New Relations

by Bam4Me

Summary

See, here's the stiff: Tony's a little, and his daddy is Steve. Steve is a caregiver, but his boyfriend isn't, and he's also not a little. Bucky is a neutral designation, but he doesn't mind being involved with littles and babysitting them. Rhodey is a switch, and he and Tony have been in love forever, but he's only a little around Tony, which means their relationship as a whole can be confusing without a caregiver, and it's usually very innocent.

This is the start of them, becoming them.

Notes

Ugh, summary sucks, but it gives you the overall gist of what's going down.

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See the end of the work for more notes
The first time that Rhodey ever met Tony in little space, Steve had honestly expected him to keep a distance.

I mean, seeing your best friend -and brother, to be honest- in footie pajamas and sucking on a pacifier, no matter how much he said he was okay with it, just isn’t something that normal people encounter.

Of course, Steve should have factored in the fact that none of them, were even slightly, normal.

This was even less expected than any of that, though. See, he hadn’t taken into account one thing; Tony may be a little, but the actual reason he’d made friends with James Rhodes back at MIT, was because Rhodey was a switch, with little tendencies.

See, apparently, seeing Tony, a boy whom he’d gone to school with, known since they were teenagers, acting so little, hadn’t freaked him out, it had made him protective.

But like, in a big brother sort of way, you know? Yeah, like that.

Which is how Steve found himself with not one, but two little ones right now, while the amazing Uncle Bucky, laughed at him.

Apparently, taking care of a one year old, and a six year old, was just a little bit challenging.

“Come on, baby boy, you don’t wanna eat your lunch?”

Steve held out a fork full of pasta towards Tony, who seemed reluctant to eat for some reason today. He’s probably just as excited as Rhodey seemed at getting a playmate for the day. Tony sputtered a little bit, at some unseen offense, “But, but, but, but Dada .”

Steve sighed, lowering the fork again while Bucky laughed at him, like an asshole, on the other side of the room. He wasn’t helping. “Baby boy, what’s wrong, pumpkin?”
Tony let out a small whine, “Dada, Rhodey!”

He pointed to Rhodey, who picked up a grape off his plate, and shoved it at Tony. Tony startled just a little, but took the grape out of Rhodey’s hand and shoved it in his mouth. This seemed to appease Tony, but Steve who had no fucking clue why they’d done that, was still a little confused, and the little turned back to Steve, opening his mouth for more pasta after swallowing.

Steve decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth and quickly went back to feeding the baby lunch. He looked over at Rhodey while Tony chewed. “Rhodey, sweetie, you gotta eat too, okay?”

Rhodey pouted, “I want pizza!” He didn’t give Steve a chance to reply though, eating his own bite of pasta to follow his statement, making Steve gape at him for a moment before Tony caught his attention for another bite again.

Steve may be a daddy, but littles were a mystery. A cute mystery, but still, a mystery.

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While Steve was Tony’s daddy, don’t get him wrong, he wasn’t Tony’s lover.

God willing, he’d never be that. It was kind of hard to get turned on by someone who needs your help to change their diaper regularly, and that’s not an insult towards people who wore diapers, that’s just not a line that Steve wants to cross.

No, Steve was quite happy with Bucky, who was happily an uncle to the little. See, they’d talked about having Bucky be ‘Papa’ but they weren’t going to force that on Tony.

But now, with Rhodey out of the military, focusing on helping Tony run SI and being a part of the Avengers -he’s more than put in his 20 years in the air force- that means that Rhodey was around a lot more when Tony was little than he ever was before.

Rhodey and Tony were on the couch, watching a colourful cartoon. It was a more babyish one, since Tony had chosen it, but Rhodey didn’t seem to mind, pulling Tony flush against his side while the baby sucked on his bottle. He looked so damn cute.
“So like, you never even realized Rhodey was a switch?”

Steve groaned, leaning his head against the kitchen table while Bucky sat down across from him. “No, I’ve never seen him be anything but completely dominant. Even around Tony, he always takes charge of him. Even if I knew, I never thought he’d be a little of all things.”

Bucky shrugged, “Well, Pepper says they first made friends back at MIT because of both of them being the youngest littles on the campus.”

Steve nodded against the wood of the table. “Ugh, they’re so cute.”

Bucky snorted, getting up again to check on them in the living room before coming back. “Steve, Steve, you have to see this, it’s so cute.”

Steve sighed, getting up from the table, and followed Bucky out into the living room, where the two of them found Rhodey and Tony on the couch. Rhodey was petting Tony’s hair, while the little dozed off against him, snuggled into his side. Ugh, Bucky was right, that was literally so adorable. He sighed and crouched down next to Tony and Rhodey. “Hey, bud, you think you can let me take Tony to have his nap? Babies need lots of sleep.”

Rhodey seemed to think about that, before nodding. “Okay. He plays later? Lots and lots later?”

Steve smiled, nodding. “Yeah, Rhodey, don’t you worry, the baby is going to play lots and lots when he’s awake again.”

Rhodey nodded, happy at that. He liked playing with Tony, because Tony was his little brother, and his best friend, and his first love.

He still loved Tony, and he hopes they’ll still be in love twenty years from now, but right now, Tony was small, and needed a lot of love and attention, and a daddy. Steve was a good daddy, and he took care of the baby, and he’d maybe even be a good daddy for Rhodey, but Rhodey’s never had a daddy before, so he’s not sure yet.

He watched Steve gently move Tony into his arms, and Rhodey appreciated that Steve was being so gentle with Tony, because Tony needs that, and moved him and the baby across the living room towards the bedroom doors where Tony’s nursery was.
He followed them there with his eyes, and when he looked back, Bucky was giving him a gentle smile from the kitchen doorway. Rhodey levered himself up onto his knees on the couch, and turned to look at him. “You’re not a daddy.”

Bucky shook his head with a small smile. “No, but I like being an uncle. You’re not always a little.” He gently pointed out to the boy, who seemed to think that over.

Finally, Rhodey nodded, smiling, “Yeah. I’m not always little, but Tony is always mine, no matter what. He’s my baby, and he’s my best friend, and he’s mine.”

Bucky grinned, “Well, Steve is kind of like that for me. I don’t mind that he’s a daddy, just as long as he’s mine.”

Rhodey smiled, “Good. Can we watch a movie while Tony’s napping?”

“Of course.”

End Notes

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