What's in a Name (or Two or Three)

by danniperson

Summary

Steve and Tony name their new baby.

Tony's heart ached. He pushed saliva down his tight throat and blinked away wetness. His chest was so full it felt as if it might burst, break right through his ribs for freedom. For that sort of pain to come from something so wonderful was a special treat, one he rarely experienced in his life. It was becoming a more common occurrence since Steve walked into his life.

Steve, his remarkable husband, sat by his bed, his powerful arms cradling the tiny form of their newborn son. Holding the baby himself after the birth, he'd been amazed by how small and fragile he was, but seeing him framed by Steve's bulging muscles made him even smaller. And there was no safer place in the world for that little boy.

Their son was swaddled in a blue blanket and beneath it wore a customized Superbaby onesie that was a size or two too big. His little hat and little socks matched the red font to perfection. (But really, it would have gone better with the Iron Baby design he originally made, but at least Steve also nixed the Captain Baby idea of Natasha's.) They'd already counted all ten fingers and all ten toes and it had blown Tony away to see Steve's big blue eyes on someone else's face. A little someone with a tuft of hair as dark as his own, with the Stark nose and cheekbones.

The baby had to be his greatest achievement. The best of all of his work. He had worked long and hard to make male pregnancy possible, had volunteered himself as the first human test subject,
and now he and Steve had a baby. All those long months of aches and pains and worrying about whether or not his body would let him carry the pregnancy to term. All of the poking and prodding he'd endured. All of the long hours in his lab. All of it bringing him to this. To a son.

"He needs a name," Steve said quietly, glancing up at him with a smile. A soft, fond smile that had always been reserved for Tony. Maybe it was the hormones, or his imagination, but there might just be a little something extra in that smile now.

"What's wrong with Baby Boy Stark?" Tony demanded.

"Oh, he's a Stark, is he?" Steve asked, amused.

"Well, I am a modern woman," Tony said, smirking when Steve snorted. "And, I don't know if you noticed, but I am the first man to give birth. Fist pregnant man, right here. I made this whole thing possible. I gave him life. Yeah, I think he can have my name. In fact, you should have my name, too."

Steve gave him a blank look that Tony wasn't buying for one second. "But I'm the man, Tony."

"That's it. You're sleeping on the couch."

"Okay," Steve agreed, shifting around in his chair and cuddling their son closer to his chest. Tony thought there was some serious cracking going on in his chest somewhere. The little boy patted his papa's chest, smacking his cute little lips. "I do need my sleep and I won't be able to hear Baby Boy Stark in the nursery from the living room. I know how much you love waking up every couple of hours."

"Is this any way to treat the man who just gave birth to your son?" Tony demanded. "That's it, I want a divorce."

"You can't divorce me. You'd lose investments."

"Damn it. I guess I'm stuck with you until public opinion turns," Tony sighed.

"Guess so," Steve said. "Brian."
"I'm Tony. How many fathers of your child do you have?"

"Only a few," Steve replied. "Ian?"

"Peter," Tony threw out.

Steve looked down at the baby and smiled. "Peter."

Tony laughed. "Seriously? I pulled that one out of my ass."

"I liked it," Steve defended, kissing the baby's forehead. "Like Peter Pan, right?"

"Peter Pan Stark," Tony said. "I don't know, Steve."

"I was thinking Grant, actually," Steve suggested. "It's mine, and was my father's. Or Parker. That was my mother's maiden name."


"Both?"

Tony dropped his eyes to the baby, to little Peter, then back up at his husband. "Yeah. Why not. Hey, we can throw Pan in there, too! Peter Pan Grant Parker Stark. Peter Grant Pan Parker Stark. Peter Grant Parker Pan Stark."

"I think two middle names is plenty," Steve said. Then he scrunched his brows together, considering Tony. Tony squirmed, having never liked being on the receiving end of it. "Are you sure? About using them both?"

Tony shrugged. "I actually kinda like it."
Steve's face relaxed into a smile. "Me, too. How about it, Peter? Does that work for you?"

Little Peter cuddled closer into his papa and sighed, sleeping on, oblivious. Steve stood, carefully shifting Peter back into Tony's arms and leaning against the bed, hovering over them. The soft weight of Peter in his arms was welcome, a perfect fit, and with Steve's comforting warmth near him, it was home. They were home, his little family, and it was hard to remember that he had a life before them, without them.

"Daddy loves Papa," Tony said, smiling up at his smiling husband. Then he nuzzled the top of the baby's head and settled in to watch him sleep. "And we love you, Peter."

A few seconds of comfortable silence, basking in the joy of new parenthood and happiness. Then Tony turned back to Steve, and he knew that Steve knew that he was about to ruin the moment.

"You know, Iron America would have been a good name."

Steve sighed.

"I'm not opposed to Captain Iron, either."

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