don’t fall out, alright?”

“I won’t.”

“He’d better not,” Natasha said, looking over from the pilot’s seat of the helicopter. “I’m not going to stop and get him until I’m on my way back if he does.”

“Hear that? You brought the woman cookies and she’s not even willing to pick you up if you fall out of the helicopter…”

“I’ll be fine,” Peter assured him, sliding his hand along the leather of the flight suit that Natasha had secured for him. It was the smallest they had, but was still a little big on him. They fixed part of that by having him wear his hooded sweatshirt under it, which would also keep him warm while they
were in the air. “What are you going to do while we’re gone?”

“Secret Avenger things,” the billionaire told him, mysteriously, his expression amused.

Peter had been allowed the front seat beside Natasha, who was piloting. Steve took a spot in the back once they’d secured the payload, which were just a few small wooden crates that had some training materials in them. Weighted faux weapons and the like. Nothing dangerous, or expensive enough that it would make a target of any of them.

“We’ll have lunch at our destination,” Romanoff told Tony, well aware that he’d want to know what their plans were. She handed a headset to Peter, and the boy put it on, practically radiating happiness at being allowed to be part of the flight crew. “And we’ll be back around three o’clock.”

“Sounds good.” He turned to Peter and smiled. “Have fun.”

“I will.”

Stark closed the door and latched it, and then stood back, watching as the helicopter lifted off, smoothly. Once it was out of sight, he went to see what Bruce had found as far as materials that were options for Peter’s suit.

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“You good?” Natasha asked, looking over at Peter, watching for any sign of motion sickness.

Just because he could swing through buildings and didn’t mind the heights that came with climbing walls and the like, it didn’t mean that he was going to be a natural flyer, after all.

The boy nodded, looking over at her and then back at Steve.

“I’m great. This is great.”

They could both hear him through the headsets that they were wearing, but he was so excited that they might have been able to hear him otherwise.

“Make sure you let us know if that changes,” Steve told him.

“I will.”

He was fine, though, it was obvious. They both watched as Peter turned his attention to the landscapes that were whizzing by below them, and his young face never once gave any indication that he was anything but happy.
“The helicopter is ten minutes out.”

Tony was brought out of his musings by the announcement, and nodded, saving his research and turning off the display he’d been looking at.

“Thanks, FRIDAY. Everything looks okay?”

“They haven’t reported any issues.”

The billionaire nodded and got up, stretching as he did, knowing that he had plenty of time to walk from his workroom to the landing pad and see Peter.

“I’ll be on the helipad if anyone needs me.”

He was used to making sure she knew where he was going to be; he did it a lot in the tower, mostly – although usually, it was a command where he would be and make sure everyone left him alone.

Tony walked out into the afternoon sunshine and reached the edge of the helipad just as the helicopter was coming in for its landing.

Stark smiled, seeing Peter in the same spot that he’d been in and waving, frantically, when he noticed Tony was waiting. He lifted his hand in greeting, but waited until the rotors were turned off before walking to the machine and opening the door by Peter, even as Steve was opening his and pulling off his headset.

“How was the flight?” Tony asked, pulling Peter’s headset off, as well.

“It was great.”

The boy was beaming, but Natasha and Steve were smiling, too, so they must have agreed with him. He looked over Peter’s shoulder.

“Did you get your deliveries made?”

“We did,” Natasha told him.

“Did you have lunch?”

“At the commissary at the base,” Peter said. “It was great. There were people all over, and they kept coming up to us, wanting pictures with Steve and Natasha – so I took a lot of pictures for them.”

Tony smiled at his enthusiasm.

“No one wanted your picture?”

“We didn’t know if you’d want him in any of them,” Steve pointed out. “He was fine taking the pictures for us, weren’t you, Peter?”

“Yeah. Of course.”

Tony unbuckled the boy’s harness for him as the other two unbuckled and hopped out of the helicopter, easily. Natasha came around to their side, joining them, and running her fingers through her tangled hair.
“We’re going to go debrief,” she told them. “Then I have a few things to take care of. You’re going to be here, tonight, too?”

Tony nodded.

“We’re here until tomorrow, yes. I finished Peter’s web shooter and I want him to try it out – tomorrow.”

“I’ll want to see that,” Steve told them, making sure to garner an invitation to the demonstration. “I’ll see you all at dinner, though.”

“Thanks for taking me,” Peter told them, sincerely, as he jumped down from the seat. “It was a lot of fun.”

“You’re welcome. Go relax for a while.”

“But keep your flight suit where you can find it,” Steve said. “You might need it, again, some time.”

Which made Peter smile as the two Avengers walked away. That meant that there might be another flight in his future – which was exciting.

“I must not have annoyed them too much,” he said to Tony as they turned away from the helicopter, as well. “Or they wouldn’t want to take me, again.”

“You probably didn’t annoy them at all. I’m glad you had a good time.”

“Yeah, I did.”

“How do you feel?”

“A little chilly,” he admitted. “It’s cold up there – even with the sweatshirt on.”

It wasn’t super warm outside, either, after all. Fall was there, and winter was getting close - even if it was sunny out.

“We’ll have you take a shower, honey,” Tony told him, resisting the urge to run his hand under the back of his sweatshirt to see if he was shivering. He’d found that a shower or bath was the quickest way to warm the boy up when he was cold, after all. “What was the best part of the flight?”

Peter smiled.

“All of it.”

Tony rolled his eyes as they reached Peter’s door.

“The best part, though?”

“Hanging out with Natasha and Steve.”

“Yeah. That makes sense.” He walked into Peter’s room with him. “Give me your flight suit. I’ll go hang it in my closet for next time.”

Peter took off his shoes and stripped out of the flight suit, handing it over to Tony, who pulled him into his arms, taking advantage of the closed door to hug the boy, close.

“I missed you.”
He smiled and nestled his face against Tony’s neck, feeling happier than he could ever remember. It had been a very good day.

“I missed you, too, daddy.”

Tony shivered, and held him for a long moment before forcing himself to let go. “Go shower, baby I’ll be back to check on you.”

Peter nodded and headed for the bathroom, pulling his sweatshirt off.

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When Tony returned to the boy’s room only a few minutes later, he closed and locked the door behind him. He went to the bathroom, opening the door and leaning against the doorway as he watched Peter shower. The boy was oblivious; he had soap running down his face from rinsing shampoo out of his hair and his eyes were tightly closed with his head turned up toward the spray. The billionaire decided that he might have put on a pound or two – at least, he didn’t look quite as scrawny, and the ribs were still prominent, but his hips weren’t as bony as they had been.

He found his hand sliding down to his trace the outline of his suddenly aroused cock as he watched, thinking that he should be the one rubbing the soap on the boy’s body, not Peter. He didn’t join him, though. Instead, he simply watched, still caressing himself through the fabric of his pants, so that by the time Peter was finished and had turned off the water, Tony was throbbing and eager.

The boy smiled when he looked over and realized Tony was waiting for him, and the older man reached for a towel when he stepped out of the shower.

“You’re so beautiful, honey,” Tony told him, drying his hair, first and then engulfing Peter with the towel, drying his face and neck, then his chest and belly and then crouching down to dry his calves and thighs. He wrapped the towel around Peter’s rear and held the ends in either hand, pulling him closer so he could take the boy’s cock into his mouth.

“Daddy…”

Peter looked down, watching as Tony suckled on him, and then pressed in on him until his entire length was in his mouth, nudging into the back of his throat and down. The vibrations that Tony made in his throat were enough to send shivers along Peter’s entire body, and he rested his hand on the billionaire’s head to steady himself.

“Yes… oh…”

Stark pulled back, letting Peter’s cock loose with a wet slurping noise, reaching for his zipper to free his cock as he was getting to his feet.

“I need you, baby. Please…”

Peter didn’t argue; he was definitely ready. If he was expecting Tony to take him into the bedroom, though, he was in for a surprise. The older man simply turned him, facing him toward the sink and the mirror that was over it. Peter watched their reflection as Tony turned his attention to the boy’s ass, running his hand along the round, damp skin and crooning.

“So pretty, honey,” he said, more to himself, as his fingers slid along Peter’s crack. “So sexy.”

Peter bent over a little, his hand sliding down to his hard, anxious cock and stroking himself.
“Yes, daddy. That feels good. Please…”

Tony didn’t have lube but he had lotion. Not as good, but doable. He slid a finger into the boy, playing with him; caressing and stretching, while Peter whimpered in pleasure and watched him in the mirror.

“My baby is so tight,” Tony said, his voice harsh with excitement. “Just for daddy, right, baby?”

“Yes, daddy. I need you.”

Another finger joined the first, and despite his arousal, Tony took his time playing with the boy, now that he knew how much Peter enjoyed it.

“Beg me, honey,” Tony said, finally, a third finger searching for Peter’s prostate and finding it, making him grunt in pleasure and practically collapse across the sink. “Ask daddy to fuck you.”

“Please, daddy?” Peter whined, looking over his shoulder and spreading his legs as far as he could. “Please fuck me.”

“Is that what you want?” Tony asked, looking at his reflection, now, utterly aroused at the sight of the boy bent over in front of him, completely in his control. “You want daddy’s cock inside you, baby?”

“Yes…. Please.”

Tony reached a hand to Peter’s hair, carefully taking a fistful and pulling his head back to face forward, drawing the boy’s attention to their reflection as his other hand guided his cock to the tight little hole that belonged only to him.

“Going to fuck my baby,” he crooned to Peter’s reflection. “Going to make you mine.”

“I am yours, daddy,” Peter said, pressing back against the head of Tony’s cock. “All yours.”

Tony pushed himself into the boy’s hot, willing body and ground his hips against Peter’s, his motion slow and purposeful.

“Yes. So perfect. So amazing.”

Peter would have dropped his head if Tony didn’t still have hold of his hair. Instead, he watched the excitement in the older man’s expression as he drew back and then pushed himself back into him, thrusting with a measured pace, enjoying the boy under him.

“Please, daddy… harder.”


Tony’s thrusts were quicker, now, and he leaned forward, over Peter’s back and nuzzled the back of the boy’s neck, his lips and tongue tasting the wet skin there. He gave in to the desire to nip him just as he thrust into him, his teeth leaving a small love bite on the back of Peter’s neck that made Peter gasp.

“Did that hurt, sweet boy?” Tony asked, shoving himself in deeper.

“Ow… no, daddy. Please…”

Tony reached around him and his hand found Peter’s cock and started stroking him as he found a
steady rhythm to fuck him, each thrust driving the boy forward, forcing him to brace himself against
the vanity.

“Take me, honey,” he crooned as he fucked him, harder, now. “Take it all, lovely boy. Beautiful
boy.”

Peter climaxed, moaning as his cock erupted in Tony’s hand, spraying the billionaire’s hand and the
front of the sink with hot cum. Tony wasn’t too far behind, and he drove deeper, now, grunting as
his own orgasm rolled over him; his cock driving deep and spasming, as he painted Peter’s insides,
wetly. He made a pleased noise as his hips jerked; once, twice and then a few more times in rapid
succession, driving as deep as possible to make sure the boy was given everything that he had to give
him.

“Oh, Peter…” he murmured, running his fingers along the welt that he caused on the back of the
boy’s neck. “You’re so amazing, honey. So wonderful. So brave.”

The boy shuddered, happily, pressing against Tony’s deflating cock.

“That was good, daddy.”

“Yeah, it was,” Tony agreed, leaning over him as he slid out, and licking the mark he’d made. It was
in a place that his shirt and hair could cover, but he was still feeling a little guilty for marking his
baby. “Did I hurt you?”

“No. I’m okay.”

The billionaire turned him and wrapped him in his arms, holding him as they both came down from
their climaxes.

“Back into the shower, honey,” he finally ordered, reaching for a dry towel. “Clean off, and then
we’ll put you to bed and give you a rest until dinner.”

“Alright.”
Dinner was a good time for Peter – and the others, because he was having such a good time. Tony and Bruce heard everything they’d ever want to – or need to – know about the helicopter delivery made that day, and Romanoff and Steve heard it all over again. It was clear that Peter had had a fun time with the others, and equally clear, though, that he would have had just as much if they had made the trip by train or bus. It had been the company that he was keeping that had excited him, not necessarily the helicopter ride – although that had been fun for him, too.

When dinner was over, Tony wanted to do some research in his workroom and asked Peter if he wanted to come – although he warned him that there wasn’t going to be much manufacturing going on, just then. Mainly a lot of reading and designing. Nothing that interesting to observe, really.

Peter didn’t care. He wanted to spend time with Tony. He was in a bit of a mood, though, and feeling a little clingy. When Tony pulled a stool out for Peter before seating himself on one right beside it, the boy ignored the stool he was offered and leaned against Tony’s side, instead. The billionaire smiled, putting an arm around him and pulling him up against his side and pressing a kiss against his temple.

“Need some loving, honey?”

“No. Not really,” Peter said, resting his head against Tony’s shoulder. He couldn’t really sit in Tony’s lap when he was on a stool like that, because there wasn’t much of a lap to be presented. It was a little frustrating, since Tony’s lap was his favorite place to be, but he was willing to stand beside him and watch him, too. “I just want to touch you.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Stark smiled, and brought the boy’s hand down to his groin.

“Touch me there, okay?”

“Alright.”

The older man turned on his display to find the place that he’d left off earlier, when he’d been interrupted by the return of the helicopter, and he smiled when Peter’s hand stroked him through his pants. A gentle caress, not heavy-handed petting. Like Peter had said; he simply wanted to touch him.

Tony kissed the boy, again, and turned his attention to what he was reading about the nanotech he wanted to try and adapt to his suit, shifting to give Peter free access to his cock, which was beginning to swell under the boy’s idle touch. He swiped a screen away, replacing it with some specifications that FRIDAY was suggesting that they try. About halfway through the results, a soft voice interrupted his train of thought.

“Daddy…?”

“I’m working, honey,” Tony replied, not turning from the screen he was looking at.

“Okay.”
He sighed, turning his head to look at him.

“What’s wrong, baby?”

Peter blushed, and looked away.

“Nothing.”

Stark smiled; he obviously wanted something, and was just having trouble asking. Of course, Tony was in the zone as far as researching the nanotech, but he wasn’t going to miss any chance to help Peter work on becoming better about asking for what he wanted, either.

“Did you want something, sweetheart?”

The boy hesitated, and then nodded, burying his face into Tony’s side, right by his armpit.

“Yes.”

“Brave boy…” the billionaire crooned. “Tell me what you want, beautiful. You know I’ll give it to you.”

“I know.”

Tony slid his hand along Peter’s back.


Peter shivered in delight at the praise, playing with the strings on his ever-present sweatshirt and looking down at the bulge that he was stroking through Tony’s pants.

“Can I… suck you?”

He smiled; feeling his cock twitch at the request.

“You want to suck on daddy?”

Peter nodded.

“Yes.”

“I’m reading this…”

“I know.”

“Can you suck on me without making me climax?”

Peter looked up at him.

“What?”

Tony smiled, loving those beautiful eyes, so much. Even when they were confused and uncertain.

“You can play with me all you want, honey,” he told him, sliding his finger through his curls. “But I want to finish reading this. So, you can’t distract me by doing more. Just suck on me and play with me, but no making me cum until I’m done. Just keep me nice and hard. Think you can do that?”
The boy buried his face back in Tony’s shirt, but nodded.

“Yeah.”

It was muffled, but he still smiled – even though Peter couldn’t see it.

“Then do whatever you want, baby. Have fun.”

Peter held still for a long time, just pressing against his side, and Tony thought that he might have given up on the idea – although as far as the billionaire was concerned, it was still a win since the boy had been brave enough to actually vocalize what he wanted. When the hand that was in his lap started moving, again, he almost held his breath, waiting to see what Peter would do next.

The next step was to trace the outline of Tony’s cock inside his pants for several minutes. Long enough that the touch got the older man’s attention and started making him hard, once more. Tony changed pages to a different screen, and Peter opened the zipper and undid the button on the older man’s pants, and then reached into his boxers and fished out his cock.

He left Tony’s side, then, to part Tony’s knees and kneel on the floor between them, resting his hands on Tony’s thighs and sliding his tongue along the length of his shaft, which caused a hitch in Tony’s breathing that he tried to hide. Peter didn’t seem to notice. He licked his lips and drew the head of Tony’s cock into his mouth and the tried to take the entire length, only to gag himself and be forced to pull back.

Tony absently stroked the back of the boy’s head, lovingly, realizing that he was trying to practice deepthroating him. It made him smile as he turned his attention to what he was reading, once more. He had told him that he could practice on him, after all. If that was what he wanted to do, Tony wasn’t going to complain.

It was almost two hours later when Tony finally pulled his attention from the screen to give his complete focus to the boy who was still on his knees in front of him. His cock was achingly hard and covered in drool, which was soaking his shaft and his testicles. Peter was stubborn; Tony would give him that, but he hadn’t yet managed to take him all the way down his throat and more than once had gagged himself.

But he’d kept trying.

The billionaire brushed his hand against Peter’s forehead, pushing him back, and his cock came out of the boy’s mouth with a soft, slurpy, pop. Tony frowned when he realized Peter was crying. He hadn’t noticed from the angle he’d had, before. He pulled him off his knees and up into his arms.

“What’s wrong, honey?” he murmured, wiping one wet cheek with his thumb.

“I can’t do it.”

“Oh, precious…” he hugged him, close. “It takes a lot of practice, Peter. You’re not going to get it in the first try – unless I force myself down your throat and hurt you. Which I won’t ever do.”

“But you… you said you want me to.”

“I want you to learn to deepthroat me, yes. It doesn’t have to be right away. You didn’t learn to swing on your webs in a day, did you?” Tony asked, reasonably.
“No.”

“There. See?” he chuckled. “Look how hard you made daddy, sweetheart. I’m so hard for you. It was more of a cock warming attempt, really, but I loved it.”

Peter sniffed.

“Really?”

“The evidence is standing straight up in front of you, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Yes,” Tony wrapped both arms around him, holding him close. “So brave. So smart. You’re incredible, honey. All for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Are you sore?” the older man asked, caressing the boy’s sides while keeping him close.

“A little.”

“Can you finish me off, now?”

“Yeah.”

Peter went back to his knees and now Tony watched him. The boy started stroking his shaft while lapping his tongue at the underside of the head of Tony’s cock, which made the man moan in approval.

“That’s my baby… right there, Peter. Honey, you’re so perfect for daddy. The best mouth…”

Peter mumbled, practically writhing under the praise and sliding Tony’s cock back into his mouth, sucking it and sliding his tongue along the length as he bobbed his head up and down on him.

“You’re so close to getting it, baby,’ Tony told him. Feeling his ardor rising and fighting the urge to thrust himself deep into the boy’s throat and fuck his gorgeous face, hard. “You’re so wonderful.”

The hand left his shaft and began rolling his balls in his fingers, playing with them while he sucked Tony’s cock, and the billionaire’s palms went to Peter’s cheeks, pulling him back just a little so he could allow himself to thrust, a bit, which he did, fucking the head and a small portion of his cock into Peter’s mouth with quick, hard jerks.

“Take me, baby. Take daddy’s cock. So hard. I’m so fucking hard for my baby.”

He gave a somewhat strangled groan and his hips jerked as he felt Peter’s lips clamp down on the head of his cock, sucking hard as Tony climaxed, hot cum boiling into the boy’s mouth, only to be swallowed, eagerly. Tony moaned, his fingers curling in Peter’s hair, trying hard not to tug, but enjoying the sensation so much that it seemed to actually hurt for a moment.

Peter ground his mouth down onto Tony, able to take all of him as he deflated, and he sucked him hard, cheeks hollowing as he drew back on him, finally releasing him, looking up, as if to see how he’d done.

Tony smiled, and brought him back to his feet.
“You’re so amazing… have I told you that?”

Peter smiled and nodded, blushing in pleasure as Tony hugged him, lovingly.

“Yeah. You have.” He buried his face against Tony’s shirt. “But you could say it again… if you wanted.”

He felt the older man’s chuckle as well as heard it.

“God, I love you.”
“Where’s Peter?”

Stark sat down at the table, stealing a donut from Natasha’s little plate of them.

“He’s still asleep.”

“Sleeping in?” Bruce asked, smiling.

“Yeah, looks like it. I went by to check on him, but he looks wiped out, so I didn’t even press the issue. He can eat when he’s ready to get up.”

“He was up late last night,” Natasha told them.

“What do you mean?” Tony asked.

“I came in here around 2 am last night and he was building houses out of playing cards. Night before last we started that puzzle. I walked him back to his room around 5 o’clock.”

Bruce looked over at Tony.

“What’s that all about?”

“He has nightmares. All the time. You guys know about them – I told you. That doesn’t even include the panic attacks.”

“From when he was shot?”

Natasha shook her head, answering before Tony could.

“They go back a long time before that. He told me that he started having them after his parents died in the plane crash – that he’s afraid to sleep, sometimes.”

Tony nodded.

“That’s what I was told, too. His aunt and uncle had him in therapy, but it doesn’t seem to have been doing much good, even before he lost them. I don’t imagine losing them helped things.”

“Poor guy.”

Stark shrugged.

“Once we get him settled – when he decides what he wants to do – we’ll find him someone. Probably the aunt and uncle couldn’t afford the best. I can. Maybe they’ll be able to get him sorted out. At least let him get some sleep – sometimes.”

“I used to have trouble sleeping when I was a kid,” Bruce said, looking at Tony. “My folks got me a stuffed bear.”

“Mine got me a dog,” Sam told them.

Tony rolled his eyes.

“He’ll tell me he’s told old for a teddy bear – which he probably is – and a puppy is a lot of work,
“So don’t get him a puppy,” Steve said. “Get him a grown dog. One that’s house-trained, already.”

“That’s a good idea,” Natasha said, leaning forward. “He loves the dog that the old lady has, right?”

“Monica,” Tony supplied. “And she won’t sell him.”

“I didn’t mean to buy her dog,” Romanoff said – and now she was the one gracing him with the eye roll. “There are hundreds of dogs in the shelters and pounds and rescues. I’d bet you could find a match for him.”

“A dog would keep him company when you can’t be there,” Bruce pointed out.

“And if he decides he wants to live somewhere else…?” Tony asked, scowling and feeling an ache deep inside at the thought of Peter anywhere but with him. “Then what? I’m stuck with a dog.”

“Has he given you any indication of what he wants to do?” Steve asked, curiously.

“I discussed homeschooling him. I think he’d go for that. I don’t want to make him feel pressured to decide what he wants to do as far as foster care or permanent guardianship. It hasn’t been all that long, yet, and I want him to feel comfortable.”

“Well, if there’s anything we can do,” Bruce told him. “We’re here.”

“Including dog-sitting?”

The scientist smiled, and shrugged.

“Why not?”

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“Where are we going?”

Tony smiled, looking at Peter’s reflection in the rearview mirror.

“It’s a secret. If I tell you, then I’d have to kill you.”

Peter rolled his eyes, amused.

“Natasha?”

She shook her head, also smiling as she looked over her shoulder at him.

“Sorry, Peter. I’ve been sworn to secrecy.”

They’d all been sitting at the table in the lounge when he’d finally made an appearance just after everyone else was finished eating breakfast. He looked tired, but he was in a good mood, and had eaten a hearty breakfast. Glancing at Natasha, Tony had suggested that they go for a drive, and Peter had agreed before even considering that he might want to know where they were going.

So, here they were. He was in the back of one of the SHIELD sedans, with Tony driving them somewhere, and Natasha riding shotgun – because she’d called it before he’d thought to. He watched the scenery passing with interest, and listened to Tony and Natasha talk about some project that she was working on with Steve, but it wasn’t something that he understood, so he allowed
himself to zone out, and rested his head against the glass, dozing off a little.

He was still pretty tired from the last couple of sleepless nights. It was amazing how much better he slept when he was with Tony.

Peter didn’t know how much time had passed when he felt the car slow and turn off the highway. Startled, he jerked himself awake, looking out the window. The place looked something like a farm, and he frowned when Tony stopped the car.

“We’re here.”

“Where?”

Tony didn’t answer, he and Natasha just opened their doors, so Peter did, as well. He saw a sign that he’d missed because it had been on the other side of the car.

Big Dog Rescue

“You’re getting a dog?” Peter asked, Tony, confused.

“No… we were thinking that maybe you’d want a dog.”

He felt a momentary thrill of excitement go through him, and smothered it immediately with a hard shoe of reality.

“I can’t have a dog.”

Tony and Natasha both looked at him.

“Why not?” Stark asked.

“Because homeless kids can’t have dogs…”

“You’re not homeless, anymore,” Tony pointed out, resting a hand on his shoulder. “Formerly homeless kids can have a dog – or at least look around and see if maybe there’s a homeless dog out there looking for a new friend.”

“We’re just looking…” Natasha assured him, also bolstering him. “But who knows…?”

Peter hesitated, clearly torn, and Tony couldn’t resist pulling him into his arms and hugging him, tightly, for a moment.

“We’ll just go take a look, okay? I was thinking I’d like a dog. I didn’t even know they were allowed in the building, but if Monica can have a big guy like Boomer, then we could get one, too.”

“Are you sure?” the question was muffled by his shirt and Tony looked over at Natasha, feigning confusion.

“What did he say? Did you hear something?”

She chuckled.

“Come on. Let’s see what they have,”

Tony let go of Peter, and they walked into the main building. Into a lobby, of sorts. An older woman with a no-nonsense demeanor was standing behind the counter and smiled, immediately.
“Mr. Stark.”

“Mrs. Lane?”

“Yes. It’s a pleasure. I was so glad to get your call this morning.”

Tony smiled.

“Thank you for allowing us to come out – especially since you’re not usually open on Sunday.”

“You’re welcome, of course.”

Tony put a hand on Peter’s shoulder, drawing him forward, when he clearly wanted to hang back.

“This is Peter. We’re thinking that we might be interested in finding a dog. If we found one that doesn’t want to eat us.”

Natasha snorted, amused, and the woman came out from behind the counter, all smiles. Tony was good at charming people when he wanted to, and he had managed to get her to open her door on a Sunday, so he was definitely not going to be a bastard, now, clearly.

She looked at Peter.

“Let’s go look at some of the dogs, Peter,” she said. “Maybe we’ll find the one who’s been looking for you.”

She didn’t give him a chance to turn shy. Instead, she led him to a door, and when she opened it, they could all hear a lot of loud barking. Peter followed her, and found himself in a hallway. There were kennels on both sides, with dogs looking at him. Each one held a single dog, and there were fifteen, he saw as they walked down the length of the building.

Not all of them were barking, but they were all watching him and the others as they passed by.

“These dogs are all big,” Tony murmured to Natasha, looking at the selection.

“The place is called Big Dog Rescue, Tony.” She pointed out. “What did you expect?”

“Full grown dogs. Full grown small dogs. Big dogs, not puppies…”

“Well, these are big dogs.”

They slowed when Peter slowed ahead of them, and the boy looked into one of the kennels. He looked at the woman, who nodded, and she opened the door to the kennel, allowing Peter to go inside. By the time Tony and Natasha reached the doorway, the boy was sitting on the concrete floor of the kennel, staring up at the dog who dominated the area. A huge dog who was wagging its tail, idly, as it sat in front of Peter and watched him.

“That is a big dog…” Tony said.

The woman smiled over at him, understanding the awe in his voice – and expression.

“This is Bob. He’s a mastiff. Two years old, and the sweetest guy you’ll ever meet.”

“He’s soft,” Peter said, reaching a hand out to brush his fingers against the big animal’s chest.

The dog lowered his head and licked Peter’s neck – probably tasting him to see which part to eat,
first, Tony decided.

“Careful, Peter,” Tony said, uncertainly.

The woman smiled.

“He’s fine, Mr. Stark. Mastiffs look big and dangerous, but they’re one of the most laid-back breeds there are. Perfect for apartments, and they don’t require a lot of exercise. Just a comfortable place to lounge and someone willing to love up to them.”

“What’s his story?” Natasha asked, curiously.

“Oh, he belonged to a Marine who was killed overseas. His parents were watching Bob for him, but when he died… they just couldn’t handle everything coming at them, and the care for a large breed dog. He’s neutered, up to date on all his shots, without fleas and is well-behaved.”

“How long has he been here?” Peter asked, still running his hand along the huge dog’s coat.

“Almost a month, now. His size makes adopting him out rather difficult. It can be daunting.”

The dog leaned into Peter’s scratches, and flopped down, pretty much on top of the slight boy, who laughed, and wrapped his arms around the big, blocky head.

Natasha looked over at Tony, who was watching the two in the kennel.

“What do you think?” she asked, softly. “He’s pretty big. Maybe we should find a poodle?” Stark shrugged.

“Peter?”

The boy looked up at him, half buried under the dog that easily weighed what he did – and almost certain much more. His brown eyes were happy.

“He’s pretty neat.”

“You’d have to walk him…”

On the plus side, with the boy’s strength, at least they didn’t need to worry about Bob running off and dragging him.

“I would.”

“And pick up after him…”

“Yeah.”

“Do you want him?” Peter nodded, wordlessly, and Tony shrugged, giving the woman a what can you do? look. “Looks like Bob’s going to be an Avenger.”
Since it was Sunday, and a down day – as much as can be had for a person who was more or less on

call to save the world whenever it might come up – there was a small group of them waiting when

word came that Tony, Peter and Natasha were arriving back at the compound. When the car pulled

up to the entrance, they all noticed immediately that Peter wasn’t alone in the backseat.

“Wow…”

Steve stepped forward, but Peter opened his door before Captain America could and he scrambled

out, grinning hugely at the people who were watching.

“Look, Steve,” Peter said, excitedly, since he was closest. “Tony got a dog.”

Stark had already opened his door, getting out of the car, as well, and heard the comment.

“You’re missing a word in that sentence,” the billionaire said. “I did not get a dog. I got you a dog.”

Which made the boy’s smile grow, if that was even possible. He looked back into the car and

crooned encouragement, and with a sigh, the dog in the backseat unfolded itself and ambled out of

the sedan, stepping down rather than jumping. He came to stop beside Peter, who set his hand on its

head. Which came up to the boy’s waist.

“This is Bob,” Peter told them all. “Isn’t he great?”

“That is a lot of dog,” Sam said, smiling.

“Yeah, it is…” Rhodey looked over at Tony, who was watching Peter with a slight smile. “Is he

going to fit in your apartment?”

“We might need a shoehorn, but once we get him out of the elevator, he should be fine.”

“The woman at the shelter said mastiffs like Bob, here, are actually a good breed for apartments,”

Natasha added, coming around from the other side of the car and standing by the dog. “They’re easy

going and lazy.”

“Perfect dog for me,” Tony said.

“I think he’s amazing,” Bruce said, dropping in front of the dog and rubbing his face. The dog

wagged his tail, clearly willing to be friends with them all. “Where’s his saddle?”

Peter laughed.

“I don’t know about a saddle,” Stark said, popping the trunk. “But we have everything else that one

needs to maintain a happy and healthy Bob. Food, toys, brushes and a bed – along with a very cool

automated feeder – that I will tweak a little to make it more efficient. Let’s get it unloaded, so we can

put it in the limo when Happy comes.”

“How much does he weigh?” Fury asked, curiously.

“One-ninety,” Natasha answered rubbing the big head. “I asked to have him put on the scale before

we left. Just to see.”

“What does Peter weigh?”
“One-fifteen - according to the same scale.”

“But we’ll get some more meat on him,” Tony added as Steve and Sam started pulling large bags of
dog food from the trunk and stacking them against the wall. “He’ll probably never match Bob, but
we’ll do our best.”

“Does he know any tricks?” Bruce asked.

“I don’t know,” Peter admitted, looking at the dog.

“Hey, Bob,” Banner said. “Sit, buddy.”

The huge dog planted his rear in the grass, immediately, wagging his tail.

“Awesome.” Peter rubbed his side. “Good boy.”

“Shake?” Bruce offered his hand and was immediately given one giant paw.

“He’s a genius,” Sam said, amused.

“He’ll have to be,” Natasha said. “If he wants to fit in around here.”

Peter just smiled, proudly, and looked over at Tony, his expression telling the billionaire thank you in
a million ways. Tony decided those happy brown eyes were worth the dog hair that he was probably
going to find on his couch every day for the unforeseeable future.

Tony had intended to spend the time before Happy returned for them in his workroom, finishing the
nanotech research. What he ended up doing, instead, was having lunch with the others and then
watching as Peter and Bob became better acquainted. Stark decided that a dog had been a really
good idea, even if he had ended up with dogzilla, rather than a smaller animal.

“Jesus, Peter,” Happy said when they went out to meet the driver, and introduce him to their newest
family member. “Who did you steal the cow from?”

“Tony got him,” Peter replied, holding the leash, but fairly certain that the dog wasn’t going to run
away. “Isn’t he neat?”

Happy looked over at Tony, who shrugged.

“What can I say? I thought he could use some company whenever I’m not home.”

“I think he’s amazing, Peter,” the driver said, scratching the dog’s head, making friends with him.
“It’ll be fun to see who walks whom when you guys go out.”

“He’s pretty calm.”

“Let’s get his things loaded up and get him home,” Stark suggested, gesturing to the mammoth pile
of supplies they had laid in for their new pet. “If Monica’s home, tomorrow, you can introduce him
to her and Boomer.”

“He doesn’t get car sick, does he?” Happy asked, picking up the enormous dog bed Tony had
bought from the shelter.

“He didn’t have any trouble coming back with us,” Stark assured him.
Peter handed Tony Bob’s leash, stepping up to help Happy with the heavy lifting. Tony smiled down at the big dog, rubbing his fawn colored fur, idly. He was a pretty impressive dog. One thing about it; no one would even think about screwing with Peter when the two were out walking. His baby would be safe when Tony wasn’t around.

They’d already said their goodbyes to the others who had to get ready for their week ahead, so when the trunk was loaded, Happy held the door for Tony, who bundled Peter and their new dog into the back seat and settled in for the ride home.

Bob took the seat across from Tony and Peter without asking for permission, and the big dog lounged indolently on the expensive leather, handling the luxury as casually as he’d handled being ooooed and awwwwed over by Avengers all afternoon. Peter smiled and climbed into Tony’s lap as the car pulled out from the compound, definitely in the mood to be held and to hold.

“I said thank you, right?” he asked, tucking his head on Tony’s shoulder and straddling his hips.

“You did.” He turned his head to kiss his baby and smiled. “It was a good idea, I think.”

“Yeah. A great idea. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, honey.”

They were quiet for a long moment, simply enjoying being together, and then Peter spoke up, again.

“I want to live with you, Tony,” he said, softly, burying his face into Stark’s neck.

Tony felt a thrill of happiness go through him, but forced it down and simply hugged the boy.

“Then that’s what we’ll do.”

“But I don’t want you to be my guardian...” he trembled, and Tony ran his fingers through the boy’s hair. “I don’t want the CPS people to be able to take me away from you. It scares me that they might try.”

“So we’ll get you emancipated, honey,” Tony told him. “Then they won’t have any authority over you. You won’t be under the state’s control.”

Only his.

“Yeah. I’ll get a job, too,” he added. “So I can prove that I have income.”

“You don’t need to, though,” Tony crooned. “I’ll take care of you, Peter.”

“But I want to. It’ll be better... then you don’t have to be my sugar daddy - only my daddy. I could probably bag groceries or something. There aren’t a lot of places that can hire a person my age.”

It was clear to the billionaire that he’d been thinking things through, but Tony wasn’t going to have his baby working at a grocery store for minimum wage – which was all a sixteen-year-old would be making, he knew.

“There’s always interning at the tower,” he pointed out, sliding his hand under Peter’s sweatshirt and brushing his fingers along the tender skin of the boy’s back. “Or, even better, I know Bruce was bitching about needing help in his lab. A part-time lab assistant makes a decent wage – more than enough to buy a ton of dog food every month. I’ll tell him to hire you. That way we won’t have any problems working out a schedule.”
Peter chuckled.

“You’ll homeschool me?”

“Yes. Professor Stark, at your service.”

“That sounds sexy…”

Tony chuckled, turning his head to brush his lips against Peter’s temple. It actually did sound sexy. Maybe they could do some roleplaying with it. He’d have to see what the boy thought of that. Later.

“You’re sexy, honey,” he told him. “I’ll have Pepper get whatever forms we need to have filled out, and we’ll take care of that sometime this week.”

“But you’ll still want me?” he asked, not looking at him. “Even if you’re not my official guardian?”

“I’ll want you no matter what, Peter,” the billionaire told him, sincerely. “You’re my baby. My lover. Everything to me.”

Peter trembled and Tony knew he was feeling overwhelmed. It was easy enough; Tony was a little overwhelmed, himself, and he wasn’t sixteen. He was relieved, though, that Peter wanted him, still, and he felt the sting of tears as he buried his face against the hood of the boy’s sweatshirt, stealing some comfort from him.


“Yes.” The boy kissed Tony’s jaw. “I’m definitely yours, daddy.”

“God… When we get home, you can show me.”

"I will."

With that, he settled against the billionaire, his hand sliding under his shirt, idly touching him while watching the scenery go by.

Tony's hand went down between them, and Peter shifted just enough to give the older man access to him, then sighed in pleasure when he felt himself being caressed, making Tony chuckle.

"Is that good, baby?"

"It's perfect."
It didn’t take a shoehorn to get Bob into the elevator, but the huge dog definitely made an impact on the apartment, large as it was. Peter dropped Bob’s leash as soon as they got off the elevator and he set a bag of supplies on the coffee table. Then he told Tony that he and Happy could bring up the heavy bags of dog food, if Tony wanted to start organizing things where he thought they would work best.

“I’m more than capable of carrying the heavy things,” he’d pointed out to the boy – and to his driver.

“But why should you?” Peter asked. “I don’t mind.”

Happy didn’t, either, and the two left Tony to decide where to put Bob’s dog bed – which was roughly the size of the couch. He looked down at the dog, who was looking around the area, seemingly unimpressed that he was now in the position to be the most spoiled dog on the planet. It was a long way from sitting in a kennel waiting for someone to swing by and choose him.

The billionaire was actually pleased by Peter’s choice. Bob was apparently as easygoing as had been promised, but his size was going to be a deterrent that would keep Peter safe when they were out walking. No one would mess with his baby with that huge creature beside him.

He understood how Monica’s son probably felt, now, knowing their mother was safe with Boomer near at hand.

“Let’s get you settled, hey?” With that, he took the harness and leash off the dog, hung them up on a small hook near the door. Along with it was a roll of plastic bags, and Tony smiled; visualizing Peter standing next to Bob, waiting for the dog to do his business. Hopefully the bags were big enough. Bob wasn’t a little guy, after all. He double checked the new collar to make sure the fit wasn’t too tight, and slapped the dog’s side, affectionately.

There were tags for his shots and one that had his microchip registration, but that was it. Tony would need to get one that had Bob’s name, and Tony’s cell number – just in case. The dog bed came up with Happy, who looked for some direction where to put it. Tony pointed to the large empty space under the TV. A cardboard box was found, and they put all the toys that Natasha and Tony had decided that the dog couldn’t live without before they left the rescue place, as well as all the grooming equipment needed to keep him healthy.

Tony would take Peter and Bob to a pet store, soon, and find a proper toy box, but that would do for now.

“This is the living room,” he told the dog. “You do not pee or poop in the living room. But as long as you make Peter happy, you can do anything else that you want. Got it?”

He didn’t get an answer, but he wasn’t expecting one. Bob merely walked over to his bed and flopped down on it, giving a sigh as mighty as if he’d been running a marathon. Then he set his head on his front paws and watched as the elevator door opened and Peter came in with a bag of dog food slung over each shoulder, and Happy had one over his.

“This will last him, what? A week?” the driver asked.

“At least you don’t have to carry it up the stairs,” Tony pointed out, gesturing for them to put the dry food in the pantry.
There was an automated feeder, and a large bowl for water. Both went into the kitchen out of the way, and Peter filled the food dish with kibble and put water in the bowl.

“Need anything else?” Happy asked, wiping his brow.

“Nope. We’re good.”

“See you in the morning, then.”

“Thanks, Happy,” Peter said, smiling over at Bob – who was asleep.

“You’re welcome.”

The driver left and Peter looked at Bob with a somewhat possessive smile before turning to Tony, who took hold of the front of his sweatshirt and pulled him close for a gentle kiss.

“Are you hungry?”

“Yeah.” He leaned into Tony, though, asking to be held, and the billionaire put his arms around him, tucking his head under his chin. “Daddy…”

“Oh, baby… I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

They were still for a long time, simply being together after a weekend of not being as close as either wanted to be.

“You okay?”

“Yes. It’s just so much.”

“I know, honey.” Finally deciding what he wanted to do – or at least, voicing that decision – was probably a huge relief to the boy. It was to Tony. He’d been so nervous – afraid, even – that Peter would want to go somewhere else. Be with a normal family dynamic. A mom. A dad. Maybe even siblings. Tony couldn’t be that for Peter, and he knew it. But that wasn’t what Peter wanted, apparently. And Stark squeezed him, hard, before he kissed his temple and let him go, stepping back. “Let’s get dinner started.”

Peter nodded, and followed Tony into the kitchen, leaving Bob to his well-deserved nap.

“What are you going to make?”

“Something easy, I think,” Tony replied, opening the fridge to check for options. “Burgers?”

“Yeah.”

Peter sat at the island while Tony pulled out ground beef and a few other ingredients to mix into it. They discussed the research Tony had been working on – which hadn’t been finished, because it had been interrupted with Bob’s sudden arrival into their lives – and how he wanted to apply it. While Tony started the burgers on the grill in the island, he had Peter pull out a bag of chips and some carrot sticks.

“Not the healthiest meal,” he said with a shrug. “But it’ll work.”

“Smells good.”
They ate at the island, and then Tony told Peter that he’d do the dishes, while the boy took Bob out for a last chance to do any pressing business before bedtime. Peter grinned and went for the leash and harness, and looked over at the dog.

“Bob.” Big, brown, eyes opened and looked over at the sound of his name. Peter held up the leash. “Want to go out?”

“Use the harness, too, honey,” Tony suggested. “Until you get a feel for each other.”

The dog ambled over and presented himself to be hooked into the harness, tail wagging, idly and his nose going to Peter’s hand – probably smelling the burger the boy had eaten.

“We’ll be back in a minute,” Peter said, grinning in anticipation of taking the dog for their first walk. He snapped the leash onto the harness, grabbed the bags, and they headed for the elevator. “Maybe two.”

“Around the block and right back, okay?”

“Right.”

Stark wondered what people would think, seeing the two of them walking. The dog pretty much dwarfed the boy, after all. He gathered up the dishes and cleaned up the small mess that he’d made cooking. Then he went into his room and changed into pajama bottoms and nothing more.

He wasn’t going anywhere the rest of the night, after all.

He was just coming out of his bedroom when the elevator announced its presence with a ding and opened, Peter still smiling, hugely as he stripped the harness off the dog and hung everything up.

“Well?” Tony asked, walking to the sofa and sitting down, while Bob did the same at his bed. “How did he do?”

“He was good,” Peter reported, leaning over the back of the sofa and resting his cheek next to Tony’s. “He didn’t tug on me, or anything.” The boy smiled. “We got a lot of looks, though.”

“I bet.” The billionaire ran his hand along Peter’s cheek before turning his head and kissing him. “Let’s go to bed, okay? I need to hold you.”

Peter just nodded, and waited for Tony to get up. The older man slid an arm around his waist and led him into the bedroom, and then sat on the edge of the bed and watched Peter undress.

“You’re so beautiful, baby,” he told the boy as Peter pulled off his sweatshirt. “Come here; let me help you.”

Tony parted his knees and Peter walked over, pulling his t-shirt off, while Tony reached for the boy’s jeans and unbuttoned them.

“Is there anything you want in particular, tonight, honey?” he asked as he pulled Peter’s jeans and boxers down, freeing his semi erect cock and helping him step out of them so he didn’t trip. “Something you’ve been aching for but couldn’t do over the weekend?”

Peter flushed, and shook his head, his hips shifting just a little, silently pleading for attention for his cock.

“Daddy…”
Tony smiled, his hand sliding along Peter’s shaft as he looked up at him, feeling himself getting lost in those gorgeous brown eyes.

“Ask me, honey. Be brave. You can do it. You’re so amazing. So beautiful.” He coaxed the boy with praise, while he worked his cock, getting him hard, but not doing more than simply touching him. “Tell me what you want daddy to do.”

“Please…”

“Please, what, baby? Say it.”

“Suck me.”

Tony smiled, his arms coming around Peter hips to hug him.

“So brave. My big, brave boy.”

Peter trembled in reaction to the praise, and Tony opened his mouth and drew the boy in, his tongue already sliding along the slit to taste the precum forming there.

“Yes…”

The boy put his hands in Tony’s hair, more for support than any real concern that he needed to keep him in place, and Tony deepthroated Peter, humming as the boy’s cock hit the back of his throat. He pulled back and started sucking him, teasing with lips and tongue – and once, teeth, but very carefully. Peter whimpered and the grip in Tony’s hair tightened.

“More, daddy…” he gasped. “Please. Please, daddy…”

Now, of course, it was Tony who was shivering as he sucked Peter in, deeply, his fingers coming to stroke him, and to tease the boy’s testicles as he drew him closer and closer to his release. He mumbled something incoherent because of the cock in his mouth, but a hand slid around Peter’s hip once more, and this time a finger nudged the boy’s ass.

He gasped and climaxed with a strangled cry of enjoyment, pressing his hips forward as Tony’s lips tightened around the head of his cock and his tongue began slurping the hot cum being fed into him. Tony supported Peter; holding his hips as he drained him, and then cleaned him off with loving licks of his tongue before looking up at him.

“You did so well, baby,” he crooned, his hands kneading the boy’s ass, his lips pressing tiny kisses against the skin around Peter’s cock. “So good for daddy.”

“Yes…” he was still coming down from his orgasm, and Tony smiled.

He loved seeing Peter like that. Dazed and fucked senseless. Well, so far, simply dazed. He pressed the boy back a step, still holding him as he stood up, and then kissing him, hungrily as he took care of his pajamas.

“Come to bed, honey,” he murmured, drawing the boy down with him as he settled back onto the mattress. “Daddy’s going to show you what he wants to do, now.”
“You got a dog?”

Tony nodded.

“Technically, I got Peter a dog. Bob.”

He held up his phone, which already held several different pictures of Peter and Bob together.

Predictably, Pepper was surprised by the size of him.

“What are you going to do with that monster?”

“He’ll be good company for Peter.”

He already was proving that.

Tony had been woken in the middle of the night by the boy’s restless sleep, but the billionaire was right there with him and tucked him back up against his belly, big spoon to Peter’s little spoon, holding him close and whispering comfort into his ear. Peter had never actually woken up, and he stilled almost immediately, dropping back into a sound sleep with a sigh. Tony had followed almost immediately.

When morning came, they’d still been curled together, only somehow Peter had rolled in Tony’s arms and now had his face pressed against his chest, breath warm against his bare skin. Tony hadn’t planned on getting up, just yet, but a cold nose in the small of his back had made him screech in a decidedly unmanly fashion, bringing them both fully awake in an instant.

Bob needed out.

Peter had grumbled, good-naturedly, about being dragged from warm arms to go outside, but he’d dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, slipped his bare feet into shoes, harnessed the dog and headed to the elevator. While they were out, Tony rolled out of bed, waiting for his heart to catch its rhythm once more and then took a shower so he could start breakfast.

“I’m going to be gone most of the day,” Tony had told him while Peter fed his dog, and the older man scrambled eggs and ham together for them. “I put money in your wallet, if you need something – or if Bob does.”

Peter had nodded, not bothering to tell Tony that he didn’t need to give him money, because he’d already tried that, and it obviously didn’t work.

“If Monica is home, I’ll have her meet Bob. Otherwise, we’ll go to the dog park and then probably just hang out here.”

They had been told – and then had researched on their own to confirm – that a mastiff didn’t require a lot of exercise and didn’t really appreciate it. So Peter and the dog wouldn’t go for a run, or anything like that. A calm day just getting to know each other was the plan.

“I don’t have any leftovers for your lunch,” Tony reminded him, kissing him, tenderly. “So find something while you’re out.” Meaning, he didn’t want to come home and find his kitchen in shambles because Peter tried making his own lunch. “We’ll have spaghetti for dinner.”
“Okay, daddy.”

The billionaire had smiled, and they’d simply held each other until FRIDAY announced Happy’s arrival in the garage. Peter had shooed him on his way, saying that he’d take care of the dishes. Tony kissed him again, and had left – going straight to Pepper’s office when he arrived at the tower.

He’d off-handedly mentioned that he and Peter had discussed what the boy wanted to do, and she said that she’d get started on the paperwork needed and have one of their high-priced lawyers get everything ready for signatures.

“So what is he going to do?” she asked, looking from the pictures over to Tony.

“He’s going to stay with me.” He had to smother the absolute happiness that welled up inside him at the thought. “I certainly am not going to buy him a dog and then let him leave me alone with it.”

Pepper smiled.

“Are you going to be able to handle everything that entails? I assume you’re going to homeschool him?”

“I am – and I can. He’s old enough that he doesn’t need a sitter, and Bob will keep him safe when he’s out and about without me. The others have already said they’d help with the homeschooling if the need arises.”

“And if you need to leave town, suddenly, because of an Avenger issue…?”

“He can go stay at the compound until I get back. Him and Bob, both.”

She nodded; it was clear that he’d thought it all through – and none of the responses had done anything to make her think that she was going to end up with Peter overnighting at her place. Although, if an emergency came up, she’d consider it.

“And an income? Would you like me to set him up an internship?”

“No. He’s going to be hired as a lab assistant for Bruce. Set that up, too, will you? Make sure he’s making a preposterous amount of money, too. Lord knows I can’t afford to feed that dog.”

Pepper smiled.

“I’ll take care of it. When will he start?”

“We’ll have to wait and see what his schooling is going to look like, but next week should be soon enough. Yeah?”

“I think so.”

“Thank you.” He looked at his phone, which suddenly buzzed him, and held it up, showing her the newest selfie that Peter had sent him. A picture of Peter and Bob out on the balcony, with the city laid out behind them. “I’ll be in my workroom.”

“We have a meeting in half an hour.”

“Send me a heads-up,” he told her as he headed out the door.

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He managed to leave a little earlier than he’d intended, which was all to the good as far as Tony was concerned. Happy dropped him off, and Tony allowed a tired sigh to escape as he entered the elevator. It hadn’t been a bad day, really; it had just seemed to drag forever. There had been three meetings. Three. He was beginning to think that all they paid the VPs for was to sit on their asses in meetings and bore him into a slow, mind-numbing, stupor.

The only highlight to his day had been intermittent texts from Peter. Every one containing a picture. Him and Bob walking on the sidewalk in front of the apartment building. Him and Bob at the off-leash dog park, Him sitting outside of a deli, sharing a sandwich with Bob. None had Monica, so he assumed that she was at the flower shop that day.

He walked out of the elevator and found Bob on the couch with Peter, both of them asleep. The big dog woke as Tony approached, his head coming from Peter’s lap to watch Tony, tail wagging. Peter was leaned back, head against the back of the sofa, pillowed by the hood of his sweatshirt.

“You’re in my spot, mister,” Tony whispered to the dog, gesturing for him to move.

He was surprised when Bob made a grumbling noise deep in that massive chest of his and moved off of the sofa and over to his dog bed. Tony Settled in beside Peter, brushing his fingers along the boy’s cheek, waiting for the touch to wake him.

It was only moments before the brown eyes that the older man loved so much fluttered open and he smiled when he realized who was with him on the sofa, now.

“Hi, daddy.”

Tony’s echoing smile was just as tender.

“Hi, honey. Did I ever tell you just how beautiful you are?”

The boy flushed with sleepy pleasure at the compliment.

“No. Maybe.” He was sure he had. “You can say it, again, though.”

Tony slid his hands under Peter’s sweatshirt, caressing the boy’s sides with his calloused fingers.

“You’re so beautiful, baby,” he murmured, leaning in and kissing him. “So perfect for daddy.”

“Mmm…” Peter slid his hand down to Tony’s lap, but the older man caught him, holding him.

“I’m not ready to make love to you, just yet, honey,” he told him, smiling at the boy’s willingness – and loving him all the more for it. Peter was awake, now, and he wanted to keep him awake. If he fucked the boy senseless, he’d fall asleep on him – almost for certain. “Come cuddle.”

Peter chuckled and climbed into Tony’s lap, straddling him and leaning back, his brown eyes twinkling with good health and cheerfulness, now that he was awake.

“I missed you,” he said, reaching for Tony’s tie.

“Yeah?”

“Uh-huh.” The tie went to the coffee table, barely missed being dropped on the floor when Peter carelessly tossed it aside. “I had Bob for company, but we would have had more fun with you, too.”
“I’m going to take tomorrow off and spend the day with you.”

Peter unbuttoned the expensive shirt Tony was wearing and opened it, sliding it to his shoulders and baring his chest.

“I like that idea, daddy.”

He leaned over and pressed a kiss against Tony’s collarbone, and then licked a wet trail along his jaw.

The billionaire growled, pleased, and tilted his head to the side to give him better access to his neck.

Tony pulled the sweatshirt over Peter’s head, and could feel himself starting to respond to the boy’s attentions. He was a little surprised, then, that Peter simply leaned against his now bare chest, his cheek on his shoulder but his mouth still leaving wet kisses against his skin as his arms went around him.

“Something new, honey?”

Peter nodded.

“I like the taste of you.”

“No marks, though… okay?”

“Not here,” Peter agreed, his tongue still working Tony’s jaw.

His hand, however, was making its way lower, once more, and Tony groaned in pleasure when Peter worked his belt and then started to reach for the button.

“What are you planning, beautiful boy?” he asked, giving himself over to whatever Peter wanted to do.

“I’m just going to taste you, daddy,” he whispered. “Everywhere.” He pulled back, his hand stilling on Tony’s zipper. “You’re not too tired?”

The older man chuckled and shook his head.

“I think I’ll be alright.”

"And then we can cuddle..."
It only took Tony a short time to realize that Peter hadn’t been exaggerating when he said that he wanted to taste him. When the boy had his pants open, he pulled Tony’s cock out and slid off his lap and in between his knees on the floor and was playing with him. He wasn’t actively sucking, trying to make him climax; it was more like the time in Tony’s workroom when he’d spent so much time practicing on him.

Stark sighed in pleasure, leaning his head back and closing his eyes, his fingers sliding through Peter’s hair.

“That feels good, honey.”

Peter was in the process of trying to put Tony’s cock in his throat, so he didn’t respond with anything other than a tightening of the grip he had on the older man’s thigh. A moment later he was gagging and still pushing his head down onto Tony’s lap, stubbornly, trying to force it. Tony used the hand in his hair to pull him off his cock and he opened his eyes as he did. The boy gagged and looked up at him, eyes bright with tears.

“Don’t you dare hurt yourself, Peter,” Tony told him, tenderly. “There’s no hurry. Understand?”

“But I want to do it.”

Tony snorted, understanding completely. That was the problem with the boy being as intelligent and scientific as he was. He’d found his problem and needed to solve it. To accomplish it. Tony could understand, of course, but he wasn’t going to allow his baby to do anything that might hurt himself.

“You will. Just not right away.”

“But-“

“Don’t argue with me, baby,” Tony said, sternly. “Who’s in charge?”

“You.”

The billionaire smile, his fingers going from Peter’s hair to palm his cheek.

“Who loves you?”

Peter blushed, happily.

“You do, daddy.”

“Then do what I tell you. Got it?”

“Yes.”
“Now, go ahead and keep playing with me. But if I hear you gag, then you’re done. Understand?”

His lower lip came out, then, in an adorable pout, but Tony didn’t allow his expression to show how charmed he was by his baby, just then. There was a time to indulge, and a time to protect him from himself. This definitely qualified.

“Yes, daddy…”

Now Tony allowed a smile, and he caressed Peter’s cheek.

“Such a pretty boy. So eager, aren’t you, honey?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll figure it out. There’s no hurry.”

Peter bent his head back to his task, licking his tongue along Tony’s shaft and playing with him, intimately. Tony purred encouragement, heaping tender praises on the boy, who squirmed with each word, clearly becoming aroused, himself. The billionaire decided to tease, just a little, and reached for Peter’s hands, holding them in his own and keeping the boy from possibly reaching between his legs to stroke his own cock.

It didn’t take Peter long to figure out what Tony was doing. The first time he started to move his hand, Tony tightened his grip and Peter whimpered. He distracted himself with his mouth on Tony, and the older man crooned in approval.

“So good, baby You’re so perfect.”

Peter tried to move the other hand, with the same lack of success. True, he could force the issue and free himself, but Tony was quietly telling him what he wanted, and Peter wasn’t willing to go against his wishes. He whined into the head of Tony’s cock, and Tony moaned in pleasure at the sensation. “So good…” he repeated.

Making Peter squirm was exciting Tony. His cock, which had handled the gentle ministrations of the boy fairly easily in his lab, while he’d been distracted by his research, was throbbing and eager by then, and Tony had put himself in a corner. With his hands holding Peter’s, he couldn’t guide the boy’s head where he wanted him. He chuckled and Peter looked up, brown eyes questioning as he slid his tongue along the head of the billionaire’s cock, licking the precum that was dribbling copiously from the tip.

“Finish me, honey,” Tony crooned, smiling down at him. “Please…”

Peter turned his attention to Tony’s cock, completely, now. He licked him, cleaning the precum from him and then pulled the throbbing rod of flesh into his mouth, taking as much as he could without taking too much – although an irreverent part of his mind said chances were Tony wouldn’t actually stop him if he gagged. He didn’t want to chance it.

Head bobbing as he sucked him, tongue flattening to tease the surface, Peter felt Tony’s hips hitching in time with his mouth, now. Cheeks sucking in each time he pulled back he felt Tony’s climax hit in the way his cock tensed for just a moment – right as the older man groaned and jerked, his cock releasing with a violent twitch that almost dislodged the boy, who clamped his mouth around him and sucked him down.

Tony released his hands to palm Peter’s cheeks, watching as the boy swallowed him.
“Yes, sweetheart… so good, baby. My perfect angel. So amazing.”

He was still twitching when he pulled Peter upright, bringing him to his feet. The swelling in his jeans was tell-tale, and he undid them and pulled them down almost frantically as Peter’s hands found Tony’s shoulders for support.

“Please, daddy,” the boy whispered, watching as Tony freed his swollen cock from his boxers and engulfed him in his mouth, having no trouble taking Peter’s length all the way inside him.

Peter didn’t last long He moaned and climaxed within minutes, driven almost to desperation by Tony’s earlier teasing. His hips thrust his cock into Tony’s mouth, and he could have wept with the pleasure that was coursing through him.

“Yes, daddy… yes…”

Tony clutched his hips, holding him as he came down from his orgasm, and then cleaned his cock of anything that might have escaped his eager tongue. Then he pulled away, and smiled up at Peter while he pulled the boy’s jeans back up and buttoned them, tucking Peter’s still twitching cock into his boxers, again.

“That was so good, honey.”

“Yeah.”

He helped Tony get himself back into his pants, as well, and then reclaimed his rightful – and almost natural – spot on his lap, once more. Tony crooned as he wrapped his arms around Peter, who rested his cheek back against the man’s bare chest.

“Did you enjoy it, my sweet?”

“Yes.”

“Even when I held you?”

“It was exciting.”

“We’ll try it again, sometime.” He kissed Peter’s temple, his hand brushing against the boy’s cheek. “Not tonight, though.”

“Okay.” Peter kissed his collarbone. “I still get to practice on you, though… right, daddy?”

“As long as you’re more careful than you were. I don’t want you to hurt yourself. We talked about that, remember?”

“I want to make you happy.”

Tony chuckled, and squeezed him, tightly, knowing that he couldn’t hurt him by doing it.

“You do make me happy, honey. Happier than I can ever remember being.”

Certainly more fulfilled.

Which was saying something coming from a man who had saved the Earth.

“Yeah?”
“Absofuckinglutely.” He kissed his cheek, again, “Let me catch my breath, and then we’ll go start dinner.”
Tony felt something nudge the small of his back, waking him up from a sound sleep. He smirked, feeling a little smug, because this time he’d been careful to make sure that his blankets were firmly in place before falling asleep. Bob wasn’t going to get a second chance to emasculate him with that cold nose in tender places. The billionaire tightened his grip on the warm body next to him, thinking they they’d have to get up, soon, but he’d bought himself a few more minutes, anyway, and he heard a satisfied mumbling sound from Peter as he felt the boy snuggle a little closer, nose tucked right against his collarbone.

He wasn’t working today; they could sleep in. Maybe he had time to play with Peter, a little. See if he could get those soft eyes fired with desire. That would be a satisfying way to wake up.

The soft grunt behind him was the only warning that they were given. A moment later the big dog jumped up onto the bed, walked casually over Tony’s startled form and maneuvered himself in between the two before nudging Tony with that big, bulky, head of his.

“Peter…”

“Hmmm…?”

“Your dog wants out.”

The boy chuckled, and reached up to pet Bob’s side. Way up.

“Think so?”

He rolled out of bed with difficulty, since the blankets were pinned under the dog’s paws and Tony was much more awake by the time the boy had found jeans, a sweatshirt and shoes and called the mastiff to the elevator to be harnessed for a morning walk. Tony walked out wearing pajama bottoms just as the boy was snapping the leash on.

“Breakfast?”

Peter nodded and the elevator door opened, the mismatched pair left the apartment and Tony went to make coffee.

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Tony was at the table, still under dressed and enjoying his first cup of coffee while looking through the news on his tablet when they returned. When Bob was released from the harness and leash, he ambled over to Tony and stuck his nose into his lap, cheerfully demanding attention while Peter went to shower and get ready for his day.

Tony set his coffee down, rather than spill it, and took the big head in both hands, looking down at the dog with a smile.

“Think you’re hot shit, huh, waking us up and having your way?” he asked, rhetorically. It was pretty clear that the dog thought exactly that. “Well, you’re big… and you’re cute… but keep in mind who the daddy is around here, got that, mister?”

Bob’s tail wagged, reacting to the loving tone of voice rather than the words – which were almost certainly lost on him. Tony leaned over and planted a kiss between those intelligent brown eyes –
maybe he just had a thing for brown eyes? – and slapped the dog’s side before getting up to make sure the automatic feeder was full, and the water in the dog’s bowl was fresh.

When Peter came out of his room, showered and dressed, Tony was at the island cooking bacon and Bob was watching, hopefully.

“What do you want to do, today?” the billionaire asked when Peter seated himself on a stool and watched, too.

“Go for a walk?”

“You and me and cockblock, here?”

The boy grinned and Tony handed him a piece of bacon that had cooled enough to be safely handled.

“Yeah. If you want, that is?”

“We’ve got the day to do whatever we want,” he assured the boy, tossing a piece of bacon at the dog, who caught it, easily. “I want to get him a tag with his name and a phone number – or two – on it, in case he gets lost, or something.”

“Okay.”

“And a box for his stuff.” They both looked over at the cardboard box next to the huge bed. “It looks like he’s a transient. We’ll get something more stylish.”

“Going to let FRIDAY pick it out?”

“Smart ass. Just for that, your pancakes aren’t going to be shaped like cute little animals.”

The boy smiled, and then his eyes grew large, and impossibly adorable.

“Please, daddy?”

Tony smiled, too, knowing the boy was playing with him but well aware that even if he’d been serious, he was defenseless against the eyes and the daddy uttered so deliciously.

“If that’s what my baby wants… Get the eggs and the milk out of the fridge. I’ll teach you how to make pancakes.”

“You open the box.”

Now the billionaire rolled his eyes.

“If you want average pancakes, you open the box and add water. You want the good stuff, you make them from scratch.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Tony Stark was used to being looked at. To seeing someone glance his way and maybe do a double-take and then stare. He was rich. He was famous. He knew he was good-looking. And, oh, yeah, he was Ironman. Of course they were going to look at him. He liked that. It stoked his ego in ways that nothing else really could.
Out with Peter and Bob that day, though, he was well aware that the double-takes and second glances they were receiving had very little to do with how good he looked in the jeans and sweatshirt that he was wearing, and almost everything to do with the slight boy and the massive dog that was with him. After breakfast, they loaded Bob into the car, and drove to the pet store, first. The sign said as long as he was leashed, he was welcomed inside, so they roamed the aisles of the store, looking for toys, a better looking box to put them in and maybe some kind of chew toys, although they’d been assured that he was probably beyond the chewing everything up around him stage.

People stopped them, even in the pet store. They wanted to pet him, and ask about him and even take pictures with him. Tony tolerated it – he was used to the interruptions, but it didn’t make it less annoying really – but Peter was having fun, letting little kids touch the dog that was taller than they were, sometimes, and answering the questions that were asked about him. It took three times longer to buy what they needed – including having a tag made for his collar – but Tony didn’t mind since Peter was having a good time.

“You’re carrying that thing up to the apartment,” he told the boy as they walked out of the pet store, finally. “I don’t want people to think we murdered someone and are toting him around, piece by piece.”

Peter nodded, looking at the incredibly large chew bone he was holding. Bob had slowed when they went by a display of chew sticks and bones for large dogs and had simply leaned down and picked up the largest one, taking it without so much as a by your leave. Peter had smiled up at Tony, who had simply shrugged. It was probably a mastodon legbone, but if it kept his shoes safe from being chewed on if he forgot and left them on the floor, then so be it.

“Yeah. I will.”

He was good for the heavy lifting, anyway, since he was a lot stronger.

When they reached the apartment, though, they left everything in the car and Tony took his young lover and their new dog out for a walk on the city sidewalk. Peter knew his way around the area, by now, and as they walked he pointed out different places that he’d gone – with Monica, or with Bob. They took a few selfies and sent them to Natasha, Rhodey and Steve, letting them know what they were up to, and as before at the pet store, found themselves interrupted a few times by people who wanted to discuss the dog.

They stopped for lunch at the small café, making sure to put Bob against the wall when they seated themselves at the tables outside to keep from blocking the sidewalk, and then wandered their way home. Tony situated the toybox for the dog, and Peter brought everything up from the car. Then, with Bob in his bed, contentedly gnawing on his mastodon leg, Tony settled on the couch and Peter climbed into his lap, more than ready to cuddle.

“I had a good day, daddy,” he murmured, his head coming to rest on Tony’s shoulder.

“Yeah? Me, too, honey.” He put his arms around the boy, feeling a wave of contentment that he never would have thought possible. Here he was, sitting in his apartment, hanging out. With a beautiful lover – and a dog. Not in his workshop, poring over specifications for his new suit, and not building something in the middle of the night. Just sitting. And relaxing. And he knew who he had to thank for that peaceful feeling. “Have I mentioned how lucky I am to have you?” he asked the boy, turning his head and kissing him.

Peter smiled, his eyes soft and just as content as Tony’s.

“No.”
"I am," Tony assured him. "You’re my everything, beautiful boy. I love you."
“Peter!”

The boy smiled, even as he turned, recognizing the voice. Monica came up to him with Boomer at her side, looking at the dog he was standing beside.

“Hey, Monica.”

“He’s a beauty, honey. Where did you get him?”

“Tony bought him. At a rescue. He’s says he’s mine, but usually when there’s poop to clean up, or when he wants out in the morning.”

The older woman chuckled, watching as her dog started sniffing the mastiff, probably shocked to find a dog he had to look up at.

“Is he friendly?”

“Yeah. He’s pretty easygoing. Can I take a picture with you standing between him and Boomer?”

“If I can take one you three, also.”

The boy grinned.

“Deal.”

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“Phone call from Tony Stark.”

Peter smiled, hanging Bob’s leash on its hook next to the harness.

“Connect the call, please.”

“Peter?”

“Hey.”

“Are you home?”

He hesitated, wondering why Tony would call him at home if he didn’t know he was there – and then realized that he’d called his cell phone and FRIDAY had automatically transferred it to the apartment’s network when it came through. Smart AI. Peter could get used to that, and was.

“We just walked in, yeah. Are you having a good day?”

He thought he sounded in a good mood.

“I am. I see Monica met Bob.”

Peter had sent him both the photo of Monica, dwarfed between the two large dogs, and then himself in a similar position. He’d sent the same picture to Natasha, and had received a shocked faced emoji in reply.
“Yeah, she was outside when we were. Bob likes her.”

“It certainly looks that way. Pepper has some papers filled out for you, and a judge lined up to make your emancipation official. Do you feel up to doing that, today?”

He hesitated, looking at Bob, and feeling nervous, suddenly. But he nodded, even though Tony wasn’t there to see it.

“Yes.”

“I’m going to have Happy come get you. See if Monica minds Bob-sitting, will you? I’m not ready to trust him alone in the apartment, just yet.”

“She said she’d be available if we needed someone when she was home. I’ll go ask.”

“Tell her we’ll take her to lunch the next day she has free from the flower shop.”

“Okay.”

“Alright, Happy’s on his way, now. Pepper and I will meet you at the courthouse.”

“Okay.”

Ten minutes later, Peter was waiting out in front of the apartment building when Happy pulled up.

“Get in, Peter,” the driver requested through the passenger window he rolled down.

There were several other cars waiting to discharge passenger or pick someone up. Peter simply opened the door and got into the front beside Happy.

“Hey, Happy.”

“Where’s Bob?”

“Eating peanut butter cookies with Monica and Boomer.”

“Hope they save some for us. I mean, you.” He grinned, giving the boy a broad wink as he pulled out into traffic.

Peter smiled, buckling his seatbelt.

“I’ll see if Tony wants to make some. If he does, then I’ll save you a dozen.”

“You’re a good guy, Peter,” Happy told him with a smirk. “I don’t care what everyone says.”

The boy grinned at that, knowing he was being teased and enjoying the sensation. He fell silent, though, knowing that the driver preferred to be able to concentrate in the busy traffic. One of the reasons he usually kept the partition between the front and the back up when there were passengers.

When he pulled up to the courthouse, though, he smiled and offered Peter his hand, like an adult responding to an adult.

“Good luck.”

Peter nodded, touched, and saw Tony and Pepper standing by the entrance to the courthouse with a woman that he didn’t know.
“Thanks, Happy.”

He got out of the car and went to join them, once more feeling nervous – although he hoped it didn’t show. Pepper and Tony were doing a lot for him, and he didn’t want them to think that he didn’t appreciate it – because he did. So much more than they would even know.

Tony greeted him, and introduced him to the woman, who turned out to be a lawyer. She was a little too formal to actually be called friendly, but she was extremely polite and efficient, and as they walked into the building, and through all the security, she explained the process, and that he’d have to actually speak with the judge who would then approve his emancipation.

“It’s a formality,” the lawyer said. “But important. He’s going to be trying to get a feel for you; to see if he thinks you’re mature enough to be responsible for yourself.”

Peter nodded.

“What if he doesn’t think I am?”

“Then he’ll deny your petition and we’ll appeal until we wear him down – or find another judge who will approve it.”

“Don’t worry,” Tony told him, putting a hand on his shoulder – and Peter decided he must not be hiding his nerves, very well, after all. “You’re going to be fine. You can do this.”

He nodded, again, and then was quiet, as they walked into a courtroom, but was grateful that Tony kept his hand on his shoulder, because he knew he was shaking.

By the time they called his name and he stood up and stepped forward with the three adults flanking him, Peter’s mouth was dry but he was determined. The judge was a stern man, who was clearly trying to put him at ease, and before he spoke to Peter, he listened to the lawyer tell him about Peter’s history – losing his folks, and then, more recently May and Ben – and then the reasoning behind the petition. The judge asked about school, and Tony spoke up in his steady, confident voice and mannerism, telling the judge that he and the other Avengers would take care of homeschooling Peter. There was a murmur from the crowd behind them at that, causing the judge to scowl at the entire room until the buzz died down, and Peter felt a bit of a thrill at the thought of having so much collective knowledge around him. The judge asked about income, and Peter’s safety and where he would live. Pepper spoke, then, confirming that he had already been set up as a part-time lab assistant with a highly regarded scientist – a fully compensated position. Tony then added that Peter would be living with him, as he had been for the past 6 weeks and that he would continue to guarantee his stable environment.

Then the judge turned his questions to Peter, asking him many questions about his time after losing May and Ben and how he’d survived and what he’d felt. Then he asked if he liked living with Tony, and Peter had answered honestly that he did.

The judge was silent for a long time, scrutinizing Peter, who couldn’t help but tremble.

“Petition is approved,” the judge finally said. “Bring me the papers.”

Tony smiled; his hand going to Peter’s shoulder while they watched the judge sign off on several copies of the petition and then handed them back to one of the people near his bench. The person then handed a couple of copies to the lawyer standing with Pepper and Tony, and they left the courtroom.
“That’s it?” Peter asked, uncertainly.

Pepper smiled; thinking that he was adorable.

“That’s it. We’ll finish the paperwork, but you’re officially no longer a ward of the state in any form. Congratulations.”

He hugged her, impulsively, and she chuckled and hugged him, back, looking at Tony for a little help. He just shrugged, smiling and giving her his famous *what can you do* look.

“Thanks,” Peter said, letting her go, with a slightly abashed expression. “Really.”

“You’re welcome. Now, you’ll report to Bruce at 9 am next Monday morning to start your job. Unless it interferes with your homeschooling assignments.”

“It won’t,” Tony assured her. “We’ll work around Bruce’s schedule.”

“Fine. Find him something other than a t-shirt, too, will you Tony? Jeans are acceptable, but he has to look sharp in his new lab coat.”

“I’ll take care of it.” The limo pulled up in front of the courthouse, and Tony looked at the two women. “Need a ride?”

“No. I’m going to ride back with Shelly and finish out my day. Thank you, though.”

The two women left, and Tony ushered Peter to the car, where Happy was holding the back door and ignoring the annoyed honks of the people waiting behind him.

“How did it go?”

“Exactly as it was supposed to,” Stark said, pushing Peter into the car. “We’ll celebrate, later.”

“Where to?”

“Home. Thanks.”

The door closed behind them, and Tony looked at Peter and patted his lap in invitation. Which the boy accepted without hesitation. He climbed into the billionaire’s lap, straddling him and holding him, his cheek going to Tony’s shoulder and his eyes closing as Tony put his arms around him.

“That was scary…” Peter murmured.

Tony tightened his hold and turned his head to kiss him.

“Why, honey? You did great. You were perfect.”

“I was afraid I’d say something wrong,” the boy said. He hesitated, still shaking a little. “And then I was afraid I’d say something *right*, and it would go through.”

Tony nodded. It was a young age to be – *technically* – responsible for yourself. God knew at sixteen, Tony probably hadn’t been mature enough to have attempted it.

“Don’t worry, baby,” he crooned. “You’re emancipated, but that doesn’t mean you’re on your own. Daddy’s here for you.”

“Promise?”
“Yeah.” He kissed him, again, and stroked his hair, to calm him. “You’re so perfect. So wonderful.”

Peter shivered, again, but this time in response to the praise and to Tony, and he shifted enough to bury his face against his chest.

“Daddy…”

“Yeah, honey. We’ll go home, collect our dog and then watch a movie or something and have a quiet night. Okay?”

“Sounds good.”
They stopped by Monica’s to pick up Bob, and ended up staying for a while. The old woman knew Peter’s history, by then; he was open and once more finding the enjoyment of talking to people after months of isolation, and she was an amazing listener. She asked how it had gone and while Tony found himself overrun by Bob and Boomer – who both seemed to want his attention at the same time – he told her what had happened at the courthouse.

She was pleased by the resolution – and by Peter’s choices – and hugged the boy as cheerfully as if he were her own, congratulating him. Then she’d sent them on home with their dog, and a reminder that if they needed a dog-sitter in the future or someone to keep Peter company, that she could always make herself available if given a little notice.

“I like her,” Tony said as they went to the lobby and then caught the penthouse elevator.

“Me, too. She told me today that her son’s daughter is a big Avengers fan. Maybe you could take a picture with her, or something, if they’re over some day?”

“I’d be willing to do that.”

As good as the woman was with Peter (and Bob) the billionaire would even put on the suit and take photos with the entire family.

Peter was smiling as they walked into the apartment and took Bob’s harness off.

“What do you want to do tonight, honey?” Tony asked him. “Something low-key.”

He wanted to celebrate, but he didn't want to go out. What a change from the man he usually was! Staying home instead of out drinking and carousing? What was getting into him? He was almost domesticated.

“Can we bake cookies?”

“We can.” He knew it was a matter of personal pride that Peter manage to bake some without destroying the kitchen, and it was hardly an overtaxing chore, after all. Besides, he knew Peter had promised some to Happy. “Preference?”

“Chocolate chip.”

Bob couldn’t have any, but he’d been given some peanut butter ones at Monica’s and the last thing they needed was for the big dog to become too pampered and get fat. Big dogs weren’t the longest-lived anyway (Tony had researched that, too) so they were going to make sure to keep Bob as healthy as they could.

So Tony gave Peter a list of things to get out of the cupboard and the fridge while he went and changed out of his suit, and when he returned the two of them spent some time together putting together cookie dough (Peter’s big, hopeful, eyes netted him the beaters, this time) and then they cuddled on the couch while they waited for the dough to settle and for dinner time. Peter took his spot in Tony’s lap and rested his cheek against his shoulder.

“When do we start school, professor?” he asked.

It was a turn on, and Tony smiled, because he honestly didn’t know if Peter had any idea what the
words would do to him – or if he’d phrased it that way on purpose. It was hard to tell sometimes. He
turned his head to look at the boy; those intelligent, brown eyes watching him, still with that hint of
sorrow, but also with love and contentment shining at him.

“I’ve looked up the curriculum, and had FRIDAY download it all. We’ll need to place where you’re
at, so far, and then we’ll plan accordingly. I was thinking we could do that over the weekend, and
then be ready Monday. School in the mornings, either at the tower in my office or here at home, and
then a couple of days a week you’ll work with Bruce – at the tower, or at the compound.”

“I can’t believe I’m going to be getting paid to work with him.”

“It was that, or make you an intern. I, personally, don’t want an intern, and I’m not going to let
anyone else have you in that kind of role. Bruce can use the help, and you get along with him – and
you know his secret, which doesn’t mean you need to worry about him going green on you, or
anything. But if something came up – somehow – you’d know to get one of us.”

“Can you contain him in your Ironman suit when that happens?”

“As well as anyone. What we’d do is get Natasha to bring him down, really. They have a thing –
even though they don’t bandy it about.”

The boy nodded, his hand running idly under the t-shirt Tony was wearing.

“She knows about you and me.”

“Yeah? How do you know?”

“She told me. Asked if you were making me do anything – I think she just wanted to make sure I
was okay.”

Tony smiled, his lips brushing Peter’s forehead.

“What did you tell her?” he asked, curiously.

“That I’m stronger than you, and you couldn’t really force me to do anything.”

“True.”

“But I’d do anything,” Peter added. “You know that, right? Because I want to. For my daddy.”

“Yeah, honey,” he crooned, feeling his cock twitch at the thought. He couldn’t help it. “I know you
would.” He sifted his fingers through the boy’s hair, smiling at him. Tony was tempted to undress
him and bring him right back into his lap and have the boy ride him, but they had time for that, later.
He hated waiting, but he could. “Are you ready to eat?”

“I could.”

“Why don’t you take Bob out, and I’ll start dinner?”

“Alright.”

He brushed his lips against Tony’s neck and pulled his hand out from under the t-shirt, and then slid
out of his lap with a graceful motion. Tony stayed on the sofa, watching as the boy called Bob over
to the elevator and got him into his harness and left. Then he got up and turned the oven on to start
the cookies before opening the fridge.
It was a celebration night, so they’d have something a little more extravagant than burgers.

Peter and Bob had a routine down, even after just a couple of days. Bob was easy to walk; he never wanted to go anywhere badly enough that he would tug, so they tended to meander their way around the block at an easy pace while the mastiff looked for just the right place to pee. And there were many. The boy kept the dog on his right side, to allow people coming toward him to stay to their right without making them have to pass Bob, just him. Monica had taught him that, because Boomer made a lot of people nervous and the street was too busy to have someone just crossing it to avoid the dog.

He was somewhat distracted as they walked, thinking about the day, and what all had happened – and all that it meant to him. If someone had told him three months ago that he’d be safe and loved – and even that he’d have a dog – he would have laughed at them. Or maybe cried because that was something that he’d lost and didn’t think would have, again. But here he was. And with Tony Stark, no less! Hanging out with the Avengers and he was going to be working with Bruce Banner – part time.

It was unbelievable.

And now, according to Pepper and the lawyer, he was free to not have to worry about the state being able to make him go to a home. He’d honestly expected something bad to happen in the time leading up to all of it. He had been certain that once the people in charge knew about him, they’d have figured out a way to take him away from the happiness that seemed so fragile to him. Tony was a rock – he was Ironman, after all, and filled with confidence, and competence, and self-awareness, but Peter was well aware that he had no such enduring qualities.

Life had beat him down too many times for him to even be optimistic, really. He’d lost everything, once. Then had lost it again, when May and Ben died, and he’d really expected there to be a third time, since didn’t everyone say that bad things came in threes? But Tony had been able to overcome that for Peter. He’d made it. The state couldn’t take him away, now, and he was going to be able to finish school and start moving forward, again. It was enough to make him smile, even as he idly watched Bob sniffing a tree.

The sound of screeching brakes and then the clash of metal on metal from down the block drew him from his reverie and he and Bob both turned to look – along with the half dozen other people on the street. A sudden fireball lit up the late afternoon sky and Peter heard screams and shouts. He ran toward the noise, instinctively wanting to help, with Bob running beside him and clearing people out of the way before they became an obstacle by sheer intimidation factor alone/ Then he pulled up short when they came around the block.

The taxi was on its side – on fire. It had hit another car, and had then slammed into a fire hydrant – which hadn’t exploded into a fountain of water like they always seemed to in the movies. There were screams coming from the taxi, and he could see two men, frantically beating on all the windows, but the heat from the flames was keeping anyone from being able to try to help.

Peter didn’t even hesitate.

“Hold him!” he pressed Bob’s leash into the hands of a stranger, and ran forward, toward the taxi.

He put his hood up to protect his face – the heat was incredible, and his ears were hot – and pulled the sleeves of his sweatshirt over his hands as he tried the door, seeing the men inside pounding on it, trying to get free. The flames were everywhere, now, spreading quickly, and the smoke was intense.
The door was jammed from the wreck, and he couldn’t get a hold of anything to even allow his
strength to give him the leverage to open it, and Peter coughed, knowing he didn’t have a lot of time
to start trying the others.

“Watch out!” he yelled, warning them, even as he used his elbow to break the glass over the door.
With the window smashed, he was able to latch his hands onto the metal and gave a desperate jerk,
which did the trick.

Peter stumbled backward when the door gave, and one man scampered out of the taxi, immediately,
running. The other, bloodier and more frozen in shock, was a little slower, but Peter wasn’t an
aspiring superhero for nothing. He simply grabbed him by the jacket and hauled him out of the
backseat with a fearful cry as the rear of the car gave a muffled pop and a small explosion rocked
both of them to their knees.

He thought maybe that was gas tank going up, and a part of his mind was surprised that the
explosion hadn’t been larger and more violent. Then he felt someone grab him and haul him to his
feet. He had just enough time to register that it was a police officer tossing him over his shoulder and
running, when a much larger explosion engulfed the car with a deafening roar, and Peter and the
police officer went flying, crashing to the street with a horrific force that the boy didn’t even feel.

Everything had already gone dark.
“FRIDAY? Any sign of Peter, yet?”

“Nope. No activity in the parking garage.”

He frowned, thinking it was taking a little longer than usual for the walk. Of course, Bob was pretty much the one that controlled the pace and the amount of time the walk would take. Maybe the dog had to go more than once.

“Let me know.”

“I will. There is police band discussions of a car accident located just down the block. The ensuing distraction could be what’s holding him up.”

“Yeah?” Tony moved to the balcony and looked down onto the street below, but didn’t see anything. Wrong angle, he supposed. “Keep me-“

“Incoming call from Allen Vedimar.”

“Who?”

A display in the kitchen turned on as the AI sought information on the person on the other end of the phone call. Tony didn’t recognize the man in the photo – it was a driver’s license photo and not a very good one.

“What number is he calling?”

Any calls to Tony were caught by FRIDAY. Calls to the public lines were routed to an answering service, saving him from having to deal with the few who had access to his public lines.

“Your private cell.”

Even less people had that number. He knew them all – and Allen Vedimar was not one of them.

The display showed the man’s personal information, and Tony saw that he was a police officer. Still wondering how he’d gotten the number, he shrugged.

“Connect the call. Hello?”

“Yeah. Is this Tony Stark?”

“In the flesh. So to speak. You are?”

“Officer Allen Vedimar, Mr. Stark. NYPD. Do you know a kid who owns a big buff-colored dog?”

“What? Peter? What happened?”

“Where are you?”

“In my apartment. Where are you?”

The man gave a street, and Tony realized it was the same block.

“Peter? Is that the kid’s name?”
Tony frowned, noticing that the boy had set his wallet on the coffee table when he’d climbed into the billionaire’s lap. He didn’t like it digging into his hip when cuddling. Something Tony agreed with.

“Yes. Where is he? Is he alright?”

“There’s been an accident. Can you come to us?”

“I’m on my way.”

He turned off the oven and grabbed his jacket, heading for the elevator.

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There was a lot of white smoke and a large crowd. Tony pushed his way through the people gathering around and broke into a scene of mildly controlled chaos. Three ambulances, two fire trucks and several police cruisers were blocking the road around a badly burned taxi and another car that had extensive damages to the rear.

On the sidewalk, there were EMTs and police officers everywhere, but Tony noticed Bob, immediately, and hurried over, breaking through yet another crowd (this one police and firemen) to find Peter sitting on the curb, looking beat up and somewhat charred with Bob hovering right behind him – much to the discomfort of some of the medics – and holding an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth. Beside him was an equally battered-looking police officer, and on wheeled gurneys were two others, as well as a couple of people standing to the side being checked out.

“Peter?”

“Mr. Stark.” He was intercepted by a thin guy, not much larger than Peter, wearing a police uniform. “Officer Vedimar. I’m the one that called you.”

“Yeah. What happened?” Tony crouched down in front of the boy, who had a scrap on his cheek – marring that perfect porcelain skin – and a cut above his eye. They had his sweatshirt off and two medics were asking him questions and checking his vitals while a third was holding a blanket over Peter’s shoulder. “Are you okay?”

Peter nodded, pulling the mask from his face and coughing.

“Yeah.”

The medic put it back in place, and Bob whined and leaned over, licking Peter’s neck, worriedly, and ignoring the men who were trying to keep him away.

“He freed a couple of people trapped in a burning car, Mr. Stark,” the officer told Tony, looking and sounding impressed. “Damn near got himself blown up doing it.”

“Is he alright?” Tony asked the medics.

“Some cuts and scrapes – his right hand has a pretty deep gash on it and a burn. We’d like to take him in to get looked at.”

Peter pulled the mask away, again, looking scared, and Tony had a feeling it was a throwback to when he needed to keep his identity a secret so no one would know he was Spiderman, or homeless. At the moment, they didn’t need to worry about the Spiderman thing – unless he’d done something out of the ordinary when freeing the trapped people – and he certainly wasn’t homeless, anymore.
“I’m okay.”

The billionaire smiled at him, trying to convey just how proud of him that he was. How much he loved him. How brave he could be.

“Let’s have you checked out, alright?”

“No. Really… I’m okay.”

The coughing fit that followed might have proved otherwise, and the medic pushed the oxygen mask back onto his face.

“Do what you’re told,” Tony said, reaching for, and taking, Peter’s hand and squeezing it, briefly. “You’re going to be fine.”

He nodded, tears welling in his eyes and his free hand going to Bob for the support he needed that Tony couldn’t give him, publicly. The mastiff whined, again, and nearly knocked Peter’s mask off when he snuffled his nose against the boy's face.

“We’ll take him to Harborview,” the medic told Tony. “You can ride with us.”

“Yeah.” He looked at Vedimar. “I need you to have someone take the dog. The woman who lives below me, Monica Hansen, can watch him. If, for some reason she isn’t there, call me and I’ll have someone else come get him.”

“Yes, sir.”

Tony pulled Bob away from Peter while the medics got him onto a gurney and loaded him into the ambulance. The mastiff wasn’t very cooperative when it was apparent that he wasn’t invited into the vehicle as well, and Tony handed his leash to a fireman, assuming correctly that the slight police officer probably didn’t have the muscle to keep the dog from jumping into the ambulance behind him.

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The woman manning the desk at the emergency room stared when Captain America walked into the lobby, with Black Widow beside him. Neither were actually dressed in the outfits that they normally wore, but she didn’t need them to recognize them. She had two teenaged sons who constantly told her everything that she could ever need to know about the Avengers. Those two in particular. Captain America (and Ironman, she supposed) because they were exciting heroes, and Black Widow because… well, because her sons were teenaged boys – and looking at her close up, she could understand, better.

The woman was beautiful.

“We’re looking for someone who was brought in about an hour ago,” Romanoff said. “Peter Parker?”

“He’d be with Tony Stark.” Steve added.

She didn’t need to look. Tony Stark was back there. She knew the exam room number they’d put the boy in. It was a private one normally used for celebrities and public officials to afford them some privacy.

“Number 12,” she said, hitting the button that would allow them back into the emergency exam
areas.

“Thank you.”

She blushed when Rogers smiled at him, and rolled her eyes for acting like a giddy schoolgirl. He was cute, though, she had to admit as she watched them walk away.

They found the room easily enough, and knocked lightly before letting themselves in. Peter was in the bed, bundled with a stack of blankets, while Tony was seated in a chair beside the bed, his phone out. The billionaire looked over at them as they walked in and then glanced at Peter, who had fallen asleep soon after they’d brought him back from having x-rays.

“How is he?” Natasha asked, softly, sitting herself on the edge of the bed the boy was in and brushing her fingers lightly against his cheek – careful to avoid the scraped area.

“No broken bones, no concussion. His right hand is burned, and he cut it on some broken glass, but they said it’ll be fine. Bumps, bruises, scrapes. Beat up, nothing more serious. They’re running one more test and then they’ll let me take him home.”

“Where’s Bob?”

“Monica has him.”

Natasha smiled when she realized that Peter was waking up, his eyes opening – either at the sound of their conversation, or because she woke him when she’d seated herself on his bed.

“Hey, Natasha.”

“Hi, Peter. How do you feel?”

“I’m cold.”

Tony rolled his eyes, gesturing at the pile of blankets.

“He’s not cold. He just thinks he is.”

“We stopped by your place,” Steve told him. “Picked up your car, and got some clothes for him.”

“Thank you.”

“We also tried the cookie dough in the fridge.”

Stark shook his head.

“If you get salmonella don’t come crying to me.”

Steve smiled.

“Need anything else?”

“No. We’re not going to come to the compound this weekend. I think we’ll just laze around, and give Peter a chance to heal up.”

“You realize if he’s too sore to, you’re going to have to walk the dog?” Romanoff asked, also smiling.
“Don’t remind me.”
“Easy…”

“I’m okay.”

“Let me get the door for you, honey.”

Peter waited for Tony to unbuckle his seatbelt and then watched as he got out of the car, came around and opened his door for him. Which was helpful, really, since they’d bandaged his right hand to protect the neatly stitched gash and the burns and he was cradling it, protectively, against his stomach.

“Thank you.”

Tony helped him ease out of the car, and he appreciated that, too. He was pretty sore. Not I fell off a building sore, but still achy, and Tony was forced to slow his normal pace to allow Peter to keep up as they walked to the elevator to the apartment.

“Go on and get to the apartment,” he told the boy, hitting the call button. “I’ll go get Bob from Monica and be right there.”

It was a measure of just how sore he was that Peter didn’t argue. He just nodded and did as he was told. The elevator opened with the usual chime and the boy walked out, moving only as far as the sofa, where he sat down with a tired sigh and leaned back into the sofa, closing his eyes and almost immediately dozing off.

Tony had called Monica to check on things, and to let her know that they weren’t going to admit Peter, but that they would be a little late, coming home, and asking her when would be too late to bother her to pick up Bob. She’d told him to come get the dog anytime and to give Peter a kiss for her.

“Hey…”

He opened his eyes and found two pairs of brown eyes watching him. Bob stuck his nose in Peter’s face and made a whuffing noise when the boy opened his eyes, and Tony pushed the big head away, gently, and gestured for him to go to his bed – which he did.

“He wasn’t bothering me,” Peter assured the older man.

“I know, honey,” Tony said. “But if he licks your face, and I kiss that spot, that’s pretty much me kissing him with tongue – and I can’t handle that thought, right now.”

That made Peter smile.

“Monica was still awake?”

“She was. I told her what happened, but she’d already seen it on the news.”

“Really?”

“Yes. She made a casserole for us, too, so I want you to eat something, okay?”

“Yes.”
He was hungry, and the painkiller that they’d given him for his hand was making him feel a little sick. He started to get up, but Tony’s hand against his chest held him in place.

“I’ll bring it to you.”

“Thank you.”

Tony had to help him eat. Peter was right-handed, and bandaged as it was, the hand was worthless, just then. He was extremely awkward holding a fork with his left. Rather than allow him to make a huge mess of himself – which he’d have to clean up – he simply fed Peter himself, smiling each time the boy rolled his eyes at the need.

It didn’t help the absurdity that Tony made choo choo noises or pretended the forkful of noodles was an airplane as he was bringing it up to Peter’s lips.

“Eat up for daddy…” the billionaire said, lovingly.

“You’re having way too much fun with this,” the boy chided.

“Maybe.” He was just happy that it hadn’t been any worse. Peter was sore – and would be a few days – and his hand was going to be a few days beyond that, but he wasn’t badly injured considering what had happened. “Have I told you how proud I am of you?”

“No.”

“I am. Natasha was right, I think. You’re just an Avenger born.”

Which had made Peter squirm in embarrassed pleasure.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. But we need to work on your self-preservation skills."

When Tony finished eating, the boy climbed into his lap without asking, tucking his injured hand between them, protectively, and burying his face against his neck.

“Are you working tomorrow, daddy?”

“No. I’m going to take the rest of the week off. Monica offered to stay with you if you needed someone, but I can work on the research I’m doing at the tower from here, instead, and I’ll be here in case you need something.”

Peter didn’t argue. At the moment, he was sore and wanted to be babied.

“We didn’t get to celebrate.”

Tony turned his head and kissed him.

“We will, later. Let’s get you to bed.”

It was a little bit of a chore to brush his teeth left-handed, but he wasn’t going to let Tony help him with that, too. There were limits, after all. He made a bit of a mess of himself, but a wet towel fixed that, and getting undressed one-handed was a bit awkward, too. Tony smiled when he went into the guest room – now officially Peter’s room – and found the boy tangled with his pants around his ankles and the sweatshirt he was wearing completely off, except the sleeve that was stuck on the heavy bandages on his hand.
“Problem, honey?”

If he didn’t hurt, he’d have just flopped back on the bed in frustration. As it was, he held himself still while Tony took care of getting him out of his pants and boxers, first, and then untangled the shirts enough to stretch the sleeve of the sweatshirt and free the boy from it. His t-shirt soon followed, and Tony eyed him, critically, once he had him undressed.

Bruises were peppered on his back from scattered pieces of debris hitting him when the taxi had exploded, but his sweatshirt had been heavy enough to keep him from taking the full force of any of it. Scrapes on his face and forehead, and the injured hand.

“You’re a mess, baby.”

“Not as bad as when I was shot,” Peter pointed out. “At least I can stand up.”

“Well, stand up and go get into my bed.”

The boy chuckled at that, and Tony helped him, even though Peter was right and walking really wasn’t a problem. He was being careful with his injured hand, but that was to be expected. It probably hurt like hell between being cut and being burned like it had been, Tony decided, and he pulled the blankets back and tucked Peter under them, snugly, kissing him before he vanished into his bathroom for a shower and to brush his teeth.

Peter was almost asleep by the time he returned, warm from the shower and a beacon to the boy, who was always cold. As soon as Tony was settled, the boy snuggled sleepily against him, hand tucked between them where it would be safe, and nose right up against the arc reactor.

Tony wrapped his arms around him and cuddled him. He wasn’t sleepy, but he didn’t mind that Peter was. Hospitals were exhausting, and pain medication was designed to make a person sleepy. He slid his hand along Peter’s hip, his palm coming to rest cupping his ass, which fit his hand perfectly.

“That feels good, daddy,” Peter mumbled into his chest.

“Yeah?”

“Mm-hmm.”

The billionaire was tempted – briefly – to make him feel even better, but Peter was tired and would enjoy it more when he wasn’t quite so miserable.

“We’ll make sure you feel good, tomorrow, too, honey.”

“Promise?”

“Yes. Go to sleep, okay?”

He tilted his head and pressed a kiss against the brown curls that always seemed messy, even when they were tamed by a fresh haircut.

“’kay.”
Bob woke them the next morning.

Not surprisingly, he wanted out and wasn’t shy about asking for that. He hopped up on the bed with a surprising amount of grace for such a large dog, and Tony automatically leaned closer to Peter to protect his hand from getting accidentally stepped on.

The boy groaned when he rolled away – also wanting to protect himself – and Tony heard more pain than annoyance in the sound.

“Do you hurt, honey?” he asked, sleepily.

“A little. It’s not too bad. Just my hand, really.”

“I can walk him.”

“He’s my dog,” Peter reminded him, sliding under Bob’s belly to sneak close to Tony once more and kiss his bare chest. “I’ll walk him. Go back to sleep.”

Tony made a noise that might have been agreement, but he opened his eyes and watched as Peter rolled out of bed, making sure he didn’t seem to be in too much pain when he moved. He was a little stiff, but when he walked out of the bedroom, there wasn’t any limping – although the billionaire certainly enjoyed the way the boy’s rear swayed just right when he walked.

God he was fucking edible.

He absently rubbed the belly of the dog, who hadn’t left his bed, just yet. Probably waiting to see if Tony was the one walking him, or not. When Peter had slipped into some clothing and shoes, the boy called him to the elevator and the bed lurched a little when the mastiff jumped off.

Tony stretched, reaching for the pillow Peter had been using and cuddling it close, breathing in the boy’s scent. He should get up and make some coffee and start his day, he thought as he heard the elevator ding, and Peter left. Or he could lie in bed and wait for him to get back and join him. They could sleep in.

Or he could spend some time reminding Peter that just because he was emancipated, it didn’t mean that Tony was willing to give him up. He was more determined, really, to make sure that Peter had no reason to want to go anywhere further than his bed. He slid his hand along his ribs, stretching, again, and then his hand strayed down to his cock, which wasn’t quite awake, either, but was willing to be convinced.

By the time Peter returned, released Bob from his harness and made sure the food dish was still full, Tony was nicely aroused and ready for some alone time. He watched as the boy entered his room and vanished into the bathroom for a moment before returning.

“Are you sleeping?” he asked, softly.

Tony nodded.

“Yes. Get naked and join me.”

The boy did as he was told, and Tony flinched just a little when his skin came in contact with the
hand that had been holding the leash. It was cold.

“Sorry, daddy.”

Tony chuckled, and guided the hand down and pinned it between his thighs to warm it.

“It’s fine, baby. How do you feel?”

“I’m okay.”

“Good.” He reached down between them, and as his fingers found and claimed the shaft of Peter’s penis, Tony realized that he’d injured the wrong hand. Hand jobs were a lot trickier with the off hand, usually. “What do we have here? Why aren’t you hard, yet, honey?”

“It’s cold out.”

“You’re always cold.” Tony kissed him to soften the criticism and ran his thumb along the slit at the top of Peter’s cock, forcing a soft whimper from his lips. “We’ll have to fix that.”

“Yes, daddy.”

The boy rolled onto his back, spreading his legs, slightly, for Tony, who took him up on the silent invitation. The older man pushed their bedding aside, enjoying the view every time, and sat up, moving to the bottom of the bed to place himself between Peter’s knees, spreading him even further and looking down on him.

“You’re so beautiful, honey,” he murmured, softly, kissing the side of Peter’s knee. “So brave, too.”

Peter trembled, watching as Tony made his way up his leg, kissing his inner thigh with each word. The anticipation was almost as enthralling as the actual touch, proven by the fact that the boy was achingly hard by the time Tony’s mouth closed over his cock.

“Daddy… oh, daddy… yes.”

He rested his left hand on Tony’s head, his fingers sifting through his dark hair as he watched his cock vanish over and over into the older man’s mouth and down his throat. The words merely excited Tony, who loved having his baby in his mouth and was always willing to prove it. He licked him, and sucked him, teasing him with his lips and tongue and even his teeth, until Peter was thrusting upward, almost uncontrollably, his entire body tensing, suddenly, as he climaxed with a high-pitch cry for his daddy.

Tony smiled, slurping and guzzling him, his mouth making sure that Peter’s balls were empty before he sat up and reached for the lube from the nightstand.

He kissed Peter, hungrily, and then worked his way down his body; tongue making a trail of heat along his chest, his nipples, then his belly before coming up again and claiming his lips, once more.

“I love you, baby,” he crooned, as he wet his fingers and began playing with Peter, his eyes never leaving the boy’s. “You’re so beautiful. So sexy…” A finger was slid into him, and Tony smiled at the look of bliss on the boy’s face at the contact as he started preparing him. “You love that, don’t you, honey?”

Peter nodded.

“I love you, daddy.
“Oh, baby…”

He took his time, making sure to give the boy a chance to climax again before he actually covered him, sliding his eager cock into Peter’s willing body and then taking both of them on a ride that ended in the best possible of ways. Tony buried himself in Peter, his entire being focused on the person under him, his arms wrapped around him to bring him even closer to him, to give him as much of him as he could. When he climaxed, he rested his forehead on the boy’s shoulder and allowed Peter to support him while he trembled, and then silently asked to be held, which the boy was more than willing to do.

“You’re so good, daddy,” he whispered, hitching his hips just a bit, and sliding his leg along Tony’s body. “I need my daddy so much.”

Tony chuckled; spent for the moment, at least. He forced himself up enough to brace his weight on his hands instead of on Peter.

“You’re daddy needs you, too,” he assured him. “Let’s get up and have some breakfast. Then we’ll see about taking the lovefest out to the living room.”

Peter simply nodded.
“Hey, can I have your autograph?”

Tony rolled his eyes, looking over at Romanoff who was walking up the sidewalk toward him.

“I don’t do autographs.”

She smirked.

“I was talking to the dog.”

He shook his head, waiting for Bob to finish marking the tree they were standing by.

“What are you up to?”

“Came by to see how Peter was doing. He said you were out walking Bob, so I had to come get a photo.” She held up her phone and took a quick picture – which she then sent to Peter. “Now I have blackmail material.”

“You want blackmail material? Wait until he takes a shit.”

Romanoff smiled at that.

“How’s Peter doing? Did he sleep alright?”

“Yeah. I fed him a painkiller with his lunch. His hand is bothering him, I can tell. He’s trying not to make a big fuss out of. I think he’s trying to keep me from worrying about it.”

“Which is why you’re walking Bob?”

He shrugged.

“I could use the fresh air, and I’d rather he wasn’t walking this big lug looped out on a pain-killer.”

“He seemed alright.”

“Did you leave him alone?”

“No. Clint and Sam are with him.”

“Where’s Steve?”

“Down with salmonella.”

“What? Seriously?”

She smirked.

“Of course not. Jesus, Tony, you’re too smart to be that gullible. He and Bruce went to get steaks and hotdogs.”

The billionaire frowned.

“Why?”
“Because we’re hanging out with you guys, today.”

“I don’t remember sending out invitations.”

“We didn’t ask,” she pointed out. “Can I walk him?” she asked when Bob finished and decided he was ready to move on.

Tony handed her the leash.

“If you’re walking him when he craps, you’re the keeper of the bag.”

“He’s not going to poop while I’m walking him.” The assassin slid her hand along the dog’s head — and Tony noticed she didn’t have to bend down to do it. “Are you Bob?” she asked in soft, baby-talk. “You wouldn’t do that to me…”

The mastiff wagged his tail in agreement.

“He’s duplicitous,” Tony said with a shrug.

“Did you see the paper?”

“No. Why?”

“There’s a write up about Peter.”

“What?”

“About what happened, yesterday. Somehow, they got his name and they did some digging. He’s going to have his 15 minutes of fame, now.”

“He’s a minor. How did anyone get his name?”

“It’s the press, Tony. It’s what they do. They sensationalize things. You know that better than anyone. But we thought we’d spend the day with you guys and help keep him grounded a bit.”

“Yes, because there’s nothing sensational about hanging out with the Avengers,” he said, sarcastically, even though he knew Peter would love the idea.

“And living with Ironman is any less unbelievable?”

“Point taken.” He shrugged. “The paper thing is no big deal, really. He’s not going to public school, anymore and my place is Fort Knox. Someone walks in and I’ll have FRIDAY zap them.”

“We’ll keep him out of the limelight when he’s at the compound, too, of course,” she added. “We just thought you should know, since he does enjoy walking Bob out in the neighborhood.”

“Yeah. I appreciate that.” He smirked when the dog suddenly stopped and squatted, and she scowled. “So what are our plans for the day, then? Barbeque, I assume?”

“Yeah, that’s what we thought. You can make us some potato salad.”

“Call Steve and tell him to buy potatoes, then.”

Despite the slight chill of the day, the others were with Peter on the balcony when Tony and Natasha
returned after their walk with the dog. The two adults were clearly asking Peter about the day before, because he was pantomiming trying to open a car door when Tony glanced out the door as they walked into the kitchen area with Bob ambling alongside Natasha. The billionaire checked the dog’s water dish, but it was full, and then they went out onto the balcony with the others.

Peter smiled when they joined them.

“She found you?”

“She’s a spy,” he reminded the boy. “It wasn’t too tricky. We’re going to tell Steve to get potatoes while he’s at the store. Anything else you want?”

“Grapes?”

“Fair enough.”

Tony made his call, and Natasha made a show of checking Peter’s face out, tsking over the bruise that had formed by the cut above his eye and the scrapes that were already looking much better. He was wearing a heavy sweatshirt against the slight chill of the day, so they couldn’t see the bruising on his back, but he was being pretty careful with his hand, which told them all that it was still hurting.

He was having way too much fun, though, to even think of taking more pain medication than he already had, because he didn’t want to sleep the day away and miss any of it.

“They told you about the newspaper article?” Tony asked when he returned to the balcony.

“Yes. Should I be worried or anything?”

“Nope. You didn’t do anything wrong. But the reporters might want to get close to you if they see you out walking Bob. So you might find your picture being taken.”

“The good thing, though,” Clint said, taking a drink of the cola he’d taken from Tony fridge. “That monster dog of yours isn’t going to let anyone close to you, really.”

Tony nodded.

“Good point.”

“Plus, he’s a minor,” Sam added. “They start harassing him, they can get into serious trouble. Emancipated or not.”

“True.” Natasha put an arm around Peter’s bony shoulder and pulled him close. “If they get to be too annoying, Peter,” she said. “Just tell me a name, and I’ll make sure they stop.”

Peter chuckled at that, but none of the others did.

“He starts homeschooling Monday?” Clint asked.

“Yeah.”

“How does that work?”

“Friday downloaded all the things – the curriculum – and I’ll test him this weekend to see where he stands, right now, and that’s where he starts in the standard curriculum.”
"What if he’s past all of it, already?"

"Then we’ll give him a refresher and have him take the final exam."

"Then what?"

"I don’t know. Then he gets his diploma and we send him to MIT."

Peter smiled at that.

"Have him take the test, now,” Natasha suggested. “I want to see how he does.”

"Yeah,” Clint agreed. “He’s probably ready to graduate, already.”

Tony shrugged, looking at the boy.

“We need to do it. If you do it today, then we’ll have the weekend free to amuse ourselves.”

“That’s fine.” Peter was curious how he’d do.

Stark motioned for him to go to the display by the entrance, and had FRIDAY bring up the test.

“No helping him, guys.”

Romanoff rolled her eyes.

“I’m the muscle. I doubt he’d need my help.”

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"Why is everyone looking at Peter?” Bruce asked Tony, setting a bag of groceries down on the island but looking out at the balcony.

“They’re not. He’s taking his placement tests to set up homeschooling for Monday, and the others are taking it, too.”

“Seriously?”

“The first question came up and they all got it wrong – Peter got it right. So I might have mentioned that they’re all idiots. Which, of course, was a challenge they couldn’t resist.”

“How are they doing?”

Tony shrugged.

“Won’t know until it’s done and graded. So they’re going to be distracted for a while. It’s a pretty long test.”

“Huh.” Bruce walked over and peered over Peter’s shoulder at the display in front of him, and the boy looked up at him and smiled a greeting before turning back to what he was doing. “It doesn’t look too hard.”

“Well, you’re a genius, right?” Steve said, looking over Peter’s shoulder, as well. “It better not.”

“Can we do this test, too?” Bruce asked.

“No, they’re too far into it now for you to catch up. I’ll have FRIDAY upload it your lab, if you
want to check it out – same for the compound for you, Steve.”

They were satisfied with that. Which was good, because Tony didn’t want to have to peel the potatoes all by himself.
The steaks were on the grill and Tony was finishing the last touches on the potato salad when Peter finished his test. He got up and walked over to where Steve was standing at the grill, Bob watching, hopefully, with a thin trail of drool literally going from the dog’s jowls to almost the ground.

“Finished?” Bruce asked.

He was lounging at the edge of the balcony, watching the city below. The evening was fast approaching, and the streetlights were coming on, as well as all the other lights that made up a city that size. Even more, the day had gone from bright and sunny to overcast and the air was heavy with the promise of rain – although so far none was forthcoming.

“Yeah.”

“How do you think you did?”

“Okay. Some were hard.”

“You mean like which president had three cabinet members who died of tuberculosis?” Clint asked, looking up from the tablet that Tony had provided for him to take the test with. “Who needs to know that?”

“Apparently a tenth grader,” Sam said, shaking his head.

“Are you guys almost done?” Tony asked, coming out onto the balcony. “I’m starving.”

“I am,” Natasha said, closing the laptop she’d been using. “How long until we know the results?”

“FRIDAY sends them to a scoring program, and it has to be verified, and all that. A couple of hours or so.”

Which meant that they could eat, first.

Peter handed Bob a piece of a hotdog he took off the plate that Steve was filling from the grill.

“What if I failed?”

Tony shook his head.

“Can’t fail it, Peter. It’s a placement, that’s all.”

“Besides,” Bruce added. “Your grades were fine at your regular school. I doubt you’re suddenly going to become dumb, just because you’re living with Tony.”

Which made Stark roll his eyes, although he chose not to respond to the amused challenge in Banner’s expression.

“How’s the hand?”

“It’s okay.”

“Sore?”
“A little.”

“We’ll give you something with dinner, alright? Take the edge off, if nothing else.”

Clint finished his test a few minutes later, and Sam was right behind him.

They turned their attention to eating, then, and the conversation almost naturally turned to the accident. Not surprising, since the Avengers were used to briefings, and asking questions. The how, what and whys being the most pertinent. They already knew the when and where, obviously.

Not too surprisingly, it was Steve that asked Peter the questions, with the others listening in as they heard a more descriptive telling of the rescue and the explosion. Peter eventually shrugged.

“I didn’t do anything more than someone else would have done, really,” he reminded them. “I just was able to actually do it, because I’m stronger.”

“You didn’t give yourself a chance to get away before the explosion, though,” Sam told him. “You gotta make your rescues faster. Before the tank blows up and tries to kill you.”

“I’m still learning,” the boy said, a little defensively.

Which made the others smile, and Natasha pull him into another of her impulsive hugs. That also made those who knew her smile, because she wasn’t a hugger by nature and it seemed to be something that Peter brought out in her. A maternal instinct, maybe - or maybe just the soft side. Not that any of them would dare to ask her.

“You’re doing fine, Peter,” she assured him. “Don’t take it as criticism – at least, not as negative criticism. It’ll make you better for next time.”

“She’s right,” Steve said. “And so are you. You’re still learning. Not only what you can do, but how best to apply those abilities to helping people. I’m impressed, really. You went straight to the trouble and didn’t hesitate to do what you could to help. Nothing to be worried about.”

A fat raindrop suddenly landed on the table between them, followed by several more.

“Uh-oh,” Natasha said, looking up. “That is.”

“Everyone start bringing the food in,” Tony ordered. “Peter? Grab Bob before he gets rained on. I don’t want the place smelling like wet dog.”

The boy did as he was told and he distracted the dog with a thorough scratch with his good hand while the others brought in anything that could get rained on and set it on the table.

“Maybe you could invest in an umbrella for your balcony, Tony?” Natasha said, flipping her hair to shake the few raindrops out of it.

“It’s not that easy,” he said, distracted. “The water still goes somewhere. And that’s a long way down. I’d have to set up a drain to connect with the other spouts and the list goes on and on. It’s just easier to come inside. Peter? Come eat, honey.”

The room was suddenly silent; all of them looking at him – including Peter.

He rolled his eyes. There was no way it was a secret – not with the group in front of him. They were too smart and too insightful for there to be any kind of shock. Only the surprise that he’d outed himself, more than anything, he realized.
“Whatever. Wait until I call Steve *baby*.”

Natasha laughed.

“Come on, Peter, sit by me and tell me what you cut your hand on. Was it something from the explosion after the car went up? Or the glass?”

They finished eating at the table, and to Peter’s relief the topic of conversation went from him and the rescue to other, more mundane Avenger issues. Still interesting to the boy (until they were starting to discuss people they knew that he didn’t) and really, it was fun to sit and silently squee about the fact that he was hanging out with the Avengers.

Eventually, the conversation turned back to Peter, again. What he wanted to do when he was older. How they could help him accomplish that. He was a little overwhelmed by it all, but was feeling the not so subtle side effects of the painkiller Tony had given him for his hand, and that was keeping him calm enough to admit that he really didn’t know what he wanted to do – only that it was going to be something to do with science or tech.

Bruce started making suggestions, but before he could say anything beyond R&D, they were interrupted with a soft chime and FRIDAY’s mellow voice.

“*Results are in.*”

Tony winked at the boy.

“*Now* we find out just how smart you are.”

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“This is *bull…*”

Bruce smirked, looking at Sam.

“It’s scientifically verified.”

“Oh, *science* can kiss my – you know *what*? I want to take that test, again. Obviously, I was just pressing the wrong number on the answer key, or something. This can’t be right.”

Natasha smiled, enjoying the tantrum, immensely.

“So, you’re an eighth grader… don’t be such a baby.”

“He can’t help himself,” Clint added. “Probably all of those eight-grade hormones flooding through him.”

“Seriously…” Sam held up a warning hand. “Someone’s going to end up getting tossed out into the rain. I shit you not.”

“*Language…*”

Steve was amused than anything, but he had an image to uphold, after all.

Clint winked.

“We wouldn’t want to have to put you in time out.”
Peter laughed at that, amused at how Sam was being teased – especially since he obviously didn’t mind at all – and relieved that he’d done fairly well on his placement. He’d known that he was smart and doing advanced work, and it showed.

“A sixteen-year-old senior,” Tony said, looking over at him. “It shouldn’t take too long to get you a diploma, really.”

“There’s no rush, though, either,” Romanoff added. “Enjoy your childhood, Peter. While you can.”

“You and Sam can join Boy Scouts,” Clint told him. "And Little League." He laughed, finding himself suddenly under assault and tackled to the floor by the other man.

Bob had been stretched out at Peter’s feet, but the commotion brought him to his feet and he ambled over to make sure no one was actually being injured – and to join the dog pile.

Which made Peter’s smile grow, and wish that his hand didn’t hurt so much so that he could join in, too.
“If he’s bothering you, I could put him to bed…”

Natasha looked at the boy who was sound asleep, his cheek on her thigh, injured hand tucked carefully against his chest while the good arm was wrapped around her leg like a stuffed animal. She smiled when she realized that he was drooling, just a little, on her pant leg.

“Nah. Don’t bother. He looks comfortable.”

They were sitting on the sofa, watching a movie to kill time. Sam had demanded to retake the placement test, and when Tony had FRIDAY bring it up, Bruce and Steve had been curious enough to ask if they could take it, as well. All three men had finished, and they were now just waiting for the results before heading back.

Tony had wanted to give Peter a chance to calm down and relax a little, thinking that it would make him sleep better that night, and had suggested that they start a movie while the test was being taken. Clint, Natasha and Peter had agreed, and had gone into the living room with Tony. Then, while Natasha and Tony took the couch with Peter between them, Clint had sprawled on the floor next to Bob, resting his head on the big mastiff’s belly.

Halfway through the movie Peter was asleep, and the others finished their tests at almost the same time, wandering in to the living room area as well, and settling themselves around the giant TV to finish the program and wait for their results.

“He’s okay?” Bruce asked, softly, when the movie was over and he noticed that Peter had toppled, and was now using Natasha as a pillow.

“He’s fine,” Tony assured him. “It’s been a long day and he took a painkiller.”

“How could he be anything but fine?” Sam asked, rhetorically. “Look where his head is. If I tried that, she’d have chopped it off. Not to mention his hand.”

They all smiled at that, and the superspy smirked.

“You can always try it, sometime.”

“No, thank you.”

The others got up to stretch their legs – except Clint, who had also fallen asleep and was cuddled up to Bob, who was now using the archer as a pillow instead of the other way around.

“Do you plan on coming out to the compound this weekend?” Romanoff asked Tony.

“We’ll see how Peter feels. I want to work on the suit I’m making for him, but I’m waiting for the material to come in. I’m tempted to take a road trip and just go get it, myself.”

“Where is it?”

“A manufacturer down in Dallas.”

“Why don’t we take him?”

“It’s a bit far.”
“Not by jet.”

He arched an eyebrow at her.

“Use the Quinjet? To pick up something that I might not even decide to use?”

“Why not? Clint used it once to go to Seattle because he wanted Starbucks and insisted it was best at the source.”

“You weren’t supposed to tell anyone,” Barton said, sleepily, looking over at them from under Bob. “Our little secret, remember?”

“We’ll come up with a new secret.” She looked at Tony. “Well? It would be fun for him, I imagine. And a last chance to have a good time before he joins the official workforce.”

“Two days a week in Bruce’s lab is hardly going to drag him to his knees,” the billionaire pointed out. “But sure, I think it’s a good idea. Thank you.”

“You kept his flight suit?”

“It’s in my quarters.”

She smiled.

“I’ll have it customized a little, to make it fit him better.”

“Keep it a little big, though, so he can wear a sweatshirt under it. He gets chilled pretty easily.”

“Results are in,” FRIDAY announced.

Peter woke with a startled gasp, his head coming up, but Natasha beat Tony to him, her hand coming to rest on his shoulder, holding him down with a gentle touch.

“Shhh… it’s okay. You’re fine.”

He unwrapped his arm from around her leg and sat up, but didn’t look panicked, now.

“I fell asleep?”

“You did,” Tony confirmed. “How do you feel?”

“I’m okay.”

“Good.” He winked at Natasha. “Let’s go see if Sam did any better, this time.”

Peter got up a little slowly, cradling his hand, which told Tony that it was aching a bit, even the boy didn’t complain. Bruce was smiling at the display that FRIDAY was showing the results on, and grinned when Peter walked up.

“Looks like I’m ready to graduate high school. Natasha? Want to be my prom date?”

Steve was also smug.

“I’m good to graduate, also.”

“They actually asked a history question about you in the thing,” Clint reminded him.
“And I got it right.”

“I noticed Sam didn’t,” Natasha said, looking over their shoulders at the display, as well. “How did you manage to get into the military?”

“I cheated on my ASFAB,” he told her, with a smirk. “Don’t be such a hater, just because you placed as well as Peter.”

“And she didn’t have the American history upbringing like the rest of us,” Bruce pointed out, clearly pleased.

“Just guessed right,” Romanoff told him, not fooling any of them. Even Peter. “Are we ready to go, then? It’s getting late.”

“Yes.” Steve went to the fridge and pulled a bowl out, tucking it under his arm. “We’ll see you guys this weekend?”

“We’ll see,” Tony said, although Peter’s eyes got hopeful, which told him that they probably would. “Where are you taking the cookie dough.”

“Road trip munchies,” Clint said, approvingly. “We’ll even wash the bowl before you get it back.”

“You’re too kind,” the billionaire said, sarcastically. “All of you out. I’m tired and I need my beauty sleep.”

“They’ll have to put you in the ice for more years that Steve for it to help,” Bruce told him, putting a hand on Peter’s shoulder. “If I don’t see you this weekend, I’ll see you in my lab on Monday, after lunch, right?”

The boy nodded, excited.

“Yes.”

They all said their goodbyes and left – leaving the kitchen clean for a change, Tony noticed. He slid a hand under the back of Peter’s sweatshirt, and pressed his lips against his ear.

“I’m going to go take Bob out. Why don’t you go ahead and get ready for bed?”

“I could come.”

“You will,” he promised. “As soon as I get back.”

It was an indication that he was still somewhat asleep when he looked at Tony for a long moment before realization of what he meant – compared to what Peter had mean – dawned on him, and the boy’s cheeks reddened in a rosy blush, his eyes growing demure.

“Daddy…”

Tony held Peter’s face, palming his warm cheeks and kissed him, tenderly.

“Go get ready for bed, honey. I want you naked when I come home. Alright?”

“Yes.”

Another kiss, and then the older man let him go and called for Bob as he headed for the elevator and the hook with the harness. Peter watched them until they left, and then went into the bathroom,
stripping out of his clothes and reaching for the large plastic bag and medical tape that Tony had set on the vanity by the sink in his bathroom. He stuck his injured hand in the bag and taped it tightly closed, making it water-proof. Then he turned on the shower and got under the spray, shivering until the hot water finally warmed him.

A cold hand sliding along his shoulder and then under the blanket and along his back drew him from a half-doze, and Peter looked up to see Tony leaning over the bed.

“You alright?”

“Yeah.”

His hand went into Peter’s still damp hair.”

“You showered? Without me?”

The boy smiled, turning his head to catch Tony’s hand in his and kiss it, softly.

“Next time.”

“I’ll be right back,” the older man told him.

Peter rolled onto his back, watching as Tony walked into the bathroom still dressed, but came out a short time later without anything on. The boy noted that he was already aroused, too. Which made him shiver in anticipation.

“Your face just lit up,” Tony told him, coming over to the bed and sliding under the blankets with him, his hand running smoothly along Peter’s hip. “Does that mean my baby wants something, tonight?”

“I want you,” Peter told him.

“But you need to let me know what you want, right, brave boy?”

This wasn’t new, after all, and he was getting a lot better. Besides, Tony did want to know what Peter was in the mood for. He just wanted to be inside him, so if the boy had something else in mind, he’d adjust his plans, accordingly.

Peter blushed, hotly.

“I…”

“Come on, honey,” Tony said, gently, running his hand along his hip, but his eyes never leaving Peter’s. “Say it, beautiful. Daddy’s gorgeous baby.”

“Can… can I be on top?”

Tony translated what he said and then raised an eyebrow.

“You want to be inside me?”

Peter flushed, hotly, and shook his head, burying his face in Tony’s chest.

“No.”
“You want to be on... oh, you want to ride me, honey?”

“Yes.”

The billionaire chuckled.

“That can be arranged.” He pushed the blankets back and Peter started to move, but Tony held him still. “Not yet, my lovely jockey. First, let daddy take the edge off, alright?”

Peter nodded, and Tony kissed him. Then he kissed him, again, his tongue coming out to slide along Peter’s lip, which opened to allow him access to the boy’s mouth. Tony sighed, and tasted him, his tongue teasing Peter’s until he moaned into Tony’s mouth.

“You’re so beautiful, baby,” he told him, pepping his jawline and then his neck with butterfly kisses. “I’m so hard for you. Because my baby boy is so perfect.”

Peter whimpered, shuddering at the praise, and because it was so sincere.

“Daddy, please... now.”

“Soon, honey,” he whispered. “Let me taste you, first.”

Tony made his way down Peter’s body, his tongue and lips tasting and teasing as he moved from jaw, to neck and then to nipples, where he stopped and made love to one, and then to the other. He wet them, and then blew gently on them, while Peter mewed, softly, in response.

“So perfect,” Tony repeated, as he moved down to the boy’s stomach and then his hips, noting that they were definitely beginning to fill out a little – which pleased him as he nibbled on the tender skin next to Peter’s fully aroused cock.

And he hadn’t even touched him, yet!

He did, though, then. Licking the length of the boy’s shaft and then lapping the precum oozing from the slit. Peter arched his hips, but Tony went down to his testicles, rolling them in his mouth, one by one and then both together, slurping and sucking on them and teasing them with his tongue. He released them, smiling up at Peter, who had brought his head up to watch.

The boy groaned, then, when Tony lowered his mouth onto his cock, taking him slowly into his mouth and then his throat, all the way to the root, and holding there for a ten count before pulling back and beginning to suckle in earnest, tongue and lips taking their time pleasuring his baby’s cock.

Peter groaned, and his good hand went to Tony’s hair, taking a handful despite himself, and encouraging him the best way he knew how.

“Yes, daddy! Right there... oh, daddy... please...”

Tony shuddered, his hand reaching for his own cock which was threatening to explode just from listening to the cries of pleasure his baby was making. He slurped and sucked with more enthusiasm, allowing his cock to slide against Peter’s leg as he did, leaving moist trails of precum, even as he felt his baby tense.

“Daddy...”

Peter’s hips jerked, and with just that warning, Tony latched his lips around the boy’s cock and flicked the slit with the tip of his tongue. Peter practically erupted in his mouth as his climax
overcame him, and Tony murmured approvingly and he guzzled him down, taking everything he had and looking for more, until the boy’s hips stopped jerking and his cock gave a final twitch against Tony’s tongue.

“So delicious,” Tony told him, approvingly, moving to kiss him, again, sharing the flavor of him with the boy. He reached for the lube and pulled away. “Roll over, honey. Let me see your beautiful ass.”

Peter did as he was told, and presented his rear, ass up and upper body down, shiver in anticipation. This was his favorite part, and now Tony knew it. He groaned when Tony kissed his cheeks, first, and slid his tongue along Peter’s crack, tasting him with his tongue before replacing it with a lubed finger, playing with him, teasing him and stretching him while murmuring praise for him being so beautiful, so wonderful and so brave. A second finger joined the first, and this one found Peter’s prostrate, teasing and coaxing cries of pleasure from the boy, who was already gibbering with desire, cock once more achingly hard and ready.

Tony smiled, and kissed the tender flesh of his ass, taking a tender and very careful bite that made Peter jump but also made him shudder.

“Trade me places, honey,” he told him.

The boy sat up, and moved while Tony shifted onto his back on the bed. The billionaire motioned for him to straddle his hips, and Peter did, this time with Tony’s throbbing cock right behind him, brushing against the small of Peter’s back, smearing him with precum.

“Lube me,” Tony told him. “You’re ready, but we want me to slide right in.”

Peter put lube in his hand, awkwardly, and then reached behind him and slathered it on Tony’s cock, rubbing it, eagerly and amazed as always by how soft it was, and how incredibly hard it was at the same time.

“Lift up,” the older man instructed him, his hands going to Peter’s hips to help him. “Guide me to your hole, baby. Put daddy’s cock where it belongs.”

Peter reached between them, his hand blindly finding Tony’s cock and sliding it along his slick crack, settling it at his tight, puckered hole. Then he sat back, allowing his own weight to force the hard rod of flesh into him, while Tony groaned in utter bliss.

“Daddy…”

“Oh, baby.”

Tony only gave him a moment to get accustomed to his presence. Then he pulled Peter up and allowed him to drop back down, repeating this several times, helping the boy find the rhythm they were both so anxious for. When Peter caught it, Tony moved one of his hand from his hip to the boy’s cock, stroking him in time to their thrusts, crooning in pleasure until he was so breathless that all he could do was pant.

“You’re so pretty on me, Peter. My own jockey, riding me like a champ. So perfect.”

His hips were driving up against each downward motion, now, thrusting deep until he was close to climaxing. His hand was stroking Peter, tirelessly, and the boy cried out once more, his orgasm cresting, cum shooting all over Tony’s chest and hand. That triggered Tony, who grunted, and shoved himself deep and climaxed, filling Peter, who leaned back at the perfect angle to have the wet spray soak his insides at just the perfect angle.
“Yes…! Daddy!”

Tony smiled, shuddering as his balls emptied into the perfect boy. The one who was riding him so wonderfully.

“Oh, baby… so fucking amazing. Peter. Yes.”

Peter smiled, leaning forward, still impaled on Tony, and enjoying the sensation.

“Yes…”
Tony frowned, looking out the window door that led to the balcony the next morning as he walked into the kitchen, sleepily. It was raining like a sonofabitch.

He hadn’t known that, of course, when Bob had come to their bed and woke them, demanding to be taken out. If he had, he would have been the one to get dressed and go out with the dog, instead of allowing Peter to do it. The boy was smart, though; he wouldn’t stay out any longer than needed. And definitely not long enough to get chilled.

Just in case, though, he started water to boiling to make oatmeal, and then went into the bathroom closet and pulled a few towels. One for Peter – just in case he was wet – and two for Bob.

“Watch for Peter, FRIDAY,” Tony ordered. “Let me know when he comes in.”

By the time he received the message that they were back, breakfast was ready, being kept warm in the oven, dishes were sitting on the table for the two of them – and Bob’s feeder was filled.

The billionaire met them at the door, tsking. Peter’s sweatshirt was drenched from the rain; his hair was soaked, despite having his hood up. Bob was no better, really. The dog had shaken himself, thoroughly, when they’d come into the lobby, but he was still pretty wet.

“You, to the shower,” Tony told Peter, lovingly toweling his hair for him. “Now.”

“Bob’s wet.”

“I’ll take care of him, honey. Shower and get warmed up, and put on some dry clothes, okay? Then come have breakfast.”

The boy nodded and went into his bedroom, already stripping out of his wet clothing, and Tony turned to the dog, who was watching him, cheerfully.

“You are not going anywhere near the couch, mister,” Tony told him. “We’ll never get the wet dog smell out of the leather.”

Bob idly wagged his tail and held still while Tony dried him with the first towel and then switched over to the other when that one was too wet. The dog abandoned him, then, and went to find his breakfast, while Tony went to check on Peter.

The boy was standing under the spray, his injured hand once more wrapped in a plastic bag to keep the bandages and stitches dry and Tony leaned against the vanity to watch him.

“How does the hand feel?” he asked, when Peter turned the water off after a short time.

The boy shrugged, presenting himself to Tony to dry him off, again, although this time he started with his hair and gently worked his way down, taking the bag off the injured hand but not touching it, even with the towel.

“It’s just sore.”

“We’ll change the bandages after we eat, alright?”
Peter nodded.

“Yes, daddy.”

Tony smiled; it would never get old to hear him call him that.

“Can I dress you, honey?”

The boy looked surprised by the question and then blushed, slightly, and his expression turned bashful – which was absolutely adorable.

“Yes.”

He took Peter’s hand and walked him out to the bedroom, stopping at the dresser.

“Bottom layer, first,” Tony crooned. He wanted to take his time, but Peter was shivering – not surprisingly – so he didn’t play, too much. “What color boxers, today, honey?” he asked, opening the drawer.

“You choose.”

Tony pulled out a pair of blue silk boxers and knelt in front of Peter.

“Hand on my shoulder, sweetheart.”

He held Peter’s underwear by his feet and then boy’s good hand went to Tony’s shoulder for balance while he put one foot into them and then the other. Tony pulled them up over the lean hips and pressed a gentle kiss against the boy’s flat stomach as he covered him from view.

“We’re not going anywhere, today – not with this rain. So sweats, alright?”

“Yes, daddy.”

He didn’t get up; he just reached over and opened the appropriate draw and pulled out sweats, and helped Peter into those as well.

“I’ll pick your shirt, too.”

“Okay.”

Tony smiled, getting to his feet and finding Peter a plain blue t-shirt and dressing it in him.

“They match your underwear,” he said. “Always match your underwear, if you can.”

“Did FRIDAY teach you that?”

“Something like that.” He slipped a light gray sweatshirt over the boy’s head and eased his battered hand into the sleeve, and pulled him into his arms for a moment. “Does your hand hurt more than yesterday? Or less?”

“About the same, really. I think. I’m not sure, because I was on medicine, yesterday and it didn’t hurt as much when I was.”

“Well, let’s eat and get you something for it.”

He walked him to the table and seated him, then brought out the oatmeal, along with a plate that held
sausages and fruit – enough for both of them. Peter set to with typical teenaged enthusiasm and Tony retrieved a painkiller for him before sitting down to eat, as well.

“How was the walk?” he asked, curiously, glancing over at Bob, who was in his dog bed and already dozing. “It took longer than usual.”

“A guy wanted to talk to me,” Peter said. “He didn’t, though,” he added, quickly. “Clint was right about Bob keeping people from getting too close. Or at least, this guy didn’t seem to want to get near him.”

“Yeah, you might get some of that.” Tony wasn’t sure whether to be worried about it, or not, really. The press weren’t dangerous – just a nuisance, usually – but paparazzi were another matter, entirely.” “Maybe we’ll see if Monica’s son can train Bob to look as menacing as Boomer does.”

The boy smiled at that.

“He didn’t have a camera, or anything. I don’t know if he was a reporter.”

“I don’t have to tell you I don’t want you going anywhere with anyone, right? A stranger, I mean? Or even if it’s a reporter that you recognize.”

“Yeah. No. I won’t,” Peter assured him. “Stranger danger and all that, right?”

Right.

With Peter’s extra abilities, they didn’t really need to worry that someone could force him into anything.

“Yes. Good.” He shrugged. “Today, we’ll thwart them all by simply staying home. But even if they don’t know exactly where you live, they know the neighborhood and Bob is a beacon. Just ignore them if they are bothering you and keep walking. If you need me, though, you can call.”

“I will.”

Stark frowned, mind still working the problem.

“Maybe I’ll tinker with your watch, today, and put a voice feature on it to allow you to interact with FRIDAY, directly. Then you wouldn’t need to dial – just tap it and tell her to call me.”

Peter’s expression told him just how much he liked that idea. Not from a safety point, Tony was sure, but because it was tech, and they already knew how Peter felt about tech.

“Can you do that, here?” he asked, curiously. “You don’t need your workroom?”

“Nah, mostly I need a work display and FRIDAY. Usually. Eat, honey. I’ll show you, later.”

The boy nodded and turned his attention back to the meal.

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“It doesn’t look too bad…”

Tony had to agree.

The back of Peter’s hand was cut – stitches going across almost the length of it. They were red and the area was a little swollen, but they were clean, with no pus or bleeding around them. The palm of
Peter’s hand was burned from grabbing the hot metal of the car door, and it was red and painful-looking. Tony slathered on the burn medicine, heavily, before wrapping the whole hand in soft bandages.

“Does it hurt, much?”

“A little.” Peter smiled up at him, reacting to the concern in his expression. “Don’t worry, daddy. I’m tough.”

“I know, baby. I just don’t like to see you hurting.”

He put the bandages and supplies on the coffee table and settled himself onto the sofa. Peter waited, politely, until he was comfortable before sliding himself into Tony’s lap, straddling him and cradling his hand between them as he leaned himself into the older man’s chest and rested his cheek against his shoulder.

“Is there anything else that you want to do, today?” Peter asked him, curiously.

“I’m going to spend the day with you, honey. Even if we never leave the couch.”

Which was a very good answer, as far as the boy was concerned. He closed his eyes and melted into Tony’s embrace.

Chapter End Notes

this is so much longer than I intended for it to be!
Not really surprising Tony, Peter eventually fell asleep on his lap. He was taking the painkillers, after all, and they were designed to cause drowsiness to make a person sleep and aid in healing. Peter was warm. He was comfortable and he was being held. As relaxed as he was, it was bound to happen that he dozed off.

Tony didn’t mind in the least. When he realized the boy was snoring softly in his ear, he smiled and shifted him just enough to allow a hand to be free. He spent his morning holding Peter with one hand and researching on his tablet with the other. The best of both of his worlds, really.

By the time Peter started stirring – sometime close to lunch – Tony had made an order with the company in Dallas for the polyfiber cloth that he wanted to use for the suit he was making for Peter – and had played a bit with the nanotech for his own suit, as well.

“Daddy?”

The voice was a mere whisper, still far more asleep than awake. It thrilled Tony, because it meant daddy was becoming Peter’s default, instead of Tony. The boy was sliding into his role, deliciously.

“Hi, baby,” he crooned, turning his head and pressing a kiss against Peter’s hair. “Did you have a good nap?”

He didn’t open his eyes, but he nodded.

“Mm-hmm. Still sleepy.”

“Then go back to sleep, honey.”

“My hand hurts.”

He was tired enough that he would admit it, instead of trying to reassure Tony he was alright.

“Poor baby,” Tony crooned, looking at his watch to see how long it had been since the last painkiller. “Let me up, and I’ll get you another pill.”

“I’m sleepy.”

Tony rolled his eyes, enchanted by the boy at his sleepy confusion, but well aware something was going to have to give if he wanted something for his hand.

“I know, Peter,” he said. “Here, just move a little to the side.”

The boy grumbled, but he allowed Tony to ease him off his lap and onto the sofa next to him. While Tony got up to get a pill and some water, Bob ambled over at the motion and stuck his nose into Peter’s face. The boy rubbed the dog’s ear with his good hand, not even opening his eyes as he did. The mastiff eyed the space between Peter and the end of the sofa and must have decided that there was enough room for him, too, because he jumped up beside the boy, turned around a couple of times and settled in a somewhat tight ball, with his big head nudging Peter’s hand, gently, demanding petting.

Tony smiled when he returned to find half of the couch displaced by the dog, although he was dry by then, so it wasn’t an issue. He leaned over the back of the sofa and slid his hand along Peter’s
shoulder, brushing his arm to get his attention. When the boy looked up, sleepily, he handed him the pill, which he took, and then a glass of water to down it with.

“I’m going to make us some lunch,” Tony murmured, leaning a little further, now, to kiss his jaw. “I don’t want you taking that without something to eat.”

“Okay.”

“Sandwiches? Or something more exotic?”

“Sandwiches.”

Peter closed his eyes, his injured hand tucked between him and Bob and his good hand resting in his lap. The billionaire smiled, amused to find himself in such a domestic scene, and also feeling something warm and happy bubbling up inside of him at being a part of it. He took the glass back from Peter and went into the kitchen.

Sandwiches didn’t take long to make – even for a food perfectionist as Tony Stark – so he returned with a plate of them to split between the two of them, along with a bag of chips. Peter opened his eyes, looking up at him, still groggy, but a little more focused than he had been.

“Can you eat?” he asked, amused when Bob lifted his head to look at the sandwiches, too. “Or do I feed my baby by hand?”

He stretched and yawned.

“Feed me?”

“I can do that, honey.”

Tony took his spot back and Peter cuddled in his side. The older man settled the plate on his lap and broke off pieces of the turkey sandwiches, popping a piece into Peter’s mouth when the boy turned his head up to him. Then he rolled his eyes and the next piece went to Bob, who had scooted himself even closer to Peter on the other side, reaching his head over the boy’s lap for a taste, too.

Peter chuckled, amused, and opened his mouth for another bite. So did Bob.

Tony took a bite for himself and then fed them both another piece, pulling his phone out and angling it to take a picture of boy and dog sitting on his sofa, expectantly.

“You’ll send me a copy?” Peter asked.

“Of course.” He took a bite of his sandwich. “FRIDAY? Send that last shot to Peter’s phone.”

A soft chime was all the acknowledgment they received, but it was all that was needed.

The sandwiches didn’t last long. Tony only gave Bob one piece for every three that he and Peter ate, but it made the danger of rebellion abate, and when they were done eating, Peter ran his hand along the billionaire’s thigh.

“Can I sit in your lap, again?”

Which made him smile.

“Of course you can, honey.”
He moved the plate out of the way and Peter climbed back into Tony’s lap, ready to cuddle, again – especially if Tony was willing to indulge him. The boy made a delightfully satisfied sound as he settled in, and Tony slid his hand down between them for just a moment, finding the soft flesh between their bodies and caressing it through the fabric of Peter’s sweats.

“You’re so pretty,” he told him, drawing Peter’s head back to his shoulder with the hand that wasn’t between them.

The boy whimpered, softly, trembling at the words and the touch, and licked Tony’s neck before brushing a kiss against it and closing his eyes. Tony felt the injured hand come to rest on his shoulder, out of the way and safe, but decided that he wasn’t going to do more than play, just then. He loved the idea of spending the rest of the day with his hand in the boy’s pants, keeping him just on the verge of climax, but that wouldn’t be conducive to the rest that his baby needed more than anything.

He turned his head and pressed a loving kiss to his temple.

“I’m just going to touch you for a little while, okay? Nothing more. Relax, baby… let daddy play with his baby, but I don’t want you to do anything to me.”

“Alright…”

His voice was uncertain, and Tony was sure that his expression would have been, as well, if he could have seen it. The older man smiled and rested his chin on Peter’s curls, his hand still brushing Peter’s lap.

“Do you want to go to the compound this weekend, honey?” he asked the boy, smiling when he felt him tense at the question.

He knew the answer – even before he asked the question.

“Can we?”

“There are very few things we can’t do,” Tony assured him. He pulled his hand, reluctantly, from Peter’s pants, not wanting to work the boy up too much and have him ask for more. Because Tony would have given it to him. “In this case, I have a package I need for my current project, and Natasha has agreed to fly me to Dallas to get it.”

“You have a private plane, right?” he asked, grinding himself lightly against Tony’s lower belly. 

“Yes. But she’d fly me in the Quinjet. She suggested you might enjoy that, more.”

He pulled his head back, looking at Tony, his eyes shining with excitement.

“Really? I could come?”

He smiled, softly, and palmed the boy’s cheek.

“I’m certainly not going to leave you with Sam and Steve for company. They’ll corrupt you.”

Peter gave Tony a look that was utterly and completely one he’d picked up from the billionaire. A look that was both disbelief and amusement.

“You’re worried Captain America is going to corrupt me?”

Tony smiled, and kissed him, softly, noticing that the bruising on his face wasn’t too dark that
“There are all kinds of corruption, honey,” he explained. “Not all of them are for the dark side.”

The boy smiled at the reference.

“You’re right.”

“Go back to sleep,” he told Peter, guiding his head back to his shoulder “I want to cuddle my sleeping baby.”

“Alright, daddy.”

The boy shifted, just a little, bringing his hand back in between them for protection, and then closed his eyes and sighed against Tony’s neck. The billionaire smiled at the sound, and glanced over at the dog and saw that Bob was already asleep.

It was definitely a lazy, rainy, afternoon for the Stark household, but Tony liked it. He waited until Peter’s breathing leveled out and his body once more went limp against him, telling the older man the boy was asleep. Tony reached for his tablet, but then decided that he’d nap, too, instead.

Why not?
It was Bob who woke them. He shoved his nose into Tony’s hand, and the billionaire opened his eyes and found the mastiff standing beside the couch, watching him, expectantly, tail wagging, idly.

He needed out.

Tony yawned, and scratched the dog’s ears, the motion waking Peter, as well, who was so intimately close to Tony that he could hear his heart beating.

“Time to get up?” he asked, sleepily.

“Bob needs out. I’ll take him. It’s still raining.”

“Can I come with you?”

“I want you to stay dry.”

Peter kissed Tony’s neck.

“Do you have an umbrella?” he asked. “I can hold it, if you hold Bob’s leash. I couldn’t handle both, this morning. Then we could both stay dry.”

And he could get some exercise.

Not that he minded sitting on the couch all day, though. Especially not in Tony’s lap like he was, just then.

“I do have an umbrella.”

“Please, daddy?” Peter said, licking Tony’s neck and jaw. “I want to come, too.”

The older man smiled, rolling his eyes and tilting his head, just a little, to allow the boy better access.

“You’re getting pretty good at that, honey.”

Whether he meant arousing him with a touch, or using the words please daddy to get anything he wanted, Tony didn’t elaborate. Instead, he held still to allow Peter a chance to slide out of his lap, and sent the boy to get them shoes while he harnessed Bob near the elevator.

Peter’s only jacket was a fairly light-weight one, which he slipped on over the sweatshirt he was wearing, while Tony put on a weather-proof windbreaker with a warm lining. They’d have to get the boy some winter wear, since the weather was definitely changing. He handed Peter the umbrella, reminded him not to jar his hand, and they headed for the lobby – and the exit beyond.

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“Are you warm enough?”

Peter nodded, smiling, and holding the umbrella carefully over the two of them, which gave them an excuse to stand close to each other while they waited for Bob to inspect a tree that he inspected every time they walked.

“I’m fine, daddy,” he assured him, softly.
The rain was pouring down around them, still, and there weren’t a lot of people out on the sidewalks because of it. Most of those who were out and about were on their way from one place to another and not paying attention to anyone around them – although people tended to make sure to give Bob plenty of space, Tony had noticed with approval.

They finished their walk, headed back to the apartment, and Tony dried Bob with the same towels he’d used that morning, and sent the dog to his bed with the enormous chew bone, while he and Peter went into the kitchen make dinner.

Well, *he* started dinner, the boy simply sat at the island and watched as he put water on to boil noodles to make a casserole. Not Tony’s idea of fine dining, but Peter loved every kind of noodle casserole the billionaire had put in front of him, and they were filling and wholesome. Exactly the meal to give someone you were trying to fatten up a little.

While the noodles were being taken care of, Tony seated himself at the dining table with Peter’s watch and FRIDAY close at hand to do diagnostic and assist in integrating the watch with an instant connection to him. Peter watched for a few minutes, but the tech was beyond him, so he wasn’t really able to follow along. Instead, he slid his uninjured hand along Tony’s leg, lightly, as he leaned against him, content to simply observe.

Tony, predictably, thoroughly enjoyed the attention. Both his company and his touch. Peter wasn’t even all that close to his lap, but the older man was becoming aroused as he worked, and by the time he finished working with the watch and had tested it to make sure of the functionality, the noodles were ready to be drained and he was sporting a fairly impressive erection.

He sent Peter to the sofa and got up to put the casserole together. When he returned to the boy’s side, his expression was alive with anticipation.

“Look what you’ve done to me, baby,” Tony said, taking Peter’s hand and guiding to his groin, which was still hard. “Just being close to me, like you were.”

The boy caressed him through his sweats, trailing his hand along the throbbing shaft.

“Should I take care of it?” he offered, his brown eyes gleaming with desire.

“I’ll fuck you later and take care of it,” he assured Peter. “Why don’t you play with me, for a while? Practice? But don’t let me climax, alright? I don’t want to fill your belly before dinner.”

Peter nodded and started to slide off the sofa to get a better angle, but Tony stopped him.

“No, honey. I want to play with you, too, and I can’t reach you if you’re on the floor. Just put your face in my lap.”

He pulled down the front of his sweats and Peter licked his lips before he started to tease Tony’s cock with his tongue, licking the tip, looking for precum, and teasing the shaft. The billionaire gave a soft moan of approval and slid his hand along the boy’s hip, under his sweats and along his ass – which made Peter voice his own approval. Tony smiled, and idly caressed Peter while watching him suckle on his cock, but never actually taking into his mouth to blow him.

“You’re so beautiful, honey,” he murmured, approvingly. “I love how you play with daddy’s cock. You love it, don’t you?”

He pulled away long enough to nod, and to look up at Tony, knowing that he was getting more aroused by saying those things than really needing an answer. He was close enough to feel it as well as see it, but Peter was all for it. He was finding that he enjoyed role plays that Tony exposed him to.
“Yes, daddy. I love it.”

Peter turned his attention back to Tony’s cock and now he did put his mouth over it, sliding it into his mouth and trying to get him down his throat.

“Jesus, Peter…”

He pushed down until he felt the head hit the back of his mouth and tried to suppress the gag reflex but had to pull back, drooling and a little breathless. He felt Tony’s fingers sifting through his hair, lovingly, and tried again, and again. Not with success, but the attempts were having their own effect on the older man, because Peter could feel him tensing more with each try. Remembering that Tony didn’t want to actually set off, Peter finally pulled his head back and simply lapped at the head and shaft of his cock for a little while, enjoying the noises he made and the way his hand felt on his own rear.

“Incoming call from Natasha Romanoff…”

Tony made an annoyed noise, looking down at Peter, who looked up at him at the announcement, clearly wondering what Tony wanted him to do.

“Keep going, honey. It’s fine.”

Peter turned his attention back to the billionaire’s cock, and Tony closed his eyes as the boy’s lips found a particularly sensitive spot. God damn…

“Connect Natasha – audio only FRIDAY.”

“Connected.”

“Agent Romanoff.”

“Tony.” Her voice was serious enough to make Peter lift his head. “We have a situation.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. We’re going to need to go to Germany.”

“When?”

“Soon as you get here.”

“We’re on our way.”

The call ended and he looked at Peter.

“Go get dressed, honey. Pack some clothes.”

He got up and went to turn off the oven.
“Please let me come.”

Tony shook his head, his eyes and expression troubled.

“I can’t, Peter,” he told the boy.

“I could help.”

“You’re already hurt,” the older man pointed out, carefully taking Peter’s bandaged hand in his own. “You wouldn’t be able to help us – and you’d be a distraction that I can’t afford. Besides, someone needs to watch Bob.”

They were standing in Peter’s guest quarters at the compound only two hours after the call had come in from Natasha Romanoff. On the bed was Peter’s backpack, which held a couple of changes of clothes and toiletries. On the floor against the wall was a much larger stack of supplies for Bob; a large bag of kibble, a plain dish rather than his automatic feed, water bowl, a few toys and the dinosaur legbone chewie.

Now they were saying goodbye, before Peter walked Tony out to the jet for the emergency flight to Germany.

“Please, Tony…”

He knew this wasn’t a time to use the daddy plead, but he was so tempted to do just that, and the billionaire could see the worry in his beautiful brown eyes. He pulled Peter into his arms and held him, tightly, his lips pressed against the boy’s ear.

“It won’t be any longer than it has to be, honey. Then we’ll finish the conversation we were having. Okay?”

Peter sniffed, and buried his face against Tony’s neck, just under his jaw.

“All right.”

“I love you.”

Another sniff, and he could feel the tear that fell on his collarbone.

“I love you, too.”

It was several long minutes before Peter was able to get himself composed enough to walk with Tony to the Quinjet, where the others were waiting. The boy was carrying a small travel bag, but it was Tony’s and not one for himself.

“Poor baby looks terrified,” Natasha murmured to the others as the two approached the rest of the team, who were waiting for Tony.

“Yeah, he does,” Bruce agreed.

“He’ll be alright,” Steve assured them. “We go and come back a few times, and he’ll get used to it.”

“Or he’ll be joining us,” Clint said.
“We’ll see.”

“Hey, guys,” Tony said with forced levity when they were within hearing. “Someone called for Ironman?”

“Thanks for coming,” Steve said. “We could use a bit of a show of force.”

“Yeah, of course. It’ll be fun. It’s been a while since I’ve blown anything up.”

“Where’s Bob?” Natasha asked Peter, who wasn’t looking any less worried, despite Tony’s best effort.

“Happy has him out in the field.”

“You’re going to stay here?”

Peter nodded.

“Yes.”

“I don’t want to risk someone from the press happening on him without me in shouting distance,” Tony explained. “If he’s here, they’d have to go through Nice to get to him – which is plenty of deterrent.”

“Because I’m a bad ass,” Nick said, walking up behind them. “Between myself – and that monster that you call a dog – we’ll keep Peter out of trouble.”

“I’m counting on it.”

Natasha drew Peter into an impulsive hug.

“We won’t be gone, long. Will you water my plant?”

The boy tucked his face into her collarbone and nodded, and she could feel him tremble – and knew it had nothing to do with the temperature, or that she smelled good.

“Sure.” He forced himself to let her go and stepped back, giving the others a smile and then one final glance at Tony. “You guys be careful.”

“We always are,” Steve assured him.

Tony met Peter’s gaze, smiling softly for just a moment, before he turned to Fury.

“He hasn’t had dinner, yet.”

The former SHIELD director nodded.

“I’ll take care of it.”

“No strawberries,” Natasha reminded him, making Peter smile for the first time.

“Don’t you guys have somewhere to be?” Nick asked, pointedly.

He put a hand on Peter’s shoulder, moving the two of them back a few steps to give the ramp room to lift and close. A moment later the engines fired up, the jet lifted vertically, hovered and then was gone with a muted roar.
The boy watched it until it was completely out of sight – well after Fury had lost sight of it – and then turned to the older man, trying to look a lot calmer than he really felt. The last thing he wanted was to have Nick Fury witness his nervous breakdown, after all. Especially since he and the other Avengers had already dealt with one panic attack.

“I don’t really need a baby-sitter…”

The one eye showed clear amusement, and he smiled, and slapped the boy’s shoulder before dropping his hand.

“Good. They don’t pay me enough to baby-sit a teenager. Come on, Peter. Let’s get your dog from Happy so he can go home, and then find something to eat. I’m starving.”

“Okay.”

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“Is he allowed people food?”

“Yes. But not a lot. And none of the things that are bad for dogs, obviously. No chocolate, grapes or things like that. He’s not a very aggressive beggar, luckily.”

They were in the lounge, now, and Nick and Robert were sitting with Peter. All three were eating, although Nick and Peter were actually eating as if they were hungry, and the doctor must have eaten earlier, because he was only nibbling his meal.

“A dog as big as he is would be overwhelming if he were aggressive in any form,” Robert said, looking at Bob, who was standing beside Peter’s chair with his head in the boy’s lap. In his whole lap. “It’s a good thing they’re a good natured breed.”

“How is he taking to the apartment?”

“He seems fine,” Peter told them. “Has his own bed, and we take him out a few times a day, but he doesn’t much care to go too far. He’s pretty lazy.”

“You can use any area that you want to, to take him out,” Nick told Peter. “But if you let him run around, use the training field, near the helipad.”

“Thanks.”

“We’ve already given the SHIELD agents word that you’re here and not to be stopped. Is there anything else we can do for you?”

“No. Thanks, though. It’s great. I can come in here?”

“We expect you to,” Nick assured him. “Whenever you want. And definitely to eat. The food in the commissary isn’t bad, of course, but this place is really good – and I want to make sure you’re at least as healthy, if not healthier – when Tony gets back.”

Peter smiled at that, and then hesitated.

“Can you tell me where they’re going? And why?”

“There’s a situation in Germany,” Nick answered without hesitation. “Clint has a few contacts there, but it’s not enough, and while it’s not very serious at the moment, if we allow it to fester, it’ll explode and cross borders. Right now, with the proper show of force and the right infiltration team, we’ll
have it taken care of in a matter of days, most likely. If it gets worse, it’ll take months, and risk a lot of innocent lives.”

“Oh.” He chewed a mouthful of bread. “I though the Avengers were only doing things in the US…”

Honestly, he hadn’t really thought about it, but he supposed that he’d thought they were limited to New York – which was ridiculous, of course.”


“Steve’s Captain America, though,” Robert pointed out. “It makes sense the boy would think that.”

That started the doctor and Nick off on a conversation of diplomacy and borders and foreign policy that was way of Peter’s head – and he was far from stupid, he knew. He listened, but didn’t understand much of it, and finished working his way through his dinner. Finally, he waited for a break in the discussion and spoke up.

“I’m going to take Bob out, and then find something to do. Is that alright?”

“You don’t need to ask permission, son,” Nick told him. “You can do whatever you want to do. You’re our guest, not a prisoner. Just don’t touch anything that says don’t touch – or go anywhere that says keep out. Got it?”

“Yes.”

The boy picked up his dishes and returned them to the bar, and accepted a bottle of coke from the bartender before he called to Bob – who wasn’t leashed, now – to follow him. They headed out the door of the lounge area, and Peter started toward his temporary quarters, but then hesitated and turned the opposite direction, walking the almost empty corridors with Bob at his side until he stopped in front of Tony’s workroom. He hesitated, wondering if he could even get in – or if FRIDAY would even talk to him – and then tried to door.

His palm felt warm as the scanner read his print and the lock clicked as it opened. Peter smiled, holding the door for Bob, and then closing it behind him.

“Hello, Peter.”

His smile grew; the little techie inside him giddy.

“Hi, FRIDAY. Can we work on my new webshooters?”

There was a pause, and then to Peter’s delight, it was Tony he heard, next.

“What’s up, honey?”

“Nothing,” Peter told him, speaking into the air like he did with FRIDAY, feeling empty without having Tony with him, and excited because he was someplace that he knew no one else at the compound would ever be allowed to go alone. “I just finished eating, and wondered if FRIDAY and I could work on my webshooters? Or something else. It’s okay if you’d rather I wait.”

“No. I’ll keep you occupied, I imagine. I’ll give you limited access to the workroom files. Anything that you need, or want – aside from manufacturing, okay? I don’t want you building a bomb or something, accidentally. You can show me what you’ve done when we get back.”

“Thanks.” He went over and sat down on a stool that Tony normally occupied. “Are you there, yet?”
“Not even close. Don’t stay up all night. Understand?”

“I won’t.”

“And don’t you dare dream about anything but me.”

Peter smiled. That told him that it was safe to talk to him however he wanted – at least, just then it was.

“I won’t, daddy.”
He didn’t stay in the workroom all night.

For one thing, FRIDAY cut off the files at 1am – in response to an internal message from Tony that was designed to keep him from staying up all night to do anything in the workroom. For another, he still had to take care of Bob, and it wasn’t fair to keep the dog stuck in the little room without anything to occupy himself.

So when the files were denied to him, Peter got up and stretched muscles that were a little stiff from being in one place for so long. Then he called Bob and the two walked the empty corridors to the closest exit, where Peter went out with the dog to give him a chance to pee. The night was incredibly quiet – which was unnerving to a city kid like Peter who was used to having noises all around him. He let Bob take his time, but as soon as the mastiff was done, he hustled the dog inside and closed the door securely behind them.

There were probably wolves or lions or something out there, waiting to eat one scrawny kid the minute his back was turned.

He took Bob back to his quarters and double checked the food dish, and made sure there was water. Then he changed into sweats and a sweatshirt – painfully aware that Tony wasn’t going to be keeping him warm that evening, and went to bed.

As if aware that Peter felt alone in the huge bed, Bob didn’t flop down on the floor when he was done getting his drink. He hopped up onto the bed and flopped down, heavily, in the space next to Peter, waffling the boy in a not so subtle plea to be cuddled.

The boy was more than willing. He rubbed the dog’s side, lovingly, and Bob rolled to give him access to his stomach, which made Peter smile and scratch him lightly until the big animal fell asleep. Peter wondered what Tony was doing, but didn’t want to call and possibly interrupt him. He looked at his watch and did the math in his head and sighed.

Maybe Tony would call him, later.

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“What are you doing?”

Peter looked over at Nick, who was wearing a pair of black sweats and a form fitting black t-shirt and looking sleepy – although it was hard to tell, really, with the eye-patch.

“Playing cards.”

He held up the deck.

“Trouble sleeping?”

The boy flushed a little, embarrassed, but he nodded.

“Yes.” He didn’t want Nick to think he was worried about Tony and the others – although he knew that he was, a little. “Since I was little, though. It’s nothing new.”

The SHIELD director nodded.
“You mind if I join you?”

“No.”

Nice gathered the cards that were laid out in a solitaire formation without asking for permission, and shuffled them.

“Do you know how to play blackjack?”

“A little. It’s 21, right?”

“Correct. I’ll deal.”

They played a few hands to allow Peter to familiarize himself with the game a little more, and then Nick reshuffled the deck and started playing more seriously, now. As they played, he asked Peter about himself; the usual things, and then, as the night deepened and drew closer to morning, things that were a little more personal. He heard about Peter’s aunt and uncle, and what they were like, and then Peter told him what he could remember of his parents – which might have only been memories given to him from stories that Ben and May had told the boy during his childhood.

Fury was a good listener, though – as good at interrogations as most of the Avengers, and better than most (Romanoff being an exception, of course) – and he asked subtle questions that drew the boy out, nodding and making the right noises at the right time.

“They sound like they were all good people,” he finally said, when Peter ran out of things to say.

“They were.”

“They must have been,” he was told. “Because you’re a good guy. That kind of thing doesn’t happen by accident.”

Peter’s blush was instant, but he also felt a surge of happiness at the praise for his now gone family. The fact that someone as awe-inspiring as Nick Fury could say something so sincerely nice about his parents and aunt and uncle made him feel good. It wasn’t the same kind of good that he felt when Tony said something nice about him, but he felt it just the same.

“Thank you.”

As if he understood, Fury nodded.

“You should try to get some sleep, Mr. Parker,” he said, gathering up the cards. “I’m not saying that as a baby-sitter, but I will point out that if you’re grumpy tomorrow, I’m not afraid to put you to work doing dishes or something to keep you occupied.”

The boy smiled.

“You can put me to work, anyway, if something needs to be done.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. Good night.”

“Good night, Nick.” Peter got to his feet, stretching, and looking at his watch. It was pretty late. He hesitated, though. “Will you let me know if they check in, though? You know, just so I know that they’re okay?”

Fury nodded.
“I will.”

Peter left the lounge, and went back to his quarters, feeling tired enough that he was pretty sure he’d be able to sleep for a while. Whether he stayed asleep? That was another matter, entirely. He found Bob still sprawled in his bed, where he’d left him, and the dog opened his eyes just long enough to move over half an inch or so to give Peter some room on the bed before he went back to sleep.

The boy covered up as well as he could since the blankets were mostly pinned under the dog, cuddled against the warm side and went to sleep.

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“How’s it going?”

“This place is a mess, Nick. Steve and Clint are all over the place, putting the right words in the right mouths – and Romanoff is terrifying and threatening and not leaving any doubt just what will happen if this little alliance they’ve forge fails.”

“Any indication that it will?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. We’re not coming home, today though – not a chance in hell. The situation is too volatile.”

“Yeah. I’m not surprised.”

“How’s Peter?”

“Sleeping in, I think. Security saw him outside in the wee hours of the morning with Bob, and then I found him in the lounge and played cards with him until o-dark hundred this morning. I sent him to bed around four-thirty, and I know he was spotted with Bob around 7am. Hasn’t been seen, since.”

“Is he alright?”

“He’s fine, Tony. I’ll take care of him. You know that.”

“Yeah. I do. If you see him before I talk to him, tell him I’ll call him as soon as I can, will you?”

“Yes.”

“And make sure he eats.”

“I will.”

“No.”

“Strawberries, I know.”

“Thanks, Nick.”

“You’re welcome. Stay safe, will you? That is not a conversation I want to have with him. Understand?”

“Yeah. We’re good. Natasha won’t let anyone hurt me. You know that.”

“Check in with me when you can.”
“Will do.”

The call ended and Tony looked at the others.

“Nick said he’s fine.”

“Did he sleep?” Sam asked.

“He’s sleeping in, he thinks.”

“Did he eat?” Natasha asked. “A real meal? Not cereal, or something?”

“I don’t think so. Not, yet.”

“He needs to eat, Tony…” Steve pointed out. “He-“

“Guys…” Stark held his hand up, to stop them all. “I’m in complete agreement with you. But I am also in Germany with you. Which means you have just as much contact with him as I do, I’ll remind you all. Make sure you remind him all of these things…”

“Don’t think we won’t,” Romanoff said.

“I’m counting on it,” he admitted.

If the Avengers nagged him, Peter would take care of himself while Tony wasn’t there to take care of him.
The sound of his phone alerting him to a text drew Peter’s attention from his cards. And drew everyone else’s, as well.

“Which one was that?” Robert asked, torn between amusement and annoyance.

Peter looked at his phone.

“Steve. Asking if you guys have fed me and Bob dinner, yet.”

“Text him back and tell him that if he and the others don’t stop nagging, we’re going to eat you for dinner,” Fury said, looking up from his own cards.

The boy smiled at the threat and typed it into his phone, taking a picture of the table; complete with Robert, Nick Fury and agent Phil Coulson, whom Peter was introduced to, just that morning, once he and Bob had gone looking for breakfast – or lunch, really, since it was almost noon.

He’d spent the day roaming the compound with Bob beside him, and responding to the several text messages that he’d received. To his delight – and awe – they weren’t all from Tony, either. The others were checking up on him, too. Even Bruce, who complained that the weather in Germany was cold and wet and that the food was out of a can instead of fresh like he preferred.

Before dinner, Nick had come and found him, pointing out that he wasn’t going to be allowed to become a hermit just because the others weren’t around to hang out with.

“Plenty of interesting people here,” he’d told Peter as the three of them walked to the lounge. “Not just the superheroes.”

Peter agreed, of course. He’d already figured that out. When they’d reached the lounge, Robert and Coulson were at a table, talking, and the doctor had waved the boy over.

“Tony wanted me to check your hand,” he said by way of greeting. He rolled his eyes. “Technically, he ordered me to, but since he doesn’t sign my paycheck, I’ll call it a favor, instead.”

“It’s okay,” Peter had assured him.

“One way to be sure.” Robert had gestured for the boy to give him his hand, and Peter rolled his eyes and sat down, doing as he was told. The doctor had pulled out a small kit; scissors, bandages and tape, and had pulled the old bandages off and all three men had checked the burn and the stitches. “It looks pretty good,” Robert agreed. “The burn isn’t as bad as I anticipated, and the stitches are healing well.”

“To hear Tony tell it, your hand was going to fall off any minute,” Fury added.

“I heal fast,” Peter said. “It was pretty sore for a while, though.”

“I saw the medical file,” the doctor told him.

“You did?”

“Of course.” He started to bandage Peter’s hand, much more expertly than Tony had done. “You don’t really think I’d trust your care to some underpaid third year resident in the county hospital, do you?”
“I guess I never thought of it,” Peter admitted, touched.

“We’re going to have dinner,” Fury had told him, then, while Robert was clearing the equipment. “You can take a picture and send it off so Tony and the others will stop annoying me with demands for updates on what you’re doing every half an hour.”

“Are they really doing that?”

“They take turns,” Robert told him, amused, because he’d received a few texts, as well – although his had all been from Tony. “What is he doing? Where is he? Is it raining, still? Is he outside? Don’t let him skip dinner.” He rolled his eyes. “The man is clearly obsessed.”

The boy had smiled at that, too.

“Let’s eat,” Fury had said. “Then we’re going to teach you how to play Pinochle.”

“Hi, honey.”

Peter smiled, looking at his phone and the image on it. Tony looked a little tired, but was still as handsome and wonderful as ever, and the boy hoped he looked just as good to the older man.

“Hi, daddy…”

He was in bed, with Bob asleep beside him when Tony had called him, finally, and Peter had been quick to grab his phone.

“What are you doing?”

“We just got done playing cards,” he reported. “Nick and Robert taught me how to play Pinochle. Do you know Agent Coulson?”

“Yes.”

“He played, too. They’re going to teach me poker, tomorrow. How are you?”

“I’m fine. We’re getting this mess cleaned up as fast as we can. How is your hand? Robert told me he had a chance to look at it, earlier.”

Which means that he’d talked to the doctor sometime between dinner and just then, Peter decided.

“It hardly hurts. The burn looks good, he said.”

“How’s Bob?”

“Asleep.” Peter turned the phone so he could see the dog snoring beside him, and then turned it back to himself. “I miss you.”

Even on the screen he could see the way the other man’s expression softened.

“Oh, Peter, I miss you, too, honey. This is important, though. You know that, right?”

“Yeah. Of course. I understand. I do. But it doesn’t mean I have to like it, right?”

“That is true. Tell me what you did, today.”
“I looked around a bit, with Bob. We met Phil, and Robert and Nick are going to take me golfing, tomorrow. Had lunch, played cards, Robert looked at my hand… had dinner, took Bob out, and then spent some time in the lounge putting together another jigsaw puzzle with Nick before coming here to bed.”

“Sounds like a good day.”

“What did you do?”

“Hovered around looking intimidating while thinking of you. I want to be inside you so desperately, honey.”

Peter smiled at that.

“I need you to be, daddy.”

“When I get home, I’m going to take you to bed and keep you there…”

The boy felt himself becoming aroused at the imagery that the words brought to mind, and his hand slid down his belly and into his sweats.

“Then what, daddy?” he asked, almost breathlessly. “What will you do to me?”

Tony’s expressive eyes darkened with desire that even Peter could recognize.

“Do you want me to tell you, honey? I could describe it to you… could help you take care of yourself, since I’m not there to do it for you. My beautiful baby… so hot… are you hard, baby? Eager for your daddy?”

“Yes.”

“Are you touching yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Show me.”

The boy turned the phone toward his lap, pulling the blankets aside so Tony could see the bulge in his sweats – and the hand that was stroking himself under the fabric.

“Pull your pants down, baby,” Tony said, hungrily. “I want to see you.”

Peter did as he was told, freeing his now achingly hard cock from his sweats.

“Daddy…”

“You’re so beautiful, honey,” Tony murmured, his voice filled with desire. “So sexy. Daddy wants to suck on his baby. Lick you, and tease you until you’re begging me to swallow you.”

“Yes…” Peter was stroking himself, rhythmically, now, eyes closed since the phone was turned toward the hand that was on his cock, instead of on him. “I need that. I want my daddy…”

“I’m going to get you in the bed and roll you onto your stomach,” Tony told him. “Then I’m going to play with your perfect ass. I’ll slide my fingers into you and tease you, until you’re writhing with need, begging me to spread your legs and get between them…”
“Oh…” He was so close, already. So anxious. “Please, daddy…”

“You’re so beautiful, baby…” Tony crooned. “So amazing. I’ll slide myself into you. I’ll fill you with daddy’s cock and hold you down and keep fucking you until you’re begging me…”

That was all Peter needed. He stifled a moan and climaxed, splattering his hand and his t-shirt with hot cum as his hand worked his cock even harder, getting that last, incredible sensation of release as his hips jerked, and his heart pounded in his chest.

Tony cooed at him over the phone, encouraging him to keep going, telling him how sexy he looked, dirtying himself like he was. Peter finally fell still, and took a deep breath.

“Let me see you, honey,” Tony told him.

The boy turned the phone back up so he could see the older man, and he smiled, shyly, his cheeks flushed.

“HI, daddy…”

“You’re so beautiful, Peter,” Tony told him, softly. “Did that feel good?”

“Yes.”

“I want you to take a hot shower and clean yourself up,” Tony told him. “Then put on warm sweats and a long-sleeved shirt and get under your blankets – cuddle up with Bob and use him to keep you nice and warm.”

“I will.”

“Then go to sleep, and try to only think of good things. Can you do that, honey?”

“Yes, daddy.”

“Good. We’ll be home as soon as we can. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

“Goodnight, baby.”

The call ended and Peter moved the phone to the nightstand and stretched out for a moment, enjoying the aftermath of his climax, even though he’d become accustomed to having Tony doing all of the work, now. He grinned at that, and rolled out of the bed and headed for the bathroom to do as he’d been told.

He might even manage to sleep through the night.
A low growl woke Peter the next morning. He frowned, sleepily, and opened his eyes as he lifted his head. If not for the fact that he was cuddled right up against Bob, he never would have believed the sound had come from the mastiff, since he’d never heard him growl, before.

But he was. His head was up, his entire body – almost 200 pounds of dog – was tense and alert, and he was looking at the door to the room, which was open. A man was standing in the doorway, looking uncertain. He was in a SHIELD uniform, and probably only a few years older than Peter, himself. When the boy raised his head and followed Bob’s gaze toward the door, the guy smiled – looking nervous, although Peter could understand completely.

“Peter? I’m John Wilson. Director Fury is unavailable for a short time and has asked me to come by and make sure you didn’t need anything this morning.”

“What? Oh. No, I’m fine. Thanks.”

The man nodded, looking at Bob, who was still watching him, suspiciously. Clearly the mastiff was wary of strangers coming to close to Peter when the boy was asleep. Peter would have to remember to tell Tony. He’d get a kick out of that, most likely.

“They’ve started serving breakfast in the lounge – whenever you’re ready. It’s raining, again, and we didn’t know if you have a jacket that’s water-proof so I brought you one. For when you need to go outside with your dog.”

He hooked a black coat onto the inside of the doorknob.

“Thank you.”

He nodded and left, closing the door behind him and Peter put his head back down on the pillow, stretching under the blankets. He’d managed to sleep through the night, cuddled up against Bob’s side. Not that the dog was a complete substitute for Tony, but he was warm, and big enough that Peter felt protected – even while he was sleeping.

Of course, the conversation that he’d had with Tony probably hadn’t hurt, either.

The mastiff stretched, too, and got up, looking pointedly at Peter before jumping down off the bed. Peter rolled his eyes and got out of bed, too. But before he wet to change into something a little more capable of handling the weather, he made sure to grab a couple of towels, as well. He’d need to dry the dog before allowing him into the compound.

They found him eating breakfast in the lounge, with Bob on the floor at his feet (all the way up to his knees) gnawing on a ham bone the kitchen helper had found for him.

Robert and Nick sat across from the boy, and the doctor noticed that the bandaged hand was the one Peter was using to hold his fork – albeit gingerly.

“We’re not golfing in this weather,” he said to the boy.

“Yeah,” Peter nodded. “I was wondering.”
"Knowing my luck, we’d get hit by lightning," Fury added. "So, you have a choice."

Peter looked at him, swallowing the mouthful of food he’d been chewing.

“What?”

“The SHIELD guys are doing laser tag combat training this morning in the battle room and you can join one of their teams – basically, for you, it’ll just be a specialized game of laser tag with twenty of your closest friends all trying to kill you.”

“Or…?”

“You can wash dishes in the commissary.”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“I’ll play laser tag.” He looked down at Bob. “But he’d be in the way. I could wash-“

“I’ll watch him,” Robert assured the boy. “We’ll spend the morning relaxing, right here, with a good book for me, and whatever it is he’s chewing on, for him.”

“Thanks.” Peter looked at Fury, hesitating. “Any news on what’s going on with the others?”

“Things are a bit tense,” Nick admitted with a shrug. “But they have to be, in his case. It’ll make the resolution come more quickly if they can draw out all factions at once.”

“They’re okay, though?”

“Yeah, Peter,” he said, nodding. “They’re a topnotch group – the whole reason I sent them, and not a different team. They’re the best.”

The boy echoed his nod, feeling relieved.

“When does the laser tag begin?”

Fury looked at his watch.

“In about an hour and a half. You met Agent Wilson this morning?”

“Yes.”

“He’ll be captain of your team. Report to the briefing room outside of the battle room at 10am. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Don’t be late, or you might end up being the victim of friendly fire in there.”

Peter grinned.

“I won’t.”

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“Peter’s going to freak out.”

Tony scowled, looking at his face in the reflection of the metal arm of his suit. He had a cut lip,
which was swelling even as he watched, practically, and a bruised cheek.

“Maybe I’ll just do a voice only call.”

“I can use some foundation to hide the bruise,” Natasha offered. “The lip is going to show, though, no matter what you put on it.”

“Maybe some lipstick,” Rhodey suggested, smirking.

“Fire engine red has always been a favorite of mine,” Steve added.

The billionaire nodded to Romanoff, ignoring the others.

“Do what you can, please,” he requested. “I’ll take care of Peter.”

Natasha smirked, now, and gave him a knowing look.

“I bet you will.”

He frowned, obviously not having a clue what she thought was so amusing, but didn’t ask. Instead, he held himself still while she used her makeup to cover the bruise that was forming.

“What are you going to tell him?” Steve asked, curiously, while they all watched.

“The truth,” Tony replied. “Just not all of it.”

“Don’t tell him we’re almost ready to come home,” Bruce suggested. “He’ll get wired and won’t be able to sleep.”

“Good suggestion.”

Bruce was right, Tony knew. Proving that they were all getting to know the boy, by now. Which Tony approved of, completely.

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“HI, Peter, how- what happened to your forehead?”

“What happened to your lip?”

That hadn’t taken long.

“I’ll tell you in a minute. What happened?”

“I was playing laser tag with the SHIELD guys,” Peter told him, grinning excitedly at the thought of him doing something like that. “And ran around a corner and right into the barrel of a gun.”

“What?”

“Not a real gun. Just one of the laser tag rifles,” Peter told him, quickly.

“I thought you were going to go golfing today?”

“It’s raining. What happened to your lip?”

“I sort of was blown out of the sky.”
“What?”

“What happened?”

“We had a bit of a firefight,” the billionaire told him. “Or rather, I had a bit of a firefight. All of the weaponry these folks have – had – is ground to air, and I’m the only one in the air.”

“What am I?” Rhodey asked. “Chopped liver?”

Tony rolled his eyes and Peter smiled at the look – and the comment, that told him Tony wasn’t alone, just then.

“Fine, I had a little help.”

Rhodey snorted, and stuck his head in between the phone’s camera and Tony, taking the fore of the conversation.

“I was there, too, Peter,” he said. “And I didn’t get knocked out of the sky.”

“Because the bad guys always target the biggest threat, first,” Tony told the boy, pushing his friend’s face away. “And I’m fine. Okay?”

“Yeah.” If he was well enough to banter with the others, then he was probably fine. “I miss you guys.”

His way of telling Tony – who was in a crowd – that he missed him.

“We miss you, too. What else did you do, today?”

“I had lunch with Nick and Agent Coulson and then I spent the afternoon with Bob. We’re getting ready to have dinner, now, and then we’re going to play poker.”

“Be careful. Nick’s pretty good. Don’t go losing all your money to him.”

Peter shook his head with a smile.

“We’re playing for m&m’s.”

“Good.”

“Can I use your workroom, tonight?”

“As long as you don’t stay up late, you can. You don’t need to ask, Peter.”

That made him happy, Tony could see.

“Thanks. What are you doing?”

“It’s the middle of the night, here. We’re going to grab a bite to eat. I’ll talk to you soon, okay?”

“Okay. Tell everyone I said hello.”

“I will. Don’t stay up late, tonight, okay?”

“Alright. Be safe.”
“You, too.”
“Are you going to bed?”

“I’m going to go check in with Peter, first.”

“Is he in bed?” Natasha asked, looking a little tired. Which was exactly how Tony felt. It had been a long couple of days. “You know he doesn’t sleep well.”

“FRIDAY sent him to bed an hour ago,” he told her with a smile. “She turned off the displays in the lab and suggested he get some sleep.”

“Doesn’t mean he listened.”

“She says he did.”

His AU was, technically, everywhere, since it was networked into the security protocols in the compound. If there was a camera, FRIDAY was connected – and that meant Tony was, as well. None in the personal quarters, but all over the corridors and common rooms. Peter was last seen entering his rooms with Bob less than an hour ago, and wasn’t showing up in any of the common areas.

“Why don’t you stay with him?” she suggested, her eyes understanding. “He’ll stay in his bed with you there to keep him safe. Besides, he’ll probably want the company since you’ve been gone.”

“I might do that,” Tony told her. “We’ll see you in the morning.”

“Not too early.”

“Right.”

They parted at the corridor that led to their individual quarters, and Tony stopped at his own, first, to take a quick shower and change into something more comfortable than the clothes that he’d been wearing the last 14 hours. He tossed his travel bag onto his bed and vanished into the bathroom, emerging half an hour later freshly washed and relieved to have had a chance to shave the unwanted stubble from his jaw and cheeks and to trim the neatly kept facial hair that he enjoyed seeing in his reflection.

Then he went to Peter’s rooms next door, and silently let himself in.

He smiled when he saw that Bob was sleeping beside Peter in the bed. The boy was cuddled up against the mastiff, his bandaged hand tucked between them and his face completely buried in the tawny colored fur. Bob opened an eye when Tony approached the bed, and in the near dark of the room Tony could hear the dog’s tail thumping the bed covers.

“Shhh…”

He walked around to the other side of the bed and slipped his shirt off, although he kept his sweats on, and then slid under the covers, pressing up against the warm body that was so small compared to the huge dog he was up against. Peter was wearing sweats, too, as well as a sweatshirt.
Tony’s hand went under the heavy fabric to slide along the boy’s ribs and his face went into Peter’s neck.

“Hi, baby,” he whispered.

Peter came awake instantly, startled, despite Tony trying to be soothing.

“What-?”

“Shhhh…” Tony interrupted, bringing his other arm under Peter’s slight frame so he could wrap both arms around him. “It’s me, honey.”

“Daddy?”

“Yeah. We’re home.”

The boy rolled in his embrace, and in the dim light, Tony smiled at the surprise in his wonderful eyes.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were on the way?”

“I wanted to surprise you.”

“How’s your lip?”

“It’s fine. Let me prove it.”

He bent his head and kissed Peter, gently, and then with a little more insistence when the boy moaned and opened his mouth for the older man’s tongue. He tasted him; running his tongue along Peter’s mouth, and then his lips, individually, before he pulled back with a series of butterfly kisses along the corner of his mouth.

“I missed you,” Peter said, breathlessly.

Tony smiled at that.

“I missed you, too, honey. Go back to sleep, okay?”

He closed his eyes, almost automatically obeying him – he was tired, after all. But they opened, immediately, and Tony could see a hint of fear in his expression.

“You’ll stay?”

“Yes,” Tony promised him, guiding the boy’s head to his shoulder. “I’m not going anywhere.”

“Okay…” The billionaire felt Peter shift just enough to press kisses of his own against his jaw and neck before settling, once more. “I’m glad you’re home,” he said, simply.

“So am I.”

Tony closed his eyes, hand caressing the boy’s side, absently, and fell asleep almost instantly. Peter, bracketed between Bob behind him and Tony in front of him, was warm and protected. He took a little longer to sleep, but when he did, it was deep and dreamless.

>><><><><><<<
A hand sliding against his chest woke him, much later, and Tony sighed at the sensation. He blindly reached for hand, catching it and bringing it up to his lips to kiss the palm.

“Go back to sleep,” Peter whispered. “I didn’t mean to wake you. I just wanted to make sure you were real.”

“I’m very real,” Tony promised him, opening his eyes so he could look at his baby. “How does your hand feel?”

He noticed Peter had reached out with the uninjured one – probably automatically.

“It’s okay. Robert said the stitches can come out in a few days. I heal pretty quick.”

“And the burn?”

“It’s pretty good. Doesn’t hurt.”

“Good.” He guided the hand that he was holding back to his chest. “Touch me, honey. I missed your touch.”

Peter smiled and did as he was told; running his fingertip along Tony’s chest and belly, bringing the fingers to tease the older man’s nipples, one by one, lightly, and then sliding along the wispy trail of hairs that channeled toward the waistband of his sweats. Tony froze, waiting with eager anticipation as the boy teased his lower belly, sliding his finger into his belly button before slipping his hand under Tony’s sweats and finding his already interested penis.

“Hello, daddy,” Peter whispered with a smile that lit up his expressive eyes. “What do we have here?”

Tony’s groan was muffled, only because they had to be quiet since they weren’t at home.

“Oh, fuck, honey,” he crooned. “Keep your hand right there. No matter what.”

“Right here?” Peter asked, his eyes alight with mischief, as his fingers closed around Tony’s shaft and he started caressing him from root to head, his thumb sliding along the slit and then finding the sensitive spot under the head. “Is this what my daddy wants? His baby to touch him?”

Tony trembled under the touch – and the words. It wasn’t dirty talk, really – but coming from Peter’s mouth and with the word daddy, it absolutely was just that. He could feel the blood rushing to his groin, swelling his cock in Peter’s loving touch until it was throbbing almost painfully.

“Yes… please…”

His hips were moving, now, in time with Peter’s gentle strokes, forcing his cock through his fingers and against the boy’s palm. Peter tightened his hold just enough to give him more friction without causing pain.

“Daddy… you’re so beautiful. So hard for me.”

Tony groaned, wanting more.

“Suck me, baby,” he moaned. “Please? Put me in your mouth and take me.”

The boy pulled his hand from Tony’s pants and shifted, but before he could turn himself in order to put his head in the older man’s lap, Tony moved, too, taking Peter’s leg and swinging it over his head, bringing the boy into a position where he was actually straddling Tony, who immediately
reached up and pulled the front of Peter’s sweats down, freeing the boy’s cock and proving that he hadn’t been immune to Tony’s pleasured noises.

Peter made an interesting noise when Tony’s hands moved to his hips to pull him down enough that the billionaire could pull his cock into his mouth, and he felt a tremor run through the boy even as he felt Peter’s mouth close over his cock.

Tony closed his eyes, concentrating on swallowing Peter’s cock deep into his throat, while trying to resist the urge to slam his hips up and drive his cock down Peter’s gullet. He hums, both to increase the pleasure he’s giving his young lover and to make sure to let Peter know he approves of what he’s doing to him. He pulled back, his lips tightening, lightly, around just the head of Peter’s cock so his tongue can tease it, dabbing into the slit, playing with the underside, using all of his vast experience to show Peter just how much he missed the taste of him.

It worked, of course.

With a strangled cry, muffled by the fact that he refused to release Tony’s cock, Peter climaxed. His body tensed, his cock and balls tightened, and he knew Tony felt it coming by the way his hands tightened on his hips and his mouth opened wider, allowing Peter to thrust down, eagerly, feeding him the first spurt of salty cum.

Peter gurgled on Tony’s cock, which was twitching and moving as if it had a life of its own, just then. Still riding his orgasm, he fed Tony while his hand went to the older man’s balls and caressed them, triggering a climax of his own.

Tony’s cry of pleasure was equally hard to understand, his mouth being full of Peter’s cock, but it was more than enough. They both sucked the other through their mutual climaxes, pleasure causing them to tremble with release, and tongues taking care to finish the job properly.

Finally with a satiated sigh of utter bliss, Tony pulled Peter back off his cock and helped them boy turn around in his embrace, once more, reaching down and adjusting their clothing.

“That was so good, honey,” he murmured. “Did you like it?”

“Yes, daddy,” Peter told him, breathlessly. “Very much.”

“Me, too…”

They held each other, kissing and petting, lightly, as their pulses stopped racing, and their breathing steadied. Tony finally slid his fingers through Peter’s hair, lovingly.

“It’s still early, baby…” he crooned. “Go back to sleep for a little while. Okay?”

“You, too…”

“I will.”

Still holding the boy, he did just that.

Chapter End Notes

wow, we're in the hundreds! thanks for all the comments and kudos - they're the reason
I kept going and will continue to do so
The table was full when Tony and Peter arrived at breakfast the next morning, Bob ambling beside Tony. Natasha smiled up at the boy and gestured for him to take the chair next to her own, and he did, leaving Tony’s side for the first time since waking up with him sliding under the blankets with him.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” Natasha told him, an arm going around his shoulders so she could pull him into a hug. “Did you miss us?”

“Yes.” He hugged her, tightly, to prove it. “Is everything alright?”

She nodded, brushing a kiss against his cheek as she let him go.

“It’s fine. We did what we needed to do and got out of there as soon as we could.”

He looked at the faces of the people around the table, but as far as he could tell, Tony was the only one with any injury.

“We’re all fine,” Sam told him, correctly interpreting the look. “Tony was the only one that took any kind of hit.”

“And they don’t call me marshmallow man,” the billionaire reminded him from the seat he’d taken beside Steve. “I’m Ironman for a reason.”

“Besides, Tony taking the hits gave us a chance to flush the folks we were looking for,” Clint added. "That got us home sooner than I expected."

Peter looked at Bruce, who had accompanied the group, and the scientist understood the silent question.

“They didn’t need me, so I just went along to buy the souvenirs.”

The boy smiled at that, thinking that he was kidding, but suddenly found several bags shoved over to him from every direction, until there was a small pile in front of him.

“What’s this?”

“We missed you,” Natasha told him, smiling. “So we brought you presents.”

Tony smiled at the way Peter’s eyes lit up with happiness at the words, thinking again how very different it must be for him to have a room full of people who cared about him, when for a while there it had only been just Peter, all by himself. Never mind that it was the Avengers. It was people. He watched as Peter opened each bag, pulling out-shirts with witty German sayings on them, and a hat, a sweatshirt and several keychains and postcards – as well as all kinds of foreign treats and candies.

“Wow… thanks, guys.”

“You’re welcome,” Sam told him, reaching over and stealing a chocolate from his pile. “Now, what did you do while we were gone?”

The boy looked over at Fury.
“Nick taught me how to play Pinochle, poker and blackjack.”

“In all fairness,” Fury said. “He already had the blackjack basics down. I just gave him pointers.”

“And I spent time with Bob, and some time in Tony’s workroom.”

“Sounds like a much more relaxing time than we had,” Steve told him.

“I need a few days off,” Clint said, stretching.

“Agreed.” Tony looked at Peter. “I know I promised we were going to come out here this weekend and go down to Dallas before you start schooling and your internship. Would you mind if we hold off on the trip until next weekend?”

“No. Of course not.”

Truth be told, he was a little tired from being worried.

“Good.” Tony looked at Natasha. “We’re heading back to the city today. Expect us next weekend, though, for the Dallas trip.”

“Sounds good.”

“Are you going to bring Bob?” Steve asked, curiously.

Tony looked at Peter, who shrugged.

“Monica could watch him – maybe.”

“If she won’t, you can leave him here,” Nick offered. “I’ll watch him for you.”

Nick, of course, knew all about Monica and Boomer by then. Midnight talks over cards will do that.

“We’ll see,” Tony said. “Thanks.”

“When are you leaving?” Natasha asked.

“Sometime before lunch, I think.”

“Then I call dibs on Peter for the morning.”

The billionaire frowned, even as the boy blushed with pleasure at being wanted and smiled.

“Can you call dibs on a person?”

“Are you going to argue with her?” Steve asked, pointedly.

He looked at the assassin and then shook his head.

“I am not.”

Romanoff smirked; it was good to be dangerous, sometimes. She looked over at Peter.

“You don’t mind spending time with me, this morning?”

“No.”
“Good.”

“Do you have everything?”

“I think so.”

“We’re just going to leave Bob’s things here, okay? That way we’re not toting supplies for him back and forth.”

“Makes sense.”

Tony picked up Peter’s backpack and slung it over his shoulder, and Peter took the bag with all his Germany souvenirs.

“Happy just pulled up. Let’s go home.”

Peter nodded and they went out to greet the car, with Happy standing beside it talking to Fury.

“Thanks for hanging out with me,” Peter told the SHIELD director. “I had a good time.”

“You’re welcome,” Nick told him, sincerely. “We’ll put on a supply of m&m’s for our next poker tournament.”

The boy smiled and nodded his agreement, then followed Bob into the car.

“Gambling, Nick?” Tony asked, shaking his head. “Really?”

“It’s m&m’s, Tony. Watch out, though; he’s analytical. If he learns how to count cards, he’s going to be dangerous.”

The billionaire nodded and offered Fury his hand.

“Thanks for keeping him company.”

“Anytime.”

Tony got into the car and settled beside Peter, and Happy shut the door.

“Do we need to stop anywhere, boss?” he asked over the intercom.

Tony looked at Peter.

“Need anything?”

“No.”

“We’re good, Happy. Just home, I think.”

He turned off the intercom and leaned back, closing his eyes with a tired sigh.

“Are you too tired to hold me?” Peter asked, uncertainly.

He knew Tony hadn’t had a lot of sleep when he’d joined him in bed – and hadn’t slept on the flight home. He was probably wiped out. He certainly looked like he was.
Tony didn’t open his eyes, but he did smile and open his arms.

“I’m never too tired for you to be in my lap, honey,” he assured the boy as Peter climbed into his lap – and his arms. He tucked Peter’s head against his shoulder and turned his head to kiss him, softly. “You’re beautiful. You know that, right?”

Peter smiled at that and shivered, happily.

“I like it when you say things like that, daddy.”

“I know you do. But it’s true. Beautiful and smart, and amazing. I missed having you to hold any time I wanted to.”

“I missed you, too. So much.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. I mean, I understand why you had to go. It just doesn’t make it easier, if that makes sense?”

“Yeah.” He turned his head, again, his lips tracing kisses against the corner of Peter’s mouth. “I’ll make it up to you when we get home, though…”

“How?”

“Remember the other night? When I was talking to you on the phone? Telling you what I wanted to do to you?”

Peter nodded.

“Yes.”

“That’s how, honey. When we get home, you’re going to take Bob for a walk, while I make us some lunch. And then you and I are going to vanish into the bedroom and I’m going to spend the day inside you.”

Peter shivered and ran his tongue along Tony’s neck and jaw.

“I like that idea.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“What do you want me to do to you, honey?” he asked, sliding his hand down between the two of them and resting it lightly on Peter’s lap. “Tell me what daddy should do.”

“Anything.”

“Be specific. Like I was with you. Say the words, brave boy.”

Peter flushed, as he usually did, and he closed his eyes, his face pressing against Tony’s neck. But he wanted to please him, and he knew that Tony wanted him to be able to tell him what he wanted. “I want you to play with me, daddy,” he finally managed to whisper.
“With this?” Tony murmured, softly, sliding his hand along the denim that covered the slowly swelling front of Peter’s lap.

The boy shifted, restless and eager.

“Yes.”

“What else?”

Peter moaned. Tony was so very good at arousing him, and they both knew it.

“Can we take a bath?”

“Of course… I’ll wash my baby… slide my hands all over your body… play with your ass…”

“Yes… please, daddy…”

He chuckled, and pulled his hand away, squeezing Peter, tenderly and brushing his lips against the boy’s temple.

“I’m sorry, baby… let’s not get you too excited, just yet. We’ll save it for later, okay?”

The boy nodded, turning his head and resting his forehead against Tony’s shoulder and trying to calm his ultra-tense body while clinging to Tony, tightly.

“I’m so glad you’re home,” he whispered.

“So am I, honey.”
“Peter!”

The boy turned his attention from the tree Bob was checking out when he heard his name. He smiled when he saw Monica walking toward him, Boomer at her side. Also with her was a very large young man – maybe a year or so older than Peter, but probably twice as big. He was blonde, had a very faint line of stubble along his jaw and was holding the leash of an incredibly tiny dog.

“HI, Monica.” He bent and ran his hand along Boomer’s ears, cheerfully, and had just enough warning to move his hand when the chihuahua the boy was walking took a snap at him.

“Buster!”

The other boy reached down and picked the little dog up, frowning at it.

“That’s not alright.” He looked at Peter. “Sorry about that. Did he get you?”

Peter shook his head.

“I was too fast for him.”

“This is my grandson, Tate. Tate, this is Peter. He lives above me.”

Making sure the little dog was firmly ensconced in one arm, Tate offered Peter his other hand with a smile.

“Nice to meet you, Peter. Grandma’s told me a lot about you – and Bob, here. He’s a pretty good looking dog.”

“Yeah.” Peter smiled. “We got him from a rescue. Up by the Avenger’s compound, somewhere.”

Tate ignored the high-pitched growls coming from his little dog as he leaned down to pet Bob – who was also ignoring the little dog, in favor of sniffing rears with Boomer.

“Do you really know Tony Stark?”

Peter nodded.

“Yeah.”

“He thought I was making it up,” Monica told Peter, rolling her eyes, amused. “I told him, but he didn’t believe me. I even showed him the pictures – and he accused me of photoshopping them.”

Peter smiled at that.

“No. I live with him,” Peter said – assuming correctly that Monica already would have mentioned that. “She’s right.”

“That must be pretty amazing. What’s he like?”

“He’s pretty great. And he’s a good cook.”

“Does he wear the Ironman suit around the apartment?”
Monica laughed, and put her hand on her grandson’s arm, scowling when the little dog growled at her.

“You threaten me one more time, and I’ll have you neutered,” she told the dog, before turning her attention to Tate. “Peter has better things to do than answer a million questions about Tony,” she said. Then she looked at Peter. “Tate’s staying with me this weekend. If you’re free come down, sometime. Tony doesn’t have to come, too, but he’s invited – if he’s in the mood to be gawked at.”

Her grandson shrugged, but didn’t deny it.

“It was nice to meet you, Peter.”

“Yeah. You, too, Tate. I’ll come by sometime tomorrow, if that’s alright, Monica?”

“Come have lunch. Noon. We’ll lock Buster in the bathroom.”

“I’ll be there.”

They moved on, and Peter continued his walk with the dog. He didn’t hurry Bob – you couldn’t really hurry the easy-going mastiff, but he was eager to get done. Not only because it was chilly out, but Tony was waiting for him, after all. With lunch, and a hot bath.

The apartment smelled amazing when Peter finally came out of the elevator with Bob. The boy glanced over and saw Tony at the kitchen island, his back to the entrance of the apartment, and squatted down to take Bob’s harness off, freeing the dog to go see what the billionaire was cooking him.

Peter took a little longer. He hung up the leash and harness and then took his new SHIELD jacket off and hung it next to Tony’s $1200 jacket and then kicked off his shoes, too, opting for just socks, although Tony didn’t have any such rule in place.

The older man was handing Bob a slice of turkey when Peter walked up and leaned against the island, and he smile at Peter when he looked over. There were sandwiches grilling and Peter’s stomach growled in interest.

“That took a while.”

“Yeah. I ran into Monica and her grandson. We stopped to talk.” He told him about the conversation – and the aggressive little dog. And the invitation to lunch the next day. “I accepted,” Peter said. “But I didn’t say you were going to come, so you don’t have to feel like you’re getting roped into anything.”

“No, I’ll come, too,” Tony told him, cheerfully. “If nothing else, we’ll prove to him that Monica didn’t photoshop me.”

Besides, Tony loved being the center of attention. He couldn’t help himself.

“Noon.”

“Got it.” He smiled at his baby. “Are you hungry?”

“Yeah. It smells good.”

“Grab a couple of plates, honey.”
They ate at the table, and Tony was – as always – pleased by Peter’s appetite. The boy wasn’t gaining a lot of weight, but it wasn’t from a lack of trying. Of course, he clearly had an incredibly active metabolism, and he was active and energetic, so that was probably working against any weight gain goals. Not that Tony wanted to change that. Especially the active part. He’d been away far too long, and was enjoying the anticipation of having Peter to himself the rest of the day.

He finished first, and watched with a completely different kind of enjoyment as the boy ate his third sandwich.

“Do you want another?”

Peter shook his head.

“No, daddy.”

“If you do the dishes, I’ll run us a bath.”

Which made the boy smile, as Tony had hoped it would.

“All right.”

Stark got up, and leaned over, running a hand along Peter’s shoulder when he kissed the boy’s curls.

“Don’t be too long.”

He left, going into his bedroom and stopping long enough to change out of his clothes and into just a pair of pajama bottoms before starting the water in his tub. He sat on the edge, his hand idly caressing the growing bulge in his lap, while he watched the water running. For shits and giggles, he threw in some lavender bath bombs to give them bubbles when he turned on the jets to low.

“I’m done…”

Peter was leaning against the bathroom door, watching Tony and admiring just how incredibly handsome the man was. His body wasn’t sculpted like some – Steve, for example – but he was in great shape and muscular. Perfect, as far as Peter was concerned. Especially when he turned to look at him, and his eyes went soft, like they almost always did.

“Come here, honey,” he said, moving his legs apart to give Peter an indication where he wanted him.

The boy stepped into that space. A space that was only for him, he knew. It made him feel special.

“Hi, daddy,” Peter said, putting his hands on Tony’s shoulders and pulling him into a hug.

Tony closed his eyes, leaning his forehead against the boy’s belly, closing his eyes and he brought his arms around Peter’s hips, hooking his fingers in the belt loops of the boy’s jeans.

“You’re so amazing, Peter,” he murmured, softly. “How do you know when I need you to hold me? Is it one of those spider things?”

“It’s a coincidence,” was the response. “I just always want to hold you.”

They were still for a long moment, simply holding the other and wallowing in the fact that neither was actually alone, any longer. Then Tony leaned back and reached for the button on Peter’s jeans.

“The water’s going to get cold,” he said, undoing them and pulling the zipper down. “We can’t have that.”
“No.”

Peter watched as Tony slid his pants down off his hips and he kept his hand on his shoulder for support as he stepped out of his jeans. Then his socks and his shirt followed, and Tony slid his hands along the boy’s sides, admiring his firm, young body.

“You’re so beautiful, baby. So wonderful.”

He smiled when he watched Peter’s cock twitch in response to the praise, and the shudders that went through the lean frame.

“Yes…”

“My perfect boy,” Tony crooned, leaning forward to breathe gently on the boy’s quivering cock. “Just right for me.”

Peter’s hips moved forward, almost of their own volition, silently begging Tony to take care of the problem that he was creating. The billionaire chuckled, and brushed a wet, sloppy, kiss against the head of Peter’s cock, slurping it into his mouth, obscenely, and sucking on it for a moment, before pulling back and releasing it with a moist pop.

“Come on, honey,” he murmured. “Let’s get into the water. I want you on top of me.”

Peter stepped back to allow Tony to stand up. He watched as he pulled his own pants down, revealing that teasing and playing with Peter had had an affect on him, as well. He was already standing at full attention. He stepped into the tub, and then guided Peter down on top of him, his hand immediately going to the boy’s ass.

“Daddy…”

Peter’s cock was trapped between them, hard and aching. Tony had made sure that his own was more toward the boy’s rear. He played with Peter, which almost automatically had the boy’s hips moving delightfully against him.

“I want to be inside you, baby,” Tony told him, sliding his finger into the wonderfully tight ass. “But then you’re just going to keep me there, while I take care of you.”

It was clear that he didn’t, but Peter was enjoying what Tony was doing to him with those experienced fingers, and he wasn’t about to complain. He closed his eyes, leaning forward and raising his ass against Tony’s hand.

“Yes, daddy.”

“So beautiful, honey. My baby is amazing. You’re going to be such a good cockwarmer for daddy, aren’t you?”

“Yes…”

Tony smiled, and pulled his fingers from the boy’s tight hole.

“Raise up.”

His hands on Peter’s hips helped the boy as he was told, and then Tony guided the head of his cock into position and carefully lowered Peter onto him, watching his face as he impaled him.

“Is that good for you, baby?” he asked when Peter’s ass was flush against his pelvis and his weight
was holding Tony inside him, wonderfully.

The boy nodded.

“It feels good.”

Tony smiled, and then reached down between them, his fingers curling around Peter’s rod.

“I’m going to take care of you, now, baby,” he said, silkily. “But try to keep me inside you. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Daddy loves his baby boy,” Tony crooned, his fingers siding along Peter’s length. “His handsome baby. Beautiful baby. So smart… so talented. You’re so beautiful, Peter.”

Each time he praised him, Tony also rewarded Peter with his touch. His hand stroking the boy, playing with the head of his cock and his shaft, feeling as it swelled under word and contact.

“Yes.”

“Tell me how much you love it…”

“I love it, daddy,” Peter whined. “I need it.”

“You’re getting off on it, aren’t you, honey? Love having daddy stroke you and talk dirty to you…”

“Yes. More. Please, daddy. Don’t stop.”

“I’m going to make my baby feel good,” Tony promised him, his hand moving faster, now, his touch constant as he stroked him, his eyes locked on the boy’s. “My baby… perfect. amazing. So brave.”

Peter came with a cry of release, tossing his head back and causing Tony’s cock to twitch – almost triggering his own climax. The billionaire caressed the boy’s cock as he was painted with ropes of hot cum, encouraging him with more dirty talk as he stroked him, his thumb rubbing along that ultra sensitive head.

“That’s so good, honey,” he told Peter, who moaned and leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Tony’s cheek. “You did that just right. Did it feel good?”

“Yes. It was perfect.”

He chuckled, and hitched his hips, just a little, enjoying the sensation of filling Peter so completely.

“Good.”

“Now what?” Peter asked, realizing that Tony didn’t seem to be in any hurry to finish himself off inside him.

“Now I’m going to make you feel good, again. And again… until you just can’t go again.” He kissed Peter’s cheek, his hand once more beginning to move on him. “And then…? We’ll go once more. Of course.”

“Yes, daddy…”
They were both pruned and decidedly wrinkled by the time they pulled themselves out of the bathtub. The water never went cold on them; Tony would simply drain some out and add fresh, hot, water whenever it started to get too cool. Especially since Peter liked the water hot. He smiled at the boy when he pulled him into the shower from the bath. Mainly to get rid of any soap still on them, but also because he wanted one more chance to make sure Peter was warm, and a shower was the easiest way to do that.

“Did you like that, honey?” he asked, running a soapy towel along the boy’s chest.

He had put the bandaged hand in another plastic bag to protect the stitches, but Peter had told him that the burn didn’t hurt, at all, now, and he nodded, bracing himself with one of the safety bars along the wall. He was a little wobbly-kneed.

“It was intense.”

“How’s your rear?” he asked, sliding the washcloth over one cheek. “Sore?”

Tony had kept himself in Peter while he’d set the boy off four times. The first two times hadn’t taken long, but the third and then the fourth had taken a lot longer – and a lot more praise and dirty talk. Which had been fun for the billionaire as well as his young lover. Only then had he finally began moving himself inside Peter, his cock more than ready to explode by then; a combination of watching Peter climax repeatedly, and the fact that every time he did, those tight inner walls would clench around Tony and send shockwaves of pleasure through him.

Needless to say, it hadn’t taken Tony long to empty himself inside the boy.

And even then, he hadn’t pulled out, immediately, instead keeping himself inside him until it was simply impossible to stay where he was.

“A little,” Peter admitted. He smiled. “It was worth it, though. Having you there like that for so long.”

“You liked being my cockwarmer?”

“Is that what it’s called?”

“Yes.” He turned the spray onto Peter, to wash the soap off. “It can be in your mouth, or in your ass… either way, though, it still qualifies as such.”

“I liked it.”

“So we could do it again, sometime?”

“Yes. All the time.”

Tony chuckled and kissed the boy, sliding his hand along his flat stomach and down to his groin. There wasn’t even a twitch of interest when he fondled Peter, which meant that he’d done his job, correctly – and thoroughly.

“We’ll give you a rest for a while, honey,” the older man said, amused. “Speaking of rests, I could use a nap.”
Hot water and hot sex would tire anyone out.

“Sounds good, daddy.”

Peter took the cloth from Tony and used it to wash him, as well. He took his time, simply enjoying that he could touch him anytime and anywhere – at least, while they were home, he could. It wasn’t everything, but it was more than enough for Peter.

When they were done, Tony dried them both, taking charge of Peter like any good daddy would. He took extra time with those curls that he loved so much; drying the boy’s hair and then brushing it out, his expression tender while he tried to gain the upper hand on a cowlick at the boy’s forehead. Finally, he gave up and brushed a tender kiss against his lips.

“Let’s go get some rest,” he whispered into Peter’s mouth. “I want to play some more, after dinner, and we’re going to need the energy.”

Which made Peter shiver more than the cool air hitting his warm skin as they left the bathroom. He bundled under the blankets, immediately, trying to keep from losing too much of the heat he’d garnered in the tub and then the shower. Tony left the bedroom for just a moment, then returned and joined him under the blankets, gathering Peter protectively in his arms.

“I missed you, daddy,” Peter mumbled, closing his eyes and sliding one of his legs between Tony’s.

“I missed you, too, honey.”

They were silent for a while, and Tony was just starting to drift to sleep when Peter spoke, again.

“Daddy?”

“Hmm?”

“Can people do the… um… cockwarming thing while they’re sleeping?”

The billionaire chuckled, sleepily.

“No. If I tried, I’d slide out when I fell asleep.”

“Oh.”

“If you want something inside you, honey, we can get you a toy. It would be like the plug, only it could be bigger or longer, if you want. I’d still play with you before I took you.”

“No…” he sighed, shifting just a little. “I don’t want a toy. Just you.”

“Let me know if you change your mind.”

“Alright.”

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“I think I might have created a monster…”

Peter blushed, and buried his face into Tony’s shoulder, but he didn’t deny it.

“It’s okay?”
Tony laughed, outright, moving the blanket covering them aside, and looking down.

When they’d woken from their nap, it had been fairly late. By default, Tony took care of making their dinner, while Peter walked Bob to allow the mastiff some fresh air – and also to allow Peter some, Tony decided. It was all well and good to be inside on a rainy day, and even better to be in bed, but Peter needed to move around a little, too.

By the time they returned, a little cold since the temperature was definitely beginning to drop, Tony had burgers on the grill and French fries in the air cooker. They ate their dinner, spent some time playing with Bob, who actually knew how to fetch, they discovered, but had a very short attention span. Then they’d done the dishes together, loading the dishwasher and talking about the school syllabus that they were going to start Peter on that coming Monday.

When the dishes were done, however, and Tony settled himself on the couch, Peter had vanished for a moment and had returned with a blanket to cuddle under and had shyly handed Tony a tube of lube.

“What do you have in mind, honey?” the older man had asked with a tender smile, even while his cock twitched, interested.

“More of what we were doing…”

“Yeah? Which part?” He slid his hand along Peter’s arm. “Tell me what you want to do, brave boy.”

Which had made Peter blush.

“The cockwarming thing. Please?”

“You want me to slide my cock into your ass?” Tony asked him, taking the lube.

Peter had nodded.

“Yes, daddy.”

“And keep it there?”

“Yeah. Please?”

Tony had nodded, pleased with the boy for being assertive enough to tell him what he wanted – not to mention delighted at the thought of spending the evening much the same way he’d spent the afternoon.

“You’re not too sore from earlier?”

“No.”

“I’m going to watch a movie,” Tony had said. “It’s not going to be all about having me stroking you…”

“Please, daddy…?”

The brown eyes won out, of course. And the fact that Tony was being talked into something that he absolutely wanted to do.

“Get me hard, honey.”
Peter had gone to the floor between Tony’s knees and had pulled his cock from his sweats, immediately. Tony groaned and slid his fingers through the boy’s hair while he watched him suck on him, licking and teasing and stroking his cock, preparing it so that he could have what he wanted. The billionaire was so entranced by the sight that he almost came, instead of pushing Peter back, gently, once he was throbbing and eager.

“You’re so amazing, baby,” he crooned as he slid Peter’s sweats off, and then brought the boy into his lap, straddling him. He didn’t slide into him, immediately, of course. He teased Peter’s ass as he lubed him, stretching him and toying with his prostrate, making him squirm with pleasure. Another reward for being so willing. “Such a perfect ass. Attached to a beautiful boy.”

Peter squirmed, his face buried in Tony’s neck, concentrating on what was being done to him and enjoying it. When Tony finally took his hips and guided him down onto his cock, Peter had moaned, softly, and had settled with a shudder of pleasure. Especially when he discovered that if he moved his hips just right, the shaft of Tony’s cock would press against that spot inside him that felt so good.

“Hold right there, honey,” Tony told him, draping the blanket over them to keep the boy warm. “Can you do that?”

“Yes.”

They settled, then, with the lights off and the TV on, watching a movie. Occasionally, Peter would grind his hips, pressing himself just right, and sometimes Tony would run his hand along Peter’s hip, or even between the to caress him into hardness before moving his hand once more. Peter would whine when he retreated, but Tony would simply settle him with a gentle touch, or a kiss, and remind him that his only responsibility was to do what he was doing.

“It’s my responsibility to make you writhe, honey,” Tony murmured in his ear. “Don’t worry; you’re going to love your reward.”

Peter had trembled, and turned his attention back to the movie.
“Hey, Peter, ready to start school, again?”

“Hi, Happy. Yeah. It’s exciting.”

The driver grinned, giving the boy a quick once-over as he was getting Bob into the back of the car.

“You’re certainly looking better than you did when we found you, my boy.”

Which made Peter smile, too.

“I feel better.”

Happy reached out and tousled his hair and then urged him into the car, turning to Tony.

“He looks good, doesn’t he, boss?”

Tony nodded.

“He looks great.”

Of course, they’d had a relaxing weekend, and that certainly helped. Aside from a few hours on Saturday to spend socializing with Monica and her grandson in her apartment, he and Peter had spent the time together. On the couch, on the balcony, in bed or in the tub. Wherever they were, they were constantly touching, reminding the other that they were there, and cherished and oh my fucking God, so loved.

They made cookies to take to Monica’s, and they’d turned out well. Peanut butter, so she could share with Boomer, Bob and even little Buster, who had tried to take a piece of Tony’s hand instead of the cookie and had found himself wearing a muzzle for his troubles.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Stark,” Tate had apologized, quickly. “He was abused and beaten when they rescued him. We’re still working on socializing. Did he get you?”

“No.”

It was a bit amusing to the billionaire, when Monica took some pictures of Peter and Tate, together, to compare the two boys. Tate was almost a foot taller than Peter, even though he was only a year older, it turned out. He was also more than a hundred pounds heavier, and it was all muscle. He was a good-hearted guy, though, and was quick with a smile, and he was nice to Peter, even though it had to seem to him that he could break the younger boy in half like a toothpick if he’d wanted to.

“Where do you go to school?” Tate had asked.

“Midtown. But I’m switching to homeschooling, now. You?”

“Corbin. It’s a private school in Hackensack. We’re on break, so I wanted to spend time with gramma.”

“Tate’s being peppered with scholarship offers from pretty much every college in the country,” Monica had said, proudly.

“Football?” Tony guessed, looking at the size of him.
The boy had smiled, and shaken his head.

“Violin.”

When their dogs were brought into the pictures, it was even more comical to compare them. Tate, the big bruiser, had a dog that literally weighed less than Bob’s poop, where Peter had the monster of a dog who outweighed him by almost as much as Tate did.

The boy had been excited – of course – to meet Tony, and when he’d shyly asked for a picture with him, Tony had agreed, and taken several with him; the boy being the recipient of the fact that Peter really liked Monica and she was so good with him.

“We’ll do it with me in the suit, sometime,” Tony had promised. “Not today, though.”

“Thanks. Can I post them on my Facebook?”

Stark had winked.

“I’d be disappointed if you didn’t.”

But now, it was Monday, and it was time for them to get Peter on track. And Tony was looking forward to it. He settled in the seat beside the boy, but as soon as the car started and pulled out of the garage, he patted his leg and the boy smiled and climbed into his lap, being careful not to wrinkle him as he rested against his chest and put his head on his shoulder.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes, daddy. Excited.”

“Good.”

He cuddled his baby during the drive, and made sure not to arouse the boy with any specific touch, although it was always tempting to do just that when he had Peter in his arms. When they arrived at the tower, a doorman opened the back of the car and was startled when Bob emerged – although the man was professional enough to hide it, for the most part.

“Good morning, Mr. Stark,” he said, politely, as Tony followed with the dog’s leash, which he handed over to Peter as soon as the boy was out of the car, as well.

“Good morning, William.”

They didn’t stop for small talk, though, as much as Peter was always willing to. They crossed the lobby, eyes following them from all sides, and went to the elevator.

“You’re sure you want me in your office?” Peter asked, uncertainly, as they came out a few minutes – and several floors – later. “I think it’ll be a distraction.”

“Yeah. At least for the first couple of days, okay? Long enough to get you into a groove. There’ll probably be a lot of questions, and I don’t want you to have to come looking for me if you hit a wall.”

During the previous week, Tony had asked Pepper to make sure Peter had a place to study and do his schooling. A place in Tony’s office. She’d done a good job, he decided, when he and Peter walked in and looked around.

A corner of Tony’s expansive office now held a tasteful desk that wasn’t quite as big or impressive
as the billionaire’s, but was sleek and modern enough that it fit into the décor as if it had been originally designed to be there. A laptop and several notebooks, paper and pens were all neatly arranged on the black onyx surface, along with a display that could be moved to whatever position would be most comfortable for Peter - his interface with FRIDAY, who was really going to be his instructor in all things curricular. The chair was comfortable and leather, and Peter smiled, because it was the same as Tony’s, basically.

“What do you think?” Tony asked him, noticing that Pepper had made plans for Bob, as well. Beside Peter’s desk was another dog bed, a self filling water dish and a large chew bone. “Not bad, huh?”

“No, it’s great.”

A bit much, of course, but Peter already knew that Tony didn’t do anything discreetly if he didn’t have to.

“Alright, honey,” he said, crouching down to get Bob out of his harness. “The classes are on the display when you’re ready. You can do the work in any order that you want, and we’ll see how it works out, today, and adjust whatever we need to. Sounds good?”

“Yes. Did I say thank you, yet?” Peter asked, just a little overwhelmed by everything the man was doing for him.

Tony shook his head, ruffling Bob’s ears and looking up at the boy.

“You probably have, but you don’t need to. You know that, right?” he stood, and Peter moved into his arms. “Besides,” Tony told him, ready to deflect the super emotional feelings like he normally did when he was feeling a little overwhelmed, also. “I’m doing this for me, too, you know? We’ll get you educated, get you a good job, and then I can retire, and you can be my sugar daddy. See how that works?”

The boy laughed into his shirt and then pulled away, well aware that Tony hadn’t locked his office – even though FRIDAY could remotely do it for him, and probably had.

“I’ll be the best sugar daddy, ever,” he assured Tony, cheerfully, sliding his hand playfully along the billionaire’s chest. “I’ll buy my baby whatever he wants, and take him on expensive trips – all around the world. Give him anything that he asks me for…”

“Yeah?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“What if he doesn’t ask for anything?” Tony asked him, pointedly.

“Then he probably doesn’t need anything.”

The older man rolled his eyes, and pressed a kiss against his temple before turning him toward the desk.

“Get started, honey. I want you to have something to show for the morning by the time recess comes around.”

“I get recess?” Peter asked, surprised. “Do they do that in homeschooling? They don’t do it in high school.”

“Homeschooling is better that way,” Tony told him with a shrug, walking toward his own desk.
“Besides, you’ll love recess. I promise you.”

“Oh, daddy…” Peter shivered, despite the sweatshirt he was wearing, and sat down and turned on the display.

School with Tony was going to be much better than public school.
A balled up piece of paper hit Peter in the side of the head, drawing his attention from the display in front of him. He looked over at the direction the paper had come from, and saw Tony sitting at his desk, looking away from him and whistling, innocently.

“There's no one else in here, you know?” the boy reminded him. “It doesn’t matter how innocent you act, when you’re the only one that could have thrown it.”

“Thrown what?”

Peter rolled his eyes, amused.

“Whatever.”

He looked back at the display, picking up where he’d left off.

“What are you studying?”

“History.”

“Anything in particular?”

“It’d be hard to learn if all the display said was ‘it happened’, but didn’t tell me what it was…”

Tony smiled.

“You’re in a cheeky mood, aren’t you, honey?”

Peter didn’t deny it. He nodded.

“It feels good to be learning, again.”

“Good. Do you need anything?”

“No. FRIDAY has it all really organized for me. The syllabus is pretty straightforward. I’ll do history and writing, this morning.”

“Writing?”

“That’s what it says.”

“What kind?”

“I haven’t looked, yet. It’s still history, right now.”

“FRIDAY? What’s Peter doing for writing, today?”

“The assignment is an essay. Freeform style, with no particular theme. 5K words.”

“So he can write about anything, or anyone?”

“Yep. The requirement is designed to allow the student to adjust the flow of his essay to his own comfort level.”
“Well, that’ll be fun.”

Peter shrugged, but even though he looked like he was annoyed with being assigned an essay, he wasn’t. He was excited. He was learning.

“Five thousand words about what I want to be when I grow up.”

“What do you want to be when you grow up?”

“An Avenger?”

Which made Tony smile.

“Or…?”

“A scientist, somewhere. Working with the newest, coolest, cutting-edge tech.”

“You’re surrounded by it, now.”

“I know.” He smiled. “And I love it. Everything about it. Even if I’m not officially working with it and all it’s doing is assigning me essays and history quizzes.”

He meant FRIDAY, of course. The AI was amazing, and Peter was nerd enough to know that, and appreciate just how complicated she was. And how brilliant Tony was to have created her.

Tony got up from his desk and moved over to Peter’s, leaning on it and brushing a kiss against his cheek.

“I have a meeting. You’re good?”

“Yeah.”

“Need me to bring you back anything?”

“Nope. Thank you, though.”

“Anything for my sugar daddy in training.”

Tony left the office, and Peter watched him go. Then smiled and turned his attention back to his assignment.

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“How’s it going?”

Tony shrugged.

“Peter’s staring at a display and Bob is snoring so loudly I can’t concentrate. But he’s having a good time.”

“Bob?”

The billionaire rolled his eyes, amused. Pepper loved doing that to him, he knew. Which was fine; someone had to keep him grounded, after all.

“Smart ass. Peter. Said he’s happy to be learning, again.”
“I can understand that.”

“Yeah. So can I.”

“He’ll probably learn faster,” she added, as they walked toward the conference room. “Knowing that he has a meal to come home to and a place to sleep and doesn’t have to worry about any of that.”

“That’s a good point.” Tony hadn’t thought about it like that, but she had to be right. “Bruce is in, today?”

“As far as I know, he hasn’t called saying otherwise.”

The scientists didn’t check in with her, after all. But she had made a point to tell one of her assistants if for some reason Banner hadn’t shown up to the tower.

He might have commented further, but they’d reached the conference room, and everyone was waiting for them. Tony took a seat and turned most of his attention to the meeting and the subject at hand, while the rest was thinking of recess.

He was pretty sure he’d be ready for a break, too. A far cry from the workaholic that he once had been.

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When he walked into his office more than an hour later, Peter was still at his desk, hand swiping occasionally as he worked his way through the information on the display.

“FRIDAY, lock down my office, please.”

Peter looked over, startled by his voice.

“How was your meeting?”

“Boring. What are you learning?”

“Aztecs.”

“Yeah? Anything interesting?”

“They were pretty high tech, themselves.”

“The allotted time for history is expired for the day, Peter,” FRIDAY announced. “We can switch to your essay whenever you’re ready.”

“Peter’s going to take a break, first,” Tony told his AI. “He can start again after recess.”

The boy turned the display off.

“I should take Bob out for a walk,” he said, looking up at the billionaire, who was now standing beside him.

They both looked down at the dog, who was asleep in his bed, head propped on the edge, with drool trailing down to the chew bone he’d fallen asleep gnawing on.

“I think he’s fine, honey.” Tony put a hand under Peter’s elbow, bringing him to his feet. “I want to spend recess with you.”
The boy smiled; whether from the idea that Tony wanted to be with him, or the thought of what Tony might want to do to him, or with him, it didn’t matter to the older man. He just loved the expression on Peter’s face, just then.

“I’d like that, daddy…” Peter murmured, tucking himself into Tony’s embrace.

“Mmmm… what do you want from me, right now, pretty boy?” he asked, his lips buried in Peter’s curls.

“I want you to do whatever you want to,” Peter told him, shivering. “Not because I don’t want to say it… I just don’t want to choose.”

“If I do, then tonight, you have to tell me what we’re going to do.”

“Allright.”

“We don’t have a lot of time,” Tony admitted, sliding his hands down the back of Peter’s jeans and cupping his ass, pulling him tightly against him. “I have a meeting in half an hour. But I want to be inside you…”

“Mmm, yes, daddy.”

“Come here, baby,” Tony murmured, moving away and letting Peter go, long enough to lead him over to the sofa. To the back of the sofa. “Lean over it, honey,” he said, pushing on Peter’s back, guiding his chest and stomach against the cool leather. “Okay like that?”

“Yes.”

The boy couldn’t see what Tony was doing, but he felt him reach around him and undo his jeans, and pull them down, along with his boxers.

“You’re so beautiful…” Tony said, reaching around Peter to stroke his cock, feeling him swell in his hand and sliding the other hand under the boy’s sweatshirt, caressing his back and shoulders. “So delicious, aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes, daddy,” he moaned, his hips moving, gently – for now – in time with the pace of Tony’s actions. “Please, daddy. Please…”

“Oh, honey…” He was so good at that, Tony knew. Just his voice, begging so softly, pleading with only the daddy. It was enough to make Tony’s insides burn with need for the boy. He let go of Peter’s cock and pulled his hand from under the sweatshirt. Eager, now, he undid his own slacks, allowing them to fall to the floor, pooling around his shoes. His boxers followed, and Tony pulled a small pack of lube from his pocket and ripped it open, smearing his hand and then sliding between Peter’s ass cheeks. “So perfect, baby.”

Peter whimpered as the first finger slid into him, teasing and caressing, and stretching him. He felt Tony searching, and then moaned when the older man’s finger found his prostrate and set him to burning.

“Daddy… oh, daddy…”

He ground back against the hand that was causing such wonderful sensations to course throughout his entire body, and his cock smeared precum on the back surface of the sofa as he tried to find some friction – any friction – to give him release.
“My baby,” Tony crooned, a third finger joining the other two already taking care of preparing Peter. “You’re beautiful, baby. Wonderful, and amazing and so fucking perfect.”

Peter shuddered, and Tony’s hand moved away from him, the head of his slicked cock finding its goal and sliding against Peter’s puckered hole.

“Are you ready, baby?” he murmured, poised at the entrance. “Daddy wants to fuck his baby so hard.”

“Please…” Peter pressed back against him, hands grasping for purchase on the smooth leather but not finding any. “Daddy…”

Tony shoved himself into the boy. Two thrusts found him balls deep inside Peter, who groaned in response to the invasion and arched his back, an arm coming up to reach for Tony, who leaned over Peter’s back. He kissed the boy’s ear, feeling his hand brushing against his jaw.

“You’re so tight, honey,” he said, beginning to thrust into him; harder, and faster. “You’re so perfect for me. How did I get so lucky to have someone as amazing as you for my own? Oh baby, I love being inside you.”

Peter moaned, but was too breathless to answer the purely rhetorical question. He felt Tony’s hand wrap around the shaft of his cock, finally, and it only took a few minutes before the boy was climaxing, smearing the back of the couch and Tony’s hand with his release.

“Daddy!”

“I’ve got you, baby,” Tony cooed, hips thrusting, eagerly, driving himself deep, waiting a moment, and then repeating the motion. “Cum for daddy, Peter… make me cum for you.”

The boy didn’t answer, but Tony wasn’t waiting for a response. He was working himself up, and Peter’s muscles were clamping down on him as he climaxed, which set the billionaire off, as well. With a grunt, Tony drove himself deep, once more, and then climaxed, filling Peter deliciously. His arms went around the boy, holding tightly to him as they both trembled with their release for several long minutes.

Finally, Tony groaned, turning his head and brushing Peter’s cheek.

“Are you alright, honey?”

“Yes… I just need a minute.”

The older man chuckled and slid out of him, but continued to hold tight.

“We have all the time you need,” he assured him. “I have to tell you, though; I love recess much more than I remember loving it as a kid.”

Peter smiled, turning his head for a kiss.

“I do, too, daddy.”
After lunch, Tony escorted Peter up to Bruce’s lab, even though the boy knew where it was and didn’t really need the assist. They tapped on the door, and Bruce looked up from a display.

“Hey, there’s my new lab assistant. Where’s Bob?”

“Tony’s going to watch him while I’m here with you.”

“We assumed that he’d pretty much be in the way.”

“Yeah, probably.” He tossed Peter a white lab jacket and the boy put it on over his sweatshirt — and realized that it had his name embroidered over the pocket.

“Wow, thanks, Bruce.”

The scientist smiled, looking over at Tony — both of them pleased to see him so cheerful.

“It’s self-defense,” he said. “Otherwise you’ll be stealing mine, all the time.”

“You got him, then?” Tony asked.

“We’ll be fine,” Bruce assured him.

“Come to my office when you’re finished,” the billionaire told Peter. “If I’m not there, I’ll be in my workroom.”

“Okay.”

Tony looked at Bruce.

“He gets a break; don’t forget. There are child labor laws.”

“I’m not going to work him to death, Tony. He’ll be fine.”

“I know. I’m just reminding you…”

“Get out, before you end up washing petri dishes.”

“I’m gone.”

They watched him leave.

“How was your first day of school?”

“I was good.”

Banner handed him a tablet.

“A little more studying for you. These are the chemicals we’re going to be dealing with — for the most part — and I want to make sure you’re passingly comfortable with the reactions and antireactors that would be involved if there’s a spill. Read it and familiarize yourself with it, okay?”

“Yeah.”
The boy took the tablet and went to sit down, while Bruce turned his attention to the display, once more, but he had a long list of mundane assignments Peter could help him with. They didn’t make up the job for the boy – he just happened to be the best fit for it.

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“Peter’s looking for you.”

Tony looked up, startled.

“What? Already?”

“It’s after 5 o’clock.”

He looked at his watch.

“Sonofabitch…” it wasn’t that uncommon for him to lose track of time, but he was surprised that Bruce and Peter had worked so late. He’d expected Peter to come find him much earlier. “Did you tell him where I was?”

“Of course.”

That was proven a few minutes later when there was a knock on the door, which opened immediately – since FRIDAY didn’t need Tony to tell her to allow the boy into the workroom.

He smiled at how happy Peter looked, and the door closed behind the boy, locking, which meant that Tony could open his arms in invitation. Peter slid into the embrace, easily, and buried his head against Tony’s neck, his lips brushing the delicate skin there, which made Tony shiver.

“Hi, daddy.”

“Hey, beautiful boy. Did you have a good time?”

“Yeah. Bruce is studying gamma particles in neutrinos to see if they can slip between dimensions.”

Tony chuckled, and slid his hands along Peter’s hips, into the back of his jeans to cup his ass – one of his favorite places on the boy to hold him.

“Is it weird that that statement just turned me on?” he asked. “You’re so smart, honey. I love that about you.”

Peter trembled, even though Tony hadn’t actually been trying to arouse his praise kink. It was just that easy to trigger. He found himself responding to the boy’s desire, and had to force himself to pull away – otherwise Peter was going to find himself bent over the table, after all.

“We should get our dog home and get some dinner made,” Tony said, cupping Peter’s cheek with his palm. “You have school tomorrow, too.”

The boy nodded, stepping back to give Tony room to stand up.

“But nothing with Bruce. Not until Thursday. He’s going to be out of town to do some research, and doesn’t need me to do anything in his lab while he’s gone.”

“Then you can decide if you want to come in with me, or do your school at home, tomorrow.”

Peter leaned against the worktable while Tony woke Bob up and got the dog’s harness on him.
“If I work at home, I’ll miss recess.”

Which made the billionaire chuckle.

“Recess will vary day by day, anyway, honey – according to my schedule. So don’t let that be a deciding factor, alright?”

“Alright.”

“Do you know how wonderful you are, Peter Parker?” Tony asked him, his fingers itching to find the boy’s curls.

Instead, he tightened his hold on Bob’s leash.

Peter blushed.

“Thank you.”

“Let’s go home, honey. I’m hungry. You can tell me about what Bruce had you doing, on the way.”

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By the time Happy dropped them in the garage, Tony had heard about ever beaker, dish and pipette that Peter had washed, sanitized or stocked that afternoon. It was a good thing that the boy didn’t mind menial labor, because as far as Tony could tell, being Bruce’s assistant was going to come with a lot of washing and organizing.

He knew Peter didn’t mind, though, because apparently Bruce had been thorough about explaining to Peter what the experiments were that he was working on. He was clearly doing the same thing with Peter that Tony did when he had the boy in his workroom; taking advantage of the kid’s innate intelligence to use him as a sounding board for ideas.

And why not?

“You walk Bob,” Tony said, as they got out of the car. “I’ll go start dinner.”

“Okay.”

Tony watched as they headed out the street entrance for the garage, then waved to Happy and headed for the elevator.

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Peter had barely walked out onto the sidewalk with the mastiff when he saw that Tate was standing in a small grassy area beside the street. He had Buster’s leash in his hand and the little dog was busily checking out a tree. The larger boy smiled a greeting when Peter and Bob walked over, but Buster just regarded the boy and dog with equal suspicion.

“Hey, Pete.”

“Hi, Tate.”

“Did you just get home? Was that Mr. Stark’s limo that I saw pull in?”

“Yes – to both. We just got done at the tower.”
Monica’s grandson shook his head, bemused.

“That’s crazy. You know that, right? You living with Ironman and working and schooling in the tower like that.”

“Yeah.” He smiled, though, because yes it was crazy, but it was great. “I might not go in tomorrow, though. Since Bruce – he’s the scientist who I assist – is going out of town, I’m not needed in the lab in the afternoon. I could do my classwork at home and not be a distraction for Tony, that way.”

“Yeah. I’d be distracted…” the boy flushed when he realized what he’d said, and smiled, awkwardly. “You know, because of Bob and everything.”

Peter nodded, oblivious.

“He’ll get more done if I stay home, so I might.”

“Well, if you do, maybe you and I can go do something in the afternoon – when you’re done with the school thing? Gramma is going to the flower shop with Boomer, so I’ll be rattling around the apartment alone. Unless I go with her – but there is only so much I want to know about spider plants and roses.”

“Alright. I’ll let you know,” Peter said, nodding his agreement.

“Text me?”

“Sure.”

Peter pulled out his phone, but before he could ask for Tate’s number the other boy took his phone and hit the dial keypad, tapping it. A few moments later the phone in his pocket rang.

“Now you have my number,” he said, handing the phone back.

“Yeah.” Peter looked down at Bob, who was clearly done sniffing what little there was to Buster and was ready to move on and get finished with their walk. “I’ll let you know,” he repeated.

“Okay.”
Tony had changed out of his suit and was in sweats and a t-shirt and was browning beef when Peter and Bob returned to the apartment. The entire place smelled great. The boy was in the habit of leaving his shoes at the elevator near Bob’s leash and harness, by now, so he walked over in sock-covered feet, to lean on the island and watch, while Bob went to his food dish and started in on his own dinner without waiting for an invitation.

“What are we having?” Peter asked, curiously.

“Tacos. They’re quick and easy.” He smiled. “Which will leave plenty of time for daddy to play with his beautiful boy.”

Peter blushed, pleased.

“Can I help?”

“With dinner?”

“Yes.”

“Sure. Go pull a couple of tomatoes out of the fridge and cut them into chunks. They don’t have to be pretty.”

Peter did what he was told, feeling pretty pleased with himself as he found a small cutting board and a knife and took his place next to Tony on the cooking side of the kitchen island. He’d had school, and had then spent time with Bruce in his lab – and was getting paid for it – and now he was helping to cook dinner with Tony. That wasn’t even counting recess – which was always satisfying to the boy. He loved having Tony inside him, so excited, and hard, and just because of Peter.

It was a pretty good day, all around.

“I think I’ll stay home, tomorrow,” he said as they brought all the items for their meal to the table, along with a cola for Peter and a beer for Tony. “I saw Tate while I was out walking Bob, and he said he’s going to be home, too, since Monica’s going to the flower shop, so maybe we can do something together.”

“Sound like a good idea,” Tony said, approving of the idea of Peter making a friend his own age. “You watch that ankle biter of his, though. I don’t want you to lose a finger.”

“Buster was abused,” Peter reminded him. “He’ll get better once he realizes that no one wants to hurt him.”

“I’m just saying, honey, I don’t want you to let him bite you. Okay?”

“I won’t.”

Tony smiled at the boy, watching with approval as he made his way through several tacos.

“Did you have a good day, sweetheart?”

“It was great.”

“Best part?”
He rolled his eyes, hiding the fact that he was thrilled with the reply.  

“Be more specific, Peter,” he said, taking his napkin and wiping some sour cream from the boy’s bottom lip. “How do I make tomorrow as good as today?”

Peter’s smile was amused.

“It was a really good day, daddy. I don’t know that any day can be as good.”

Tony kissed him, tasting the remnants of the sour cream on his lip.

“We’ll see what happens, honey. What about the rest of the night? Remember, you’re the one who tells me what you want to do.”

Predictably, Peter’s cheeks reddened, beautifully, which amused Tony to no end. He didn’t say anything, though, instead pinning his baby with an intense look of expectation.

“Oh…” Peter took a drink of his cola. “I… that is…”

He couldn’t let him flounder. Tony reached for the hand that was closest to him, grounding the boy with a touch.

“Let’s start with the easy question,” he said. “Do you have anything in particular in mind?”

“Well. No. Yes.”

“You know what you want, then. That’s good, honey. Such a good start.”

Peter’s head tilted, demurely, and he looked at Tony through his long eyelashes, enchanting the older man all over, again.

“Can I… I mean…”

“Say it, baby. Be my brave boy and tell daddy what I can do to make you happy, tonight. You know whatever it is, you can have it.”

“I know.” He did, too. “I want to practice.”

“Yes.”

“You can suck on me all night, if you want, honey,” Tony assured him. “But no getting frustrated if you can’t swallow me, got it? It’s all for your enjoyment. Not a contest.”

“Yes, daddy.”

“Do you want me in bed, or on the couch?”

“On the couch.”

“When you’re done eating, I’ll find a movie to watch, while you get changed into something more comfortable.”
And easier for him to take off, eventually.

Tony didn’t really care about watching a movie, but Peter liked them, and it would keep the boy occupied while he was playing with Tony. The older man would watch soap operas if that was what Peter wanted. A few, anyway.

“I’m done.”

He cleared their dishes, and put them in the dishwasher, always willing to do what he could around the house. He couldn’t cook, but any idiot could operate a dishwasher. Especially when it was just stacking dishes in it. Tony was still at the table when he went into his room to change, but he was sitting on the couch with the remote in one hand, massaging the outline of his cock through his sweats with the other when Peter returned a few minutes, later.

Peter walked over, already feeling his mouth water, and Tony smiled up at him.

“Sure you don’t to reverse roles?” the older man asked. “I could spend the evening sucking you, repeated.”

“Tomorrow,” the boy told him, nudging his thighs apart and kneeling on the cushion Tony had thoughtfully placed on the floor between his feet. “I want to do it this way, right now.”

Tony shrugged, smiling, softly, as he watched Peter pull down the front of his sweats and free his cock. He wasn’t going to argue. Not when the boy’s mouth was so talented. Peter couldn’t deepthroat him – yet – but he was observant, and had spent plenty of time with Tony’s cock in his mouth, by now, and had seen what made the older man shudder in pleasure and force a strained moan of pleasure from him, no matter how tightly clamped his lips were.

The billionaire was hard in moments, and Peter wasn’t cock warming him, just then, Tony realized. He wanted to get him off and wasn’t holding back to do it. He threw his head back, closing his eyes and concentrating on what the boy was doing to him. He couldn’t help that his hand went to Peter’s hair, clutching it, slightly, as a reflex. Especially when Peter’s tongue found the tender spot under the head of Tony’s cock that was his own personal trigger.

“That’s so good, honey,” Tony told him, crooning to his baby, since he couldn’t touch him, just then. He knew Peter’s triggers as well as the boy knew his, of course. “You’re doing so well, sucking on daddy’s cock. Pretty boy… such a talented mouth. So beautiful and perfect. All daddy’s, too, aren’t you, honey?”

Peter nodded, moving his head and sliding Tony’s cock to the back of his mouth, holding him as deep as he could without gagging himself, while his hand found Tony’s testicles and caressed them simultaneously. Tony grunted as he felt himself getting close, and the litany of encouragement grew faster, and dirtier as Peter ruthlessly seduced his cock, now, driving him to his climax and making the most obscenely pleased noises as Tony practically exploded into his mouth with a muffled curse.

He opened his eyes and watched breathlessly as the boy swallowed everything that he had to offer – and made sure there wasn’t any holding back – and then, when Tony’s cock was just softening, the boy buried it in his mouth, pressing his face right up against the coarse hair at the back of Tony’s cock, only now able to take his full length.

“God, baby… you’re so amazing.”

Tony sifted his fingers through Peter’s hair, and the boy pulled back enough to smile up at him, before he released Tony’s cock, and began peppering tiny kisses on the tender skin all around it.
“We’ve just begun, daddy,” Peter told him, his voice low and sultry, and Tony trembled at the promise in those beautiful brown eyes. “Lean back and get comfortable.”

With another moan, Tony did as he was told, closing his eyes, once more, to allow himself to concentrate on what was being done to him.

Yeah. He could do this all night.
“Your breakfast is in the oven, staying warm…”

Peter nodded, shivering at the breath in his ear when Tony spoke to him. Not quite enough to open his eyes, but enough to make him smile, and stretch. Tony was fully dressed and ready for his day. Peter was still in their bed, naked and dozing after being thoroughly pleasured by his daddy that morning.

“Okay. Thank you.”

“There’s money in your wallet if you want to go do something, later, with Tate. Do not spend it on me. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Bob’s still asleep, so take him out before you start your schoolwork.”

Peter smiled and opened his eyes, rolling over so he could look up at him.

“You could just stay home and do recess with me, again…” he said, sleepily, reaching for the billionaire’s hand.

“Don’t tempt me, honey,” Tony told him, kissing Peter’s palm. He’d been wiped out so thoroughly by Peter’s mouth the night before that he hadn’t been able to get himself up to fuck the boy before bed; instead sucking him off and playing with his ass until he was writhing against his grip. But that morning, he’d woken Peter and mentioned that they could have recess before he even started his schooling and had proceeded to work the boy into a delirious frenzy before sliding into him and bringing them both to a more than satisfying climax. “I’d call in for a week and keep you in bed until Pepper sent in the National Guard thinking we’d been abducted by aliens, or something.”

“Not the Avengers?”

“They’d know where to find us, already.” The billionaire leaned over and kissed him. “Happy’s waiting, so I need to leave. If you need anything call.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too, honey. Have fun, today – and don’t go back to sleep.”

“Okay.” He waited until Tony had reached the bedroom door. “Daddy…”

Tony turned.

“Hmm?”

“Nothing. Just reminding you who you are.”

“You’re killing me, baby.”

He left, then, feeling loved and complete, and Peter smiled and stretched, again, under the covers, but decided that he’d better get up and start his day. One thing about having a dog, he was learning; there was no such thing as sleeping in.
A quick shower later, and he was dressed and nudging their lazy dog into getting up so he could take him out for a quick walk and a chance to pee – preferably not on the carpet. Bob sighed a few times, looking at Peter, mournfully, but he eventually heaved himself out of his bed and allowed the slight boy to harness him.

>“Incoming call from Tony.”

“Oh!” Peter smiled. “Connect him, please.”

“Peter?”

“Hi.”

“Hey. How’s it going?”

“Good. I just finished the math assignments for the day, and I’m taking a break on the balcony. How about you? How’s your day going?”

“Finished a meeting, and I’m going to my workroom. You had breakfast?”

The boy smiled.

“Yes. And when I’m done with my schoolwork, I’ll call and see if Tate wants to go somewhere for lunch.”

“Good. Someplace outside, though, okay? I don’t know that I trust Bob home alone, just yet.”

“No. I’ll take him with me.”

“Need anything?”

“No. But I’m glad you called.”

“Baked chicken for dinner.”

“Sounds good.”

The call ended, which told Peter that someone had probably been close enough that Tony couldn’t tell him that he loved him, or anything – which was fine. He was outside, after all, and who knew how far that sound would have travelled? Peter went back inside, closing the sliding door behind him.

“FRIDAY?” he asked, walking over to the display by the kitchen island. “What’s next?”

“Science. Are you ready?”

“Almost. Call Tate for me, please.”

The AI had access to Peter’s phone contacts, he knew. A moment later, he heard the noise telling him the call was trying to connect. A short time after that, he heard the other boy on the line.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Tate, it’s Peter.”
“Oh, hey, Peter. Are you done, already?”

“No. I just wanted to make sure you still wanted to do something.”

“Yeah. If you’re not too busy, that is?”

“I have a science block to work on and then I’m good to go for the rest of the afternoon. But I have to be able to bring Bob, so we can’t go to a movie, or anything.”

“Oh, no, that’s fine. We can go find someplace to eat and then hang out down here.”

“Sounds good. I’ll call you when I’m done.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

He ended the call and Peter had FRIDAY bring his classwork up so he could get it done.

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Mother nature had her own ideas about what the boys were going to do after Peter finished his science work. Peter called Tate and headed to the apartment below Tony’s, and found Tate was ready to go. He had Buster already in his tiny harness, as well, and was ready. When they went outside, though, what had started as a somewhat sunny fall day was now overcast and chilly.

“We’ll get something to go,” Tate suggested as they walked to a sandwich shop only a few blocks away. “Then we can eat it at my gramma’s.”

He didn’t even consider asking to go to Tony Stark’s apartment for lunch.

Peter nodded his agreement, and it started raining before they made it down the block.

“Here,” Peter said. “Give me Buster, and you go in and order. They won’t want Bob in there.”

“What do you want?”

“Anything is fine. Whatever you get.”

Peter and the two dogs stood in the rain while Tate went inside. The boy looked down at the tiny dog and scooped him up into his arms before the chihuahua could realize what he was doing and even growl a warning. By the time he was ready to bare his little teeth, Peter had him tucked up under his arm to keep him warm and protected from the rain, and the little dog only growled half-heartedly before settling, shivering a little, but nothing like he had been.

“Sorry,” Tate said, when he finally came out, a bag and two drink cups in his hands. “They’re busy.”

“It’s alright.” The larger boy reached for Buster, but Peter shrugged. “I can carry him; he’s not even growling, right now.”

Then they wouldn’t have to worry about Tate spilling their drinks.

They walked quickly back to the apartment building, and through the lobby to the elevator.

“I should go change,” Peter told him.

“Yeah, you’re soaked,” Tate agreed. “Don’t worry, though. I’ve got a couple of sweatshirts. You can borrow one of them and then you don’t need to wait to eat.”
They went to Monica’s apartment, and both boys took their shoes off at the door and unharnessed the dogs. Buster was relatively dry, thanks to being under Peter’s arm, but Bob was almost as wet as Peter. Tate told them both to stay where they were, vanished into one of the rooms and came back with a couple of towels.

“Dry Bob,” he ordered. “I’ll be right back. Don’t worry about wet dog, or anything; Boomer gets soaked, too.”

By the time Peter had Bob as dry as he was going to get and the dog settled in Boomer’s dog bed, Tate returned, again, this time with a bundle of clothes.

“Take your shirt off, Pete,” he said, watching as he did, and then handing him a t-shirt, and then the sweatshirt.

Both were incredibly baggy on the smaller boy, but they were warm.

“Thanks.”

“You look good in them,” Tate told him with a smile as they took their lunch to the dining table and sat down to unwrap their sandwiches. “Do you have a girlfriend?”

“No. How about you?”

“No. Boyfriend?”

Peter smiled, uncertain if he was being teased, or not.

“No. Not, yet. You?”

As soon as he was legal, though, Tony had said they would make things official. Until then, they were a secret and he wasn’t going to share it with anyone.

“Not, yet. I’m looking, though.”

Peter decided that he was serious, and smiled. If he, Peter Parker, had admitted to enjoying the company of other guys, he would almost certainly open himself up to bullying from some of the assholes at his old school. He imagined that Tate didn’t have that problem. The guy was a tank, after all, and even though he was a good-natured person, Peter doubted that anyone would be crazy enough to mess with him.

“What do you do for fun?” Peter asked, taking a drink of his beverage, and frowning at the unusual taste, looking at the cup.

“I play violin – you already knew that. Work at an animal shelter – which is where I got Buster – goof around with video games and porn on the internet.”

Peter took a bite of his sandwich.

“Porn? At your gramma’s?”

Tate laughed, shook his head, and started eating his sandwich, too.

“She’s kill me if she caught me, but I have a lot of it on my phone. Big guys with little guys is pretty hot to watch. Do you watch any?”

Unaccountably, Peter blushed, and shook his head.
“I’ve never watched it.”
“Seriously?”
“Yeah.”
“How old are you?”
“Sixteen?”
“How have you missed out on porn, dude?”
“My aunt and uncle were pretty careful about what I did on the internet.” And probably *rightfully so*. “So, I couldn’t watch it at home. And the school keeps track of browser history.”
“Yeah, mine does, too.” Tate grinned. “A *porn virgin*. I didn’t know there were any.”
Peter shrugged, blushing, again, and taking another sip of the drink and thinking they should probably change the subject before Monica came home.
“Yeah.”
"We could take care of that. I have some you can watch with me. If you want, that is."
"Oh." Peter shrugged, fairly certain he wasn't going to appreciate the allure of seeing two strangers going at each other. "Yeah, sure. I guess."
“What about other ways?” the older boy asked. “Are you a virgin?”
Peter coughed, snorting his drink through his nose and feeling a weird tingle through his mouth, and throat.
“What is this?” he asked, wiping his dripping nose on the sleeve of the borrowed sweatshirt.
“Strawberry lemonade. It’s good. I-“
“What?”
“It’s *lemonade*. Do get all freaked out by the virgin question, okay? I was just asking. I wasn’t planning on-“
“I’m *allergic* to strawberries, Tate.”
“What?”
FRIDAY made the call to Tony the same time that Tate was calling 911. The medics arrived, first, but Tony barged into the apartment not long after. He saw three men and a woman in uniforms stating they were with FDNY and three men who were medics. All but one of them were gathered around Peter, who was sprawled on Monica’s sofa with an oxygen mask over his much too pale face. The other was forcibly holding back Bob, who was trying to protect Peter from the crowd of strangers. Tate was standing off to the side, arms wrapped around himself, looking frightened, and Tony could hear Buster barking from the direction of Monica's bedroom.

“What happened?” Tony asked, walking over to the couch.

“Anaphylaxis shock,” the medic on the floor beside Peter replied, brushing the boy’s hair back from his forehead. “We’re waiting for him to respond to the Epinephrine treatment.”

“Peter?”

The boy didn’t open his eyes or respond in any way that Tony could tell. They had put a cuff around his arm and were taking his blood pressure, repeatedly.

“Don’t worry,” one of the firefighters told him. “We were here quickly and there wasn’t any indication of airway constriction. He was unconscious, but he’s coming around.”

“He’s not responding.”

“His blood pressure’s up, and his breathing isn’t so shallow. We just need to give the medicine a chance to do its job.”

Tony looked at the older boy.

“Tate?”

“I didn’t know he was allergic to strawberries, Mr. Stark.” The boy looked ready to cry; he was so distraught. “We went to Myron’s down the street. They have strawberry lemonade. It was raining, so we were going to eat back here, and Peter held the dogs while I went in to order. He told me to get him whatever I got for myself. So I did. We came back and we were talking, and he started looking a little funny, then he asked what he was drinking, and I told him… and…”

“Okay. It’s alright.” He turned back to the medics. “What’s the plan? Do we take him to the hospital?”

“Absolutely,” one of them replied, immediately. “We’ll want to make sure he’s responded well to the treatment, and we’ll make sure there isn’t a rebound – a renewing of the symptoms.”

“We’ll want to make sure you guys have a couple of Epi pens, too,” he was told. “An allergy that severe, I’m surprised he doesn’t carry one.”

Tony wasn’t. Homeless kids can’t afford medications as expensive as an Epi pen, he knew. But he should have thought about it and gotten one for him. One for Tony to carry, as well. Just in case.

“Why are you still here, then?” he asked.

“We’re waiting for him to stabilize.” None of them sounded offended at his abrupt question. They
were all used to worried friends and family. “Once we do, we’ll have him transported. Are you coming?”

“Yes. He’s emancipated, but I’m his medical and emergency contact.” Tony looked over to the other boy. “Tate? Would you mind watching Bob?”

“No, sir.”

“Tell your grandmother I’ll come get him in the morning, if that’s alright.”

“Yes, sir.”

A movement from the still figure on the couch drew everyone’s attention and Peter’s eyes fluttered open. He looked around, his face mostly covered by the breathing mask, but his confusion clear to see in his expressive brown eyes.

“How do you feel, son?” the medic who had been checking his blood pressure asked, moving the mask down so Peter could reply.

“What?” his voice was raspy.

“Do you hurt, Peter?” Tony asked.

“No. Yes.”

“Which?” the medic asked.

“My throat hurts.”

“We’ll get you something for that as soon as we can. What’s your name?”

“Peter.”

“How old are you, Peter?”

“Sixteen.” He looked at Tony. “I’m okay.”

Obviously, the billionaire hadn’t been hiding his concern as well as he thought he was.

“I know you are,” he replied. “We’re going to take you to the hospital, though, just to make certain of it.”

“I don’t want to go to the hospital.”

“I know. But this is important, so do what you’re told, alright?”

“Okay.”

A final check of the boy’s blood pressure and a few more questions, and the medics loaded Peter onto a gurney.

“He’s allergic to latex, too,” Tony told them.

“That’s not too surprising,” one of the firemen said. “My son’s allergic to strawberries and latex. Apparently they go together, for some reason.”

Stark looked at Tate, as they were rolling Peter out of the apartment.
“Are you alright?”

“I’m really sorry.”

“It was an accident,” Tony told him, sincerely. “You’ll know, next time. And he should have been more careful.”

“I’ll take care of Bob for you.”

“I know you will. Tell your grandmother that I’ll call her if there’s any change of plans.”

“I will.” He turned, suddenly, and grabbed a bundle of clothes from the table. “Here. These are Peter’s.”

Tony frowned, recognizing the black sweatshirt Natasha had given Peter, which Tony hated, but Peter wore as often as possible because it was from Natasha. The t-shirt was still inside it.

“Why do-“

“You coming, Mr. Stark?” one of the medics asked, looking over their shoulder as they started gathering their equipment.

“Yes.”

He glanced at the boy, once more, and down at the sweatshirt in his hand, and walked out of the apartment, following the last of the firefighters.

They put him in a private observation room, hooked him up to a few monitoring machines, covered him with a warmed blanket and then left him alone with Tony, who immediately came over and sat down on the edge of his bed.

“I don’t want to be here…” Peter whispered, his voice still raspy from the sore throat. A byproduct of the allergy, one of the medics had explained on the way to the hospital. “Please…”

Tony rested his hand on the boy’s cheek, cupping it with his palm.

“You’re fine, honey,” he murmured. “I’m going to be right here with you. Okay? No one can hurt you.”

“I’m sorry I worried you.”

Peter was trembling, and Tony reached for another blanket that had been set along the foot of the bed.

“Don’t be. What happened?”

“We were eating lunch and talking about porn and I had some of the drink and it started tingling and then burning in my mouth. Then I felt sick, and Tate said he’d call 911, and I had FRIDAY call you from my watch.”

“You did everything just right,” Tony assured him, tucking the blanket around him. “We’ll make sure we get a couple of Epi pens, just in case it happens, again.”

He didn’t ask Peter why they were discussing porn.
“Tate was really calm,” Peter said. “He didn’t panic. I did.”

Tony nodded, feeling just a sting of annoyance at the way Peter sounded so impressed by the actions of the other boy. He’d called 911; how hard was that?

“Try to get some rest, Peter,” the billionaire told him. “They’re going to watch you for the next four hours or so. Then I’ll take you home as long as nothing happens.”

“You’ll stay?”

“Of course I will.”

Peter closed his eyes, allowing Tony’s presence to ease his fears.

“Tate likes porn,” Peter murmured, almost to himself. “We should watch porn, daddy.”

“Go to sleep, Peter.”
“You got him?”

“Yeah. We’re okay. I’m going to take tomorrow off.”

Happy nodded, not at all surprised.

“I’ll see you Thursday, then.”

“Yes.”

Tony shifted his grip on Peter’s sleeping form, and easily carried the boy from the car to the elevator. They’d been at the hospital for several hours before the ER doctors had given Peter a clean bill of health and had discharged him. Armed with a couple of Epipens, now, the boy had wearily gotten into the back of the car when Happy had come to collect them. He was climbing into Tony’s lap before the car had even done more than pull out of the parking lot, and with loving arms embracing him, protectively, he was asleep in moments.

It had taken a little shuffling to reposition the slight boy when they’d reached the parking garage, but Tony had managed it, and Happy had eased Peter out of the back of the car and handed him over to Tony once he was out, as well.

All without waking him.

The elevator discharged them a minute later, and Tony moved to his bedroom. He undressed Peter, deftly, tossing Tate’s sweatshirt and t-shirt aside with a slight scowl, and then tucking his baby under the blankets.

The extra motions roused the boy, a little.

“Daddy…?”

“Shhh, baby,” Tony murmured. “We’re home. Go to sleep, okay?”

“I’m hungry,” Peter told him without opening his eyes.

“I’ll make us some dinner, then.” He was pleased that he had an appetite, and he certainly wasn’t going to let him go hungry. He kissed the boy’s temple. “Anything in particular that you’re hungry for?”

“Lasagna.”

The older man rolled his eyes, amused.

“It’ll take hours to make that. How about something a little less ambitious? I’ll make lasagna, tomorrow.”

“Okay.” Peter opened his eyes, looking up at Tony, his brown eyes tired from the events of the afternoon but focused, now, on the man leaning over him. “I love you, daddy.”

Tony groaned and gathered him into his arms, hugging him, close.

“My baby. You’re so pretty, Peter. Don’t scare me like that, again, okay?”
“I won’t.”

Probably a promise that he would try to keep, but wouldn’t actually be able to. Not once he started going out as Spiderman on a regular basis.

“I love you, too, honey. Get some rest. I’ll bring dinner to you.”

The brown eyes closed, and he nodded off, his head coming to rest against Tony’s chest. With a tender smile, he shifted Peter over to a pillow and covered him, again, and went into the kitchen to make something a little less complicated than lasagna.

By the time Tony brought dinner to the bedroom, Peter was able to wake again without being quite so groggy. He sat up in the bed, shivering, slightly, until Tony brought a throw blanket from Peter’s bed and draped it over his bare shoulders. While they made their way through a meal of stir fry and noodles, Tony listened to Peter tell him about the day – right up until he’d had lunch.

The schoolwork went well, which was confirmed by FRIDAY who advised all his answers had been correct, save two, which could be reviewed with someone, or done on his own to see where he’d gone wrong. Breakfast had been good, despite being left to stay warm and not as fresh as Tony would have liked.

“I’d have eaten it cold,” Peter assured him. Right out of the fridge.” He smiled; his cheeks reddening a little. “It was worth it for recess.”

Tony shook his head, amused.

“I’ll help you with the questions that you missed,” he told the boy. “I’m going to stay home, tomorrow, so I’ll be here.”

“You don’t have to stay home just because I got sick,” Peter said. “I’m fine, now. They told you that.”

If there had been any concern about any kind of rebound – and there had been for a while – the doctors never would have discharged the boy. Tony knew this. It didn’t make him less concerned, though.

“I don’t have to,” he agreed. “But I want to. I just need to be sure. Besides, it’s a great excuse to get out of the meetings, tomorrow. If I tell Pepper I don’t want to attend because they’re boring and I’d rather pull my arm off and beat myself over the head with it, she’ll scowl at me in blatant disapproval.” He smiled and touched Peter’s nose with his fingertip. “If I tell her you were in the hospital today – which she knows, because I was in her office when FRIDAY told me what was happening – then she will scowl at me if I don’t stay home to keep an eye on you. That’s a win, win. See?”

“How?”

“I look good for taking care of you – which I’d do any chance I get – and I skip the meetings and conference calls scheduled tomorrow. You’re basically doing me a favor by drinking that strawberry shit.”

“It tasted pretty good, really,” Peter admitted. “I don’t know exactly how much was the lemonade and what was the strawberry, but I can see why Tate likes it.”
“Don’t even think about having another go at it.”

The boy shook his head.

“No. I won’t.” He suddenly looked concerned. “He’s alright, isn’t he?”

“Who?”

“Tate.”

“Yeah, honey. He’s fine.”

“I should call him. To make sure he doesn’t think this was his fault.”

Tony forced down the scowl, keeping his expression neutral.

He didn’t like Peter wearing Tate’s sweatshirt, or watching porn with him – or even discussing porn with him. If the boy wanted to watch porn, he could do it with Tony, like he’d suggested. Tate was too close to Peter’s age, was muscular and good looking and somewhere deep down, the billionaire recognized him as a threat to his happiness with Peter. Even if was only perceived.

“It’s late,” he said, keeping his voice steady. “Call him tomorrow.” He leaned in to kiss the boy.

“Besides, honey… I distinctly remember you telling me that I can suck you all night.”

Peter’s eyes lit up, making Tony smile, pleased that he’d distracted him.

“Where do you want me, daddy?” Peter asked, mirroring the question Tony had asked him the night before. “Here? Or on the couch?”

“Right here. I’m going to take care of the tray. I’ll be right back”

Peter leaned his head back into the pillows and watched as Tony left the room, carrying the tray. His hand went down to his cock, casually caressing it, excited at even the thought of having Tony’s mouth on him all evening. He could go several times, and Tony knew it. And enjoyed testing those limits – which was absolutely fine with Peter.

He closed his eyes, wondering if Tony would play with his ass, too. He would if Peter asked, he knew, flushing hotly at even the thought of asking for him to do that – and seeing in his mind’s eye the look of love and lust that would light up those brown eyes that Peter was so hooked on. It wouldn’t be that hard to say, Peter thought. Play with my ass, daddy… five words. Five words that would lead him to the promised land, really. Tony knew Peter’s body so well. Knew what he-

“Starting without me?”

Peter’s eyes flew open, and he blushed. Caught once more with his dick in his hand.

“I was just thinking about you,” he admitted.

“Yeah?” Tony walked over to the bed, and pulled the blankets aside, exposing Peter and his swollen cock, which was filling his palm, now, throbbing and eager. He rolled Peter onto his back, moving his hand away with the same motion, and replacing it with his own. “What were you thinking of?”

Peter groaned when Tony’s thumb ran along the slit and the head of his cock, smearing precum over the surface.

“I was thinking about what we’re going to do tonight,” he said, breathlessly.
“I’m going to suck you.”

“Yes.” He was looking forward to it.

The billionaire smiled.

“Did you have other things in mind, as well, honey? Something you want daddy to do, special? Just for his baby.”

Peter nodded.

“Yes…”

“What?” Tony wasn’t going to guess – even though he had a pretty good idea what the boy wanted. “Say it, baby. My brave, pretty boy. Tell daddy how to make you happy, tonight.”

The boy trembled and closed his eyes.

“Play with my ass, daddy,” he whispered. “Please?”

“Of course I will,” Tony crooned. “Delicious baby… such a pretty cock for daddy. I’m going to spend all night eating you and playing with you, honey. And then, once you’ve cum all over the two of us so many times that there’s nothing left inside you, I’ll roll you onto your belly and slide my cock into you – just to remind you who the daddy is.”

“You’re the daddy,” Peter assured him, hips rocking. “Always my daddy.”

“That’s right, Peter… I am.”

If there was a touch more possessiveness in Tony’s tone, the boy didn’t notice, since the millionaire was already taking him in his mouth.

Peter closed his eyes and gave himself up to what Tony was doing to him.
It was an indication of just how easy it was for them to get into a scheduled routine that both of them woke to take Bob out, the next morning – even though the dog wasn’t in the apartment asking to be walked. Tony sighed, his arm tightening on the boy beside him, feeling lazy and relaxed.

Of course, they’d been up late the evening before, he reminded himself with a slight smile.

He’d sucked Peter’s cock, repeatedly, driving the boy to climax over and over, until he finally had to stop because his jaws were beginning to ache. Then, just when Peter thought they finished, Tony had turned his attention to the boy’s ass and had leisurely played with him, teasing and caressing and fingering him until he’d been reduced to a writhing mess under the older man’s touch.

It had culminated with Tony rolling the boy onto his belly, finally, and fucking him until they were both senseless.

He might have fallen back to sleep, but he heard a soft noise, and a hand came to rest on his, where it was pressed against Peter’s stomach.

“Are you awake, baby?” he asked, softly.

“M-hmm…” was the sleepy response. “I should go get Bob. He’s probably driving Monica crazy…”

“Not to mention eating her out of house and home. How do you feel?”

Peter stretched, languidly, and rolled in his arms, looking tousled and self-satisfied.

“Like my daddy spent a lot of time taking care of me, last night.”

Tony smiled.

“That’s not exactly what I meant, but I’m glad you approve.”

“I do.”

“I can go get Bob. You should get some more sleep.”

“I’m good,” Peter assured him, brushing a kiss against his chest. “Besides, I need to take Tate’s clothes back to him. What are we going to do, today?”

“You have school, first,” Tony reminded him, forcing down the annoyance at the thought of sharing any of Peter’s attention with the other teen. “After that, how about a quiet day, just the two of us?”

“And Bob.”

He smiled.

“And Bob. Go get him, and I’ll start breakfast.”

“Kiss me, first…”

Tony did as he was told, brushing Peter’s lips, tenderly, and sliding his hand along the boy’s side, landing it on his hip.
“You’re beautiful, honey.”

Peter’s smile was like sunshine – as was the blush that reddened his cheeks.

“Thank you, daddy.”

Tony moved, pushing Peter onto his back and following, straddling the boy’s hips and looking down at him.

“You’re beautiful, and desirable and so fucking sexy that I can’t get enough of you. Have I told you that, yet, today?”

“No. But I love it.”

He could tell by the way the boy was trembling in delight – and the slowly hardening flesh trapped under him, between their bodies.

“I love you, honey.” Tony told him, leaning over and kissing him, deeply, once more before moving off of him. “But I’d better let you up so we can start our day – or we’ll never get out of bed, you and I will miss breakfast and starve, and Monica will come beating down the door to return our dog. I’m looking forward to recess, though.”

“Me, too,” Peter assured him, sitting up and then getting out of bed and heading for the bathroom.

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“Peter!”

Monica’s face lit up and she pulled the boy into an impromptu hug, which Peter returned, cheerfully.

“Good morning.”

“How are you feeling?” the woman asked, letting him go and looking him over.

“I’m fine. Thanks. I just came to get Bob – and to return Tate’s shirt.”

“Tate took all the dogs out for a walk,” she said, taking the bundle of clothing from him. “It hasn’t been too long; you could probably catch up with him.”

“Okay, thanks.”

“Do you and Tony want to come down for breakfast?”

“Thanks, but he’s already started making ours.”

“Good enough. I’m taking Tate with me to the flower shop, today. Do you need anything, though?”

“Tony’s staying home from work, today.” He rolled his eyes. “He said he wants to make sure I’m alright – but then he mentioned that this way he can miss all the boring meetings.”

“It’s an ill-wind that blows no good for someone,” she quoted. “Let me know if you need anything.”

“I will, thanks.”

Peter left her doorway and headed back for the elevator, already touching his watch and asking FRIDAY to pass on a message to Tony.
“Peter’s asking me to let you know that Tate has taken Bob out for a walk and he’s going to go join him.”

“What?”

“Peter’s going to go walk Bob with Tate. He asked me to tell you so you wouldn’t worry about him not returning, right away.”

Tony scowled, not looking up from the onion that he was chopping.

“I’d worry a lot less if the kid wasn’t talking about watching porn and swapping shirts with Peter.”

“He asked Peter if he was a virgin,” FRIDAY added, helpfully.

“What?” Now he did look up. “How do you know that?”

“Peter’s watch. The com button sticks, sometimes and I don’t have a choice but to listen. He triggered it while waiting outside the deli, yesterday.”

“You—” Tony was impressed by FRIDAY. Yes, he was the one who made her, but she was constantly evolving, surprising even him with how intuitive she could be. This was a prime example. “What else did you hear?”

He’d already established that he didn’t mind using her to spy on the boy

“Tate asked Peter if he had a girlfriend. He said no. Then asked if he had a boyfriend – and Peter replied that he didn’t – yet.”

“What? What am I?”

“The man old enough to be his father who has sex with him, daily, and hasn’t bought him a box of chocolates or any flowers.”

The billionaire scowled, again.

“Mind your own business.”

The AI went silent, and Tony finished chopping the onion. He could practically feel her waiting, expectantly, and he sighed. It was worse than any soap opera he’d ever heard about.

“Fine. What else did you hear?”

“Tate plays violin, works at an animal shelter, plays video games and watches porn. He told Peter he thinks big guys with little guys is hot.”

“That’s not very subtle, is it?” Tony asked, dumping the onion into the skillet he had on the stove.

“He called Peter a porn virgin and then asked if Peter was a virgin in other ways, as well.”

“What? What did Peter say?”

“He asked what he was drinking and said he was allergic to strawberries.”

“Jesus.”
He was quiet as he started browning the sausage pieces in the onions he’d sautéed. Obviously, Peter wouldn’t have told Tate that he and Tony were sleeping together. Of course not. So he wasn’t going to tell the older boy that he had a boyfriend. Peter was smart enough to know that that would have led to questions about who the boyfriend was.

He didn’t like the fact that Tate was obviously interested in Peter. *Big guys fucking little guys?* Who said that if they weren’t a big guy looming over a little guy? Especially a little guy who was as adorable and fuckable as Peter. He’d make anyone hard. Maybe he should have a talk with Peter. Make sure that he recognized what was going on? Of course, maybe he already knew? Probably not, though. Peter didn’t seem to be distracted in bed.

He was definitely infatuated with Tate, though.

“FRIDAY. Order a dozen roses and a box of some kind of ultra-expensive chocolates – make sure they’re aware of his strawberry allergies. And *don’t* use a flower shop that *Monica* owns, okay?”

“*You got it.*”

Tony went to the fridge for eggs.

“And let me know if you hear anything else regarding Tate.”

Just in case.
“There’s my big boy…”

Bob wagged his tail, idly, as Peter walked up to the dog. Tate smiled, and handed the smaller boy the mastiff’s lead.

“Good morning.”

“Hey. Thanks for walking him.”

Tate shrugged, almost blushing.

“He’s pretty easy to handle. I was playing with him last night. Did you guys teach him all the tricks that he knows?”

“No. He knew them when we got him. What did he do for you?” Peter asked, curiously. “We know he can sit, shake and he’ll come to his name.”

“He’ll roll over, speak and play dead if you pretend to shoot him.”

Peter made a face, amused.

“How did you figure that out?”

“I pretended to shoot Boomer and Bob went down, too. It was hilarious. Show it to Tony, sometime.”

“I will.”

They started walking next to each other, with the older boy holding the leashes for Boomer and Buster, but setting a slow pace in deference to the chihuahua’s tiny size and little legs.

“I’m really sorry about yesterday, Peter,” Tate told him. “I didn’t know you had any allergies.”

“Yeah, it’s okay,” Peter told him. “I didn’t even think about it – but I should have. I’m sorry for scaring you.”

They walked in silence for a while,

“What are you doing this weekend?” Tate finally asked.

“Tony is taking me to the Avenger compound. We’re flying to Dallas, I think. We were going to do it last weekend, but things got a little crazy. Why?”

“I was hoping to spend some time with you. I can’t compete with hanging out with the Avengers, though.”

Peter smiled.

“No one can, right? I have to work tomorrow after I’m done with school, but Friday is a down day for me, with school and work – we could do something until four or five, I think. If you want?”

“That’d be great.”
Peter was cheerful when he returned to the apartment with Bob, and once he had the dog out of his harness, both of them walked over to the kitchen. Bob stuck his nose in Tony’s hand for a moment by way of hello and then went to his food dish, while Peter walked over and leaned on the island to watch as the billionaire put the final touches on their breakfast.

“That smells amazing, daddy.”

“Thanks, baby.” Tony looked up from the skillet. “How was the walk?”

“It was fine. Tate said that he found out that Bob knows a few more tricks than we already knew about. We’ll have to see if he’ll do them, later.”

“Yeah? Definitely. Wash up; breakfast is ready.”

Peter did what he was told, and they sat at the table to eat their meal. The boy was in a good mood, and didn’t notice that Tony was a little quiet as they ate. Peter filled in the spaces, asking Tony about the nanotech company and how he was doing with the researching that was being done to figure out how to incorporate it into the Ironman suit. The answers were stilted, but Tony was intelligent enough that even a distracted answer coming from him was more intelligent than a dissertation from anyone else.

“I’ll do the dishes,” the older man finally said, when they were done eating. “Go ahead and get started on your schoolwork.”

“I could help.”

“I’ve got it.” The man’s tone was short, and Peter looked up at him, uncertainly. “Go get started.”

The boy nodded, and silently got up from the table, heading into the living room. Bob had long since finished his breakfast and had retired to his bed with a chewbone, and Peter sat on the soda, pulling up a display and asking FRIDAY to bring up his first class’s work.

Tony stood at the island with their plates in hand, and watched him for a minute before loading the dishwasher and wiping the counters. Only when the place was spotless did he sit at the table with a display and a tablet and pull up the newest specs for his nanotech, deciding that it would make a good distraction for him.

“Daddy?”

Tony pulled his attention from the screens in front of him, surprised to find Peter standing right beside him. He hadn’t heard him come across the room.

“Yes, honey?”

“Are you busy?”

The billionaire opened an arm, inviting the boy into his embrace, and glanced at the timestamp in the corner of the screen, startled to see that he’d been working for several hours, already.

“Not too busy for you. You know that.”

Peter tucked himself into the space Tony made for him, sliding an arm around him and feeling him
hug him, close.

“You looked pretty focused,” he said, pressing his face against Tony’s neck. “I didn’t want to interrupt if you were doing something complicated.”

“Are you doing alright?” Tony asked, kissing the boy’s temple. “Anything I can help you with?”

“I finished the essay I had to write.”

“Should I read it?”

“If you want.”

“The instructor is encouraged to read the essay,” FRIDAY added. “To ascertain the flow of the topic.”

It wasn’t really something she was designed to evaluate.

“Bring it up on this screen, please,” Tony said, smiling over at Peter, who slid his hand into the other man’s lap. “No distractions, honey.”

“After?”

Tony felt his groin twitch, and knew Peter felt it, too, because the boy’s expression softened, his pupils widening in reaction.

“Yes.”

Peter smiled and climbed into Tony’s lap, wrapping his arms around him so that Tony didn’t have to hold him in place if he didn’t want to, but unwilling to stand beside him if he didn’t have to. When the older man brought his arms around Peter in response, the boy relaxed against him, and closed his eyes, just breathing in the smell of him while Tony read his essay.

It didn’t take long.

“That was the most interesting commentary about the life of bees that I’ve ever read,” Tony told him.

“And the first?” Peter asked, smiling, and shivering at the praise.

“Yes,” the billionaire admitted, with a kiss against his cheek. “But it doesn’t mean it wasn’t good.”

“Was it?”

“Absolutely. And informative. Even better, it wasn’t all over the place like some things I’ve read from my vice presidents and executive officers. You made a topic sentence and stuck with it through the paragraph, before moving on to the next. Good job.”

Peter was practically preening, by then.

“Thank you, daddy.”

“Ready for a break?” Tony asked, running his hand under the back of Peter’s sweatshirt. “Or do you want to finish everything before I play with you for a while?”

“No. I want to take a break.”
“Let me up, honey,” Tony told him. “This chair is making my rear numb. Let’s go to the couch.”

Peter moved off of him, and waited, only somewhat impatiently, while Tony got up and stretched. He’d been sitting for quite a while, after all. Then he put an arm around Peter, and they walked over to the couch.

“Pants off, Peter,” Tony ordered as he sat down.

_He_ was wearing sweats, which meant that the could free himself with relative ease, but Peter was in jeans and while Tony hadn’t decided exactly what recess was going to entail, he wanted instant access to the boy. He watched, lightly stroking his growing erection through the fabric of his pants, as Peter slid his jeans and boxers down and off and then reclaimed Tony’s lap, taking the older man’s hand from where it was and placing it against his own cock, which was hard and throbbing.

“Oh, daddy…” Peter murmured, whining as Tony wrapped his fingers around the boy’s shaft.

“You need it bad, honey?”

“Yes.” He buried his face against Tony’s neck, right under his jaw. “Please.”

“What do you want, beautiful boy?” Tony crooned, excited by how suddenly Peter seemed to get aroused, and unaware that the boy had been achingly hard all morning, just watching Tony working on his research. “Tell daddy so I do it the way you want me to.”

There was only the slightest hesitation as Peter closed his eyes, making it dark and easier for him to make his demands.

“Suck me and then bend me over…”

“Good job, baby,” Tony cooed. “You’re so amazing, telling me what you want like that. So pretty. And _eager_, too, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

Tony slid out from under the boy, putting him in his spot for the moment and pressing his knees apart so he could slide down between them.

“Daddy wants to suck on his brave boy. I want to make my wonderful baby feel so good.”

“Please…”

Tony smiled, and bent his head to Peter’s cock, his tongue coming out to lap at the precum dribbling from the tip, making slurping noises of approval and his hand went to Peter’s balls, teasing and rolling them gently with his fingertips.

“You taste as delicious as you look, honey,” Tony murmured, before he took the boy’s cock into his mouth, sucking just the head and then slowly taking the rest of that trembling rod into his mouth and down his throat.

Peter cried out with surprise as his climax washed over him far too soon, but Tony simply swallowed him, drinking his cum and still playing with the boy, milking him for everything he had, and making noises of approval, well aware that Peter wouldn’t take long to get hard, again.

After all, he was a teenager – and he had incredible stamina.

The boy leaned back as Tony slowly pulled his head back, Peter’s cock coming out of his mouth
inch by inch and so exciting that it took what little breath he had left away. Tony kissed the head of Peter’s cock and then stood up, bringing Peter to his feet with the same motion.

Before the boy knew what he was doing, Tony had turned him away from him, pushing him against the back of the sofa, knees on the cushions, but ass up in the air and upper body bent over the edge.

“Stay right like that, baby,” he ordered him, reaching for lube before sliding his hands along Peter’s upturned ass, fingers automatically finding his crack and then the puckered hole. “You’re so beautiful, Peter,” he crooned, pressing a finger into the boy and beginning to stretch him a little while he played with him, adding in compliments heavily, since it was what Peter loved. “You’re amazing, aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes, daddy,” Peter whispered, trembling, his hands clutching the sofa to brace himself, his legs spread wide to give his daddy total access to his ass. “I need you, daddy… please…?”

Tony made sure his cock was slick before he lined himself up with Peter’s opening.

“Beg me, Peter,” he said, thickly. “Make me fuck you.”

“Please, daddy,” Peter whined, pressing backward against him. “I need it. I need you.”

“Just me, right, honey?” Tony grunted, the head of his cock right at the boy’s twitching hole. “Only your daddy gets to fuck his baby’s tight hole, right…?”

“Yes!” Peter groaned, writhing hard, so aroused with want that he was practically gibbering. “All yours, daddy. Just yours. I’m your baby…”

Tony slammed into him, hilting with a single forceful thrust that made Peter moan in a mixture of pleasure and pain, even though he’d been stretched beforehand.

“Just mine,” Tony told him. “All mine. Just for me, aren’t you, baby?” Each sentence was preceded with another hard thrust, and Peter could only hold tight to the couch, bracing himself under Tony’s onslaught, pressing back with each thrust, trying to get him deeper. “Mine…”

“Yes, daddy… harder…”

Tony swore and hilted, his hands clutching Peter’s hips as he climaxed, driving deep and spewing his seed into the boy in hot ropes of furious desire.

“Oh my fucking god, honey…” he groaned, watching the place where he had the boy pinned, jerking his hips as he tried to get more of his length into Peter, feeling as though his balls were turning inside out and trying to climb into the boy’s ass as well. “You’re so beautiful. So wonderful.”

Peter sobbed, overwhelmed by the sheer primal hunger that had fueled Tony’s loving. He didn’t know what had made him so needy, so suddenly, but he’d tried to match him and felt wrung out as a result. He didn’t hurt; it was nothing like their very first time had been – although, in a way, it had been similar. It just had seemed angry, and Peter wasn’t sure if he’d done something wrong to make his daddy mad at him.

Tony slid out of the boy, cum leaking out of Peter’s ass with the motion, and he shook his head, almost dazed, realizing that Peter was in tears.

He turned the boy, gathering him in his arms and sitting on the couch to bring him down onto his lap.

“Oh, honey… Peter… shhhh…” he peppered tender kisses along the boy’s cheeks, tasting salty
tears. “Did I hurt you? I’m sorry, baby… daddy’s sorry…”

“No…” Peter hiccupped, unable to stop the tears, but shaking his head, while the rest of him trembled so hard that he felt like he might shake apart at any minute and only Tony’s hold on him was keeping it from happening. “I don’t hurt. I’m sorry.”

“Shhhh… it’s okay,” Tony cooed, petting him and bringing the throw blanket over the boy to help keep him warm. “Daddy’s got you.”

He rocked the boy, tenderly, as they both came down. Peter from whatever was upsetting him, and Tony from the hottest climax he’d had in a very long time.

Peter whimpered.

“You’re mad at me?”

“No, honey,” Tony told him, pressing a kiss against his ear and wondering if the boy was naturally sensitive to that kind of emotion, or if it had something to do with the spider bite. “I’m not mad at you at all. I love you.”

He knew that he should tell the boy his concerns about Tate, then. It was the perfect time to explain to him why he was being possessive – more so than usual. He didn’t, though. He wasn’t willing to admit that he could be subject to something so basic and petty as jealousy. He was having enough trouble admitting that even to himself.

“You do?” Peter asked, with a soft sniff.

“Of course I do, honey,” Tony assured him, still rocking him, trying to still the trembling in that slim frame with loving caresses. “I just got carried away. I won’t do it, again, like that. I’m sorry if I scared you.”

“You did…” the boy admitted.

“Poor baby… daddy’s sorry. My brave boy…” he crooned, tucking Peter’s head under his chin. “My beautiful, wonderful baby. The smartest and most amazing person in the world… and so sexy…”

He meant all of it, and his tone of voice proved it, which was easily transmitted to Peter, but it was a long time before the boy was able to relax, and melt against the billionaire’s embrace, once more.
Despite the rocky recess time, Peter insisted that he was fine to complete his day’s schoolwork. Still a little rattled, he pulled his jeans back on and reclaimed his position in front of the display while FRIDAY pulled up the assignment for the advanced math class they’d signed him into.

Tony watched for a moment from a position beside the boy, his hand still on Peter’s back, caressing him, idly.

“You don’t have to do that, right now, honey. It can wait.”

“It needs to get done, and I can’t make it up tomorrow, since Bruce will be back, so I’ll be working with him in the afternoon.”

“You could do it Friday. That’s a down day, right?”

“Yeah, but I thought I’d take Tate to Coney Island Friday.”

Tony frowned, but Peter didn’t notice.

“What?”

“Yeah. He wanted to do something this weekend, but I’m spending the weekend with you, so I suggested I was free until 4 or 5 o’clock on Friday. Happy gave me those Coney Island passes for my birthday, so I thought I’d take Tate.” He looked over, and noticed the odd way the older man’s jaw was clenched. “You didn’t want to go with me, did you?” he asked, uncertainly. “After the last time, I didn’t think…”

“No. The rides are not for me.” He didn’t do a good job of hiding his frown, but he tried to. “I could drive you, though…”

Then he could at least keep an eye on things.

“Tate has a car. He can drive us,” Peter told him, turning back to the assignment on the display. “Then you wouldn’t lose a day of work just to be bored watching us go on rides.”

“Yeah…”

Annoyed, and suddenly needing to move, the billionaire stood up. Peter watched him.

“You don’t mind, do you, daddy?” he asked, uncertainly, catching the sudden tension in the room, but not sure what was causing it. “I could stay home instead…?”

“No,” Tony told him, leaning over the back of the couch and pulling Peter back to press a kiss against his forehead, not missing the way his beautiful eyes were once again concerned. Jesus, he was being a dick to the boy, and Peter just wanted to go to the amusement park. It wasn’t like he’d said they were going to go watch little guy/big guy porn in the dark, somewhere. “I don’t mind, honey. I just… we’re sure Tate has a license?”

That sounded lame, even to him.

“I’ll make sure with Monica,” Peter assured him, looking a little relieved that that was the concern that had Tony looking like he was. “I don’t think he’d lie, though. He showed me his car in the parking garage. It’s nice.”
“Huh.” Tony shrugged and kissed Peter again. *He* had nice cars, too. “I’m alright with you going – provided *Monica* is, as well.”

Maybe he’d get lucky and the older woman would veto the idea. Maybe she needed him in the flower store that day.

“I’ll make sure, later,” Peter said, smiling. Tony could read the relief in his expression and felt guilty for giving the boy any more anxiety than he’d already had to deal with. “Thank you, daddy.”

“You’re welcome, honey.” He leaned over for another kiss and gestured to the display. “Go ahead and get your work done. Then we’ll have lunch and spend the rest of the day relaxing.”

He would feed Peter and then remind the boy just who was the best daddy in the world. It was a fair hint that the answer to that wasn’t *Tate*.

Lunch was chilidogs, eaten at the table while Tony and Peter discussed the assignment that he’d done before eating. It was a complicated math proof and one that Tony had to admit was pretty tough – especially for a 16yr old. Peter had solved it, though, and had shown the work as well as the formulas used to obtain the resulting answer. Tony had double-checked the answer himself and had then had FRIDAY check it, too.

Over lunch, the billionaire quizzed the boy about where he had learned differential equations and had been more than generous with his praise when Peter had admitted that he’d read it in a book at the library, one day.

“You’re so intelligent,” Tony told him while they worked together to clean up the dishes. “You’re probably going to be the next Einstein – or Hawking, maybe.”

Peter blushed a brilliant shade of red – which Tony had found adorable, of course – and had simply stammered a disclaimer.

“When the elevator,” FRIDAY announced, before the boy had a chance to name all the other people in the world that he thought were much smarter than himself.

Tony smiled, holding up the dishes he was holding.

“Get that, honey, will you?” he asked.

“Yeah.”

Peter walked to the elevator, running his hand along Bob’s head when the mastiff decided to come see who was coming. He waited and a moment later the door opened, producing a delivery person in a snappy uniform of all black, holding a huge arrangement of roses in one hand and a large, fancy box in the other.

“I have a delivery for Peter Parker,” he said, eyeing Bob, suspiciously, even though the huge dog was merely wagging his tail.

Peter was shocked.

“Really?”

“That’s what the name says, kid. Is he here?”
“I’m Peter Parker.”

“Yeah? Someone must seriously love you, kid.” He handed Peter the box, first, and then the roses. “I need a signature.”

With his hands full, Peter handed the box back to the delivery guy and took the clipboard from him, signing his name, neatly and trading him, once more.

“Wow…”

The guy smiled and gave him a casual salute.

“Have a good day.”

The door closed and Peter walked over to the coffee table, setting the box down, first, and the flowers. He could smell the roses, easily – they were permeating the entire apartment with their fresh scent, and he realized that there was a card. Pulling it from the arrangement, he opened it.

To my Baby

I love you so much

Daddy

Peter felt his eyes sting with unshed tears, and he looked over at the island in the kitchen. Tony was watching him, a cup of coffee in his hand and a slight smile on his face. The boy walked over.

“You bought me flowers?”

“And some chocolate,” the billionaire told him.

“Why?”

“What does the card say?”

“I love you so much…”

Tony shrugged.

“It must be because I love you so much, then, wouldn’t you say?”

“They’re beautiful, daddy.”

The boy slid into Tony’s bubble, and the older man set down his coffee cup and put his arms around Peter, tucking his head under his chin.

“Not as beautiful as you are, honey. I love you.” He heard the boy sniff, and smiled, feeling smug, despite the tears. Up yours, Tate. “Let’s sit down, okay?”

“Yeah.”

They walked over to the sofa, and shooed Bob away from the flowers. The big dog went back to his bed in a huff, and flopped down, and Peter reached for the box, bringing it over his lap. It was a large box, elegantly wrapped with a real cloth ribbon of red and gold and showing a varied array of fancy chocolates of all sorts.
“No strawberry,” Tony said, bringing his arm around Peter from where he was sitting beside the boy. “I made it a point to let them know you were allergic.”

“Thank you.” He opened the box, and the chocolates were, indeed, as fancy as one could have wished for. “Wow…”

“Give me the label there, honey,” the older man said, noticing that it had the list of ingredients on it. “No sense in not making sure, right?”

He’d taken a fright the day before that he didn’t want to repeat.

“Yeah.”

Peter popped one of the chocolates in his mouth.

“What is it?” Tony asked, curiously, enjoying the look of almost ecstasy on the boy’s face when the chocolate melted in his mouth.

“Some kind of butter cream, or something.”

“Let me taste…” Tony said, leaning forward and kissing the boy, tenderly, his tongue lightly running against the boy’s lip and then sliding into Peter’s mouth, tasting chocolate and some kind of butter cream, just the like the boy said. He pulled back with a smile. “That’s pretty good.”

Peter blushed, but he was obviously enamored of the whole idea of tasting chocolate on Tony’s lips, as well, because he offered the older man the box.

“Try one, daddy.”

“I don’t mind if I do, baby.”
“How was your trip?”

“It was good. Thanks.” Bruce looked over at Peter, who was somewhat subdued, but looked eager to get started on whatever the scientist needed from him. “Peter? Check the gel I made Monday and see if it’s still viable, will you?”

“Yes.”

The boy headed toward one of the small refrigerators, and Bruce turned his attention back to Tony.

“What do you look annoyed?”

“I’m not.”

“Yeah? Because your expression is telling me otherwise. Something going on that I can help with?”

“No. But I would advise that if you find yourself with a large box of chocolates around Peter, you do not let him eat as many as he wants.”

It was classic redirection, but Bruce allowed it, assuming there was an interesting story behind it.

“Oh? Is that the voice of experience talking?”

Tony rolled his eyes.

“He ate most of the box before I realized what was going on, bounced off the walls for almost an hour and then had a stomachache that forced him to bed by five o’clock, yesterday.”

Which had completely ruined Tony’s plans for the evening. Of course, they had mostly consisted of spending time with Peter; playing with him and enjoying the sights and sounds of his baby being driven to climax repeatedly. Instead, he’d listened to soft groaning and whimpering as Peter learned the hard way that the very good chocolates were much more potent than the cheap stuff simply sold on the racks at the grocery stores.

Even more annoying, Tony had taken Bob out for his walk – which was fine; he hadn’t been lying to Peter when he said that he didn’t mind doing it – and had run into Tate, who was walking Buster and Boomer and asked to walk with him. Much to his annoyance, he had been forced to spend time with the young man, who repeatedly asked about Peter. What he liked. Favorite color. If Tony knew that they were going to Coney Island. He wasn’t subtle at all about his interest in the boy, and the billionaire had to wonder how Peter could be so oblivious.

Or if he was.

Needless to say, he’d been in a foul mood when he and Bob had returned to the apartment and Peter had noticed, despite his misery. The boy had asked him to come cuddle in bed with him, but Tony was agitated and unable to hold still that long. He was gentle when he’d said no, explaining that he didn’t want to disturb Peter by being restless, but the boy had still been upset at the refusal, and had turned sulky and a little sullen.

When Tony had brought dinner to him in bed, Peter had used his stomachache as an excuse not to eat, and had simply pushed his dinner around the plate, rather than eat anything – which had started
an argument that had ended with Tony leaving the room in an irritated huff, and Peter curled in a ball of anxiety, definitely unable to eat, now, with his stomach tied into so many knots.

Tony had calmed down, eventually, of course.

Before, he might not have. He would have gone to his workroom, or if he was home, gone to one of the many displays around the place and had started working on a project, losing himself in his work until he was ready to face the world, again. Now, of course, he had Peter to help him focus, and his need for the boy’s comfort had driven him back to his bedroom after a very short amount of agitated pacing. Only to find that the boy had drifted off into an uneasy sleep, the tray of untouched dinner on the stand next to the bed.

Tony had taken it into the kitchen and shut the apartment down for the night before returning to strip out of his clothes and join his baby under the blankets. Much to his relief, Peter had cuddled up against him in his sleep, arms and legs tangling with his own, and face immediately finding that preferred spot against Tony’s neck.

Before falling asleep, the billionaire promised himself that he’d talk to Peter the next day about his concerns regarding Tate. He didn’t want another uncomfortable day like the one they’d just gone through, and he knew he was being unfair to his baby by not communicating with him. Especially since he was the one that was always harping on Peter about the importance of it.

Not surprisingly, however, Peter had a nightmare that night that left him shaken – and shaking – and Tony had spent most of the remainder of the night holding the boy, trying to talk him down from the building panic attack. When they’d woken the next morning, already behind schedule, Tony had suggested they call in and stay in the apartment. Peter, however, didn’t want to miss school – and he definitely didn’t want to miss time with Bruce in the lab.

“Please, daddy?” he begged, looking so tired and worn, and unhappy at the thought, that Tony couldn’t – wouldn’t – deny him anything.

And he hadn’t. But he did make sure the boy understood it was going to be a quiet night at home when Bruce released him for the day. He’d told Peter to go ahead and have cereal for breakfast while he took Bob out for his walk – to cut time – and by the time he’d returned to the apartment, Happy was already waiting and he didn’t have time to have that talk with Peter than he’d promised himself he was going to have.

“Is he alright, now?” Bruce asked, looking across the room at Peter, who was holding up pietri dishes to a light, trying to decide if they were usable.

“Yeah. Just tired, I think. We’ll make a short night of it when he’s done, here, I think.”

“You look tired, too,” Bruce told him. “And annoyed. If you need a break from him, let me know. He can crash at my place with me tonight – or I bet Natasha and the others wouldn’t mind him hanging out there.”

“We’re going to be at the compound this weekend,” Tony told him. “And I don’t need a break from him.”

He just needed stupid Tate to go back home and allow them to get back into their happy rhythm.

Banner held up his hands in surrender and smiled.

“Just checking. Go find something to do so my assistant and I can get our work done.”
“Alright.”

“Come collect him at four-thirty.”

Tony left, and Bruce turned his attention to Peter, and the gels.

Peter was washing lab instruments when Tony walked into the room with Bob ambling beside him, clearly ready to go for the night. The boy noticed him with a pang, his eyes watching the man as he glanced over at him, first, and then walked over to Bruce to talk to him. He fought down the exasperation he felt when Tony didn’t come and talk to him, first. It was all about appearances. He knew that. They both knew that Natasha knew they were sleeping together, but they didn’t know if any of the others did, and Tony had to act like Peter was just the kid living with him. Despite buying him flowers and candy the day before, he wasn’t going to be able to rush into the room and hug Peter close to him like the boy really wanted him to do.

He finished what he was doing, quickly, and walked over to where the two men were talking, and Tony’s smile in greeting made Peter smile, too.

“Are you done?” Tony asked him.

Peter looked at Bruce, who nodded with a grin.

“Yeah, I’m through with him, today. You can have him back.”

The boy pulled off his white lab coat an hung it up.

“Thanks, Bruce.”

“You’re welcome, Peter. Thanks for the help.”

“Are you going to be at the compound, this weekend?”

“I’m not sure, yet. I’ll see you there, though, if I am.”

Tony put a hand on Peter’s shoulder.

“Come on, Peter, Happy’s double parked, waiting for us.”

Peter allowed himself to be steered out of the room, and was disappointed – but not surprised – when Tony dropped the hand from his shoulder.

“Did you have a good day?” he asked the older man, taking Bob’s lead from him.

“Yeah, honey. How about you?”

“Yes. Bruce picked up a lot of data from one of the people he’d been visiting and he let me catalogue it all into the data bases.”

“He let you, huh? It sounds like scut labor.”

Peter smiled.

“That’s what lab assistants do,” he reminded the billionaire.
Tony chuckled, but was silent as they walked out of the lobby and got into the car.

“*Need to stop anywhere, boss?*” Happy asked, over the intercom, as they were settling into the seat.

Tony looked at Peter.

“Do you mind fast food for dinner?”

“No.”

“Stop for burgers,” Tony requested.

“Will do.”

Tony patted his lap, hopefully, when the car started moving, and Peter smiled, happily, as he climbed into his arms, tucking his head against the fabric of Tony’s suit and snaking his arms under the suit to hold onto him.

“Hi, daddy.”

He heard Tony groan, softly, and felt his grip tighten on Peter.

“Hi, baby. I missed you.”

Peter trembled, happily.

“I missed you, too. Are you still mad at me?”

Tony’s lips brushed Peter’s hair.

“I wasn’t mad at you, baby.”

“Frustrated?”

“No even that.” He heard Tony hesitate, felt his heart beating just a little faster against his ear. “I… we need to talk.”

The boy felt a surge of panic rush through him, and he sat up, a little. That was the code for *we’re going to break up.* He’d seen enough movies and read enough stories to know that.

He’d known it was going to happen, of course, but he hadn’t expected it, so soon. What had happened, he wondered? Was it because he’d eaten enough of those chocolates to make himself sick, reminding Tony that he was still pretty young and dumb? Too young and dumb for him? Was it because he refused to eat dinner the night before? He knew Tony liked to give the orders, but he’d also known that if he ate anything with his stomach feeling the way that it had, it would have come right back up.

He didn’t want Tony to have had to deal with that.

The billionaire noticed, immediately, of course. The boy was fairly easy to read, after all, and Tony knew him better than anyone alive. His eyes were filled with fear, and then sorrow.

“What’s wrong, honey?” he asked, concerned.

“We’re breaking up?”
“What? No. Why would you say something like that?”

Did he know something Tony didn’t? the billionaire wondered, feeling his own panic building.

“Because y… you said we have to talk… that’s what you say to someone when you’re tired of them, or you’re done with them…” Peter said in a rush, his eyes liquid and his expression woeful.

“Oh, honey,” Tony tucked his head back under his chin, holding him close and feeling the boy tremble. “You watch too many movies, sweetheart. My love. I said that because we need to talk. Nothing more. I’ve said it before, haven’t I?”

“No. You say we need to communicate,” Peter mumbled against his suit.

“Oh…” he thought back, trying to decide if that was correct, but trusted Peter’s memory on that one. “Well, then, we need to communicate. Better?”

Peter nodded, sniffing, and Tony hugged him close, running his fingers through the boy’s hair, tenderly, trying to calm him down a little.

Probably not the best time to discuss the whole Tate issue, really… Not until Peter was able to focus a little more. He rocked him as well as he could, given their position in the car, and turned his head, kissing the boy’s ear.

“You’re so pretty, Peter… I couldn’t give you up, and I could never be done with you. I love you. You’re amazing, and wonderful, and so intelligent. Not everyone can hold their own with Bruce in his lab, you know? In some ways, he’s even smarter than I am. And you’re right up there with him. So smart… and sexy… and so loving.”

The words were having their desired effect on the boy. He was still trembling in Tony’s arms, but not the scared kind of trembling that Tony hated so much. This was the praise kink kicking in, which was perfect, because it was distracting Peter from being worried. It was arousing him, too, of course, but that couldn’t be helped. They went hand in hand with Peter.

“Daddy…”

“Shhh… just relax, alright?” Tony told him, holding him, close, but carefully not trying to rouse him further. “We’ll talk – we’ll communicate - when we get home and you’re feeling a little more like yourself.”

The boy sighed, and nodded, burying his face against Tony’s shirt.

“Okay.”
Chapter 116

They went to the apartment once they reached the parking garage, rather than take Bob out. For one thing, they had their hands filled with fast food that would only taste worse as it cooled, and for another, Tony told Peter that he’d taken Bob out for a walk only half an hour before he’d gone to Bruce’s lab to collect him. The dog didn’t need out.

Bob must have agreed, because as soon as he was divested of his harness, he went to his bed, sniffed it and flopped down, lazily, into it. Tony suggested they eat on the couch, and the two settled side by side, the magnificent arrangement of roses that Tony had ordered for Peter still sitting on the coffee table next to the remains of the chocolates, their perfume permeating the entire apartment – and reminding Peter that Tony did love him.

“Eat, honey,” Tony prompted, setting an example by taking a bite of his burger. “We have all night, and everything is fine.”

The boy did what he was told, working his way through two burgers, fries and a milkshake while talking to Tony about the lab work that he and Bruce had been doing that afternoon. Not being that kind of scientist, Tony wasn’t that interested in the experiments, but he was interested in Peter – and in Bruce, although not in the same way. When they were done eating, Peter gathered up the trash and took it into the kitchen, while Tony settled back into the sofa and closed his eyes.

He was tired, and glad that the weekend was coming, even if they were spending it at the compound rather than at the apartment.

“Daddy?”

He opened his eyes, looking up at Peter, who looked a little uncertain.

Tony didn’t give him a chance to ask the question he knew he was asking; he patted his lap and the boy climbed into it, straddling his hips as Tony knew he loved to do. Which was perfect, really, because Tony loved it when he did.

“How do you feel, honey?” he asked, brushing his fingers through Peter’s hair, lightly, as the boy settled with his head on his shoulder.

“Okay. Edgy?”

“Yeah… that’s my fault, and I’m sorry.” He turned his head and kissed Peter’s temple. “I haven’t been communicating with you the right way, and it’s hurting you. I’m sorry.”

“I don’t understand. Did I do something wrong?”

“No, Peter. You’re fine. Like I said, this one is on me. I’ve been a little jealous…” a lot. “And it’s making me moody and short tempered – and maybe a little over-possessive.”

“Jealous?”

Tony sighed.

“Let me ask you a few questions…”

“Okay.”
“What do you and Tate talk about?”

Peter hesitated.

“He talks about the animal shelter he works for. And playing the violin.”

“And sex?” Tony prompted, unwilling to share his secret spy network in the form of FRIDAY, but not really needing to, so far.

“Yeah. He likes porn. A lot.”

“He’s a teenager. They all like porn. I did, when I was one – I still do, really.”

“You do?”

“Sure. We can discuss that a different time, though,” he said, unwilling to get too far off the subject. “What kind of porn does Tate talk to you about? Women and men? Women and women? Or guys?”

“Guys. He talks about little guys getting fucked by big guys. I think it excites him.”

“Yeah. You understand that he likes you, right? And is probably thinking about you being the little guy and him being the big guy in the porn?”

Peter was so shocked that he actually sat up in Tony’s lap, hand on the billionaire’s chest, next to the arc reactor, bracing himself.

“What?”

Tony smiled at the boy’s expression.

“I take it that means it never occurred to you?”

“That he likes me? Yeah. I mean, I like him.”

“In a sexual way?”

“No. I’m… I mean, I never had a lot of friends. I thought Tate just wanted to be my friend.”

“He probably does,” Tony agreed. “But I think he wants to be more than that, too, and I don’t like the idea of you being with him and not with me. That’s why I’ve been acting so badly, lately, and being such an ass to you.”

“Oh.”

“I’m sorry, honey.”

“It’s okay.”

“No. It isn’t, Peter. Just because I’m insecure, it doesn’t give me any right to take that out on you. Especially since it made you feel bad.”

“You’re insecure?” Peter repeated, resting his head back on Tony’s shoulder. “Why? You’re Ironman… and Tony Stark… You’re amazing.”

Tony chuckled.

“Because you’re even more amazing, and I have trouble believing that someone as incredible as you
are wants to be with an old guy like me, and not someone your own age. Like Tate.”

“Tate couldn’t be my daddy,” Peter said. “He’s not like you.”

“How so?”

Tony wasn’t above having a bit of a praise kink, himself, and maybe fishing for a compliment. He definitely needed reassuring, just then.

“He’s not you,” Peter told him, bringing his arms around Tony’s waist. “He’s not as handsome as you are. Or as smart. I don’t look at him and want to be held every minute I’m with him. When I’m with him, I feel like I have a friend, but when I’m with you, it’s a lot different. You’re my daddy. I love you.”

Tony hugged him, tighter, and turned his head, again.

“I love you, too, honey,” he said, sincerely. “I’m sorry.”

Peter nodded and then hesitated, again.

“I shouldn’t go to Coney Island with him, tomorrow, then. Should I?”

“Yes. Of course, you should. If you want to. You can be friends with Tate, Peter. If you wanted, you could be lovers with him. I’m not the one who decides that for you; only you can. I’m your daddy because you let me be your daddy, but I don’t own you — or your body. Would I be hurt if you loved Tate and not me? Absolutely. But if he was really the one to make you happy, then I’d have to be happy you were with him, because I want you to be happy. More than I want me to be happy. If that makes any sense…”

“It’s complicated,” Peter admitted, thinking about it.

Tony chuckled.

“Yes. That, it is.”

“You still want to be my daddy.”

“Yes.”

“And you still love me.”


“No.”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes. And you love me?”

“I’d do anything for you, baby. I love you that much.”

Peter smiled, snuggling closer to him, his hands coming between their bodies and wallowing in the way Tony was holding him.

“I’d like to go to Coney Island, tomorrow…”
“Then you should. And you should have fun. You and Tate, both. But just friends fun. Not Peter and daddy fun.”

The boy smiled, blushing so hotly, suddenly, that Tony could feel it through the fabric of his shirt.

“Will you watch porn with me, daddy?”

Tony chuckled.

“Tonight?”

“No. Maybe. I don’t know. I’ve never watched it, before.”

“What would be the most interesting, do you think? Would you like to see a woman being taken by a man? Or another woman? You can enjoy getting fucked by me, and still be interested in that kind of thing, as well.”

“I…” Peter shrugged. “I’ll think about it.”

“You do that.”

He sighed, sifting his fingers through Peter’s hair.

“My baby… so pretty…”

“Can we play, daddy?” Peter asked him, softly. Still uncertain.

Probably because thought Tony was tired. And he was. But he wasn’t that tired.

“Absolutely, honey. But let’s take Bob for his walk, first. That way we won’t be interrupted by him, later.”

The boy nodded, and reluctantly got off Tony’s lap. Bob wasn’t all that interested in a walk, but with both of them standing by the elevator holding his harness and his leash, he was convinced that it wasn’t such a terrible thing to go out once more, after all.

“Any idea what you want to do tonight?” Tony asked as he strapped Bob’s harness on him and snapped the leash before handing it to Peter and pulling a couple of plastic bags to put into his pocket.

Peter smiled.

“I want you to decide. Whatever you want to do. Not because I’m scared to say what I want, but because I want to do whatever you want to do.”

“Fair enough.” Tony felt a shiver of interest go through his entire body, all ending in his loins, which tightened at the thought of doing anything that he wanted to Peter. “We’ll discuss that when we get home, though. Okay?”

“Yes.”
The evening was promising rain, but it was only chilly as they set out onto the sidewalk with Peter holding Bob’s leash and the dog walking between the two – except when he wanted to stop and smell a bush, or a tree.

“Are you warm enough?” Tony asked while they waited for the dog to finish marking the same tree he marked every time they went near it.

“Yes. Are you?”

The billionaire smiled.

“I am, thank you.”

They were halfway around the block – which was about as far as Bob really liked to go – when they heard themselves being hailed.

“Peter! Mr. Stark!”

They both turned and saw Tate heading their way, with Monica and their two dogs. They stopped Bob and waited for them to catch up to them.

“HI, Monica,” Peter said, pleased to see her.

She was clearly just as happy to see him, because she handed Boomer’s lead to Tate and hugged Peter. He didn’t mind, at all. He couldn’t remember ever having a grandma and the older woman was definitely willing to take that role with him. Something that he was all for. He hugged her back, smiling.

“How are you, Peter?” she asked, pulling away and looking him over with her sharp, intense gaze that was a match for Tony’s.

“I’m good. I worked, today, in the lab.”

She knew what that meant to him, even though she didn’t know much about Bruce Banner – beyond what Peter had told her. If not for the fact that she knew how much he loved working with the scientist, Monica would have offered him a job in her flower shop, part-time, to allow him to earn some extra money.

“Good. Did you cure cancer?”

Tony smiled, but Peter shook his head.

“Not, yet.”

“May we walk with you two?”

Peter nodded, but it was Tony who answered.

“Yes, of course.”

They walked in silence for a moment, with Monica and Tony side by side and Peter and Tate a little ahead, unable to match the older woman’s pace for too long, being long-legged and a lot more
“They’re going to Coney Island, tomorrow?” she confirmed with the billionaire.

“That’s what I hear. Tate has a license and is doing the driving?”

She nodded, understand the concern she heard in his tone.

“He does. I taught him, myself – and bought his car for him on his birthday. He’s responsible and careful.”

Tony nodded his acceptance of that.

“Are you working in the flower shop tomorrow?”

“Yes.”

“Peter has my number if anything comes up. Make sure Tate understands that he can call me if he needs to. It can be intimidating to call me, sometimes.”

She chuckled, miming dialing a phone and holding it to her ear.

“Hello? Ironman? Yes, we’ve run out of gas, fly us some? I can understand why. Peter has my number in his phone, but remind him to call me, if the need arises. The flower shop is closer to the amusement park than your tower.”

“I’ll remind him.”

“Unless it rains,” she added. “Then they might not want to go.”

“Peter will,” Tony assured her, rolling his eyes and remembering how wet the boy got just checking out the helicopter and the Quinjet in the rain. “He gets chilled, but he doesn’t concern himself about the weather.”

“I might hire him out, this winter, then. I don’t always like to walk Boomer when it’s chilly.”

“He’ll be walking Bob, anyway. I’m sure he’d be willing to take care of Boomer, at the same time.”

“As long as he understands that he’ll get paid for it,” she stated.

“We can discuss it, when it gets there.”

“Fair enough.”

They finished their walk chatting about her flower shop and how her day had been, while the boys ahead of them cemented their plans for the next day. The group divided at the elevators in the lobby and Tony and Peter headed back up to the apartment with Bob.

“What are your plans for tomorrow?” Tony asked as the boy took the harness off of the mastiff.

“When Monica goes to the flower shop Tate will call me and we’ll go. We’ll have lunch there, and be back here by whatever time you want us to be.”

“I’ll take Bob with me to work, tomorrow, and maybe I’ll have Happy meet you here.” He shrugged. “We’ll figure it out.”
“Okay.”

Tony ran his hand under Peyer’s sweatshirt.

“You’re chilled. Do you want to take a bath with me and warm up?”

From the boy’s blush and sudden smile, he knew the answer, immediately.

“That would be nice.”

“Yes. Why don’t you go start the water and I’ll be right there.”

“Okay.”

By the time Tony had the apartment shut down for the night – which didn’t take much time – Peter was kneeling next to the bathtub, running his hand under the flowing water. He was fully dressed, though, and Tony smiled.

“Ready, baby?”

“It’s almost there, daddy.”

The billionaire undressed himself and walked over to Peter, pulling him up into his arms after turning off the water.

“You’re so beautiful, honey,” he murmured, kissing him, gently. “Daddy’s going to undress you, now.”

The boy nodded, stepping back and keeping his eyes on Tony as the older man took off his sweatshirt, t-shirt and then pants, folding each article of clothing and stacking them on the vanity. When Peter was naked, Tony got into the tub and then helped him down onto his lap, sprawled on top of him with their bodies pressed up against each other.

“My baby’s already hard,” Tony crooned, sliding his hand between them and caressing Peter’s cock, idly, while they soaked in the hot water.

“I need you,” Peter murmured, approvingly.

“Yeah? I need you, too, honey. But not, yet. First, I’m going to play with you and enjoy your body. Is that alright?”

“M-hmm.” Peter closed his eyes, resting his cheek on Tony’s shoulder, but keeping his hips shifted enough to allow access to his eager cock. “I like that.”

“Good.”

He wasn’t in any hurry, despite the fact that Peter could feel Tony’s cock hardening between their bodies, as well. He started to reach for it, to play, too, but Tony pulled his hand away, kissing his palm before bringing it back to his side.

“I’m doing it all, right now, baby. You just enjoy it.”

Peter shivered.

“Yes, daddy.”
Eventually, Tony sat up a little and reached for the soap and a washcloth. He washed Peter, thoroughly, spending a lot of time with the boy’s rear, since he knew Peter enjoyed it. Tony smiled at the way the Peter writhed while he fingered him, playing with him and stretching him. Finally had to pull the two of them out of the bath and into the shower.

He washed the soap off, and then knelt in front of the boy.

“Daddy…” Peter moaned, when Tony took his cock into his mouth. “Please… yes…”

With the water cascading down on them, Tony sucked Peter off, quickly. Not because he was setting a rapid pace, but because Peter was already over-stimulated and aroused. He just didn’t last long.

Tony smiled, and stood up, turning Peter toward the wall and guiding his hands to support bars.

“Daddy’s going to fuck you in the shower, honey,” he whispered, sliding his hand along Peter’s crack. “Can I?”

The boy turned his head and watched him as well as he could, the water still warming him – as well as Tony’s touch, of course. He nodded.

“Yes, of course. Please?”

Tony groaned, pressing his stomach and chest against the boy’s wet back, sliding his cock along the small of Peter’s back, first, and then adjusting his angle a little and the head of his cock breached Peter’s crack, causing the boy to make a pleased noise and press back against him.

“There… yes… daddy… please, daddy…”

He was already stretched and ready, and Tony nudged Peter’s entrance, and pressed forward, his hands pressed flat on the wall by Peter’s shoulders. The boy pushed back against his intrusion, and the head slid into Peter without much resistance, proof of just how well Tony had worked the boy in the tub.

“You’re so beautiful, baby,” Tony moaned, hilting himself inside the boy. “Look at you. Hot and wet and so tight for your daddy.”

“Yes, daddy. Please, daddy? I need you…”

Peter knew what drove Tony, and was willing to help the man he loved enjoy himself as much as Peter was. He pressed back as Tony pulled away, only to thrust back into him, driving him carefully against the tile.

“So fucking good. My beautiful baby.”

Tony’s pace increased, his hips jerking forward, spearing himself into Peter with loving thrust after thrust. The boy whimpered in his excitement, and the billionaire dropped a hand to the Peter’s cock, finding him hard, once more. He began stroking him, the water making the motion as easy as his thrusting hips filled the boy, over and over again.

Peter groaned and came in Tony’s hand, while the billionaire wasn’t far behind, reacting to the way Peter’s inner walls clamped down around his cock as he climaxed, triggering his own. He held the lithe, young body tightly against his stomach and chest, his cum pulsing from his cock into Peter, who had no desire to do anything other than take what he was given until Tony’s balls were emptied inside him.
“Oh, god, Peter,” he whispered, kissing the boy’s neck. “You’re so perfect honey. I love you so much.”

“I love you, daddy,” the boy assured him.

Tony sighed, replete, and pulled out, and then washed their bodies, once more, efficiently, before bringing them out of the shower and taking a couple of towels and thoroughly drying them both.

“You’re beautiful,” he murmured, brushing Peter’s hair, lovingly and making the boy smile.

“You are, too.”

That made Tony smile, as well.

“Come on, honey. You have a busy day ahead of you, tomorrow, and you need some sleep. Yes?”

“Yes.”
“In case I forget to tell you later, thank you for taking me, today.”

Peter smiled at Tate as he buckled his seatbelt.

“You’re welcome. I got the tickets for my birthday, but Tony doesn’t enjoy the rides so it’ll be fun to have someone to go on them with and not have to worry about making him sick.”

“I love to ride,” Tate assured him, pulling the car out of the parking garage and into traffic.

Peter hesitated at the odd inflection in his voice when he said it, remembering what Tony had said about how the older boy might be interested in him other than as a friend, but he couldn’t really be annoyed that the guy said he liked riding rides, now, could he?

He did frown when Tate’s hand brushed his thigh when he was shifting the car, however, but Tate seemed oblivious. The older boy looked over at him.

“I’ve got something for you, Pete. Just as a surprise.”

“Yeah? What?”

Tate reached into the pocket of the jacket he was wearing and handed a small tablet over.

“Check it out. I downloaded it for you, so you could watch it – and not have to worry about being embarrassed if Mr. Stark catches you. I imagine he can track the web browser history in his apartment pretty well.”

Peter frowned, looking down at the tablet and turned it on, curiously. He blushed hotly when he saw that it was a video of two men in a shower. One was a man, anyway. The other was probably only a few years older than Peter, and was definitely more boy than man, still. The older guy was obviously fucking the younger from behind in a scene that was so similar to the position that he and Tony had been in the evening before that Peter couldn’t help but be fascinated, wondering if the two of them looked as erotic as the two on the tablet did.

Tate had been watching Peter’s reaction, closely, apparently, because he smiled, looking pleased with himself.

“Yeah, I thought you’d like that.”

Peter could feel his ears burning, as well as his cheeks – but also felt himself getting a bit aroused, easily picturing Tony as the man and himself as the younger and smaller guy, clearly enjoying what was being done to him and the squealing daddy.

“Wow.” He forced himself to turn it off, though. “Does it all look like that?”

“The good stuff does,” Tate confirmed. “Go ahead and keep watching it. I don’t mind listening to it instead of music.”

Peter turned it back on, mainly because he couldn’t think of a good excuse not to, and the drive to the amusement park was filled with scenes and sounds of young men being topped (as Tate told him it was called) by bigger, or older guys, who were clearly very good at what they were doing to their young partners.
Peter couldn’t help that he was aroused by the time that Tate pulled the car into the parking area, and the older boy had to have noticed the bulge in his jeans. Peter definitely could see that Tate was feeling the effects.

“Pretty good stuff, huh?” he asked, taking the tablet back and hiding it in the center console of the car. “We can watch more, later. I have a shitload of it.”

“Oh. Yeah, it’s okay,” Peter told him. “Um… Tony probably wouldn’t approve of me watching that.”

Not without him, and definitely not with Tate, no matter how exciting it was to see it.

“I’ll bet he’d be all for it.” The older boy let the subject drop, though, apparently noticing Peter’s unease. “We can talk about it more, later. Let me know if you have any questions about it.”

The walk to the admittance gate in the cold morning air helped cool Peter off. Like the evening before, there was a definite threat of rain, and the air was heavy with unshed moisture. Peter smiled, feeling pleased that he was the one who was paying for them to get into the park, and would have to remember to thank Happy for the passes. He had plenty of money in his wallet, too, so he could buy lunch for them – except that Tate had already offered to do so.

They spent the morning riding every ride that turned them upside down or sent them hurtling forward at ridiculously high speeds. Tate was like Peter in the sense that he loved the rollercoasters and by mutual consent, they went on them over and over. With each ride, though Peter noticed that the older boy would sit closer and closer to him, until he was hip to hip and occasionally brought an arm over the back of their seats, fingers ‘accidentally’ brushing Peter’s shoulder or the back of his neck.

It started raining when they decided to stop for something to eat. Fat, heavy raindrops that sent most of the park attendees running for shelter in their cars, while Peter and Tate simply found an overhang to stand under while they ate their hotdogs and pizza slices.

“We could just go home,” Tate said, looking out at the rain that had already soaked both of them. Not that hard to do since Peter only had a sweatshirt and Nate’s jacket was more of a windbreaker and not a rain jacket. “My grandma’s gone; we’d have her place to ourselves. Maybe we could watch more videos…”

Peter shook his head.

“I don’t mind the rain.” He didn’t want to watch more videos. “We can go, though. I have some schoolwork that I could be getting done.”

“No. I don’t mind the rain, either,” Tate told him, quickly. “If you get chilled, I can warm you up,” he added, only half-joking, his large hand going to the back of Peter’s black sweatshirt.

They finished eating, and headed back toward the rides, but the weather was closing all of the interesting ones down. They could still ride the ferris wheel – which held no interest to Peter, although Tate said they were romantic – and the merry-go-round was open, but that was definitely for kids.

“Oh well,” Peter finally said, standing inside a small restaurant while waiting for the men’s room to free up. “Maybe another time.”

“I still had a lot of fun,” Tate told him. “Don’t look so down.”

“I’m not.”
He wasn’t, either, although he was surprised when the older boy pulled him into a hug to console him. Peter froze as Tate’s arms went around him for a long moment, and his hands went to the side, not returning the hug. Tate pulled away.

“You didn’t like that?”

“No Not, really,” Peter said, honestly. “I-“

The bathroom door opened, and the occupant nodded to the two teens as he passed. Tate grabbed Peter’s sweatshirt and hustled him into the bathroom, locking the door behind them.

“What are you-“

“Relax,” he said, quickly. “I just wanted to talk to you without an audience.”

“About what?” Peter asked, stepping back against the sink.

Tate followed him, looming over Peter.

“Come on, Pete,” he said, huskily. “Don’t tell me you weren’t interested in those videos. I saw your hard-on.”

“I wasn’t. I mean, I was, but that’s probably only because it was the first time I’ve seen anything like them. I’m a teenaged boy, they say we’re always turned on by that kind of thing, right?”

“Right. Well, there are other things you can try… we can try,” Tate told him, reaching for Peter’s jeans. “I want to show you. We could pick a scene and reenact it.”

“No.” Peter couldn’t back up any further, so he moved to the side. “I don’t-“

To his surprise, the bigger boy grabbed him, turning him in his arms and pressing him belly and chest against the wall of the restroom with a jolt. The hand not holding him was reaching for the button on his jeans.

“We’ll just try it, Pete,” Tate said in his ear. “One time. If you don’t scream from pleasure, I’ll let you go.”

“Let me go, Tate,” Peter said, struggling against his grasp, but not as hard as he could. He was starting to feel a surge of panic, though, and was fighting to suppress it. And failing. “Please.”

“Don’t be a pussy, Pete,” Tate grumbled. “You’ll love this. I’ll suck-“

“No!”

Peter wretched himself around, his strength clearly surprising Tate, whose grip on Peter’s sweatshirt tore the hood a little.

“Stop, Pe-“

“Let me go!” The panic had him, now, and Peter pushed the bigger boy away, tossing him aside, easily, and bolting for the door, unlocking it and tearing at full speed out of the restaurant, ignoring the surprised looks on the faces of the few people in the booths and heading for the park’s exit.
Tony was sifting through some data on the latest nanotech information coming out of the new company that Stark Industries had merged with when FRIDAY interrupted with a soft tone – to avoid startling him – and then an announcement that did.

“Peter’s heart rate and blood pressure are off the charts.”

The billionaire looked up from his display.

“He’s at the amusement park, FRIDAY. Maybe he’s on a particularly scary ride…”

“I’ve been monitoring him all day, boss, and making allowances for that.” The watch that Tony had given the boy for his birthday had all kinds of bells and whistles. Instant communication with Tony, tracking capabilities, and a biometric control to allow FRIDAY to let Tony know when Peter’s stats were high enough to indicate a panic attack. Just in case Tony wasn’t there – like when it had happened at the compound. “This is different.”

Tony trusted FRIDAY’s good sense. Much more than he trusted his own, usually.

“Call Peter.”

There was a long pause.

“No answer.”

Tony stood up.

“Call Tate.”

Another long pause.

“He isn’t answering his phone.”

“Where are they?”

The display changed. Now it was a map. Using Tate’s phone, FRIDAY popped a blip on the map representing the older boy – which was heading out of the Coney Island parking area and going east. Peter’s blip (his GPS tracker in the watch) was going west.

“What the hell?”

“Repeatedly calling Peter. No response.”

“Stats?”

“Higher than before. He’s panicking.”

“Yeah. Call Happy. Tell him to get the car. I’m going to go find Peter, have him meet me wherever I end up.”

There was no way that Tony was going to wait for Happy to drive him to Peter. He was Ironman for a reason, right?
“On it.”

Tony headed for his suit.

He didn’t know where he was going. Only that he needed to go. The panic attacks were nothing new, really, but the abilities that he’d gain made them far more physical than they had been. As a little kid, and into his teens, a panic attack would have had him huddling in his bed in a miserable ball of agitated fear. Or under the bed. Or, sometimes in the bathtub. Anyplace that let him feel safe.

Now, though, he ran. Not only because he just couldn’t hold still, but because somewhere in his mind, even in the height of his panic, he knew that he was strong enough that if he was near someone, he could really hurt them. He didn’t want to hurt anyone, and that meant not allowing them to corner him and allow him to do it.

So, he ran.

Tears of fear and the driving rain were blinding him, and he was completely unaware of the odd looks of the few people out on the sidewalks in the heavy rain. He ran through a couple of residential neighborhoods and onto a major road, hearing the screeching and squealing of tires and brakes but not paying attention – even when one car actually hit him, tossing him off his feet and sending him rolling.

He was on his feet in an instant, not even slowing as he ran toward an open area. There was sand, and in the distance, some water and no one around. Peter ran for the water.

“He’s on Atlantic avenue.”

“I see.”

The trackers in the suit made it easy. Tony was still a distance away, but he had Peter in his sights, so to speak. Saw when the boy broke free of the last of the neighborhood congestion and felt his heart stop when he’d ran headlong out onto the road and had been hit, although the driver had tried everything she could to avoid him.

The boy rolled, and regained his footing, still running.

In his peripherals, Tony could see FRIDAY bring up an image of Peter’s body, already checking for injuries as well as could be done from the distance they were at.

“He’s running out of real estate, boss,” FRIDAY told him. “We’ll have him at the water’s edge in 30 seconds, at present speed.”

“Put a little more speed on.”

Just in case he didn’t stop at the edge of the water.

A surge of power ran through the suit, and Tony was suddenly at an angle to the fleeing boy. Allowing FRIDAY to calculate the best approach, and the perfect timing, the suit came to a hard landing just before Peter ran by it. Tony reached out and grabbed his slight frame with one arm, cushioning the impact by drawing it out to avoid hurting him.
“Let me go!”

The helmet retracted, even as Tony put his other arm around Peter, hugging him close to his metal encased body.

“Peter! It’s me…”

He was struggling, still, brown eyes wide with fear, beautiful face bruised and scraped.

“Let me go!”

“Shhh,” Tony knew how to counter the panic, and it wasn’t by yelling. He held him, that slim frame so tense and holding so much power that Tony wouldn’t have had a chance if he hadn’t been wearing his Ironman suit. “It’s daddy, Peter…” he crooned, keeping his mouth near the boy’s ear. “I’m here, honey. It’s daddy.”

He repeated the words, over and over, until Peter stopped struggling in his grasp. Then continued holding him while the boy sobbed. And still held him, ignoring the rain that was soaking both of them, until he finally went limp against him, and the boy’s arms finally came around him, in response to the litany of soothing words and caresses.

“I’m sorry…”

“Shhh… don’t be.”

“I just… I had to get away… and I didn’t want to hurt him, but he had hold of me, and he wouldn’t let me go, and I told him I didn’t want to-“

“Peter… it’s okay, baby.”

Another squeal of tires, this time close at hand. Tony looked up and saw Happy getting out of the car, obviously directed where to find them by FRIDAY. The driver came running over and dropped next to them, eyes concerned, and a hand coming to Peter’s back.

“Is he alright?”

Tony nodded, rainwater running down his face from his hair, dripping off his nose.

“Let’s get him in the car. Do you have any blankets?”

“Yeah. And some towels.”

Tony stood up, keeping Peter in his embrace and simply carrying him over to the car and hustling him into the backseat. Before he joined him, he deactivated the Ironman suit, and it compacted enough that when Happy came around from the trunk and handed him a stack of blankets and towels, Tony was able to hand him the suit to put into the trunk and get it out of the way for the moment.

Then he joined Peter in the car.

“Let’s get you dried off, honey,” Tony crooned, softly, still maintaining his soothing manner, although the worst of the panic attack seemed to be over. He pulled the sodden sweatshirt off, taking the t-shirt at the same time and carefully starting to dry the boy with a fluffy towel, mindful of the potential for any cuts or bruises hidden in that mop of wet curls. Happy entered the back of the car from the other side.
“Here,” the driver offered, reaching for the towel and handing Tony another. “I’ll get him dried off. You’re drenched.”

The boy was silent as Happy dried his hair, and then tsked over the scrape on his chin, and the red marks that would certainly be bruising. The driver patted the towel against the boy’s chin with a tender look.

“You’re going to have to stop messing up your pretty face, Peter,” Happy told him with a smile. “The girls like scars, but too many of them and you’ll look like the elephant man, or something. Then they’ll be running away.”

Peter smiled, too. It was a quivering one, but was a smile, finally, and Tony breathed a sigh of relief as he finished drying his hair and tossed his towel onto the other seat.

“Let’s get out of here, Happy,” he said, reaching for a blanket from the stack the driver had brought.

“Where to?”

Tony turned to Peter.

“Are you hurt?”

“No.”

“We’ll get you checked, later.” He had seen him get hit by the car, after all, but the subsequent run had proven nothing was broken – most likely. “Let’s head to the compound.” The long drive would give Peter a chance to calm down, and once he was, Tony could find out what happened. He certainly wasn’t going to ask him in his present state of mind. It would probably only trigger a new one.

“Alright,” Happy said.

“Swing by the tower, though,” Tony told him. “I left Bob in my office. Pepper wouldn’t appreciate dog-watching all weekend. I’ll call ahead and have someone waiting with him at the lobby.”

“Got it.”

Happy brushed his hand along Peter’s wet hair, once more, and then got out, closing the door behind him and leaving the two alone. Tony picked up another towel, relieved that Happy was clever enough to make sure he had a large supply of necessities in the car, and started drying Peter’s bare upper body, looking for bruising and scrapes while doing so.

“You’re okay, honey,” he crooned, bringing a blanket around his shoulders to keep him warm as the car started moving. “We’ll get it all taken care of.”

Peter nodded, trembling, now that the adrenaline was wearing off and he was starting to feel the chill of his overheated body and the cold water. He climbed into Tony’s lap, not realizing that his soaked jeans were getting Tony wet, too. The billionaire didn’t complain. He situated his baby so he was comfortable and drew another blanket on top of the first, pulling Peter’s head down to his shoulder. Then he kissed his temple, and watched as Peter closed his eyes, still shivering, but no longer afraid.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. Just take deep breaths, okay? Relax and let me hold you. We’ll get Bob, and get some dry clothes and then we’ll head to the compound and go see what Natasha’s doing, yeah? She’s
probably wishing you were there to keep her company.”

“Yeah.”

He smiled, and brushed another kiss against Peter’s damp hair.

Natasha was much better at questioning people than Tony was – and despite her deadly skills, she was also gentler. At least, she was gentle with Peter. She’d help Tony find out what triggered the panic attack.

And then they could deal with it.
It was a bit of a drive to the tower – especially with the traffic that they were in. Tony didn’t mind, though. A result of that was that by the time they reached the front of the building, Peter wasn’t trembling anymore, and was even willing to slide out of Tony’s lap long enough for them to open the back door and allow one of the interns to load Bob into the back of the car. The young man also handed Tony a large bag, which he took with a smile of thanks.

“To the compound, now, boss?” Happy asked over the intercom as Bob shoved his face into Peter’s chest, tail wagging as he sought some attention from the boy.

Peter hugged the dog close for a long moment, until the mastiff became bored with the attention and moved to the other seat, hopping up on it, gracefully, and flopping down.

“Yes, Happy. Thanks.” He turned off the intercom, and turned his attention to the boy, who was still a little damp – especially the jeans he wearing. “Let’s get you out of those wet pants.”

The boy held himself still while Tony pulled the blankets aside, draping them close by, and then helped Peter take his shoes and socks off – which were also still wet – and then slide out of his jeans and his boxers. The towels were still a little damp, as well, but Tony used them to dry his baby, and then looked into the bag that he’d been given, and pulled out a pair of sweats.

“Put those on, honey,” he told him, while he got himself out of his now damp slacks and put on a pair of jeans, also from the bag that had been handed to him. His suit jacket and shirt followed, and Tony slipped on a t-shirt, instead.

Peter was in the dry sweats by then, and waited until Tony was done, but then climbed back into his lap, needing to be held.

“Daddy…”

“Are you okay, Peter?” he asked his baby, softly, pulling the blankets back over him and tucking him against his chest. “Did you get hurt?”

Peter trembled, despite the warmth of the interior of the car and the man holding him so lovingly.

“I think I got hit by a car…”

“I know you did,” Tony told him. “I saw that. I mean before…”

“No.”

The trembling wasn’t stopping, and Tony slid his hand under the blanket to rub Peter’s bare back, kissing his temple.

“Don’t worry, honey… we’ll talk about it, later. Relax for daddy, okay?”

“I was scared…”

“Shh… nothing can scare you, now. I’m here. I’ve got you. We’re going to the compound, and it’s filled with Avengers, right?”

“Yes.”
“They won’t let you be scared, either.”

The boy nodded, and did as he was told, relaxing further in Tony’s strong embrace. Enough that he eventually dozed off, snoring lightly in the billionaire’s ear. Holding him with the one hand, Tony fished his phone out of his picket and made a few calls, quietly making sure that everything he needed was ready at the compound when they arrived. Then he shifted a little under Peter and shushed him when the motion started to wake him, caressing him until he was asleep, again.

Then he settled in, keeping his attention on the boy he was holding, but already running possibilities through his mind, since he was almost positive what – or who – was responsible for the latest panic attack.

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“Peter…” the gentle voice in his ear roused him from a restful sleep.

“Hmmm…?”

He was too tired to lift his head, and he was so warm, and comfortable, that he didn’t even want to try.

“Honey, we’re almost to the compound.” The voice was Tony’s, he was awake enough to realize, now. “We need to get you dressed.”

“I’m sleepy.”

“I know. But I need you dressed.”

“We could drive around the block a few times…”

There was a chuckle in his ear that made him smile, too.

“Natasha’s going to be meeting us,” Tony warned him. “Do you want her to see you naked?”

“No. Yes? No.”

“I heard more noes, than yesses.” A kiss to his temple, and then the hand that was resting on his back moved, and the blankets that were covering him were moved as well. “Come on. Your sweatshirt is dry, now, so we’ll start with that.”

Peter sighed, but sat up a little in Tony’s lap, opening his eyes and watching Tony’s pretty eyes as he helped Peter pull on first his t-shirt, and then the bulkier sweatshirt.

“Thanks, daddy.”

Tony’s smile was loving, as was the hand he pressed against Peter’s cheek.

“You’re welcome. Do you hurt?”

“A little.”

“Robert’s going to meet us at the door. Him and Natasha. Okay?”

“Yeah.”

“Robert, because I saw you get hit by a car, and I need to make sure you didn’t break anything.
Yeah?"

Peter nodded.

"Yeah. And Natasha?"

"Because she loves you almost as much as I do, and she misses you when you're gone."

The boy’s smile was still sleepy, but it was adorably happy as well.

"She does?"

"You know it. We're going to get you checked out while I settle Bob, and then we’ll have dinner and see what kind of relaxing things we can find to do, tonight. Okay?"

"Are we still going to go to Dallas?"

"As long as we get you checked out, first. If you’re up for it?"

"Yes. Please?"

"We’ll see what Robert finds."

"Okay."

"Kiss me?"

Peter smiled, leaning forward and pressing his lips against Tony’s, his tongue sliding against the older man’s lower lip, patiently waiting for entrance into the man’s mouth. Tony made an appreciative noise and parted his lips, feeling Peter’s tongue brush against his own, teasing him for a moment before the boy broke the kiss, and leaned back.

"I’m not hurt."

He wasn’t as tired, now, and the panic had run its course. Peter felt wrung out, emotionally, but Tony had handled him exactly right – not surprising, since he’d experienced plenty of them himself and knew what was needed to bring Peter down from his terror.

Tony’s palm cupped the boy’s cheek, carefully.

"Your face tells me otherwise, honey. We’ll make sure."

His expression was loving, but also told Peter that he wasn’t going to let him argue with him about it. Not surprising, either. The boy was well aware that Tony took his health personally – and had since the day that he and Happy had found him in the alley.

"Okay."

"I love you."

Peter’s smile was automatic, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t sincere.

"I love you, too, daddy."

The car turned, then, onto the side road that led to the compound and Peter sighed and left Tony’s lap, and then reached for his shoes and socks. His socks were dry, but his shoes were still damp and
just a little uncomfortable when he put them on.

They were coming to a stop by the time he tied his laces, and looking out the window, he saw Natasha and Robert walking out of the door just as they stopped. Clearly they were watching for the car, or Happy had called when they arrived.

Tony reached over and opened the door, but Bob was the first one out, having already been untethered from his harness. Natasha reached down and rubbed the big dog’s ears when he ambled by her, but her attention – and Robert’s, as well – was entirely on Peter when he emerged, next.

“There’s my favorite spider,” she said with a warm smile on her beautiful face, opening her arms in an invitation that Peter immediately took her up on. He stepped into her embrace, and couldn’t help that he trembled, again, when her arms came around him, holding him tightly – and then even tighter when she felt him shaking. “What’s wrong, sweetheart?” she crooned into his ear.

“I screwed up, Natasha…” he whispered, brokenly. “Tony warned me, and I still screwed up…”
so I already tagged that there was an unsuccessful attempt at forced sex, but there will be discussions about it, now, so I wanted to remind readers about it so they can avoid the chapter if it's a trigger

Tony stepped forward, hand coming up, but Romanoff shook her head and waved him off with a gesture and a look. The billionaire had asked her to come meet the car, and while they hadn’t actually planned for this conversation to come up, just yet, she wasn’t going to miss the chance to take advantage of Peter’s comment to open the dialogue.

Which meant, she didn’t want Tony – or Robert – there for it to distract Peter.

“Oh, Peter…” she crooned, running the hand she’d waved Tony away with through the boy’s hair to hide the gesture. “Come on. Let’s go sit down. Okay?”

He nodded against her shoulder and allowed her to steer him toward the door, and down the first corridor, her arm still around him and holding him close to her side as they entered a small conference room. Rather than put him in one of the comfortable chairs at the table, she guided him to the small sofa and seated them in a way that the arm of the sofa supported one side, and she supported the other.

Then she set her chin on the top of his head, caressing his back, lightly, pleased to note that he was wearing the sweatshirt that she’d given him. He was literally wrapped in her warmth in every way possible, and that would only help her, just then.

The boy sniffed against her bare neck, and she felt his tears dampening her skin.

“What do you mean you screwed up?” she asked, gently.

“Tony told me Tate… liked me…”

“Tate’s the big guy with the rat-looking dog?”

He chuckled weakly at the description, but since it was fairly accurate, he nodded.

“Yes. He’s Monica’s grandson. He’s visiting her.”

“Okay. So he likes you.”

“Yeah.”

“You like him?”

“Not the way he likes me,” Peter told her. “I thought he just wanted to be friends…”

“And he wants more than that?”

“Yeah. But I didn’t know, at first. And then Tony told me that Tate keeps bringing up all this porn
that he watches, because he wants me to be the little guy and him to be the big guy.”

“So he’s interested in you, sexually.”

She could feel his blush, even though she couldn’t see it, and could feel him nod.

“Tony told me that he was. But I guess I only half-believed it. I mean, I’m not that much to look at, you know?”

“I think you’re wrong about that,” she told him. “But we’ll worry about your self-esteem issues later. What did you do?”

“I invited Tate to Coney Island with me. Before Tony told me about how he felt. I thought I shouldn’t go, but I really wanted to, and Tony told me it was okay to if I wanted to. Besides, I’d already invited him, so it wouldn’t be right to say I didn’t want to go after all…”

“Okay. I can see where you’re coming from on that. I don’t see where you’ve done anything wrong, though, Peter. It sounds like you were trying to be a good friend.”

The boy sniffed.

“I wanted to be. Then, on the way to the park, he was showing me the porn that he has. All big guys like him and little guys like me. I didn’t know how to tell him I didn’t want to watch it, and then, after a while, I did want to watch it. It was…” he was blushing, furiously, now.

“You liked it,” she stated.

“Yeah. A lot. It reminded me of me and Tony…” he whispered, uncertainly.

Natasha smiled, hugging the boy and looking at the mirror, wondering if Robert was still with Stark and had managed to hear that comment through the two-way glass.

“That’s normal. Then what?”

“We got to the park and Tate said that he’d show me more, later, but I said Tony wouldn’t want me to watch it – and Tate said he probably would like it, too. Then we rode rides, but Tate touched me… a lot.”

“Inappropriately?” she asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe? But maybe I was just being sensitive.”

“Did it make you uncomfortable?”

“Yes.”

“Then it was inappropriate,” she confirmed. "He shouldn’t have been anywhere near you like that.” She damped down her own very real anger, making sure he couldn’t hear it in her voice, although her expression was expressionless – and for her, that meant she was at her angriest. Or deadliest.

“Then what?”

“It started raining, and Tate said we could go home. His grandma was gone and we would have her place to ourselves. He said we could watch more videos.”

“So, he was definitely coming on to you.”
“I guess. No one’s ever done it before – so I don’t know, for certain.”

“Keep going…”

“I said I didn’t mind the rain, but that we could go. But I told him I’d just go work on schoolwork.”

“And he decided that he didn’t mind the rain, either?” she guessed, rolling her eyes, even though Peter didn’t see.

He lifted his head, looking at her.

“How did you know?”

“Because he’s about as smooth as a piece of sandpaper, sweetheart. And that isn’t your fault. What, then?”

“We were going to ride more rides, but all the good ones were closed because of the rain, so we were going to leave. Tate said I looked sad, and he hugged me and told me not to be.”

“He hugged you?”

“Yeah. While I was waiting for the bathroom before we left. Then he asked if I liked it and I said no.”

“Good.”

“Then the bathroom opened up, and Tate grabbed me and pulled me into it, and locked the door.” Peter shook his head. “I think he ripped my sweatshirt,” he added. “I’m sorry.”

“I’ll get you a new one,” Romanoff promised. “A better one. What, then? Did he try anything?”

Peter nodded.

“He was all over me. He said that he knew I liked the videos, because he saw my…” the boy’s blush was furious, and he looked away, embarrassed, realizing who he was talking to and what they were discussing.

“It made you erect?”

“Yeah. I mean, I couldn’t help it. I was thinking of-“

She chuckled, surprising Peter, who looked up at her.

“You’re a teenaged boy, Peter,” she reminded him. “I’m pretty sure it’s your default state – especially if you’d been shown porn.”

He nodded.

“I said something like that, too, and he told me not to be a pussy and he grabbed me, again and pushed me up against the wall and said if I didn’t like it and scream from pleasure, he’d let me go.”

“He said that?”

“Yes.”

“Then what?”
“I panicked, and pushed him away and took off.”

“Did he chase you?”

“I don’t know,” Peter admitted. “I don’t really remember much after that until Tony and Happy were there. I thought a car hit me – Tony said it did.”

She put her hand on his chin, bringing his eyes up to meet hers.”

“I’m still waiting to hear how you screwed up.”

“I told you. Tony warned me, but I still went.”

“Because you wanted to have a fun time at the amusement park.”

“Yes.”

“With someone who you pretty much thought was your friend.”

“Yes.”

“And then… when he tried to get you to do something that you didn’t want to do, he wouldn’t take your no for an answer.”

“Right.”

“Peter, you did everything short of screaming stranger danger at him. Don’t you even think that any of this was on you. You told him no, and he thought that he could make you do something, anyway. He’s lucky you didn’t throw him through the wall – no one would have blamed you.”

The boy didn’t look convinced. Not entirely, anyway. But his eyes lost the haunted look, and he wasn’t crying. It was a start.

“I didn’t handle it very well. He couldn’t have made me do anything I didn’t want to do.”

“Obviously.”

“I could have tried to reason with him.”

“ Sounds like you made your view perfectly clear and he ignored you. If anything, it’s his fault for startling you and then allowing you to become panicked. When you said no, and he didn’t stop, he crossed the line – and could have gotten you hurt, running through traffic like you had been.”

“Yeah?”

She nodded.

“You trust me?”

“Of course.”

“Well, then trust me; none of what happened is your fault. The only thing that you did wrong was not putting him through the wall, as far as I’m concerned – but it’s not in your nature to do something like that, I know.”

It was utterly and completely within hers, however.
“Yeah. No, I mean. I wouldn’t…”

“Here’s what we’re going to do…” she told him, running her fingers through his hair and giving him her best look. Designed to put him at ease, and remind him that she was his friend. “You’re going to present yourself to Robert, so he can check and make sure you didn’t get hurt when you panicked. Then, when he’s done, we’re going to have dinner. After that, you’re going to spend some quiet time with Tony – just to make sure that you’re okay – and that he’s okay, because he probably needs some reassurance, too, you know?”

Peter hadn’t thought of that, but it made sense, and he nodded.

“Okay.”

“Tomorrow morning, after breakfast, we’re going to fly to Dallas in the Quinjet and we’re going to have a great time. Got it?”

The boy smiled, excited at the thought of flying in the jet.

“Yes.”

“Feel better?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Thank you for telling me what happened.”

She pulled him into a hug that lasted for several minutes, and then they separated, and got up. They found Tony and Robert out in the hallway, and the doctor silently gestured for the boy to go with him, which Peter did.

Romanoff went over to stand by Stark.

“Were you watching?”

“Yeah. Of course I was.”

“Do I kill him, or do you?”
Tony shook his head with a tight smile.

“We can’t kill him, Natasha. For one thing, it’d point right back at us. For another – and really, more important thing; I like his grandmother too much to cause her that much pain. And so does Peter.”

She scowled, but shrugged.

“It’s your call. He doesn’t get away with this, though.”

“We’ll see what happens,” Tony said as they started walking down the corridor toward the lounge. Might as well be where Robert would know where to find him when he was done checking Peter. They both knew the doctor would send them packing if they headed to the medlabs. “And what story Tate comes forward with.”

“Think he’d try to deny it?” she asked as they walked into the lounge.

“Oh, he could try,” the billionaire said, with a humorless smile. He held up his tablet and handed it to her, pressing the display. “I wish him all the luck in the world with that.”

The display came up as they sat down at a table, and she saw that it was security footage. New York was one of the most heavily videoed places on the planet – and that included Coney Island and the buildings. FRIDAY had unfettered access to any and every electronic in the world, obviously. Romanoff and Tony watched as the two boys hid under some awning eating pizza, and then the scene switched to the inside of a restaurant of some kind, where Peter was standing near a restroom door and Tate suddenly hugged him.

The HD video had no trouble picking up on how uncomfortable Peter looked and how his arms were to the side, clearly not returning the hug and then shaking his head. There wasn’t any volume, but they didn’t need any. Even more; a moment later they watched as the bathroom door opened, and the bigger boy grabbed Peter and pretty much dragged him into the bathroom.

Minutes later the door slammed open and Peter was taking off, with Tate coming out a long moment after that, looking around.

“FRIDAY was quick to start gathering the video before anything could ‘accidentally’ happen to it. It’s pretty clear who the offending party is,” Tony said. “Besides, a size difference like that? No one would believe Tate if he said that Peter knocked him down, much less if he said Peter was the aggressor.”

She scowled, but didn’t argue.

“It makes you wonder if he’s pulled something like this before…” she muttered.

“True. But at least now they’ll know not to allow him near anyone else he could, potentially, hurt.”

“Still-”

She was interrupted by Tony’s phone, and he pulled it out, looked at the caller ID and answered it.

“Monica.”

“Tony. Please tell me that Peter’s with you?”
“He is. You heard what happened?”

“I heard something.” Even Natasha could hear the cold fury in the older woman’s tone of voice. “That grandson of mine came home about five minutes ago and told me a story. Before I decide what to do with him, I want to know the real story. And I want to make sure Peter isn’t injured.”

“We’re having him checked, now. What did you hear, if I may ask?”

“That Tate misunderstood some signals from Peter and that when he acted on them, Peter became scared and ran away. Now… since I’ve never seen that boy of yours give my grandson a single ‘signal’, I’d like to know what really happened.”

Tony gave her an abbreviated version of what he’d heard Peter tell Natasha, and the woman on the other line was quiet until he was finished.

“He isn’t… Tate didn’t do anything to him?”

Obviously, she feared the worse – which was understandable considering the size difference between the two boys.

“Peter escaped before anything could happen,” Tony assured her. “Then he had a panic attack and took off. He was hit by a car, but it doesn’t seem too serious.”

“That little bastard…” that was more to herself than to Tony, so he didn’t reply. “Well, I’m going to confiscate his tablet and his phone, to begin with, because I’d like to verify the porn portion of things. Then I’ll call his father. What kind of charges are we looking at for this? Any idea?”

“I don’t know, Monica,” Tony admitted. “I’m not sure what – if any. Peter got away before anything could happen, and a judge would probably point that out just as quickly.”

“Well, we’ll see. I’ll tell you one thing, though, I hold the purse strings in the family, so you better believe his days of free-wheeling are done. He’ll be working his ass off if he wants anything beyond the basics, and I’m going to take his car, as well. He can walk or beg a ride from his folks, if he wants to go anywhere. Clearly, he can’t handle being allowed any kind of long leash.”

Natasha smiled. She hadn’t met the older woman, but she certainly liked what she was hearing, the billionaire could tell.

“I’d say that’s a good start,” Tony told Monica. “We’re at the compound for the weekend, so you won’t see us.”

“Well, I’ll have Tate shipped home before you get here, so Peter doesn’t have to deal with any of it, if we can save him the concern. I’ll talk to my lawyers on Monday and see what they say he’s facing – and then he’ll enter a guilty plea to whatever it is and will pay whatever comes.”

“Thank you.”

“You’ll let me know how Peter is?”

“As soon as I find out.”

“I hope you – and Peter – won’t hold this against me. I-“

“Peter loves you, Monica,” Tony assured her, sincerely. “You’re going to have to do a lot worse than have a grabby-handed grandson to get rid of him.”
She chuckled.

“Thank you, Tony. I need to go. I’ll talk with you soon, I hope.”

“As soon as I hear anything,” he promised. The call ended, and he put his phone away, looking at Romanoff. “Well?”

She scowled.

“It’s a start.”

“No headaches?”

“A little,” Peter admitted, honestly. “But I don’t think it’s from hitting my head, or anything. I think it’s just stress.”

The doctor nodded.

They were in the medical rooms, and he had Peter stripped down to his boxers, which had made him chuckle and Peter blush, because they were red and gold boxers with little Ironman guys adorning them, front and back.

Robert had checked the boy for bruises and cuts, but had only found a few areas of injury and none were serious. He’d ordered a complete set of x-rays, though, just to be on the safe side. Now, he was simply asking him questions to make sure his own primary diagnosis was the correct one.

“Yeah? Well, take some over the counter stuff if it doesn’t fade after a while. If you still have it, tomorrow, make sure you let me know. Understood?”

“Yes.”

The doctor gave him a serious look.

“I don’t need to check under your Ironman boxers? He didn’t get that far?”

Peter blushed, but shook his head.

“No. I’m alright.”

“Well, since I have you here, let me see that hand.”

They talked about the rides at Coney Island while Robert took the stitches out of Peter’s hand from his burning taxicab incident, and the boy smiled when the doctor pointed out that if he kept it up, Peter was going to break a record for most visits to his infirmary. Which was saying something considering it was the Avengers, after all.

“Go ahead and get dressed,” he told them. “I’ll finish the chart notes, and then deliver you to the lounge. I want you to eat a big meal, alright? Even if you’re not hungry. Then I want you to have a quiet evening – like Romanoff said; you should spend it making sure Tony’s alright. I’ll check you again before you go to Dallas in the morning.”

“You’re not going?”

“I’m going to watch your dog for you.”
“Really?”

The doctor smiled.

“I’m looking forward to it, really. Happy told me that dogs are chick-magnets, so Bob and I are going to the dog park and we’ll test it.”

Peter had been putting on his pants, but he hesitated.

“Monica has a dog…”

“That’s the woman that lives under Tony?”

“Yeah. She’s older, but she’s nice.”

“I’ve heard about her,” Robert told him, smiling and reaching for Peter’s shirt. “I doubt I could keep up with her, though. Finish getting dressed. I’m hungry.”
Natasha and Tony had been joined by Happy by the time Peter and Robert met with them in the lounge. Bob was under the table, warming Tony’s legs and feet, and Peter heard his tail thumping the floor in cheerfulness when the boy took the spot beside Tony and reached under the table, blindly, to pet the big mastiff. Then Tony caught his hand before he could move it and he squeezed Peter’s hand, lightly, before letting it go so he could take a drink of the coal sitting in front of him, already.

“Well?” Natasha asked before the billionaire could. “How is he?”

“A few bruises and scrapes,” the doctor replied with a shrug. “Nothing more. He has a headache, but we’ll see if stuffing him full of a good meal and sending him to bed early can deal with it before we try any kind of medication.”

Happy looked at Peter.

“You look better.”

The boy smiled.

“Thanks for coming for me.”

“You’re welcome,” the driver told him, sincerely.

“I came for you, too,” Tony pointed out with a slight smile.

“Thank you, too,” Peter said, feeling the love of the people around him blanketing him.

“Are we ready to eat?” one of the servers asked, coming over to the table. “The kitchen’s up and running.”

It wasn’t much of a variety, as far as the menu went, there, but Peter didn’t mind. He was always willing to eat a burger, after all. Tony and Robert both vetoed that, however, and suggested something a little healthier. He ended up with baked chicken, potatoes and corn on the cob, but there was a lot of it, and it seemed everyone around him insisted that he eat another serving when the first vanished fairly quickly.

The talk at the table was about the trip to Dallas the next day. During the course of the meal, Steve joined them, giving Peter a thorough once-over as he sat down next to Happy, but not mentioning what had happened at Coney Island, although the boy was sure he’d heard about it.

“Tony’s going to be at the manufacture’s for a while,” Steve said. “So you’re going to hang out with us while he is.”

“Oh?”

Peter looked at Tony. Who shrugged.

“It’s a fairly specialized material,” the billionaire explained. “If word got out, somehow, that it’s what your Spiderman suit is made of, we don’t want anyone connecting the guy hanging out with me – who just happens to be the exact same size as the Spiderman.”

“Oh. That makes sense.”
“We’re probably just being overcautious,” Tony admitted. “But it’s better to be careful.”

“Besides,” Natasha added. “That means Steve and I get to show you around. You never been to Dallas, right?”

“I’ve never been anywhere, really,” Peter admitted.

“You’ll love it,” Rogers promised. “Natasha knows all the good places.”

“Museums?” Peter asked, hopefully, his brown eyes lighting up.

“He said the good places,” she told the boy, amused. What a nerd. “Shopping centers and malls.”

“There’s the Heritage Village,” Robert added. “It’s a frontier town, basically. Or the zoo.”

“Peter doesn’t want to learn,” Romanoff said, smiling, because she could see that the boy was interested in all of those things – far more than he was in shopping. “He can learn here.”

“He can shop here, too,” Steve pointed out. “I’d rather go to a frontier town or a zoo than spend the day watching you try on shoes.”

“And if it were lingerie?”

“Then I’d go shopping,” Rogers said, immediately, with a smirk. “But, since it isn’t, my vote is frontier town. Or the zoo. Peter?”

The boy glanced at Natasha, who smiled, cheerfully, to let him know that she didn’t mind being overruled.

“I’ve never been to a frontier town… or the zoo,” he added.

Steve’s look was triumphant.

“Frontier town,” he said. “I want to dress up like a cowboy. Peter?”

“Yeah.” The boy looked at Natasha, hopefully, and she rolled her eyes.

“Fine. But we go shopping when we come home.”

“Deal.”

“Well, with that settled, Peter and I are going to take Bob out and then settle in for the night,” Tony told them all, standing up. “When are we leaving in the morning?”

“Early,” Steve replied. “Breakfast at eight, flight deck by 9 o’clock.”

“Sounds good. Goodnight.”

The others said goodnight, as well, as Peter and Tony collected their lazy dog and left the lounge.

“He’s okay?” Steve asked, watching their retreating backs.

“Yes. Seems to be,” Robert answered.

“And the other kid?”

“We’re not there, yet,” Romanoff answered, evasively.
“How’s the head?” Tony asked, reaching out and brushing his fingers, lightly, along Peter’s brown curls.

“It’s not as bad.”

“And your hand?”

The boy showed him, and Tony took it while they walked, examining the marks left by the stitches – and the few little bloody spots from having a particularly deep one removed.

“It’s fine. Barely hurts, at all, now.”

The burn was completely healed, by then, and the rest would be faded to faint scars in a matter of days or a week.

“Good.”

As he promised, Tony called Monica, then, and let her know how Peter was doing. The boy insisted on talking to her, assuring her that he felt okay and that, no, he wasn’t hurt. She apologized to him, but Peter had been quick to tell her that she didn’t have anything to be sorry for, and had made sure she believed him before they ended the call.

Bob was quick to do his business, and they stood close together while they watched the dog wander around the little treed area. Tony was a protective presence beside Peter, who was suddenly just exhausted by the events of the day and the large meal that was warming him from the inside out. He leaned against Tony, silently asking to be held, and the older man put an arm around him, lightly.

“You okay?”

“Just worn out. You?”

“Yeah. The same. It’s been a long day.”

“Please don’t make me sleep alone, tonight,” he pleaded, unable to keep his voice from registering a little higher than normal in his dismay at the thought. “I don’t want to be alone.”

“You’re going to sleep with me,” Tony assured him. “No one will even know, probably, but they would definitely understand, even if someone came looking for you and didn’t find you in your bed.”

Bob walked over, wagging his tail and ready for bed, too. They walked to Tony’s quarters, and the billionaire locked the world away from them once they entered his rooms. Bob headed for his bed against the wall, and Tony guided Peter to the bedroom.

“We didn’t get a chance to pack you any clothes,” he reminded Peter. “Happy went out and bought some, once he dropped us off, earlier, so you’ll have something to wear, tomorrow.”

“That was nice of him,” Peter said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Yeah, he’s a thoughtful guy. Go get ready for bed,” Tony said, pulling him back to his feet before he could get too comfortable, and pushing him gently toward the bathroom. “Clothing is optional.”

He watched as Peter went into the bathroom, and worried about any emotional side-effects from the events with Tate. He hadn’t been sure that Peter would want to cuddle with him – much less be close
to him, and when he mentioned the concern to Robert, the doctor had advised that he just let Peter set the tone and that Tony should watch for nonverbal cues when deciding how to proceed that evening.

When the boy came out of the bathroom wearing only the pair of sweats, Tony stood up and hugged him, pressed a kiss against his temple and then told him he’d be right there; he just wanted to brush his teeth.

Peter nodded, and when the older man joined the boy in the bed a few minutes later, a hand along the boy’s side under the blankets told him that the sweats had been shed.

“You’re so wonderful, Peter,” Tony whispered in the dark of the room, only the glow of his arc reactor casting any light on the two of them. “So brave.”

Peter sighed, and closed his eyes, cuddling tightly against Tony, and bringing an arm around him, to hold him as well, remembering that Natasha had said Tony might need reassuring, too.

“I love you, daddy…”

“I love you, too, honey,” Tony told him, guiding Peter’s head to his shoulder, and pulling the blankets up to tuck around them, making sure Peter was covered by blankets and touching as much of Tony’s bare skin as he could.

“Are you warm enough?”

“Yes, daddy.” His eyes were already closed, but his hand came to rest on Tony’s chest. “Say the things I like…” he requested, softly, making Tony smile.

“You mean when I say that you’re smart?” he asked, lightly, caressing Peter’s back. “And when I remind you just how pretty you are?”

The boy shivered.

“Yes.”

“And how beautiful and clever my baby is?”

“Yes, daddy.”

“You’re all of that,” Tony told him. “And amazing. Perfect.”

Peter whimpered.

“Thank you.”

Tony kissed him, lovingly, and then brushed his lips against the boy’s eyes, one by one, closing them with the gentlest of touches.

“You’re welcome, baby. Go to sleep, alright? I want to make sure you’re rested for tomorrow.”

“Okay…”

He continued to hold onto Tony, not quite desperately, but tightly, until he finally drifted off. And even then, his hand never lost contact with the older man’s skin.

Tony made sure he was asleep, and then went to sleep, too.
“You look tired.”

Tony reached for a cup of coffee, nodding to Natasha, who had joined him, immediately, when the billionaire had walked into the lounge a little earlier than expected.

“I am tired. We were up – off and on – all night.”

“Was Peter having nightmares?”

“No. I was.”

She nodded her understanding of that, and reached for a coffee cup, as well.

“Where is he?”

“ Took Bob out. He’ll be here in a minute.”

They’d spent the night in each other’s arms, Tony and Peter had. The older man had woken only hours later, though, images of Peter getting hit by the car and having been hurt much, much worse than he actually had been yanking him from his restless sleep.

Peter, bless his exhausted soul, had woken, immediately, and gathered Tony into his arms even tighter, crooning loving words to him and brushing his fingertips against Tony’s cheek and temple until he’d settled back into sleep, once more.

Then his nightmare had been Tate actually succeeding with what he’d tried, and once more it had been Peter who lulled him back to sleep, reminding Tony softly that he was absolutely fine and was right beside him. Tony was just as susceptible to nightmares and panic attacks as Peter – even more so, really – but each time one tried to gain the upper hand, Peter had been there to keep it at bay.

Tony was tired, but it could have been worse. Once he had some coffee, he’d be fine.

“How is he doing?” Romanoff asked as they walked to the table that also held Steve, Fury and Robert.

“He says he feels fine.” Tony smiled. “He’s bouncing off the walls excited about the flight. He’s already wearing his flight suit and has tried two different sweatshirts under it, trying to decide which one is cooler with it.”

All of them smiled at that, and then a commotion at the door drew their attention and the adults watched as Peter entered the room with Bob. Sure enough, the teen was already dressed in his flight suit, wearing a blue hooded sweatshirt under the leather outfit. The boy glanced around, found the group he was looking for, easily, and then walked over and smiled a greeting to all of them as he sat down in the chair beside Tony’s.

“Looking good, Peter Parker,” Steve said, noting the smile with approval.

Peter flushed, cheerfully.

“Thanks, Steve.”

“That’s the wrong color sweatshirt, though,” Natasha pointed out. “All the cool spies will be wearing
black under their black leather.”

“I ripped the black one,” Peter reminded her. “So—"

She pulled a small bundle of cloth from a bag under the table, and tossed it over to him. Peter caught it, and smiled, opening it to find that it was a black hooded sweatshirt with an Avengers A on the upper right, over the chest.

“There. Like I promised,” she told him. “Even better than the one that was ripped.”

“Thanks, Natasha.”

“Change into it later,” Tony suggested, rolling his eyes, because he hadn’t really liked the first black sweatshirt, and now he knew Peter would be wearing the new one, even more. “Let’s eat; I’m hungry.”

Peter nodded and accepted a glass of orange juice from a server, who then told them breakfast would be brought out in a few minutes. While they waited, Robert took over the conversation, asking Peter a few questions about how he felt and if anything hurt more that morning than it had the evening before.

Peter assured him that while he did ache a bit more, he felt good. The doctor had watched him walk across the room, and hadn’t seen anything to make him concerned enough to actually demand a chance to look him over.

“How’s the head?”

“It doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“Good.”

Then breakfast came, and the conversation changed to the trip.

“When we’re done eating, you need to go pack a bag with street clothes,” Steve told him. “We can’t go to Frontier Town dressed like that. We want to try to blend in with the crowd.”

Peter nodded.

“We’re really going to check it out?”

“We looked it up,” Natasha said, smiling, as she worked her way through pancakes and sausages. “It looks like it might be fun.”

“Tony will come find us when he’s done, and if we’re wrong and it’s lame, we’ll find something else to do.”

“If we’re having a good time, though, then we’ll nag him into dressing up like a cowboy,” Natasha added.

“I want to be the sheriff,” the billionaire told them, with a smirk, not at all worried about the idea of playing dress up with them. “I’m too amazing to be a mere cowboy.”

Peter smiled.

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“Now, don’t let him talk you into too much food,” Tony warned, standing at the rear of the Quinjet. “He’ll get fat.”

“I won’t.”

“And don’t let him laze around all day. Keep him occupied, or he’ll be bored.”

“I will.”

“He needs attention. You can’t-“

“I can watch your dog without a list of instructions,” Robert assured Tony with an amused snort. “From what I understand, he’s pretty easy-going.”

“He is,” Peter assured the doctor, crouched in front of Bob to give him last minute scratches. The boy was now dressed in the black sweatshirt and had packed jeans and a t-shirt, as well as his tablet, just in case. “But he’ll try to talk you into extra treats, if you’re not careful.”

“It’s those big, brown eyes of his,” Tony added. “They’re irresistible.”

Of course, Peter’s were, too. Which was why Tony was in danger of spending his afternoon dressed as a cowboy.

“I’ll take good care of him,” Robert assured them, both.

Peter wasn’t worried.

“There’s a lot of toys for him in my room; and some chew things, if you want.”

He got up and went to stand by Tony.

“We’ll be back late tonight,” Rogers told Fury and the doctor.

“We’ll leave the light on.”

The boy practically skipped up the ramp and into the jet when Steve gestured for him to, and the others followed at a much more sedate pace, once they’d said their goodbyes to Fury, Robert and Bob. He was standing by Natasha, who was doing a preflight, when Tony and Steve joined them.

“We’re going to land at Dallas Fort Worth and take cars from there,” Steve told Peter – since Tony already knew. “Tony’s going to go do what he needs to at the fabric place, and he should be done by lunch.”

“Which is when I will join you in cowboy country,” Tony added. “And I will, of course, be readily available if you want to call me and say hello.”

“Let’s get going,” Romanoff said, starting the engines of the powerful jet. “Peter? Make sure Tony’s buckled in, tight, will you? We don’t want to lose him out the back somewhere over Tennessee.”

The boy smiled, well aware that he was the one who was going to need help.

He and Tony went to the back of the jet, while Steve settled into the copilot seat. Tony showed Peter the harness and buckled him in, then sat beside him and secured himself.

“You okay?” he asked the boy, unnecessarily.
Peter nodded.

“You?”

“Much better, thanks to you.”

The boy smiled at that, leaning into Tony’s side.

“Thank you for bringing me with you.”

An arm slid around behind Peter’s back, holding him, surreptitiously.

“I’m glad you are coming.”

“Yeah?”

“Of course. I can’t wait to see you in chaps.”

Peter grinned.

He couldn’t wait, either, but for entirely different reasons.
The flight was exhilarating for Peter.

Once they were in the air, Steve joined them in the back and told Peter to unbuckle and come up front. The boy was settled in the co-pilot seat next to Natasha and given a chance to watch the scenery passing by – from a much higher altitude than the flight in the helicopter had been. He was handed a headset – although the jet was quiet enough that he didn’t, technically, need one to be heard, but Romanoff knew that it would add to the excitement of the experience if it was all-out, with all the bells and whistles.

Then Steve took a photo of the two, and sent it to Tony, who was napping in his spot – well aware that the others could entertain Peter during the flight and smart enough to know to sleep when he could. He wasn’t as young as he used to be, after all. He roused long enough to look at the picture with a slight smile and have FRIDAY send it to Peter, as well, in case Steve hadn’t thought to do so.

Then he went back to sleep.

Peter listened to the radio traffic of the commercial airliners as the Avenger jet flew well above them, the jet more than capable of stealthy flight, but not bothering at the moment. Steve pointed to the button that would allow him to join in on those conversations and reminded him that they didn’t want to hear the chatter of a sixteen-year-old and so he probably shouldn’t press that one. The boy had grinned and nodded his understanding, before being showed the button that allowed him to talk to the rest of the flight crew.

Which was Natasha, at the moment.

Natasha brought up a real time map onto the HUD for Peter so that he could keep track of their progress as they flew. The boy watched everything, eyes glued to the scenery one moment and the display the next. He pulled his phone and took pictures of the landscape below, even though the only people he could think of to send them to were Bruce and Monica – which he did.

The older woman sent him back an emoji of someone being airsick, which made him laugh, and he replied with another emoji and told her he’d bring her back a souvenir.

Then he put his phone away and enjoyed the flight.

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“So make sure you double-check what he eats, if you guys eat anything.”

“I’m fine, Tony,” Peter assured the older man as they were standing by the two rental cars. “I’m not going to eat anything with strawberries.”

“You have your epi pen, though? Just in case?”

“Yeah.”

“He’ll be fine,” Natasha said, confidently. “We’ve saved the world a dozen times; I think you can trust us to hang out with Peter for the rest of the morning without letting him get hurt.”

“I do trust you guys,” Tony said. “It’s Peter who has the poor track record.”
He winked at the boy to remind him that he was only joking, but Peter wasn’t hurt. He just smiled.

“We’ll see you, soon?”

“Absolutely. I made sure you have money in your wallet. Have fun, okay? Keep these two out of trouble.”

Peter shook his head, but he appreciated it. He’d never needed to buy souvenirs before, but he was sure he was going to want some before the day was out.

“I will.”

They were all wearing street clothes, now. Jeans for everyone but Tony, t-shirts on Steve and Peter, with Natasha in a polo shirt and Tony wearing a sharply tailored suit – for the moment, at least. He had a more casual long-sleeved t-shirt and jeans for later, but he was going to be doing business and preferred to dress the part.

He’d change before joining the others in Frontier Town.

“Are we ready?” Steve asked, moving to the driver’s side of their rental.

Tony watched as Peter and Natasha moved over to join Rogers, and decided that they probably wouldn’t have to much trouble passing for a regular family, really. Rogers was the most well-known of the three (obviously) but in Dallas, and not wearing his uniform, he was just a muscular, too good-looking for his own good guy. Natasha, equally away from home and causally dressed, was gorgeous, and maybe too pretty to be real, but wouldn’t be hounded by autograph seekers, most likely.

Throw Peter into the mix, and they could probably pass for a family, even though the boy didn’t exactly look like either of them.

“Have fun,” Tony told them. “Let me know if the place sucks, and I’ll have FRIDAY come up with something better.”

They parted, and Peter got into the back of the car, while Natasha took the passenger seat in the front.

“You know where you’re going?” she asked Steve.

He smiled, looking at Peter’s reflection in the rear-view mirror.

“No clue. We’ll figure it out as we go.”

They didn’t have any trouble finding the place. The GPS in the rental directed them almost seamlessly to where they wanted to be, and the place was big enough that it wasn’t going to be missed once they got close.

“Wow…”

“It was large. Half of the park was dedicated to a few rides; including a modern roller coaster, Ferris wheel and other staples, as well as a carnival area with games and food. The other half of the park was basically an old west town; complete with dusty streets, old-time buildings with hitching posts out front (with horses, Peter noticed, immediately) and a hundred different things to do – including
shopping, Romanoff noticed, immediately.

Steve paid for all of them to get in – purchasing double passes, since he figured they could always play games or eat if the frontier side was a disappointment. He wasn’t big on roller coasters – they weren’t exciting for him, but it was always an option if Peter wasn’t interested in riding a horse, or checking out the saloon, or the shops.

He was, though.

With Natasha and Steve trailing behind, Peter dove headlong into the first building they reached, which turned out to be a shop dedicated to allowing the visitors to Frontier town look like they belonged there. Mainly, they sold cowboy hats, leather jackets and all things that screamed old west. The day was warm enough that even Peter was fine without a sweatshirt, so the jackets weren’t even a consideration. He and Steve immediately started trying on cowboy hats, however, both leaving the final say up to Natasha, who enjoyed watching them but told them she wasn’t going to flatten her hair with a hat of her own.

They walked out of the shop with Peter in a brown, leather cowboy hat, that dipped low in the front – which he thought made him look sinister (but didn’t) and with Steve in a white hat that reminded him of the Lone Ranger’s.

Besides, he reminded them; the good guys always wore the white hats. It was tradition.

Their next stop was the salon, and it was a big building that dominated the main street. There were the typical swinging doors, and Peter led the way into the place, grinning as they looked around.

A large bar dominated the far wall – with a sign that said no minors allowed – but there were several tables with chairs, a small dance floor and a large, open area that was covered with safety mats that centered around an odd-looking contraption that had a saddle of sorts on it.

“What’s that?” Peter asked, looking at it.

“A mechanical bull,” Steve told him. “How have you never seen one, before?”

The boy shrugged, reading the sign, and looking excitedly at the thing.

“Can I try it?”

Natasha frowned.

“No. You’ll get thrown off, land on your head and then we’ll have to listen to Tony bitch and moan about letting you get hurt.”

“I won’t land on my head,” Peter told her. “Look at all the mats…”

“They’re just for show,” Steve said. “They’re probably filled with rocks, or something.”

“He won’t get hurt,” one of the workers assured them, having been walking by in time to hear the conversation – and more than willing to pause to talk to them, since Natasha was a good distraction from anything he’d been doing. “It’s safe.”

Peter grinned; his big brown eyes suddenly hopeful as he turned toward the assassin.

“Please?”

Steve noticed that Natasha’s expression went from uncertain to something entirely different, and
realized that the spy had somehow been completely done in by the boy. His smile was amused, because he knew that she wasn’t going to say no to anything Peter wanted. Which was proven only a moment later.

“Fine. But we start on the easy level, first, just to make sure it’s not too dangerous.” Then she scowled at Rogers. “Shut up, Steve.”

“I didn’t say anything,” he pointed out, looking smug.

“You didn’t have to.”
“Well, he took to that, didn’t he?”

Natasha smiled, watching as Peter clung to the mechanical bull with ease, clearly enjoying himself. Even waving his new cowboy hat with his free hand.

“You think?”

“Think it’s the spider thing? Or does he just have strong legs and a good grip?”

She shrugged.

“Maybe the spider strength is all he needs. You’re as strong as he is, right? Go try and see how long you can stay on. Then we’ll know.”

“No. I made a promise to myself a long time ago that I’d never get on one of those things, again. And I intend to keep it.”

Romanoff gave him an interested look, and when he didn’t say anything else, she made a face.

“Well? Are you going to tell me why?”

“No. It’s too painful, even now. Just assume the one in my story had horns on it, and when I went over the ‘head’ it caught parts of me that still shrivel to this day whenever I see a cow with horns.”

She chuckled.

“Enough said. I-“

“Is that your son?”

They both looked up to see that they’d been joined by a couple of men wearing cowboy hats and full beards. Not the I’m too lazy to shave, so I’ll just grow the facial hair out, instead kind of beards; these were neatly trimmed, and the clothing the men had on was of fine quality. They were both switching their gazes between Steve and Natasha and then to Peter, who was still having a good time on the mechanical machine.

“Yes,” Natasha said, before Steve I cannot tell a lie Rogers had a chance to speak up. “Is there a problem, gentlemen?”

The two shook their heads, smiling.

“We have a bet going,” one said.

“Oh?”

“My friend here thinks your son could last on the mechanical bull for 8 seconds – on the expert setting. I think he’s mistaken.”

“How much is your bet?”

“Ten thousand dollars.”
Romanoff shook her head, amused more than anything. Tony had more money than God, too, but at least he was doing something with himself. These guys were wasting themselves sitting in a bar (a family friendly one, yes, but still a bar) betting on the stupidest of things.

“Then you have a problem, don’t you?” she asked them.

“We don’t have to, though,” the first told her, realizing that she was the one to speak to in this instance. “Your son could help us settle the bet. In eight seconds.”

“Or less,” the other added.

“But then that would make your problem his problem…”

“We’d make it worth his while. And yours.”

Romanoff leaned forward, her expression making Steve keep a tight rein on his expression, because these men were about to either say the wrong thing and find themselves on the wrong end of Natasha’s temper, or were about to make her day. He pushed the brim of his hat down lower, hopefully hiding his features a little, and sat back to watch.

“I’m listening…” Romanoff said.

“That was quick.”

Tony nodded, smiling over at Peter and touching the cowboy hat he was wearing. God, he looked adorable in it.

“They had everything ready for me. It was pretty much grab and go. The materials I wanted are safely in the rental and I’m free to spend the rest of the day with you guys.” He was even dressed in jeans and the long-sleeved t-shirt, now. “What did I miss?”

“We bought hats,” Peter told him, unnecessarily.

“I see that. You look great.”

The boy smiled.

“And Nat here hustled some of Dallas’ finest in the saloon,” Steve added.

“I didn’t hustle anyone,” the assassin told Tony. “I helped them settle a gentlemanly wager they had going between them – and allowed Peter a chance to get some exercise at the same time.”

“Do I even want to know?”

“You probably should,” Steve replied.

“It’s nothing,” she said. “They were watching Peter ride the mechanical bull and were betting – between each other – that he couldn’t stay on for the maximum amount of time on the expert level.”

“So…?”

“So she told them that if they wanted to settle the bet, then the winner – whichever way it went – would have to split his winnings with Peter, since he was the reason for the win.”
“What?”

“I didn’t know, Tony,” Peter told him. “I just–”

“He didn’t know,” Natasha confirmed. “All he knew was that I told him that he could try the expert level – if he wanted to.”

“Which he did, right?” Stark guessed.

“Of course.”

“And…?”

“Oh, he stayed on even past the eight seconds so there was a clear winner. Who then paid up before they both left, shaking their heads.”

“How much?”

“Five thousand.”

“Dollars?”

“Yep.” She pulled out a large stack of hundred-dollar bills and handed it to him. “You might want to hold onto that for him, for now, at least.”

Tony scowled.

“I already told him that we couldn’t hustle people at the driving range.”

“You weren’t paying attention to the story, Tony,” she said, reasonably. “I didn’t hustle anyone and neither did Peter. He just helped them settle a bet as an uninterested 3rd party observer.”

“And made five thousand dollars in eight seconds,” Steve added.

“Minus a commission?” the billionaire asked, curiously.

“Of course not.” Romanoff smiled, fondly, at Peter before turning back to Stark. “College isn’t cheap. You can’t start planning too early.”

“You let her do this?” Tony asked Steve.

“I didn’t have any say in the matter, one way or the other.”

“You’re going to let him keep the money, right?”

“Of course, I am.” He smiled at Peter. “No more complaining, or annoyed looks when I put money in your wallet, now. It’ll be coming from the Dallas mechanical bull riding fund. Got it?”

The boy nodded.

“Okay.”

That was fair, after all. It wasn’t like he could find the man who had bet so foolishly and return his money to him – and he would feel better about Tony giving him money if it was his own money.

“So you guys found the hat store and you found the saloon,” Tony said, looking around the main
street. “What else is there?”

“A lot we haven’t looked at, yet,” Peter said, holding up a flyer that had all of the vendors listed as well as activities. “We could learn to rope, learn to ride horses, catch greased pigs – although I don’t know why anyone would want to do that – we can have a hayride, and do a photo in real western apparel.”

“Is there a place to eat lunch? Aside from the saloon?”

“There are several restaurants,” Steve confirmed. “Are you ready to eat, now?”

Tony shrugged, smiling at Peter.

“Let’s look around a little, first. Then we’ll be able to see what – and where – our options are for lunch.”

“Do you want to learn to ride a horse?” Peter asked as they all fell into step, heading up a real boardwalk. His big, brown eyes were looking at all of them, hopefully, and there was no doubt that he wanted to give it a try – but didn’t want to try it alone. “It probably wouldn’t take too long to learn…”

“I already know how to ride,” Tony told him, resting his hand on the boy’s shoulder, fondly. He saw the surprised look on the others’ expressions and shrugged. “What? I was a rich kid. That’s what rich kids learn, first. How to ride. Peter, if you want to go riding, I think that we’d love to go ride with you. Right, everyone?”

The other two didn’t look entirely convinced, but they both eventually nodded.

“Sure.”

“But first, I want to buy myself a hat,” Tony told them. “Show me where to go.”
“Look, Natasha!” Peter yelled, startling the horse that was under him and making the creature shy, sideways. “I’m a cowboy…”

The last was added a bit softer, and the hand that he’d raised, excitedly, went back to the saddle horn in front of him, holding tight until he was sure the horse wasn’t going to do anything too crazy.

Romanoff wasn’t the only one to smile at him. He was so serious, most of the time, that it was fun for them to see him letting his good nature come to the front and allowing himself to enjoy what he was doing. Which, at the moment, was clinging to the saddle of a sleek palomino horse that was showy enough to look flashy, but was easily as good-natured as the boy in the saddle.

Riding right beside him, now sporting a brand-new cowboy hat (a black one, which didn’t really surprise any of them) was Tony. The billionaire was riding a black horse, chosen because he matched the new hat, and was sitting easily in the horse’s saddle, his seat and posture proving to all of them that riding a horse was like riding a bike, apparently.

Bringing her phone up to take a few pictures, Natasha’s smile was as broad as Peter’s. The Avengers didn’t get a lot of days to play like this, either, and she and Steve were truly enjoying the short holiday.

Well, she was enjoying it a little more than Steve.

Reminding them that that someone should be on the ground and taking photos, Natasha had declined the horseback riding. Steve had offered, but his phone was a dinosaur and Romanoff’s had a much better camera. So Tony and the superspy had watched as a couple of wranglers had set Steve and Peter up with a quick lesson and had then tossed the boy up onto the palomino’s back and had allowed Steve to clamber into the saddle of a calm bay colored horse with a white blaze that ran down its nose.

When the two were more or less comfortable, Tony had gracefully mounted the black horse and they’d gone for a ride around the confines of the old west side of the park, and were just returning.

“You look great, Peter,” she assured him, waving back.


“You look great, too, Steve.”

Rogers smirked, looking over at Tony, who rolled his eyes and pushed his hat back.

“I know I look great,” the billionaire said, slapping the black neck, cheerfully. “I don’t need validation.” He looked at Peter, who was riding right beside him. “I do look good, though, right?”

“Like a real cowboy,” Peter replied.

They finished the ride, handing over their horses to the wrangler – after Natasha took several more pictures of them posing in front of their mounts. Then they washed the smell of horse from their hands and arms, and went to find lunch.

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It was pretty much a given that they were going to have barbeque. The protein was up to them, but Peter frowned at the menu, noticing that everything had a little red pepper next to it warning that it was hot.

“They can make it mild for you,” Steve said. “Spicy isn’t for everyone.”

“I tried a pepper one time and it about burned through my tongue,” Peter told them. “Never again.”

“The hotter the better,” Tony said, predictably.

“Absolutely,” Steve agreed.

Of course, now there was an unspoken challenge in the air, and the two men sized each other up.

“A bet?” Tony suggested. “To see who can handle the hottest pepper?”

“I’d hate to take your money, Tony,” Steve said, pushing back the brim of his cowboy hat and smirking.

“We don’t have to bet money,” Tony reminded him. “There are all kinds of ways to make things more interesting.”

Romanoff smiled.

“You guys realize you’ll both lose if you allow me to join your little pissing contest, right?”

“There aren’t any people to beat up, Natasha,” Steve pointed out. “This is about an iron stomach.”


Peter was quiet, even though he was tempted to remind Tony that his stomach wasn’t quite as iron-clad as he might hope it was. He’d seen how the man had handled Coney Island rides, after all. It was amusing, though, to see how easy it was for him to meet and rise to any challenge that Steve threw at him.

Romanoff smirked, leaning forward as she looked at the two men.

“Then let’s make it interesting, shall we?”

“Absolutely,” Steve answered, immediately.

Tony hesitated only a moment; as if he sensed that something was going to happen and maybe his mouth was writing a check that his tongue wasn’t going to want to cash. But the caution blew away in the wind when she tossed him a challenging look, as if daring him to say he couldn’t do something.

“You’re on. What’s the bet?”

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“You know… I didn’t actually shake hands.”

Steve nodded his agreement.

“Neither did I.”
“Peter heard you both accept the bet,” Romanoff pointed out. “Do you really want to let him think the two of you would weasel out of a bet that you made, fair and square?”

“I’m okay with that,” Tony answered, quickly.

Steve, of course, scowled. Being a bad example to someone? Unheard of. The man was Captain America, after all. That wasn’t what the symbol of freedom and fair play did. He sighed.

“Fine.”

Natasha looked at Tony, raising an eyebrow.

“You can do this, here, where there’s no one around to recognize you…”

“Or…?”

“Or I come up with something much, much worse and you do it in Times Square. At noon.”

Peter chuckled, well aware that she had him.

Tony was, too.

“Fine.”

“This doesn’t go on the internet…”

Peter nodded.

“Yeah. No. I mean. No.”

The boy was just buckling on a gun belt, slinging it – and the holster attached to it – around his lean hips, and making sure it was at just the right angle to look cool. He had already thrown a homespun shirt over the t-shirt he was wearing, and then a leather vest over that. Now covering his blue jeans was a pair of fringed chaps, which matched the vest. His own brown cowboy hat was fine for the photo they were getting ready to take, and the two women who had helped him dress up had assured him that he looked like a real cowboy.

Natasha walked over, dressed in black leather, looking amazing. She had a homespun shirt, as well, and a black vest, but she didn’t have chaps and there was a tin star attached to the vest that she was wearing. The two gun belts that she had on were crisscrossed on her hips, and there was another gun tucked into the front of her pants.

“You look adorable.”

Tony scowled.

“I hope you mean Peter.”

“He does, too, but that dress is a perfect match for your eyes,” she told him. “It brings out all the brown so prettily.”

Peter smiled, and tried to force it down when Tony threw him a less than amused look.

The billionaire was dressed in a dance hall girl’s dress. Frilly and layered with silk and lace, it was
black and red, and tightly corseted onto him with flowing skirts. His black cowboy hat, which made him look so spectacularly sinister, was replaced with a feathered boa and a much smaller, brimless, hat that had a bright red feather. Luckily, he was allowed to keep his regular shoes on, since he was certain he’d have broken an ankle had he tried the high-heels that normally went with the outfit.

“Are we ready?” Steve asked, with a faint air of complaint in his voice and expression. “This thing is so tight, I can barely breathe.”

“Try dancing and singing in it,” Natasha suggested, smirking.

Steve was dressed similarly to Tony – only his dress was red and white, and the feather in his little hair was blue. Both men were far too muscular for the role they were stuck in, but a bet was a bet, and Natasha was heartless when it came to making them pay up.

Peter was just glad that he hadn’t been dragged into it.

“Let’s get the picture taken and get on with it,” Tony said. “I get to be the sheriff in the next picture.”

Peter was definitely interested in seeing how Natasha looked in the dancehall dress. It had to be better than the two men, after all.

The cameraman waved them over and Tony rolled his eyes.

“Stand in front of me, Peter,” the billionaire said. “Protect my honor…”

Natasha was having none of that, though.

“Tony and Steve front and center,” she ordered. “Otherwise not only will I find as many places to post the personal pictures that I’ve already taken, but you’re both walking home…”

“You’re a cruel woman,” Steve said, shaking his head as he walked to the spot the camera directed him to. “Has anyone ever told you that?”

She smiled.

“A time or two, maybe.”
“You can post *that* one…”

Peter smiled, looking at the picture in Tony’s hand while Natasha and Steve changed back into their street clothes. It was a good one; Peter still dressed as a cowboy, Natasha looking sexy as hell in a dress similar to the one she’d forced the men into, with her hand on Peter’s shoulder, leaning into him. Tony on the other side of Peter dressed in all black leathers, except for a white shirt under the black vest. His own hat was a perfect match for the outfit, and he was looking smug and sinister at the same time.

Beside Natasha, also looking much more comfortable dressed in an outfit similar to Peter’s, Steve had a casual arm around the assassin and was cheerfully smiling into the camera.

“I’ll send it to Monica, Sam and Bruce,” he said, not mentioning that no one followed his social media, so there wasn’t any reason for him to bother posting the photo anywhere.

He was in too good of a mood to brood about the lack of any real friends other than the Avengers – including his failed attempt at making a friend in Tate.

Tony knew what he was thinking, though, obviously, because his expression softened, and he brushed his fingertips across the boy’s cheek, counting on the fact that they were basically in a closet and there was no one about.

“Make sure you send a copy to *me*, too.”

Peter smiled.

“I will.”

A few minutes later the four of them were back out on the boardwalk, and the men were all settling their cowboy hats on their heads, once more dressed only in jeans and t-shirts.

“It’s getting late,” Natasha pointed out. “What do you want to do as a finale to the day?”

Without actually discussing it, the adults had decided to allow Peter to decide what they did during the day. The trip was pretty much all about him, after all, when it came down to it.

“Can we go play games on the midway?” Peter asked. “I’ll win you a stuffed animal.”

“Yeah?”

“Well, I’ll try.”

“Sounds like fun,” Steve said.

And a good way to wind down the day.

Natasha agreed, bringing her arm through Peter’s and whisking him away from Tony – well aware that the boy could spend time with him later. She was enjoying his company and wasn’t willing to give him up, just yet.

“Come on,” she told him. “I’ll show you what I want you to win for me.”
Steve smiled, watching the boy and the assassin pull ahead of them.

“She’s going to steal him away from you.”

Tony wasn’t worried, and it showed.

“She’s good for him. I can’t give him that mom vibe that he needs, and if she’s willing to fill that role – even for the day – I appreciate it. Especially after what happened with Tate.”

“I think we should overnight here,” Rogers told him. “As late as it’s going to be by the time they’re finished with the midway, she shouldn’t have to fly us home. We can find a hotel – a nice one – and get some sleep and leave in the morning.”

“Sounds good to me. But not until you win me a stuffed animal. Otherwise, you’re sleeping in the jet.”

Rogers smirked.

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squealed, happily, and was then trying to carry a prize that was much larger than she was.

Seeing what he’d done, Steve handed a bear off to a different little girl – and then added a lion to the tiny hoard of a woman who was wrangling a couple of small boys who had no chance of winning such a large prize. Natasha doubled their prize when she proffered a huge stuffed snake, as well, and the group found that it was almost more fun to give away their prizes than it had been to win them.

Peter gave all of his away – except for the bear that Natasha won for him – and mentioned that he might keep that one in his room at the compound, just so that he’d have something to remember the trip by.

That made the superspy smile and give the boy another of those impulsive hugs that were reserved only for him.

“Don’t forget,” Tony said, pleased at the way the boy blushed, even in the growing dark of the late evening. “We still need to find some souvenirs.”

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“Hey, Robert. How’s Bob?”

“He’s fine. I loaded him in the back of my FIT with a prybar and some Vaseline and we went to the park to find me a date.”

“Did it work?”

“No. But it very easily could have, I think. Bruce is right; he is certainly an attention grabber.”

“Do you mind watching him overnight?”

“Is everything alright?”

“Yeah. It’s just getting late and I, personally, would rather not have the pilot nodding off somewhere over the plains and crashing us.”

The doctor chuckled.

“How’s Peter?”

“He had a good time, today. Did he send you any pictures?”

“He doesn’t have my number.”

“I’ll have FRIDAY send them to you. We’ll be home tomorrow morning.”

“Don’t hurry on my account. Sunday in the park? Maybe I’ll go back for round two.”

“You do that. Just remember; Peter’s going to want him back.”

“I certainly can’t afford to feed him on a doctor’s salary.”

They ended the call, and Tony looked at Steve and Natasha.

“Meet at the hotel?”

Steve nodded, looking through the window of the building they were standing by, watching as Peter
browsed the Frontier Town gift shop, with a small handful of items already in hand.

“You got him?”

“Yeah. FRIDAY has already booked rooms for you guys – under Bruce’s name to avoid any attention, if we can. Get settled and we’ll meet in the restaurant for dinner at eight o’clock or so.”

“We’ll see you, then.” Romanoff tapped on the window, getting Peter’s attention – as well as that of a couple of suddenly hopeful looking men, who were disappointed when it was the boy she waved at. She pantomimed going to the car and he nodded and waved, again. “Drive safe,” she told Tony as she and Steve left.

He nodded and went inside to see what Peter was finding to buy.

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“Is that your mom, kid?” a man standing close to Peter asked, curiously.

The boy looked up at him, and shook his head.

“Oh. Yeah. No. She’s…. my aunt.”

“I wish my aunt looked like that.”

Peter nodded, recognizing the compliment to Natasha and agreeing completely.

“Yeah. She’s great.”

The man wandered off to look at a rack of postcards and Peter turned his attention back to the display of pocketknives, smiling at Tony when he joined him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

“Finding anything good?”

“Some stuff for the guys…” which Tony took to mean Bruce, Sam and maybe Rhodey. The boy had already bought cowboy hats for Nick and Robert – which Natasha and Steve had helped him pick out while Tony had been looking for a pair of boots. Just because. “Do you think Monica would like a plate? I saw some in her apartment. Maybe she collects them?”

“Very observant. Get her a plate and one of those tiny spoons – and a shot glass, just in case the other two are a bust.”

“Okay.”

“We can check the hotel gift shop, too,” Tony told him. “They might have different things.”

“I’ve never shopped for souvenirs, before,” Peter said, with a smile. “It’s fun, isn’t it?”

Tony’s eyes softened, and he smiled, too, tugging on the brim of the cowboy hat the boy was wearing.

“I think it’s fun because of who you’re buying gifts for. Ready?”

“Yeah.”

A minute later, they were back out on the boardwalk, Peter carrying a couple of bags and Tony holding the boy’s giant bear.
“Did you have fun?”

“Yes.” Peter’s smile when he looked at Tony proved that. “Did you?”

“I had a great time,” he said, honestly. “Because you were with me.”

“Thank you, again.”

“You’re welcome, honey.”

The boy hesitated, uncertain.

“Do I have to have my own room, tonight?”

“No. Not if you don’t want to.”

“I don’t.”

Tony’s smile was cheerful, but he made a show of looking through the bags.

“You didn’t buy spurs, though, right?”

Peter laughed, and they headed for the rental car.
Not surprisingly, considering Tony was involved, the hotel was a nice one. Five star and swanky. A valet came up to the car, immediately, when Tony drove up to the entrance, and the billionaire tossed her the keys with a smile. She caught them, easily, and waited to see if a doorman was going to take any luggage, but Tony waved her away.

Still wearing his cowboy hat – although Tony left his in the car – Peter caught up with Tony just as the car was driven away, and the older man’s hand went to the small of his back to guide him into the lobby through a set of giant glass double doors.

“We’ll check in and then have the concierge find us a change of clothes and something to lounge around in,” he told Peter as they walked across the lobby and to the guest check in, which was empty of customers at that time of day.

A sharply dressed man with a mustache and a name tag that read Gerald smiled, politely, at the two of them.

“How’s the weather?”

Tony nodded.

“There should be a suite with a couple of rooms.”

Had to keep up appearances, after all.

“The name?”

“It’s under Bruce Banner.”

“Yes, sir, I found it.” The man handed over two card readers for the doors. “The Lonestar suite. I’ll have John help you with your bags.”

“We don’t have any,” Tony told him. “Stranded overnight. Make sure the room has a mini bar, though, will you?” He glanced over at Peter, and then back to Gerald. “And a basket filled with treats and fruit – no strawberries, though. We’re allergic.”

“Yes, sir. Anything else I can do for you?”

“Which direction is your restaurant?”

The man pointed the way, and Tony nodded his thanks before leading Peter to the concierge’s desk, next. The person standing there smiled, and Peter could tell that Tony had been recognized.

“Mr. Stark… How are you doing, this evening, sir?”

“It’s Bruce,” Tony told him, smiling, slightly. It wasn’t uncommon for a celebrity to go under another name, and Tony was making sure the concierge understood that that was what he was doing. “We’re stranded in your fine city overnight. Which means no change of clothes for either of us – and while teenagers don’t mind so much, I would much rather have something clean to put on in the morning.”

The man smiled.
“We can take care of that for you, sir. Leave me your sizes.”

Tony knew Peter’s, already, and he wrote his and the boy’s both.

“We’re meeting some friends for dinner. Go ahead and just take them up to our rooms. We’ll need everything – and I’ll need better shaving tools than what are going to be in the room, please.”

The man nodded.

“I’ll see to it, myself, Bruce,” he assured him.

“Thanks.” Tony slid a hundred-dollar bill over the desk. “Just charge it all to the room.”

They turned and headed to the restaurant, and the concierge pocketed the bill and headed for the elevator.

“You like being rich, don’t you, Tony?” Peter asked as they stopped at the entrance to the restaurant, looking for Natasha and Steve.

“I’m pretty good at it,” Tony told him, waving away the matre d when he spied Natasha red curls at a table next to a window and guided Peter over so they could join them. “You guys get checked in?” he asked, sitting down beside Steve so Peter could have the spot next to Natasha.

“We did,” Steve told him. “You?”

“Yeah. More or less. Let’s eat, I’m starved.”

“Something with hot peppers in it?” Romanoff asked him, impudently.

He scowled.

“No.”

He could be taught. Sometimes it took longer than other times, but it did happen, occasionally.

By the time they were finished eating and had said goodnight to the others, it was getting pretty late. Tony and Peter walked into their room, locking the deadbolt behind them. Peter looked around with interest, while Tony immediately found the wet bar.

The room was huge, and furnished with a desk, a small table with a couple of chairs, a sofa, a large flat screen TV and a magnificent view of the city. There were three doors leading off from the main room; a bathroom and two bedrooms. Tony saw a neat stack of clothing (jeans and t-shirts, socks, boxers and briefs, since the man hadn’t known for certain which was preferred, and concierges never guessed). There was also a small shaving kit, Tony saw with approval.

“This is nice,” Peter said, moving the curtain a little so he could look out the window while Tony made a drink and walked over to the couch.

“Yeah, it is.”

There was a basket on the coffee table in front of the sofa. It held many different kinds of candy bars, bags of chips, fruit snacks, real fruits, and granola bars and rice crispy treats. The billionaire ignored it all and sat down with a tired sigh, kicking off his shoes and putting his feet up on the coffee table.
Peter closed the curtain and went over to join him, taking his shoes off, as well as his hat, and climbing into his lap, straddling him as he was fond of doing, and knowing, now, that Tony wouldn’t mind holding him, even if he was tired.

“Hi, daddy,” he murmured, brushing his lips against Tony’s neck and jawline.

“Hey, honey.” Tony said, shifting just a little under the boy, and taking a sip of his drink before holding Peter steady so he could reach over and set the glass on the coffee table. “How do you feel?”

“A little tired.”

“Yeah? It’s been a busy day for you.”

“But a good one.”

Tony brushed a kiss against the boy’s temple.

“You had fun?”

“Yeah.”

“I had fun watching you.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes. You’re my favorite thing in the world to watch,” he told him, rubbing his back, lightly. “You’re beautiful, and sexy, and don’t even get me started on how smart you are.”

Peter shivered, sliding his arms around Tony, his hands going under the back of the older man’s shirt.

“Tell me more, daddy… please? It feels so good.”

Tony smiled, pleased with the boy for being willing to tell him what he wanted. He slid his hand under the back of Peter’s jeans, cupping his ass through his silk boxers.

“You mean you want me to tell you how amazing you are, baby? How much I love to watch you because you’re strong, and graceful? How beautiful you are and it makes me want to touch you, everywhere, you to reassure myself that you’re real and not a day dream…”

Peter moaned, softly, and Tony pushed Peter away just enough to allow him to pull the boy’s shirt off, setting it to the side and leaning down to suckle first one nipple and then the other, blowing on them and enjoying the way they tightened up at his touch.

“Yes, daddy,” Peter whispered, his own hand coming down between them, brushing Tony’s already growing erection through the man’s jeans.

“You need your daddy, Peter?” Tony asked, kissing Peter, hungrily, his tongue tasting the boy’s for a long moment, before pulling away and taking his own shirt off, as well. “You want daddy to fuck his baby boy?”

“Yes, daddy,” he whimpered, licking Tony’s nipple, now, fingers reaching for the button on Tony’s jeans. “Fill your baby up. Please?”

“Shhh…” Tony crooned. “I’m going to, honey. I’m going to show you just how much daddy needs his baby. Stand up.”
Tony watched as Peter slid off his lap, and reached for the boy, positioning him between his knees and unbuttoning his jeans. The boy’s cock was already throbbing and eager when the older man pulled his pants and boxers down and helped steady him as Peter stepped out of them. Then he leaned forward and lapped the tip of his tongue against the slit at the head of Peter’s cock, slurping precum, loudly.

“Daddy…”

“You like that?”

“Yes. Please…”

Tony smiled, and continued to play with the boy’s cock. He took his time, though, enjoying the way Peter writhed, trying not to slide himself into Tony’s mouth, giving the billionaire the choice of what to do to him, but unable to stop from trembling or moaning when Tony found a particularly sensitive spot – and he knew all of Peter’s sensitive spots, by now.

Finally, he drew the boy into his mouth, taking his fully aroused cock down his throat with a humming noise that made Peter cry out in pleasure. His hands went to Tony’s hair and his hips began moving in time with each motion of Tony’s head.

Not surprising either of them, he built to his climax rather quickly once Tony started making an effort to get him off, and the billionaire was soon being fed a load of cum as fast as Peter’s balls could unload into him.

“Daddy!”

Tony held his hips, making sure Peter understood that he didn’t want him to move, just yet, and he continued what he was doing until he had cleaned Peter’s cock of any lingering cum and was reduced to simply suckling, tenderly, on the very tip of the head of Peter’s cock. Finally he pulled away and looked up at the boy, pleased at how blown his eyes were in response to what he’d done.

“You’re so pretty, honey,” Tony crooned, wrapping his arms around Peter and hugging him, pressing his face next to the boy’s somewhat damp cock and balls, Peter’s light dusting of coarse pubic hair tickling his nose. “So wonderful.”

“Daddy…” Peter petted his hair, lightly, understanding that Tony needed to be held, and willing to do that for him. “You’re wonderful, too. I always want to be the little guy with you.”

Tony looked up at him, again, smiling, slightly, at the reference to the porn, and relieved that Peter didn’t seem to be reliving how he’d panicked with Tate – only the good part. At least, what he’d thought was the good part.

“I want to be inside you, Peter,” the billionaire whispered, turning his head and sliding his tongue along the boy’s somewhat flaccid penis. “Can I? Will you let daddy fuck you?”

“Yes.”

Tony let him go long enough to stand up, the front of his jeans bulging with his desire for Peter.

“Come on, honey. Let’s go to bed.”

He wanted to have Peter sprawled under him when he took him.

“Yes.”
The bed was large and neatly made up, with a mint on the pillow and a little note from the cleaning staff thanking them for choosing their hotel. Tony moved all of that out of the way and set it on the stand beside the bed, his interest utterly on the boy standing beside him.

He gathered Peter into his arms, sliding a loving hand along his bare hip, feeling him tremble with the touch. At least, Tony hoped it was his touch and not that he was cold, or that he was thinking about what had almost happened in the bathroom in Coney Island.

“Are you alright, honey?” he whispered, peppering Peter’s face with tender butterfly kisses.

“Yes, daddy. It’s a little cold.”

“I’ll warm you up,” Tony promised, stepping back enough to begin undressing. “Do you want anything in particular, baby? Do you want me to do anything specific? Should I put you on your belly? Or your back?”

Peter sat down on the edge of the bed and watched as Tony’s jeans and boxers landed on the floor, the older man’s cock aroused and eager. He reached for it, sliding his fingers along the shaft and smiling up at his daddy, amazed at how he could have such an effect on the man. He wasn’t that exciting a person, he knew, and yet the proof was right there in his hand, growing even larger with every stroke.

“Whatever you want, daddy. I know it’ll be good.”

Tony nodded, watching as Peter stroked him, feeling the delicate touch of the boy’s long fingers make him twitch and grow.

“Let’s go take a shower, then, honey,” he said, pulling himself carefully out of Peter’s grip and bringing him to his feet. “I want to make sure you’re warm enough. And besides, we still sort of smell like horses.”

Peter smiled at that and allowed Tony to lead him into the bathroom. The billionaire turned on the shower, and while they waited for the water to heat up, he made sure there were plenty of towels close at hand to dry off with, rather than trying to hunt them up, later. The shower was a walk in type, similar to what he had at home, but there was only the one safety bar installed and it was for safety and not to make it easier to have hot, wet sex.

Tony pulled Peter under the spray as soon as he decided the water was ready, and ran his hands along the boy, caressing him while he allowed the water to warm him even faster than he could. Peter moaned with the touch, and pressed his hand along Tony’s chest, next to the arc reactor.

“Do you want me to suck you?”
“Not right now,” Tony murmured, taking the gentle spray in his face as he bent his head to kiss Peter’s jaw, and then his neck and his shoulder, his hands sliding down along his wet sides and cupping his ass, pulling him up tight against him until Tony’s hard, throbbing cock was pressed tightly between them. “We’re going to take our time, but I want to enjoy you.”

And, of course, he wanted to make Peter enjoyed everything that they did.

“Ohkay.”

Tony eventually reached for the shower gel and a sponge and started washing Peter’s body. He had him close his eyes and washed his face, and neck, rinsed that clear and then watched the boy’s reaction as he began washing the rest of him.

“You’re so pretty,” Tony told him, honestly. “Your eyes are beautiful. Like the rest of you.”

Peter blushed, prettily, and tilted his head just a little, looking up at him through wet eyelashes that any woman would kill for.

“Thank you, daddy.”

He smiled, and washed his back, sliding the sponge down to the boy’s rear and taking his time washing him, thoroughly, and sliding his fingers into the boy, already beginning to stretch him and prepare him for what was to come. Probably taking much more time than he really needed to – they didn’t smell that much like horse, after all – but Peter was making the most delicious of noises and Tony would have played with the boy’s ass for hours just to keep hearing them.

Eventually, he moved down to Peter’s thighs and legs, kneeling in the shower to make sure his feet had some attention, as well, and then, finally, washing the somewhat aroused penis that was in perfect position for just a little teasing with lips and tongue.

Tony had no will power when it came to Peter, so it didn’t surprise him that he gave in to his desire to bring the boy to another orgasm. The teasing that was just going to be in passing as he made his way back up Peter’s body became a full on blow job, and he swallowed the boy’s throbbing cock, humming with delight and feeling Peter’s fingers take a handful of his hair for support.

“Daddy… oh, yes… I love that…”

He groaned; his hand sliding against his own hard cock as he reached for Peter’s balls, rolling them in his fingers and tugging on them as he sucked, licked and even nibbled the head and shaft of that quivering rod of flesh. Peter’s hand tightened in his hair – not painfully; just enough to warn him – and the boy cried out with a gasp that sounded so much louder in the shower. His cock exploded into Tony’s mouth, feeding the billionaire another load of boy cum, which he gobbled down, hungrily, looking for more and milking Peter’s balls, gently, trying to get it.

A final lick, and he stood up, once more, kissing Peter, tenderly as he finished washing the two of them and then turned off the water.

“I’m so hard for you, honey… I need my baby.”

“Yes, daddy.”

Tony dried him, carefully, playing with his hair and continually kissing his; his eyes, his nose, his lips and cheeks. Every part he could reach while his hands deftly made sure that Peter wasn’t going to be too chilled when they left the bathroom. Then he dried himself and led the boy back out into the bedroom and gently pushed him, naked, down onto the bed, belly down and ass up.
“You’re so beautiful,” Tony groaned, getting between Peter’s legs and leaning down to press a kiss against his ass cheeks; first the left, and then the right. “MY beautiful baby…”

Peter trembled when Tony’s mouth found his hole, the billionaire’s tongue snaking out to lick his crack and then force its way inside him, joined a moment later by a finger, and then two. Tony was wetting Peter with copious amounts of saliva, drooling on the boy’s ass, enjoying the flavor of Peter and the way he was beginning to writhe under him.

The boy whimpered and pressed back against the assault, looking over his shoulder and trying to see what Tony was doing, but not able to get a view of more than the older man’s body up against his own.

“Please, daddy…” Peter begged, knowing what Tony liked, and more than willing to stoke that flame. “Please, daddy. Your baby needs it. I need it. I need you.”

Tony groaned at the soft whine and pulled away.

“I’m here, baby,” he crooned, coming more upright and putting his hands on Peter’s hips, reaching out to gentle him with a calming hand on the boy’s back. Caressing him as he lined the drooling head of his cock up with that perfect hole. “Daddy’s going to fill his baby, just the way you like it.”

He pressed forward, then, his cock forcing its way inside Peter with the most amazing balance of welcome and resistance.

Peter moaned; his hands grabbing hold of the bedding and his face buried in a pillow as he rocked back to help Tony’s progress, slow and steady as it was.

“Yes…”

Once Tony was hilted balls deep inside Peter, he gave the boy a chance to acclimate to the thick rod of flesh invading him, and then pulled out, slightly, and jerked his hips, pushing the inch or two right back in – eliciting a grunt of pleasure from both of them.

He held himself still, moving Peter back and forth on his cock with the hold that he had on his hips, watching as he entered that beautiful ass, repeatedly, listening to the wet slap each time his balls hit flesh with everything thrust.

“You’re so amazing,” Tony grunted, feeling his climax building, his hands holding Peter, tightly. “So pretty. So tight for your daddy…”

Peter trembled, reacting to the praise and reaching for his cock to stroke himself in time to each thrust of Tony’s powerful body.

“Please, daddy. More…”

“So wonderful,” Tony responded, slamming himself deep. “So beautiful. So perfect for me, baby, Everything I want.”

Each sentence punctuated by another thrust until Tony slammed home and came, deep inside Peter, shuddering as his balls emptied in the most amazing of ways – and into his perfect baby’s ass.

Peter moaned, still stroking himself, even as Tony’s trembling eased a bit. The billionaire groaned, realizing that he wasn’t there, yet, and slid himself out of Peter, and then flipped the boy over and moved his hand out of the way, taking him into his mouth once more.
It was only minutes before Peter arched his back and climaxed, once again.

“Daddy!”

Tony chuckled, licking that ultra-sensitive shaft clear, and then pulling the bedding down to gather Peter into his arms under the blankets, determined to keep him warm now that he had him heated up.

“You’re so amazing, Peter,” he cooed. “I love my baby boy so much.”

Peter smiled, catching his breath and resting his cheek against Tony’s chest, holding him.

“I love you, too, daddy. That was so good.”

“Yes. Because you’re incredible,” Tony told him, caressing him, now, to remind him that he loved touching him all the time, not just when he was ramming himself into him. “My beautiful baby…”

The boy made a happy, contented sound and closed his eyes, relaxing against him, now.

“Mmm…”

Tony chuckled, burying his face in the still damp curls that he loved so much.

“You’re my perfect baby, aren’t you?”

“Yes, daddy. All yours, and only yours.”

“God… so wonderful. And fuckable. And smooth…”

He fell asleep still praising the boy, but Peter had already fallen asleep, so he didn’t notice.
Peter and Tony were in the restaurant by the time Steve and Natasha joined them. Sitting at the table across from each other, Tony was finishing his second cup of coffee and reading the news on his tablet, while Peter was looking through an all new collection of souvenirs with a cup of hot chocolate at hand, a waiter coming by every time the whipped cream was slurped from the top with the can, in order to refresh it. Which was probably a lot more sugar than Peter needed before a long flight, but Tony wasn't too concerned, and it was amusing to watch the game unfold between the waiter and the boy.

“Tell me you haven’t already been to the gift shop,” Natasha said with a smile, running her hand along his shoulder as she moved around the table to sit beside Tony.

Steve smiled a good morning and took the spot beside Peter.

“They were opening when we walked by,” the boy said. “So I went in to see what they had.”

“Anything good?”

Peter showed them both his new purchases – mainly things for various Avengers, but a couple more gifts for Monica, and Happy, as well – while they ordered breakfast.

“How did you sleep?” Tony asked Natasha, looking up from his tablet. He didn’t need to see the new purchases, after all; he’d been with Peter when he’d bought them “Not that it’s any of my business, except for the fact that you’re flying me home.”

She smirked.

“Buy me breakfast and I think I’ll be good to go. You guys?”

“Yeah. I slept well.”

Peter nodded his agreement.

“Ready to get home?” Steve asked. “Bob probably misses you.”

“Yes.” The boy smiled. “I had a lot of fun, though. Thanks, guys. Really.”

“We had a good time,” Steve assured him. “Maybe next time, Tony can need to pick up something somewhere more exotic. Like Greece.”

“You learned how to ride a horse, Steve,” the billionaire reminded him. “How much more exotic do you need?”

Rogers was saved from needing to reply by the arrival of their breakfast.

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“He looks comfortable, all things considered.”

Tony shook his head, looking down at the boy sprawled along the jump seats, his head resting on the billionaire’s leg, sound asleep. Then he looked up at Natasha, affecting horror.

“Aren't you supposed to be flying the plane?”
She smirked.

“Steve’s flying.”

“His track record isn’t that great with landings, you know?”

“Which is why I will be taking care of that part of things.” She looked down at Peter, who hadn’t made a sound. “He didn’t make it, huh?”

“I didn’t think that he would,” he told Natasha. “Not as tired as he was this morning when I rousted him out of bed. It doesn’t matter, though. We’ll land, gather up our dog and go home. A quiet night, just doing nothing, will be just the thing, I think, to get him ready to stark next the new week.”

“Without going into details, thank you very much, was he alright, last night?”

Meaning she wanted to know if Peter had had any Tate related issues, Tony understood.

“A bad dream sometime in the middle of the night,” he replied. “But he had those before the Coney Island thing, so I don’t know. I was worried, though, and was paying careful attention to how he was acting anytime I touched him. He seemed okay, so far.”

“You’ll take care of him, if he isn’t, right? Get him a professional, or whatever is needed?”

“Yeah. I’d planned on it, anyway, for the nightmares. To continue on where his aunt and uncle hadn’t succeeded. We’ll add that all into things, as well, and have it addressed – just in case. Two birds, one stone.”

“Let me know if there’s anything I can do.”

Tony nodded, and for a change, the look he gave her wasn’t self-serving, or sardonic, or even a little narcissistic.

“You’re doing it,” he told her, sincerely. “And I appreciate it.”

That made her smile.

“He’ll probably be one of us, eventually,” she pointed out. “Either on the superhero front, or the scientific field. We need to take care of him.”

“I agree.”

“Besides; he’s adorable, isn’t he?”

“I agree with that, too.” He made a shooing motion with his hands, ready to not be involved in the sharing of hearts, any longer. “Please go fly the plane. Steve behind the controls makes my brain scream get the parachutes on and I’m playing pillow, right now, and can’t do it.”

Romanoff smiled, not at all fooled, but willing to let him think she was.

“We’ll be in the ground in about an hour.”

“Probably less if you don’t get up there,” he said, reaching over and putting his cowboy hat on, and tilting it down over his eyes, effectively ending the conversation.

The assassin thumped the brim, affectionately, and headed back to the cockpit.
“Was he good?”

“He was.”

“Did you find a date?”

“Unfortunately, no. But I was the center of attention for almost an hour, and that’s nothing to sneeze at.”

Tony smiled, watching as Peter handed Nick a black leather cowboy hat, similar to the one he, himself, had on. The SHIELD director didn’t even scowl, as near as the billionaire could tell. He flashed a smile and put the hat on, striking a rakish pose that made Peter nod, approvingly.

“That’s as good as you can hope for sometimes,” Tony agreed.

“Any nightmares?” Robert asked, softly.

“Yeah. But nothing I can swear was from Friday’s fiasco.”

“Keep an eye on him.”

“I will. He’s scheduled to work with Bruce Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, this week, so we’ll keep him busy. But I might stay home from the tower, tomorrow, just in case.”

“Don’t let him know you’re worried about it,” the doctor advised. Psychology wasn’t his strong point, but he’d done a rotation, like every other doctor had. “That’ll worry him, and maybe start a problem that isn’t there, right now.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Plans for the rest of the day?”

“We’re going home, and we’ll have an early dinner and hang out and watch TV, or something.”

“Sounds like a good plan.”

“Tony?” They both smiled at Fury when he walked over, still wearing his hat and a hand on Peter’s shoulder. “Did you see the fine looking hat I was just presented?”

“Yeah, Nick. It looks good, doesn’t it?”

“Before I answer that, did you help Peter here pick it out?”

“No. Natasha and Steve did.”

“It’s amazing.”

Peter laughed, outright, and Tony shook his head at the boy.

“Did everyone get their souvenirs?”

“Everyone who’s here. I’ll give Bruce his on Tuesday.”

“Ready to go home, then? Where’s your bear?”
“In my room, here.”

“Which we are officially calling your room, now,” Nick told the boy, which made Peter flush, happily.

“Thanks, Nick.”

“Thanks for the hat, Peter.”

“Get Bob in the car,” Tony told him, tapping the brim of the hat Peter was wearing. “I’m ready to get home and sit on something that isn’t transporting me, somewhere, for a change.”

Peter nodded, taking the dog’s leash from Tony and heading for the car, chatting with Happy, who looked relieved that they hadn’t brought him a hat, but was more than glad to see the old-fashioned gun belt that they’d brought him – sans the revolver, of course.

The billionaire offered both men his hand.

“We’ll probably be by next weekend.”

“You’d better be. We’re playing pinochle.”

Stark nodded, and headed for the limo, joining Peter and Bob in the back.

Peter waited, politely, while Tony settled in his seat, but when the car started moving, he climbed into Tony’s lap, straddling his hips and bumping the brim of his hat against Tony’s, and smiling as he took his off and put it on the seat next to them. Now he could rest his cheek on Tony’s shoulder, and he did.

“How do you feel?” Tony asked him, sliding a hand under the hem of his sweatshirt and caressing his lower back with loving fingers.

“I’m fine, daddy;” Peter replied. “Just a little sleepy.”

“Might be jet-lagged,” Tony told him, turning his head and brushing a kiss against the tip of his nose.

“Really? I’ve never been, before.”

“Because you’ve never been so far away from home, before, honey,” Tony reminded him. “We’re going to have a quiet night in, tonight. We’ll get home, deliver our souvenirs to Monica and then make dinner and just watch movies, or something. Yeah?”

“That sounds good, daddy.”

“Take a nap, little boy,” Tony suggested, sliding his hands down the back of Peter’s jeans for just a moment, cupping him and holding him close before he pulled the sweatshirt back down to make sure his baby was warm enough. “Daddy’s got you.”

Peter nodded and did as he was told, loosely draping his arms around Tony’s hips and allowing himself to be lulled back to sleep.

The billionaire waited until he was comfortably sleeping, and then reached for his phone. He wanted to make sure Tate was gone before they went to Monica’s and wanted to make sure she wasn’t busy, before they barged in on her Sunday afternoon. Even if it wasn’t going to be an extended visit.
“Do you think she’s home?”

Tony smiled, once more tapping the brim of the cowboy hat Peter was wearing. He realized that it matched the boy’s eyes – which might be why he liked it, so much.

“One way to find out, right?”

They knocked on the door, and immediately heard the deep barks replying, warning them that they’d better be friends, or they should hope that the door doesn’t open. After a very short knock, the door did open, and Monica smiled to see the two guys standing in the hall; both wearing cowboy hats and somehow managing to look handsome and adorable at the same time.

“Peter!”

She hugged the boy with a chuckle, holding him close for a long moment, as if to reassure herself that he was alright, and to remind him that she wasn’t her grandson. Even with a bag in his hand and Bob’s leash, Peter hugged her back, happily, reminding her that he knew she wasn’t Tate, and that he loved her, no matter what.

They broke apart and her bright eyes looked him over.

“Welcome home. I love your hat.”

“Good thing,” Tony told her, bringing the hand that he had hidden behind his back out and dropping a similar one on top of her head. “We couldn’t come home without bringing you one, too.”

She chuckled and hugged him, as well, and he returned it with far more enthusiasm than anyone who knew him (aside from Peter) would have believed possible.

“I love it,” she assured him, settling it more securely on her halo of gray curls. “Come in, guys.”

She moved aside, gesturing for Boomer to move, too, and the three visitors walked into her apartment. Peter dropped Bob’s leash and handed her the bag he was holding.

“We got you a few other things…”

“Can I get you two something to drink?” she asked, taking the bag.

“No, thanks, Monica,” Tony said. “We’re just here long enough to check in with you so you know not to have any loud parties, tonight, and to make sure you get your souvenirs.”

They did go sit on her sofa while she checked out her presents, though. She immediately had Tony hang the plate Peter had picked out up on the wall beside a few others that she had, the billionaire rolling his eyes to find himself set to such a menial task, but doing it, good-naturedly, anyway. Hang a plate on the wall? Why not ask Davinci to paint your garage?

She loved the other gifts the two brought her – and Peter handed over a Texas-shaped dog chew to Boomer, who took it and went to his bed to gnaw on it, stumpy tail wagging, contentedly. Peter told her about the wild west photos – even though he’d already sent her the one with Tony as a sheriff, so she knew about them – and had told her about winning all the games on the midway and then giving the prizes to little kids.
“We would have brought you one, but I thought you’d like the other stuff more,” he told her.

“You’re exactly right,” she agreed, nodding. “Now, you two look tired, so I’m not going to keep you. Tony? There’s a casserole in a quilted carrier in the oven, staying warm. That’ll save you the trouble of making dinner, tonight. Take Peter home and have a relaxing evening. I want to hear all about the rest of your trip, later.”

The billionaire put her hammer away, smiling at her thoughtfulness – and appreciating it. Now he wouldn’t have to make dinner, after all.

“Thanks, Monica. Are you working the flower shop, tomorrow?” he asked as he went to her oven and pulled out the dish.

It was covered in a carrying container, that was then covered with a bright blue quilted insulator that made it able to be carried without potholders.

“No, I have a few other things to take care of,” she told him, glancing at Peter, who was saying goodbye to Boomer. “Will you be home? Or at the office?”

“Staying home, tomorrow. Peter has school in the morning, but if you’re not doing anything, later, why don’t we go to lunch?”

“A good plan.”

They said their goodbyes and with Peter holding Bob’s leash, and Tony carrying the casserole, they headed to the apartment.

“It’s good to be home,” Tony said, sincerely, walking into the living room a few minutes later.

Peter nodded his agreement, crouching down to take off Bob’s harness and leash and hang it up. The dog whuffled his face a moment, and then went to find his bed, more than ready to settle in. Peter hung his hat on the same set of hooks that held Bob’s leash, and looked around. It felt like they’d been gone for years, and not just days.

“Hi, FRIDAY.”

“Welcome home, Peter.”

“Thanks.”

He walked to the kitchen island and leaned against it, watching as Tony took the cover off the dish Monica had sent with them. The older man smiled at him and handed him his cowboy hat, too.

“Go hang that up for me, will you honey?”

“Sure.”

“Do you want rolls with dinner?” he asked, turning on the oven.

“Yes, please.”

By the time Peter returned, Tony had already pulled a small package of frozen bread rolls from the freezer and had put them into the oven to allow them to thaw while the oven heated up, and then bake. He slid his arms around Peter, pulling the boy close and hugging him.

“We’ll eat in about twenty minutes.”
“Okay, daddy.”

“I’m going to go change,” he murmured, tilting the boy’s head up so he could kiss him, tenderly. “Will you set the table?” he asked into the same kiss, unwilling to part, just yet.

Peter ran his tongue along Tony’s lower lip, feeling the hairs that were just below it, as well.

“Yes. Do you want coffee?”

“Please.”

He forced himself to let the boy go – with one more kiss, because he had to – and then went into his room. Peter started the coffee pot, and then pulled plates and silverware from the cupboard and then headed for the table.

“Incoming call from Tate Hansen,” FRIDAY announced.

Peter froze, the plates falling from suddenly nerveless fingers and shattering on the hardwood floor. Luckily, Tony had heard the message as well and came out of his bedroom wearing only a pair of lounge pants.

“FRIDAY, decline call and block to the number.”

“Gotcha.”

Peter looked down at the broken plates at his feet, and was grateful that FRIDAY routed his calls when he was at the apartment. He was more relieved, too, that Tony had answered the announcement, because he felt suddenly tongue-tied.

Tony stopped at the edge of the broken glass, his bare feet all that was keeping him from rushing to hold Peter, who was suddenly disturbingly pale.

“Are you alright?”

The boy nodded; his eyes wide, still frozen to his spot.

“I… ye-no. Yes.”

“Stay right there for a minute,” Tony told him, going for the broom.

Peter bent down and started picking up the bigger pieces of the broken plates, but he waited until Tony had swept the smaller pieces up before he moved to throw them into the garbage.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I was startled…”

Tony shook his head, sliding his arms around the boy and tucking his head under his chin.

“That little bastard had no business calling you. Did he do it at all while we were gone?”

“No. What do you think he wants…?”

“I don’t care, and you don’t need to worry about it,” Tony replied, silently steaming. That little sonofabitch! He was just getting Peter calmed, and the motherfucker has the audacity to try and call? “It’s okay, honey,” he soothed, his voice and tone not giving away how mad he was, and his touch gentle as he caressed Peter’s back, holding him close while the boy trembled in his embrace. “My amazing boy. So wonderful…”
Peter appreciated the words, just then, needing the bolstering. He clung to Tony for a long few minutes before he finally pulled away.

“I’m okay,” he assured him. “I just didn’t expect… I mean…”

Tony cut him off with a kiss.

“You’re okay.” he repeated. “You’re with me, and I love you, and we’re going to eat dinner and then spend the night cuddling together watching movies, alright?”

Peter nodded and Tony pushed him down into his chair, then went and retrieved new dishes and set the table, poured himself a cup of coffee and the boy a glass of milk. Which made Peter smile, slightly. All that was missing were cookies – and he knew they didn’t have any.

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“Have I told you how beautiful you are?”

Peter shook his head, bringing his cheek down to Tony’s bare shoulder, shivering, slightly, even though he was covered with a comforter.

“No, daddy.”

“You are,” Tony told him, sliding his hands along the boy’s back, pleased that the ribs that had once been so prominent were now somewhat less defined. He ran his fingers along Peter’s hip and then up his chest between their bodies, checking there, as well, and brushed a kiss against his nose. “You’re so pretty, baby boy. My beautiful baby.”

“Thank you, daddy.” Peter said, softly, well aware that Tony was saying all those things to make him feel better – and it was working. It always worked. He knew he wasn’t any of it, but the love and sincerity in the older man’s voice made him almost believe it. Enough that it made him shiver, deliciously, anyway. Of course, that could have been the way he was being caressed, as well. He shifted, just a little, in Tony’s lap, giving the man all the room he wanted to touch him. “That feels good.”

“Good. Daddy wants his baby to feel good, all the time.” Peter made an approving noise, and slid his hand down to their laps, his fingers searching for Tony’s cock through the lounge pants that he was wearing, and the billionaire made a noise similar to the one Peter had. “We’re just touching, tonight, honey,” he reminded him. “I want you to relax a bit.”

Peter pressed his face against Tony’s neck, a sure sign to the man by now that the boy wanted something and was working up the courage to ask for it. He waited, feeling as Peter stroked him, lightly, and caressing the boy’s back, tenderly. Finally, Peter spoke.

“Can I suck you, daddy? I won’t do it hard, or anything. I just want to have you in my mouth.”

“You don’t need to, baby. I feel good, just having you touch me like that…”

“I…” the boy trembled, a little. “I like it.”

Tony hugged him. Like he could say no to him?

“Do whatever you want to, baby. As long as it makes you feel good.”

He watched as Peter shifted out of his lap, but didn’t get on the floor between his legs. Instead, he
simply pulled down the front of Tony’s pants, freeing his mostly limp cock and sprawled beside him, settling his head in his lap and taking the head of his cock between his lips, suckling it, lightly, and running the tip of his tongue along the head, every now and then, his hand holding it, but not stroking him.

Tony was reminded of a child with a pacifier, more than anything, and the image made his cock twitch just a little, in Peter’s mouth.

“You’re okay, baby boy?” he asked, brushing his hand along the boy’s cheek.

Peter looked up at him without releasing Tony’s cock, his brown eyes perfectly content, and nodded.

The billionaire smiled and shook his head, adjusting the blanket to make sure his baby was covered up and warm, and then turned the movie on.

He could live with that.
By the time the movie was over Peter’s constant suckling had Tony nicely aroused. True, the boy wasn’t doing more than playing with the head of his cock – for the most part – and like he’d said, he wasn’t trying to do more than just have it in his mouth, but Tony’s cock hadn’t gotten the message that it was just a comfort thing, and it was at full mast, eagerly seeking as much attention as possible.

Peter’s hand was still around the shaft, and his lips were around the head. Sometimes he’d draw the whole head into his mouth and suckle it, licking any drool off the shaft of there was any, and other times all he’d do is plant his lips on the tip and suckle just that part. It felt good for Tony, and it had brought the boy to the state of calm that Tony had been hoping he’d be in.

The billionaire turned the TV off, and looked down at his lap, brushing Peter’s hair back from his forehead.

“Feeling better?”

Peter nodded, releasing his living pacifier for the moment.

“Yes. Thank you.”

“I think we should go to be early, tonight. Traveling always makes me tired.”

“Okay, daddy. I’ll take Bob out, really quick.”

If they didn’t take him out, now, he’d be waking them at four in the morning, needing to go. Tony knew it as well as Peter did.

“Do you want me to come with you?”

“I always want you with me,” Peter told him, sincerely, kissing the head of Tony’s cock, once more, and then sitting up and stretching a little. “But you’re dressed for bed, and I’m not.” He was still in his jeans and t-shirt. “We won’t be long.”

“Alright. Put a jacket on.”

It wasn’t raining, but it was chilly and threatening to rain. Typical fall weather in New York and Tony didn’t want to risk the boy getting chilled.

Peter rolled his eyes, pretending to be annoyed at the reminder, but he wasn’t. He loved it, because it was yet another way that Tony showed him that he cared. He put on a sweatshirt, harnessed Bob and then put his SHIELD jacket on over the sweatshirt, and left.

Tony sat on the couch, stroking his cock, lightly, thinking about Peter, even after he was gone. He scowled, though, when the thought turned to Tate – and the fact that the boy had tried to call Peter. That couldn’t be allowed. He had a few ways to deal with it, though. He could tell Monica – who was already feeling guilty about the whole mess, he could contact the boy directly and have a few words with him about how bad of an idea it was to harass Peter – which wouldn’t make Tony look good, despite having a very good reason to go at the kid.

His other option was a bit more drastic, but honestly, the uncertainty and fear he’d seen in Peter’s eyes earlier just made Tony furious the more he thought about it. His baby boy definitely didn’t deserve that. He tucked himself back into his pants for the moment, needing to focus.
“FRIDAY, call Natasha Romanoff…”

It wasn’t really raining, Peter found when they went outside. It was kind of like the sky was spitting on him and his dog. Just enough drops that they knew something was happening, but not enough to warrant an umbrella or even pulling up his hood. He didn’t mind, though. He was warm, and despite the startling call from Tate, he felt relaxed after spending so much quiet time with Tony.

That made him smile, because it hadn’t just been quiet time; it had been quiet time with his mouth on Tony’s cock for almost two hours – and it had been more relaxing than he would ever have believed. It was like the man’s penis was made to comfort him. It hadn’t been the first time that he’d thought it, or the first time that he’d enjoyed simply sucking him, or touching him, either.

He was sure there was probably some psychological word for the way Peter enjoyed feeling the very core of Tony’s masculinity right there in his mouth, but Peter didn’t know what it was, and he wasn’t going to bother looking it up. As long as Tony was willing to let him do it, though, he’d suck on him all night, really.

There weren’t a lot of people out; it was getting late and everyone was home getting themselves ready to start the new week the next day, but Bob suddenly alerted the boy that someone was getting a little closer than normal, drawing Peter from his musing and making him look the same direction the dog was.

A young woman was standing close by, looking uncertain, and she gave the big dog a look and Peter a slight smile.

“Are you Peter Parker?” she asked.

He hesitated, feeling as uncertain as she looked, but he nodded.

“Yes.”

“My name’s Gabriella,” she told him. “I don’t want to bother you, but I wanted to thank you.”

“For what?”

She smiled.

“My dad was in the cab that crashed over there,” she said, pointing toward the far corner. “You saved him. He’s a bit of a jerk, sometimes, but he’s all I have. I just wanted you to know I appreciated it.”

“Oh.” Peter smiled. “You’re welcome.”

“Can I hug you?”

“Oh. Um.”

He blushed, and she laughed, but it wasn’t cruel. Clearly, she understood just how awkward he was feeling, just then.

“It’s okay,” she told him. “I know it was weird to ask.”

“No. Not weird,” Peter assured her. “I just… well, no one’s… you can. If you want, that is.”
She shook her head and offered him her hand, instead, and he took it.

“Thank you, Peter Parker.”

He smiled.

“You’re welcome.”

She walked away, leaving him standing by the tree for a long moment, bemused. He probably could have stood there all night, he was that surprised, but Bob was ready to move on and tugged lightly on the leash as he started to move. Peter shook himself out of his stupor and finished the walk without any further happenings.

Tony smiled from the couch when Peter and Bob walked out of the elevator.

“Hi, honey,” he said, softly. “How was the walk?”

Peter’s smile was genuine as he hung up Bob’s harness and leash.

“It was good, daddy,” he said, realizing that Tony still had his cock out of his pants and was stroking it, idly. The boy kicked off his shoes and hung up his jacket before walking over and pressing Tony’s knees apart so he could slide to the floor between them and look up at him. “There was a girl who wanted to hug me.”

He bent and put his mouth on Tony’s cock, then, intending to suck him in, but the older man frowned and pulled him gently off.

“What?”

“This girl wanted to hug me,” he repeated, stroking Tony’s cock, lightly. “To thank me for saving her dad. He was in that taxi, she said. Isn’t that something?”

“Did she?” Tony asked.

“No,” he shrugged, flushing a little. “I froze. So, she just thanked me with a handshake and left. It was pretty cool, though,” Peter admitted. “It made me feel good. Is that bad?”

“No, baby. You should be proud of what you did, saving the men in that cab. I’m proud of you.”

Peter smiled.

“You are?”

“Of course I am.” Tony pulled the boy up into his lap, shifting him so he was straddling him, with his erect cock between their bellies. Then he drew Peter’s cheek down to his bare shoulder and ran his hand under the boy’s sweatshirt. “I keep telling you that you’re amazing, and brave and wonderful. You didn’t think I was making it up, did you?”

“Yeah. To make me feel good.”

“I say it to make you feel good, honey,” he said. “It doesn’t mean that it isn’t true, though.” Tony turned his head, meeting Peter’s beautiful brown eyes with his own. “You’re so brave and great and perfect. It’s really something. I don't want you letting strangers on the street too close to you, though, okay? It might be dangerous for you if they have ulterior motives, besides just thanking you.”
"You think someone might try to hurt me?"

"No. I don't think that someone could, really - not as strong as you are. But they still might try, and that would scare me. Don't let a stranger close enough to you to hurt you, okay, honey?"

"Okay."

"You still did good, though," Tony reminded him, not wanting to dampen his good mood with the warning - necessary as it was. "You were wonderful."

Peter shivered, despite how warm he was, and his smile was happy, which made Tony smile, too. He kissed the boy, softly, and groaned when he felt Peter’s fingers wrap around his cock during the kiss.

“Daddy… can we play?”

“We’re just touching, tonight, honey,” he reminded him, gently. “I want you relaxed, and you can’t be relaxed if I’m making you writhe under me, now can you?”

Peter pouted a little, but didn’t argue. Instead, he brought his cheek back to his shoulder with a soft sigh, his hand idly running along Tony’s shaft, keeping him delightfully hard.

“I like touching you.”

The billionaire smiled at the admission.

“I’m glad, baby, because I wouldn’t want anyone else but you to touch me like that.” He ran his hand along the boy’s back. “Why are you still wearing so many layers?” Tony complained, playfully, sliding his hands under the front of the sweatshirt Peter was wearing. “Should we go get my baby undressed and put him to bed?”

“With you…”

“Of course, with me.”

"Yes."
The first thing Peter was aware of the next morning was a heavy weight coming to rest on him, covering his entire upper body. His legs were being nudged apart and a hard, throbbing rod was brushing against his inner thigh at the same time coarse facial hair was brushing against his cheek.

“Wake up, honey,” Tony whispered, deliciously, in his ear, making him shiver, despite them both being under the blankets, still. “Daddy needs his baby…”

The boy moaned, turning his head a little so he could see Tony, who wasn’t moving, yet, giving him a chance to wake up – and a chance to say no, if he wasn’t interested in getting himself filled with his daddy’s morning wood.

Peter smiled, sleepily, though, and Tony could feel him pressing against him, even as the boy woke up a little.

“Hi, daddy…”

“Good morning,” Tony crooned. He rested his weight on the arm that was bracing himself above Peter – enough to keep the boy from bearing his full weight, but not enough to keep him from being belly to back with him – and started playing with Peter’s ass with the other hand, a lubed finger sliding into him. “I want to be inside you. Okay?”

The boy nodded and allowed his cheek to fall to the bedding. He closed his eyes, focusing on the sensation of being played with; of being stretched by one finger, and then another – moaning softly each time Tony’s fingers found that spot inside him that made him tremble in pure pleasure.

“Yes. Daddy…”

“You’re so tight this morning, baby,” Tony told him. “Beautiful and sexy.” The throbbing cock brushing against Peter was swelling even more as the older man rutted himself against him in time with the invasion of his fingers. “Ask me for it, baby… beg me…”

“Please, daddy,” Peter whined, opening his eyes and meeting Tony’s. He could see the desire on the handsome face, and it made him press back, less role play, now, and more true hunger. “Please, daddy? I need you inside me. Please?”

“You want me?”

“Yes.”

“Only me, though, right, honey? Just daddy gets to fuck his beautiful, pretty baby.”

The fingers retreated and Peter spread his thighs even wider, hitching his hips upward as well as he could to help Tony find the best angle.

“Only you can be my daddy,” Peter moaned. “Just you. I’m only yours. Please, daddy…”

“What do you want, baby boy?” Tony asked, the head of his cock braced against Peter’s entrance.

“Fuck me, daddy…”

“God, you’re amazing,” Tony whispered, sliding himself into the boy with a firm, slow thrust that only ended when he was hilted completely inside Peter. “So perfect. So brave. So fucking tight for
daddy…”

His hips were moving slowly, lazily claiming the boy as his own, yet again, with easy thrusts that were intended to give Peter a chance to find and accclimate himself to the rhythm of Tony’s lovemaking.

The boy trembled, again, under the litany of praise, as Tony knew he would, and he pressed his lips against Peter’s, his tongue darting into the boy’s mouth as a hard thrust made him gasp in pleasure. Tony’s kiss was hungry, and Peter’s ardor was rising to match it, now that he was waking up. He tasted his daddy’s flavor, and whimpered, trying to press back hard enough on each thrust to make sure he took every inch Tony had to give him.

“Yes…”

“So amazing,” Tony murmured, breaking the kiss as he began to breathe a little faster, his heart pounding hard in his chest as his thrusts increased in speed and fury, even as his voice stayed calm and loving. “Amazing. Beautiful. Wonderful.”

Each thrust a new word, until he groaned and finally pressed Peter into the mattress with a final, hard motion, burying himself deeper than ever and holding the boy pinned as his cock erupted inside him, washing his inner walls with thick, hot, cum.

Peter held himself still, allowing Tony to do what he wanted, feeling the warmth spread inside him, and pressing back enough to make sure he was given everything he offered. Only when he felt his body lose some of the tautness and collapse on top of his own did he relax a little, with a soft sigh of pleasure.

“That was nice, daddy,” he crooned, approvingly, kissing the arm that was braced by his head. “Thank you.”

Tony chuckled, and pulled out of Peter, shifting them enough so that he wasn’t laying on him, any longer, but was now spooning him, their bodies smeared with sweat, lube, and Tony’s cum.

“It was nice,” he agreed, pressing a kiss against Peter’s ear, now, hugging the boy close and catching his breath a little more. They weren’t done, by any means; Peter was hard, but Tony was well aware that he hadn’t given the boy a chance to climax, and he was going to more than make up for it before allowing him to get out of bed and start his day. “You’re nice, honey,” Tony told him, sliding his hand along the boy’s hip. “So nice to your daddy. Now it’s my turn to be nice to you…”

Peter’s response was a strangled moan of pleasure, harmonized by Tony’s much deeper chuckle of amusement.

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Despite their early morning activities, they were still on track with their schedule for the day. Not that it was all that tight, really, but a thoroughly satiated Peter took Bob for his morning walk while Tony made them breakfast, and they were finished eating in time for them to shower, and for Tony to shave, while Peter watched, with interest – both dressed only in boxers, so far.

“How did you decide what you wanted your face to look like?” he asked curiously, running his hand along his own smooth cheek and jawline. “Trial and error? Did you try a few different looks until you knew what you wanted?”

“I did a magazine interview,” the billionaire told him, watching his reflection in the mirror as he cleaned his face of the leftover shaving gel. “There was a poll done, after, and I let the world
decide.”

“Really?”

Tony smiled.

“Would I lie to you?”

Peter shrugged, smiling at the man's reflection.

“If it made me feel good, I think you might.”

“Let me rephrase that, then,” Tony said. “Because you are absolutely correct – to a point. I would never lie to you about something important. Fair?”

“Yes.”

“I love you,” Tony told him, picking the boy up, bodily, and setting him on the vanity, next to the sink. “More than I’ve ever loved anyone.”

Peter’s smile was soft, his eyes watching Tony and echoing the love in the older man’s voice.

“Yeah?”

“You doubt me?” Tony asked, smiling, spreading some shaving gel on the boy’s cheeks, bringing it along his jaws and meeting on his chin.

“No, daddy,” Peter replied, immediately, and with certainty. “I believe you love me. I love you, too.”

Tony nodded, picking up his razor.

“Hold still, honey…” He made a show of using the razor to clear the shaving gel from the boy’s face – never mind that he was holding it upside down and using the dull edge of the tool, the razor’s edge never coming near Peter’s delicate skin. “Always with the grain, little boy. That’s how you avoid razor burn, and you make sure you get all the little stubble. Got it?”

Peter’s eyes were amused, and maybe just a little excited at getting a life-lesson from him, and he watched Tony’s eyes as the billionaire concentrated on making the neat tracks in the gel on the boy’s face.

“Got it.”

He finished the job with a flourish, and then washed what little he’d missed with a wet, warm towel before cupping Peter’s cheeks with the palms of his hands, holding him still and locking gazes with him.

“You’re so beautiful, Peter.”

The boy blushed a brilliant shade of red, lowering his head, bashfully, and smiling up at him, his eyes so happy that Tony felt his heart flip-flop in his chest.

“Thank you, daddy.”

“You’re welcome.” Tony kissed him, softly. “Now… you have school, and I have a few phone calls to make. Then we’ll see if Monica still wants to have lunch with us.”
Tony was curious what the woman had found out from her lawyers – even though he had no intention of letting Peter be part of that conversation.

“Sound good.”

“Good.” Another kiss. “Go get dressed, honey.”
Peter was at the table, working on one of the displays as he had been for the last hour or so when Tony walked up behind him, a hand coming to rest on the boy’s shoulder as he looked to see what he was working on.

“History?”
“Yes.”
“Aztecs, still?”
The boy nodded.
“For a few more lessons, if I understand the syllabus right.”
“Correct,” FRIDAY agreed.
“I need to go pick something up, honey. Are you okay if I leave for a bit?”
“Yeah. Of course. You’ll be back by lunch?”
“Even before then,” Tony promised. “Need anything?”
“No, daddy. I’m good.”
The billionaire pressed a kiss against his temple.
“I’ll be back as soon as I can.”
“Okay.”
Peter watched as Tony picked up his car keys, stopped long enough to scratch Bob’s ears, and then grabbed his jacket and left. Then he went back to his lesson.

True to his word, Tony was back in less than forty-five minutes. FRIDAY told Peter that he was coming, so he wasn’t startled when the elevator dinged an alert that the door was opening, and he looked up from the final paragraph he and the AI were going over, just in time to see Tony walk into the room with a brown paper bag in his hand.

“I’m home,” the older man announced, unnecessarily, smiling.
“Hi, daddy.”
Tony crossed the room to hug his baby, leaning over to kiss his cheek, tenderly.
“Did you miss me?”
“You left?”
That made Tony chuckle, and Peter smiled, pleased that his teasing had been so well received.
“Just for that,” Tony told him, tapping his adorable nose. “You don’t get to see what I brought you
“until later.”

Peter’s eyes lit up.

“You brought me something?”

“I did.”

“What?”

“It’s a surprise. Are you done with your history, yet?”

“Almost.”

“Finish your schoolwork, then I’ll show you. Maybe.” He smirked, doing a little teasing of his own. “Or, maybe I’ll make you wait until tomorrow…”

Peter groaned, dramatically.

“Daddy…”

Tony kissed him, again, but held the bag away from the boy.

“Later, honey.”

“At Recess?”

“FRIDAY? How is he doing? Paying attention?”

“He’s the best student I’ve ever had,” came the AI’s response.

“He’s the only student that you’ve ever had.”

“That doesn’t negate the sentence.”

The billionaire rolled his eyes, but nodded his agreement.

“I’ll show you at recess. Get back to work.”

Peter did what he was told, turning his attention back to the display and Tony kissed him, once more.

“I’m going to go talk to Monica, okay? I’ll find out if she’s going to have lunch with us. Have FRIDAY let me know when you’re done.”

“Alright, daddy.”

Tony put the paper bag in his room, and then left.

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Only a few minutes later, he was sitting on the sofa, idly rubbing Boomer’s ears while accepting a cup of coffee from the older woman.

“The lawyers say Peter has to press charges in order to bring anything official in front of a judge,” she said, looking apologetic. “Do you think he’d be willing to do that?”

“I don’t know,” the billionaire said, honestly. “But I’m not inclined to let him go through the stress of
it. If Tate had actually succeeded in his attempt, it’d be another matter, entirely. As it is, though, Peter has enough nightmares and demons to deal with, I’d rather not add any more.”

“I was thinking the same thing,” she admitted. “But I’m not going to let him get away with what he did, either. It’s inexcusable. You wouldn’t believe the filth I found on his tablet and his phone. His father tried to tell me that boys will be boys,” she rolled her eyes, a spark of fury in them. “I pointed out to him that attempted rape is not the same as a catcall. I also reminded him that his son weighs twice what Peter does, and could very well have seriously injured him.”

“Tell me he was a little less cavalier about the whole thing after that?”

“He certainly seemed to be.” She shrugged. “I know my daughter-in-law was furious, which is a start. Tate won’t be bothering you – or Peter – again, Tony. Between now and the day he goes off to college, he’ll be lucky to have any free time to watch cartoons, let alone the stuff that he was watching.”

“I’m relieved.”

She nodded.

“I’ve also pulled his car, his expense money and his phone – all of which I paid for. If his folks decide to give him any of that, it’s fine but it will be a telling blow to his freedom, I assure you.”

“Gramma isn’t happy…”

Monica shook her head.

“Not at all. The other boys have heard about it, too. My son William is the only one who’s actually seen Peter, so when Tate cried to his uncle that Peter was the aggressor, William didn’t need to see any pictures to know what a crock of shit my grandson was trying to shove down his throat.”

“Your son met Peter?” Tony repeated, confused.

“He owns an antique shop a few blocks from here. Peter and I happened in there a little while ago.”

“That’s where he bought my cuff links.”

“Right.” She smiled, for the first time since letting him in the door. “Peter didn’t know he was my son, of course, but that just made it easier for me to talk him down on the price – and to authenticate their provenance. But, anyway, William knows Peter’s a little guy, and there’s no mistaking Tate’s size for anything but big. He’s never given us cause to think he’s anything other than a sweetheart, until now – but this behavior isn’t acceptable and the family won’t tolerate it.”

“I appreciate that, Monica. Peter would, too.”

“But we’re not going to tell him, right?”

“I’ll address it with him, a little. So there’s closure. I don’t want something like this hanging over his head.”

“I don’t, either. You know him best, so whatever you want to do, I’ll follow your lead.”

“Thanks. He sent me down to make sure you’re willing to have lunch with us. Interested?”

“Depends…” she said, smiling. “Are you going to let me buy?”
“No.” He smiled, too, and told her about the *Dallas Mechanical Bull Riding Fund.* “Peter said he wants to buy lunch. So let him, okay?”

“I suppose. But next time, it’ll be on me.”

“Fair—” he was interrupted by his watch. “Speak of the devil, he’s done with his first block of lessons. I need to get going.”

“Lunch at one?”

“Sounds good. We’ll come collect you and Boomer, here, and find a good place.”

“We’ll be waiting.”

“Done?”

“With History, yes.”

“FRIDAY? Did he do it, right?”

“Of course.”

“Did you learn anything?” Tony asked the boy, who had stood up to stretch after sitting in one spot for so long and walked over to slide into his arms, pressing his cheek against his chest.

“Right now, I probably know more about the Aztec than you do.”

Tony smiled, burying his face in Peter’s curls.

“That’s a fair guess. Go get the bag I set on my bed and bring it here – but don’t open it.”

“Okay.”

Peter let him go, and Tony sat down on the sofa with a contented sigh and a smile of anticipation. The boy was back in only a moment, bringing it over and handing it to Tony.

“Thank you.”

“What is it?”

“I got you a toy,” Tony said, reaching into the bag. “Not another anal plug,” he said, before Peter could say anything, one way or the other. “This one’s completely different, but I thought you might like it.”

“Yeah?”

Peter watched as Tony pulled out a fairly small package – not a lot bigger than a tea bag, and broke open the seal on it.

“Get me some lube, honey.”

The boy frowned but did as he was told, thinking that if it was supposed to go into his rear, at least it wasn’t that big. Tony took the tube, setting the bag aside, and reaching for the front of Peter’s jeans. He unbuttoned them, unzipped them and then pulled them down, along with Peter’s boxers, but he
didn’t reach for the boy’s ass, to Peter’s surprise.

Instead, he started slicking Peter’s penis with the lube, getting a fine sheen on the surface, and then wiping his hands on a towel, before reaching for the new toy.

“It’s not latex,” he said, as he rolled what looked like a black condom onto Peter’s penis, teasing it a little as he did. “And it’s very stretchy, so it’ll allow your cock to get nice and hard.”

“What does it do?” Peter asked, curiously, looking down at it. Now the thing was all the way on him; his penis completely covered from head to root by the material, which felt lightweight and a little odd. There were hundreds of tiny bumps, like a ribbed condom, all down the length and only the very tip of the head of his penis was clear, the slit sticking out, almost obscenely, so it obviously wasn’t a condom. “I don’t get it.”

The billionaire smiled, reaching into the bag once more and pulling out a small device – what looked like a key fob.

“You’ll see in a moment,” he promised. Peter saw him press a button, making a green light come on, and then, fiddle with it. “Here we go…”

Tony pushed a button, watching the boy, expectantly, and Peter started to ask what was supposed to happen when he suddenly gasped. All up and down the length of his penis those little bumps were suddenly vibrating, softly, engulfing his penis with a hundred tiny massages all at one.

“Oh, my…”

His knees gave out and he had sit down.

“Does it hurt?” Tony asked, suddenly worried, turning it off.

“No.” The boy was almost breathless. “That… wow.”

Tony’s eyes lit up.

“You liked it?”

“I think so… try it, again?”

The billionaire turned it back on, and watched as Peter leaned back into the leather of the sofa, closing his eyes with a soft sigh. He saw Peter’s fingers clench into tight fists, and then watched with fascinated glee as the boy’s cock began to harden inside the sleeve.

“There are three settings,” Tony told him. “That’s the lowest. Let’s give medium a try…”

He couldn’t hear the vibrations – even in the middle setting – but he saw the difference in Peter’s reaction. The boy’s entire body tensed and his hand reached for Tony, who took it, closing his fingers around Peter’s.

“Oh, God…”

“Is it hurting you?”

“No. It almost feels so good that it hurts…”

“Can you handle it?”
“Yes.”
“Do you like it?”
“It feels good.” He opened his eyes, though. “Turn it off, daddy.”

Tony did as requested and Peter’s body lost a lot of the tension. But now there was a new worry in the boy’s eyes.

“What’s wrong, honey?”
“You’ll still play with me?”

The billionaire smiled, and hugged Peter close, bringing his head to his shoulder.

“This isn’t to replace anything, honey,” he assured him. He’d learned that lesson. “This is for in between times. I’m still going to suck you, and tease you and play with you – all that you can handle. But this thing can be modified into wireless. You can be home, and I can be in my office, and I push this button, and suddenly you’re going to have a very interesting afternoon.”

“Yeah?”
“It’s safe to wear, all day. We’ll make sure to use plenty of lube – especially since it acts as a conduit for the vibrations, as well.”

“Turn it back on, daddy.”

He did, leaving it on the low setting, and smiling at the bliss in Peter’s expression.

“Do you like it, baby? Will you wear it?”
“It feels good,” Peter told him.

“Pull your pants back up,” Tony told him. “It’s so lightweight, the only way someone would know it’s on is because you’re hard. When you climax, you just wipe the tip of your cock off, and sit back and wait for the next. Or you hope that I don’t turn it off, right at the worst possible minute.”

Peter slid his jeans back on.

“Did you get you one, too?”
“No.”

“Why?”
“It’s a toy for my baby.”

Peter smiled, and climbed into Tony’s lap, straddling him. Then he pulled his zipper down, pulling his still hard cock out of his pants. A moment later, he was working Tony’s zipper and fishing his penis out of his slacks, too. He pressed his cock against Tony’s and the billionaire could feel the miniscule vibrations against his own tender rod. It felt amazing.

“I want you to have one, too, daddy,” Peter told him. “Then I can make you feel good, even when you’re not home.”

“You want to control daddy’s cock when you’re not around to suck me?”
“Yes, daddy,” Peter told him, stroking the older man’s cock, now, and enjoying the way it was swelling in his hand. “Please?”

Tony nodded, groaning with pleasure at Peter’s touch – and at being called daddy, of course.

“I’ll go get another as soon as recess is over, baby.”

“Good.”

“Until then, though, let’s turn yours up to medium, and while it’s making you nice and hard for me, you can suck on my cock.”

Peter moaned as the vibrations intensified, and was already feeling the difference as he slid to the floor between Tony’s knees, reaching for his cock.

“Yes, daddy.”
“There’s money in your wallet,” Tony told Peter as the boy harnessed Bob just before one o’clock.

Peter nodded, not making any protest, now, since he knew it was part of the money that the businessman in Dallas had paid over to Natasha for Peter winning him his bull riding bet.

“Okay, daddy. Thanks.”

He was going to buy their lunch, so he’d need some. The money that he’d had before had been decimated at the souvenir shops in Dallas, after all - although it was money that had been well spent, as far as Peter was concerned. He finished harnessing Bob, and then reached into his pocket with a mischievous glance over at Tony, who rolled his eyes and then forced down a slight gasp when he felt the sleeve wrapped around his penis start to vibrate, gently, against the length of him.

“God, that’s good…”

Tony had gone back to the adult novelty store once he and Peter were finished with recess and Peter went to work on his math block. He’d purchased another one of the vibrating sleeves – and extra batteries for the key fobs. He’d been tempted to mess with Peter’s while he was out – and had given in for a few minutes; turning Peter’s to medium, even – but he didn’t want the boy too distracted while he was doing schoolwork, and so had turned it off, reluctantly.

When he returned to the apartment, Peter had pulled away from his math long enough to watch with interest as Tony had lubed himself up and rolled the vibrating sheath on. Then had smiled at the look on the older man’s face when he’d started the thing up. Even on low, it was incredible, resonating all along the billionaire’s shaft and even the extremely sensitive underside of the head of his cock.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Peter had asked, rhetorically.

“Yeah, honey. Not as good as what you do to me, but pretty good.”

The boy reached over and took the fob from him, and turned it to medium for a moment, making Tony close his eyes and concentrate on what was being done to him. It was almost a disappointment when Peter turned it off and went back to his math – after putting the fob into his pocket, silently telling Tony that he was now responsible for how the thing was used while his daddy was wearing it.

Which was fair, Tony decided, pulling his jeans and boxers back up and buttoning his pants, then adjusting things just a little before pulling up a display and starting to work on the new nanotech Ironman suit.

Now, though, Peter was done for the day, so they were going to go have lunch with Monica. But both of them had their fobs in their pockets, and Peter had already proven that he was enjoying the bliss on Tony’s face when he activated his.

“I’ll remind you that walking with a full-blown hard-on isn’t comfortable,” Tony told him as they headed for the elevator. “And that we haven’t even tried the high setting, yet, but I will if you go crazy on me.”

“I’ll be good, daddy,” he promised, turning the device off, for the moment.

Tony was right, after all, and Peter didn’t want him to be uncomfortable. Not to mention they were
having lunch with a woman that Peter thought of as a grandmother. He didn’t want to be walking around aroused with her standing beside him.

Monica was waiting with Boomer when they arrived at her door. The Rottweiler was already harnessed and ready, so she simply closed the door behind her, and the three of them headed for the lobby, and then out onto the street.

“Where do you want to eat?” Peter asked her, politely.

“There are a few very nice cafes along this street,” she reminded the boy. “They have outdoor areas, and cater to people with dogs, so we can order and eat outside.”

“It’s a good day for it,” Tony agreed.

Peter nodded. It was sunny, and not too chilly – although he was wearing the black Avengers sweatshirt Natasha had given him to replace the one Tate had torn. They ambled along the street at Bob’s leisurely pace and found an Italian place with an outdoor area only a few blocks down the street. Peter had seen it a few times during his wanderings – with Monica, and without – but had never tried it.

“Italian?” he asked the adults.

Tony deferred to Monica, who was more than willing. They entered the outdoor area, and a server immediately brought three glasses of water and then returned with a bowl of water and treats for the dogs, who settled under the table, easily.

A moment later they were given menus, and Peter reminded them both that they could have anything that they wanted, because he was buying.

“Tell me about Dallas,” Monica suggested once everyone had placed their order with the server. Peter was going to have lasagna – no shock to Tony, who already knew the boy loved it – and the other two were going a little lighter for lunch with Monica having an Italian chef salad, while Tony was getting a half order of spaghetti and they were all already nibbling on breadsticks. “Was it nice?”

“We went to Frontier Town,” Peter told her, unnecessarily. She’d seen some pictures that he’d sent to her phone. “I rode a mechanical bull, and then learned how to ride a horse, and then we took old time photos in chaps and gun belts and dresses – and then we played games on the midway.”

She’d already heard about the midway when they’d brought her the souvenirs, so she wasn’t interested in that, but the rest of it was interesting, and Peter and Tony told her about the bet that he and Steve had made with Natasha about eating hot peppers – although the boy didn’t mention the stakes.

“What did you wager?” Monica asked, curiously, wondering what possibly could have made Tony Stark’s cheeks redden just a little when he’d mentioned that he lost the bet.

Peter smiled, but he turned his head so that Tony didn’t see, pretending to suddenly be interested in making sure that Bob’s leash wasn’t tangled. The billionaire hadn’t missed the boy’s amusement, though, and Monica’s expression was curious enough that he knew he wasn’t going to be able to make something up.

He told her about the dance hall dresses that he and Steve had been forced to wear, and then even showed her the photo that had been taken – although he refused to send her a copy of the picture,
which had made Peter chuckle.

Tony was saved by the arrival of their lunch, and Peter left the conversation to the adults while he focused, hungrily, on his meal. Tony was asking Monica about a merger that her flower conglomerate was making with a small business that was growing online ridiculously fast, and Peter reached into his pocket to pull out another treat for the dogs.

The fob came out, as well, the key ring wrapped on his pinky and falling onto the table with a couple of bacon flavored dog treats. Monica reached for it before Peter could, picking it up.

“What does this go to?” she asked. “Something new? High tech?” She was always interested in the latest new gadgets and assumed that since he was living with Tony, the boy was bound to have all the latest things. “It looks like the thing I have that finds my cell phone and my keys when I misplace them.”

Peter blanched, and shook his head.

“Oh. Um. Yeah. I mean, no. It’s not for that…”

“Mine doesn’t have three buttons, though,” Monica said, not paying attention, absorbed in the device and trying to figure out how it worked. She held her thumb against the top button, cocking her head and clearly getting ready for the beeping noise that would signal where Peter’s phone was. “It only had two things to find, so only two different buttons.”

“It’s not a **device locator**, Monica,” Tony told her, concerned, reaching out to take it from her hand just as she pressed the top button with her thumb.

The billionaire’s fork fell to the sidewalk with a clatter and Peter was quick to take the fob, carefully, from her hand, trying to act nonchalant as Tony’s eyes rolled up into his head and the color drained from his face as all the blood in his body raced south in response to the vibrations that were shooting along his most sensitive of places.

He turned it off, giving Tony an apologetic look as he did, and Monica shrugged as he put the fob back in his pocket.

“*Broken*?”

“The battery’s probably dead,” Peter told her, his lower lip vanishing between his teeth, and another glance at Tony showing the older man with the heel of his hand discreetly pressed against the front of his jeans – under his cloth napkin. “I’ll take care of that later…”

“Good idea,” Tony replied.

“Another breadstick, dear?” Monica asked, oblivious – *luckily* – to the byplay that was going on around her.

“Thank you.”
Despite the hiccup, lunch was a good time, although it was eventually cut short when Monica received a call from the flower shop and ended up being called away. They were finishing dessert when her car and driver pulled up to the curb by the restaurant, and she hugged Peter, warmly, thanking him for lunch and telling both of them that she’d see them, later. Tony opened the back door of the car for her – making her quip about an iron door man before hustling Boomer into the back of the car with her and driving off with a wave.

Peter and Tony weren’t in any hurry, so they lingered over their dessert, enjoying being outside on a nice day when they both knew that once the weather changed there wouldn’t be a lot more day like this until spring.

“Anything else you want to do while we’re out?” Tony asked Peter as the boy paid the check.

He hesitated.

“Are you in a hurry to get back? We’re not too far from the comic book store…”

“No. There’s no hurry.”

Besides, Tony was pleased with Peter for stating what he wanted – even if it was just a detour on their way home.

They gathered Bob and walked together, pleasantly full. Tony wished that he could put his arm around Peter, or at least hold his hand, but that wasn’t possible in public, so he settled for a tender smile any time the boy looked over at him, instead, which would make Peter smile back at him.

“You didn’t get hurt?” Peter asked as they rounded the corner by the comic shop. “By the… um… thing?”

“Oh, no. It most certainly didn’t hurt,” Tony assured him, ruefully. “Maybe we can keep the controller in our pocket, next time, though?”

He smiled, to make certain Peter knew he wasn’t upset – and he wasn’t. He was able to see the humor in the situation – now that he was beyond the moment, anyway – and it probably could have been worse.

The boy nodded, his eyes still happy, which told Tony he succeeded in reassuring him.

“I’ll make it up to you,” Peter promised.

Which left Tony smiling, too, thinking of all the ways that could happen. He took Bob’s leash from Peter when they reached the door to the comic store.
“I’ll watch Bob. They’d probably prefer not to have a bull loose in their china shop.”

“I won’t be long.”

“Take all the time you need, honey,” he said, leaning slightly against the heavy glass front of the shop, and pointing to a display of Ironman action figures – along with Thor, Hulk, Captain America and others. “I’ve got company.”

Peter chuckled and went inside, smiling a greeting at the guy behind the counter.

“Is that your dog?” the guy asked, curiously, looking at Bob from across the store and through the window.

“Yeah.”

“Awesome.”

The guy – he wasn’t much older than Peter, really, leaned over to get a better look, but Bob and Tony were both somewhat blocked by the displays. Peter had talked to him, before, on his last trip into the store – before he had Bob and then hadn’t been able to stop in to look around.

“Yeah. He’s pretty neat.”

“Looking for anything in particular?”

“Nah. Just something to do.”

“Is that your dad?”

“My roommate.”

Kind of.

“Do you play D&D?”

Peter looked over, perking up a little.

“I haven’t in a while, but I have. You?”

The boy smiled.

“Of course. I’m a nerd. It’s what we do, right?”

“Yeah.”

“We play here,” the boy told him. “On Thursdays. There aren’t many of us, though, so we could always use a fourth. A fifth, if your roommate wanted to play, too.”

“I have school in the morning and then I have to work,” Peter said, still looking hopeful. “What time do you play?”

“In the evening. We start sometime around seven. What do you do?”

“I’m a lab assistant.”

“Lab? Like dogs? Or like evil scientist?”
“Bruce Banner.”

“No _shit_?”

Peter smiled, a little surprised.

“You know who he is?”

“Yeah. Of course, I do. That’s fucking _sweet_, dude. You _really_ know him?”

“Yeah. I mean, well... Yeah.”

“What do you do for him?”

“Catalogue data and wash a lot of dishes.”

“That’s cool.”

“I’m Peter.”

The other guy smiled, holding his hand out, officially.

“I’m Ned.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“So? Want to play D&D with us?”

“I don’t have any of my character sheets,” Peter told him. He'd lost them a long time ago. “I’d need to roll a new one.”

“That’s alright. We have a pretty strong party, so we could protect your little guy until he’s leveled a few times.” He shrugged. “My mom is the DM, so she’ll make sure you don’t die right off the bat.”

“That sounds great. _Really._” Peter couldn’t hide his excitement, but Ned didn’t seem to think it was unusual, at all. _He_ liked D&D, too, after all. “You play here?” Peter repeated, looking at the cluttered shop with all of the displays.

“Upstairs,” Ned told him. “We live above the shop.”

“You own this place?”

Ned shrugged.

“My mom and dad do. I just help out when I’m done with school.”

“What school do you go to?”

“Home schooled.”

“Yeah. Me, too.”

“What grade?”

“I’m a senior. You?”

“Same. I could have graduated, by now,” Ned told him with another shrug. “But my mom doesn’t
want me to be out on my own at fifteen, so she said I have to wait and be at least seventeen.” He rolled his eyes.

“You’re only fifteen?”

“Yeah. You?”

“I just turned sixteen, last month.”

Ned looked a little older than fifteen, and Peter knew that he had a baby face and would be getting carded for the rest of his life, most likely.

“Cool.” He gestured toward the front of the store where Tony had his face pressed up against the window, watching. “Your roommate can come in, you know? We don’t mind dogs in here – as long as they don’t crap on the floor or piss on the shelves.”

“Really?”

“Sure.” He didn’t wait for Peter to reply, he just turned toward the man outside the store and waved, gesturing for him to come on in. “That’s the good thing about owning the place, right? We get to make the rules.”

“True.”

Peter smiled when Tony and Bob walked into the shop, and headed for the counter, and Ned’s eyes grew wide as he realized who he was looking at.

“Holy shit…”

The billionaire smiled, realizing that Peter must not have told him who he was – and the display and the glass must have blocked the clerk’s view enough that he hadn’t recognized him. Which made the invitation to come into the store even better, because it hadn’t been a hope of meeting him – it had been a welcome. Tony liked that.

Enough that he was willing to be far more friendly than he might have been.

“Who’s your friend, Peter?” he asked, looking at Ned and hoping that he wasn’t going to pass out.

“Oh, my God… you’re… you’re Tony Stark. Aren’t you?”

“I am.”

“This is Ned, Tony,” Peter introduced. “His folks own the store – and he invited me to play D&D with him on Thursday.”

“Really?” Tony held his hand out to Ned, who was so shocked that he actually took it. “That’s great. Do we need to rearrange your schedule with Bruce?”

Ned turned to Peter.

“Tony Stark is your roommate? Are you fucking kidding me?”

Peter nodded.

“Yeah. I mean, no. He is.”
“You are?”

“I am,” Tony confirmed. “What time does D&D start, Ned?” he asked. “Do we need to get Peter out of work that day?”

“Seven.”

“I can still work,” Peter said, grinning. “And his mom is DM, so I can roll a new character and still play. He said she won’t let me die too quickly.”

“Good.”

“We have room for more players,” Ned said, still staring at Tony. “Do you want to play?”

“I don’t think so. But I’d like to come watch – if you don’t think I’ll be a distraction to the game?”

He wasn’t going to turn Peter loose without making sure this wasn’t going to be another Tate situation.

“You will,” Ned assured him. “But, yeah. We’d love to have you come. You can hang out with my dad, if you want. He doesn’t like D&D, but my mom makes him make all the sound effects for her campaigns.”

“Do you have some character sheets?” Peter asked, almost rhetorically, since he was in a comic shop, after all. “I’ll need a set of dice, too – and an elf figuring, if you have any.”

He already knew what kind of character he was going to roll himself.

“Yeah.” Ned finally tore his attention from Tony to wave Peter to the D&D and other tabletop gaming section. “Get whatever you want.”

Tony smiled. He couldn’t be more pleased by the kid that he was seeing in front of him. Obviously responsible enough to be left in charge of the family store – which meant that he was mature, but a true nerd, clearly. And happy. He thought, maybe, Peter might actually have found a friend around his own age – and not one that was going to be competition for the boy’s attention.

Well, his attention, maybe. But not everything else.

“While Peter’s picking out what he needs, Ned, how about a picture?” Tony asked, pulling out his phone. “That way I can post it on my social media to prove to everyone that I met you?”

Peter laughed, turning toward the display to get what he needed, while Tony and Ned started taking selfies.
“Well, that was a lot of fun.”

Peter nodded his agreement, all smiles as he and Tony – and Bob – exited the elevator much later.

“Yeah, it was.”

They’d spent almost an hour in the comic book store.

Peter had found all that he needed for making his character, and then had added a few resource books – just to make sure that he was up to date on the latest versions. While he’d been doing that, Tony had posted a picture of him and Ned on his Facebook and Instagram and had given Ned permission to do the same.

Tony hadn’t failed to give the Leed’s comic book store a little promoting, saying it was the greatest place ever and that if he needed anything superhero related, that was where he shopped. Then he had Ned take a picture of himself outside the front door.

Not surprisingly, people started showing up.

Ned’s parents were summoned by their son to come down to the shop to meet Tony Stark, and both knew who he was, of course. They were shocked to find the man himself actually standing in their store. Not as shocked as they were to find that their normally slow and casual comic store was suddenly inundated by people, all wanting to shop in the same place that Tony Stark shopped.

By then, Tony and Peter weren’t in the shop – mainly to avoid causing a stampede. Ned’s parents had shown them a back door out into the alley and had told both how pleased they’d be to see them on Thursday evening for D&D. They mentioned that it would be fine to bring Bob, as well, and had then hurried away to go help Ned with the influx of customers.

“That place will be a madhouse for a while, won’t it?” Peter asked, unharnessing Bob and hanging the leash and harness on the hook.

“It will,” Tony agreed. “And they’ll make a lot of money, I hope.”

It couldn’t happen to nicer people, really. Both of Ned’s parents were genuine and open – it was obvious where their son got his good nature.

Peter kicked off his shoes and then carried his bag of D&D related items over and set them on the coffee table, watching Tony to see if he was going to end up on the sofa, or somewhere else. The billionaire recognized what he was doing and slipped his shoes off, as well, reaching into his pocket and pressing the button for the lowest setting on the toy that was still wrapped around Peter’s penis.

Something that he’d almost forgotten about in the excitement after lunch, but was now utterly aware of.

He paled, just a little, and closed his eyes for a moment while Tony walked over to the sofa and settled himself.

“Something wrong, honey?” he asked, smiling, patting his lap in open invitation.

Peter climbed into his lap, arms coming around Tony’s torso and his cheek finding his favorite
“Daddy…”

“Does it feel good?” Tony asked him, running his hands under Peter’s jeans to cup his ass and bring him right up against him.

“Yes.”

“Shall we go to medium?”

Peter didn’t lift his head. He simply nodded.

“Okay.”

Tony released one cheek long enough to do just that, and the boy trembled, a little, in his arms.

“Are you alright?” the billionaire asked him, turning his head to kiss him.

“Yes.”

“Feels good, still?”

“It’s intense.”

Of course, Tony already knew that Peter was ultra-sensitive to touch – *probably* from the Spiderman thing, but maybe it had only enhanced what was already there, naturally.

“We’re not going to go to the high setting on you, honey.” he murmured, brushing his lips once more against Peter’s. “I don’t want to hurt you, and I think it might.”

“Did it hurt you when Monica did it?” Peter asked, again.

“No. But it was *really* intense, like you just mentioned. And it could overwhelm you. I’m willing to do a lot of things to experiment with you, baby boy, but I’m not willing to risk hurting you doing it.”

“Because you *love* me,” Peter said, smiling, beatifically.

“Right. You’re my special, brave boy,” Tony crooned. “My amazing baby.”

Now he was trembling for a reason that had nothing to do with the setting on the toy, and Peter moaned, softly.

“Let’s take them off, daddy,” he suggested, grinding his now fully aroused cock against Tony’s belly, even through his jeans. “I want to make you feel good. Not the toy.”

“Yeah?” He turned off the fob and tossed it to the side, and kissed Peter, again, before pushing him back just enough to reach for his jeans. “*I do* seem to remember you promising to make it up to me, honey.”

Peter nodded, watching as Tony opened his jeans and fished his cock out from his boxers without pulling them down. The older man carefully pulled the black tubing off, and then ran his fingertips along Peter’s shaft until he was touching the head, which seemed to be pulsing in the same rhythm as Peter’s heart.

“That feels good, daddy.”
“You’re so hard for me, baby,” Tony said, kissing Peter, gently, sliding his finger along the slit on the tip of Peter’s cock. “It’s so perfect. So amazing. Just like you.”

The boy whimpered, his hips moving, pressing himself against touch of the man he loved so much.

“Please, daddy…”

“You need me, honey?” Tony whispered; his eyes locked on Peter’s. The boy’s pupils were wide with desire and need, and it was so hot. “You need daddy to take care of his baby?”

“I’m supposed to take care of you,” Peter told him, breathlessly.

“In a minute. Let me make my baby boy feel good, first,” Tony said, bringing him off his lap and standing him in front of him, between his knees. “Then you can do whatever you want to me the rest of the day. Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Tony pulled Peter’s jeans off, and then managed to get his boxers down from around that achingly hard rod of flesh that was bobbing in front of him. After that it was a simple matter for him to lean forward and engulf the boy in his mouth, taking him deep and sucking on him, hungrily. His tongue flattened against the shaft as he pulled away, cheeks sucking in as he slurped the boy, eagerly, his fingers caressing Peter’s balls, now.

Peter groaned, his fingers going to Tony’s hair as he watched his cock slide in and out of the man’s mouth, a sight that never failed to excite him. He jerked his hips a little, automatically, and then tried to hold still, allowing Tony to do whatever he wanted to him, and trying to make the pleasure last as long as he could.

Tony had other ideas, though, and a hand slid around Peter, a finger slipping between his clenched ass cheeks to find his little hole. Tony breached his baby’s ass and Peter cried out and climaxed, his cock exploding and his rear tightening its hold on the digit Tony had put inside him.

“Daddy!”

The billionaire couldn’t reply, verbally, not with Peter’s cock feeding him a load of hot cum, but he tightened his lips around the head of Peter’s cock and drank him down, guzzling him enthusiastically until there was nothing left to swallow and Peter’s hands were braced on Tony’s shoulders as he caught his breath.

“You’re so delicious, baby,” Tony cooed, licking Peter’s shaft, tenderly, aware that it was sensitive, now more than ever. “So good. I could live off your cum, if you’d feed me it every day.”

Peter put his hand under Tony’s chin, tilting his head up and leaned down and kissed him, tasting himself on the older man’s lips.

“My turn.”

Tony nodded, feeling his cock twitch in excitement.

“Where do you want me, honey?”

In response, the boy simply went to his knees where he was, and reached for Tony’s jeans.

“Help me get you naked, daddy.”
Tony was more than willing, of course, and he had Peter move for a moment while he pulled his pants and boxers off, then carefully took the toy surrounding his aching cock off and put it to the side, as well. Then, he reclaimed his seat on the couch, and Peter reclaimed his spot between his legs and dipped his head, sliding the flat of his tongue along the head of Tony’s perfect cock.

“Yes… baby,” Tony murmured, fingers running through Peter’s curls, taking a handhold on them to move the boy’s head just a little so he could see that tongue in action. “You’re doing great.”

Peter played with Tony’s balls, slurping and licking just the head of Tony’s cock one moment, and then focusing on the shaft the next. Only when the older man’s hips were beginning to move, slightly, did he finally take him into his mouth, pushing himself down on the large cock and trying to draw him all the way into his throat.

Tony groaned when he realized that Peter had finally done it. He was hard-pressed not to ram himself even deeper when he felt Peter’s throat tighten around the head of his cock and the boy’s nose dig into the neatly trimmed pubic hair at the base.

“Peter!”

The boy pulled back, gagging, now, just a little, with a thick line of drool running from Tony’s cock onto his lower lip. He looked up at the billionaire, triumphantly, his eyes alight with happiness.

“I did it.”

Tony smiled, pulling him up and kissing him, hungrily, so proud of him and happy for him that he had to hold him for a minute.

“Yes, you did. Good job.” An odd thing to celebrate, Tony knew, but something that Peter had been trying to do for so long that it was definitely an accomplishment. “Can you do it, again?” he asked, releasing him so he could sink back down between his legs.

Peter nodded, and bent his head, taking Tony back into his mouth, and the older man closed his eyes and leaned back.

This was going to be the best afternoon, ever.
“Incoming call from Pepper Potts…”

Tony looked down at his lap, feeling a surge of a million different emotions at the sight of Peter sleeping with his head in his lap, the very tip of Tony’s penis loosely held between his lips with a small puddle of drool soaking the older man’s thigh.

The boy had spent the afternoon lavishing attention on him – mostly on that now slightly aching member – and had eventually dozed off in between blowjobs, with his mouth still on him. Tony hadn’t minded; watching Peter sleep was one of his favorite pastimes. Watching Peter sleep with Tony’s cock in his mouth was even higher on the list.

“Connect call – audio only,” he replied. “Pepper?”

“Busy?”

“No. What’s up?”

“The city of New York is trying to get in touch with you. They called here, and since you aren’t available, the call was routed to me.”

“Oh? Any idea why?”

“The official I spoke with actually wanted to get in touch with Peter.”

Tony frowned, the hand that he had on the boy automatically tensing, imperceptibly.

“Any idea why?”

They couldn’t be worried about his status. If they wanted to make sure he was doing his schoolwork, all they would need to do is check the updates to the public records that FRIDAY sent up at the end of each day. Pepper interrupted before he could start a list of other things that they might be wanting him for – and he was surprised by the reason.

“Because his quick thinking and bravery saved two lives in that taxi, and they want to make him an honorary fireman or something like that to reward him. They don’t have his personal cell number, but it’s a matter of public record that you guaranteed the court that he’d have safe living arrangements, so they know to come to you to find him.”

“He’s not going to be a fireman.”

“They don’t want him to be,” she said, and he could tell by the tone of voice that she was rolling her eyes – and he supposed rightfully so. There had probably been a certain amount of possessiveness in his automatic response to the idea of Peter being something other than an Avenger. “The key word is honorary. You’ve seen the ceremony. They just want to give him a plaque or something and tell him good job.”

“Huh.” He looked down at the sleeping boy, feeling a smile forming on his lips, but resisting the urge to brush his cheek with his fingertips. “Well, I’ll see if he’s interested.”

“You’ll be here, tomorrow?”

“Yes. So will Peter. He has school in the morning, and he’ll be working with Bruce in the
“Then you can talk to whoever calls, tomorrow, to follow up with you.”

He scowled at that, but knew she had better things to do than play press secretary for a sixteen-year-old. Of course, Tony did, also. But Peter was his responsibility, and not Pepper’s.

“Yeah. I’ll take care of it.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

The call ended and Tony’s hand went down to his flaccid penis, gently pulling it out of Peter’s mouth and smiling when the boy’s lips sought it, automatically. He nudged the head against them, and Peter opened his mouth, and Tony slid the head back into place between his lips.

That was just fucking sexy.

Then his pretty brown eyes fluttered open and he looked up at the older man, smiling, slightly, when he saw he was watching him.

That was even better, really, Tony decided.

Peter moved his head, a little, allowing his lips to release their prize.

“I fell asleep?”

“Yeah, honey,” Tony told him – and now he did brush his fingers against his cheek. “But it’s okay. It’s a lazy afternoon; that’s the best way to spend it.”

With Tony’s cock in his mouth. Or his ass. Either was preferred, really.

He sat up and Tony pulled him into his arms, wanting to cuddle now that he was awake. Peter slid his leg over his lap to straddle him, reaching down and making sure that Tony’s cock wasn’t being pinched, and then just bringing it up against his own, his head going to Tony’s shoulder as he contentedly caressed the tow of them at the same time.

Of course, Tony had been sucked dry more than once, already, that afternoon, so he enjoyed the touch but wasn’t in any hurry to become aroused, and Tony had taken care of Peter, too, so the boy wasn’t needy, either.

“I’m going to roll my new character, tonight,” Peter told him, a smile in his voice.

“Yeah? What are you going to make?”

“A half-elf. Maybe a ranger.”

“An evil ranger?”

Peter smiled.

“Chaotic good. That way he can be a bad boy, if I want him to do something off the wall, but still has his own set of standards.”

Tony smiled at that, and turned his head to kiss Peter, then ran his tongue lightly along his jaw.
“You like to play the bad boy, honey?”

“Sometimes. It’s not my usual alignment, but when it’s just pretend, yes…”

“That’s so hot.”

Peter chuckled.

“Think so?”

“M-hmm. Can your character wait, though? I want to take you out to dinner, tonight. To celebrate.”

“What are we celebrating?”

“The city wants to make you an honorary firemen – for what you did with the taxi.”

“I can’t be a fireman.”

“Honorary, honey. It’s just a title. And probably a nice plaque, or something. It’ll look good on a college application, though, so while you might be uncomfortable in the limelight that it’ll bring, it’s a good idea to accept the reward.”

“If you think I should.”

Peter trusted Tony’s judgement.

“I do. Do you want to go out for dinner, then?” he asked, brushing another kiss against his temple. “Or spend the night playing cock slut?”

He’d said it lovingly, only meaning to tease, but Peter was pressed right up against him, and he felt the boy’s body tense, immediately, at the words. Even worse, Peter pulled away from him, his leg coming back over Tony’s lap, to slide out of his arms and he reached for his jeans.

“Honey…”

“I… no. I’m…”

He was beyond hurt. Peter hadn’t actually heard the phrase before, but he didn’t need to have in order to know that it couldn’t be a good thing. He knew what a slut was, of course, and he assumed a cock slut was just a male version of the same thing. It made him feel dirty, and cheap, and he was suddenly blinded by tears at the thought that Tony thought of him like that – even though it was probably the case.

“I’m sorry, baby,” Tony told him, reaching out and taking hold of his arm, trying to bring him back into his embrace so he could reassure him and cuddle him. “I didn’t mean it the way that it sounded. It was supposed to be an endearment.”

“It’s okay,” Peter said, pulling away from Tony, carefully; not jerking free and maybe hurting him, just using enough strength to break the hold the older man had on his arm. He stood up, sliding into his jeans, suddenly needing to be covered and feeling extremely vulnerable. “I don’t… no. Really…”

He slunk away into his bedroom, closing the door behind him, leaving Tony cursing himself for being stupid enough to use a phrase that might have been fine with some bimbo that was just crushing on him, but definitely wasn’t something Peter would have been able to handle. Not with his self esteem issues.
“Damn it.”
Bob whined, softly, scratching at Peter’s door, obviously picking up on the sudden change in mood in the room immediately and wanting to be with the boy.

Tony pulled himself from his self-recrimination and slipped his pants on, hurriedly. He walked over to the door, reaching down and caressing the big mastiff’s ears.

“I’ve got him, buddy,” he murmured, softly. “This one’s on me.”

For sure.

He opened the door and was surprised to find the room empty. The comforter was gone from the bed, though, and Bob didn’t hesitate when he headed for the closed bathroom door, so Tony followed, once more pushing the dog aside so he could open this door, as well.

He found Peter in the bathtub. At least, he assumed it was Peter, since the shaking form that was curled in the bath was completely covered by the blanket that he was wrapped in.

Tony knew from the long talks that he’d had with the boy – usually at night, holding him after a nightmare – that when he was younger, a panic attack or a particularly bad dream would send him under his bed or into the tub for a place to hide and wait out the fear. It was an indication to the billionaire just how upset Peter was by his thoughtless words, because there wasn’t room for the boy under his bed, and he’d gone to ground in the only other place that he felt safe.

Bob stuck his nose against the shaking form, having no trouble reaching over the edge of the bath since it only came to his chest. Tony was even more direct.

“Honey…”

He leaned over and pulled the boy, blanket and all, up to his feet, and then sidled himself into the tub, as well, bringing Peter back down on top of him, cradling him in his arms, his body along Tony’s, coming down between his legs, but even cradled by the older man’s knees and thighs.

Peter wasn’t a loud crier – maybe another holdover from his childhood when he’d try to avoid waking everyone after a nightmare. He didn’t make loud noises, or great, wracking sobs, but his entire body shook with each silent sob, and Tony drew his blanket covered head down to his shoulder, turning his head to tuck him under his chin and stroke him.

“I’m so sorry, honey,” he murmured, holding him, close, loving him hard. “I didn’t mean it like that. You’re beautiful, Peter. So perfect. So wonderful. Please… I’m sorry…”

Tony didn’t know how long he held him while he cried; it didn’t matter, really, as long as Peter wasn’t struggling to get away from him – which he wasn’t. He trembled for a long time, occasionally jerking with a particularly hard sob, and finally stilled against Tony’s shoulder.

The litany of praise never slowed, though, even when Tony decided to try unwrapping him a little, thinking that he definitely needed to be able to breathe a little better than the blanket would allow. He pulled the comforter back from Peter’s face, crooning the entire time about how perfect he was, and how lucky Tony was to have him. When he eventually managed to get him untangled from the comforter, he found that Peter had also pulled on the black Avenger sweatshirt Natasha had given him and had drawn the hood up over his head for additional comfort.
Poor baby.

“Honey…” Tony cooed, when he finally managed to find the boy’s face. It was red, and splotched from crying; his cheeks and the hood of the sweatshirt smeared with tears and snot. Some people looked adorable, even when they cried, but Peter wasn’t one of them. He was still beautiful, though, as far as Tony was concerned. “Sweetheart,” he murmured, brushing his lips against the corner of Peter’s mouth, pressing his cheek against his own. “Shh… baby… please don’t cry. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Peter whispered, hoarsely, sniffing and trying to wipe his eyes on the shoulder of his sweatshirt. “I didn’t… I mean… I know it’s wrong… but I never…”

He broke down, again, this time burying his face into Tony’s neck, turning toward him and seeking comfort.

“Shhh…” Tony shifted enough to run one hand through his baby’s hair, caressing him, and comforting. “I love you, Peter Parker. I’d never say something to hurt you. I love you. You’re so perfect. So strong, and brave, and wonderful.”

He trembled in Tony’s embrace, once more gaining a semblance of control over the tears.

“Yeah?” he sniffed, hiccupping and choking on another sob.

“Yes. Of course.” Tony rocked him as well as he could considering their confined position. “I didn’t mean it to be hurtful, my love. I was teasing you. You’re so amazing, honey.”

“I don’t want… I mean… I guess I am a… a… what you said…” he sniffed, again, woefully.

“No. Not in a bad way, you aren’t,” Tony assured him, peppering his ear and temple with gentle kisses. “There’s nothing wrong with enjoying what we were doing, honey. I enjoy having you in my mouth as often as possible, so that makes me one, you know…”

“I like it…”

“I know, baby. I’m glad you do. I’m sorry I made you cry. I’d never do that on purpose.”

Peter nodded, and trembled.

“I’m sorry I got so upset.”

“Poor baby…” Tony kissed his ear, again, squeezing him, tightly, and then keeping his arms around him, making sure that he felt protected and loved and wanted – even without the blanket or hood on. “Why did it upset you so much, though, honey? You know I love you. Right?”

He needed to know, to make sure he didn’t trigger him, again, with some other thoughtless word – although he’d never call his baby a cock slut, again, for certain.

“I… it made me think I was bad…”

“You’re not bad. You’re amazing.”

“We have to hide what we do,” Peter whispered. “It’s not…” he trailed off, uncertain of what to say, and how to say it.

“Oh.” Tony cuddled him, once more pressing his lips against Peter’s curls, feeling a lot of heat coming from the boy in his arms. Not surprisingly, considering the blanket and the sweatshirt and being held like he was. Never mind the heat generated by his crying jag. “We have to keep it a secret
because *society* says that there has to be a number. That you aren’t intelligent enough, or mature enough, to know who you love until you’re a certain age. That might be true for a lot of people, but not for everyone. Not for *you*. You’re amazing, honey. I love you. If I *could*, I’d tell *everyone* how much I love you. How amazing you are. How pretty you are.”

“Yeah?”

“Absolutely. You’re so incredible, honey. So *good*. Saving strangers on the street without even stopping to think that you might get hurt, too. Saving Bob, here, from being stuck in the rescue place, waiting to find someone who could love him, despite how big and scary looking he is… Saving *me*.”

“You?”

Tony chuckled, kissing him, again.

“Of course. You’re so good for me. It took me a while to realize it – *of course* – but I *need* you, baby. I need your strength to lean on, and your common sense to keep me grounded.”

“You do?”

“Definitely.”

Peter sniffed, again.

“I love you, Tony…”

“Oh, honey. I love you, too.” He tilted his head up so he could kiss his lips, gently, and then tucked him back under his chin and continued threading his fingers through his hair, not even considering suggesting that they get out of the tub. If that was where Peter needed to be, just then, then that was where they would be. “Peter Parker… honorary fireman and the love of my life. Who’d *ever* guess it?”

“*Natasha*.”

That made them both laugh, and Tony felt his heart flutter in happiness at the sound.

“She doesn’t know about the *fireman* part, though. That will be fun to tell her. Yeah?”

“Yeah.”
They stayed in the tub for a while longer, but Peter knew that it couldn’t be that comfortable for Tony to have him in his arms like he was. With his arms swaddled in the blanket, Tony was taking all of Peter’s weight. Not to mention Peter was nice and warm, but Tony was probably hot, being covered like he was by Peter’s blanketed form.

When he shifted, though, to get up, he was chagrined to find that he was tangled so badly that Tony actually ended up needing to pretty much bench press him out of the tub to get him free, and only then was he able to sluff the blanket and reach a hand down to help the billionaire out of the bath tub, as well.

“I’m sorry I freaked out on you like that,” he said.

Again.

“I’m sorry I called you a name so awful that you had to,” Tony replied, sliding his arms around him and slipping his hands under the sweatshirt. “I’ll never do it, again, honey.”

“Okay.”

Tony was willing to hold him as long as he wanted to be held, and Peter appreciated it. The older man smiled down at him, though, and brushed his thumb against Peter’s cheek, which was smeared with dried tears and snot.

“Let’s wash your face, baby,” he murmured, leading the boy over to the sink and turning on the water. He picked Peter up and settled him onto the counter, easily, and pulled his sweatshirt off before reaching for a washcloth. “You’re so pretty, Peter,” he murmured while wetting the cloth with cool water.

Peter smiled, blushing at the compliment, even though his eyelashes felt gummy and were sticking together from dried tears.

“Thank you, daddy.”

Tony hid his sigh of relief at hearing the word coming from the boy’s lips. He hadn’t lost him, after all.

“My baby…” He had Peter close his eyes and he washed his face, scrubbing it firmly to clear the porcelain skin of any imperfection and then softly kissing him as he tossed the washcloth in the laundry hamper. Peter’s stomach growled at that moment, and they both smiled – even as the boy blushed, slightly. “Daddy’s boy needs dinner.”

“Yes.”

He parted Peter’s knees and pressed himself against him, arms coming around him, again, looking at his reflection in the mirror as he slid his fingers along the boy’s back. He rested his chin on the top of Peter’s head, bringing the boy’s cheek against his chest, next to the arc reactor.

“Do you mind if we don’t go out, honey?” he asked. “We can celebrate, tomorrow.”

“Whatever you want to do, daddy,” Peter mumbled against his bare skin. Then the boy pressed his lips, tenderly, against Tony’s chest. “I just want to be with you.”

“We’ll make something easy, then,” he decided, forcing himself to pull away from Peter, although he did smile down at him, lovingly. “How about French toast?”

Peter smiled.

“Yes.” He looked at Bob, who had stayed in the bathroom with them the entire time they’d been in the tub – although the boy hadn’t really been aware of him being there until Tony had mentioned him. The mastiff had dozed off near the shower until the two had started moving around, again. Now he was lazing on the cool floor, watching them. “I’ll go walk Bob.”

“I could,” Tony offered. “If you’re not feeling up to it.”

“No, I’m okay, daddy.”

“Alright.” He kept Peter in place on the counter with a hand on his thigh while he reached for the discarded sweatshirt and pulled it over the boy’s head, bringing his arms through it and then putting the hood up and kissing him, again, simply to reassure himself that he could. “Don’t be gone too long.”

“I won’t.”

Peter hopped off the counter and called Bob, who heaved himself to his feet and followed him out.

Tony picked up the comforter and carried it back to Peter’s bed, and then went out into the living room in time to see Peter harness Bob and tuck his phone into his pocket.

“I’ll start dinner.”

“Okay.”

Peter and Bob had barely cleared the building when the boy suddenly found himself stopped by a man in a suit. Not a superbly tailored suit like Tony might wear, but a business suit, nonetheless. The man; tall, thin and wearing glasses, was leaning against a building a few doors down, but stood up when he noticed Peter – or maybe when he saw Bob – and stepped in front of them when they would have walked by.

Bob – already overly sensitive toward Peter’s feelings that day – made a low growl deep in his chest and stepped up, putting his considerable bulk between Peter and the stranger, who took a step back at the obvious warning.

“Are you Peter Parker?”

The boy hesitated, but nodded.

“Yes.”

“My name is Brett Smith. I work for the city. In the mayor’s office.”

“Oh.”

Which meant nothing to Peter, really.
“I’m sorry for interrupting your walk, but my boss wanted me to try and obtain contact with you.”

“About what?”

“We were trying to get in touch with you to discuss a ceremony to make you an honorary fireman – in connection with the incident with the taxicab that happened – right down the street from here.”

“Oh.” He hesitated, tapping his watch. He wasn’t afraid, or anything, but he didn’t know what to say – and didn’t want to agree to something without knowing what he was agreeing to. “I don’t… maybe you could talk to Tony.”

The man nodded.

“We tried to get in touch with him, today. We were routed to an underling, who told us we would need to wait until tomorrow to talk to him.”

“He’ll be in the tower, tomorrow.”

“I was kind of hoping I could get some groundwork started, today, though. My boss is pretty eager to have something to tell the mayor – and the Fire chief.”

Peter’s phone rang, then, and he pulled it out of pocket, relieved to see Tony on the caller ID. He held it up, since it was a facetime call.

“Peter? What’s going on?”

The man smiled, realizing what had happened and who was on the phone.

“A guy stopped me and Bob,” he said. “He says he’s with the city.”

“He’s still there?”

“Yes.”

“Brett Smith, Mr. Stark,” the man said, speaking up. “I’m with the mayor’s office.”

“Mr. Smith, do you like your job?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Then, if you want to keep it, I suggest you don’t ambush minors when a phone call will work just as well.”

It was the man’s turn to hesitate, and he looked at Peter and then at the phone.

“I tried to call, today. I spoke to an underling. Ms. Potts. She-“

“Told you that I’d be in the office tomorrow and could be contacted, then,” Tony interrupted. “The underling you spoke with is my #2 in command at Stark Industries. Did you leave a number with her?”

“Yes.”

“Then I will call you, tomorrow, at my leisure. I’d appreciate it if you allowed Peter and Bob to finish their walk so that our evening isn’t disrupted any longer. We have D&D characters to roll out and it takes a while.”
“Yes, Mr. Stark.”

“Peter? Are you alright?” Tony asked.

“I’m fine.” He felt bad for getting Mr. Smith yelled at, really, and was quick to add. “He didn’t do anything, Tony. He was being nice to me.”

“Good. I’m glad to hear that. Finish your walk, okay?”

“Yeah.”

“And call me if you need anything.”

“Okay.”

The phone call ended, and Smith looked at Peter.

“Well. I’ll call him tomorrow, then.”

Peter nodded.

“Are you guys really going to make me an honorary fireman?”

The man nodded, too.

“Fireman or police officer. Whichever you prefer. What you did was really brave. I understand you were injured…”

“Yeah. But not much.”

“Well, I’ll let you finish your walk so Mr. Stark doesn’t worry about you. Think about which you’d prefer, alright? You can let us know.”

“Fireman.”

Smith smiled, again.

“Fireman, it is. Have a good night.”

He turned and walked across the street, and Peter watched him until he was lost in the foot traffic, then he and Bob continued their walk. Peter hadn’t missed Tony stating that they had character to roll. He wondered if that meant he was thinking about playing D&D, too.
Tony was standing at the island when Peter and Bob walked out of the elevator. The boy took off the dog’s harness and then his shoes and walked over, barefoot, to see what he was doing, while the dog went to make sure his food dish hadn’t vanished while they were gone.

“Are you alright?” Tony asked Peter, looking him over, carefully, for any sign of distress.

He seemed fine.

“Yes. I’m… I probably overreacted, asking FRIDAY to contact you like that. He didn’t say anything wrong, or scary, or even get too close to me. I just wasn’t—"

“You did exactly right,” Tony assured him, holding up a hand to stop him. “I think I’ll start walking Bob with you when you go out.”

“I don’t mind.”

“I know. But he’s our dog, so I should get to watch him poop in the rain, too, right?”

Peter smiled at that, and shrugged.

“If you want.”

The other option would be to have one of the apartment building’s paid security people follow the boy when he went out, just to make sure no one was fucking with him. Which might end up being something he did, on occasion. He’d see.

“I do. Ready to eat?”

“Yes.”

As Tony pulled out the grill and everything needed to make French toast and some sausages, he made casual conversation with Peter, mostly about what the man from the mayor’s office had said to him, trying to get an idea if there was any underlying issues caused by him ambushing Peter (which sounded extreme, maybe, but it was how it looked to the billionaire). As near as he could tell, though, the only one who had made the boy cry that day was him.

“Syrup?” he asked as the first few slices of French toast came off the grill and onto the plates. “Or blueberries and whipped cream?”

“Syrup.”

Peter set the table for the two of them, and they sat down together to eat, the conversation slowing as the boy’s appetite took over and he wolfed down more than one helping of both sausages and French toast. Tony watched, amused, and wondered – privately – if he kept making them, how many Peter would eat before he simply popped a button on his jeans. He didn’t put it to the test, even though he was almost tempted to do just that.

Sometimes being inquisitive didn’t mean that you should act on it, after all.

“More?” He asked, as Peter finished off the last of the sausages with a look that could only be called satisfied.
“No. Thank you. It was good.”

Tony had already finished, and had just been sipping coffee while watching his baby eat, so Peter gathered up the dishes to start getting them loaded into the dishwasher.

“I’m thinking about rolling a character,” Tony told him, watching him. Even doing something as mundane as rinsing dishes and putting them in the machine, Peter was beautiful. Tony was still reeling from how badly he’d fucked up, earlier, and was thinking that one way to make up for it might be to be joining the D&D game with the boy and Ned. “Would you mind?”

Peter’s beautiful eyes lit up and he smiled, answering before he even opened his mouth.

“I think it’d be great. What kind?”

“It’s been a long time since I’ve played,” Tony admitted. “I’ll have to do a little research.”

“I picked up all the 5th edition books, which is what Ned said they’re playing campaigns with,” Peter told him, well aware that Tony had been busy talking to Ned and his parents while Peter had been choosing his supplies. “There are plenty of character sheets.”

Of course, Tony had FRIDAY to help him research his character and what he wanted to do. He didn’t say that, though – and Peter probably was aware that the AI could offer up anything that he needed to make his newbie character. He didn’t mention it because it would be more fun for Peter if he was the one to help him roll his character – and it would probably be more fun for Tony, too.

“When you’re done we’ll look and see what my options are.”

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“Are you sure you want to play a paladin?”

Tony chuckled at the uncertainty in Peter’s voice and moved all of their supplies to the coffee table, including the books that they’d been going through for reference.

“I don’t strike you as lawful good?”

The boy climbed into his lap, and straddled him, smiling.

“Well… not really. I mean, there’s a lot of rules to it.”

Peter knew that Tony wasn’t exactly a fan of following the rules.

“Yeah.” Tony leaned back into the leather, taking Peter with him and drawing the boy’s head to his shoulder. “But they’re fun to play, too. And I get to wrap myself in sanctimonious rhetoric this way. Besides, I have an image to keep up. Superheroes aren’t lawful evil. Even in play.”

Which made Peter smile.

“What do you want to do, now?” he asked.

“Whatever you want, honey,” Tony told him, sincerely. “We could watch a movie. Or play a game. Or, if you need me to, I can just hold onto you like we are, right now.”

“We could watch a movie and you could hold me…”

“True.” He pressed a kiss against the boy’s hair. “Why don’t you go get ready for bed and meet me
back here when you’re done? We’re not going anywhere else, tonight.”

“Okay.”

Peter cleared Tony’s lap and went into his room, while the billionaire got to his feet, picking up all of their D&D things and putting them into folders for easy access later. Then he went and got ready for bed, too. It was still a little early, but he knew from experience that Peter was going to be tired from his emotional breakdown, once the sugar from all the French toast he’d eaten for dinner finally cleared his system.

He probably wasn’t going to want to do more than watch TV and cuddle, really. And that was fine with Tony, who was still feeling a little uncertain himself, and didn’t want to press anything more onto him than he felt up to doing.

Calling him a cock slut, apologizing and then nudging his lips with his penis wasn’t something even Tony was willing to do. Not to Peter, especially. He’d go slow and let his baby decide what – if anything – they were going to do that evening.

By the time Tony had brushed his teeth, washed his face and changed into a pair of pajama bottoms, Peter was back in the living room, sitting on the couch, wearing sweats and a long-sleeved t-shirt, rather than a sweatshirt. He smiled when the billionaire approached, and then patted his lap in the same motion that Tony used when inviting the boy to cuddle.

With a grin, Tony took him up on the invitation, and he climbed into Peter’s lap, straddling the slight boy, and wriggling just a little to get himself into a position that was similar to the one Peter favored so much.

“Hi daddy,” Peter said, his voice amused as his arms went around Tony’s bare torso.

“Hi, honey. Am I squishing you?”

“A little. It feels good, though. I like having you so close to me.”

Tony snorted, and pressed his nose against Peter’s neck, right under his jaw, but the position was awkward for him and he couldn’t relax, feeling that he was suffocating Peter.

“Trade me places, baby. I can’t hold you, this way.”

Peter loosened his hold, giving Tony the chance to move off of him, and then got up. He waited for the billionaire to sit down and then took his rightful spot in his lap, sighing as his cheek went to Tony’s shoulder. Now it was his nose that found the tender skin under Tony’s jaw, and he kissed him, softly.

“Daddy…”

It was a pleased noise, and it made Tony hug him that much closer.

“Do you want anything, honey?” he asked. “Is there something daddy can do for you?”

“Just hold me?”

“Of course,” Tony told him, kissing his hair. “That’s my favorite thing to do.”

He pulled a blanket over Peter’s shoulders, and then turned on the TV, starting a random movie playing before he put his arms around him.
To his delight, Peter’s hand slid down between them, ending up resting lightly on Tony’s lap. He didn’t grope him; his hand was barely moving, almost idly touching him, but that was still encouraging, and the older man kissed Peter, again, and then settled in to watch the movie.

Not surprisingly, Peter fell asleep long before it was over.
“So he’s going to be given an award?”

“Sounds like it,” Tony said, nodding. “I’ll make this Smith character wait until after lunch and then I’ll give him a call while Peter’s working with Bruce.”

Pepper smiled.

“Peter must be excited.”

“He is. Yes.” Stark smirked. “But then, he’s excited to be working with Bruce, so what does he know?”

She wasn’t fooled for a minute.

“He’s doing schoolwork?”

“In my office, yes.”

They were in Pepper’s, where Tony was telling her about the mayor’s office coming to look for Peter the evening before. She’d been appalled, which made him feel better about being a dick to the guy over the phone and justified when he’d gone for the morning walk with Peter and Bob – even though nothing interesting had happened, and no one was waiting to ambush them.

They’d gone to bed the night before once the movie was over. More asleep than awake, Peter had simply stripped out of his clothing and renewed his cuddling with Tony, only now they were in bed. Always careful with the boy, Tony was now treating him like glass, and allowing him to set the pace. When Peter had gone back to sleep almost immediately, Tony had simply slid his hand along the boy’s hip, holding him closely, and had gone to sleep, as well.

They’d woken before Bob, and Peter had been amorous; hands sliding languidly along Tony’s body, morning wood already throbbing against his thigh. Slowly, almost hesitantly, Tony had shifted enough to take Peter into his mouth and suck him to completion and had then played with his ass until the boy was pleading for him to be inside him.

Tony had rolled him onto his belly, parted his thighs and had taken him, slowly and thoroughly, until they were both drained.

Then he’d held his baby in his arms, praising him and caressing him, until Bob had made an appearance, demanding a morning walk. They’d both dressed and gone out, and when they’d returned, they showered, had breakfast and had been ready to go when Happy had arrived to collect them.

“What’s going to happen with this Tate person?” she asked, curiously.

That was a story she’d heard Monday – and had been appalled. And outraged.

Tony scowled.

“Officially? Nothing. Not unless we want to drag Peter through it all – and I don’t want to do that to him. Besides, even if we did, nothing technically happened, so the worst that would happen is that he’d get a slap on the hand.”
“And unofficially?”

“His grandmother loves Peter and is just as furious about what happened as if he were one of her
grandkids – and is mortified that it was her own flesh and blood that tried something like that. She’s
going to make sure to put the fear of God into him and has already pulled all financial endowments –
including his car and anything else she could think of.”

“You’re satisfied with that?”

He shrugged.

“It’s a good start.” Time to change the subject, before he allowed himself to get worked up about the
whole thing all over, again. "On a much more cheerful note, do not go home for the night until you
have a chance to see him, because he brought you back some souvenirs from our trip to Dallas and
wants to give them to you, personally.”

Pepper smiled.

“He did?”

“Yes. And he picked them out on his own, so if you hate them, hide that look you get until after he’s
gone.”

“I’ll do my best.”

She looked pleased, though, and that made Tony smile, too. He looked at his watch.

“Need me for anything?”

“No. Are you going to your work room?”

“No, yet. It’s almost recess. Then I’ll go to my work room.”

She waved him out of her office, already turning her display on.

“Have fun.”

He smirked, and headed for the door.

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Peter was still working on schoolwork when Tony entered his office. He locked the door behind
him, and wandered over to the smaller desk in the corner, feeling his lips widen in a smile when the
boy looked up at his arrival.

“How’s it going, honey?” he asked, moving to stand behind him and brushing a kiss against his
temple while still looking at the display to see what he was working on.

“Good, daddy,” Peter replied. “It’s just math.”

Just math. Just insanely complicated math that Peter handled like it was the times table, because his
baby was a fucking genius.

“Almost done?”

“Last problem, now.”
“Is he getting them right, FRIDAY?”

“Yes. He missed the first one, because he didn’t read the instructions and show his work. All others have been correct.”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“I showed my work. Just not the proof.”

“Finish up, honey.”

Tony went over and sat on the edge of his desk, admiring the view of the two things that excited him most; Peter and technology. He didn’t want to distract him, so he watched Bob – who was sleeping in his bed against the wall and drooling a little. Not for long, though, because a few minutes later Peter turned off the display with a sigh.

“I’m done.”

“Did you show your work?”

“Yes.”

“You’re so smart.”

Peter smiled, coming out from behind the desk to move into Tony’s arms, nudging his knees apart to give himself room.

“Can we have recess, daddy?” he asked. “Or are you busy?”

“No,” Tony hugged him, tucking him under his chin. “I think recess is a good idea. What do you have in mind, honey? Can you tell me? My brave, beautiful boy.”

He trembled with happiness, but hesitated, uncertain. Not because he didn’t know what he wanted, because he did. He just wasn’t sure that Tony was interested in it, any longer. Peter’s hand went down to Tony’s lap, and he ran his fingers along the soft swelling that he found under the expensive fabric of his slacks.

“Can I…?”

He buried his face in Tony’s neck, just above his shirt.

“Say it, honey,” Tony crooned, practically holding his breath. “Please, brave boy.”

“I want to suck on you,” Peter said, softly, trembling just a little, but now with a little trepidation. He didn’t really think Tony would call him that name, again, but the fear was there, and he wasn’t hiding it very well. “Please…?”

“Oh, Peter,” Tony hugged him tightly, and the boy was surprised that the older man was shaking, too. “I love you so much.” He drew Peter’s hand from his groin up to his lips where he kissed the fingers, tenderly. “Please suck on me, honey.”

Peter pulled back, and would have gone to his knees there, but Tony caught him and drew him over to the sofa, instead. The billionaire sat down opening his pants and pulling his cock out while Peter settled between his knees, looking up at him for just a moment, and the reaching for Tony’s already hard cock. He licked his lips and then lowered his head, tongue lapping at the shaft and underside of Tony’s sensitive cock.
“Yes, baby,” Tony murmured, his fingers carefully brushing the boy’s hair, forcing himself not to press him down on him so Peter could take his time. “Daddy loves his baby. You’re so wonderful, honey. So amazing.”

Peter smiled at the praise and took Tony into his mouth, completely, and then the older man groaned when he didn’t stop and the head of his cock went into the back of Peter’s throat, sliding down until Peter had him swallowed, completely. The boy could only hold him there for a moment and he gagged coming back up, but he didn’t hesitate to slurp the drool off Tony’s shaft and balls and then turn his attention back to trying to see how long he could deepthroat him.

“So beautiful…” Tony moaned. “Don’t stop, lovey. Please.”

Peter didn’t. He slurped and sucked and licked – even tried nibbling, carefully, and all the while his hand was either stroking whatever portion of Tony’s shaft wasn’t in his mouth at the time, or he was fondling his balls. Stark gave a soft groan when he felt his climax washing over him, the only warning Peter had before the older man’s cock tensed and cum was suddenly filling his mouth.

He swallowed it down, licking, sucking and searching for more, and then placed a kiss against the base of Tony’s still damp cock before looking up at him.

“I’m getting better at it,” he told Tony – unnecessarily.

The billionaire chuckled and pulled him into his lap.

“You’re incredible, honey. Just fucking the best.”
“So why did you choose fireman over police officer?” Bruce asked Peter that afternoon while they were working in his lab.

Peter smiled, reaching for a vial. He was still excited about the call from the mayor’s office and the conversation Tony had told him about having with Mr. Smith while Peter had been finishing his schoolwork that morning.

“Because firemen have those cool hats. And the outfit is a lot more interesting. Besides, the guy that pulled me away from the explosion was a police officer – and they’re giving him some kind of recognition thing, too. I don’t want to overshadow that.”

“That makes sense.” He took the vial from Peter. “When is all this going to happen?”

“They’re still getting that set up. As long as it isn’t this Thursday evening, I don’t care, really.”

“What happens this Thursday evening?” Banner asked, curiously.

“I’m playing D&D with a guy I met. His mom and dad own the comic book store down the street from Tony’s apartment. Tony might play, too.”

“Really? That would be fun.”

“I know, right?”

They discussed D&D the rest of the afternoon, off and on. Not surprisingly, Bruce was nerd enough to know everything about the game, and had been keeping up with any changes to it that may have come with previous editions being added to over the years since the last time that he’d actually played – which had been in college, he told Peter.

When Tony and Bob came to collect Peter toward the end of their work day, Peter had a few revisions that he was planning on making on his character based on some of the information that Bruce had shared with him, and had once more had a very good day.

“Ready to go?” Tony asked, once he’d said hello to Bruce.

“Yes.”

“How do you feel?” the billionaire asked as they walked out of the lab and toward the elevators. “Did you have a good day?”

“Yes. How was yours?”

“Spent the afternoon in my workroom, finishing your suit.”

Peter’s eyes lit up, excitedly, just as Tony had known they would. Or hoped that they would, anyway. He loved seeing the boy excited like that.

“You did?”

“Well, mostly,” Tony temporized. “We’ll want you to try it on, of course, and check the fit.”

“Can we do that tonight?”
“If you’d like.” He’d expected Peter to want to. “We’ll stop at me office. I’ll pick up the suit and a few things to take home with us, while you give Ms. Potts her souvenirs. I happen to know that she is purposely making her day a little longer to allow you the chance to do that, so don’t dawdle. Her days are long enough, already.”

Peter nodded.

“She’s pretty good at her job, isn’t she?”

“She’s great at it,” he assured Peter. “This place would crash and burn without her running it.”

“So, she’s really the reason the Avengers can exist, then.”

“How do you figure that?” Tony asked him.

“Well, she does all the work, here, that allows you time to work on your suits and to be Ironman, right?”

“Yes.”

“And you put a lot of money into funding the R&D for the cool tech the Avengers use.”

“True.”

Peter shrugged.

“They’d exist, I guess, but they wouldn’t be as efficient or as cool without all the tech.”

“Besides, then they’d would rely on government funding – which would put us under an umbrella for ways and means…” he said this more to himself than to Peter, but the boy knew what he was referring to, so he nodded.

“Probably.”

Huh. How about that? I probably owe her a raise, then.”

The boy smiled at that as they got out of the elevator and walked to Tony’s office.

“A big one.”

The walk to Tony’s office didn’t take long and the boy gathered up the souvenirs while Tony reached for a locking metal-sided briefcase to carry Peter’s suit home in.

“I’ll meet you back here,” he told Peter.

“Okay.”

Peter made his way to Pepper’s office which was just down the well-lit and tastefully decorated hall. He knocked politely on the door and waited to hear Pepper tell him to come in. She was sitting at her desk when he did and she smiled at him, standing up to welcome him like she might for an important executive visitor. Which made him smile, cheerfully.

“Peter. I hear you’re going to be a fireman.”

“Just for a day,” he said, nodding, as he handed her first a white leather cowboy hat that was made lower than his own, designed to make less of a profile – which Natasha assured him Pepper would
like more than the ten-gallon hat style that he’d been looking at. The assassin, of course, was right, because Pepper smiled, clearly pleased – and not even pretending just to be polite, Peter thought. “They don’t really need to,” he added, feeling happy at her reaction to the present. “I didn’t do that much, really, but it’s exciting – and Tony says that once official people get their minds made up about something like this, it’s just easier to go along with it.”

“He’s right, of course,” Pepper told him, putting the hat on and looking at the window behind her, which gave her a reflection to see how it looked. “This is great, Peter. Thank you so much for thinking of me.”

He blushed, pleased.

“You’re welcome. It’s not even close to being enough to thank you for helping me with getting emancipated and everything, but I thought you’d like something from Dallas. Everyone else did.”

“I love it.”

She hugged him, and he handed her the small bag that held the rest of the items that he’d brought for her. Nothing fancy like the hat; a shot glass with the state of Texas on it, a stuffed steer and a t-shirt that said her friend went to Texas and all she got was a t-shirt. Pepper loved it all, though, and was vocal about it.

Which made Peter feel good.

“I have to go,” he said, remembering what Tony had told him about her day being a long one. He didn’t want to make it any longer by making her hang out with him, after all.

“Are you two going to go celebrate your award?” she asked.

“I’m not sure.” He definitely couldn’t tell her they were going to go try on his new superhero outfit, could he? “Maybe.”

“Well, have fun. I’ll see you tomorrow – and thank you again for thinking of me.”

“You’re welcome.”

He left the office – which was almost as nice as Tony’s, really, and saw the billionaire waiting in the hall. He had the briefcase in one hand and Bob’s leash in the other.

“Well? Did she like the hat?” Tony asked as he handed Bob’s leash to Peter.

“She said she did, yeah.”

“Good. Happy’s waiting for us.” They started once more toward the door. “Do you want to go out to eat, tonight?”

“Can we still try on the suit?”

“Of course.”

“Yeah.”

“We’ll take Bob for his walk, first,” Tony said, his hand sliding to the small of Peter’s back during the elevator ride. “Then we’ll go celebrate you becoming an honorary fireman. We can probably trust our dog not to eat the coffee table while we’re gone, I think. Yeah?”

“He hasn’t chewed anything up, yet.”

Of course, he was pretty lazy, and destruction required a little bit more ambition than the mastiff actually had.

“That’s my reasoning, too.” Really, even if he did, they didn’t leave anything out that the dog could get into and potentially hurt himself, so it wasn’t a big deal – and they would know not to do it again. “How about Italian?”

A perfect choice, given Peter’s fondness for noodles and sauce.

“Please.”

They left the elevator and headed for the lobby – and the waiting limo – and Peter couldn’t help but grin.

It was going to be a great night.
As it turned out, they didn’t need to find out if Bob was really hiding a destructive tendency under all that laziness. While they were out walking the mastiff, they’d found Monica doing the same with Boomer, and had walked with her, enjoying her company. Peter took Boomer’s leash from her, telling her that he wanted to walk both dogs. He ended up walking a little ahead of the others, because Boomer was setting the pace.

Tony told her about the award, and that they were going out to eat that evening, and Monica asked if they wanted her to dog sit Bob that evening.

“I’m going to bed early, though,” she told Tony as they watched a couple of other pedestrians give the boy and his two companions a wide berth on the sidewalk. Which made Tony think that while Bob was big, Boomer was much more ferocious-looking. Which worked well for Monica’s safety – and when winter came, and Peter was walking both dogs, maybe Tony would feel a little more confident about allowing Peter out by himself. “So don’t come get him until morning.”

“Well do, and thank you.”

When the walk was over, they parted ways at the lobby and Tony and Peter headed for his car.

“Anything else you want to do while we’re out, honey?” Tony asked as they buckled in.

“Not tonight, daddy,” Peter told him. If not for the fact that Tony wanted to celebrate the award, Peter would have been just fine with them eating dinner at home. He was excited to see the suit and try it on. And maybe test it out. “Thank you.”

The older man patted Peter’s knee and then put the car in gear.

Dinner was at an upscale restaurant that Tony had been to many times. The food was amazing, the service first class and it offered private rooms, which they took advantage of. Not so private as home, of course, so there weren’t any public displays of affection other than the looks that Tony gave his baby when Peter carefully perused the menu, his tongue between his teeth one minute and then his lower lip in the same position the next.

God he was delicious.

They had pasta. Tony opted for chicken with his and Peter had lasagna. As they ate, they discussed his schooling, and Tony’s new suit, but they didn’t mention Peter’s suit, even though the billionaire had done a quick scan with his glasses and had confirmed there was no video or audio recording in the room.

Not that he had anticipated that; it was more of a habit than anything, really.

“They’re sending me the rest of the specs on their nanite tech,” Tony said as Peter finished eating first. He handed the boy the dessert menu, hoping to get a repeat of the tongue thing while he read it. “I think I’ve got the design that I want to use pretty much laid out. Sometime this week I’d like you to take a look at it, and tell me what you think.”

Peter’s eyes grew wide and excited.
“Really?”

“Of course. It’s never a bad idea to get an outside opinion, you know,” he said, smiling. “It just hasn’t really been an option for me before now. Not with someone who was as tech-minded as I am, anyway. Bruce and Rhodey are both geniuses in their own rights, but not in my field. You most definitely are.”

That had made Peter happy, Tony could see. The boy’s porcelain cheeks reddened, and his smile was sweetly pleased even as he ducked his head, almost embarrassed, but most certainly loving the praise as much – if not more – than anything else Tony had ever said to him.

A reminder to the man to heap the praises on the boy even when they weren’t cuddling.

“That’d be great.”

“Good.”

They ordered dessert, but Tony was looking forward to seeing how the new suit looked on Peter, and he didn’t eat most of his own. Instead watching as Peter enjoyed a chocolate cream pie with almost indecent expressions on his face.

“Do you want another slice?” Tony asked – a little hopefully, despite being ready to go.

“No. Thank you. This was nice.”

“You’re so welcome. Ready to go see how I did with a needle and thread?”

“Yes.”

He was, too, Tony could see. But that wasn’t surprising. Besides, Tony was, also.

He didn’t get a check; he had a running tab with most restaurants that he frequented so they knew to send the bill to Stark Industries. So when they were done, Tony dropped a generous tip on the table and they left.

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“Ready for the final unveiling?” Tony asked, dramatically.

Peter nodded, practically wriggling with excitement, now.

“Yes.”

They were in Tony’s bedroom, with the briefcase on the billionaire’s bed and the two of them standing beside it.

“Strip down to your boxers, honey,” Tony ordered.

Peter did as he was told, while Tony palmed the scanner on the briefcase and then pulled out a bundle of blue and red fabric, handing the first piece over once the boy was finished undressing. It was the top of the suit and Tony watched as Peter pulled it easily over his head, the long sleeves clinging snugly to Peter’s arms and the rest fitting his upper body like a glove.

“How does that feel?”

Peter swung his arms, experimentally, and grinned.
“It’s tight, but I can’t really even tell.”

“Free range of movement?”

“Yeah. It’s amazing.”

“Pants, next, then,” Toy ordered, handing them over. “I put a few extra layers in the groin area,” he explained as Peter put them on. “I don’t want everyone checking out your package – that’s only for me, but let me know if it’s too bunchy, okay?”

The pants fit as well as the shirt, and matched up seamlessly with it, so it looked like one piece when it was on. Peter sat down on the bed to put on the lightweight boots and then stood up, grinning hugely at Tony, who slid his hands along the outfit – and not just to cop a feel, for a change.

“It looks pretty good.”

“It’s amazing,” Peter said, again, looking down at himself, and running his hands along his chest. “Wow.”

“Can you move in it, though, is the question,” Tony said, turning him around to see how it looked from the back. He had to admit it was impressive, and he thought the stylized spider design was a nice touch. “Put your mask on and then let’s walk around the apartment a bit, to settle it in.”

The boy did as he was told, and ignored Tony’s amused snicker when he put the mask on backwards his first try. He was too excited to be annoyed – and besides, it probably did look funny. A quick walk around the apartment showed that the material was just as flexible as they could have hoped for. Tony stopped Peter by the bed, again, and had the boy hold still while he once more ran his hands along the fabric, asking questions with all the intensity that he had when working with his own suits.


For almost half an hour he ran Peter through a series of range of motion tests and then reached into his pocket and pulled out the webshooters, handing them over as well. Peter put them on, and looked up at Tony. Even with the mask on the billionaire had no trouble envisioning the huge smile that had to be plastering the adorable face.

“How do I look?”

The voice was crystal clear, and reminded Tony of the day that he’d met the boy. He still sounded ridiculously young. The older man felt a surge of love and pride go through him.

“Like a superhero.”

He suddenly found himself engulfed in a hug, and laughed, feeling just as happy as Peter was. He held the boy tightly, knowing that he could squeeze him as hard as he could without hurting him.

“Thank you,” Peter said, softly, his masked face pressed right against Tony’s neck.

“You’re welcome, honey.” He pulled the mask off with his free hand, and looked down at the boy. “So? Do you want to try it out now? Or wait until the weekend and go to the compound?”

He wasn’t surprised at the answer – or the way those beautiful brown eyes lit up.

“Now? Can we?”
“Absolutely.” He kissed his temple, holding him for a long moment and enjoying the fact that Peter was trembling; knowing that he was trembling because of excitement. Excitement Tony had created. “Keep the suit on, but throw your clothes on over it. I’ll bring my suit and we’ll see what kind of practical experimenting we can do.”
They went to Queens. Not that Tony really wanted to; basically, the only thing good to have come out of Queens was Peter, as far as the billionaire was concerned. But it was the place that the boy knew best, and he had tested his first web shooter there without being seen, so it was the place to go, now, to try out the new suit as well as the newest incarnation of his spinners.

Besides, there were less people there and many – most – of them were tired after a long day of work and taking care of their families and weren’t looking up in the sky or on the rooftops. They were more interested in getting the kids fed and put to bed and then getting to bed, themselves, preparing for another long day to come.

Now, though, Peter wasn’t alone. Tony dropped Peter in an alley and told the boy to meet him on a nearby rooftop. With the new suit protecting his identity, now, Peter was all smiles under the mask as he stealthily made his way to the rendezvous spot and then felt a thrill go through him when less than half an hour later a flash in the sky and a change in air pressure that he could feel even through the new suit’s fabric announced the arrival of Ironman.

The metal-clad figure landed on the same roof, and the helmet retracted as Tony walked over to stand by Peter.

“How does it feel so far?” Tony asked, thinking that Peter looked amazing, really. Like a superhero/vigilante should look.

“It’s great.”

“FRIDAY’S killed all video surveillance in this area so we can test you without an audience, but this is your show, honey. How do you want to do it? Do you want to do a patrol? Or wait and ambush the bad guys?”

Peter looked down at the street below them.

“Sometimes I’ll just find a spot and wait to see if I feel like something is going to happen and then do whatever I can to help,” he said. “But we could be waiting all night if we go that way, because sometimes nothing happens. Which is a good thing, I guess, but wouldn’t do us any good. So I’ll do a patrol of this area.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Peter hesitated.

“As much as I love the idea of you soaring through the streets next to me while I do it, you’re a little too conspicuous, right now. I’d rather try it without too many people gawking at me – in case I split my pants, or the webbing fails and I wipe out.”

“Then I’ll watch you from above,” he told the boy. “Make a circuit and I’ll meet you back here when
you’re done – and well compare notes.”

“Sounds good.”

The mask once more covered Tony’s handsome face.

“Good luck, Spiderman,” came the metallic voice, and before Peter could reply, the suit was taking off, thrusters perfectly controlled as Ironman shot into the sky until Peter could only see the faintest spark of light – and knew most couldn’t even see that.

He looked around, debating for a minute where he wanted to go and checking, automatically, for where his first few web shots were going to be. Then he flung himself off the roof and shot the first web. The feeling of swinging was exhilarating. It always had been, but now it was a billion times better, because the fluid was smoother than his own amateur attempts (successful, though they’d been) and because with the skin tight outfit he was wearing, he didn’t have to worry about something slipping and maybe giving himself away.

Silently, he swung his way through the neighborhood, his eyes and ears waiting for any indication that something wasn’t as it should be. There wasn’t much; it wasn’t the weekend so there weren’t a lot of people out drinking and carousing as they might be later that week, but the one thing about the city; there was always someone about – and when there was, there was usually someone hoping to take advantage of that someone, if they were dumb enough or careless enough to allow it to happen.

As he swung into the next neighborhood, he spied a couple of women walking along the street and four dark figures following them at a distance that made it obvious they weren’t with them. Peter stopped, clinging to the side of a building while watching below. He wasn’t going to interfere; no one was doing anything wrong, really, but he figured he’d be close by just in case.

He watched as the women stopped on the corner and stood talking, and hesitated again, because while they were dressed provocatively, he wasn’t sure if they were hookers, or just a couple of women out having a fun evening. Hookers were trying to make a living, Peter knew, and he understood the need for making money any way that you could. Yes, it was illegal, but they needed to eat, and what they were doing wasn’t hurting anyone else. He wasn’t going to jump in front of them and tell them to go home.

He wasn’t going to let them get hurt, though, either. The men watching the two women weren’t (probably) out looking for a good time. Potential customers were usually more assertive, and not skulking. Peter had seen plenty of that activity in his time living on the streets alone and had come to recognize what it looked like. These guys were making sure not to be seen – by the women, or anyone else – and that made them suspicious.

Patiently, Peter watched from above. A couple of cars drove by, slowing to talk to the two standing on the corner, but a sharp word and a raised finger told the boy that they weren’t hookers far more readily than him going down there and asking.

Looking for drugs, then, maybe? He’d seen a lot of drug deals, too, and knew that people who bought drugs could look like anyone. Because they were anyone. As he was mulling this over, the streetlight above the two women suddenly shattered, startling them and Peter, too, truthfully.

The corner was suddenly drenched in darkness, dimly illuminated by only a few lights from windows and another lamp much further down the block. In the instant darkness, the men made their move and sprang out from their hiding place. Two going for each woman.

Before they even knew what was happening, one was pinned to the concrete by a short blast of
webbing and another found himself knocked sideways by a slim but powerful body crashing into him at a terrific speed. He yelped and went tumbling to the sidewalk, crashing into a stop sign with enough force to knock him senseless.

The women screamed, and one of the remaining men grabbed one around the waist, trying to pull her along as he started to run off, but like a quick drawing cowboy that he had been pretending to be only days before, Peter shot webbing from his right wrist to catch the man’s feet, tangling him and bringing him down in a heap with the woman still in his arms.

The remaining attacker had given up on the women and was just making a run for it when a flash of light announced the arrival of Ironman, dropping right in front of his escape route and bringing him up short. Tony’s hand came up, the repulser glowing ominously bright, and the man’s hands shot up, and he dropped to his knees.

Shocked by the sudden events, the woman who hadn’t been grabbed was frozen in place, and the one that had been taken down with the attacker was as motionless as he was.

“Spiderman,” Ironman said by way of greeting, turning his head to look at the boy standing in the middle of the sidewalk. “Need some assistance?”

“What?” Peter blushed inside the mask when his voice cracked, and he cleared his throat. “I mean, yeah. Hey, Ironman. Call for some police for me, will you?”

He walked over to the woman who was on the ground and offered her his hand, which she took, her face pale and her eyes wild with fright and shock. Peter pulled her gently to her feet.

“Are you inured?” he asked, realizing his voice sounded ridiculously young compared to Tony’s deep metallic Ironman sound.

She must have noticed, too, because her expression softened, just a little, and she nodded, trying to pull herself together.

“Yes. How…? I mean. What-?”

“Here,” Peter said, reaching down and picking up her purse, which had fallen when she had, and handing it to her. “The police are coming.”

“Which means that you should be going, Spiderman,” Tony said, pointedly, still holding his hand up and standing far enough back that he could watch all four men.

Not that FRIDAY couldn’t keep an eye on them for him.

“What? Oh, yeah. You’ll stay?”

“As a favor from one superhero to another?” The metallic voice didn’t resonate with humor, but Peter could tell by the way he said it that Tony was almost certainly smiling under his own mask. “Absolutely.”

“You can’t leave,” the woman protested as Peter looked up for something to web. “You need to stay and tell the cops what happened.”

“Yeah. No. I’m glad you’re okay. Have a good night.”

Without any further conversation, he was gone, swinging into the darkness, easily, and finding a rooftop vantage point to watch as the first police cruiser pulled up to the scene only moments after
he’d gone. Which meant that Tony had probably called law enforcement even before he’d jumped into the fray.

“Wow…”

Peter pulled his mask up, just a little, and took several deep breaths. Being a single little guy out trying to help the neighborhood was all well and good, but his first taste of actually doing something good. Something as part of a team (even though he knew it really hadn’t been that kind of dynamic, since Tony had rushed in to save him, more or less) was just amazing. And breathtaking.

He smiled, and could have danced an excited little jig on that rooftop, if not for the fact that he didn’t know if there were any surveillance cameras and he didn’t want to be on YouTube like that.

He was a superhero.
Peter had never actually waited around to watch the police do their job, but he did this time. For one thing, there wasn’t any reason for him to leave the roof he was on. Tony was still talking to the police and he was Peter’s ride home, unless he wanted to walk – which he didn’t mind, but he didn’t have his clothes to slip on over his suit. For another thing, it was interesting to watch as several more police cars pulled up, the webbing covering the men was cut away and they were all cuffed, but left sitting on the curb for a long time while the police did their work – talking to the women, writing everything down and whatever else it was they were doing.

From the motions both women were making, Peter was certain they were talking about him, too. Well, Spiderman, anyway – not Peter Parker.

More police cars, and the men were all put into different cars and driven off, while a small SUV pulled up and a man got out, going straight for the two women, who hugged him tightly for a long time before they were ushered into the vehicle and taken away, as well.

“Meet me where I dropped you off,” came a sudden request through his watch, almost startling Peter.

“Okay.”

He watched as Tony shook hands with the police once more, and then he took off before the Ironman suit did, heading back to the dark alley – where he was standing thirty-five minutes later, when Tony’s expensive car pulled up.

“Get in, honey,” Tony said, rolling down the passenger window only long enough to make sure Peter heard him.

The boy did as he was told, and closed the door behind him, pulling off his mask with relief. It wasn’t tight, but it was restrictive, and he wished that he could figure out one that wasn’t. An impossibility, he knew.

“Everything okay?” he asked. “Were those women hurt, at all? I didn’t –“

“Slow down,” Tony told him, smiling. The Ironman suit was gone, and the billionaire was back in his jeans and t-shirt. “Get dressed. We’ll talk when we get to the apartment.”

“Alright.”

“Are you hurt at all?” Tony asked, looking over at him. “Anything?”

“No. I’m okay,” Peter assured him, reaching for his jeans and kicking off the boots to slide them on.

“You sure?”

“Yes.”

Tony waited until he was finished getting dressed and then reached for the boy’s hand, settling it on his thigh and then covering it with his own.

“Want anything before we head home?”

Peter smiled, turning his hand upside right so he could lace his fingers through Tony’s. He’d been a little concerned that Tony might be annoyed that he’d had to come help – even though Peter was
pretty sure he would have been able to catch all four me. The new web fluid shot out a lot faster than the stuff that he’d come up with on his own. If Tony was holding his hand, though, he couldn’t be too mad.

“No, daddy.”

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When they returned to the apartment, Tony parked the car and leaned over and brushed a kiss against Peter’s lips before they opened the doors, replying on the tinted windows and FRIDAY’s interference to make sure no one saw the display of affection.

“Have I told you how incredible you are?” he whispered to the boy, who blushed a brilliant red.

“Yes.”

“Well, you are. Come on.”

They went to the elevator, and Tony rested his hand on the small f Peter’s back during the ride. When the doors opened, and they stepped into the living room, Peter couldn’t help but bring up the evening’s activity, once more.

“What happened?”

“Let’s get you out of your suit,” Tony told him, heading toward his bedroom. “The men are all wanted,” he said to the boy as Peter slipped off his shirt, and then slipped off the spider themed shirt, as well and handed it Tony, who folded it and put it in the suitcase.

No sense in letting it lay around and maybe be seen by the housekeeper.

“Wanted by the police, you mean?” Peter asked, sitting down to get his shoes off and slide out of his pants and the suit pants, also.

“Right. They don’t know, yet, because they haven’t really had a chance to do more than a preliminary report, but it looks like two of them have connections with human traffickers. You might have saved those girls from more than just getting mugged.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.” Before Peter could put his pants on, Tony stopped him with a touch. He held him still, a hand on either shoulder, looking him over, carefully, for any bruises, and then turning him around to check his back, as well. “You look alright…”

Peter shook his head, smiling, and pressing himself against Tony, silently asking to be held – and closing his eyes when he felt his arms going around him.

“I’m fine, daddy,” he told him, again. “The new suit is great, by the way.”

“It looks good on you,” Tony told him, kissing the top of his head. “Did you feel anything bunching, or pinching? Any adjustments needed before next time?”

“No. It’s amazing.”

“Good.” What would you have done if those men had been armed?” Tony asked. “Did you even check?”
“They didn’t have any weapons that I saw.”

“And if they had?”

“I’m not sure,” Peter admitted, wondering if he was mad, after all. He sounded – and felt – tense. “I couldn’t let them hurt those women.”

“No. Of course you couldn’t. I think you might benefit from some hand to hand fighting lessons, though.”

Tony felt the boy tense, and he pulled away to look up at him, his eyes excited.

“Really? Like Karate?”

“Or whatever Romanoff or Rogers think you should learn.”

“Lessons with Natasha?”

“If she’s not too busy. I’m going to mention it to her.”

“Wow.”

He smiled.

“I take it you’re willing?”

“Yeah. Definitely.”

“Good. You were so incredible, honey. I was really proud of you, the way you went after those men and saved the day.”

Peter shivered, excited, and Tony hugged him close to keep him warm, since he was down to his boxers.

“Thanks. The new fluid works great,” he said, pressing his face to Tony’s chest, the adrenaline from the evening making him excitable, and Tony’s nearness all that he needed to become aroused. His hand slid down and under the back of Tony’s jeans and then up and under his shirt, caressing his back. “I’ll have to tell Bruce.”

“They’ll all be interested in hearing about it,” Tony told him, feeling himself responding to Peter’s touch. “We’ll be out there this weekend, so you can tell them, then…” He nuzzled Peter’s ear. “Sweet baby. So good. So amazing. So fucking sexy that I just want to eat you out…”

“Please, daddy,” Peter whispered. “Can we?”

“Yes, honey.” He tilted the boy’s head up, and kissed him. “You’re not too tired?”

“No.” He was too edgy from the chase to be tired – and that didn’t even add in what Tony was doing to him. “I’m wide awake.”

Tony’s hand slid along the front of his boxers, finding the throbbing proof to that statement.

“Yes, you are,” he said with approval. “Go get ready for bed, baby. Daddy’s going to make you so happy, tonight.”

“Yes…”
The house was a fairly large one, set in a quiet neighborhood on a cul-de-sac. It was two floors, with an ultra modern interior and a high tech security system. A large yard in the front with tasteful landscaping and a fenced in backyard that had a swimming pool and a nice deck with a barbeque area and a fire pit.

Clearly the home of someone well-off.

There were two dogs in the household. One was a medium-sized lab, who always slept at the foot of the bed in the master bedroom, and a very small dog that slept with his owner in a nervous bundle of energy that never slept well, despite the comfortable bed.

The intruder wasn’t worried about either dog, or about the high tech security system. A push of a button turned off all alarms and exposed the house to her presence, and the lab never even woke when she walked by the door to that bedroom, on her way to the stairs.

An odd sound woke Tate from his sleep. Odd enough to make him roll over and open his eyes.

“Buster?”

He froze, eyes widening in fear. Standing beside his bed was a darkly clothed figure. Buster tucked under one arm – with a piece of adhesive medical tape securely around his little muzzle – and a gleaming, curved bladed knife in the other.

“Make a noise louder than mine,” the soft voice whispered, “And I’ll make sure you regret it.”

The teen nodded, not willing to test that threat with any noise at all, his eyes glued to the knife in the woman’s hand.

“You’re Tate?”

He nodded, again, suddenly realizing – even through his fear – that he recognized her. She was an Avenger. What was she-

“You’ve been very bad, young man,” Natasha Romanoff said, softly, setting the little dog down on the foot of Tate’s bed but never taking her eyes off of the person in the bed. “Very bad.”

He instantly knew what she was talking about, of course. Tate knew that Peter knew who Romanoff was; he had talked about her all the time. About how nice she was. How pretty. How intelligent. Peter had never mentioned how very terrifying she was, though.

“I didn’t touch him,” he said, softly – quickly.

Her expression didn’t change, but her eyes narrowed, slightly.

“You did touch him. And you scared him.”

“I didn’t mean to.”

“You like being bigger than others?” she asked him, shifting just a little. “Forcing yourself on people who are only looking for friendship?”

“No. It wasn’t. I-“

“This conversation is going to be short,” she interrupted. “And you’re not going to mention it to
“Anyone – because no one would believe you in the first place, but also because I’d be really angry if you did. Understand?”

He nodded.

“Yes…”

“Do you know what this is?” Romanoff asked, holding the knife a little higher, so the light from the bathroom nightlight caught the metal, making it gleam.

“A knife.”

“A gelding knife,” she corrected. “I picked it up in Dallas. Do you know what they use it for?”

“No.”

He was terrified to ask. It didn’t matter, though, Romanoff was willing to enlighten him.

“Ranchers use it to cut the testicles off of male farm animals. Horses, cows, sheep – anything that they don’t want reproducing. They catch it, they throw it to the ground, and they cut them off with a single quick slice. No pain killer, nothing to keep it from hurting. Any idea why I’m mentioning this to you, Tate?”

He nodded, silently.

“You stay away from him. Don’t call him. Don’t write to him, and don’t even think about trying to talk to him in person. For that matter, you stay away from all the little boys that you want to get to know better. I’m going to be watching you. Step out of line, and you won’t ever be able to make your parents into grandparents. Do we understand each other?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

With another flash of the knife, she turned, and he immediately lost sight of her in the darkness of his bedroom. He didn’t look for her, though. Terrified, he held still, listening for any noise that might indicate she was still there, and only after a full twenty minutes had gone by did he dare sit up in his bed and look around.

The house was silent, though, without any indication that someone had been there.

As it was supposed to be.
“Natasha Romanoff is coming down the hall...”

Peter and Tony both looked up from what they were doing at FRIDAY’s announcement. Peter was sitting at his desk, working on schoolwork under FRIDAY’s watchful eye, while Tony was at his, the displays off but his tablet on, watching the video uploaded by his AI of what had happened in Queens the evening before.

“I wonder what she’s up to,” Tony said, looking over at Peter, who shrugged, but was obviously curious, as well – and more than willing to be distracted by the assassin’s arrival.

“Secret Avenger stuff?” Peter hazarded, tapping an English question on the display in front of him. “Need me to make myself scarce?”

“Of course not, honey. I need you to finish that assignment.”

There was a quick knock at the office door, and Romanoff stuck her head in, looking at the two and smiling.

“Busy?”

“Always,” Tony told her, getting up and walking around his desk to lean against the front of it. “Come in, anyway. I don’t want to get the reputation for being a bad host.”

“You already have that reputation,” she pointed out. The spy walked over to Peter’s desk, first, glancing at the display as she leaned over to kiss his cheek from behind. “Grammar? Ugh.”

“I know, right?”

“Everything alright?” the billionaire asked her, curiously.

His expression clearly worried, but trying to hide that from Peter, at least.

“Yeah. I was just in the city and thought I’d swing by and check on my favorite Avenger.”

“I’m fine, thank you,” Tony said, making Natasha smile and Peter roll his eyes, cheerfully.

“Glad to hear it.”

“Speaking of swinging, though,” Tony added, winking at Peter. “Guess who tried out his new suit and new webbing last night – and managed to give the police a huge break in a human trafficking case that they’ve been working on for several months – if not longer.”

She looked at Peter, who was blushing, now.

“Please say it’s you so I don’t have to pretend to not be impressed in order to keep his ego in check...”

The boy smiled.

“It was me.”

“How did it go?” she asked, looking him over – probably checking for bruises, Peter decided,
amused.

“It was great. The new suit is awesome, and the web fluid comes out a lot faster, and gives me quicker webbing, so I can swing faster, now, too.”

“I have video,” Tony suggested, pointing at the tablet. “If you’re interested.”

“I don’t want to distract Peter from his schoolwork.”

“He’s seen it.”

She looked over at Peter who smiled and nodded, and it made her smile, too, because he looked so proud if himself. It was obvious that he wanted her to watch it.

“Alright, then, I’m definitely interested.”

Tony handed her a tablet and she sat on Peter’s desk, watching the video while the two of them watched her. When she was done, she looked up, first at Tony and then at the boy.

“Nicely done. I like the new suit.”

He nodded, again, eyes shining, happily.

“I do, too. It’s great.”

“They weren’t armed?” she asked, glancing at Tony.

“They were,” he corrected. “Knives, only, thank God. The cloth will give some protection from a bullet, but it’s not something I care to test.”

“They didn’t pull any weapons,” Peter added.

“Because you didn’t give them time,” she said. “Your best asset might be stealth. Ambushes like that will go a long way in keeping you safe if you’re out alone.” The assassin smiled. “Of course, having Ironman looking over your shoulder certainly doesn’t hurt, though.”

“Right?”

“But I might not always be there,” Tony said, looking far more concerned than the other two. “I was thinking that he might benefit from a few lessons in how to keep himself in one piece in close quarters.”

“You want him to learn hand to hand?” she asked, clarifying.

“I think it’d be a good idea.”

Peter’s grin was excited. Romanoff had no problem reading his reaction to that particular idea.

“I do, too.” She smiled at Peter. “I take it you’d be okay with it?”

“Yeah. Definitely.”

“Thinking about becoming a ninja, aren’t you?”

He blushed, slightly, but nodded, still grinning.

“A little.”
“You won’t learn everything in a day.”

“I know.” He did. “But if you had someone show me what to do, I could practice every night.”

“Pffft.” She reached out to brush his hair from his forehead. “Like I’d trust someone other than me – or Steve – to teach you?”

Tony snorted, but he enjoyed watching their interaction. Natasha was good with the boy, and Peter obviously loved her – although, luckily, not in the same way that he loved Tony.

“We can come out to the compound on weekends,” he suggested.

“No. I mean, yes, come to the compound for the weekends,” she corrected. “But we’re just as mobile as you are. Probably more. One of us can come to your place a few nights a week. We’ll give him the basics; see how he does and then decide what he should learn. If Steve or I can’t come, for some reason (meaning a mission), then we can let one of the others take over for the night. It wouldn’t hurt him to be exposed to more than one sparring partner, anyway. The bad guys don’t all fight the same way.”

“Wow.”

She smiled.

“We could start tomorrow evening.”

“No,” Tony vetoed that. “We are playing D&D with Peter’s new friends tomorrow night.”

“What’s D&D?”

The billionaire rolled his eyes.

“So beautiful and intelligent, and so clueless… I wonder about you, sometimes, Romanoff.”

“Tell me or I’ll kill you.”

Peter laughed, and Tony smirked, winking at the boy.

“Fine. Let’s go get a cup of coffee and I’ll explain all about it while Peter finishes his schoolwork.”

“Awww, Tony…”

He wanted to listen in.

“Schoolwork,” Stark repeated, gesturing to the display. “Otherwise, no lessons.”

“Natasha would still teach me, wouldn’t you, Natasha?”

She chuckled and leaned over, kissing the top of his head before standing up.

“Of course I would, sweetheart. But Tony’s right; your schooling is important, so get to it. I’ll be back and chat with you before I leave.”

He grumbled, but did as he was told, far too good-natured to outright rebel – especially since he liked the schooling and was more than well aware how lucky he was.
“Okay.”

“We’ll be back in a bit,” Tony told him and then led Romanoff to the door. Peter nodded and turned his attention back to the display, but he was still smiling when they left.

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“So?” Tony asked as they walked down the corridor toward a small break room that was primarily used by the few secretaries who had access to the executive floor. No one was there, now, but there was always coffee on, he knew. Good coffee, even. And pastries and fruit. “What do you think?”

“About the self-defense classes? Or his outing?”

“His outing. You know a lot more about this kind of thing. How did he do?”

“He stopped the bad guys and didn’t get hurt doing it,” Natasha said. “He did fine.”

“But he could do better.”

“Of course. It’s convenient that you had your AI recording. If you want, I’ll drop a hint in Rhodey and Steve’s ear. They’re better with actual tactics, and they could sit him down and teach him more about ambushes and keeping himself safe while doing them. My style wouldn’t work very well for him.”

“You ambush.”

“And then, usually, kill. Peter will be better off working with Steve on that. Or, like I said, Rhodey. Or Sam. They’re military, and have that stuff drilled into them at officer training.”

“Sounds good.”

“Speaking of ambushes,” she said, taking a cup of coffee from him and reaching for a donut. “You don’t need to worry about the other kid.”

Tony knew immediately who she meant.

“But not because he’s dead, right?” he asked, pointedly, only somewhat joking.

“He’s not dead,” she confirmed, hiding her smile and her amusement. “Not even maimed, a little – although I was tempted. Even the little rat dog is fine.”

The billionaire shrugged.

“The rat dog is a menace. He’s tried to bite me.”

“He’s been abused,” Natasha said. Peter had told her all about little Buster, of course. “He has an excuse. Tate doesn’t.”

“Thank you for handling that.”

“You’re welcome. Now, tell me about D&D.”

He directed her to a chair.

“I hope you’re not in a hurry to get somewhere,” he said, sitting down and automatically getting into lecture mode. “This won’t be quick.”
“How complicated can it be?” she asked with a shrug.

"It’s a game created by nerds, for nerds," Tony pointed out. "Believe me; it’s complicated."
Bruce was in his lab and looking just a little confused when Tony walked Peter up to the scientist’s lab.

“What did you tell Natasha?” he asked while Peter went to go put on his lab jacket.

“What do you mean?”

“She wants to play D&D.”

The billionaire smirked.

“Really?”

“With us?” Peter asked, curiously.

“Not the Thursday night thing with your friend Ned,” Bruce said. He looked at Tony. “She wants me to help her fill out a character sheet sometime this week.”

“Good. It’ll give you something to do, keep you out of trouble.”

“And then she wants all of us to play this weekend.”

“Even me?” Peter asked, excited.

“I’d assume so,” he answered, smiling at his young assistant. “She told me that she’s going to have Tony make up the campaign. I didn’t even know she knew what D&D was.”

Tony scowled.

“Wait. What?”

“She said we’re all going to play, so she can try it out,” Bruce repeated. “And you’re going to be the DM – so you’d better start coming up with a campaign before this weekend.”

“I don’t have time to make up a campaign,” Tony objected. “I’m a busy guy.”

“Doing what?” Bruce asked, pointedly.

“Important superhero things.”

“You’d better come up with something a little more convincing than that if you don’t want to have her give you that look she gets.”

“What look is that?” Came Peter’s question.

He, of course, hadn’t had the pleasure of having Romanoff annoyed with him.

The billionaire rolled his eyes.

“It’s the one that makes you think that only a lot of self control is keeping her from throttling you. But I can always hide behind you. She loves you, so she wouldn’t go through you to get to me.”

Banner shrugged.
“It’s probably easier – and safer – to just make a campaign for her. It’s D&D. She’s not going to want to sit around a table playing make believe all afternoon.”

“Don’t count on it,” Tony told him. “Knowing my luck…”

“Can I roll a character to play with you guys this weekend?” Peter asked, hopefully. “What kind of campaign do you think you’ll make? Something filled with Avengers references would be so much fun.”

“Like what?” Tony asked. “Can’t really have Hydra come out and play.”

“Could have some evil that needs to be taken down,” Bruce suggested. “Steve would probably want to play if you did something like that.”

“I’m not-“

“Please, Tony?” Peter asked, his big brown eyes turning Tony to goo. “It’d be amazing. You’d be amazing as a DM. You’re super creative and so smart.”

Bruce smirked, even though he turned his face so Peter couldn’t see the expression. Tony would say no to pretty much anyone to avoid doing something that he didn’t want to do. Maybe even Natasha Romanoff. But there was no way he was going to say no to his young protégé, now was there?

Not to judge by the way he was responding to those doe eyes.

“Fine. But you’re going to help me.”

“I can’t. I want it to be a surprise while I play.”

Bah.

“Bruce?”

“No. I want to be surprised, too.”

There was no way he’d miss a chance to play D&D with Tony as DM.

“FRIDAY can help you,” Peter suggested. “Or maybe even Ned’s mom.”

“Perhaps. I’ll talk to her tomorrow night. Are you working late, tonight?” he asked Bruce.

“No. Only until about four o’clock.”

“Good enough.” The billionaire turned to Peter. “Meet me and Bob in my office, okay?”

“Yeah.”

Shaking his head, Tony left, and Bruce turned toward Peter, handing him a couple of vials.

“I heard you tried out the new suit.”

“I did. It was awesome.”

“And the new fluid?”

“Perfect.”
Peter started mixing the items that Bruce handed him, and it was a simple experiment they were doing, which gave them both plenty of time to discuss the new fluid and how well it worked. Even more, Bruce had a few ideas for one that might dissolve even faster, and still maintain the tensile strength Peter needed.

It was a fun and interesting way to spend the afternoon.

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When Peter joined Tony in his office only half an hour later than Bruce had anticipated, he found the billionaire sitting at his desk, with two different displays up, his hands manipulating both, and so focused that he barely noticed Peter’s arrival.

Until the boy insinuated himself between the monitors and Tony and climbed into his lap, his arms going around him and his head going to his shoulder.

Tony brought his hands down to slide them under the back of Peter’s sweatshirt, fingertips caressing the tender skin along his sides and running across the ribs, which were still noticeable, but nowhere near as pronounced as they once had been.

His baby was putting on a little weight, finally.

“Hi, honey,” he murmured, brushing a kiss against his nose, lovingly.

“Hi, daddy. What are you working on?”

“A campaign – just in case.” He turned the monitors off, knowing FRIDAY would save what he was doing. “Did you have a good afternoon?”

“Yeah.”

“Ready to go home?”

“Mm-hmm.”

He didn’t make any move to release Tony, though, which told him that he was in the mood to be held. Which was fine. They both loved the position they were in, just then. The arms on Tony’s chair didn’t allow Peter to straddle him, but it was still intimate.

“Have I told you you’re beautiful?”

“This morning.”

That morning when they’d both woken after a night of adrenaline fueled eager sex that had left them both breathless and satiated. Tangled in each other’s arms and practically stuck together with dried cum and sweat.

“You’re more beautiful, now.”

“Yeah?”

“You’re amazing, Peter.”

“You’re great, too, daddy,” Peter told him. “So handsome that I want to keep you all to myself, sometimes.”
Tony smiled. Peter was trying to add more sweet talk to his repertoire, and while it was clumsy at
times, it was still sweet and never failed to make him smile. And sometimes it would make him hard.
Like it was, then, Peter could feel it, too, and the boy smiled, wriggling sensually against him, trying
to get in a position where Tony could press more of that suddenly aching cock along Peter’s rear.

“I need to get you home, honey.”

“You could have FRIDAY lock the door.”

“She already did,” Tony said. That was automatic, now. If he and Peter were in his office, the door
was locked to keep anyone from walking in on them. He slid his hand out of Peter’s sweatshirt and
found a handful of hair, pulling it just enough to tilt his head back, baring his neck for Tony to kiss,
and then lick, which elicited a soft moan from the boy. “Can I have you here, honey?” he asked,
hungrily. “Do you want daddy to fuck your beautiful ass right here on my desk?”

“No,” Peter whispered, his own hand sliding down between them.

“No?”

“I want to do it on my desk, daddy. Please?”

Tony made an approving noise at the thought – and that Peter told him what he wanted (something
else he was getting better at doing).

“Let me up.”

The boy stood up, but he didn’t move out of the space between Tony and his desk, his hands moving
to his daddy’s hair, leaning over so he could kiss him, eagerly, his tongue teasing Tony’s lips, and
then demanding entrance into his mouth, playing and teasing until they were both breathless. Tony
pulled back, his hands going to Peter’s jeans, unbuttoning them, and then pulling them down, along
with his boxers, but not bothering to take them off.

Peter’s cock was already aroused, and Tony bent his head and took him into his mouth, licking and
sucking him, stroking him whenever he pulled back until the boy was thrusting his hips in time to
Tony’s bobbing head.

“Yes, daddy, just like that,” Peter moaned. “Please…”

“What do you want, honey?” Tony asked him, pulling back to look up at his flushed, anxious face.

“To…” Peter closed his eyes, his hands making sure Tony’s head didn’t move. “Fuck me, daddy.
Please?”

“God, you’re amazing. Fucking delicious. Brave and so wonderful.”

He opened his top drawer, grabbing the lube as he stood up, pulling Peter’s jeans up enough to keep
them from tripping the boy and moved behind the boy’s desk, turning him away from him and
bending him over his own desk. His hand went to the back of Peter’s neck, fingers caressing his hair
as his other hand tugged his jeans down, again.

“Please, daddy,” Peter whined, pressing back against him, spreading his legs as much as his jeans
would allow. “I need you. Daddy…”

“God, baby…” he could hear it a thousand times and it would never stop exciting him. “Daddy loves
you so much.”
He lubed his fingers, sliding them into that beautiful crack, beginning to tease Peter’s hole, which resisted so wonderfully as he entered, and then squeezed the single digit as if changing its mind and trying to dislodge him. He added another, sliding along Peter’s inner walls until he found the spot that he was seeking and Peter moaned and squirmed, writhing under him until Tony ended up tightening the hold he had on his neck.

“Daddy…”

“Shhh, we’re getting there, honey… my beautiful boy.” He added a third finger and Peter couldn’t keep his hips still.

“Please. Now, daddy. Hurry.”

Tony didn’t need any further encouragement. His hand went to his pants and he opened them, fishing out his cock, and stroking himself while he admired the view of the boy he loved so much opened and waiting for his daddy to fuck him, senseless.

He lined up, nudging the head of his cock between Peter’s perfect ass cheeks and moaning, softly, himself, when he found his still tight hole and slid himself in, hand remaining on Peter’s neck to hold him in place.

“So perfect,” Tony grunted as he waited, giving the boy a chance to acclimate before he pulled mostly out and then jammed himself back. “So tight for daddy, baby. So amazing. Sexy. Wonderful.”

The litany continued with each thrust. The praise never ending as he rammed himself into Peter, repeated, his voice getting huskier and breathless as he drew close to his climax.

“Are you going to cum for me, honey?” Tony asked, reaching around and finding Peter’s aching cock, well aware that the cool wood wasn’t going to give him any friction to work himself against. “Dirty my hand, love. Show daddy what you can do.”

His own cock was driving into him, over and over, his balls beginning to tighten as he watched Peter take his length and grind back against him with each thrust, gasping with each stroke.

“Yes… oh, yes, daddy… I’-“

He didn’t make it past that when Tony felt his shaft tighten and his hand get slick with Peter’s climax. Peter writhed under him, hips jerking his cock repeatedly in Tony’s hand, helpless in the throes of his pleasure. Tony’s hands moved to Peter’s hips as his own cock twitched, driving himself deep and releasing, as well, his hips jerking hard, making sure Peter took every inch that he had as he shoved deep and held still, finally, washing Peter with his cum before collapsing on him for a long moment, trying to catch his breath.

“Jesus, baby,” he murmured, pressing a kiss against the boy’s temple, and then using his hair to turn his head to kiss him fully, pushing his hips a few more times and reveling in the sensation of being inside the boy, feeling him spasm around his softening length. “You’re so perfect.”

“You are, too,” Peter assured him with a satiated smile. “I’m sorry I couldn’t wait to get home. I just needed you so much.”

Tony chuckled and pulled out, pressing a kiss against the boy’s perfect globes before helping him get upright and turning him to tug his boxers and jeans up.

“I can live with it, believe me.” He kissed him, gently. “Did I hurt you?”
“No. It felt good.” The boy tucked Tony’s still-damp cock into his pants and zipped them back up. “I liked it.”

“I love you.”

Peter’s smile was only for him.

“Say it, again.”

“That I love you?”

“Yes. Please?”

He ran his fingers through his hair, hugging him close and listening to their hearts beating.

“I love you, Peter Parker. I love, love, love you.”

“Mmm…” he felt him shiver, even through the sweatshirt. “I love you, too.”

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