

Softies

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Softies

by [lelianasong](#)

Summary

Peter will soon regret calling Yondu and Kraglin softies. Because they ain't softies, dammit!

Notes

back at it again with the niche found family dynamic

this is dedicated to and half inspired by Molli3 who's fic got me into this beautiful family, shout out to you!

Also GiulsComix who I've just discovered did the most beautiful fanart I've ever seen, and is the other half of the inspiration for this fic!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

After a year or so on board the Eclector, Peter was finally starting to let his hair down. When Yondu first picked him up, he cried any time someone tried to touch him, wouldn't let anyone pick him or his walkman up, and definitely would have kept any injury he acquired to himself. Not anymore, though, Kraglin had noticed with a weird warm feeling in his gut. Peter always came directly to him when something was wrong, and had even dubbed him 'Kraggles' when he was being particularly bouncy. The first mate didn't mind the responsibility of being Peter's playmate as much as he'd used to. When they first brought the kid up, Yondu had told Kraglin to keep an eye on him at all times, make sure he didn't sneak off somewhere and get himself killed. At first it had been a burden, what with the kid shrieking every time he went close. But now the little runt had practically adopted him as his big brother. He was always happy around Kraglin, always bouncing around, singing and dancing with those headphone thingies around his neck. Kraglin couldn't help but like the dumb kid. He was kinda cute, after all. And boy, did he know it.

"Kraglin," Peter blinked up at him through his little eight year old eye lashes. "I'm not tired."

"It ain't up to you, Pete," Kraglin responded with a shake of his head. He pointed towards Peter's bed. "Cap'n says lights out, so lights out it is."

"But Kraaaaaaglin!" Peter whined, throwing himself backwards on the bed dramatically. "It ain't even late!"

"How'd you know anyway, we're in space, dummy." Kraglin cocked his head towards Peter's window, in case he'd forgotten that the amount of light out there was pretty consistent.

"Well it can't be late if you're still up!" Peter exhaled loudly. "Everyone's up. It ain't fair, Kraggles, I ain't tired."

"Everyone else ain't a little baby kid," Kraglin chuckled as Peter sat bolt upright to glare at him. "Go to sleep, Pete, or else yer gonna be in trouble."

"Yondu won't eat me." Peter deadpanned. Kraglin bit his tongue to stop from laughing at the serious look on the kids face.

“Nah, he might give ya a good whack ‘round that tiny head o’ yours.”

“He’d have to catch me first!” Peter giggled.

“The ol’ man’s faster than he looks, Petey,” Kraglin grinned back. “He’d getcha and eat ya straight up.”

“Sure,” Peter winked - or at least Kraglin thinks that’s what he was trying to do, it came out as more of a weird blink. “You an’ Yondu are just a big pair of softies.”

“Oh, softies is it?” Kraglin bared his teeth and snapped them, making Peter giggle. “I’ll show ya softies!”

Kraglin launched himself on the boy, digging his fingers into his soft belly, grinning wickedly as he shrieked in laughter.

“KRAG!” Peter screamed between deep laughter, rolling on the bed in an attempt to escape, but the first mate’s fingers were faster. He used one hand to tickle at Peter’s ribs, and the other to chase at his flailing feet.

“Still think I’m soft, huh?” Kraglin teased, watching Peter’s face turn increasingly more red.

“Yeah!” Peter squealed through his mirth, hands batting at Yondu’s arms. “You’re the softest softie in the whole entire galaxy!”

“Ya gonna let the kid speak to ya like that, Kraglin?” Came a voice from the doorway, startling Kraglin into standing. He spun and saw Yondu leant against the wall, arms folded over his chest and a huge shit eating grin on his face. “Now what are ya doin to poor little Petey?”

“He’s tryin’ ta kill me, Yondu!” Peter panted, pushing himself into a sitting position. “For no reason!”

“No reason, huh?” Yondu strolled forward, eyeing Peter’s heaving chest and Kraglin’s flushed face. “Kraglin, this little shit been botherin’ you, again?”

“He called me a softy, sir,” Kraglin’s eyes shifted to Peter, before an evil look came over his face. “Actually, ya know what? He called both of us softies.”

“Kraglin!” Peter gaped, eyes going wide with half fear, half excitement as Yondu turned his grin towards him.

“Is that so?” Yondu raised his hands towards Peter, who shrieked and dove at Kraglin.

“Kraggles, protect me!” Peter latched himself on to Kraglin’s waist, sending them both tumbling on top of the bed.

“I ain’t protectin’ you none, kid! I told ya the Cap’n would eat ya if ya’ll didn’t behave.” Kraglin attempted to pry the gangly arms off him, with no success.

“Ya callin’ me a softie then, boy?” Yondu’s hands reached out to wrap around Peter, swiftly pulling him off Kraglin. Peter shrieked in laughter at the thrill of suddenly being so high up, grabbing at Yondu’s hands. “Seems Kraglin here’s goin’ soft on ya, if ya still got the gaul to insult yer Captain like that.”

“It wasn’t me!” Peter squealed uselessly, making the two men laugh outright.

“We gotta work on yer lyin’ skill, boy.” Yondu dropped Peter unceremoniously on the bed and leant down, pressing his mouth against his stomach and blowing a huge raspberry. Peter’s tiny hands pushed at Yondu’s face and his legs kicked about wildly as a huge burst of bright laughter passed his lips.

“NO YONDU, NO!” He shrieked. “STOP IT, YOUR BEARD IS CH-CHEATING!”

“Ain’t no cheatin’ in war, Pete,” Kraglin laughed, reaching around to tickle at the kids neck.

“Are ya sorry ya called us softies?” Yondu grinned, walking his fingers up Peter’s ribs.

“Yes!” Peter’s laughter died down to giggles as the cruel attack subsided. Yondu pulled back a little, giving Peter the edge he needed to flip himself on his front, protecting the majority of his tickle spots. “Am sorry!”

“That’s what I thought,” Yondu chuckled, patting Peter’s head softly. “You terran kids are weird.”

“It’s evolution,” Peter said smartly, voice slightly muffled by the blankets.

“Wha- never mind.” Yondu decided he probably didn’t care anyway. “Ay boy, weren’t you meant to be asleep by now?”

“He weren’t tired,” Kraglin scoffed, looking to Peter who was fighting to keep his eyes open.

“Ain’t tired my ass,” Yondu said, making Peter giggle at the rude word.

“C'mon Pete, into bed with ya.” Kraglin pulled the covers back and let the exhausted lil' kid hop in, pulling them up to his neck to ensure he wouldn't get cold. He patted his head and made to walk away, but Peter grabbed his arm.

"Will ya stay?" He whispered tiredly. "Just this once?"

Kraglin turned to Yondu, wary of his response, but he just made a gesture towards the bed as if to say, *'Not like ya got a choice, boy'*. Kraglin hopped up next to Peter, watching carefully as the kid latched himself to his side. Almost automatically he started to run his nails gently up and down his back, kinda like his ma had done to him, way back when. Yondu chuckled gently as it became clear Peter had already fallen asleep.

"Maybe we are softies, Krag."

"Yeah, just a pair of mighty fine softies."

"You more than me, I'd say." Yondu nodded towards the pair. "Guess you're his momma now?"

"That makes you his papa, Cap'n." Kraglin grinned back.

"Poor kid, stuck with us." Yondu absentmindedly reached out and stroked the hair from Peter's eyes. His eyes darkened slightly. "Better than the alternative I guess."

Kraglin's arm tightened around the kid. "Yeah, sure as hell is."

End Notes

It was meant to be fluffy but it got a lil dark at the end, my bad friends

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