Going With the Flow

by tonysnark

Summary

Four times Peter accidentally keeps his dads from having sex, and the one time that Tony gets his revenge.

Notes

First fic in the Avengers/Marvel/Stony/Superfamily/Superhusband fandom.

Have this silly fic starring my new OTP, SteveXTony! And also Peter, because he deserves to have awesome parents. In this fic, Peter was adopted by Steve and Tony as an infant. The reason can be up to you, but my idea was that his birth dad worked for S.H.I.E.L.D. and was placed under Witness Protection after a mission went wrong. However, the bad guy ending up finding him and killing the entire family-except for baby Peter.

I'm awful, I know.

Obviously some explicit content, but no actual sex, because Peter's a lil' shit. An adorable lil' shit, but still a lil' shit.

See the end of the work for more notes
"Is he-"

"Shh!"

Tony immediately quieted, and both he and Steve watched with baited breath as the little bundle in the blonde man's arms shifted.

Steve shot a Tony-seriously-can-you-be-more-stupid-this-is-actually-important look (at least, Tony assumed that was what the annoyed blue glare was translating to) and very carefully laid Peter down in the crib, his large hands softly moving out from under the small warm body. Once again, the pair waited for the inevitable heart-wrenching wailing and ear-piercing screaming to fill the room, but it remained dark and quiet, the soft glow of Tony's arc reactor merging with the little night light on the wall.

Very slowly, Tony began to back out of the room, gesturing for Steve to follow. The blonde hesitated by the crib, looking down at the sleeping baby with a soft gaze, and while it was very sweet, this was the closest they had come to getting him to bed at a decent time since bringing the little menace home and would Steve please just hurry up already they were seriously pushing their luck-!

Finally, Tony managed to grab his arm and half-drag Steve out of the room before very slowly and deliberately closing the door, the small 'thud' against the frame making him wince, but everything stayed miraculously quiet. Leaving nothing to chance, the two waited until they were down the hall and into the main room before exhaling and simultaneously relaxing.

"Why would you hesitate?" Tony immediately rounded on Steve, who had sat down heavily on the leather couch, running a hand through his hair tiredly. "You could have woken him!"

Steve looked at Tony with an exhausted sigh. "Tony, I was just making sure he was alright."

"How would he have been anything but alright? He always falls asleep after ten seconds in your arms; of course he was fine. It just depends on if he stays asleep after you put him down, so no more lingering next time."

Tony huffed and plopped himself down next to him on the couch, letting his head fall back over the edge. He felt the couch shift as Steve looked at him, but didn't move- fuck, he was tired. It wasn't even the good kind of joint-cracking, satisfying sort of tired that happened after staying up to finish a project. This was full on exasperated fatigue, because Peter could literally wake up at any moment and start bawling again for no reason other than to make Steve and Tony aware that he was not happy being alone. Sure, Tony could run pretty well on four consecutive hours, but he doubted that he'd even had that much sleep in days. The possibility of a crying child waking him up every fifteen minutes made it a bit pointless to even try and rest.

"Hey," Steve nudged him with his foot, and he grunted in acknowledgement. "This won't carry on forever, you know. He's adjusting to being in a new place with new people- he's tired himself out, and he'll figure out pretty soon that we're the new management."

"Yeah," Tony muttered, opening an eye and peering over at the other. Steve was smiling at him, though he looked just as tired as he himself felt. "... hey. When was the last time we kissed? Like, really kissed?"

Steve looked surprised, but then raised an eyebrow, looking genuinely thoughtful. "I'm not really sure."
"Quit thinking and get over here, then."

When the captain didn't move and simply sat there looking surprised, Tony groaned and sat up, tugging Steve down by the shirt and pressing their lips together. It took a moment, but then the larger man relaxed and melted into it, the both of them quickly adjusting to remember just how the other's lips felt against their own. Wrapping his arms around Steve's neck, he pulled him closer, falling back against the couch sideways and feeling content when a broad chest and strong arms formed a cage around him.

The soft kisses and warm, slow breathing didn't last as their bodies seemed to remember that this was the first that they had been this close together in quite some time. As Steve began nipping and kissing forcefully at Tony's lips, the brunette fisted his hands in the other's shirt before running them up and underneath, feeling up the naked skin and enjoying the way he quivered under his touch. Picking up the pace, Tony scraped his nails down Steve's pectorals, breath quickening as his partner began to kiss and bite his neck.

"Fuck, Steve." Tony tipped his head to the side, gasping slightly. "I missed this."

"I missed you," the words sent a shudder through Tony, and he moved his knee up and in between Steve's legs, pressing against the growing bulge there. "Shit, Tony…"

Rotating his knee in small circles, Tony pulled himself up and began to tug at Steve's ear, licking and nipping at it. The moans that left his partner encouraged him to continue, moving down to kiss and suck at a small bit of skin right where his jawline met his neck.

"Tony…" Steve bucked his hips down, grinding himself against Tony's knee. Tony could feel the hot, wet breath on his shoulder, the rapid beating of his heart against his chest. He ran his hands down Steve's torso, feeling the beginnings of sweat dampening his shirt before he cupped the other's erection and began palming him.

Tony grinned and lay back as the other man gasped and shuddered above him, working his hand in warm, pressured pulses. He felt his heart give a little tug as he saw the absolutely blissed expression on the super soldier's face, the way his blonde lashes fluttered and his lips parted just so, the beginnings of a true moan starting with a rumbling deep in his throat and-

Distressed, unhappy wailing started from down the hallway, and both men paused.

"Sir, the baby has awoken."

"Yeah, thanks JARVIS." Tony grumbled and slumped backwards as Steve crawled off of him with a regretful expression. "Hey, in theory, how long does it take for a baby to be transported anonymously to Africa?"

"Tony!"

[2.]

"I think that's all- you're sure that you can handle this?" Steve frowned at the two young women standing on the foyer. "Tony and I can always cancel and-"

"Tony and him cannot, in fact, cancel," the billionaire in question poked his head out of the kitchen and gave Steve an exasperated look as he fastened the last couple of buttons on his shirt. "Because Tony and him have had these reservations for weeks and would like some time alone."
The two girls, S.H.I.E.L.D. trainees Watson and Wickett, both looked at each other in amusement. Steve sighed and smiled apologetically, handing over a paper. "This is where we're going to be, and that's the number if you need us. Remember to ask JARVIS if you have any questions about where anything is."

"Try really hard not to call," Tony called into the room. "Try really hard not to call, like, really, really hard not to-"

"Tony." Steve interrupted him from continuing and once again looked over the two girls with slight worry. He didn't know them particularly well, but Natasha had told him that they were perfectly capable of watching Peter for the evening, plus completely able to protect him if something were really to go horribly wrong. "Well… I guess that's all, then."

"All set?" Tony appeared next to him, grinning at the two agents. "Good. I'm ready to go when you are, Captain."

"Wait!"

The four turned as Peter scrambled across the floor hurriedly, slipping slightly in his socks. He managed to make it in one piece, although tripping a bit at the end- Steve's worry over the abilities of the new babysitters diminishing a bit as he saw Watson instinctively reach out and help steady the five-year-old boy.

"What's up little man?" Tony crouched down to Peter's height and automatically accepted the item handed to him. "What's this?"

"It's for you and Papa," Peter said, leaning forward and whispering the next bit. "Just in case."

Steve was confused until Tony grinned, holding up Peter's plastic toy phone. "Thanks bud."

Peter nodded seriously, and then looked up at Steve. "Don't talk to strangers, Papa."

"No problem, Pete." Steve watched as the little boy gave Tony a hug, and then scooped him up to give him one of his own.

A few minutes later and they were out the door, Steve looking back at the house and biting at his lower lip.

"Hey, he'll be fine." Tony said as they drove away, resting his hand on his knee. "Don't worry so much."

"Yeah," Steve murmured, focusing his attention back to his partner, who gave him a smirk. "Let's enjoy ourselves."

"Oh, we will."

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Dinner was tense.

It wasn't tense in an angry way, just in an annoying, frustrating, excruciatingly teasing way. Tony kept giving him "the look" over the rim of his wine glass, his comments getting increasingly more risqué the longer that they sat there, his hand occasionally resting on Steve's thigh and caressing it softly. Steve couldn't decide whether he wanted to scold Tony for doing such things in public or drag him into the bathroom and fuck him up against a wall. However, they did manage to finish dinner and get back to the car with only a few autograph or picture requests (he was sure that his
"Pull over."

Tony looked at Steve with a slightly doubtful look. "Why?"

"Pull the car over, Tony. Now."

"You don't have to throw up do you? I thought you never got sick, unless food poisoning still-ahh..."

Steve had reached over and grasped the other man's erection through his pants, squeezing rhythmically. "Tony."

Apparently he didn't need any more prompting, because Tony stepped on the gas and nearly crashed the car in his attempt to get to the nearest empty lot on the side of the road. The moment the car had lurched to a stop, Steve was undoing his pants and leaning down over the stick shift to take his length into his mouth.

"Christ- Steve..." Tony groaned and let his head hit the back of the seat. "This is unexpectedly kinky of you."

Steve gave a hard suck at the comment, pleased at the way his partner jerked and moaned in response. He slowly began bobbing his head up and down, breathing through his nose before starting up a faster pace. Tony's hand gripped his hair tightly, and Steve could hear his muttered curses and words of encouragement as his hips twitched and lightly bucked with his movements, loving the hitch of his breath whenever his tongue traced around the head.

Steve's hands dug into the leather upholstery of the car, and he was so absorbed with sucking Tony off that he almost didn't hear the buzz of his phone in the cup holder. He froze, and Tony let out a noise of protest. "Just leave it...!"

Steve hesitated before moving off of him and checking the number. "It's JARVIS."

"Steve, no..." Tony whined, glaring at the phone as though it were mocking him. "I bet it's nothing, just some stupid alert-"

"It could be about Peter..." Steve looked at Tony pointedly, and the other groaned and let his head hit the steering wheel dramatically.

"Hurry..." he gritted out.

Steve put the phone on speaker, shifting a bit uncomfortably under Tony's accusing glare. "Ah, hello?"

"Papa?"

Alert now, Tony and him both looked at each other. "Peter? What's going on? Are you okay?"

There was the sound of muffled breathing, then, "No, Papa... they're here."

Panic and alarm immediately coursed through his entire body, and Steve struggled not to snap the phone in his grip as Tony fumbled for the keys that had fallen somewhere on the floor. "What? Peter, who?"

"... they're Canadians. In the house."
"What?"

"Canadians! Dad warned me about them- they're in the house!" there was a sound of a door being opened. "They're here…"

Steve didn't know what on earth Peter was talking about (Canadians?) but he could hear muffled footsteps on the line right before it went dead. He only had to glance at his partner in worry to see that Tony had his Iron-Man-is-going-to-kick-some-serious-ass face on and was gunning the engine before he could even say a word.

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"Peter?!"

Steve burst into the house, fists automatically coming up to his chest in self-defense and preparation for an attack. Tony was right behind him, but before he could call JARVIS for his suit, the blonde held up a hand in warning.

The two agents were crouched on the floor, guns pointing at them, and after a moment lowered them confusedly. Steve and Tony exchanged looks- this wasn't what they were prepared for.

"Mr. Stark, Mr. Rogers," Watson sighed in relief. "We thought someone was breaking in- you weren't supposed to be home until later."

"Do you normally break down your own front door when you come home?" Wickett asked, brushing back her dark hair and helping Watson up. "Not judging, but-"

"Where's Peter?" Steve interrupted harshly, not letting his guard down. He could hear Tony moving behind him, tense and ready to call for reinforcements, still braced for an attack.

"Upstairs…?" Glancing at the other agent, Watson held her hands in front of her slightly timidly, like she wasn't used to being yelled at. "He and JARVIS were playing video games together, and-

"DAD! PAPA!"

Peter came barreling down the stairs, holding a makeshift slingshot. He skidded around the two women and then did a somersault, firing what seemed to be a LEGO at them after rolling out of it. Wickett caught it instantly, looking unamused. "Not this again-"

"What are you doing?" Steve looked down at the little boy who was crouched in front of Tony and him, another LEGO loaded in his slingshot. "Peter?"

"Did you make that by yourself? Hey, nice aim— ow." Tony asked, looking impressed before Steve elbowed him in the side.

"You guys gotta run!" Peter hissed, his eyes darting between an annoyed Wickett and a confused Watson. "They're Canadians!"

"Canadi-?"

"Peter decided to go play video games in his room with JARVIS an hour or so ago," Wickett frowned and crossed her arms. "About thirty minutes in and I went to go check on him- but I found him buried in a pillow fort, throwing LEGOs and talking about Canadians."

"Don't listen to them!" Another LEGO flew through the air, again caught by Wickett before it
could hit Watson in the face. "I caught them!"

"Be careful with that!" the dark-haired agent scolded, a hand going protectively around Watson's waist. "You'll hurt someone."

Tony suddenly let out a choking noise, but was ignored by the other parent.

"Caught them what?" Steve asked patiently, crouching down and gently lowering the sling shot, which was far too sophisticated than any five year old had the right to build. "Peter, what did you see?"

"Steve." Tony sounded like he was trying not to cough.

"You know, doing stuff," Peter whispered to Steve, eyes big and sincere. "Canadian stuff."

"Steve." Now he sounded like he was actually covering his mouth.

"I don't know what you mean, Peter." Steve frowned a bit. "Can you be more specific?"

"Steve-"

"Mushy stuff." The toddler said this even quieter, like it was forbidden, although everyone could hear him. "They kissed."

The sound of Tony face-palming echoed around the big room, and Steve looked at the two women, for a moment not understanding. Watson had covered her face in embarrassment, while Wickett had withdrawn her hand and was looking a little pink in the cheeks. How was this- oh.

"… Peter." Steve turned back to him calmly. "Did you mean 'lesbians'?"

Peter thought for a moment then nodded vigorously. "Yes."

~oO0Oo~

After Tony admitted to giving Peter a crash-course on sexuality a few days prior (which apparently included some off-hand comments featuring Tony's attitude towards sexy lesbians who wouldn't sleep with him 'back in the day'), Steve apologized to the agents profusely, paid them double what they had agreed, and promised that he wouldn't inform Fury of the workplace romance. He'd taken Peter to bed, told him that people were people no matter who they liked so you shouldn't throw LEGO's at them, watered the plants, and then banned Tony from the bedroom for a week.

Tony learned his lesson.

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[3.]

Despite the fact that Tony and Steve had accepted the fact that Peter was incredibly _smart_ for his age didn't mean that they didn't occasionally forget that the ten-year-old was still merely average in _responsibility._

Which was to say, not at all.

"Peter," Tony managed to get out. "What is _that?"

"Theraphosa blondi," Peter said cheerfully. "Isn't she cute?"
Tony let out a small screeching sound similar to a dying dolphin, practically clawing his way between Steve and the wall. "Steve, Steve, kill it."

Peter looked shocked, and then looked at Steve pleadingly. "What? Papa, no!"

"Set it on fire!" Tony demanded, trying to shove Steve forward. "Drown it!"

Steve looked over his shoulder at Tony, expression mildly irritated, but Tony swore he could see a hint of fear in those baby blue eyes. "Tony. Calm down for a few seconds."

If Tony could have hissed like a cat, he would have. "Normal ten-year-olds bring home frogs and snakes and mud pies, not... not that thing-!"

"She has a name," Peter sniffed haughtily. "It's Jelly. She likes eating jelly."

"You let it eat our jelly-?!"

"Tony!" Steve firmly dislodged Tony's iron-grip on his shoulders and forced him to move away. "Let's just hear Peter out, okay?"

"Yeah, Dad!" Stepping forward, Peter held out his hands, exposing Jelly to his parents. "She's really friendly, don't worry!"

In his palms, he cradled the largest spider that Tony had ever seen. It had to be at least a foot long, and it just sat there, staring, big and black and hairy. In the manliest way possible, Tony pressed himself back against the wall with a squeak. Even Steve flinched.

"Where... where did you get, um, Jelly?" he asked.

"I told JARVIS that I wanted another pet for my collection, one that I could play with," Peter explained, looking down at Jelly with a fond expression. "Theraphosa blondi, also known as the Goliath birdeater, has the biggest mass of any spider in the world! So I asked JARVIS if he could get me one."

"JARVIS," Tony said, not taking his eyes off of Jelly. "You are being reprogrammed. With an axe."

"Looking forward to it, sir." JARVIS said from overhead.

"Don't worry, I paid with my own money," Petting the spider tenderly, the child looked back to Steve and Tony. "But I also had to take a loan out, so plus interest, you don't have to give me allowance for six weeks. Also, I already configured the perfect artificial ecosystem for her, so she'll be really happy in her tank! I even fixed a hamster ball so it's 50% of the normal density, that way she can run around the house and not get lost or hurt."

Tony could feel Steve's eyes on him. "He's truly your child."

"My child?" Tony whipped his head towards his partner, who shrugged. "Wait, why is it that when he brings home a bird-eating spider he's my child, but when he gets an award or a good grade at school, he's yours?"

"Actually, the Goliath birdeater doesn't normally eat birds," Peter said helpfully. "They usually consume insects, although in the wild, they occasionally eat small animals like rodents, frogs, or snakes. Jelly will be eating mostly cockroaches here, though."

Tony thought he might pass out. Bad guys, yes. Guns, bombs, big scary aliens and man-eating
beasts, yes. Enormous, hairy, earth-native spider living in his house, no.

"It's a big responsibility, Peter," Steve finally said, crossing his arms. "Spider or not, it's alive and needs to be taken care of for its entire life. These probably live longer than your other spiders, and require more care. Can you do that?"

"Oh, I know," the ten-year-old nodded seriously. "I'll take really good care of her." He paused, and then added, "And she'll live to about fifteen to twenty-five years."

Jelly stretched out a long, hairy leg.

"Oh my God, Peter, put it away, put that thing in a cage right now, oh my God," Tony darted away to the kitchen as fast as he could. "JARVIS, I want bug spray put in every room ASAP, right now, oh God, Jesus, freaking ew, living creatures, ugh, no, no, no."

As he left, he heard Peter say, "It's probably good that I didn't tell him she was venomous, huh, Papa?"

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Tony couldn't sleep.

He didn't consider himself a coward- he actually thought that he was a pretty courageous guy; he'd done some pretty awesome shit over the years! He'd fought off aliens, battled some really messed up people, survived impossible situations, asked Captain America out, nearly died more times than he could count, made the mistake of playing a prank on Natasha, moved in with Captain America, had nearly drowned/been caught on fire/struck by lightning several times, adopted a child with Captain America, and basically dove head-first into a lot of other potentially life-threatening situations without a second thought.

Yet the idea of a spider named Jelly living under the same roof as him was completely terrifying.

Tony jumped a bit as Steve let out a loud snore before rolling over in the bed next to him. He watched the blonde for a while until he settled back down, relaxed and breathing deeply. It was soothing, and Tony scooted closer, pressing his torso along Steve's broad back.

"I'm being stupid, right?" he muttered, wrapped an arm around the larger man and nosing against his neck. "It's just some dumb spider. A spider. It's not even that big, it's like eleven inches, honestly…"

Steve mumbled a bit, pressing back against him.

"Yeah, I know," Tony sighed, letting his hand touch and lightly rub along Steve's chest. "I'll get over it. Sorry."

"Did you just apologize?" Steve sleepily turned his head to look at him, and Tony nearly died of an aneurism.

"Jesus, Steve!" He swore, flopping back against the pillows and clutching his arc reactor. "You asshole, how long were you awake?"

"You said something about the spider, and then apologized," the solider rolled back over so he was facing the other, blinking the grogginess out of his eyes. "Does it really bother you that much?"

"You weren't supposed to be awake to hear that," Tony groused. "And no, I'll be fine."
Steve hummed and pulled Tony close, ignoring his protests. "You'll forget it's even here, hon."

He wrapped his arms around him and pressed him against his strong, broad chest, rendering Tony incapable of complaining. He sighed and returned the hug, tangling their legs together. "I still blame you, encouraging this obsession he has with spiders."

"It's good for everyone to have a hobby," Steve's voice was a rumble under Tony's ear, and he closed his eyes to listen to it. "He's got insects, or rather, arachnids, I've got art, and you… tinker."

"Tinker," Tony scoffed. "That is hardly the right word to use, Rogers. I'm an inventor, a mechanic, a scientific and technological genius with neurological functions beyond what anyone —"

Steve cut him off with a kiss, pressing his lips to his softly, Tony still managing to mumble around them. He was more firmly kissed then, Steve's hand coming up to comb through his brunette locks and move his head further towards him. Complying, the genius eventually kissed back, relaxing under the careful pressure and gentle stroking of his hair. After a while, Steve broke them apart, pressing their foreheads together and looking rather pleased with himself.

"Don't look so happy," Tony said. "I'm still thinking of the spider. You should definitely continue."

Chuckling, Steve sat up and then climbed over Tony, eyes somehow still a perfect bright sky blue even in the dark of the bedroom. He leaned down and the other met him halfway in a deep, slow kiss. Tony ran his hands over the perfectly sculpted shoulders, fingers lightly scratching at his back and gripping the fabric of his shirt. A small shudder ran through him as Steve shifted forward and pressed him further into the pillows, a large, calloused hand cupping the bare skin of his hip and stroking the skin gently.

Tony let out a breath as the other broke the kiss again but began trailing his lips down his neck, stopping to suck and bite at the spots that were sensitive. He wanted to hate how well Steve could reduce him to such a mess, but there was definitely something gratifying about him being able to play him like an instrument he'd owned all of his life- he used to always make fun of the people who talked about there being something different between sex with strangers and sex with someone you cared about, but now that he had it, he doubted he'd ever go back.

He wasn't fragile, but there was so much comfort and satisfaction in seeing the same face every morning and every night. Tony had someone to rely on and take care of him without judgment, and Steve relied on him to take care of him in return and that sort of trust was… pretty fucking amazing.

"What are you thinking about?" Steve asked, breaking Tony from his thought process.

"I love you." Tony instantly replied, and then slapped a hand over his mouth. "Oh my God, did I seriously just say that now? Like, right now? Fuck, that's so sappy, that's supposed to happen after sex, this isn't some soap opera, Christ, I'm going senile."

Steve laughed, and Tony's stomach flopped around helplessly. "I love you too."

He leaned down and kissed him again, this time with a bit more enthusiasm. Tony responded eagerly, happy for the distraction. This, he could do. This was easier than talking about emotions- showing them was so much easier. Steve's hands moved, tugging at his boxers and then running back up to his hips, but Tony was faster. He wrapped his legs around Steve's waist, forcing him down so he was almost lying on top of him, and then ground their hips together.
"Tony," Steve said breathlessly. "What happened to 'sappy'?"

"Fuck that," Tony set a pace, grinding their arousals together and looking up at Steve with a challenging smirk. "It's late, and it's fun to see you come in your pants."

Steve groaned and rested his forehead on Tony's shoulder, rutting against him. Pleasure shot up Tony's spine as he moved with him, feeling the heat and size of his partner's length rubbing up against his own through such thin fabric. Steve's breath was warm on his neck, and he occasionally murmured a few words of praise against his skin, his voice leaving a pleasant tingling just above where his pulse was quickening.

"Mm, Tony," Steve nipped at a tender spot below his ear, eliciting a small moan from him. "…feels good…nnh-yes…"

"Fuck," Tony tilted his head back, groaning. "Steve…Steve-"

All it took was a single fluttering of his eyelids to catch a glimpse of movement, and Tony froze, eyes now wide and focused on what was sitting on the bedside table. Lamp, clock, and something very large and hairy watching him hump Steve.

...Jelly.

"HOLY FUCKING CHRIST!"

Steve lurched back in surprise as Tony scrambled madly away from the table, still screeching profanities as the door to their bedroom burst open and Peter ran in with a purple hamster ball. "Sorry, Dad! Sorry!" he yelled as he scooped up the giant spider into the plastic ball- it barely fit. "Jelly's nocturnal and I kinda forgot to lock the tank!"

Tony had fled to the farthest wall away from the bed, horrified. "You forgot to lock the tank?!!"

Jelly backed up inside of the hamster ball and Tony could literally hear the sound of eight legs on the plastic because that's how big the spider was he could hear it scuttling and-

"Peter," Steve got off of the bed and pointed to the door, expression stern. "Go put Jelly back. Lock the cage. Go to bed. We will talk about this in the morning."

Ashamed, Peter left, clutching Jelly in his hands.

"I… I think I've lost ten years of my life," Tony said faintly after he left. "I may never sleep again. Holy fuck. A spider was watching us… we were… how long was it there…?!"

Steve looked at Tony, face a little pale. "I… I don't know."

"Oh God," he breathed. "I hate spiders."

A week later, twenty-foot long arachnids attacked New York. Iron Man never showed up with the rest of the Avengers to fight them.

[4.]

Steve thought that he was a pretty patient guy. He liked diplomacy far more than pointless yelling or fighting. He considered himself the peacemaker of his family, and whether that family was
Tony and Peter or the dysfunctional Avengers team, he always tried to be as calm and patient as he could.

Peter was fifteen, almost sixteen, a sophomore in high school. Of course this meant trouble, and of course this meant lots of teenage drama and angst. Steve and Tony had both agreed that any misbehavior would be dealt between them both and the punishment would fit the crime, keeping in mind that high school was one of the more horrible places in the world.

But this was getting ridiculous.

"Of all the stupid, dangerous, ignorant things you could have done, it had to be this?" Steve shouted, anger flaring inside of him. "Peter, you should know better!"

"It's not like that!" Peter yelled back, his hands fists at his sides as he glared up at all two hundred and fifty pounds of his father. "If you would just listen to me-"

"Listen to what, Peter? I know everything that I need to know, the police told me, if you don't remember-"

"They got it wrong!"

"Oh, yeah? Okay; then explain to me why exactly you were caught buying marijuana from a street dealer. You have my full attention."

Peter stuttered, red-faced and tense as Steve waited with crossed arms. "I… I can't tell you, but-"

"That's all I needed to hear."

"Okay, fine." Peter spat. "You know what, fine! I don't need to listen to this; you have no idea what I'm going through right now-"

"Maybe if you would just tell me, I'd understand-"

"If you would trust me enough to know that I've got reasons and I'm not just some delinquent-"

"I never said that, don't put words in my mouth-"

"You're thinking it, and that's all I need to know, Steve."

Steve recoiled, shocked. "What did you-?"

"Just leave me the fuck alone." Peter turned on his heel and left, slamming the front door behind him, leaving Steve to stand there in stunned silence.

Peter had called him by his name. He didn't… he never did that. Steve was his father, he was Papa.

"Steve?" a hand rested on his shoulder, and Steve didn't need to turn around to know who it was, still staring at the closed front door. "Steve. Just give him some space."

"But he…" Steve turned around and looked at Tony helplessly. He was standing barefoot, in rumpled jeans and oil-stained clothes, the usual. "… did you hear all of that?"

"Yeah, JARVIS told me you were at it again," Tony pointed his thumb at the stairs to the lab. "I came to check no one was killing anyone."

Steve didn't say anything, just looked at Tony sadly, watching his expression change from casual,
to concerned, to resignation. Finally, the shorter man opened his arms. "Come here."

He immediately wrapped his arms around Tony and felt the other do the same. He practically lifted the other off of the ground because of their height difference, even hunched over, but Tony just ran his hands soothingly over his back.

"… I don't know what to do." Steve murmured. "I feel like I'm losing him. He says that there's nothing wrong, but he's so tired and upset and acting out and then whenever I confront him about it he just gets angry... but I can't leave him alone. I just want to help."

"I know," the other man said quietly. "But Steve, Peter's growing up. You can't always be there to help him through his problems, and if he says that he has a handle on it, then you gotta trust him."

"But the drugs-"

"Okay, I know that you didn't go to high school as recently as some of us around here, but even when I was there people were smoking joints all over the place," Tony pulled back, brown eyes examining Steve's miserable expression. "It could be a lot worse. You were right to confront him about it, but you've been so wound up lately, you couldn't do it calmly and he lashed out."

Steve sighed. "… you're right."

"Of course I'm right," Tony agreed. "I'm always right about this parenting crap."

"You're the one who said that Peter was too young to stay at home alone," Steve raised an eyebrow. "Unless you just wanted the lesbian babysitters back?"

"You mean the Canadians?" the genius shot back coquily. "Watson and Wickett are full agents now, probably too busy. Shame."

Steve laughed for what felt like the first time in ages, and Tony grinned before wrapping his hand around his neck and lowering him down for a kiss. Steve happily obliged, pulling him close and putting his arms around him, his mood significantly lighter than before. He'd apologize to Peter when he came back and they'd have a real, calm conversation about what was going on. Nothing was so bad in a teenager's life that a parent who was part of the Avengers couldn't help out with.

He was about to pull away when a hand closed around his crotch. Steve gasped and jerked his head away from Tony's. "What—"

"Hey, shut up." Tony said easily, starting to back Steve up against the wall. "You've been stressed out over this for ages. Let me help."

Steve let out a breathy groan as his back hit the wall, looking at Tony a bit hazily, feeling his arousal growing quickly. "We're in the foyer."

"Yeah, we are." The other dismissed this and pressed forward, lips going to his neck and gently sucking as his hand moved in strong, massaging motions. Steve moaned when he went into his trousers and resumed movement, his own hand coming up and gripping Tony's bicep tightly.

"You look really sexy like this," Tony purred against his collarbone, his hair ticking the skin under Steve's chin. "I got you. Just relax, babe."

"Tony..." Steve sighed in pleasure, hips twitching and trying to get more friction. "If Peter comes back and—ahh, shit… nnh if he find us like this…"

"He won't be back for a while, Steve, and anyone else would knock, so—"
Tony jumped away from Steve, who counteracted this by grabbing him and dragging him closer, protectively shielding him as the glass from the window shattered and flew across the room, landing with little tinkling sounds.

There was a moment of silence before Steve let the other go, both turning slowly towards whatever had just crashed through the glass wall of their penthouse on the 27th floor of a New York apartment building. Cautiously, and without a word, both men walked closer to the motionless figure on the floor.

"JARVIS, scan for life signs," Tony ordered, Steve getting a bit closer. "Steve, careful-"

"It's Spiderman," Steve said, extremely surprised that he recognized the costumed person. "That new guy who keeps showing up—remember, he tried fighting with the Avengers when those slime… things attacked, and ended up accidently pushing Thor off of a building?"

"Rookie," Tony scoffed, coming closer as well, kneeling next Steve and examining the red and blue outfit. "What is this shit made of, it's already ripping just from glass—JARVIS, is he dead?"

"No, sir." JARVIS said, sounded a bit bemused for an AI. "In fact, he is now conscious."

The two looked back at Spiderman, who had raised a hand to touch his face, but then let it fall. "Ow."

Steve frowned, and then saw that the fabric on his mask had darkened in a spot. "Son, you're bleeding."

"Uh, what?" Spiderman's voice was gravely and low, a bit forced. "Oh. That's okay. Sorry for messing up your window."

"You're doing a Batman voice," Tony stated bluntly. "That's totally uncool, kid."

"It's my real voice!" the young man coughed a bit, like he had choked on his spit. "Um, anyway, I better go…"

Spiderman started to sit up, but Steve stopped him, concerned. By his build, this boy was just that, a boy, probably not even twenty yet. "No, hang on, let's clean your face, it looks bad."

"But-"

"You can trust us with your identity," Steve interrupted, eyes sincere. "Tony and I are members of the Avengers. Your secret is safe with us."

"I know who you are, but-"

"Take it off," Tony snapped, and Steve assumed that he was grumpy about the broken window and remembering the slime thing incident. He reached over and yanked the mask off of Spiderman, who immediately covered his face, but not before Steve and Tony both saw him.

Peter- Peter!- winced and looked up at his parents, face bright red, a large cut on his cheek. "Uh… hey there… Dads…"

... Silence.
"You're officially grounded forever."

[5.]

"Okay, so remember what I told you."

"I remember, Peter."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Peter," Gwen rolled her eyes and gave him a teasing shove. "Don't mention the Avengers, don't be afraid to eat as much as I want, and don't believe any of the little kid stories they tell me. I've got this."

"Okay," Peter exhaled, fidgeting nervously. "Okay. And remember that they might kiss or something, so don't-"

"Peter," Gwen took his hand, staring into his eyes seriously. "Your parents are in love. They've been together 22 years. This means that they will probably kiss occasionally. And that's okay."

"… Alright." Peter gave her a small smile of gratitude and she returned it, squeezing his hand. He was way too lucky to have her. "Thanks. Love you."

"I love you too," Gwen reassured him. "Now let's go inside your enormous house, because we've been standing here for like fifteen minutes."

Peter bit his lower lip to hide his smile and unlocked the front door, holding it open for Gwen. "Dad? Pop? We're here."

There was a momentary silence, and then a scuffling sound from the kitchen.

"Coming!" Peter heard his dad call out and then a muttered 'shit' before his other dad came around the corner from the kitchen, a dishtowel swung over one shoulder, looking a little flushed.

"You must be Gwen!" Steve stopped in front of the two, beaming his 100 watt smile. Peter hoped it wasn't too blinding. "It's nice to finally meet you- I'm Steve, Peter's dad. Well, one of them."

"It's nice to meet you too, sir," Gwen smiled and shook his hand. "I've heard a lot about you."

"I hope it was all good, because that's all he has to say about you." Steve looked over to a slightly mortified Peter and opened an arm. "How was your day, Pete?"

"Good, thanks," Peter automatically went over to him and took the offered side-hug, grimacing at Gwen as the top of his head was ruffled by a large hand. "Where's Dad?"

"Right here," Tony appeared, smoothing out his shirt and looking at Steve accusingly. "This one left me alone to take the pizza out of the oven."

"You could handle it," Steve protested with a grin. "Now c'mon, introduce yourself."

Tony's sharp eyes flashed to Gwen, and Peter recognized the analyzing gleam in the dark irises. "Gwen, right? I'm Tony Stark, the other parental figure around here."
"It's really great to meet you, Mr. Stark," Gwen smiled earnestly and shook his hand as well. "I'm a big admirer of your work."

"Right, Pete told us you were striving for a career in the science industry," Tony clapped his hands together. "I think we should talk about the amazing things that happen when you know big words at the table, because then Steve will be the only one who doesn't know what we're talking about."

"I can keep up," the taller parent protested, bumping his hip against the other. "Don't make me look dumb in front of Gwen, c'mon."

Gwen laughed and looked at Peter warmly, who exhaled in relief and gave her a small smile. This wasn't so bad. "Do you need any help with anything?" she asked.

"Actually, I could use your help to set the table," Steve said cheerfully, gesturing towards the dining room. "Thank you."

They went into the next room talking about something to do with something and Peter turned to his remaining dad, who was looking at him with raised eyebrows.

"What?" Peter asked, crossing his arms.

"She is so out your league," Tony gave him a suspicious glance. "You didn't pay her to pretend to be your girlfriend, right? 'Cause if you did-"

"Dad!"

"Hey, just saying."

"Dad, I really like her. No more embarrassing stuff, okay?"

"What embarrassing stuff?" Tony looked around him, slightly confused. "I specifically didn't do anything embarrassing, just for you. I was going to wear my Spiderman necktie to embarrass you. I had a list of embarrassing things to do. I went against my very nature to not be embarrassing—"

"Your fly is unzipped."

...

"Whoops."

~o00o~

"I really liked them, Peter. You're very lucky."

Peter stood on the porch outside, hands in his pockets, trying to keep a pleased blush from rising on his cheeks. "Yeah?"

"Yes," Gwen smiled at him and touched his arm, bringing out his hand to hold it in hers. "They seem like great parents. I knew they were good people, Iron Man and Captain America and all, but you three… you make a great family."

"They liked you too, you know. I thought Dad was gonna have a heart attack when you actually understood him when he was going on about creating JARVIS."

"He did look surprised," She agreed, a strand of blonde hair blowing across her face. "But in a good way. He also makes good pizza."
"He'll be happy you said that," Peter brushed the strand away. "And Pop... he probably thinks that you're the best thing to ever happen to me. Which you are, by the way."

"Aw, Peter," Gwen grinned and leaned her cheek into his hand. "You're sweet. And totally hoping for a kiss, huh?"

"Maybe."

"Fine, but you have to tell me something, and be honest."

"Anything."

...

"Did you really have a tarantula named Jelly?"

Peter choked and tried to deny it as Gwen burst into giggles. "Oh my God, you did! Wow, Peter, that's adorable. Really."

Muttering, he didn't notice that Gwen had snatched the collar of his shirt and was pulling him down. When her soft lips met his, he immediately relaxed and rested his hands on her waist.

"I still have her. Jelly, I mean." Peter confessed when they stopped for air.

"Can I meet her?"

"Really?"

"Of course," Gwen pretended to look affronted. "First girl in your life, right? I have to make sure that the competition isn't too horrible."

Peter laughed and kissed her again, feeling the smile on her lips as their bodies pressed closer together. He could feel her fingers gently twisting in his hair, the other hand pressing gently against his chest, curling and uncurling with each movement of their mouths. He swore that he could stay like this forever, just her and him, her soft hair brushing the back of his hands and the warmth of her skin on his-

Quite suddenly, music began blaring through an open window, and they jumped apart in surprise.

"Oh, this is the night, it's a beautiful night and we call it bella notte...."

Peter gaped as his dad leaned out of the open window, holding a glowing music player that was clearly in control of the loud song playing over their heads. "Oh hey, Pete! Thought you could use some music!"

"Look at the skies, they have stars in their eyes, on his lovely bella notte..."

Tony casually flipped through the music player. "See, I was just thinking of all those times growing up that you interrupted some quality dad on dad time, if you know what I mean."

"Side by side with your loved one, you'll find enchantment here..."

"Oh my God." Peter looked at him, horrified.

"That's what I thought too!" Tony agreed. "So I figured that I would do the opposite, and help you with yours! Have fun, kids!"
He disappeared, a shit-eating grin on his face.

Mortified, Peter looked to Gwen.

"The night will weave its magic spell, when the one you love is near!"

She was doubled over in laughter, but managed to say, "Peter, you have the best dads in the universe."

"Oh, this is the night, and the heavens are right on this lovely bella notte…!"

~FIN~

End Notes

All the facts about the Goliath birdeater tarantula are true. Males live from 3-6 years, dying soon after maturity, while females can live anywhere from 15-25 years. Those things are huge, up to 11 inches (though Jelly is a bit bigger). Only one other species of spider could be considered bigger, but that's only because it has really long legs. Tarantulas are much more creepy (Sorry, not sorry, Tony.)

Oh and to clarify, Peter was not smoking weed. He was doing some hero thing and ended up looking guilty in the wrong place and the wrong time.

The song Tony plays is "Bella Notte" which was sung in the Disney movie "Lady and Tramp".

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